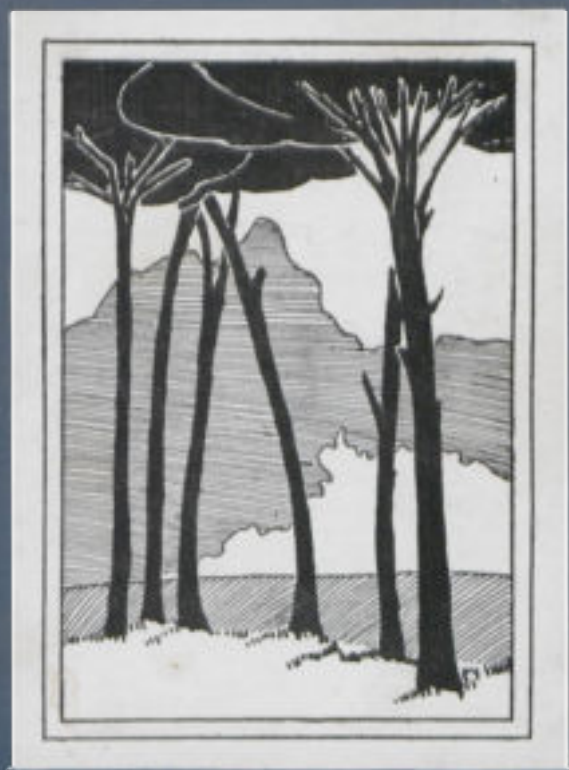




THE HERSCHELIAN

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The
HERSCHELIAN



Volume No. 51
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In Memoriam : Jennifer Torr

Much of her short life Jenny spent at Herschel. When she first arrived at School, seven years ago, she was a shy child with classic features and a manner that was quiet and reserved. By the time she was in Standard 10 she still looked much the same, but she had lost her shyness and was at ease with us, though she was still quiet, since it was her nature to be so.

By that time, too, she had established herself among her classmates, having won both their respect and affection. For Jenny had her principles and standards, and you could not persuade her to abandon them. She had sensible and definite opinions on all matters that arose in class, too, academic or otherwise, and did not hesitate to state them, usually to considerable effect.

Jenny loved singing, and was a loyal member of the Choir for all her years at School. She also loved books, and the library that houses them at School. To it she gave her time and devoted service for some years, and she was a familiar figure in the quiet room, which with its dignity and grace, seemed

a fitting background for her.

Whenever you saw her, she impressed, with that air of a maturity and a poise beyond her years. Yet she had a great sense of fun, too, and an observant yet tolerant eye for the follies and weaknesses of human nature. When Dickens was being boisterously funny about these foibles, you would look up expectantly, and, sure enough, Jenny's eyes would be amused and there would be that betraying dimple, and, better still, when some less exuberant author would hint at human folly with a slight ironic flick that most of the class would miss, Jenny's slow smile would once again reveal her appreciative perception.

Her work received her steadfast attention always. Indeed, steadfastness was perhaps her predominant characteristic, a steadfastness conveyed by her whole bearing and irradiated by the extraordinary sweetness of her slow smile.

We all mourn her untimely death, and our hearts go out to her parents and her brothers.

Foreword

Even before the 1976 school year began, we were aware that Herschel was to be involved in a big fund-raising effort, of professional fund-raisers, and along with parents, Old Girls and friends of the school. The school has grown tremendously in numbers of late, and we need more classrooms, more equipment, more furniture, — more everything! Hence the need for money.

As the ordinary work of the school must go on as usual, it was decided that the school itself would concentrate on holding an Open Day, when parents, Old Girls and friends could view the school at work and play. Founder's Day, February 13th, was to be combined with Old Girls' Day and Open Day, and the school was to be on display, and at home to those interested. Some building was to begin at once, and an art centre for music, art and drama was envisaged. It is hoped that speech and drama will shortly become a matriculation subject, and a huge new block has been planned for these subjects, and is under construction already, and, indeed almost completed.

centred, and whose lively custodian had arranged a vivid display of new books; the re-arranged and re-furnished boarding house, the laboratories, the cool, spacious Geography room, and the enlarged and re-equipped Domestic Science room, were all, apart from the classrooms, visited on the tours.

The mistresses were in their classrooms, to receive visitors, and in some cases there were lessons in progress or displays to be seen. A display was set up to illustrate the history and progress of the school; there were art displays, and themes set out; the Mathematics Department ably demonstrated the efficiency of the overhead projector, and in the laboratories the girls set up experiments and were justly proud of the fish tank they had created in the Biology laboratory. Those parents bold enough to risk being shown up, were invited to have their reading ability tested by our remedial teacher.

An amusing Afrikaans play was presented by Std. X and an ingenious Asterix play incorporated French-speaking Gauls and Latin-speaking Romans. The Speech and Drama class appeared in a sketch



OPEN DAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1976

The purpose of the Open Day was to show those features of the school of which it is particularly proud and also to give visitors an idea of the difficulties under which the school suffers, owing chiefly to lack of space.

The Day began with the traditional Founder's Day service at St. Saviour's Church, at which the Archbishop preached. Then everyone repaired to the school for tea, and to watch the graceful gym and swimming displays. Guided tours of the school were arranged, to conduct parties around the school. There were many centres of interest; the beautiful library, around which so much school activity is

amusingly illustrating their lack of house-room, and the choir sang for us as sweetly and melodiously as always.

Pre-luncheon refreshment was offered to parents and Old Girls, and the delicious buffet luncheon provided for all was the combined effort of Miss Way, Old Girls and parents. The highly successful and happy day concluded with the Old Girls' meeting and tea.

In the 1st term as usual, the girls took part in the "Centres of Interest" competition. As the choice of subject was free, the girls chose "Diaries". They did the work themselves, and the presentation was in-



DEMONSTRATING IN THE PHYSICAL SCIENCE LABORATORY
Clare Gawith, Mandy Smiedt, Janet Hammond.

teresting, varied and original. The competition was won by Good Hope Seminary.

The Music and Drama Club presented an evening of entertainment on the last night of the first term. It was a workshop evening. There was an extract from "The Trojan Women". There were three Centres of Interest programmes, one on Diaries, one on London and one called "Fine Freedoms". An amusing scene from "The Reluctant Debutante" was presented, and an interesting experimental scene on "Grand Guignol" lines about loss of faculties. At the end, there was some very interesting improvised work by the Drama classes.

At the Inter-schools tennis, Herschel came second in the open event, and third in the U-15. At the Inter-schools swimming, Herschel came second overall. The U-14 were easy winners in their section, and Fiona Adams won the U-16 diving, and was selected for the U-16 Western Province diving.

At the end of the first week of the second term, the Matriculation Dance was held, this time in a Chinese garden, complete with fountains, shrubs and wind bells. Everyone enjoyed the evening very much. Then the school settled down to a routine of work enlivened by the winter games.

The Social Responsibility Club sold large numbers of Easter stamps and busied itself collecting money for various charities. It also took a group to the

Museum. The Historical Society was addressed by Mr. Williams on the subject of the American Constitution. At the instigation of the Historical Society, the Sociological Club delighted us with Alistair Cooke's "America", which both girls and staff enjoyed immensely.

In the second term, Stacy Smith-Chandler was selected to play for Western Province Schools Hockey, and Peta-Ann Simpson was chosen as a reserve.

At the end of the second term, some fortunate girls went on a tour of France, visiting Paris, and then touring through Bordeaux.

At the beginning of the Third Term, the school took part in the Forum Discussion Contest organised by the S.A. Council for English Education. Herschel's topic was "Are parents of today leaving the upbringing of their children to the school, the church and the state?" The adjudicator said the speakers seemed too detached from one another, but complimented Juliet MacGregor on her ideas.

In the Inter-Schools Hockey, the U-15's played in the finals, and in the Squash we also played in the finals. In both instances we lost to Rustenburg. In the Staff vs. Girls hockey match at the end of term, the staff managed to win, with the aid of lots of cheating.

The play the school produced, "Cry Havoc" was



TESTING PARENTS' ABILITY

deserving of packed houses on each of the three nights. It was an all-female cast and a very good play. The girls did extremely well and held the attention throughout.

The usual Inter-House Magazine Competition was won by Merriman, with Jagger second, and Rolt third. The judge complimented the school on the high standard of the magazine, and, indeed, they were outstanding!

The fourth term saw the resumption of the summer

Prize-Giving, December 1975

Mr. Bettison welcomed The Most Reverend Bill Burnet, The Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, not only in his capacity as head of the Council, but also as the guest speaker at the school prize-giving, and thanked Mrs. Burnet for consenting to distribute the prizes.

The Archbishop felt that the school had been daring in inviting him to speak, since they did not know what he would say or at what length. He considered that those who listened patiently to speeches on occasions like prize-givings were to be commended and commiserated with. He considered his speech to be otiose, as the accomplishments of the school spoke for themselves. However, he could therefore avoid profundity—which is, in any case, never successful—and relax and be human. He had read of the case of Labouchere, a nine-

teenth-century diplomat, who had spent too much money on various modes of travel. He was censured for this, so that when he was transferred from St. Petersburg to Vienna, he decided to travel on foot. His journey took three months, but his simple method of travel provided him with a delightful and enjoyable tour.

After prize-giving, the year concluded with the lovely carol service which has become a highlight, not only for the school, but for many outside it.

We are created by God for joy. He was thus glad to realize from the Headmistress's report that Herschel had that kind of focus. We should not be too solemn, or take ourselves or our work too seriously. Then we create problems for ourselves, lose our sense of proportion, and the vision of the joy of God. Jesus showed us that God gives us the power to enjoy our lives. If we take ourselves too seriously, we puff ourselves up like toads, and make life uncomfortable for our neighbours. Our lives,

our work, our games must all be joyfully tackled.

If the joy is to be there, we must have the right attitude. We must be self-critical, in order to find out if we attain the target for which we really exist. Once, in New York, a waitress greeted him: "Good morning, robin redbreast, And what kind of holy man are you?" He thought about that comment all day. We each have our own front. He himself has one, the girls had their fronts, and the school had its front. What was that front? What did the founder want of the school, — and the founder's Founder?

He felt that the private schools fail sometimes in human relationships. It is not enough to excel in games, in cultural pursuits and in academic exercises. We need to have humanity, or all our achievements mean nothing. The Archbishop had seen a woman heal people of physical ills and disabilities. Then she asked those of her audience who wished for it to come forward for inner healing. Those physically healed surged forward—to become joyful, fun people, spiritually as well as physically whole.

If we educate criminals academically only, they merely become more efficient criminals. It is not enough to give academic education only. We must

learn to use that education for other human beings. That is the crucial issue of our world today — human relationships. Education fails without it.

The Archbishop felt there was a parable to be found in an incident which happened in Grahams-town, an academic centre which nevertheless boasts a mental home. A professor on his way to visit the home had a puncture. In removing the tyre, he inadvertently lost the nuts from it down the storm-water drain. A head peered over the wall of the mental home, and a voice remarked, "If I were you, I should take one nut from each of the three other wheels, and fasten the remaining tyre with those." On seeing the professor's astonishment at such ingenious advice, the inmate of the home remarked, "I may be mad, but I'm not a fool." To be narrowly academic is not enough.

We can all take from the joy which heals, and which is God's gift to His people, and use it to help in family relationships, in country-wide relationships.

To the successful at school he said, "Continue your application but enjoy it." He advised those who had not done so well not to be too serious about their shortcomings. Finally, he wished all parents the necessary gift of endurance.

The Headmistress's Report—1976

Your Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Mallett, Ladies and Gentlemen and Girls,

My report last year ended with the wish that 1976 might prove to be a turning point in the history of Herschel. This is indeed what the year has proved to be.

Pride of place amongst our achievements goes to the splendid enthusiasm and co-operation engendered by parents, Old Herschelians, and friends of the School, in connection with our Appeal.

To fund-raise at this point in South Africa's history is indeed an ambitious undertaking and I cannot speak highly enough of the enthusiasm shown by the leaders and workers of our Fund-Raising Committees. Hard work it was, and fun too, and in working together we have come to know and understand one another.

At the time of writing, something like R352,000 has been raised in donations and pledges and the remaining Follow-On Committee led by Mr. Boone Wilson are hopeful that they will eventually reach the target set at R375,000. Not all country areas have been approached as yet and further donations are still to come from some financial houses.

Work commenced at the beginning of the year on the Arts Block is now nearing completion. Many ambitions hitherto considered by the Staff as "wild" dreams, will in fact become realised when we move in over the Christmas holidays. In the Music Department there will be a large auditorium for the Choir and musical recitals as well as comfortable practising facilities for all music students. Miss Sweet's life-long wish to have a small chamber orchestra can now be realised. To achieve this, two new members have been added to our music staff of five, Miss A. Harman, a specialist in stringed instruments, and Miss G. Dent, who is qualified to teach woodwind instruments.

The Choir this year have sung at weddings and

have given recitals and they were delighted to be invited to broadcast Carols on Christmas Day. They recorded this programme this morning. As always we look forward to hearing them sing tonight at our Carol Service at St. Saviour's.

Mrs. Saffery will at last have her own studio and classroom and a place where costumes and other stage equipment can be safely stored, thus vacating cupboards elsewhere in the School. At last, aspiring Sarah Bernhardts will have space and equipment with which to perfect their skills.

The new Art Studio is modern and spacious and there are other rooms where crafts such as pottery may be enjoyed. The original art room will be used as a lecture and projection room mainly for Art. I know Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. d'Unienville are delighted with these new facilities and improvements.

The official opening of the Arts Block is on Friday, 11 February next year—Founder's Day. The purpose of the last Founder's Day was to show those features of the School of which we are very proud and also to give visitors an idea of difficulties under which the School suffers. This year we hope to present quite a different story and an exciting programme of Music, Art and Drama is being prepared. This wing is indeed a monument to successful hard work carried out by the Fund-Raising Committees of the Herschel Appeal.

Our numbers for 1976 are estimated as follows:

Senior School (boarders 63, Day girls 174)	= 237
Prep. School (boarders 26, Day girls 146)	= 172
Pre-Prep. (boarders 2, Day girls 119)	= 121
Nursery School	= 66
	596

This represents a further increase of 20 pupils throughout the School on the 1975 numbers and some girls have had, regrettably, to be refused entry to our boarding house. We have a few vacancies in

some standards in the Preparatory School but our two pre-prep classes are full. This is all very encouraging at a time when costs continue to spiral. There are still many parents who realise the worth of independent education. In the light of the 10% fee increase, the School Council has improved the bursary and scholarship funds and some parents have already availed themselves of this offer.

The Matriculation results last year were good. Of the 41 candidates who wrote there were no failures. There were 14 first class passes and 14 distinctions spread over a wide range of subjects. 35 candidates were successful in passing on the Hoër Taal-eksamen, 5 passed on the Higher Grade and the results in the Associated Boards of the Royal Schools of Music, Ballet and Speech were good. Special commendation must go to Yvette Stockwell and Hilary Jooste who gained honours in Piano; Julianne Ailsop who achieved honours in Ballet, and Claire Stern and Clair Grootendorst in attaining honours in the Speech Examinations.

At the end of the 2nd term, some fortunate girls went on a tour of France, visiting Paris, and then touring through Bordeaux—they stayed with French families and so spoke and thought in French!

Once again it is satisfying to report a successful sporting year. In the Preparatory School five swimmers (Susan Aronson, Gillian Aronson, Kim McCulloch, Monique Biebuyck and Anne Abdy) were chosen to go to Bloemfontein as representatives of the Western Province Swimming Team. The Preparatory Swimming Team also brought home the coveted Inter-schools Swimming Cup this year.

At the Senior School, Jane Johnson gained Provincial Swimming Colours and Herschel was placed 1st in the U-14 section of the Inter-Schools Swimming Gala, having won all the races in this section except one, where we were placed second to Rustenburg.

In the Diving, Fiona Adams was placed first both in the U-16 section, and in the Western Province U-16 Championships, and gained 3rd place in the South African U-16 Championships; she is really to be congratulated on these splendid achievements.

The U-15 Hockey team narrowly lost to Rustenburg in the Inter-Schools Finals, and the first eleven has played lively and varied hockey throughout the season. Stacey Smith-Chandler was appointed vice-captain of the Western Province Schools Hockey Team, while Peta Simpson was selected as a non-travelling reserve.

Thanks to Jill Eckstein's enthusiastic coaching, we manage to keep up a consistently high standard of play in squash. Stacey Smith-Chandler was chosen for the Western Province A side and Serena Herbert and Nicky Kohler represented the Western Province B side. Stacey was also selected for the South African B side and was runner-up in the Western Province U-18 Championships. Well done, Stacey! Rosemary Meynell, Nicky Kohler, Serena Herbert and Peta Simpson, have been invited to join the 1976/77 squash squad and the School was host to 85 Provincial squash players in the September holidays.

All this indicates how popular a sport squash is becoming at Herschel. Our provincial visitors were delighted to stay in our comfortable boarding house and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent meals and

lunch boxes Miss Way prepared for them each day. Our standard of Tennis continues to improve each season. In the Inter-Schools tennis tournaments, the U-15 Team came third and the Open Team played brilliant tennis and finally were placed second to Rustenburg.

In Netball, under the capable teaching of Mrs. Hudson, we are at last holding our own against more-seasoned players at other schools. Miss Lindsay Kable continues to encourage all sport and gymnastics at the Senior School as does Mrs. Cole-Edwardes at the Preparatory. All this hard work and enthusiasm encourages and promotes the good sportsmanship so necessary to the life of a school.

Next Easter, Miss Kable is taking fourteen girls who have shown particular interest in sport throughout their school careers, on a special walking holiday along the Outeniqua Trail, a recently opened 5-day walk starting at Karatara and ending at Deepwells Forest some 5 km from Knysna. They will travel in our very fine new 15-seater school bus which was partly paid for from funds collected by the Second-Hand Shop. We thank those Mothers who have helped for so many years to make the Second-Hand Shop the asset it undoubtedly is — particularly Mrs. Neville Louw who has organised and kept the shop running so smoothly for so long.

There have been another twelve months of exciting society activities. The Music and Drama Club presented a workshop evening on the last night of the first term. There was an extract from "The Trojan Women"; there were three Centres of Interest programmes, and an amusing scene from "The Reluctant Debutante". An interesting experimental scene was presented about loss of faculties and also some original improvised work by the Drama classes. This year the School produced the play "Cry Havoc". It was an all-female cast and a very good play which was deserving of good houses on each of the three nights. This production coincided with the worst of the Cape Town riots but the show went on while our "vigilantes" guarded the school. We are so grateful to Captain Christie and those fathers, brothers and friends who made us all, especially the boarders, feel safe when events became particularly turbulent last August. My lounge was transformed into a dormitory, and the Men of the Nightwatch, in between light refreshment, made silent and efficient sweeps through the school grounds at both the Senior and Preparatory Schools.

The Social Responsibility Club has busied itself this year and last Wednesday held a happy and successful Christmas Party for children from the Ruby Adendorff Home. Between the Preparatory and Senior Schools enough toys and gifts were collected to supply two institutions with Christmas gifts and Mrs. Mallet and her committee have been tireless in their efforts to help wherever needed.

The Historical Society has been active, and together with the Sociological Club delighted us with Alistair Cooke's "America", which both girls and staff enjoyed immensely.

There have been Centres of Interest competitions, Forum Discussions with other schools, Inter-house Public Speaking Contests, and the usual Inter-house Magazine competition (deservedly won by Merri-man). The magazines were outstanding this year and

the judge complimented the School on the high standard of the poetry in particular.

Our Libraries continue to provide opportunities for reading, and both Miss Tremble and Mrs. Thompson encourage inquiring minds to gather information on a variety of subjects.

At the Preparatory Mrs. Pat Brown, senior mistress, Mrs. Marjorie Cowling, deputy, and Mrs. Davies, mistress in charge of the Kindergarten, have seen that the Preparatory School gives not only a sound education but also much extra-mural stimulation.

The staff at all levels of the school, encourage varied and interesting activities and much credit for our success is due to them for the time they spend with the girls over and above the normal duties of classroom teaching. Their very real personal concern for the girls and their identification with their successes and failures, are largely responsible for my being able to look back at 1976 with distinct pleasure and pride.

Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Rauch, Mrs. Stockwell and Mrs. Nezar have given me great support this year which has not been an easy one and I do thank them and my staff throughout the School most sincerely for their loyalty and interest in Herschel.

Judy Wilson has been a loyal and most helpful headgirl, and head of Jagger, Tanya Bosma as head of Merriman, has maintained a consistently high standard of decorum, interest and loyalty, both to her house and school; Sharron Gird too has been an interested and loyal head of Rolt; and Stacey Smith-Chandler as head of the boarding house has proved herself most capable and energetic. I do thank these girls and the prefects for their help.

This year fourteen matriculants have been with us from Kindergarten to Standard 10 and some have thus been at Herschel for some twelve years. This has made for a very close relationship, especially amongst the boarders.

It is most unusual for a school to have two tragedies in the space of one month and for the Senior School this has been a bitter-sweet term. Jenny Torr was tragically drowned at Ceres last week after writing her matriculation examinations, and Sandra Wingfield, a standard 6 boarder, died a month earlier. Jenny was one of the 14 girls I mentioned above and had been at Herschel for seven years, and we had all grown to love and respect this quiet and dignified girl. Though we did not know Sandra for so long we all loved and admired this courageous little person. They say that "out of sadness cometh good" and by losing these two lovely girls we have become inexplicably bound closer together as a school in understanding and love. We do want their parents and families to know how privileged we have been at Herschel to have taught and known both Jenny and Sandra.

Members of staff have attended a wide variety of conferences which are invariably thought-provoking and undoubtedly an antidote to the euphoria which at times besets even the best of teachers. Mrs. E. Stockwell and Mrs. A. Thompson enjoyed a History and Latin symposium presented through audio-visual media at Hilton College, Natal.

Mrs. B. McCormick attended a Conference in Johannesburg concerned with the future of the

teaching of French in South Africa, and in June Mrs. J. Marr travelled to a special meeting in Johannesburg on the presentation of in-depth teaching of the differentiated Biology syllabus.

Miss De Kock has attended a Mathematics Conference in Port Elizabeth and the Sub A and Sub B staff have enjoyed numerous workshop evenings at U.C.T. on teaching methods.

In October, Mrs. P. Brown and I visited Hilton College and Michaelhouse where the annual Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference was held. Audio-visual technology was the theme of this conference and Mr. L. Nel, the Director of Education in Natal, stressed the need to improve methods of educational technology in South African schools to help avoid a complete breakdown in the South African educational system in the year A.D. 2000. He gave figures of pupil enrolment in 1975 and those envisaged in A.D. 2000. These interesting comparisons we should do well to note:

	Year 1975	Year 2000
White pupils	921,000	1,300,000
White teachers	45,000	
Coloured pupils	559,000	2,967,000
Coloured teachers	25,000	
Indian pupils	189,000	318,000
Indian teachers	7,000	
African pupils	3,000,000	7,400,000
African teachers	7,000	

(many of whom are unqualified)

These figures speak for themselves, and the problems of lack of space and trained staff will dominate the South African educational scene for the next fifty years and maybe even longer—despite improved educational technology!

You heard at last year's Prizegiving and possibly at the Fund-Raising Dinner that our School Council has evolved an exciting and imaginative plan for the future growth of Herschel. But recent events in South Africa have caused some of us to begin asking ourselves some hard questions about the sort of schools which will exist by the time the plans that we have drawn up have been made concrete. As an educational establishment we are faced with a choice—either we honour the policies of segregation and white domination with our plans, if not with our principles, or we can look realistically to the future of our country and role of schools in an age of change, and plan accordingly. It takes 12 years to train a pupil to matriculation level and another ten years to give a matriculant experience to be of real value to the community as a doctor, teacher or administrator. It takes rather longer than this to develop the buildings necessary to accommodate the sort of transformations envisaged in the year 2000 and we may not have as much time as this. We cannot indulge in short-term thinking and it is our bounden duty to take the long view so that when the time for change comes, as it surely will, we are ready. This can be achieved with careful thought and planning, without changing the character, size or standards at Herschel. We must ensure that the daughters of South Africa, whoever they may be, will be educated in the broadest sense in order to overcome the challenges they will have to face.

Ad Dei Gloriam.

Herschel Appeal

To launch an appeal for money at any time is not an easy task, but to do so in today's economic climate is indeed extremely difficult.

It is the more remarkable, therefore, that Herschel's Appeal today stands at R352 359.44. This success is entirely due to the many loyal supporters of the School who have enabled us to achieve what was thought to be the impossible. Our sincerest thanks go out to them all.

We are still somewhat short of our target figure of R375 000 however, and as these funds are vital to this very worthy cause, the appeal must continue until it is reached.

Thank you all for your support.

R. K. B. WILSON
Follow-on Chairman

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bettison at the Launching Dinner at the Mount Nelson. Mr. J. Bettison is chairman of the General Purposes Committee.



Mrs. Jesse Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Borton, Mr. Jesse Graham, Mr. Boone Wilson (Follow-on Chairman).

Founder's Day, 13th February 1976

The Archbishop said that it was natural to think of the Founder of the school on Founder's Day. The lesson, indeed, adjured us to praise famous men and the fathers that begat us. Yet, while we remembered the Founder, and were grateful, we should place still greater emphasis on the school itself. Then the emphasis would be in the right place.

Arnold said that religion in church schools was merely morality tinged with emotion. That is not enough. We want God. God is the real founder of all things, the maker and builder of Jerusalem, the Holy City. Without God, a church school is no better than any other. In fact, from the point of view of education, some non-Christian schools are greater than church schools.

We need God to make a great Christian school. A country priest lost his voice at Christmas time; he could not speak, only whisper. A Johannesburg businessman, a stranger, asked to speak to the priest after the service. The man was greatly distressed, as his marriage was breaking up. He was a great collector of antiques which he prized beyond his wife. He had neglected her for his obsession, and she was angry and resentful. Eventually he had left home and walked to the village where the priest was. The hotel was noisy, and the man sought refuge in the church, where he hoped to find peace. When he spoke to the priest, the latter could not reply, as he

had no voice. Eventually he gave the man, an unbeliever, one of his own Christmas presents: Corrie ten Boom's book, with its great affirmation of faith, and a Bible.

The man returned the next day to tell the priest that his gifts had brought faith and hope to him, and the priest felt that, although he himself had not been able to speak, the words of others had helped the man. God had used him. All things are possible through God.

We should look to the Rock whence we were hewn. That Rock is God; human traditions are a quicksand. We could look to Abraham and Sarah, who were granted a precious child in their old age. Yet Abraham was prepared to sacrifice this son when he thought his heavenly Father desired him to do so.

Christ, too, trusted in his Father, and made the supreme sacrifice. We, also, must recognize our Father and our Saviour. God had given us the power to become His children, and if we gave ourselves to Him, our religion would become a power and a force, not just a pale, emotional morality. We should then be a new creation, and remain steadfast in all we did. If Herschelites gave themselves to God, something great would come out of the school. These days, many young people had a deeper commitment than their elders. It is only with the help of God that we build a great school.

Staff News

New Staff, 1976

Senior: Mrs. F. Clarke, Miss A. Cleghorn, Miss C. de Kock, Mr. D. Friedlander, Mrs. V. Gilbertson, Miss A. Harman, Mrs. J. Hearn, Mrs. M. Herron, Mrs. S. Hudson, Mrs. A. Kemlo, Mrs. B. Louw, Mr. A. Thomas.

Preparatory: Mrs. A. Bester, Mrs. D. Crossan, Mrs. J. Spiro.

Office: Miss C. Stableford.

Boarding House: Miss R. Foat, Mrs. G. Ritchie, Mrs. M. Smith.

Estate Manager: Mr. J. Rigby.

Staff who have left

Senior: Mrs. J. Bastiaans, Mrs. K. Doherty, Mrs. J. Garrett, Mrs. B. Greene, Mrs. J. Hearn, Mrs. M. Herron, Mr. D. Friedlander, Mrs. A. Keyser, Mrs. C. Tyler, Mrs. A. Visagie.

MRS. POPHAM-SMITH

Mrs. Popham-Smith: After twenty-three years of steadfast and loyal service to the School, Mrs. Popham-Smith, who had had a bad fall on the tennis court and broken her wrist earlier in the year, asked for unpaid leave for the fourth term.

She had decided that the time had come for her to retire, but she wished to slip away quietly and without the fuss of a formal leave-taking. She is on

Preparatory: Mrs. D. Ayerst, Mrs. V. Hickson.

Office: Mrs. P. Wood.

Boarding House: Miss I. Davis.

holiday with her sister in Salisbury at the moment, but when she returns, the staff and the school are determined to lure her back to the School for some sort of small function where we can show our appreciation and affection in a suitable manner.

For years she was head of the Music and Drama Club, and the accompanist to the Choir for years. Her good results were a reflection of her diligence and competence.

We thank her, and wish her well in the future.

School Prefects 1976

Head Girl: Judith Wilson.

HEADS OF HOUSES:

Jagger: Judith Wilson.

Roll: Sharron Gird.

Merriman: Tanya Bosma.

School Prefects: N. Dunkley, R. Howell, J. Louw,

J. MacGregor, M. Messaris, J. A. Pelt, I. Schneider-Waterberg, S. Smith-Chandler, A. Ulrick.

HOUSE PREFECTS:

Head of Boarding House: Stacey Smith-Chandler, Rosemary Howell, Sheila Hacking, Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg.



PREFECTS

Standing: Mary Messaris, Jeanne-Andree Pelt, Rosemary Howell, Nicky Dunkley, Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg, Alison Ulrick.

Seated: Jennifer Louw, Sharon Gird, Judith Wilson (Head Prefect), Dr. B. I. Silberbauer, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Tanya Bosma, Juliet McGregor.

Avete

Pre-School Class: Susan Bamford, Nicola Cole, Virginia Del Fante, Anouk Drerup, Inken Haldane, Pier Hanou, Peta Hosking, Charlotte Kohler, Haley Louw, Fiona MacGillivray, Georgina McKee, Bridget Murray, Victoria Noel-Tod, Toni Perrins, Gabrielle Raaff, Fiona Sass, Deborah Smith, Claire Sneddon, Claire Louise Sparks, Deborah Smith, Anna Svigos, Virginia Tiffin, Chloe Venn, Sarah Weldrick, Alexan-

dra Whitefield, Janet Wray, Patricia Young Thompson.

Sub A: Katherine Barrett, Alexandra Black, Debora Bonner, Lucy Burns, Diana Carson, Rebecca Hicks, Eugenie du Preez, Brione Eaton, Tanya Elvis Jensen, Leanne Freeman, Lucille Frye, Lisa Glover, Dale Hosking, Alison Durr, Nicola Nethersole, Jessica Opie, Christine Ott, Vanessa Pepler, Amanda Porter,

Samantha Squire, Caroline Symonds, Klarissa van der Merwe, Charmaine van Helden, Natasha van Zyl, Tracey Werner, Mary-Ann Wheeler.

Sub B: Caprice Dixon, Helene Knos, Sally Orren, Louise Querido.

Standard I: Elizabeth Barrett, Sarah Heslett, Lee Hosking, Sandra Kay, Jane McKee, Jennifer Saunders, Diane Stringer, Caroline Tedder.

Standard II: Jocelyn Barrett, Philippa Blackwood Murray, Ingrid Koster, Diane Hathaway, Kim McCulloch, Sally Mostyn, Debra Stewart.

Standard III: Anne Abby, Jeanette Krige, Rachel Knight, Catherine Hudson, Clare Mostyn.

Standard IV: Monique Biebuyck, Shona Commins, Katherine Dicey, Deborah Koster, Linda Lee Lashbrooke, Anne St. Lawrence, Maureen Louw, Philippa McKee, Simone Nel, Gillian Parker, Belinda Pentz, Erika Perry, Sally-Ann Seymour, Miriam Thomas.

Standard V: Tessa Hartford, Priscilla Hill, Catherine

Jackson, Juliette Salamon, Catherine Saunders.

Standard VI: Celeste Allan, Kathleen Barron, Pamela Boyes, Rosemary Brink, Jane Dicey, Sarah Gilbey, Philippa Gleimius, Jessica Hayman Joyce, Hilary Knight, Judith Knight, Mistene Maisel, Caroline Marten, Penny Sharpley, Susan Stamper, Sandra Wingfield, Siobhan Winstain.

Standard VII: Sarah Bevan Catherine Callow, Anne Campbell, Yvonne Edge, Louise Gray, Monica Gudehus, Sung-Yun Lee, Christine Pulvermacher, Susan Rowland, Joan Saunders, Yvette Stockwell, Julie Ann Tindill.

Standard VIII: Judith Bentley, Belinda Blake, Jacqueline Dicey, Brigid Duckitt, Alison Fisher, Georgina Hartsuiker, Katherine Ketelbey, Judith Neal, La Peter, Carolyn Scholten, Camilla Swiel, Amy Williams.

Standard IX: Nicola Brink, Fiona Donald, Serena Herbert.

Standard X: Leslie Ann Booth, Neva van der Spuy.

Valete

Standard X: Margaret Adam, Jean Barry, Shelley Bell, Leslie Ann Booth, Tanya Bosma, Rachel Browne, Fiona Douglas, Diane Douglas Hamilton, Debra Douglas Hamilton, Nicki Duncley, Helen Enthoven, Jeanne Franck, Sharon Gird, Erica Graham, Sheila Hacking, Tessa Handley, Clare Harvey-Kelly, Margaret Higgins, Libby Hope-Robertson, Rosemary Howell, Susan Howes, Deanne Isted, Patricia Lelsegang, Karin Louw, Jennifer Louw, Juliet MacGregor, Margo Marais, Linda Mayer, Mary Messaris, Caroline Parker, Jeanne-Andree Pelt, Emily Schneider-Waterberg, Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg, Shelley Smiedt, Caroline Smith, Julia Smith, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Clare Stuart-Findlay, Leslie Stubbs, Judith Swanepoel, Jennifer Torr, Tania Tulloch, Alison Ulrich, Glynnis Underhill, Neva van der Spuy, Carolyn Veldhuizen, Lucy Walker, Margaret Williams, Judith Wilson.

Others: Gillian Aronson, Susan Aronson, Catherine Aubrey, Samantha Bailey, Deborah Barnard, Elizabeth Barrett, Jocelyn Barrett, Katherine Barrett, Beverley

Brockman, Gillian Brockman, Linda Cockinis, Miranda Crowther, Ceredwin Davies, Deborah Doble, Sally Emary, Rosalind English, Nina Fiddian Green, Erica Gawith, Megan Gawith, Tessa Gawith, Claire Hennessey, Marina Hennessey, Monique Herweg, Jacqueline Joubert, Helene Knos, Susan Lanfear, Amanda Lloyd, Fiona Lloyd, Ingrid Louw, Maria Louw, Kim McCulloch, Bronwyn MacGillivray, Fiona MacGillivray, Helen Mackay, Diana Meintjies, Elizabeth Murray, Lisa Nel, Susan No'an, Juliet Oliver, Charlotte Peden, Toni Perrins, Tracey Perrins, Kim Shorrock, Antoinette Slingsby, Deborah Smith, Claire-Louise Sparks, Tessa Sparks, Louise Squire, Samantha Squire, Anna Svigos, Dorothy Thornton, Helena Thornton, Juanita Thornton, Christine Tomlinson, Heather Tomlinson, Patricia Tyers, Chloe Venn, Michelle van der Bijl, Toni Cara van der Spuy, Anina van der Merwe, Cecile van der Merwe, Juanita van der Merwe, Wendy Vorster, Nicola Waters, Sarah Weldrick, Alexandra Whitefield, Marion Womersley, Jennifer Young Thompson, Patricia Young Thompson.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning the 24 October, 1976, the following girls were confirmed at St. Saviour's by His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cape Town, Bill Burnett, and were administered their first communion straight afterwards:

C. Baker, L. Cluver, N. Dauncey, F. de Klerk, C. de Villiers, J. Dicey, B. Duckitt, M. Filmer, V. Malherbe, S. Mills, S. te Water Naude, S. Nel, S. Nichol, A. Olivier, L. Peter, A. Raath, S. Rowland, P. Simpson, M. van Rooyen.

Scholarship

A Rotary Scholarship has been awarded this year to Jeanne Franck.

Gifts to the School

Apart from the most generous gifts and promises of money from parents and Old Girls, many parents

have sent generous gifts of plants and fresh fruit to the School, for which we are really grateful.

Matriculation Results, 1975

41 Candidates entered. A dagger (†) denotes a first class pass. M denotes matric exemption. Distinctions are placed in brackets after the name of the candidate.

†M S. Allen (Biology).
M G. Anderson.
M S. Anderson.
M S. Batho.
M L. Beer.
M J. Bettison.
M H. Day.
SL F. Campbell Ross.
SL S. Delahunt.
M D. D-Hamilton.
M N. Fouche.
†M M. Franck (Biology, History).
†M J. Frater (Latin, Science, Maths).
†M D. Garisch (Biology).
†M B. Gough.
M K. Greshoff.
M L. Herbert.
†M P. King (French, Biology).

M J. Krutzen.
†M T. Lloyd Roberts (English).
M M. McLachlan.
M S. Milton.
†M E. Naude (French).
M P. Orme.
†M M. Peden (Geography).
M J. Pentz.
†M T. Post (Maths).
M E. Prain.
M A. Scott.
†M H. Stubbings.
M A. Symonds.
M J. Thomas.
M B. Twentymen-Jones.
M B. van Alphen-Stahl.
†M K. van Lennep.
SL C. Wale.
M R. Webber.
SL K. Wessels.
†M D. Westcott.
†M C. White.
M A. Winberg.

(No failures)

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen, 1975

(Hoër Graad met LOF=75% en hoër
Hoër Graad=60% tot 74%
Gewone Graad=40% tot 59%)

Hoër Graad

Tanya Bosma, Dominique Dunckley, Sharon Gird,
Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg.

Gewone Graad

Suzanne Allen, Suzette Anderson, Jean Barry,

Hilary Day, Susan Delahunt, Fiona Douglas, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Dianne Douglas-Hamilton, Josephine Frater, Katherine Greshoff, Lynne Herbert, Margaret Higgins, Rosemary Howell, Deanne Isted, Margo Marais, Mary Messaris, Jennifer Pentz, Emily Schneider-Waterberg, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Jennifer Torr, Coralie Wale, Rosemarie Webber, Deborah Westcott, Judith Wilson, Astrid Winberg.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Practical Examinations:

Grade I: Nicole Ihle, Kathleen Pickup.

Grade II: Carine Cruse, Hilary Jooste (Distinction), Mary Jooste, Louise Morrissey.

Grade III: Gaydrey Browne, Belinda Morris, Juliet Womersley.

Grade IV: Celeste Cornforth, Bridget Longmore, Catherine Moll.

Grade V: Jennifer Anderson, Susan Eve, Philippa Gleimius, Jessica Hayman-Joyce (Merit), Philippa Leighton-Davies (Merit), Gillian Rauch, Yvette Stockwell (Distinction), Susan Ward-Able (Merit).

Ballet Examination Results — R.A.D.

Primary: Bennita Oswell, Georgina Rebane (Commended), Hildegard Schubert, Sharon Werner (Commended).

Grade I: Genevieve Fairbrother, Vanessa Green (Commended), Louise Morrissey (Commended).

Grade II: Katrina Lewis, Mary-Ann Marais (Com-

mended), Juliet Olver, Tracey Scott, Cecile van der Merwe.

Grade III: Anina van der Merwe, Juanita van der Merwe.

Grade IV: Julianne Allsop (Honours).

Speech Examination Results

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Honours: Claire Stern.

Merit: Amanda de Villiers.

Pass: Wilhelmina Bray, Shelley Durr, Faith Knight, Gillian Parker, Elsa Vorster, Ashley Chapman, Susan Hammond, Mary Jooste, Susan Lanfear, Grace Maclean, Juliet Oliver, Juliette Salamon, Alexa Singer.

SENIOR SCHOOL

Honours: Clair Grootendorst.

Merit: Jane Johnson, Morna Lawson, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Louise Murdock, Fiona Lawson, Vivienne Visser.

Pass: Anne Campbell, Marilyn Knudsen, Heather Turner, Lucy Walker.

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, St. James Hospital

(Maseru), S.A. Red Cross for General Relief (Angola), Ruby Adendorff Home, National War Memorial Foundation (for a crèche), Leliebloem House, Cancer Research, Lesotho Hospital, St. Saviour's Christmas Cheer Fund, Cape Mental Health, 50 Club for Retarded Children, Gray Ladies.

Dates for 1977

1st Term: Wednesday, 19 January — Wednesday 30 March.

2nd Term: Wednesday, 13 April—Friday, 17 June.

3rd Term: Tuesday, 12 July—Friday, 23 September.

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

Report of Clubs and Activities

Sociological Club Report

President: Mrs. McCormick.

Secretaries: Sharron Gird, Clare Gawith.

On Wednesday afternoons the Std. 8's, 9's and 10's gather in the hall for a Sociological Club meeting to which Mrs. McCormick invites interesting and stimulating speakers to widen the horizons of our general knowledge.

So far, the Sociological Club of 1976 has had a very successful year. Five most interesting speakers have visited Herschel and all their talks have been thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the club.

At our first meeting this year, Mrs. McCormick gave a very interesting and informative talk on 'Provence'. The following week, Rev. Mr. Eve, Rector of St. Saviour's, Claremont, talked about a 'Day in the life of a priest'. At our next meeting, Rev. Mr. Russell told us about his work at 'Crossroads—squatter camps'. This was very interesting and it left us subdued and thoughtful. Dr. Viljoen

gave us an informative and fascinating talk on Cape Wild Birds together with the most outstanding photographs which he himself had taken. Our next guest speaker was Philip Birkenshaw, a lecturer at the University of Cape Town, who spoke on Shakespeare's 'Henry IV'. He is very vivacious and kept us most amused by acting readings from the play. The most recent guest speaker was Dr. White, who has returned to Cape Town after working for four years at the Holy Cross Mission in the Transkei. She showed us beautiful slides and gave us a very interesting insight into her life there.

Last term we saw a fascinating series of films on the History of America, by Alistair Cooke.

I should like to extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. McCormick for the unfailing efforts she has made to organise the most interesting meetings we have had so far this year.

Clare Gawith.

Music Report

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet.

Staff: Mrs. Hagan, Miss Harman, Mrs. Popham-Smith, Mrs. Reddick, Miss Spence, Mrs. Thackeray.

This year has seen a significant increase in the number of girls studying music and this has necessitated an increase in the number of staff. The music school has been particularly active during the past year and besides the annual event of the

music exams, we entered for the Eisteddfod in both English and Afrikaans. Shelley Bell and Michele Jacobson obtained honours in the vocal section of the Eisteddfod and Jessica Hayman-Joyce a distinction in the piano. Hilary Jooste and Yvette Stockwell were both awarded a distinction in the Royal School's examinations which took place in August.

The music club organized an extremely interesting meeting in the first term. Miss Monique Sackel and her violin pupils performed and thereby demonstrated the advantages of the Suzuki teaching method. Everyone enjoyed the evening. Miss Sackel now comes weekly to give guitar as well as violin lessons.

Miss Harman teaches both violin and piano, so

we are now able to offer, in addition to the piano, tuition in the violin. Mrs. Rennie assists with the teaching of this instrument as well. We hope to include the teaching of other instruments in our curriculum next year as our new Music Department will be opened soon. Our aim is to form an orchestra eventually.

Ilisa Schneider-Waterberg.

Oral Communication

The year started off with an amusing programme at the Sociological Club. The Std. 8's played a game called "What's my line?" where one team had to guess the strange occupation of one of the members of the opposite team. The Std. 9's did a series of telephone conversations which proved to be very funny, especially one between "Mummy" and "Mummy's BOY on the Border". "Just a Minute", played by the Matrics, was entertaining.

The Speech and Drama pupils entered for sections of the Eisteddfod and the Centres of Interest Competition with great gusto. Std. 7 pupils did a group act, which received an Honours award in the Cape Town Eisteddfod. Various individual poem

recitals received Honours and Merit awards. These are wonderful results and unexpected talent has come to the fore.

In the third term, five girls took part in a Forum Discussion Contest held at Sans Souci. This was not one of our most successful efforts and there is still much room for improvement. The Wynberg girls deservedly won the competition.

I should like to thank Mrs. Saffery for all the hard work and time she has put into the furthering of our public speaking. The Inter-House Public Speaking is yet to be held, but we are all eagerly awaiting the event.

Sharron Gird.

Choir Report

This year, choir has been fairly active, yet not hectic!

At our usual Founder's Day service in the 1st term, we sang two anthems: "Lord at all times" and "How amiable are thy dwellings". On the same day, which was combined with Old Girls' Day, the Chamber Choir sang two songs in the hall, "Nina" and "Fisherman's Nightsong".

Early in the 2nd term, two members of the choir sang in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and both obtained Honours. They were Shelley Bell and Michelle Jacobson.

In the 3rd term, the Choir sang at Callow House in Kenilworth, in which we had nine songs which

made up an hour's programme. Despite the heat, I think both the Choir and audience enjoyed it very much. On 20th September, at Mrs. Willis's memorial service at St. Saviour's, we sang the anthem "Brother James' Air", by Schubert.

We are now looking forward to our annual Carol Service at the end of the year, which despite the difficulties, always seems to go well in the end.

To end off, we should like to thank Miss Sweet and Mrs. Dowdle for all the hard work they have put into the Choir.

We should also like to wish next year's Choir the best of luck.

Shelley Bell and Sharron Gird.

Social Responsibility Club

Chairman: Mrs. Mallet.

Committee: Mary Messaris, Claire Stuart-Findlay, Kathy Ackerman.

The Club has broadened its interests and activities in a most worthwhile and rewarding manner. Many more girls are involved and each is able to find an activity which appeals to her. The visits to the Ruby Adendorff have continued and the afternoons of games and outings to the Zoo, the Museum, and the Gardens, have been most successful. Money was raised by a group of children who wrote and produced their own play and this went towards the Home's Building Fund.

The girls have started visiting the Princess Alice and have been moved and delighted by the response of the children. These visits will become a regular termly feature. Each holiday has seen Herschel

S.R.C. girls helping at the Open Door at St. Saviour's in Claremont and we are very grateful to them. The girls have also helped with the mixing of Xmas Puddings at Monterey, and many participated in the "Blisters for Bread" Big Walk.

One of the activities of the Club has been the collection and renovation of birthday cards for every child at the Ruby Adendorff home. The girls are working on cards for the children of St. George's Home in Plumstead. They sold a large number of Easter Stamps and worked extremely hard on this project. Magazines continue to be sent regularly to hospitals: Groote Schuur, the Victoria, The Somerset, The Peninsula Maternity Home, the Red Cross, the Princess Alice and Valkenberg.

Books have been regularly collected and have gone to fêtes, such as the Community Carnival at

Maynardville, the Lady Buxton Home, and the organization which collects books for "Boys on The Border".

Clothing has been sent to Child Life and Life Line and a special parcel, together with funds from a Cake Sale, went to David Russell at Crossroads, especially to help one old woman whose photograph and plight had touched the girls.

Mrs. David Powell's appeal for R50 a year to help finance another special teacher for Retarded children in Athlone has had a very warm response and this money will come immediately from House Charities, and next year from fund-raising organised by the Girls.

The Std. 9's and 10's visited the Somerset

Hospital and were given a preview of what the medical world can offer them.

The year is to be rounded off by a Christmas Party to be given to the children of the Ruby Adendorff at Herschel.

Although much has been given materially, the emphasis still lies upon personal involvement and the most important thing the girls can give to those they help is the ability to play with and relate to others as children and ensure that they will be thus able to communicate as adults. What the girls of Herschel's S.R.C. gain is a sensitivity, maturity and awareness of others which they will carry with them throughout their lives.

Historical Society

Mr. T. E. Williams of the United States Consulate, gave a good start to the year's activities by presenting his excellent programme on "Government in the U.S.A." A few weeks later we were delighted to have our librarian, Miss I. Tremble, visit us and tell us, in her own sparkling way, about the Wall Street Sharemarket Collapse and subsequent world depression.

In June Mr. R. Enthoven organised a visit of Matric History pupils, to Parliament. Not only were we able to enter both Houses and watch the proceedings, but were also given the opportunity of asking questions on a variety of political and economic

subjects, which were willingly answered by Mr. Enthoven and his colleague, Mr. Pitman.

As a follow-up to this occasion, Mr. Van Zyl Slabbert addressed the Matric class on "Restrictive legislation in regard to the Urban Bantu". This talk was particularly enlightening and topical because it co-incided with the period of rioting in Johannesburg's Urban Bantu areas.

The year was well rounded off, when the Std. 8 group presented an informative and illustrated programme on "trouble spots in Africa".

Elizabeth Stockwell.

Mountain Club

This has proved a very enjoyable and exciting year for the mountain club. On our first outing we went to Bainskloof. After a strenuous walk, we spent a very relaxed day next to a pool while a few girls proceeded further up the river to see a waterfall.

The second outing was led by Dr. Sandell and Miss Kable, but owing to unfavourable weather conditions, we were not able to do the walk we had intended to do. Instead we walked along the pipe track from Kloof Nek, up Corridor Ravine and down

Diagonal Valley and back to our rendezvous, Kloof Nek.

On our next outing, also led by Dr. Sandell, we climbed up Wood Butress. In certain places ropes were needed, and this climb we all thoroughly enjoyed. We scrambled down Kasteels Poort and returned to Kloof Nek exhausted.

We should like to thank Dr. Sandell and Miss Kable for taking us on these walks.

Speech and Drama

History has been made with the arrival of the three-year syllabus for Speech and Drama as a Matriculation examination subject in 1979.

It is plain to see that the examination will be wide in scope and searching in depth. So perhaps it is advisable to state at this early stage, that preparation from Preparatory School level will be of great importance. Just as it is well-nigh impossible for a girl to take Matriculation Ballet and Music from Standard VIII without even having learned to dance or play an instrument, so pupils attempting Speech and Drama without having taken Speech examinations from an early age, will be very severely handicapped.

This year has been a very full one. We entered

for a variety of sections in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and were delighted with our results. All our girls did very well and the following were awarded Honours.

Solo poetry and Prose: Jane Johnson, Clair Grootendorst, Philippa Leighton-Davies.

Experimental Drama: Louise Murdock, Heather Turner, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Celia Maud, Sandra Nicholl, Leigh Mukheiber.

Dramatic Extracts: Morna Lawson, Clair Grootendorst.

Centres of Interest: Jane Coombe, Lisa Nel, Andrea Olivier, Ceredwin Thomsen.

In the Preparatory School at the half-year we "let

our hair down" and produced a pantomime, "Cinderella", which might be grandly called A Revival, as I wrote and produced it at the Prep. more years ago than I like to think. Mrs. Cole-Edwards at the piano and Mrs. Davies as choir-mistress, produced lively, spirited singing of a most unclassical kind. Mrs. Timoney, who has a genius for producing something out of nothing, dressed us. The girls acted delightfully. Amanda de Villiers was a zany Fairy Godmother, Karen Kearney a dignified and handsome Prince Charming, and Louise Morrissey, a gentle and charming Cinderella. Kathy Trip and Tessa Hartford were the bouncy and exuberantly badly-behaved Ugly Sisters, and enjoyed themselves enormously—as did their audience. Many other members of Staff assisted and Mrs. Kottler and Mrs. Crossan organised their Standard I flowers, birds, butterflies to a wide-eyed, delightful perfection. In the Senior School, Janet Krohn, who, to our sorrow, will be going overseas next year, produced

our One-Act play for the Clarecon Festival. This was her own clever version of the Nun's Priest's Tale from The Canterbury Tales. There were nine schools taking part and the winner was Springfield.

Three other plays, of which ours was one, received Merit Certificates and Morna Lawson was given a special acting certificate for her enchanting portrayal of Madame Pertelote.

Our school play "Cry Havoc" was very well acted by a large cast of girls. Unfortunately, because of the unrest and the ever-present possibility of sudden cancellation, the play was not intensively publicised and our audiences, though appreciative, were small. A detailed report on the production appears elsewhere in the magazine.

Our results in this year's Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers examinations were not as good as usual. There were a few failures; two girls achieved Honours (Clair Grootendorst and Claire Stern), seven Merit, and the rest had pass marks



Left to Right: Lou-Anne Wrentmore (Grace), Suzanne Ackerman (Pat), Susan Fine (Flo), Susan Lloyd-Roberts (Andra), Celia Maud (Sue), Shelley Mills (Connie).

varying from 60% to 74%. Perhaps we needed this jolt! With Matric Speech and Drama ahead, the Panel of Guild Examiners may well have decided to raise the standard considerably — which these

results suggest. This represents a challenge that we must all do our best to meet.

Margaret L. Saffery.



Left to Right: Caroline Dowdle (Smitty), Lou-Anne Wrentmore (Grace), Fiona Lawson (Helen), Philippa Leighton-Davis (Nydia), Susan Fine (Flo), Susan Lloyd-Roberts (Andra), Celia Maud (Sue), Linda Swanepoel (Steve), Shelley Mills (Connie), Suzanne Ackerman (Pat).

Chapel Report

Chairman: Dr. Silberbauer.

Committee: Mrs. Johnson, Miss Way, Mrs. Brown, S. Hacking, J. Torr, T. Bosma, J. Bergh, P. Simpson, L. Nel, C. Cornforth, S. Ward-Able, C. Gawith, A. Olivier, B. Duckitt.

The chapel is looking fresh and clean in a new coat of paint applied during the holidays after the chapel committee had unsuccessfully tried to remove the soot, caused by the candles, from the walls and the ceiling. Plastic paint has now been

applied to the necessary areas so that cleaning can be done regularly and effectively.

At Dr. Silberbauer's request, the entire domestic staff and gardeners have been invited to attend the communion services held regularly in our chapel by Rev. Mr. Eve.

Earlier this year the chapel was re-united with one of the old girls when Mrs. Fox (nee Vicky Storch-Nielsen) held the christening of her son, Anthony, in the chapel on Sunday, 30th March at

11.30 a.m. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Aubrey.

The chapel continues to hold a special place in everyone's hearts and we look ahead with sorrow

Library Report

Librarian: Miss Tremble.

Library Prefects: C. Gawith (Senior), T. Braun, C. Dowdle, H. Tomlinson, C. Grootendorst, S. Justice, G. Frater, M. Womersley.

The girls of Herschel are most appreciative of the beautiful library which they have at their disposal. What with welcome donations and normal purchases, the library has acquired an additional four hundred books this year, both fiction and non-fiction, including twenty volumes of the international wildlife encyclopaedia and "Science and the Future Year Book, 1976". We are especially grateful to the Swiss Ambassador for his donation of a set of books about Switzerland.

Joy Packer came to one of our lessons and told us more about the biography of her husband. She inscribed a copy of this book, "Deep As the Sea"

to the time when it will be too small to accommodate the rapidly growing school.

Tanya Bosma.

for us and presented autographed copies of her other books to lucky winners of a competition held in conjunction with her visit. Lady Packer's daughter-in-law, Glendyr Orr, was headgirl of Herschel in 1944.

During the second term, a competition was held to stimulate interest in biographies. It required the girls to identify pictures of world-renowned personalities. The winners were Janet Hammond, Janet Miller and Jenny Gray. Congratulations!

I should like to express my sincere thanks to Miss Tremble for her work in improving the library, her enthusiasm and her encouragement, and to the librarians for performing their duties throughout the year.

Clare Gawith.

What my half-year of library has taught me

What my half-year of library lessons has taught me was something I never knew even existed. In all the schools I have been to, the library has always been a place "just to change your library book" and nothing else. I have also never been into a school library where there has been absolute peace and quiet and where somebody can go and know there will be peace and quiet. This school library is always silent. I love going to the library, and as I am a bookworm I spend a lot of my time there. The school library has a lovely selection of books and does not just have shelves and shelves of books that my great-grandmother read.

I find library lessons interesting and absorbing

and often the stories that are told of famous people and authors have me listening very attentively, which is usually very hard to do, as I find my mind wanders quickly.

Some of the stories I (or we as a class) are told of famous people, places and authors I did not even know, and now when somebody talks about them I can say "Oh yes, I know about him or her". I thoroughly enjoy my library lessons and I shall greatly miss them in the future.

I would call our Herschel school library a proper and beautiful library.

Cathy Callow, Std. VII.

Sports Activities

Swimming Captain: Rosemary Howell.

Vice-Captain: Judy Wilson.

Tennis Captain: Judy Wilson.

Vice-Captain: Jean Barry.

Hockey Captain: Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Vice-Captain: Alison Ulrick.

Squash Captain: Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Vice-Captain: Sheila Hacking.

Netball Captain: Niki Dunckley.

Colours:

Hockey: Held by Stacey Smith-Chandler, and awarded to Peta-Ann Simpson and Fran de Klerk.

Squash: Held by Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Swimming: Held by Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Gymnastics: Held by Doune Hannay-Robertson.

Diving: Held by Fiona Adams.

1976 has been a year filled with exciting sports events and in all of these, good sportsmanship has

been shown by the players. Congratulations to all those who gained awards this year.

TENNIS

The first term was an exciting one as far as tennis was concerned. League matches were played every Saturday morning and there was much challenging among girls who wished to improve their positions on the log.

Naturally Inter-Schools was the highlight of the term and both the open team and Under-15's played enthusiastically and with determination. We were duly rewarded with couples representing Herschel in the finals in both teams. Although the matches were exciting, the Open team was unfortunate to have lost to Rustenburg, and the Under-15's to Wynberg.

Although no colours were awarded this year, there has been a happy, sporting atmosphere on

the courts and more girls seem to be learning that "practice makes perfect".

Congratulations to all team players and the best of luck for 1977.



FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Rosemary Meynell, Nicky Kohler, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Celeste Cornforth.

Seated: Vivienne Malherbe, Judith Wilson (Capt.), Jean Barry.

Absent: Catherine Aubrey.

SWIMMING

After only a few galas but a lot of swimming training, we arrived at Inter-Schools a little unsure of our rivals. The U-14's won almost all their races and walked off with the cup for their section with great ease. Fiona Adams dived excellently and won the U-16 diving cup. Overall, Herschel came second to Rustenburg. The friendly gala against Rhenish was, as usual, enjoyed by everyone. This year it was held at Herschel and with the help of all our

supporters we managed to win both the A and B sections.

The juniors deserved all the credit they received during the term as they all trained very well and with great enthusiasm. Our talent certainly lies with them and they show great promise for the future.

Sandie Gant, Juliet MacGregor and Jean-André Pelt must all be commended on the effort that went into this season's swimming.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Sandra Gant, Tania Honig, Siobahn Mannion, Brigid Duckitt, Joan Saunders, Ruth Butters, Fran de Klerk, Chloe Fouche.

2nd Back Row: Susan Stamper, Fiona McLennon, Deirbhle Mannion, Rosemary Meynell, Vivienne Malherbe, Linda Swanepoel, Jennifer Anderson, Michele Jacobson.

Standing (ground level): Linda de Kock, Jane Dicey, Suzanne Naude, Vanessa Geldenhuys, Peta Ann Simpson, Jane Coombe, Lindsay Quibell, Juanita van der Merwe, Deborah Partridge.

Seated: Juliet McGregor, Deanne Isted, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Rosemary Howell (captain), Miss L. Kabie, Judith Wilson, Jeanne Andrea Pelt, Jane Johnson, Amanda Scott.

NETBALL

Although Netball is not Herschel's strong point, we have managed to keep going this season, thanks to the enthusiasm of Mrs. Hudson. The standard of netball has definitely improved and I hope that it will continue to do so.

HOCKEY

We have had an extremely enjoyable and worthwhile hockey season this year, and although we did not manage to pull off the Inter-Schools Tournaments, everyone played with determination and enthusiasm.

Congratulations go to Niki Dunckley for getting into the finals of the Western Province Trials.

The teams have worked hard throughout the year and although they did not get a place in the Inter-Schools Tournaments, they have managed to do well in their regular Thursday afternoon matches.

Congratulations to Stacey Smith-Chandler on play in the Inter-Provincial Tournament held in being selected for the Western Province side to Kimberley in the June holidays. Well done also to Peta-Ann Simpson who was made a non-travelling reserve and we wish her luck next year as Hockey Captain.

This season, new colours have been awarded to Peta Simpson and Fran de Klerk, and Marilyn Knudsen was awarded the cup for the most promising hockey player.

The annual parents' match was held amidst great hilarity and some hitherto unforeseen talent was displayed. The highlight of the season was the annual match against the staff who crooked their way to a 2-0 victory.

And of course, we must most heartily thank Miss Kable for all the hard work that she has put into the teams and coached to a 1st class standard. We would most certainly not have been able to cope without her!

STAFF VS. GIRLS HOCKEY MATCH
Free-for-all



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Peta Ann Simpson, Jean Barry, Rosemary Meynell, Fran de Klerk, Nicky Kohler, Marilyn Knudsen, Diane Loria.

Seated: Jeanne-Andree Pelt, Stacey Smith-Chandler (capt.), Miss L. Kable, Alison Ulrick, Dianne Douglas-Hamilton.

SQUASH

Squash has proved an increasingly popular sport and is now on a par with hockey. Two teams were selected for the Inter-schools Competition. Our A team beat our B team in the semi-finals, but unfortunately our rival, Rustenburg, proved the better team and beat us in the finals.

We are pleased to congratulate Stacey Smith-Chandler who made the Western Province team and Serena Herbert and Nicki Kohler, who made the Western Province B team. The school open champion is Stacey Smith-Chandler and the runner-

up is Serena Herbert, whilst the U-16 champion is Nicki Kohler, with runner-up Vivienne Malherbe.

No new colours were awarded this year. Well done to Serena, who was awarded the cup for the most improved squash player of the season. Nicki Kohler, Rosemary Meynell, Serena Herbert, Vivienne Malherbe and Peta Simpson have been selected for Jill Eckstein's special Squash Squad and are already in training for the next season.

Our grateful thanks go to Jill, and Di Prosser, for their excellent organisation and coaching, and unflagging enthusiasm.



FIRST SQUASH TEAM

Standing: Vivienne Malherbe, Peta Ann Simpson.

Seated: Nicki Kohler, Stacey Smith-Chandler (captain), Serena Herbert.

Rolt House Report

Head of House: Mrs. Stockwell.

House Mistress: Mrs. Marr, Mrs. Louw.

House Prefects: Stacey Smith-Chandler, Jeanne-Andre Pelt, Mary Messaris.

House Captain: Sharron Gird.

By tradition, Rolt is a house of more brawn than brain and this year has proved no exception. We have done well to win the Inter-House Swimming.

Diving and Squash competitions outright. We have had to share first place with Merriman in the Hockey and second place with Jagger in the Netball. The Netball result is, however, an improvement on last year's result—keep it up! The sport's girl of the house is Stacey Smith-Chandler who is to be congratulated, not only for being selected for the Western Province Hockey side, but also for Western Province Squash, and consequently she has been selected to play squash for South Africa. Well done!

As I have said, our brains are sadly lacking and we must work hard to improve our academic results. I should like to thank the Std. 9's for all the

hard work they put into the House Magazines, especially Peta Simpson and Fiona Adams.

The Roll girls have done well in the Music and Speech Eisteddfods, achieving merit and honours awards.

Finally, I should like to say how grateful I am to Mrs. Stockwell for her support and guidance throughout this year. Thank you also to the other mistresses, prefects and girls who have helped to maintain the spirit of Roll!

Sharron Gird.



SCHOOL OFFICERS

Sharron Gird (Head of Roll), Judith Wilson, Head Prefect (Head of Jagger),

Stacey Smith-Chandler (Head of the Boarding House), Tanya Bosma (Head of Merriman).

Jagger House Report

Head of House: Mrs. McCormick.

House Mistresses: Mrs. Boyes, Miss Sweet, Mrs. Mallet, Miss Cleghorn.

House Captain: Judy Wilson.

Prefect: Rosemary Howell.

First I should like to welcome Miss Cleghorn to Jagger and hope that she is very happy at Herschel. I should also like to congratulate Rosemary Howell who was made a school prefect at the end of the first term.

As usual the year has been "action-packed" both academically and sportswise. As a House, however, we seem to have fared better in the former with our highest work average in four years.

Inter-House events have been exciting, with participants taking part enthusiastically. We were placed

second in squash, swimming and diving, third in hockey and netball.

Unfortunately, however, general House spirit seemed to be somewhat lacking.

Owing to building alterations, we were unable to organise an Inter-House variety concert, but Jagger girls taking part in the school play "Cry Havoc" are to be congratulated.

This year charity money donated by each House-member was sent to the Fifty Club, and jerseys knitted by the girls were sent to Cafda. Both were greatly appreciated.

Finally I should like to thank Mrs. McCormick who has led our House most proficiently, and without whom we should all have been somewhat lost. Judy Wilson.

Merriman House Report

Head of House: Mrs. Rauch.

House Staff: Mrs. Thompson, Miss de Kock, Miss Kemlo, Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Meinert.

House Captain: Tanya Bosma.

Prefects: Juliet MacGregor, Niki Dunckley, Jenny Louw, Alison Ulrick, Micky Schneider-Waterberg.

1975 ended in a blaze of glory as Merriman carried off the coveted Efficiency Shield for the second successive year. Congratulations are due to all the "Merrimen" who contributed in their various ways towards the achievement of this spectacular goal.

Academically, Merriman has done well this year, yet has been unable to maintain the lead with which the year was started, for although we won all the Mark Readings in the first six months, Jagger has since taken the lead. Special congratulations are due to Janet Hammond, Jane Coombe, Lisa Nel, Amy Williams, Kathy Ketelby, Clair Grootendorst and Morna Lawson for maintaining a consistently high standard of work throughout the year.

On the sports fields Merriman has shown a marked improvement, carrying off the netball cup and tying with Rolt for first place in hockey. Unfortunately we did not do so well in either the squash or the swimming, but made good our defeats by winning the House Magazine competi-

tion. My warmest congratulations to Janet Hammond, Mandy Smiedt, Fran de Klerk and Karina Raath for the superb work they did in editing the numerous contributions, and also to all the "Merrimen" who made this victory possible.

I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate Merriman on showing such a high standard of leadership, for of the twelve prefects chosen, six are "Merrimen": Juliet MacGregor, Alison Ulrick, Niki Dunckley, Jenny Louw, and Micky Schneider-Waterberg. I hope that this standard will be maintained in later years.

Every term each member donates fifty-five cents to charity, and this year the money collected by Merriman has been sent to the S.P.C.A., Cancer Research, Meals on Wheels for the Aged, St. James's hospital in the Lesotho mountains and a school for Coloured retarded children. The jerseys and blankets knitted by the girls were taken to "our" charity, St. Michael's, where they were gratefully received by the Matron.

Last, but not least, I should like to thank Mrs. Rauch and the House Staff for their help and unflinching enthusiasm throughout the year, and the prefects for their support.

Long live Merriman!

Tanya Bosma.

Matric Dance Report

Our long-awaited Matric Dance took place on Friday, 9th April. Hours of discussion and often heated arguments finally culminated in a decision for a Chinese theme. After days of fruitless searching for a band, we were told that an unknown Stellenbosch band called "The Winds of Change" had agreed to play for us, for a reasonable fee. A team of mothers undertook to do the catering, and having settled these preliminary problems, we turned our minds to the enormous task of decorating the hall.

Apart from a last-minute panic that there would be too few posters, the hall gradually became transformed into a glittering world of posters, flowers, lanterns and fountains. After putting the final touches to our creation on Friday morning, everyone trooped off to put up hems, soak up the last bit of sun and try on dresses for the last time.

With great trepidation we met at the Hope-Robertson's house for champagne and orange juice. No onlooker would have suspected from those calm, collected exteriors, that some of us had been



Decorating for the Dance.

sitting in the hairdresser's until five minutes past six, that someone's partner had not arrived and that the blind dates had not come up to expectations.

Having found a willing substitute at 25 minutes past seven for the missing male, we all set off for Herschel.

We were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer and her husband, who were standing among the foliage of the improvised glade, and teetered precariously on high heels over the bridge. I do not think any of us will forget that first glimpse of our handiwork. It felt as though we were stepping into a Chinese dream.

The food was good, the band managed to satisfy all tastes and the atmosphere was all that could be wished for. 12 o'clock came round with a vote of thanks from Judy, and 50 cinderellas made their way to the Stubbses' house for the after-party, leaving behind not their glass slippers but the remnants of revelry.

The after-party passed in a kaleidoscope of fairy lights, music, snacks and a film, leaving only a few dauntless couples to make their way to the Louws' farm in Tokai for a breakfast of champagne, hot-cross buns and coffee. We toasted the morning sun and trailed home to sleep for the rest of the day. Yet another matric dance had come to an end.

Niki Dunckley, Std. X.

On Tour to France

France . . . Paris . . . The Eiffel Tower . . . wine . . . chateaux . . . night . . . fashion . . . Bordeaux . . . The French. These thoughts flashed through the minds of thirty young people as they left D. F. Malan airport on the 16th June, 1976. They, that is students of the University of Cape Town and scholars from Cape Town schools, were on a French Study Tour of France—the first ever such tour to France from South Africa.

Susan Fine, Janet Hammond, Liz Meynell and I were very fortunate to be with them. We said goodbye to the "Fair Cape"—then pouring with rain—and flew to Johannesburg, where we changed flights. We stopped at Libreville, where it was very humid and sticky, had our last coke for under 25 cents and boarded the 'plane for Nice. After a pleasant flight, we landed at Nice Airport. In order to land, one flies very low over the sea and the airport is on the coast. About twenty minutes after we had boarded our Paris 'plane we discovered that two women had been left at Nice—our first crisis! Luckily, however, they flew on that evening. As we emerged from the clouds blanketing Paris, we stared in amazement at the size of Charles de Gaulle Airport—the massive structure like a star, where we landed without a bump.



The four Herschelians sitting on F. Mauriac's bench in France. From the left: Janet Hammond, Liz Meynell, Rosemary Meynell and Sue Fine.

We boarded a luxury bus and made for our hotel situated in the suburbs of Paris. It was a small, run-down hotel, with a lift that occasionally broke down, and floors that sloped so that one rolled from one side of the bed to the other. Out of fifteen of us, only one person had a bathroom—his room was always occupied, even at 3 a.m., by girls bathing and washing their hair!

That afternoon a tourist bus took us around Paris, and our guide pointed out what had to be pointed to—as most of the time we were saying: "Look, there's the Louvre", or "There's Notre Dame", or "Isn't that the Champs Elysees?". The main aim of this tour was to learn to speak French, and so our guides and tour-leaders spoke to us in French. At the beginning this was very confusing. That evening we travelled up the Seine by "Bateau Mouche", which was an experience I'll never forget. At 10.30 p.m. we saw most of the beautiful tourist attractions against a red sky.

We visited Versailles the next day. Some of the rooms are magnificent and we spent hours staring at the wonderful carpeting, furniture and paintings. We then had our first French lunch outside Versailles at a pavement café. That night we strolled around the Latin Quarter and watched men blowing fire and swallowing razor blades.

The following morning we left Paris and began our bus journey through the Loire Valley to Bordeaux. The countryside is very beautiful—golden wheat fields in neat squares, and luscious green grass borders the roads. On the way we stopped at numerous chateaux—magnificent palaces where the Kings of France used to live. That night we entered Bordeaux, where we were to stay for two weeks with families.

Each member of the tour lived with a different family, except Liz and me. Our family, the Bedouts, were delightful and enchanting—five children, two grandmothers and an elderly friend, an Irish girl who was staying there to learn French, the parents, Liz and I made thirteen people living in one house! The purpose of our living in families was so that we could learn the French way of life and, most important, to speak French. The custom that surprised us most was that we kissed each member of the family every morning, lunch-time and evening after supper.

Breakfast consisted of black coffee, bread and jam and we ate it on the kitchen table amongst the dirty supper dishes from the night before. Lunch was a cooked meal with meat and salad. The salad

is eaten first by itself and then the meat is served. Between the two, in order to get your plate clean, as you eat off the same plate and use the same cutlery for the meal, you clean it with your bread which is broken and buttered on the table—no plates. Supper was about 9.30—10.00 p.m. as it was still light and the amazing thing was that we never felt hungry at about 7.00 p.m., when we are used to having supper. The same procedure that happened at lunch, happened at supper: salad and meat and then Outspan oranges to finish the meal. After supper everyone else, including the twelve-year-old son, lit a cigarette and we talked or watched television until about 1.00 a.m.

We travelled around Bordeaux in our group of thirty and if the French wanted to join us they were very welcome. We visited many interesting places. One day we visited Arachon, where there is an oyster centre—we were shown where they are bred, washed and weighed, then packed into cardboard boxes and carried aboard large lorries. Very near by are the highest dunes in Europe at Pyla. We ran up and down these dunes four times—it must have been the wine we had tasted before! We visited many magnificent chateaux that are near Bordeaux, and tasted wine the professional way. We went to the sea many times and swam in the water, full of big jelly fish. Having visited many historic places near Bordeaux and experienced the French way of life for two weeks, we left for Paris by train. After a memorable train journey in the company of two men who did not have any train tickets and were escaping to Britain after sailing across the English Channel in a small sailing boat, we arrived in Paris and checked in at our second hotel, The Royal Hotel on the Champs Elysees.

Our last night we spent walking up and down the Champs Elysees singing "Die Stem", and at the Arcade Triomphe we met a Japanese man and began talking to him. He taught us how to write Japanese and took photographs of us all to take back to his family. We returned to the hotel at midnight, had a bath, and just as we were getting into bed there was a knock on our door and the other students came through. We dressed again and walked round Paris until 3.00 a.m., the night life still as busy as at 11.00 p.m.

We caught our flight back that morning and arrived at D.F. Malan to find our parents eagerly waiting to hear all about France, 1976.

Rosemary Meynell.

The School Play

Herschel presented "Cry Havoc" by Alan Kenyon in the third term this year. The play is a female version of the famous World War I drama of the trenches, "Journey's End". Thirteen girls took the parts of the eleven nurses, a doctor and an island girl, and the fact that many of the cast were very young augurs well for the Speech and Drama department to be started next year.

Why Bataan, the Pacific island base of the American army in 1942, should have been so heavily attacked by the Japanese has never adequately been explained. This play makes a valiant effort to

provide the answer and Margaret Saffery's direction made a notable contribution to this end.

It was a difficult play to stage as it requires the cast to act on a compact yet stark and realistic dugout setting and the controlled movements and split-second timing of the girls did them credit.

Harold Scott is to be commended on his excellent and frightening sound effects and the costumes, thanks to the kindness of the Defence Force, were most realistic.

The pace was fast yet varied, and the audience were either sitting on the edges of their seats

with tension or roaring with laughter at the many light touches — particularly those produced by Suzanne Ackerman (Pat) and Philippa Leighton-Davis (Nydia).

The play highlights characters and Lou-Anne Wrentmore as Grace, the night-club entertainer, Susan Lloyd-Roberts as the dominant and vibrant Andra and Celia Maud as Andra's mad sister all gave moving performances. Caroline Dowdle gave a powerful performance as Smitty, the tightly controlled leader of the nurses, and Amy Williams as Doc was mature and quietly assured. Linda Swane-pool's interpretation of the kind yet gauche Steve was an excellent foil for the apparent helplessness of Connie, played by Shelley Mills, who managed a most convincing volte face when she emerged as the hard-bitten, ruthless Nazi agent. Susan Fine's enunciation as Flo was a constant delight and Fiona Lawson as Helen was most convincingly and

naturally feminine. Tessa van Ryneveld as Sadie and Irene Modlin as the island girl both presented small cameos.

All in all, this was a play which had "plenty of blood thunder" and was "vivid with tense dialogue and comedy lines". It was enjoyed by all who helped to produce it: Mrs. Saffery as director, Mrs. Mallet as stage manager (with the able help of Andrea Olivier and Irene Modlin), Mr. Scott and Mr. Saffery on the lighting (with the help of Jean Bergh and Cheryl de Villiers), Mrs. D'Unionville and the S.A. Defence Force, who provided the costumes, Mr. Stockwell and all those who helped with the set construction, Mrs. Montgomery and her students who painted the set, and Mrs. Browne on front of house, and last but not least the girls who spent so many hours rehearsing to achieve an excellent production—"Cry Havoc".

Letter from Herschel Rotary Scholar in Australia

c/o Ian Hayes
1 Myra Street
Warren 2824
N.S.W., Australia
27 September, 1976

Dear Dr. Silberbauer,

My year so far has been the most fantastic eight months of my life. I am fully in favour of the exchange programme and should very much like to see Herschel hosting a student soon, as I think an exchange is of great benefit to everyone.

The people of Warren have been wonderfully kind to me. The rural atmosphere is really very different from what I've been used to, but is something I probably would never have experienced, so in that way the year has been most rewarding.

I have become a real farm girl: learnt how to ride better, muster cattle, milk a cow, spin wool, and especially travel long distances, which is something you get used to, living so far from other towns.

The most rewarding part of the year has been meeting people, not only Australians, but students from all round the world. There were nine different nationalities represented on the central Australian bus trip and I learnt to live with and like them all. We saw 5500 miles in three weeks, from the Coral Reef to Alice Springs and Ayres Rock, much more than the average Australian.

The youth exchange programme has been called "a shining star in the Rotary Banner" and I can only echo those words as it brings together the youth of the world, which is so important when so many countries misunderstand one another at present.

This year has also made me much more appreciative of things I have always taken for granted, especially my family and friends at home.

The love and hospitality I have experienced this year is quite unbelievable and I'll never be able to repay the Australians. This year is one I'll never forget and am very grateful for. I shall be returning in January 1977 and shall visit the School and hope to tell of some of my other experiences.

With love and best wishes from

Suzanne Allen.



Sue Allen

In Memoriam: Sandra Wingfield

Sandra wrote at the beginning of the year, "I love Herschel." By the end of the year we had come to love Sandra. She came into the Standard 6 class as a shy, quiet, new girl of 12 years of age. We should never have known that she was working under a severe disability had we not been told. Never once did she refer to her condition by word or action.

She always strove for perfection and would never give up until she was satisfied. Her efforts won her results which were often above eighty percent but they also won for her the respect of her classmates. Her quiet sense of humour, her care for others and

the sincerity with which she tackled life also won for her the love of both pupils and staff.

By the end of the year she had settled down so well that it—and this happened very seldom—one saw her chattering during a lesson, it brought a glow of happiness rather than irritation; she had become a fully integrated, happy, sociable little Herschelian who shared in all the work and play of the School.

We shall long remember her courage and steadfastness and we shall miss the girl whom we had come to love and admire—Sandra.

My First Day at Herschel

The first time I had ever come to a school without knowing anyone I felt completely lost and I was very scared. My Mum helped me unpack my clothes into very small cupboards. The room I was in was small, pretty and it had one very small bed and one wooden bunk. Our room looks over the quad and we get a super breeze into our room. Then my Mum and I went out into the garden and we talked for a while. Then she said to me in a whisper "I must go now." So she took me up to my room and left me there.

I was feeling very lonely and sad when the other two girls came in and their mothers helped them to unpack and then they left. We chatted for a while and then a bell went for supper; we found out what table we were at. I was on table eight—it looked a very nice one. We all lined up in our standards and went downstairs. These stairs are

used by staff and standard tens only. At the bottom of the stairs Dr. Silberbauer was waiting to shake our hands. Dr. Silberbauer is one of the nicest Headmistresses I have ever known; she is so sincere and loving. I crept into dinner and stood by my chair; I sat down when grace was said.

I was very shy, so I did not speak very much, the girls on my table were very kind and helpful and told me what to do.

After supper I wrote out cheques for all sorts of things, these cheques are so that we have no loose money around the house. After that I brushed my teeth and climbed into bed. I was tired and then I heard a bell. I was told this was the silence period before lights go out. A few minutes later a prefect turned out our lights. We talked for a little while and then went to sleep. I love Herschel.

Sandra Wingfield.

Original Work

A FANTASY

It looked like being a perfectly normal day. The sky was cobalt blue and the little fluffy balls of cotton wool floated across the shimmering sky like fat Santa Clauses.

Joey felt his usual happy self, readily carrying out his parents' instructions on how to behave himself, how to eat at table and how to be polite. After all he had no reason not to do so. He quickly dressed, fumbling with his shoelaces rather, for although he was seven, such things didn't come right because he was rather unco-ordinated. At breakfast he listened obediently to his mother's commands while steadily munching away at his bright pink strawberry pops, which tasted really delicious, especially when they were covered with milk and sugar.

"Now, Joey, don't go near the pond; you know it's very deep. And don't go into the mud or you'll get all dirty. Now, mind, Joey, listen when I talk to you, for goodness sake!—Really, you're so dreary! And that reminds me, you're going to get your hair cut tomorrow, so don't forget! Now, remember, Joey—" she broke off short because Joey had suddenly gone red and angry.

"I hate having my hair cut! It's mean, mean, mean, to make me cut my hair! I won't, I won't, I won't!"

"Joey! How dare you! Go up to your bedroom immediately! I'm ashamed of you!" Joey crept upstairs and felt resentful. He hated having his hair cut. He felt naked, and besides, the barber always made nasty comments and his mother laughed. Tears welled up in his eyes as his thoughts ran on. The times his mother had laughed at him, never with him. His father never did, though. His father loved him. Maybe—and here a terrible thought struck him—maybe his mother wasn't his real mother and just didn't love him. His father was wonderful! He let Joey help him hammer nails in, swung him up in the air when he came home from work and—oh! so many lovely things. Then his thoughts clouded over as he thought of the barber and his mother. He linked them in his mind as evil and wicked, plotting to get rid of him. Then, an idea came to him. He would creep downstairs and go outside. She wouldn't stop him. She couldn't stop him.

And he did just that. He crept silently downstairs, at least, as silently as is possible for a seven-year-old boy. He opened the door and rushed out.

Rebelligiously, he decided to do exactly what his mother had told him not to do. He would walk in the mud and he was going to the pond, no matter what she said.

The pond was a beautiful crystal clear pool set in a corner of the common near their house. It wasn't large but it was very deep and it had always held a fascination for Joey. He was the only one on the common that day as he sauntered along the grass. As he reached the pond an astonishing sight met his eyes. He couldn't believe it! It was unreal!

Perched jauntily on each water-lily was a pair of elves. What was more, they were dancing to the Elf-orchestra! The music was supplied by an elf-orchestra playing minute fiddles and violins, clashing elf-size cymbals and drumming tiny drums. Joey rubbed his eyes again and again. This was unbelievable? He stretched out his arm to touch them but he could not do so.

They seemed unaware of his presence and carried on dancing. Joey stared, fascinated. Then, he heard a little voice pipe,

"Hup, two, three, four, rear guard, halt!" And looking at the pond, Joey saw an elfin army parade, underneath the water! Oh, no this was ridiculous! It must be a mere hallucination. Things like this just didn't happen!

The dancers carried on dancing, the soldiers carried on drilling and the whole scene resembled a peaceful town.

Then, in a flash, the whole scene changed! The imps and the demons had arrived! The dreaded enemies of Elfin Town were there! Total chaos! The elves struggled to repel the invaders but fought a losing battle. Then, the fighting stopped for a moment while reinforcements were hurriedly brought forward. The elves made a last super elfin attack and triumphed! The imps and demons turned their attention to Joey. They made a circle around him and began to chant. Joey felt himself being transported away but his feet stayed in the same place. He was powerless! He was rooted to the spot! He couldn't cry out, couldn't fight, he was their prisoner!

But, at that point, it started to rain. It rained, rained, rained; and Joey saw, in front of his startled eyes, the enemies melting, sizzling and great columns of grey, greasy smoke enfolded him. The fact that he was free did not register for some minutes; and then—he ran. Running as fast as he could, he rushed home and opening the door, found his mother in tears.

"Oh, my darling little Joey! I've been so worried! Where've you been? Thank God you're here!" And Joey, wrapped in his mother's warm embrace, began to tumble out the whole story, incoherently.

And his mother listened and understood. And Joey thought of those imps and demons and of his warm mother. Oh, she was perfect! She loved him so much!

And back at the pond, the dancers carried on dancing, the soldiers carried on drilling and the whole scene resembled a peaceful town.

Morna Lawson, Std. VI.

A WIGGLY PRAYER

Dear God

My name is Wiggly I'm twenty worm years old,
Please protect me from the evil will of man,
I'm very scared of being fed to the terrible fish.
Please make fewer birds, especially crows,
Please bless Gramps Wormy; he lives with you,
Please bless Wiggly and make us have a happy
wormy marriage.

One of your worm followers.

Wiggly.

Sandra Wingfield, Std. VI.

THE MAGIC SPEAR

Kofi, a young boy of sixteen, was miserable. He was deeply, madly in love with the chief's beautiful, raven-haired daughter, but Bopani, his greatest friend in his younger years, was now his rival. Their friendship had soured.

The chief wished to be certain that his future son-in-law would be able to support his daughter. He made it known that the better hunter of the two youths, and he who could provide the greatest lobola, would be her husband.

Kofi had not yet proved himself as a hunter, as he had no weapons and had to hunt with stones. He had been saving skins for over a year to try to purchase a spear, as his parents were poor. Bopani, too, was not an expert hunter, but he had a spear and so had an advantage over Kofi.

One day, while Kofi was gathering roots in the forest, he saw an old man, who had obviously collapsed from fatigue, lying in a heap with a bundle at his side. Kofi picked up this pack and helped him to their hut which was not far from the outskirts of the forest. Marama—for such was his name—slept with them that night while Kofi's mother bathed his bruises and prepared a broth for him.

As a parting gift Marama gave Kofi a long, bent, rusty spear! "But," cautioned Marama, "it is a magic spear. After killing one animal you must call it—and its produce—back to you by saying: 'Abjo Baben ipolya epapayela ib Kofi' otherwise it will kill you too."

The following day Kofi killed a large bull elephant with his magic spear. On saying the rhyme, not only did the spear return, but seven elephants lay at his feet—dead. It was almost dark, so Kofi returned home, leaving his prize in the clearing. He planned to take the tusks to the chief as lobola the next day.

Bopani, who had heard of Kofi's great feat, decided to try to prevent him from further success. That night, he, armed with the stolen spear, set off on a hunt. As he did not know the rhyme, the spear turned round—and killed him.

The chief, after seeing that Kofi was a desirable son-in-law, pledged his daughter's hand in marriage to him.

Clair Grootendorst, Std. VI.

THE DREAM

We walked along the beach. Hand in hand, we smiled at each other. I had not a care in the world. Endless days of summer lay ahead, or so I thought. We sprayed each other with fine showers of water.

We walked back to civilization. At the café we bought a cold bubbling coke accompanied by a hamburger, smelling inviting. Across the sun-blistered table he caught my eye. I felt a wave of contentment washing over me and grinned back, idiotically. We left the beach for home, the sea mourning the loss of two lovers.

I sit at school, dreaming. No one around me is playing an important part in my present life. Only he. I think back, wondering what he is doing. Is he thinking of me? I don't think so! To him I only mean a face amongst the smiling crowds.

I met him at a party, in winter.

Anina v.d. Merwe, Std. VI.

HALLOWEEN!

When you walk through the thick, dark mist—
Be careful! You might break your wrist!
For the ghosts of the dead, rise from their bed
And haunt the people of Hadered.

They dance, they sing, and celebrate,
Under the eye of the moon.

But

When you hear the tip-tap-pat of their ghostly
toes going pitter-patter up rows and rows of their
filthy homes

it's time for you to go home!

They are bewitched and evil—
And cause trouble, too
These people who are curious to know,
What goes on deep-down below.

So go home now—before you're dead!
Creep to the bottom of your warm, soft bed.
Pull the blankets right over your head.

Remember

When their voices echo in the dark,
You know they're keen, to dance, sing and celebrate,
The night of Halloween!

Jenny Gray, Std. VI.

A SPARK OF LIFE

If you walk along the Kalfjeslaan on a sunny Sunday morning, you will see old Mrs. Van Snauten pottering about in her little garden, in front of her cottage. Once I went along there selling stamps for a welfare organisation. She greeted me joyfully although she did not know me. I think it was a long time since anybody had visited her.

I was ushered into a dark lounge while she went away, wiping her old brown hands on her flowered apron. There was a slight musty smell in the lounge; it was obviously the "good" lounge and reserved for "good" company. The sunlight which filtered in through many layers of geraniums tinted the room an eerie green. I sat down respectfully on a chair with a hand-embroidered cover and let my eyes travel over the walls. They were mostly

bare except for one or two yellowed photographs which I recognised as coming from India and a beautiful portrait of a young strong man with brown-blackish eyes, eyes that seemed to dominate the room. Then Mrs. Van Snauten returned carrying on a tray two cups of coffee and a dish of bruidsuikertjes, that delicious Dutch treat.

She said, seeing me observe the picture, "Yes, yes that's my husband, that is. He painted it himself, all by himself. He was a painter, you know, a real artist. Not like some young 'uns of today who throw in all the surrealist stuff and feeling because they haven't got the technical skill." A pause, she looked lovingly up at the portrait. "He was a good man", she continued, "went to church every Sunday and brought up my sons in the way of the Lord." Suddenly her expression changed to an old, sad one as she said, "He's with his Reverend Lord now, yes, so good was he that the Lord wanted him back."

"Then there's my sons." Her expression changed again to a milder one. "One is an art historian. Look, isn't it lovely?" She picked up a book with a glossy cover and caressed it as if it were a treasured possession. "The other emigrated to South Africa. All I get is an annual Christmas card, though sometimes I get some pictures." From a battered photograph album she produced several coloured photographs of her grandchildren. "They're lovely," she sighed reverently. Carefully she gathered them up and replaced them.

"Are you interested in History?" she asked. I replied that I was. "This is a nice book, don't you think?" she said, showing me a beautifully illustrated history book. "Look! There is Willem III, there are John de Wit and his brother. This is the battle of Dunkirk where we beat the red coats, yes sir!" Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed as she recalled the former triumphs of her country. I think she also loved the opportunity to talk of her interests and she enjoyed my company.

We sat and talked about history, art, old times, recent ones, wars, and many other topics. Her flow of words hardly ceased. I merely commented, criticised and complemented. At last, when the great clock in the hall chimed 6 o'clock I got up and declared I must go. Momentarily I could see the pain cross her face, pain that reflected the loneliness of her days, then it was masked by a façade of cheerfulness.

I promised to come back. Of course, I never did. To this day I am sorry. To think that with weekly or even monthly visits I could have added a sparkle to her life, created a new interest and failed to do so! Indeed I have something to expiate.

Laura de Rooy, Std. VII.

TRAIN

Last night I saw a train
passing over a bridge.
Each one of its lighted windows was empty.
"How lonely it seems," I thought.
We went on underneath that bridge,
I did not see that train end.
Last Friday was Good Friday

Caroline Dowdle, Std. VII.

MR. NELSON

"Come on Mr. Nelson", Mr. Smythe-Jones called to his sleepy Yorkshire-terrier who was lying on his back, legs wide apart, in front of the fire, "I think you need another little run!" Mr. Nelson sighed, slowly stretched himself and ambled along to his master. Mr. Smythe-Jones bent down with difficulty. "Here, Mr. Nelson, I'm here old chap!"

Mr. Nelson knew very well where his master was; after all he'd been using his ears as a replacement for his eyes for the last three years, it was just that he had had enough "little runs" to last him six days, and it was bitterly cold outside. What his master was up to he didn't know.

Mr. Smythe-Jones and Mr. Nelson, hurried along, Mr. Smythe-Jones making really far too many excuses about it's being "really very healthy for one to have fresh air in one's lungs in winter . . ." and in fact Mr. Nelson's sleepy face was wearing a little frown. When suddenly, turning the corner into Mistwood Avenue, they slackened their pace. Mr. Nelson stopped. "Oh, come on, old chap, please look really . . . there she is!" he whispered desperately. "Oho! So there's a lady behind it all. About time too", thought Mr. Nelson. "Why, he's nearly 70 now!" He looked at the lady; it was the one with the strange hats, and the lovely voice. Mr. Smythe-Jones let out a little giggle. It wasn't his usual one—no, it was a high-pitched, nervous giggle. The dog looked into his master's eyes. Mr. Smythe-Jones knew that the secret was out. "She is, you must admit, very tasty—what?" He giggled softly.

Well, after this type of afternoon had repeated itself for a few weeks, Mr. Smythe-Jones finally, and to Mr. Nelson's relief, met Mrs. Dinkie Brown. Perhaps it was Mrs. Brown's strangeness that attracted Mr. Smythe-Jones. She lived in a quaint but charming little house beside the river, and made the most delicious vegetable soup, which they always had for tea.

Within a week Dinkie and Raymond were married, and even Mr. Nelson was allowed to sit at the main table at their reception. But this wasn't any ordinary reception. They had decided to hold it in Dinkie's kitchen, where the vegetable soup would be sure to be hot when served. After their reception, to which nobody but themselves had been invited, they took Mr. Nelson to the playing field, and walked hand-in-hand around in the park, as well as swinging on the swing.

They had many hobbies; after all two houses and two gardens needed a lot of upkeep, but it was fun having two houses, and Raymond had enough money.

It all ended suddenly, though. On the busy road to town Dinkie, who was a hell-driver, was singing away as usual, when they hit a lamppost, and were killed instantly.

Only a small, blind Yorkshire Terrier hobbled out of the car. The little thing stretched itself and slowly started trotting down the street. Mr. Nelson was very badly shocked, and it was only a long time afterwards at the kennels that he realized what had happened. He cursed himself for the rest of his

life for letting Mr. Smythe-Jones marry that woman—but on the other hand they probably were happily in heaven, together, poor souls.

Celia Maud, Std. VII.

PANIC

The boy glanced at his mother and there was something like appreciation and admiration in his eyes. Wasn't she great? His mother knew everything and could do everything. Couldn't she swim and dive like a dolphin? Wasn't she sly like the red fox in the fairytale when they played hide and seek? — He would never catch her but she always caught him. And their holiday fun: pedalling from place to place, exploring the wide, wide world for fifty miles round, sitting by the braai, two tramps—free and independent!

Since they had left the youth hostel in the morning they had covered some 30 kilometres. It hadn't been an easy job, the air being hot and close in the V-shaped valley of the Mosel, the winding, tarred road—unfortunately on the sunny side of the valley, skirting the vineyards that covered the slopes in terraces up to the plateaux—had all the qualities of a Saharan hamada, radiating an intense heat and displaying from time to time those tantalizing water-pools that vanish as you approach them.

But now they had their break and all the dust and the strain of the morning would be washed off by the dark, cool water of the Mosel. They found a spot where the ground sloped gently towards the reedy bank. They were not the only people there: some children were playing near the river and a young couple lay basking in the sun.

While his mother was still busy undressing, the boy was already at the water's edge, his eyes fixed on the shady wood on the opposite bank where some of the big trees touched the water with their branches forming a tunnel. He loved the challenge of crossing a lake or a river, conquering the unknown continent of the opposite bank. As the river was not very wide here—he had crossed the river further downstream where it had had double the width—his mother had no objections when he suggested that he would swim to the opposite bank. Though she was confident of her son's ability and there seemed nothing to worry about, she watched—as was her habit—every movement of her son warily. After he had waded through the shallow, reedy part of the river he flung himself into the river and with a few strokes reached the deeper water. Then — all of a sudden he shouted and stopped swimming, drifting downstream with great speed. He turned his face towards her and the expression on it revealed the measure of the danger. She realized there was not much time left to make good her miscalculation and something in her mind decided in a split second about the "What to do?"; it took her another half a second to get those jelly legs underneath her into action—but then she ran along the trundelpath, deaf to all that happened at her back—she did not hear the screams of the children nor the splash when the young, athletic man dived into the river to swim after her son. Her eyes were fixed on the blonde head that drifted

with such speed downstream that it took all her strength to keep up with him.

"That's fun this current!" she yelled, "but better come back to this bank". He turned his head towards her and started swimming again, and turning towards the bank, he was soon in the quiet water.

"It was like sitting in a motor car," he panted when they met on the bank some 300 metres downstream.

"Yes, you are right, the velocity is terrific. Let's do such a motorride together tomorrow," she suggested. "No more swimming today. We must hurry to the next youth hostel before that thunderstorm bursts."

When they had packed up, they waved goodbye to the children and the young couple, but the young girl turned her head away.

"I am sorry for the child," she said to her companion. "Why? This mother doesn't seem to care much about her child. Though she is a lifesaver — I saw the badge on her bathing costume—she didn't swim after him. It was you who tried to save him."

"You are wrong; it was the right thing she did in the situation. The boy is strong for his age and knows how to swim. There was something else ... fear can be a deadly enemy."

Kriemhild Gramsch, Std. VII.

THE LOST IMPALA

The life-giving, translucent pools were strung like a pearly necklace across the parched land. Their very depths as the sinking sun caught them shone with the fiery brilliance of hell. At this time, before dusk swept silently, ghostlike, across the shimmering plains, when the deep silence was temporarily suspended, the impala came down to drink. They stood statue-like, their delicate agile features and camouflaging colours merging with the motionless, glowing, unreal stillness. As if transfixed by its beauty, they gazed from their purple-blue wondering eyes towards the red-streaked sky.

Suddenly the silence was split by a distant lion's roar and the animals forgot their uncomprehending, silent vigil and wandered down to the waterhole, thankfully sinking their muzzles into the cool, rippling water.

Floating across the water like a heavy log the crocodile came; his deadly eyes, flecked with amber, gleamed in anticipation of a meal. He slashed his tail heavily against the water, carving it into whirlpools as he strove to reach his prey. The young mother fought against the evil teeth clamped around her foreleg as she was dragged downwards into the dark depths of his den. The other impala vanished like poetry in motion from the waterhole. Alone, the young impala awaited the return of his beloved mother.

Throughout the lonely, terrifying night he remained at the spot where he had last seen his mother, but with the coming of dawn walked disconsolately away. Never before in his carefree young life had he experienced such heavy, pressing silence. He was afraid, too young to find food or to withstand

the rigours of the coming winter without his mother and the familiar comfort and safety of the herd.

Like a silver jet fighter high above, the vulture circled. Without warning it headed downwards, cleaving the air with its powerful wings, in for the kill. With a terrified bound the little impala sank into the soft, greenish-white grass. In surprise the veteran-fighter strained upwards, then dived again. The young impala raced with uncanny grace across the plains, dodging and leaping almost with ferocious strength, straining his lithe, slender body to its ultimate capacity. Bewildered, the vulture vanished; he could find easier prey.

The impala fled on, expecting each moment that hovering cloud to descend for the strike. He shuddered in terror as his legs collapsed beneath him and he fell exhaustedly into a fitful sleep.

So, the gazelle found him when they came down that evening to the waterhole. An old, experienced mother, who had recently lost her sixth colt, with a whinny of pure joy she nuzzled him to his feet. With new-found pleasure she cleaned her mud-splattered adopted son. He whimpered in recognition scrambled hastily under her protecting flank and with his wet, quivering muzzle drank in the sweet milk. His tiny tail wriggled in ecstasy.

At last, his belly tight as a drum, he sank into the deep, blissful sleep of a well-fed infant. Protectively, his mother stood over him all night, guarding him from harm.

Alison Bowley, Std. VII.

THE SECONDHAND SHOP

Charlie's dad ran the secondhand shop, and when it was raining, or all his matchbox-car-loving pals were stricken with 'flu, he loved nothing better than to sit on the orange crate in front of the counter and watch the people come in and out of the shop.

The shop was dark. In winter it seemed to be black inside to passersby, but one's eyes adjusted readily to the single bare light bulb dangling from a coiled wire.

As Charlie sat on his orange crate, eating a Three Musketeers bar, he let his eyes wander over the shop's contents. There in the corner were the clothes, to the right the books, then watches and clocks, then toys, then the "goo-gahs" (as his dad always called them), a statue of a woman with a parasol, bronzed baby shoes, a porcelain piggy-bank and several flower pots, to name a few.

Charlie continued his glance over the familiar objects, when his eyes lit upon a new one. It was a watch, a pocket watch with a silver case, but the glass on the watch was broken. Another new item, a green sweater with brown stripes (very ugly) was hanging on a nail peg. "No wonder they got rid of it," Charlie thought.

Just then, a young man with a very puffy afro and rather large nose sauntered in the door. Charlie hopped up. "My dad's out back juht now, but ith there anything I can do ta help ya?" "Well, youngster, aren't you a wee bit young to be minding shop?" asked the man.

"I'm ten in one month," said Charlie proudly.

"Oh well then, I guess I was mistaken. I'm looking for a pretty gift for my girl, maybe a ring or scarf. Can you help out?"

"Yeath, we don't have thcarveth or whatever you thaid, but there'th a nice ring here, only you have to tie it together, cauth it falith apart."

Charlie, jabbering with his pronounced lisp, led the man past the trike with only two wheels and past the rocking horse missing a few springs, to a label scrawled "jewelry".

"Here," Charlie pointed, "it'th a puthle ring."

The young man, noting that the very real looking silver-painted ring was only a dollar, and charmed by Charlie's salesmanship, left the dim shop and walked into the winter drizzle carrying an untidily wrapped ring box.

Charlie once again took his place on the orange crate and stared out of the window, through the displayed "antique" wardrobe and copper umbrella stand, at the misty midmorning rain. Then he got up and walked past the rocking horse again. Behind the piggy bank shaped like an elephant and next to the red knitted beanie, he found what he was looking for, a small harmonica.

In the street of Polawski in the west side of Chicago, through the rain, into a black doorway, one can peer into a dowdy, dingy, secondhand shop which contains a clutter of fake furs, looking more like rat fur than mink or fox, and a broken tricycle and chipped bronzed baby shoes, and see a little boy, sitting on an orange crate, playing a melancholy harmonica.

Amy Williams, Std. VIII.

SEPT

A
little
hump of sand
pushes upwards
spurts sideways;
earthworm's
life

TANKA

Zambian Spring

Charred blackness tells of
Raging flame and burning sun.
Out of this shim'ring
Heat of suicide season,
Comes the Miracle of Life.

Jane Coombe, Std. VIII.

THE THIEF

Miss Graham put the finishing touches to her make-up before going through to the kitchen to fetch the milk bottle. Having placed the required amount of money into it, she put it in the specially provided milk box, just outside the front door of her flat, at the same time removing the morning paper from the box.

Miss Graham was a stout, middle-aged woman of medium height with short brown, wavy hair and thick-rimmed glasses. She had recently immigrated

from Britain to South Africa and was leasing a fully serviced and furnished flat in "Serengeti" as the whole block was named, until her furniture arrived from overseas. Having only been in her new country a few days, she had as yet made no real friends.

Sinking into an armchair in the small, but tastefully decorated lounge, she read the headlines and also had a quick look to see if there were any small cottages for sale. She hummed a tune as she wondered what she was going to do until she started her new job, but her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. Trying to think who would call at 6.45 p.m. she slowly opened the door to see the white-clad figure of the milkman standing outside.

"Good morning, Madam," he said in a very pronounced way. "Madam put bottle in box but forget to put money in."

"Oh, I'm very sorry. Yes I'm sure I put money out for milk," Miss Graham said. "But anyway here's the money and thank you very much for reminding me about it."

She took the bottle of milk from him, wiped it and put it in the fridge. Suddenly the thought struck her that the milkman might have stolen the money, as she was positive she had put it out earlier that morning. She lifted the receiver of the telephone and decided to 'phone the manager.

"Hello, Mr. Lucani speaking."

"Hello Mr. Lucani, this is Miss Graham from Flat Seventeen speaking."

"Ah! Miss Graham. Have you settled down in your flat?"

"Yes, thank you, I find it very pleasant indeed."

"Well, I'm pleased to hear that. It does get rather annoying when people never stop complaining about trivial matters not being absolutely perfect in their flats."

"I can quite imagine that, Mr. Lucani but why I actually 'phoned was to ask you whether you would consider the milkman honest or not?"

Mr. Lucani replied in a surprised voice, "James has been doing the rounds in these flats for as long as I've been manager here, and up till now he has never been dishonest in any way. But tell me, Miss Graham, why do you ask this question?"

Miss Graham then went on to explain what had happened that morning.

"No," said Mr. Lucani very emphatically, "I don't think James would do that sort of thing, Miss Graham, but listen, I know what we CAN do to try to spot this thief." And he went on to explain that seeing that there were no dining-places on the second floor and that the thief never came to the fifth floor, would Miss Graham mind watching for the culprit from her flat?

She said she would certainly do the job and matters were settled.

That day Mr. Lucani received numerous complaints from people whose money had also been taken, but no milk left in return; only the milkman had not knocked on their doors as he had presumed them asleep. When he heard Miss Graham

humming he had known she was awake and had therefore knocked only on her door.

The following morning Miss Graham followed the same procedure as before, only this time after she had put the bottle out and taken the paper in, she placed a chair by the peephole in the door and began her watch.

Presently she heard the lift door open and a lad of about sixteen stepped out. He had dark hair, brown eyes and was wearing a school uniform, the blazer being blue with thin red stripes. Cautiously he crept towards Flat No. 15 and quickly but silently emptied the money from the milk bottle. Miss Graham waited no longer and with a thumping heart tiptoed to the telephone and got through to Mr. Lucani.

"Hello, Mr. Lucani, he is in the building now," she whispered, "and if you hurry you can catch him as he leaves." Hurriedly she went on to describe the boy, then replaced the receiver.

Mr. Lucani started down the steps, but the boy must have heard part of the conversation and instead of going up, as usual, had taken the lift down. As Mr. Lucani reached the front door after running down five flights of steps, he saw the boy dart across the semi-circular drive.

"Stop that boy," he shouted to the milkman who was barely ten paces from the thief, but because the garden boy was mowing the lawn that morning, the manager's voice was drowned by the noise from the machine. The boy disappeared up the road and as Mr. Lucani was aging and not very fit, he could not give chase.

Miss Graham watched the scene from her balcony and was greatly disappointed that her efforts had all been in vain. Anyway, she thought, the lad won't return again in a hurry!

When Mr. Lucani telephoned the Dairy Board in Cape Town later that day he was surprised to hear the other man say:

"Oh, we caught the chap you've just described, earlier on this morning. You see he had been doing this thing for two days running, in Mimosa Park, the block of flats neighbouring Serengeti! When numerous people complained, we sent some of our private detectives up there to keep watch. They were just about to leave, as the boy had not yet arrived at his usual time, when a youngster came dashing into the building, looking very suspicious and obviously trying to hide. Glancing round him the boy noticed the money in the bottles and he had emptied only one bottle when the detectives arrested him. When questioned, he told us what had happened down at 'Serengeti' and said he had only gone there when the people in 'Mimosa Park' stopped putting out their milk money. When asked why he wanted the money he confessed that his parents had turned into alcoholics and no longer cared for him, and he had needed the money to buy food for himself."

"I think it was better for the boy to have been arrested, because at least he will be well looked after now, by some institute or another."

"You can be reassured about that, Mr. Lucani, and thank you for 'phoning us."

"I'm glad you caught him, anyway. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye."

There was a click as the receiver was replaced in Mr. Lucani's flat and then on second thoughts it was relifted.

"Hello, Miss Graham, Mr. Lucani speaking, you'll never guess what happened..."

Tania Braun, Std. VIII.

SIGNPOSTS

The child in the back seat was sleeping, curled up in a blanket, unaware of her mother's apprehension. The young woman driving the little car peered restlessly out through the clouded windscreen, trying to see through the mist. She shifted the car into gear and leant back to see if her child was asleep. She breathed a sigh of relief and once again gripped the weary steering wheel, feeling the worn leather cover come away in her hands, just as her once-secure life had. The car crawled along slowly, gingerly picking its way along the mountain pass until a large signpost in bold green letters spelled the words "London 30 miles".

The girl, with new resolve, put her foot down slightly on the accelerator, and hearing the car take, allowed a smile to play on her face, her fatigue gone.

Nosing his way through the traffic, he pushed the choke and changed into first gear, cursing the slow-moving trail of cars snaking along the highway. The red Jaguar's engine groaned at the restraint placed upon it, like a wild horse in harness. The man's fingers tapped on the wheel, beating out a restless tune with frustration. Suddenly he saw a space widen out, the cars began to move as the lights changed colour. He saw the jet-black highway stretch like a tongue and it was as if its mouth were sucking him into itself as he changed into fourth gear and opened up the engine. The car let out a powerful sound and leaped past the other cars. The man's fingers relaxed on the wheel as the feeling of power engulfed him. All at once a blue car beckoned him on to the side of the road. Reluctantly, furious, he pulled over to hear that he had exceeded the speed limit. A red-faced traffic cop peered enviously at the beige upholstery, asking if he hadn't seen the sign.

He slowly turned his head resignedly to face the round green sign glittering in the sunlight and pulled the fine-money out of his pocket.

The young girl in jeans and a floral shirt, high shoes and a chunky jersey waited for the light to change. She impatiently flicked her shining black hair away from her exquisitely-shaped almond face and glanced distractedly in the rearview mirror. She saw behind her, her past (for what it was). She saw the fights and the misery, and before her, the flowing future, the contract and the money. She had organised everything perfectly in order to save her parents any heartache. She had left a note thanking them for the love they had given her but explaining

that security was not enough. She had been offered a modelling contract and, for better or worse, had signed it and was heading for the bright lights.

As she turned back she saw the sign spelling out her hometown, "Welcome to Maraisburg". Across its surface someone had drawn a large black cross.

Vivienne Visser, Std. VIII.

A FORCED LANDING

We were now high over the ground. The balloon, a bright, colourful mass in the sky, soared through the air. Below us were fields, some ploughed, some barren and some bearing crops. All this was far below us. Occasionally a tree sprouted out from the earth, but we seldom saw any trees. My travelling companion was a nervous fellow. I could tell at a glance. The thought of trying to pilot the balloon myself was not a pleasant thought, but we seemed to be doing fairly well. Or so I thought.

"Feeling all right?" I asked Mister Johns.

With a start he replied, "I am scared. How much longer do we stay airborne?"

I laughed and with a chuckle in my voice said, "About another two hours."

Silence prevailed. I enjoyed the feel of the gentle wind brushing my face. This was the life I enjoyed. Being up in the air, free of all earthly troubles. My companion was sitting on a sandbag, fumbling with his buttons. He was definitely nervous. Suddenly I heard a wheezing noise. A terrifying noise. Mister Johns jumped up. He cried in panic, "Oh my God, I am going to die, help me, help me!"

"Shut up, for God's sake!" I shouted at the panic-stricken figure. I knew that we had sprung a leak and the gas was escaping fast from a fairly large hole. I saw a mean-looking raven flying away.

My senses were now under control. I told myself that we were six hundred feet up, but it would take quite some time till all the air was out. I must make a landing before we crashed. We were already descending, but the wheezing voice seemed louder. My companion was leaning over the edge, when the balloon suddenly lurched. He fell overboard with a scream of terror. This had turned into a nightmare. Luckily for him, he managed to grab hold of a side sandbag. The balloon promptly tilted sideways. We began descending more quickly. I hauled him over the side.

"Sit on the floor and do not move," I scolded him.

He apologised, "So sorry, I could not help it."

"I am going to have to throw out the sandbags, otherwise we will go down too fast," I stated with a knowledgeable air.

This I did. We were still three hundred feet from the ground. Suddenly we began to descend faster. Faster and faster we went. Johns was now screaming in terror. In my mind I was already dead. Down and down we went. There was nothing I could do, nothing but sit tight and hope that our death would be quick.

I opened my eyes. I saw the ground rushing to

meet me. I shut my eyes. We landed with a thud. The balloon was completely deflated, lying on some flat rocks. I felt stiff all over. I suddenly thought of Mister Johns and dragged myself over to where he lay. I helped him up.

He stated, with new strength in his voice, "See you next week, same time, same place and same balloon!"

Lisa Diamond, Std. VIII.

THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

All the way from the station I had tried to concentrate on something other than the dentist, but every time I passed a smiling face or a commercial billboard advertising a Maclean's smile or a Close-up or Colgate or Ultrabrite Smile I would clamp my teeth, sadly lacking in that particular white lustre, hard together.

I had passed an old tramp on the street corner and he had grinned up at me—a gaping, toothless grimace of the lips which had sent shudders through my skin. For a moment I had stared at that horrible black hole enveloped by the pink gums and compared them with my own, then had hurried on. At least someone's teeth were in a worse condition than mine. It consoled me—a bit, but that all drained away when I faced the door—the dentist's door. It was quite an ordinary door—glass with a wooden frame. I had seen hundreds of them before, but there was something about this one that was not quite right. I looked to the middle of the door and there, grinning evilly (I imagined) was a placard bearing the words, Dr. J. M. Barker, Ph.B.H. leaning down at me. I bared my teeth at it and opened the door.

The moment I walked in, I was aware of the almost tangible silence that was vested there contrasted with the bustling of traffic, people and Maclean smiles outside. Everybody, every single body, looked up at me. From kids of five to an old woman of eighty, they stared at me. After my first reaction of fleeing, I gave them my coolest look and looked for a seat, but there was no seat. I stared at them, my face flushing hotly and they stared at me, secure in their numbers.

Eventually a middle-aged man offered me his. I shook my head, smiling (no Maclean's smile that), but he simply said, "It's all right, I don't need it," so politely that it sounded very sarcastic. I smarted, smiled apologetically at him and sat down. Everyone returned to whatever they had been doing before I had supplied them with some fun and I did what everyone else was doing, which was reading the surgery magazines and I read them in the way that everyone else did, which was to read and re-read and re-read each page at least four times without taking anything in. Silence, like a grey cloak of depression, enveloped the room once again, but it could not quite dispel the nervous sounds of turning pages and matches being struck and cigarettes being lit and stubbed out and more matches being struck and more cigarettes being lit and the pile of stubs in the ashtrays growing. The room stank of stale smoke.

Still pretending to read my 1970 "Scope" I

studied the room's occupants. They all had one thing in common and that was bad teeth. I was glad, and the feeling made me feel superior to them.

The receptionist, dressed in white, of course, came in. She spotted me and smiled benignly at me, her white teeth screaming at me. I smiled back without opening my mouth.

"Aah, a bit early aren't you?"

Everybody looked up. I hated her. Their eyes swung from her face to mine and then back.

"Yes!"

The eyes swung back to me.

"How's school these days?" she smiled. I could have died.

"Fine!" I did not smile back and she gave it up as a bad job, and then turned to the man who had given up his seat for me.

"Dr. Barker will see you now."

He coughed, placed his magazine very precisely in the stand and strode out of the room, preceded by the starched receptionist. Everyone turned to their magazines and then closed their eyes and held their breathe as they heard the high-pitched shriek of the drill. In that moment we were all united in a single emotion—fear. We read our magazines and listened to the drill. Quite suddenly it stopped and the silence was very loud.

The man re-appeared, flashing his newly-mended teeth at us. Now, with a carefree air, he settled account matters and joked with the receptionist. Just before he left he gave us a smile of pity and understanding. I liked him for that. I watched him walk out with the light step of a freed man. I turned round and with a choke realised that the receptionist was waiting for me. But surely it was not my turn? What about all these other people? But she had made no mistake and the people, like birds of prey, watched evilly as I followed her. Behind me, a pack of vultures (no escape there), before me, pain, torture, agony, and new teeth. Which was easier to face? If I went back I would lose my self-respect and gain the jeers and mockery of the vultures in the waiting room. If I carried on . . . I carried on, opened the dentist's door, and, heart in mouth, walked in.

Lizanne Scott, Std. VIII.

A BLACK FACE

The little boy laughs, and
His white teeth show up against his black face.
He is dirty,
But happy as he plays in the sand.
He sees his father
The smile changes
And he runs in terror.

Philippa Oliver, Std. VIII.

DARKNESS AT SEVEN

"Well, just as you would expect and have noticed, in winter the days are shorter until Mid-winter's Day, after which they grow longer again. This is because the Sun's rays become shorter and are not able to penetrate as well through the thick layers

of atmosphere at the angle at which the axis of the earth is tilted and you will observe . . ." the Geography teacher's voice droned on and on, until in emphatic tones she declared, "God made the heavens and earth and divided the day from night, and I tell you there will be darkness at seven o'clock tonight . . ."

My thoughts and attention were distracted by a sound of rushing wheels outside, a shrill shriek of brakes and then anxious sounds of people all interested in some object outside. I craned my head out of the window to see the source of attraction, and here, under the front-wheel of a large car, lay my brother! With hot tears pouring down my face, an emptiness from my waist down, and a heavy throbbing in my head, I rushed out of the classroom, taking no notice of anything or anyone.

By the time I arrived outside, my brother had been freed from the imprisonment of the wheel and had been gently carried to the side of the road where someone was mopping horrible red patches which obstinately refused to go away. . . An ambulance came screaming up the road and the clanging jangle of its siren sounded to my dazed mind like the ringing of a churchbell—for what? My brother's funeral? My wedding?

He was gently lifted on to a clean white stretcher and laid down in the back of that van. The doors closed. The ambulance drove off with my brother; I reeled backwards as the clean, official ambulance changed in my imagination to a hearse, shining black, with wreaths jangling away on top.

Half an hour later my mother's high-heeled shoes clicked uncertainly down a long corridor smelling of disinfectant. The shining linoleum floor and grey walls overwhelmed us and we held each other tightly by the hand. A door opened silently and a nurse in white beckoned to us to come in and see him . . .

Surely that could not be my brother, that morsel of flesh with tubes and machines in every part of him? I dared not scream in case I were taken away. Horror built up in me, it grew and grew, swelling up from my stomach, coming up and up until I was violently sick.

Shaking all over like the last leaf on a twig in autumn, I was taken outside where I sobbed convulsively for what seemed hours.

When I had recovered, I returned to find everything the same except that my mother was holding the still and lifeless hand that had once—no, still did belong to my brother.

Doctors came in and out, felt his pulse, examined his pupils, jerked his legs, twisted dials on the various machines with their flashing lights, numbers and buttons. Whispered consultations were held which I was not allowed to hear. My mother crouched closer and closer to my pale brother—not the gay, happy brother who had always done everything he had put his hand to, better than anyone. Not the brother who now at university was top of his year and never ashamed of his little sister who had not inherited any of his talents . . .

I glanced at my watch; it was five minutes to seven. My mind went back to my carefree Geo-

graphy lesson—My reverie was broken by a nurse coming to take my brother's pulse. I watched her face as it slowly changed and she said hoarsely, "He's going . . ."

Darkness fell at seven o'clock, light left us, and so did my brother. I felt like screaming, "I'm coming too."

An empty blank fell over me, darkness covered me and far away I heard my teacher's voice, "God made the heavens and the earth . . . there will be darkness at seven o'clock tonight."

The day indeed was over, the night of darkness had come, eternal darkness . . .

Janet Hammond, Std. IX.

TIME STOOD STILL

The road meandered up the flowing country. Above the tourist's chatter came the grind of gears from the driver trying to change down. The cigarette smoke was beginning to collect at the back of the bus, the air conditioner being of little use. I opened a window, my eyes beginning to prickle and water. Finally the bus halted, the tourists quietened down and were told that they were going to visit Bergrestaurant Falsenegg by cable car.

Looking up I saw nothing, as thick mist blanketed the mountain. Walking into the cable car, the tourists pushed, squeezed and elbowed their way to the windows. Luckily I managed to be caught at one of the back windows. With an awkward jerk we swung off.

The car swayed, creaked and groaned with the weight. Zürich rolled out beneath us with the dark metal-blue lake sparkling. The misted mountains appeared like Japanese paintings. Soon we were encased in the mist, seeing the disturbingly near tree-tops whose feathery fingers reached but never touched. The conifers rippled away as we climbed higher. A strong vibrating crack broke the tranquility of the mist.

The car slid back shuddering, every mechanical sound clear, sharp through the sudden silence. Alarmed eyes veiled thoughts of the past, and future. The base car station flashed into my mind, the reinforced concrete walls, the old man bored with ticket selling, his front golden tooth and right cut cheek. Our hotel rooms, the waiter at breakfast. Strangers in the car seemed suddenly familiar.

A quiet German looked quickly about, located the red button. He shouted urgently. The instruction was simultaneously translated to French and English. The pale-faced American shakily placed his finger on the button and pressed.

The car squealed, swayed violently and began slowing down. We came out of the mist then, passing the feathery conifers. At the top it seemed as if we had entered a new land. We walked up a damp path to a large wooden lodge where we were served hot cups of coffee. The postcards on sale at the counter told us we were still in Zürich.

Serena Herbert, Std. IX.

THE FIRST PARTY

As her parents reversed down the driveway, Penny began to walk in the direction of the throbbing music. It became increasingly louder until finally she stood on the threshold of the shuddering cavity of flashing, contorted bodies. She paused, nervous, and then stepped down into the press of people. A strange, sophisticated female laughed, passed, splashing punch down the front of the skirt Penny was wearing.

She hovered, peering anxiously into the fug to find a familiar face. There was none. She began to wend her way towards the drinks, hoping to attract the notice of some male. Slowly, she poured herself a glass of punch, trying to look relaxed. She wanted to dance, but dreaded having to, as she would in that way make herself more vulnerable and open to ridicule. Her glass full, she turned and, sipping in solitude, she watched the pulsating mob, until suddenly a familiar face bounced up.

"Penny, Hi!", a voice shouted at her.

"Hello, Andrea," she shouted back, above the music.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here!"

"What?"

"I said I wasn't expecting to see you here."

The speakers vibrated as the music shrieked out at full volume. Andrea poured herself a drink and then leaned over and shouted in Penny's ear, "Have you seen any divine guys yet?"

"What?"

"Have you seen a guy you like yet?"

"Not really," Penny shouted back.

"What?"

"Pardon?"

"I said what did you say?"

"I don't remember now."

"What?"

Penny shook her head, smiled nervously, and the two were silent a while.

"Well, see you," Andrea shouted, waving, "I'm trying to meet that dark guy over there."

"What? . . . oh."

There was an empty cushion the other side of the room. Penny picked her way between motionless couples to reach it, sat, and, preparing to sit there until midnight, she withdrew herself into anonymity, and watched the surging crowd go from red, to blue, to yellow, to green.

Two hours later Penny was sitting on the cushion, watching the surging crowd go from red, to blue, to yellow, to green. Then on the other side of the room she saw someone looking in her direction. He was blonde. He looked gentle and slightly shy. Penny shifted, and stretched out her hand to take some punch-sogged chips. She began to hope. She also began to feel clumsy in her long skirt, surrounded as she was by tight-fitting denim.

The past two hours had been hell. She had sat unnoticed. She hoped Andrea had not seen her, and that she would not be mocked at school. Penny was shy, and she knew she was not very popular.

She looked up again, and he was still looking in her direction. She shifted, and looked away. When

next she looked away from the cool couples shuffling round the floor, he had begun to move across the room. He paused at a bowl of peanuts for a few minutes, and then moved steadily towards her again. Penny wiped her hands on her skirt, and popped a peppermint into her mouth. Regretting this suddenly, she took it out, and then did not know what to do with it. She hoped she would not trip on her skirt. Most of all she hoped he would like her.

He paused in front of her, leaned forward, and tapped the girl next to her on the shoulder.

"Would you like to dance?" he said.

Kate Philip, Std. IX.

FREEDOM

sea
roaring
gulls crying
sand crunching as
I run — I
am me —
free

Georgia Deal, Std. IX.

WRITING POEMS

I rack my brains—but
nothing comes—why not?—sometimes
words just fall out and
on to my paper—this time—
nothing—it won't come—why?

Georgia Deal, Std. IX.

CHILDHOOD

once upon a merltime
there existed one
mossbed, unharmed,
a land of love and onesyllablewords
hobbit-happy,
a day was long and calm
and diamonds sang in the sky
every night.

an alic band was my rainbow
the river ran
my thoughts
bible was a mystery word that
lived beyond the sun
each day began with
the smiling dawn.

pictures of a cradle and
the lady in white on the chest
everyone knew what sex was
no-one minded
confusing the tin-war soldier sides
and knittingneedle fortresses
stood strong in
youthful fire.

earth's soft brown
breasts
in which the milk curdled
on which a child fed, yet
the stars shone down
from heaven to
soften lucy's blow.

once upon a merltime
I was king arthur.

Jean Barry, Std. X.

ATTICA

times of candy-floss
in far off days
when lucy was the nearest diamond
to your prettiest star
did you fight in the war
that warped men?
or were you a hero
graffitting ban the bomb slogans
on the walls
of cell 698?

grosvenor square's bobbies
sympathised with batons
and cups of cockney tea

afterwards

were you like Sonny
and did you fail?
the writing is on the wall
the president said
for those who desert
supertramps all of you,
building dreams
in a stranger's land
only to see them fall
with the blindfold.

only robert k. said anyone
who cried for peace
was a hero
and from your cell
your eyes belong to a war veteran
more saddened, and more brave
than those who fought.

Jean Barry, Std. X.

POEM FOR POPSY

"You must have logic"
she cried, vulturing her
maths exercises
with gory precision, while
I sat in darkness
pondering no. 1 (a)
and my pencil
grew into a
stump, which I smoked.

Jean Barry, Std. X.

POP FESTIVAL

Scream out your pulsing chant!
 You glittering gods of the night's hot air . . .
 Black velvet chords to turn the soul,
 Molten sound to twist the mind,
 Confuse your sweating bodies—
 Flesh that crawls under the twisting beat of naked
 heat;
 Half flesh half fire;
 Drum and cymbal
 Writing in the smoke-laden air—
 A primeval life force; the primitive religion
 Whose priests scream today—
 To be sacrificed . . .
 Tomorrow

Niki Dunckley, Std. X.

NOSES

Noses are things which you can put into categories, although it would be very untrue to say that they were characterless, and much as I hate categorisation, here I feel that it is totally necessary. It saves confusion among nose owners, for instance, imagine confusing an 'Aristocratic' with a 'Bulbous', or a 'Long, Wide and Curious' with a 'Pug'!

My pet rabbit, Oscar Luigi Humphrey Bogart Stoffel Gerald Raymond Bosch Wildebeest Wilde Rabbit (and he knows his name too), owns a nose in the category 'Sensitive Sniffer'. This variety of nose is not restricted to rabbits, however. All you have to do is visit Ascot Race Course and there you will see many of this variety stuck on the faces of 'Upper Class Twits' (That is, if they ever emerge from their book long enough for you to catch a glimpse of them).

A member of my family, who prefers to remain anonymous, has what is known as a 'Long, Wide and Curious', the ideal headmistress's nose. This nose can sniff out strange odours emerging from bedrooms, it can pick holes in excuses for not ringing the dentist to make an appointment, it can stay up late without becoming tired to sniff out who brought a non-owner home at five in the morning, and worst of all, it can pick up alcoholic fumes at fifty yards. An invaluable specimen, usually to be found three inches below suspicious minds.

My uncle's nose belongs to two categories—the 'Long, Thin and Curious' and the 'Financial Times Nose'. In fact, it would be true to say that it suffers from a severe case of schizophrenia. His children have come into contact with the former nose many times, and loathe it more than school porridge. This nose has become so objectionable that its owner has developed a complex from it, and as a result has acquired the most embarrassing, revolting and diabolical habit, called 'Bogling'. You are sitting at the breakfast table, a wonderful British Breakfast before you, reading the 'Daily Mirror', warm contentment washing all over you, when suddenly "dearest" Uncle H leaps up behind you and flicks your nose hard from underneath with his index finger.

"Bogled!!" he cries joyously. "Haw, haw, haw."

His Financial Times Nose never emerges from the Stocks and Shares page until lunch time on Sundays, when it twitches in melancholy accord with the depressing news.

In Great Britain, a very common species of nasal apparatus is the 'Trades Union Nose'. This nose is often red, as a result of "Bitter" suffering. Owing to the conditions in which it lives, and the sand-papery handkerchiefs with which it is wiped (the same handkerchief no doubt, which wiped the beer off that 'plebeian' "Mouth"), this nose often goes on strike. In fact Jack Jones' Nose is said to go on strike with alarming regularity, for the Kleenex Cause (Higher prestige for Tissues Campaign).

Finally, a nose commonly found in the Transvaal on Saturday afternoons at three thirty. This is the 'Breeder Special', a Nasal Rugby Connoisseur. This nose twitches its broad, flat self in appreciation of a finely executed Gerald Bosch penalty, and no scent is more pleasing to it than that of a Transvaal victory.

A similar species, however, may also be found in the Orange Free State, and may frequently be used to smell the farmyard. This nose has one big dislike as far as smells are concerned, as a prominent cabinet minister's wife's nose which has had a 'nanny' smell near it, will confirm.

Imagine a world without a 'Sensitive Sniffer', 'Long, Wide and Curious', 'Financial Times Nose', or 'Breeder Special'? And yet people are so unconscious of the appeal of such noses—I mean, one hears of lovers praising one another's eyes, or mouths, but whoever heard of: "Darling, you have such a sensual, sexy nose!"

I hereby stand for the international recognition of Noses.

"Upper Class Twits"—a Monty Python phrase.

Jean Bary, Std. X.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Tension. Semi-silence. A shuffle, a cough. The monotony of an exam, in an over-crowded classroom. Outside the birds are singing; they are free. Inside, I sit at a wooden desk, with wooden thoughts, behind a barred window.

Inspiration hangs over the other candidates like a cloak, its heady, sickly-sweet smell bemusing their thoughts. Pens fly across sheets of blank white paper. Words are formed into sentences, those into paragraphs. Eager pages rustle excitedly, pleased at their content. Mine stare up at me accusingly, silent as Death itself.

The golden sun is pouring its precious beams over the grass, a cascade of gold on green. The motes, like droplets, quiver and dance, carefree and happy; laughter bubbles from them and is almost tangible. Why does my fountain remain so silent?

Desperate, I gaze intently at my neighbour, willing some of her inspiration to diffuse itself across the aisle. Selfishly, it remains around her shoulders. Perhaps nature will lend me some of her exuberance, so that my pen, too, may not be idle. But the

trees, so majestic and tall, spread their boughs in silent eloquence. My thoughts remain willing prisoners behind a locked door.

My eyes become unfocused, and my mind flies out, far beyond the clouds that are gathering in front of my sun. Propelled by some unknown force, it journeys across the earth and, unfulfilled, it rises higher, into the dark unknown. Stars twinkle and beckon, inviting a visit, but they are far away. Too far away. The balloon that has been inflating, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, suddenly deflates and falls back with a thud. The closed door grins mockingly, its studs like so many eyes, penetrating my very depths. But my eyes cannot even dent the solid oak.

The clouds that have been collecting, gather more quickly now, seemingly angry at my futile attempts to produce some worthy piece of writing. It is all right for them; they are outside, they are free. I am inside, locked like a prisoner into an empty room.

The bell rings, bringing with it a stampede of faceless blue uniforms, each one identical, yet each different. Half-time! And still no muse to fill my empty cup.

Raindrops begin to fall, softly at first, caressing the leaves with their vital goodness, but then harder, bouncing furiously where recently golden bubbles danced. The grass flooded, water flows hurriedly down the gutters, a swirling, living multitude of individual drops, a crowd out of control.

I am wet, too, but not because of the rain. Rivers trickle down the side of my face, salty and sticky, not like the sweet water flowing outside. My rivers arise from indescribable suffering, an agony that weakens the very bones.

With all my efforts, I have not been able to force open the door. I have kicked it, I have thrown myself against it, I have rattled it. There is nothing further left to do. Cut off from vital nourishment, I must surely die.

But stop! Surely the Bible says, "Knock, and the door shall be opened"? With wondering gentleness I knock softly on the steadfast door.

As the hinges creak, I glimpse a Paradise.
Tanya Bosma, Std. 10.

PRIVATE AGONIES; SHANTY TOWN

I sat upon the cold rock staring into the sunset-dust. The open field ahead of me lay bare and desolate. Once upon a time I had walked along this road and there was a hedge of weeds. Now there was merely a wire fence with its glinting squares standing like a skeleton. The road was full of cracks in the sundried clay and in the near distance there were patterns of dust.

Times had changed, walking away in valleys of death, and now only memories remained. The fast-living industrial world had come but too quickly, to remove from us our homes. Lorries, machines, tractors, bull-dozers and working men had carved tracks and churned up our traditional soil on which we had come to live, not so long ago. Their implements shone in the sun, but it was not a happy radiance, but an infiltration.

My legs stretched out in random comfort, I surveyed the view. Time stood alone as I tried to recapture my private agonies. Discoloured washing blew in the gentle breeze and papers plastered the nearby wire fence. Broken glass rumours and the wind-whipped sand spread out like my life before me.

No longer would the sun be rich or the wind blow on my sun-speckled nose. The crust of bread in my hand wavered about as I thought of my future. My agonies seemed so long that it appeared as though the crust had already turned stale in my hand. It ceased to be of any nourishment to my problems.

Instead of the big sun winking out stars in the early morning, there were the city lights that played eerie shadows on our shapeless homes. Soon we'd have to leave—just up-sticks and get out! Did they ever think of the agonies we had to endure?

The young children played inside their match-box homes. There were no more shrilling yells of joy, when that kick just managed to get a goal. Now there was no goal in life and the inner desire seemed like a little flame that had flickered and gone out like the burnt out end of smoky days.

Every week day, the men came at six to clear more land. There were no children playing on the mounds of sand, nor anyone watching, for they were taking away our only pleasure.

My heart beat against my body like a drum tattooing the revenge I felt inside. However, they returned to coffee-stands, feet pressed on rails, not caring a jot for what we had to endure. Yet one day they did not arrive and suddenly all the lorries, machines, tractors, bull-dozers and working men were gone. Only their carved cracks and the churned up soil remained in truth and memory. Our little community started coming out of their shells of despair. Yesterday was merely a torturing and agonising memory; today there was something new, and tomorrow became a vision of hope.

Carolyn Veldhuizen.

THE REAL ME

Have you ever before tried to write an essay about yourself? Well I never have thought that I am an object worthy of observation. Now, however, I have to look at myself, examine myself, dissect each facet of my feelings and thoughts to find myself. I have to look objectively at myself through the mirror of my mind to find myself, to draw forth the real me. It is strange, but never have I considered the real me.

What is the real me? After all I seem to be an ordinary, and perfectly normal homo sapiens doing the usual duty of a teenager, which is to attend school, do my homework and generally enjoy myself and make friends.

Maybe I had better pinch myself to make sure I exist. Ow, yes, I am certainly real. A quick reference to the Oxford dictionary is called for, to find the definition of real. Aha! eureka! I have found it "Real" means, "actually existing as a thing or

occurring in fact." No, that is not what I want, considering that I have to look at the real me and I have proved already (by exerting a slight pressure on my leg, using my thumb and forefinger) that I do exist.

So I inhale, exhale, shake my right leg and then speak. Well so far I have reached the conclusion that I am alive in that I breathe, respond to external stimuli, move, eat and I am able to reproduce although at this particular stage in my life reproduction is definitely not called for.

What controls my reactions, my thoughts, and what makes me respond to stimuli? A nervous organ in the interior of my skull—in other words my brain, controls me. But is this me? No, it is not. Then what is? This is a strange and rather frightening thought.

The real me could be a spirit incarcerated in a body that moves and expresses the emotions and opinions of the spirit. This feeling comes over me when my thoughts meander through the maze of my mind, but somehow this spirit, my spirit, is not associated with my body. This only happens when I am lonely and try to find an escape from that which I fear.

Nevertheless, when I am happy and relaxed, my body and soul rejoice, they form a union that cries out with joy and laughs and is merry.

The real me is, must be, just me. The real me dislikes wars and family arguments but loves a peaceful, happy life. I take great delight in watching a baby take its first steps or the first time my nephew reaches out to me when he wants me to lift him. When my family is content and glad, I myself feel satisfied with life, but when the house is in confusion, I look forward to an everlasting peace which must come.

On sun-filled days when I can run through the golden fields with my two dogs at my heels and the wind sifting through my hair, I feel free and at one with myself. On these occasions the real, laughing me emerges.

Another experience I value greatly is the friendship of a person and the more friends I am able to make, the merrier I shall be. I hope that I may be able to assist them and fill their lives with joy.

By enduring hardships and experiencing joy the real me will eventually reach maturity. I believe that the strength of my body and mind will unite me and it is this that will bear the real me through life.

Margaret Higgins, Std. X.

THE RED TIDE

Being a self-confessed association football maniac, I find that the first idea that comes to mind on this subject is a picture of the often turbulent, intensely emotive Manchester United supporters of the Strætford End, for many a Sunday newspaper has printed with grief the story of how a particular town has been overrun by this infamous red tide.

Nobody quite understands why, apparently, every thug in Manchester should, around twelve noon on a Saturday morning, head for Old Trafford, and not for near neighbours, Manchester City. At United's

Strætford End there are twenty thousand sardine-packed, scarf-waving supporters of whom about one hundred are on the policemen's list as dangerous troublemakers. The hundred youths are dressed in what is known as "Manchester Mafia Gear", consisting of strong, 'bovver' boots (steel-spike-studded and thick, almost like policemen's boots), dirty blue jeans and T-shirts, steel pendants and chains, flick-knives, bottles and, most dangerous of all—the five-serrated-edged Kung Fu Star.

Latterly the fans have improved, but previously there was an average of anything between sixty and eighty-five arrests per game, ninety percent of whom were Strætford Enders. The Red Army succeeded in adding about twenty names to hospital lists every week as well. They became so efficient at destruction and their numbers were comparatively so great, that they were likened to the real Red Army—the one of Russia!

Because this troublesome, small element seemed so proud of their "hoodlum image", the management decided to act. For three months during the 1972/3 season the ground was closed; neighbours Manchester City refused the players entry, so they had to go all the way to Liverpool to play, and use Liverpool's ground for home matches. It seemed the end of a legend in football—but then along came manager Tommy Docherty and with him he brought social workers and psychologists to make a concentrated survey of these supporters. He even made first team professionals give up their free time to talk to these "fans". The supporters' club's free accident insurance policy, which had been running at a substantial loss, suddenly began to run at a gain.

Posters were put up in the crowd, declaring boldly:

"Manchester United's good name depends on YOU!!" This seemed to work. The players apparently found the violent supporters responsive, although no amount of persuasion by the legendary Bobby Charlton could stop them singing crude ditties at televised matches so as to shock "all the old grandmas at home".

Psychologists were distributed (at their own risk) among the supporters at matches. They held televised interviews with some of them and the results shocked many people. One fan, aged about fifteen years (with no front teeth) declared, when asked why he was so violent:

"'Cos I love violence. It makes me happy to murder any . . . who doesn't support United." Social workers were sent to the youths' homes and usually found they came from respectable, working class families.

However, the last part of that fan's comment, psychologists felt, summed up the root of the evil. Manchester United is a glamour club and the hero-worship of the first team players runs as deep even as love. They are gods to the fans. The supporters would die for their red-and-white "bionic" heroes. To non-fans this seems ridiculous but I do not think it is (I may be a trifle biased, however). These supporters walk one hundred feet tall when 'they' win and stand proud in defeat. Their religion is simple—it consists of five words—"Manchester

United for the double". In this they believe explicitly until their hopes are dashed—their hopes, not their ideals.

"Punch" magazine made jokes about them when Chelsea were relegated along with an expensive new stand to division two, and United were promoted to division one. They showed a cartoon of Chelsea's chairman, Brian Mears, wiping sweaty relief from his brow because now his new stand would stay standing because it was safe from the red tide.

But I think the reason for this maniacal, fanatical support of Manchester United (much more so than any other club in the world) lies in the emotion that is United. In 1958 they were the greatest club in the world. The same year, over half of that great, young team were tragically killed in an aeroplane crash at Munich airport. Sir Matt Busby, the manager, fought for his life along with Bobby Charlton, until they both eventually survived.

And from the ashes of Busby's dream, he re-created a side which went on to become the only English team ever to win the European Cup—in 1968. Everywhere they went, they were greeted by wild joy, and tears. There is no indifferent emotion at United, and it is this factor that created the red tide, once troublesome, now the greatest supporters for which any club could wish. I hope this is a fitting tribute to them—because, for an outsider, they are difficult to understand. But no matter how difficult to understand they might be, no-one, once he has seen them, will ever forget witnessing the red tide in full voice.

Jean Barry, Std. X.

ONS HET DIT AS 'N GRAP BEDOEL, MAAR . . .

Op die plaas was daar 'n ou Boesman met 'n lyf soos biltong wat almal 'Ou Piet' genoem het. Elke week het hy dorp toe geloop om twee briewe te pos. Die een was na sy vrou, van wie ons kinders niks geweet het nie, en die ander was die blokkies-raaisel wat hy so noukeurig en netjies weekliks gedoen het! Ou Piet kon amper geen Engels praat nie en moes dus elke woord geraai het.

Ons kinders het eendag besluit om vir hom te vertel dat hy die tweeduisend rand gewen het. Ons het laggend voor sy huis onder die wilkerbome gaan staan, en hom geroep. Hy het die deur stadig oopgemaak. Toe hy ons gesien het, het 'n bres, tandelose glimlag op sy gesig verskyn en hy het vir ons geknip-oog. "Aits! Dis die klein basies!" het hy in sy growwe stem gesê. Ons kinders het vir mekaar gekyk en geskater van die lag. Toe het ons gelyktydig gesê: "Môre Ou Piet. Het jy die koerant gesien? Ons het nuus wat jou uit die veld gaan slaan! Jy het daardie tweeduisend uiteindelik gewen!"

Hy het 'n paar sekondes stom na ons gestaan en kyk. Toe het 'n uitdrukking van pure vreugde op sy gesig verskyn. Die ou vel op sy gesig het gekreukel en toe het hy van blydschap begin huil. Hy het op die trappe voor sy klein bouvallige huisie gesit terwyl die trane oor wange en deur die holtes van sy ou gesig geloop het. Hy het hulle nie weggevee nie, maar het sy beweerende hande na ons twee uitgehou.

Toe het hy iets probeer sê. "My vrou . . . my vrou, kinders, in die hospitaal . . . nou het ek die geld, die kanker kan in die operasie . . . die dokter het gesê dat sy beter kan word as ek net kan betaal . . ."

Toe het hy begin bid, en die Here gedank. Ek moes hom die nare waarheid vertel, en ek het gevoel hoe dit trane in my eie oë gebiggel het. Ek het hom vertel. Daar was 'n kort stilte tussen ons. Toe het hy stadig en bewend met sy ou krom lyf opgestaan, die trappe geklim, en die deur saggies agter hom gesluit.

Kate Philip, Std. 9.

BLARE IN DIE WIND

Elke mens het ander gevoelens as hy aan 'blare in die wind' dink. Blare in die wind . . . ek dink aan herfsaande waar alles stil en verlate is en 'n sekere gevoel van droefheid oorval my.

Dit is Woensdagaand, 'n dag wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. Die begrafnis is oor en ek staan alleen by die pas begrawe vrou. Vir my was sy 'n volmaakte vrou: my moeder. Ek kan dit nie glo dat sy ons verlaat het nie. Ek kan nie die trane wat oor my wange rol, voel nie; die wêreld is leeg en wreed.

My gedagtes swerf in die verlede. 'n Sagte wind waai deur die bome en die blare val op die grond. Vir my is die blare net soos herinneringe: hulle val, val, val . . . en land op die grond, waar hulle nie verder kan val nie. My herinneringe vind ook 'n vaste plek in my.

Die son sak in die weste en gee die blare wat steeds deur die lug waai 'n warm kleur. Probeer hulle my troos? Die verlate omgewing is net so leeg soos ek nou voel. Nou is die son agter die berge. Vir my is dit as of die laaste hoop my verlaat het.

Skielik is dit koud—is dit hoe die wrede herfsaand my beveel om afskeid te neem van my moeder? Nog nooit het ek so 'n groot verlies gely soos vandag nie. Ek is moedeloos en stoksiefalleen. Ek is te bang om my van die graf af te wend.

Ek onthou haar stories wat sy my oor Pa vertel het. Hulle het mekaar op 'n koel herfsaand leer ken. Dit is asof Ma se lewe met 'n herfsaand begin en met 'n herfsaand opgehou het.

Stadig val die blare van die bome—maar nie een val op die graf van my moeder nie. Die kaal bome laat my skielik besef dat ook hulle nou alleen is—sonder blare. En die wind wat die blare van die bome waai, laat my besef dat die lewe altyd sal aangaan. Ek sug hard. Ek sien 'n blaartjie op die graf val—die eerste. Ek het deur die hulp van die blare in die wind besef dat ek my moeder verloor het.

Emily Schneider-Waterberg, Std. X.

Ek het 'n ou man sien afskeid neem van 'n paar stukkie meubels in 'n vertrekke wat hy vir altyd moes verlaat. Dit was een van die oomblikke in my lewe wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. Hy was moeg en alleen en dit was asof hy afskeid van die lewe geneem het.

Die kamer was beknop en 'n bietjie donker. Daar was net een venster, met 'n bont rooi gordyn daarvoor. Dit was amper die enigste kleur in die kamer. Daar was 'n bed, 'n kassie, een stoel en 'n klein tafeltjie. Daar was 'n lig en 'n paar boeke op die tafel. In 'n bekertjie was daar twee geel blomme.

Hy het probeer om alles blinkskoon te kry, maar die stof het in die hoeke weggekrui en sy oë was te oud en swak om dit te gewarr. Hy het op die bed langs die muur gesit met sy kop in sy hande. Sy skouers het mismoedig gesak. Hy het bewend sy vingers deur sy grys hare gevryf, sy kop geskud en met 'n uitgeputte uitdrukking op sy gesig stadig opgekyk.

Sy oë het dof gelyk en ek het geweet dat hy besig was om sy verlede te onthou. Die ou kamertjie was vol herinneringe en het 'n deel van sy lewe geword. Hy was 'n arm man, maar in die jare wat nou verby was, was hy 'n gelukkige man. Sy vrou en dogtertjie het in hierdie kamer gewoon. In dié dae was dit lig en vrolik en vol liefde, alhoewel dit so klein was. Maar hulle was in 'n ongeluk betrokke en hy was weer alleen. Hy het 'n winkel-tjie besit, maar 'n jaar gelede het hulle dit gekoop en woonstelle daar opgerig. Hy het 'n bietjie geld gekry, genoeg om van te lewe, het hulle gesê.

Hy het alleen in hierdie kamertjie met sy boeke en herinneringe gebly, 'n ou man wat in die verlede lewe. 'n Paar dae gelede het 'n man hom besoek. Hy het gesê dat hulle die ou losieshuis gaan afbreek, want hulle het planne vir 'n groot nuwe gebouekompleks wat almal se lewe sou vergemaklik. Hulle het hom geen keuse gegee nie; hy moes gaan.

Hy moes gaan. Die woorde was vir hom soos 'n doodstraf. Hy moes afskeid neem van die lewe en liefde en moes weer in die wêreld instap sonder kind of kraai.

Hy het opgestaan en huiwerend by die deur uitgestap. Dit was ek wat gehuil het.

Niki Dunckley, Std. X.

DIE BAARSGESIN VAN DIE SEE

Mevrou Baars was op 'n sekere dag baie bly. Sy het altyd baie van babatjies gehou en op hierdie dag het sy haar eie gehad. Sy het ses klein babatjies gehad en was baie trots.

Die babatjies is aanvanklik net toegefaat om in 'n klein gebied rond te swem. Ouma's, Oupa's, Tantes, Ooms, niggies, nefies en vriende het almal na die babatjies kom kyk. Papa Baars wou niks van die babatjies weet nie, en het 'n ander vrou gaan soek. Mama Baars het nie sleg daarvoor gevoel nie, want haar kroos het haar trots laat voel en genoeg gegee. Die vreugdeklokke het in die diep see weergalm.

Op 'n sekere dag besluit Mama Baars dat dit hoogtyd was om haar kinders op 'n toer van die see te neem. Die kinders was almal baie opgewonde. Sy het die kinders egter gewaarsku dat hulle niks vreemds moet eet nie.

Die moeder het voor geswem en die ses kinders het haar netjies op 'n ry gevolg. Hulle het allerhande soorte visse ontmoet. Mama het vir hulle van die seegras vertel, hoe dit daar kom en waarom dit daar is, en het ook baie vrae beantwoord. Sy vertel ook van al die klein lewende goedjies op die bodem van die see, van die seesand, die rotse en die

skulpe. Teen dié tyd was die kinders baie moeg en honger en wou huis toe gaan.

Mama Baars sien toe die ondersteun van 'n vissers-skuit. Sy skrik groot! Die kinders sien dat daar kos aan die einde van etlike vislyne hang.

„Sewe stukkie” dink die kleinste, „net genoeg vir ons almal! Mama het altyd gesê ons moet deel.” Al die kinders swem in die rigting van die vislyne. Voor Mama kan keer is haar kinders deur die vissers opgetrek.

Haar souterige trane meng met die sout van die see en teleurgesteld swem sy terug na haar woon-gebied. Daar was niks wat Mama Baars kon doen nie.

Cheryl de Villiers, Std. IX.

UNE GROSSE DECEPTION

C'était le dernier jour de notre séjour à "Lekker-water", une ferme sur la côte de Bredasdorp et j'ai bien voulu visiter les cavernes. J'aimais l'idée de voir ces souris qui volent avec des ailes comme de vieux parapluies et qui dorment sur le plafond. Mais Adriaan, le berger croyait qu'elles tuaient les agneaux et il détestait les chauve-souris.

Nous voilà vite en haut de la colline. J'ai regardé la colline en face mais je ne trouvais pas une seule caverne. Enfin ma sœur a trouvé en haut une tache noire qu'elle croyait une caverne.

Nous avons descendu la pente raide de la gorge et nous avons escaladé l'autre côté comme des singes. Enfin nous sommes arrivées à la tache noire. Ce n'était aucune caverne. Ce n'était qu'un vieux veston de berger, qu'il y avait laissé pour effrayer ceux qui tuent ses moutons! Nous avons tant marché pour trouver un veston! J'ai dit à ma sœur qu'elle devrait acheter des lunettes quand nous rentrerions à Cape Town.

Nous étions très fatiguées et nous y sommes reposées une demi-heure. Puis nous avons commencé à rentrer chez nous. Pendant que nous descendions mon amie Sharron a trouvé les cavernes en bas de la gorge. J'étais si heureuse que j'ai couru pour y être la première. Je me suis imaginé de grandes cavernes noires et effrayantes avec beaucoup d'animaux aveugles qui volaient en criant. Je me suis souvenu qu'ils volent dans les cheveux on doit les couper pour les libérer. J'ai couvert les cheveux de mon tricot et je me suis entrée dans la caverne pour voir enfin les chauve-souris. Mais il n'y en avait pas... Rien que le silence. Puis j'ai senti le feu... elles n'aiment pas le feu. Dans un coin était un vieux feu du berger superstitieux. J'ai voulu pleurer. C'était une grosse déception.

Rosemary Howell, Standard X.

UN COUP DE TELEPHONE

Quand je me suis réveillée, ce samedi matin, j'étais chaude comme un lapin dans mon lit. J'y suis restée quelques instants complètement sous les couvertures. Puis j'ai levé les couvertures un peu et j'ai regardé dehors. J'ai vu un ciel gris. Dans le jardin j'ai vu les feuilles qui couraient vite. Il faisait du vent. Je ne voulais pas me lever ce matin. Ça ne valait pas le coup. Puis, avec horreur, je me suis rappelé qu'il fallait aller à la plage avec des amis.

Je me suis dégagée des couvertures. Que sera sera, mais il faisait très froid tout de même! J'ai empoigné mes vêtements, et, grelottant, j'ai bondi sous les couvertures pour m'y habiller. A l'esprit j'ai vu la plage. La mer était verte; les rochers étaient luisants, et je croyais qu'ils étaient méchants. Il pleuvait, et la mer avait la chair de poule. Je ne voulais pas y aller!

J'ai déjeuné. Maman m'a la morale parce que j'étais si paresseuse que je ne voulais pas voir mes amis. Il fallait partir. Je me mettais à marcher à la gare quand j'ai entendu maman qui criait:

"Kate! Le téléphoner! C'est pour toi. C'est tes amis—they ne vont pas à la plage!"

Kate Philip, Standard IX.

LA MERE STUPIDE

MAMAN: Dépêche-toi, Jacques. (Jacques se lève et tombe. Il se met à pleurer.)

Oh! mon pauvre Jacques. Pourquoi ne peux-tu pas te tenir debout? Oh! pourquoi tombes-tu? Christine! Vite, vite!

CHRISTINE (arrivant à toute vitesse): Qu'avez-vous, maman?

MAMAN: Oh, Christine, c'est Jacques. Chaque fois que je le mets sur les pieds, il tombe. Tu dois aller chercher le docteur Pillule tout de suite. Oh! Je suis si inquiète. Vite, Christine!

(Christine arrive chez le docteur)

PILLULE: Qu'as-tu ma petite?

CHRISTINE: Oh non, je me porte très bien. C'est mon frère qui est malade. Chaque fois qu'il se lève il tombe et se met à pleurer. C'est les jambes. Pouvez-vous venir chez nous maintenant, s'il vous plaît?

PILLULE: Certainement ma petite, je viendrai tout de suite. (Les deux arrivent à la maison et le docteur examine l'enfant.)

MAMAN: Qu'y a-t-il, docteur?

PILLULE: Madame, votre fils a les deux jambes dans la même jambe de sa culotte. Bonjour!

MAMAN: Oh! Que je suis bête!

Tania Brown, Std. VIII.

Sonia Beck Essay: DNA, The Key of Life

According to Webster's dictionary, life is "the principle or force by which animals and plants are maintained in the performance of their functions and which distinguishes by its presence animate from inanimate matter; the state of a material complex or individual characterized by the capacity to perform certain functional activities including metabolism, growth, reproduction and some form of responsiveness or adaptability."

Deoxyribose nucleic acid (DNA), a white, fibrous and very stable macromolecule is found in the nucleus of every living cell and is the primary factor of life, controlling and regulating all the cell's activities and storing the units of heredity, the genes. The most important property of DNA is that it is able to replicate in mitosis and by doing so it passes an identical copy of the organism's genetic information to the daughter cells and all subsequent cells formed from them.

DNA consists of a pentose sugar, deoxyribose, bonded by its fifth carbon atom to phosphoric acid and by its first carbon atom to an organic base, which may be any one of the following: adenine (A), guanine (G), thymine (T), or cytosine (C). The former two are known as purine bases and consist of a hexagonal and a pentagonal ring bonded together, the latter two are pyrimidine bases consisting of single hexagonal rings. Each unit of pentose sugar, phosphoric acid and organic base is known as nucleotide—there are thus four possible types of nucleotides—and each nucleotide is formed with the elimination of two molecules of water. The individual nucleotides bond together by means of dehydration, the phosphoric acid of one nucleotide bonding to the third carbon atom in the sugar of another nucleotide with a phosphodiester bond. The resultant nucleotide chain thus consists of a row of alternating sugar and phosphoric acid molecules with projecting bases. The bases may be in any order and vary from individual to individual, and it is in this sequence of bases that the genetic information of the individual is coded. In the formation of a DNA macromolecule, two such

chains come together, facing in opposite directions, with their bases projecting towards each other. It so happens that purine bases always link up with pyrimidine bases and vice versa, for if two purine or two pyrimidine bases were to come together, there would be insufficient bonding space between the purines and an excess between the pyrimidines, the distance between the two sugar-phosphoric acid chains being constant. Because of the shapes of the base surfaces, A can only bond to T, and C to G, the bonds being the relatively weak hydrogen bonds. The resultant ladderlike structure becomes coiled to form the double helix, DNA.

During the late interphase of mitosis, when the genetic information of the mother cell is duplicated, the DNA molecules, which have been thin and extended during the growth of the cell, coil down on themselves together with their associated histone* and non-histone proteins and are packed into much shorter rod-like structures. These rods, which occur in different shapes and numbers in different organisms, gradually become thick enough to be visible under a microscope. During this process of replication the coiled DNA strands temporarily uncoil themselves as the two T-A hydrogen bonds and the three G-C hydrogen bonds between the nucleotides break, allowing free nucleotides to become attached at the surfaces that have been exposed, A bonding with T, C with G. The two DNA ladders thus formed are coiled into helices, each one identical to its partner and to the parent DNA helix. Mitosis also involves the replication of the histone and non-histone proteins which are placed molecules. The uses of proteins include, i.e., enzymatic reactions in which different enzymes control different reactions, resulting in the necessity of thousands of different enzymes; transport of substances across cell membranes, a process in which many proteins play an important part, combining with certain molecules and carrying them across the cell membrane; and the formation and structure of cells. In procaryotic cells repressor proteins are found and these combine with certain genes to

"turn off" their activity. In eucaryotic cells the protein components of the chromosomes (histones) are thought to have a similar function. The functions of the various proteins depend on their structure which is divided into three levels of complexity, the primary level of complexity being determined by the sequence of amino acids in polymerized polypeptides, the secondary level of complexity by the coiling of the amino acid chains into helices, and the tertiary level of complexity by the folding of the helices into three dimensional shapes. The shapes of the molecules are of importance as their activities frequently depend on the way they fit into the surfaces of other molecules, as in enzymes.

Although DNA contains the code for protein synthesis, an intermediate molecule, ribose nucleic acid, RNA, serves as the immediate template. RNA is similar to DNA in all respects, except that its pentose sugar is ribose, uracil (U) replaces thymine, and it consists of only a single chain. RNA may contain unusual bases such as pseudouridine and in corresponding positions on the daughter DNA strands. The remaining events of mitosis serve to separate the two DNA helices and to isolate them in the nuclei of the daughter cells, the whole process taking approximately eight hours in most cells.

Life, however, does not consist only of reproduction; maintenance of the organism in an active living state is also essential, this being the prime use of proteins, the code of which is locked in the DNA various methylated purines.

DNA serves as the template for RNA, the synthesis of which is similar to DNA replication. The DNA molecule breaks open and free nucleotides take up their positions on the exposed bases. A bonding with U, G with C. The single transcribed RNA strand then breaks away and passes into the cytoplasm, allowing the hydrogen bonds between the DNA nucleotides to be reformed. The RNA strand may either remain straight, in which case it is called messenger RNA (mRNA), or bend and become twisted owing to hydrogen bonds, forming transfer RNA (tRNA). Each tRNA has two bonding sites, one where an amino acid becomes attached, the other where three nucleotides project, forming an anticodon, the amino acid of each tRNA being determined by its anticodon. This property of tRNA (its ability to form two bonds) links the amino acid sequence of a protein to the base sequence of DNA.

The mRNA that has been synthesized becomes attached to a ribosome in the cytoplasm. (Ribosomes are formed in the nucleolus and consist of proteins joined to a third type of RNA, insoluble ribosomal RNA. These nucleoproteins are coiled into circular shapes and pass into the cytoplasm as ribosomes). A tRNA approaches, and if its anticodon matches the base triplet, or codon, of the mRNA that is associated with the ribosome at that particular moment, it will become temporarily attached to the mRNA, and its associated amino acid will be released. A second tRNA will immediately bond at the next codon and the two amino acids thus liberated will be joined by a peptide bond. Further amino acids will be added in the same way and a polypeptide or protein will result as successive tRNA's are translated. More than one protein molecule may be synthesized simultaneously

from each mRNA as successive ribosomes become attached and move along the mRNA strand. The ribosomes may be joined by a strand of mRNA to form polysomes, and, like mRNA and tRNA, they may be re-used. The protein synthesis machinery in different organisms is fully interchangeable and proteins can be synthesized from plant ribosomes, animal mRNA and protozoan tRNA in a test tube if the conditions are favourable and if all the necessary components and enzymes are present. This proves the theory that differences between different organisms depend on differences in their DNA, and not on differences in their methods of protein synthesis.

All steroid hormones and a number of protein hormones appear to promote the transcription of certain DNA genes to mRNA and thus stimulate the formation of certain enzymes. This transcription occurs only in cells sensitive to the hormone in question and this specificity is due to the presence in the hormone of a certain receptor protein which serves to remove the histones that are inactivating the gene. Oestrogens are thought to work on this principle, while somatotropin, the growth hormone, directly increases the rate of protein synthesis at the ribosomes. In the Jacob-Monod hypothesis of gene action, the section of the DNA strand that codes for a specific enzyme is known as a structural gene. On the same chromosome and in close association with the structural gene is an operator gene which activates the structural gene when the enzyme is needed. Also on the same chromosome is found a regulator gene which promotes the formation of a repressor substance when the enzyme is not needed, and this repressor substance inactivates the operator gene and thus also the structural gene. When the enzyme is needed the repressor substance is inactivated, allowing the operator and structural genes to become active, and resulting in the production of the enzyme.

The renowned geneticist, H. J. Muller, estimated that the average human chromosome contains 4×10^9 base pairs. As each position can be filled by one of four base pairs, the number of possible variations is almost infinite ($10^{12.4} \times 10^3$). By comparison, the total number of protons and electrons in the entire solar system is approximately 10^{60} . However, many of the possible combinations would lead to malfunction and over a period of 4 000 000 000 years many combinations have been destroyed. Mutations, however, may be brought about by irradiation, when one base is substituted by another, resulting in a change in the sequence of bases. The substitutions may be transitions, in which purine bases are replaced by purine bases, or pyrimidine bases by pyrimidine bases, or transversions, in which purine bases are replaced by pyrimidine bases, and vice versa. These substitutions may result in the presence of a wrong amino acid in a protein, in which case the effect of the amino acid will depend on the type of amino acid and its position in the protein, or they may cause a codon on a mRNA strand that has no corresponding anticodon on a tRNA molecule, i.e. a nonsense codon. This nonsense codon will cause premature termination of the protein and an accompanying loss of function. (e.g. sickle cell anaemia has been traced to the incorrect position of a single amino

acid in haemoglobin, making it less soluble than ordinary haemoglobin. When the oxygen concentration falls, as in tissue capillaries, the haemoglobin crystallizes, causing the biconcave disc-shaped erythrocytes to become sickle shaped.)

A forward mutation (as in sickle cell anaemia) can only be reversed by a second mutation which will restore the correct function of the original gene (a true reverse mutation), or a compensatory mutation which restores some degree of function (suppressor mutation). Mutations are common, but as many mutations do not lead to visible abnormalities, they are seldom noticed.

During the process of senescence genetic abnormalities may arise owing to the insertion of a wrong nucleotide in mitosis, or mistakes may occur during either transcription or translation of the genetic code, resulting, in both cases, in the synthesis of abnormal proteins. Together with cellular

degeneration and other malfunctions the organism degenerates and eventually dies, making room for organisms that are biologically more useful. If, as other cellular processes, this process is genetically controlled, then DNA is not only the key of life, but also of death.

*Histones are alkaline proteins with large amounts of the amino acid, arginine.

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Tanya Bosma, Matric.

The Hill Pre-Primary

It is with pleasure that we present this report on The Hill Pre-primary School.

It has been a busy year for the Hill and it is surprising how much can be accomplished with the co-operation of all concerned.

The children received a physical check-up and for the first time a speech therapist screened each child for speech and hearing. The latter practice we hope to continue each year in conjunction with the doctor's annual examination. We feel that it is important in Pre-primary school education that each child should be physically fit and mentally able when she begins her formal education.

During the year we have had some interesting outside trips with the children. These included a visit to a poultry farm, a small holding, the beach, the railway station, a tropical fish exhibition and Groot Constantia. Our final outing was to The Castle by bus. It is surprising how many children have never been on a bus before so as a special treat a double-decker bus was hired and 66 children and 10 adults invaded the Castle, where we were very well received and the children very well behaved.

The Parent/Teachers' Association, chaired by Mr. Mike Boyes, has been very active and fully supportive to the staff. Funds have been boosted by raffles and a cake stall. A new venture was tried this year called the 'Duck Waddle'. This was a miniature 'Big Walk' for the children and was so successful and enjoyed by children, parents and staff so much that it is hoped that it may become a yearly event. The annual Exhibition Evening again proved popular, where present and future parents met over cheese and wine and viewed the children's work in each playroom. Another annual event, the Library Birthday, was well supported and we have added several new books to the library.

The P.T.A. also organised various talks by visiting lecturers throughout the year. These included Mrs. Janine Wolhuter who spoke most entertainingly on "Talk and Grow with Your Child". Mrs. Nel spoke to a morning group on "Child Art" and showed several slides on this subject. During the third

term we had a panel of speakers, chaired by Dr. Silberbauer, on "The values of pre-school education." This led to a lively question time, proving the interest and involvement of the parents in their children's education. Mrs. Yilana Bloom spoke to another morning group of mothers to explain how and why children are screened for speech and hearing.

The staff also organised visitors to come and talk to and entertain the children. This is done to introduce the children to the adult outside of home and school. A puppeteer, Mrs. Jill Fletcher, introduced the children to puppets through the play 'The Three Pigs'. The Story Spinners entertained the children with song, dance and mime. A traffic officer called to show a film and talk on the important aspects of Road Safety. At the end of each term the children look forward to a visit from the Rev. Mr. Eve and later this term we are sure Father Christmas will pay a visit.

Student Teachers from Barkly House Training College continue to receive practical teaching experience with young children under the guidance of the staff.

Students from university including the fourth year paediatric students continue to ask for our help and for time to observe children at play as part of their practical training.

The Management Committee of the Hill have given their encouragement and financial help throughout the year, and for this we are very grateful.

The Hill staff of three full-time teachers and one full-time assistant has remained constant this year.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank our Management Committee, Parent/Teachers' Association and Parents for their willing support in 1976, which certainly has helped to make the teachers' work so much more rewarding. We shall be sorry to say goodbye to this year's parents and children, and should like to wish them success in the future.

The Staff of the Hill.

Preparatory School News

Report of Senior Mistress

How fortunate we are at Herschel to have a dedicated well-qualified staff, modern teaching aids and equipment, comfortable classrooms, small classes and a flexible syllabus! This should be a paradise and I think it is true to say that this must be one of the happiest schools in the world for both teacher and pupil.

Nothing satisfying is ever gained without hard work and education is no exception. 1976 has been a year of consolidation. Although we have been busy in many spheres and have done many interesting and exciting things, in the background there has always been the regular, steady programme which has given the pupils the security they need in basic skills and concepts. A teacher is very aware that if any progress is to be made, many seemingly uninteresting facts have to be mastered, and this is not accomplished by haphazard teaching. Weekly and sometimes even daily drill in bonds and tables and spelling for months on end, may seem to the untrained observer to be a waste of time.

These, however, are the tools with which the child is to work, and the value of mastering these step by step cannot be overestimated.

Language development goes hand in hand with speaking, reading and writing and ample opportunity must be given for the child to exercise these skills. The earliest experiences in communication are found in the home and the inter-play of words between parent and child, brother and sister should give rise to the development of a sound vocabulary.

As reading becomes a part of life a whole new vista is opened and the child becomes aware, perhaps for the first time, that in her experiences and feelings she is not alone; others have trodden the same path.

The awakening desire to know about other people and places can be skilfully interwoven into the fabric and here the library comes into its own. From the first year at school, training is begun and the child is initiated into the mysteries and delights of books. By Standard I, when reading has become a tool, reference books are used and themes and projects become a fascinating part of the day. Before this is possible, the library must have become a familiar place; how to find one's way around it, which books to look for, how to scan the list of contents so that the information required may be found must all have been taught.

Hand in hand with reading must go the ability to express one's thoughts in writing. This begins with single words, then phrases until sentences of increasing complexity can be constructed. However, fluency must rest on the confidence acquired by thorough training and practice. Drama is another area where a child can explore her responses to the world around her and it is therefore, a vital part of development. It begins in play for the young child until, through training and discipline full use can be made of the ability to relive situations.

Art is an enriching form of self-expression but even an exceptional talent must be guided by the experienced hand and mind of the teacher.

Physical education and Ballet develop awareness of the body and its relation to space and objects in

space. Muscular control starts with the earliest movements: hands and feet must be co-ordinated with the eyes; thus the mind is trained step by step until these skills become instinctive.

Singing is as natural as breathing and the teacher can use this impulse to good advantage in the extension of language and rhythm and, later, in the expression of creative ideas.

Mastery of basic skills in any field does not have to be dull and, in fact, can be a most exciting and rewarding part of school life in the care of a dedicated and well-qualified staff. Children and parents should appreciate that this basic training in each field is the springboard for the development of specific gifts and talents. Experience and observation prove over and over again that without it much good potential remains unfulfilled.

Interspersed in the school year come the highlights and demonstrations of prowess. In March we all enjoyed the Inter-Schools Gala at Newlands and for the first time since 1963 Herschel brought home the coveted Swimming Cup. Who remembers the long hours of training after school and sometimes before breakfast, and Mrs. Cole-Edwardes who was always there to help, advise and supervise? That cup was not won on the spur of the moment but by the devoting of time and training by all the participants.

At the end of the second term Mrs. Saffery, aided by Mrs. Crossan, Mrs. Davies and other members of staff produced Cinderella. What excitement there was over the costumes—and the make-up! It was a great success and enjoyed by the young actresses and audience alike. Again hours of practice and careful direction went into this.

Sports Day was such a happy occasion and the final result depended on the last race. Everyone had a part to play for her house whether it was in the slow bicycle race or the potato and spoon race or the high-jump. One did not need to be an outstanding athlete to do one's bit for one's House. Merriman emerged as the winner this year and Dr. Silberbauer presented the cup to the Games Captain. Our gym display at the end of this term promises to be of great interest and it is gratifying to see the development and progress as each age group takes its turn.

Our tennis, netball and hockey teams have done well this year and Susan and Gillian Aronson, Monique Biebuyck, Anne Abdy and Kim McCullough were chosen to represent Western Province at swimming and Monika Oelz to represent the Province at Diving in the Swimming Championships at Bloemfontein.

Some outstanding Art work was produced at Easter when the girls entered the Easter Egg competition. These exhibits were displayed in Cavendish Square and Lucilia Alves won a prize. In the Eisteddfod Camilla du Preez, Lucilia Alves, Ilse Richter and Penelope Jolliffe are commended on obtaining honours.

Many pupils again entered for Speech, Ballet and Music examinations and our thanks go to Mrs. Saffery, Miss Krohn, Mrs. Raath and the music staff who spent so much time over and above the normal lessons to enable the girls to succeed.

Although later than we originally planned, School

in the Wilds, a study in outdoor education, was enjoyed to the full. This year the classes from Std. II — V took part. Each group spent three days at Bundu Farm near Villiersdorp. Our teaching staff was there to look after the children's well-being but the lessons were given by instructors on the premises. Again we found the 'living together' an interesting experience as we observed the children and their reactions in unfamiliar surroundings.

Mrs. Davies has just completed her first year as head of the Kindergarten Department. Through her natural ability, sympathetic yet firm discipline and thorough knowledge of the needs of young children she has endeared herself to staff, children and parents.

As a Church School we have not forgotten the spiritual development of those in our care. We know that Christianity is not a separate part of life to be kept in a small compartment and brought out at morning prayers, in Scripture lessons and in Church on Sundays. It is an experience and vital force within us that permeates our whole being and every activity. Through the Scriptures we try to teach the children not only about God, but to know Him. Our Scripture Union meetings which are so ably run by

Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Coomer seek to extend this knowledge to a very personal relationship.

As we become conscious of our own spiritual needs, we become aware of the needs of those around us, and the children have contributed many beautiful toys to the Ruby Adendorff Home. Many of them took part in the Blisters for Bread Walk and our Charity money which is collected each term has been donated to Grey Ladies and Leliebloom House.

Here in these lovely surroundings we are training your children for life. It is not an easy task and I am very conscious of the heavy responsibility. These highlights that I have mentioned one by one would not have been possible, the successes could not have been achieved without the careful day-to-day routine, the steady building of fundamentals by the staff.

Dr. Silberbauer has been a tower of strength to me and I thank her, Mrs. Cowling, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gillham, Miss Tremble and the teaching staff, the office staff, the Boarding House staff and the Domestic staff for their unfailing support which has been such a valuable contribution to the attainments and happy atmosphere of Herschel.

Ad Dei Gloriam.

P. R. Brown.

Games Report



UNDER 12A NETBALL TEAM

Standing: Jackie Rathfelder, Belinda Morris, Toni Beck, Gillian Basson.
Sitting: Alexa Singer (captain), Mrs. M. Cole-Edwardes, Helen Savage.
Absent: Shona Commins.

1976 has been a most successful year as regards the Preparatory School sports programme. The girls have participated with enthusiasm and determination, and have been rewarded with some very good results.

Swimming:

The highlight of the swimming season was undoubtedly the Inter-Schools Gala held at Newlands when Herschel, after many weeks of hard training, won the coveted trophy. The divers also did extremely well to gain second place in the diving competition.

An exciting Inter-House Gala brought the season to a close, with Merriman winning the swimming trophy and Rolt the diving.

Herschel had a number of entries at the W.P. championships, held at the end of October. Special mention must be made of Susan Aronson who won the Under-10 Freestyle, Breaststroke, Backstroke

and Butterfly titles and Monique Biebuyck the Under-12 Backstroke title. We congratulate Susan Aronson, Kim McCulloch, Anne Abdy, Gillian Aronson and Monique Biebuyck on their selection for the W.P. team to take part at the S.A. championships in Bloemfontein.

Tennis:

The 1st and 2nd teams enjoyed a happy and successful season, playing in the Peninsula Primary Schools Tennis Association which gave them the opportunity of regular weekly matches against a variety of schools.

Rolt emerged as the worthy winners of the annual Inter-House competition and in addition to this a Doubles Tournament was held which, apart from being enjoyable, improved the standard of doubles play. The winners were Lindsay Jones and Nicky Deal and the runners-up Jackie Rathfelder and Fiona McQueen.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Terry Roomes, Moira Mannion, Fiona McQueen, Nicola Deal, Chloë Ovenstone.
 Standing: Gillian Parker, Grace Maclean, Gillian Mackenzie, Mary Jooste, Kate Saunders, Julia Krone,
 Sitting: Faith Knight, Caroline Lanfear, Karen Kearney (captain), Mrs. M. Cole-Edwardes, Monika Oelz,
 Gillian Basson, Gillian Aronson.
 In front: Kim McCulloch, Susan Aronson, Anne Abdy.

Sports Day:

The 1976 Sports Day proved to be the most exciting and tense Inter-House event of the year, the final results being:

Merriman	75 points
Jagger	74 points
Rolt	73½ points

Netball:

Through their enthusiasm, determination and hard work, our Netball teams were rewarded with a series of good wins throughout the season. We managed to field five regular teams, the most successful being the Under-12 A and B who out of 11 matches, each recorded 10 wins and only one

defeat. The Inter-Schools Tournament was again a tense but most enjoyable afternoon with both the Under-12 teams winning through to the semi-finals. The U-12A did extremely well to reach the finals, which they unfortunately lost to Rustenburg by three goals. The Inter-House competition was won by Rolt.

Hockey:

The Std. 5's continue to enjoy this game and by the end of the season were showing much promise. Inter-House matches which were won by Rolt and matches against the Std. 6's brought the season to a close.

Mary Cole-Edwards.

Library Report

We are happy to report rampant inflation in the library! The number of books taken out every term goes on escalating—to use current, fashionable parlance.

We have now reached the stage where reading has become an important way of life for our girls, and the written word has proved that it can hold its own against the novelty of television. In fact, it appears that the two media supplement each other in dramatic style, and television has created a demand for certain non-fiction books, notably those on events in World War 2 and in the personalities involved in that conflict. We hope this awareness will help convince our girls of the horror and folly of wars.

At the same time, the old favourites are not forgotten and there is a healthy demand for Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland, Tom Kitten, Winnie-the-Pooh, Pollyanna, etc., and, since her death in January of this year, an Agatha Christie cult has sprung up among our older readers.

In March we were pleased to welcome Judith M. Berrisford, Welsh writer of the popular 'Jackie' books, to the school. She presented books to three prizewinners of a competition she had set, and she told us how to plan and write best-sellers!

The prefects have all worked well in an exceptionally busy year, none more so than the Standard 1's, who bring to their task a sense of dedication which is very gratifying considering how very young (and small!) they are. They attach much importance to wearing their library prefect badges and always report promptly for duty.

Lindsay Jones, a thoroughly reliable and unselfish Standard 5 pupil, has been awarded the Library Prize for 1976.

As always, our thanks must go to Mrs. M. Cowling for her unstinting help and co-operation, which are greatly appreciated.

Inez Tremble, Librarian.

Original Work

IN MY GARDEN

Tweet tweet teet what a lovely little noise.
And there in a poise,
On a leaf
Is a butterfly in full grief.
Her mate was dead,
And she was in bed.
Oh, and what a sad ending it was she said.
Suddenly, knock a greenfly bumps into her.
Pop! out come her babies
And all the daisies
Say Congrats
In the garden at this time of year.

Camilla du Preez, Std. I.

THE TRAMP

Along the sandy road walked an old tramp. He was very old and frail and shuffled badly. He was bald and his eyes were close together and narrow. He wore an old threadbare coat and a very torn shirt. His trousers were baggy and dirty. The only things that had any real bright colour were his shoes. The soles were half off, but his shoes still had some bright colour of yellow on them. He had a walking stick in his hand made out of a birch tree branch. He wore a black hat which was just like a magician's hat. Everyone he met thought he was half a magician, but he was only a tramp.

Juliet Postlethwaite, Std. II.

I AM AN OSTRICH

I am an ostrich. They call me Pete. I am still small. My home is full of sand. It is very hot. There is only a little water. My family can run fast. My mother just needs to scratch the sand then she sits in it and then she's got a nest. The egg that I was in was big. All the other ostriches have beautiful plumes my own are not so pretty. The plumes are very expensive. We can kick very sore and we pick up lots of things because we have to see our enemy. The farmer plucks our feathers. Then puts them on sale.

Jan McKee, Std. 1.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves here and there,
Red once
Yellow once
Brown once
Crisp once
Crunchy once
Are now dead.

Cassandra Carruthers, Std. 1.

SOUNDS I HEAR WHILST LYING ON MY BED

Today when I was inside, I listened to the sounds I could hear: the water bubbling from the pool and Christina singing. The birds twittering and the dogs barking. Then I heard the clock ticking and it struck four o'clock. I heard the cars hooting and Karen reading to herself. I heard Mummy talking and the trees swaying. I also heard myself breathing and a car coming down the road, and finally I heard a train.

Kirsten Hutchinson, Std. II.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

A tape recorder is one of my most favourite things because I find it very useful. When friends visit, we have lots of fun recording our voices.

The camera is also a favourite of mine. I use it to take pictures of our family. I am very fond of the piano and this is because I can play and sing to the music.

There are lots of other things I like, but the best is being happy and gay every day.

Lerisse Maisel, Std. II.

DREAMING

The moon comes out of the dark sky.
With a glimmer of light.
The moon goes down with,
Lovingness and grace.
Up comes the sun,
With the glitter of dew.

The sound of the birds, and a
lovely night.
All in the dream, of a dreamland
tree which fell down.
And settled on me.

Dorothy Thornton, Std. II.

WET AND COLD

Shivers and quivers,
As she walks by,
Look at her,
Look at her,
Is she blue?
Where has she been?
Do you know?
Down by the paddock in the snow.
Sit in front of the fire, dear
You must be cold.
How are the pigs?
And the piglets too?
What happened to that little one you knew.
Look at the snow on those far distant hills.
And a little further down, the waterfalls.

Sandra Newton-Thompson, Std. II.

RAIN

Water falls gushing down,
Shivers of rain drops touching the sky.
The rain comes pushing, shoving for a place on
the ground.
Thunder clashes while lightning flashes.
The mist is stretching its fingers to you.
While inside,
You are huddled by a fire
In a long, lovely sleep.
Then the rain with a frisk of its tail
Goes to beat its drum
On another place.
The rain is seeking a place of everlasting freedom.

Ilse Richter, Std. II.

CHOOSING TEA

Oyster said to Crabbie
"What shall we have for tea?"
"I don't know said Crabbie,
Ask the fishes in the sea

The fishes said, "plankton"
But Oyster said "It's nasty.
It's alright for you.
But for me and Crab it's ghastly"

When he went back to Crabbie
He said "I know what!
"Let's go back home, and then we'll bring,
Whatever we have got"

They went back home and Crabbie brought
Some ice-cream and a hat
Oyster brought some lollipops
And that settled that!

Lindy de Waal, Std. III.

THE SNAKE

Late at night when all is still
 The little green snake comes slithering along
 Silently he slides up the tall tree
 Seeking a nest.
 He examines it
 Yes! There is an egg!
 He hisses quietly, feeling pleased that he has at
 last found one.
 Quick as lightning he grabs the egg
 He stuffs it in his mouth
 Shuts it tight and slithers down again.
 When he reaches the bottom
 He eats it up
 Spits out the shell,
 And slithers off into the still night
 Feeling content with himself.

Elizabeth Baker, Std. III.

MY APPLE PIE

I'm the laughing stock of London
 Though I really don't know why
 I somehow think it is because
 I lied about my pie.

I said it weighed two million grams
 And was two metres long.
 With cherries shining on the top
 And pastry from Hong Kong.

I don't know why I did it
 But I do enjoy a talk
 But I did not know—Oh this is torture
 That my friend was a newspaper reporter!

Joanne Hvidsten, Std. III.

SOUTHEASTER

Papers clinging onto wire
 Dust whirling like a fire.
 Women hanging onto their clothes
 While the howling southeaster blows.
 Trees fall and bottles smash
 Doors bang and windows crash.
 Leaves dance down to the ground
 Whirling round and round and round.
 Newspapers, packets and bin lids rushing.
 The southeasters here hang onto your washing.

L. Bettison, Std. IV.

DAYBREAK

All is dark and silent. Then a solitary cock cries
 out and a quiet rustle of leaves accompanied by a
 questioning twitter follows, copied by a sleepy
 chirp. Suddenly out breaks a joyous choir; chirps,
 twitters, coos, crows, warbles, tweets, all sopranos,
 altos, tenors and, occasionally, a double bass; the
 howling of a cow.

Still it is dark until a shimmering, orange line of
 fire tops the grey mountain. Slowly but surely it
 moves, first a soft orange then brighter. The tender
 moon backs away, knowing that otherwise her fiery
 enemy will chase and bully her. Even the dull
 mountain's face lights up, rose in colour at first,
 getting brighter every minute. And then—a glorious,
 dazzling ball of fiery crimson liquid piercing the
 dimness and letting in a radiant light. Morning
 has broken!

K. Dicey, Std. IV.

MIST

The ghostly mist
 Looms around the trunks of the stately trees,
 All is quiet.
 Eerie silence reigns over the valley,
 As the frosty morning
 Awakens.

Jill Breen, Std. V.

THE WIND

The wind comes up, softly at first,
 Like a waking dragon.
 It rattles around and howls like a wolf as it tears
 at the trees,
 Outside it whips and lashes the branches
 But soon quietens and only a silence is left.

Jane Yeats, Std. V.

THE RAIN

It patters softly like the feet of a sleepy child
 in the hallway. The crystal drops flow gently into the
 gutter washing the dirt and grime from oily
 roadways.

The clouds swirling in the sky are like sullen
 whirlwinds which bring forth this life-giving liquid.
 Suddenly it ceases and the first rays of the sun
 appear making the wet heritage sparkle.

Fiona McQueen, Std. V.

MY DIERE

My diere is somtyds vol giere.
 Die hond lê altyd op die grond
 Die kat sit altyd op die dak
 En is eerste by die kosbak
 As ek hulle soggens roep
 Sit hulle reeds en wag op die stoep
 Dan moet ek die hond streef
 En oppas dat kat die vis nie steel
 As die kat 'n muis gewaar
 Neem dit hom ure om te bedaar
 Die hond is soms laf
 Vir vreemdelinge sal hy nie eers blaaf.

Paula Hauptfleisch, Std. II.

MY TROETELDIER

Ek het 'n marmotjie sy, naam is Schneiderbok.
 Ons het hom al twee jaar lank. As ons hom bad sit
 ons 'n bietjie warm water in die bad. Ons was hom
 met baba-sjampoe daarna kry ma twee handdoeke
 en ons rol hom toe in die twee handdoeke. Ek moet
 al my poppe uit die stootkarretjie haal sodat hy die
 nag daarin kan slaap. In die oggend sit ek hom
 buitekant om gras te eet terwyl ek sy hokkie skoon-
 maak. Eenkeer het ons hom plaas toe geneem.
 Daar het hy ook 'n hokkie, maar hy het wegge-
 loop en na tien dae het my pa hom weer gevang.

Hildegard Schubert, Std. II.

MY PERD

Ek het 'n perd,
 Sy het 'n lang stert,
 Sy is baie groot,
 Sy loop nie voor ons stoot.
 Haar oë is bruin,
 Sy woon in die tuin,
 Sy eet strooi,
 En sy is baie mooi.

Clodagh Mannion, Std. II.

ONS STAD

Ons stad se naam is Kaapstad. Dit is 'n groot
 stad langs die see. Die stad het baie geboue, strate
 en mense. In die stad is daar baie geboue soos die
 stadsaal polisiekantoor, poskantore, hotels, hospitale
 en baie ander soorte geboue.

Die verkeer op die strate is altyd baie druk en
 op die sypaadjies is daar baie voetgangers. Die
 meeste strate is leerstrate.

As jy in die stad of voorstede ry, sien jy verkeer
 soos vragmotors, fietse, busse, motors en baie
 ander soorte.

In die stad is daar Die Kasteel. Ons klas het dit
 besoek. Dit het vyf bastions. Hulle name is Buren,
 Leerdam, Oranje, Nassau en Katzenellenbogen.

Ons stad het ook 'n hawe. Dit is 'n plek waar
 skepe soos passasierskepe en vragbote in en uit
 vaar.

Liza Rowland, Std. III.

SIEK IN DIE BED

Een Maandag oggend het ek siek gevoel. My
 ma het gesê dat ek in die bed moes bly. Sy het
 toe die dokter gebel en die bediende het my roos-

terbrood gemaak en marmite daarop gesmeer en
 tee geskink.

My sussie het my legkaart uit die kas gehaal en
 ek het begin om dit op 'n skinkbord uit te pak.

Die dokter het toe kom kyk wat makeer en hy
 het gesê dat ek griep het. Hy het my moeder 'n
 voorskrif gegee.

Vir die vyf dae wat ek in die bed gebly het,
 moes ek elke dag drie pille en twee lepels medi-
 syne drink.

Die agste dag het ek weer skool toe gegaan,
 maar ek was nie toege laat om in die wind te speel
 nie.

Carine Cruse, Std. III.

'n LANGNAWEEK

Een Saterdag het Pa gesê dat ons die naweek
 by Knysna moes gaan kampeer. Pa het gesê dat
 Moeder asseblief die nodige kiere, kos en komberse
 moes inpak terwyl hy gou die motor met brandstof
 gaan volmaak het. Hy wou so gou as moontlik ry.
 Ma het gou die karavan gereed gekry met potte,
 panna, eetgerei, kiere, kos en komberse. Ek het
 haar gehelp en was baie opgewonde.

Toe ons by die kampeerterrein gekom het, het
 ons 'n staanplek gekies. Ons het die tent opgeslaan
 en ek het Ma gehelp om alles reg te pak. Later het
 ons by die meer gaan visvang en toe by die swem-
 bad gaan swem. Ons het die naweek baie geswem,
 gespeel en vleis gebraaai. Dit was 'n heerlike
 naweek.

Na die naweek het ons opgepak en huis toe
 gegaan. Ek het dit baie geniet en wil weer daarheen
 gaan.

Kathy Pickup, Std. IV.

'n BRAND

Die aand van 5 September 1974 was 'n baie
 koue aand en rookwolke het swart oor een van die
 huise gehang. Die oorsaak van die rook was 'n vuur
 wat deur 'n klein seuntjie veroorsaak is.

'n Klein seuntjie het 'n klapper regop op sy mat
 neergesit. Hy het die klapper aan die brand gestee-
 en op sy bed gaan lê en wag vir die klapper om te
 ontplof. Die venster was wavyd oop en die gordyn
 het ongelukkig teen die klapper gewaai en dit om-
 gestamp. Die seun het geskrik en gou opgestaan om
 die klapper dood te maak maar dit was te laat. Die
 mat en die gordyn het gou begin brand. Toe het
 die seuntjie uitgehardloop en hard na sy vader
 geroep. Sy vader het wakker geskrik en gou tuin
 toe gehardloop. Hy het die vuur met die tuinslang
 geblus. Die seuntjie het goed pak slaag gekry.

G. Basson, Std. IV.

A BRAAIVLEIS

The fire crackles and the flames rise,
 The smoke swirls and blows into your eyes.
 Sausages sizzling on glowing coals,
 Butter dripping from crisp, warm rolls.
 The potatoes are plunged into burning heat,
 The food smells gorgeous, I can't wait to eat.

The meat is ready and bubbling and brown,
 Help yourself and let the coals die down.

Katie Gottgens, Std. IV.

'n INTERESSANTE UITSTAPPIE

Dit was 'n heerlike warm dag toe sewe motors vroeg die oggend die skool verlaat het. Dit was rustig en stil langs die pad na Worcester waar heen ons op pad was.

Die eerste plek waarheen ons gegaan het, was die Skool vir Dowes. Ons het na die pragtige meubels wat die dowe kinders self maak gekyk. Toe het die hoof ons gewys wat die kinders kan doen. Ek dink dat hulle meer kan doen as kinders wat nie doof is nie.

Hierna het ons na 'n plek waar hulle druiwe pak gegaan. Dit was baie interessant om te sien hoe hulle die druiwe verpak. Dit was warm en ons het na die Goudini-Warmbadens gegaan om te swem.

Ons is toe na Cecile se plaas om 'n heerlike middagete te nuttig. Die kos het heerlik gesmaak en ons het dit baie geniet. Daar was hoender, bakke, bakke vol verskillende soote slaai en spanspek en melktort.

Toe die middagete om was, het ons na 'n plek gegaan waar Cecile se vader vir ons gewys het hoe wyn gemaak word.

Dit was een van die interessantste skooluitstapies wat ons tot duiser onderneem het.

Georgie Hart, St. V.

'n AANGENAME SEEREIS

Aan die begin van die vakansie het my ma plekke vroegtydig aan boord die Windsor Castle bespreek. My ma het gesê dat ons 31 Junie 1976 die hawe sou verlaat.

Ons het ons bagasie gepak en in die motor geklim en na die hawe gery. Die doeane het ons bagasie deursoek en toe het ons met die loopplank aan boord gestap.

Ons het op die Windsor Castle geklim en ons kajuite gesoek. Toe het ons op die bodek gaan staan om tot siens vir ons familie en vriendinne te sê.

Toe die Windsor Castle die hawe verlaat het, het ek die offisier op die brug sien staan. 'n Sleepboot het die Windsor Castle die hawe uitgestoot. Ons kon nog mense op die kaai sien. Hulle het gewaai. Ons kon ook Tafelberg in die verte sien.

Die volgende dag het ons die skip ondersoek. Daar was 'n swembad en baie ander interessante speletjies vir almal. Ek was baie opgewonde toe ons uiteindelik in die Kaapse brandes begin rol het. Ek het seesiek gevoel en na my kajuit geloop.

Die volgende dag het ek beter gevoel. Ek het by my patryspoort uitgekyk en tot my verassing was die Windsor Castle amper in Durban se hawe.

Ek het uit my bed uitgespring en my klere aangetrek. Ek het my bagasie gepak en ons het met die loopplank weer aan wal gestap.

Ek dink dat dit een van my aangenaamste vakansies was, wat ek nog ooit deur gebring het.

Priscilla Hill, St. V.

'n BRAND

Een aand het ek van 'n dans afgekom. Toe ek by my huis aangekom het, sien ek 'n baie groot brand. Die brand was in my buurman se huis. Sy bediende was nog in die huis maar hy was nog op vakansie.

Ek het gou die brandweerstasie gebel. Een minuut later het ek 'n brandweermotor gesien. Die brandweermanne het gou die water aangeskakel. Ek het vir hulle gesê dat 'n bediende nog in die huis was. Een brandweerman met groot stewels en 'n byl het 'n leer gekry en gou opgeklim. Die vlamme het na my huis gegaan maar gelukkig het die brandweermanne my huis gered. Die bediende was 'n baie groot, vet Santoe en die brandweerman kon haar nie dra nie. Die ander manne het die veiligheidsnet onder die venster gesit. Die Santoe het uitgespring. Ek was baie bly dat sy nog gelewe het. Hulle het vol beheer oor die vlamme gehad. Die huis het baie gegloei en die dak het ingeval.

Die volgende dag het Mnr. Swart terug huis toe gekom. Hy het twee weke by my huis gebly terwyl hulle sy huis weer reggemaak het.

Hillary Jooste, St. V.

STOKKIESDRAAI

Dit was Woensdag en die laaste dag van die rolprent. Die Moordenaar. Ek en Terry het dit nog nie gesien nie en ons het besluit om stokkies te draai. Almal het dit alreeds gesien en dit was gedurende die kwartaal en ons moes ook 'n toets aflê. Ek en Terry het besluit om gedurende die middagpouse stiltejies te verdwyn. Ons het ander kiere by ons gehad.

Toe ons die klokke vir middagpouse hoor lui, het ons ons kleure uit ons tasse gaan haal. Onopgemerk en versigtig het ons uit die skoolterrein geloop. Toe ons uit was, het ons na die park gegaan en agter 'n groot boom ons ander kiere aangetrek. Ek en Terry het ons skoolkiere in 'n bossie weggesteek. Daarna het ons op die sypaadjie langs die pad geloop. Ongelukkig het 'n onderwyseres ons gesien. Dadelik het ons die bioskoop in verdwyn.

Ons het ons kaartjies gekoop en binne gegaan. Die rolprent het dadelik begin. Gedurende die pouse het ons 'n roomys gekoop. 'n Uur later het die rolprent geëindig. Dit was 'n baie opwindende en interessante rolprent. Toe ons uitgekome het, het ons na die park gegaan en ons skoolkiere weer aangetrek. Ons het toe huis toe geloop omdat ons huise nie ver van die skool af is nie.

Die volgende dag toe ons by die skool gekom het, het die hoof vir my en Terry na haar kantoor ontbied. Sy was baie kwaad vir ons en het ons ouers gebel. Toe sy klaar was, het sy vir ons gesê dat ons elk vierhonderd reëls moes uitskryf en vir twee weke na skool moes bly (van drieuur tot halfvyf). Ek en Terry het besluit om nooit weer stokkies te draai nie, ons sokkies op te trek en altyd ons werk te doen.

Chloë Ovenstone, St. V.

Old Herschelians' Association

1976 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 Margot McLachlan.

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

Groups 3 & 4 (R-Z)

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

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

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

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

GROUP 5 (AA-EE)

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

Mrs. Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes), Alphonse Close, Constantia. (74-1237).

Mrs. Carolyn van Zyl (Wood), 45, Palmboom Road, Newlands. (69-5878).

Mrs. Janene Keyser (Kipps), 12, Irene Road, Newlands.

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs. Delia Charton (Beck), c/o Westchester, Durham Ave., Bishopscourt.

Group 7 (KK-OO)

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

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

Miss Gillian Austin, Klein Constantia, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia. (74-2515).

Miss Terry Lloyd-Roberts, 7, Nahoon Avenue, Constantia. (71-3049).

Minutes of the 49th Annual General Meeting of the Old Herschelians Association held in the Library at Herschel on Friday, 13th February, 1976 at 3.15 p.m.

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

WELCOME: The Chair extended a warm welcome to all at the Meeting and in particular to last year's matrics, our guest speaker, Miss Tremble, members of staff, Mrs. Pat Brown (Prep. Senior Mistress), Mrs. Marguerite Davies (in charge of K.G. Section) and Mrs. Mary Browne (liaison officer).

MRS. MULLER: It was with sadness and a great sense of loss, both personally and to the school, that we learnt of the death of Mrs. Mary Muller in December. The Meeting was asked to stand in memory of her.

Dr. Silberbauer spoke briefly about the Picture of the Year Award, which Mary Muller had started. She felt we should keep this up. Mary Muller had chosen the first two, now framed and hanging in the dining room.

MINUTES: These were published in the 1975 Magazine and duly signed, as being correct. Proposed by F. Douglas, seconded by J. Wynne.

SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT: Cash in hand R948.33. M. Loggie reported that the total takings from the September Art Exhibition were

R2 848.86. Commission to the School at 25% was R712.21—the remainder being paid back to the exhibitors. 1975 Matrics had 18 Life Members. Expenses for the exhibition were taken out of these and the Old Herschelians Association was proud to hand Dr. Silberbauer a cheque for R750 towards the Art Centre.

Regrettably, we find that it is just too difficult to try to keep up with annual members. The Committee has, therefore, decided that it is Life Membership or nothing. But anyone who wishes to keep up with the School news can buy a magazine at the going price from the office.

GAMES REPORT: Jill Eckstein sent her apologies. Margot McLachlan was asked to help in this field, and agreed.

OLD GIRLS' PRIZE: This was awarded to Margot McLachlan, although it is not necessarily given to the Head Girl. However, Dr. Silberbauer reassured us that in view of the outstanding Head Girls she had had, there was never any question of anyone else being more deserving.

ART EXHIBITION: The Chairman spoke about this and said how exciting it had been from her point of view. There was tremendous willingness to co-operate and she urged those that would be interes-

ted in any future venture of this kind to hand in their names.

DR. SILBERBAUER: She addressed the Meeting and thanked the Old Girls warmly for their support. She reassured young mothers that the numbers in the classrooms were strictly limited and that the School would not be allowed to become unwieldy by just taking everyone that could pay the fees.

She was thrilled with the cheque and spoke enthusiastically about the Arts Block.

THANKS: The Chair thanked Dr. Silberbauer for all the work involved in arranging this Family Day/Open Day/Old Girls' Day. It was a great success and a joy for us to see the School in action. She then drew our attention to the following:

- (a) **Bridge Scorers** printed with Herschel crest for sale at £1.00 for 4. How about a Bridge Drive?
- (b) **Christmas Cards** done by children are for sale. Please remember early this year. Profit goes to School funds.

- (c) **Directory** brought up to date by A. Fouché—many thanks.
- (d) **Election of Office Bearers**—'we are prepared to stand for another year'—quote from Mary Loggie's minutes last year.
- (e) **Welcome** to an Old Girl, Pat Craig who was—now Sanguinetti, who is out on a visit from England. So glad times coincided.
- (f) **Farewell** to Jenny Barrett (Baker) going to live in England. Lots of good luck.
- (g) **New Circle Secretary:** Terry Lloyd-Roberts.
- (h) **Business from the floor:** None.

MISS TREMBLE: Miss Tremble, our Librarian, spoke most amusingly on the legend of Judy Garland. This was a special study of hers and earned her £1.000 on the radio.

Barbara Cleave (Nel) thanked Dr. Silberbauer for having us and the Meeting adjourned at 4.00 p.m. for tea.

London Gathering of Old Herschelians on 26th May, 1976

The Meeting this year was held at the English Speaking Union, Charles Street, S.W.1. Various suggestions and offers of hospitality were discussed and finally arrangements were made and invitations sent in good time. This was made possible through the good offices of Oswynne Jordan (Buchanan), who is Assistant Manager there and was able to receive answers to the invitations which were printed and sent out by Claire Russell. Oswynne made excellent arrangements for us and organised so well. The move was made because Ewen and Nicky MacPherson (van der Bijl) are giving up their flat at Vicarage Gate and were likely to be abroad in May. They were actually in Paris on the 26th. We do thank them most sincerely for all their kindness and generosity over the years.

The Meeting was "Wine and Cheese" from 6 to 8 p.m.; some 35 came—Old Girls, Parents, Staff, H-M's, husbands and daughters—so good to see them all.

During the Meeting Miss McLean welcomed those present, including Oswynne's Mother, Mrs. Buchanan, who now lives in Norfolk. It was suggested that the London Branch should have a President; this met with approval and it was warmly agreed to invite Margaret Regnier (Geber) to hold this Office for the first three years. Margaret was in Greece this year and very much missed at the Meeting but has in answer to a letter accepted to be the London President. Karen Cooper agreed to take over the secretarial work. Nicky and Claire were thanked for carrying on the work over the time since Sue MacGregor held office. Next year the Meeting will revert to the second Tuesday in May, that is, TUESDAY, 10th MAY, 1977. Do make plans round this date and let Karen know if you are in London, even if an invitation should miss you.

The Tape of the speeches given at the Appeal Dinner held at the Mount Nelson did not arrive in time for arrangements to be made to play it at

the Meeting, but it has been listened to by several Old Herschelians since and very much enjoyed. Thank you so much for sending it. May it bring you every success in its wake.

Those present were: Miss McLean, Miss Bailey, Mrs. W. O. Buchanan, The Rev. and Mrs. R. Bird (Valerie van der Bijl), Mr. and Mrs. J. Caldwell (Sheila McIntyre), Mrs. P. A. Collins (Penelope Anne Southam), Karen Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Crawley (Pru Borton), Mrs. Forester Bennett (Pat Halley) and daughter, Mrs. Hyde (Miss B. M. Hebditch), Mr. and Mrs. H. James (Mary van der Bijl), Mrs. O. Jordan (Oswynne Buchanan), Mrs. Moir (Barbara Branfill), Susan MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. P. Payne (Miss Elcome), Claire Russell, Mrs. V. G. Steward (Miss Guyse-Hill), Mrs. Stobie, Mrs. Toettcher (Ann Alexander), Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Turner (Helen Botha-Reid) and daughter, Mrs. J. van den Berg (Stoddart), Mrs. Woolam (Phoebe Scrivener), Mrs. Whelan (Elizabeth Roberts) and Sarah Leslie.

Secretary of the OLD HERSCHELIAN'S

ASSOCIATION (LONDON):

Karen Cooper
40 Lower Belgrave Street
London, S.W.1. Tel.: 01-730 5360

Other news is that Miss McLean has recently met John and Pam Aubrey (St. Leger) with daughters, Caroline and Catherine. They were about to settle in their Rectory at Colley Weston in Northamptonshire . . . "so much to hear and how nice it will be to have them here now and not so very far from here".

We are glad, Miss McLean that you have devoured the 1975 magazine from cover to cover, as well as the loose Directory. This year you will only get a 'change of address' list! But you are certainly right—"Herschel is going from strength to strength—the numbers—580 are quite amazing. Where can they all fit?"

Marriages

ABBOTT—LANDMAN. In December, 1975, Edwina, daughter of Mrs. Moira Abbott, of Claremont, and the late Mr. R. Abbott, to Willem, son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Landman, of Oranjezicht.

BURRELL—LOWE. In June, 1976, Sarchen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Burrell, of Piketberg, to Michael, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. Lowe, of Salisbury, Rhodesia.

FAUVILLE—BRUCE. In February, 1976, Anne, daughter of Mrs. U. A. C. Fauville, of Constantia, to Gordon, son of Mrs. E. F. Bruce, of Constantia, and the late Mr. Bruce.

GAIN—GANT. On 15th November, 1975, Gillian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Gain, of Wynberg, to David, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gant, of Somerset West.

HARRIS—AUBREY. On 12th June, 1976, Glendyr Harris to John Aubrey, of Salisbury.

HARVEY-KELLY—NICHOL. In January, 1976, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harvey-Kelly, of Claremont, to Terence Nichol, of Brampton, Cumbria, England.

KINLAY—BERGOFF. On 11th October, 1975, Gail Kinlay to Maurice Bergoff.

MANN—SHIPSTER. In 1974, Jackie Mann to Mike Shipster.

NOSWORTHY—EDWARDS. Suzanne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nosworthy, of Bishopsclourt, to Bryce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Edwards, of Kimberley.

PATERSON—CARY. In 1976, Lynda-Jane, daughter of Mr. D. A. G. Paterson, of George, and Mrs. J. Paterson, of Claremont, to Michael, son of Major and Mrs. F. A. Cary, of Stafford, England.

PICKERING—VAN ALLAN. On 31st July, 1976, in London, Rosemary, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Pickering, of Bishopsclourt, to Richard Van Allan, of London.

SHAWZIN—ALLSOP. In April, 1976, in London, Daryl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Len Shawzin, of Constantia, to the Hon. John Allsop, son of Lord and Lady Hindlip, of Wiltshire, England.

TURNER-SMITH — GORDON. In January, 1976, Deborah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Turner-Smith, of Rondebosch, to Graeme, son of Mr. S. Gordon, of Rondebosch.

VOGELPOEL—MANN. On 31st December 1975, in London, Pauline, daughter of Mrs. Yvonne Vogelpoel, of Rondebosch, to David Mann, of London.

Births

BARTHOLOMEW — To Gillian (Gaggins) and Michael, a daughter, on 27th January, 1976.

CHARTON—To Delia (Beck) and Richard, a son, on 9th April, 1976.

DANCER—To Terry (Henstra) and Colin, a daughter, on 5th April, 1976.

EDWARDS—To Allison (Payne) and John, a son, on 18th November, 1975, in Durban.

FOX—To Vicky (Storch-Nielsen) and Jack, a son, on 30th January, 1976, in Johannesburg.

FURTER—To Moira (Hennessy) and Derek, a son, on 4th January, 1976, in Durban.

GARLICK—To Pauline (Pringle) and Alan, a daughter, on 21st March, 1976.

GOLDSWAIN—To Margy (Watson) and Pete, a daughter, on 13th July, 1976, in East London.

HARRISON—To Frances (Newton) and Tony, a daughter, on 15th May, 1976.

HUISAMEN—To Heather (Walker) and Leon, a daughter, on 6th September, 1976.

MORELLI—To Mary (Maddocks) and Peter, a son, on 15th March, 1976.

NAYSMITH—To Jennifer (Rhodes) and Gordon, a daughter, on 15th October, 1976, in Wolverhampton, England.

PLOCK — To Bryony (Culley) and Nicholas, a daughter, on 24th April, 1976.

REID—To Lynn (Harris) and Michael, a daughter, on 21st May, 1976.

SHORTT — To Claire (Watson) and Clem, twin daughters, in March, 1976, in Mafeking.

STURGEON — To Shona (Jackson) and Ken, a daughter, on 28th arch, 1976.

SYMONS—To Corinne (Dicey) and Martin, a son, on 21st November, 1975.

VERRIPS—To Rohanne (Morrison) and Henri, a son, on 12th February, 1976, in Vredenburg.

WILSON—To Marjorie (Aitchison) and Kevin, a son, on 6th August, 1976, in Norwich, England.

Deaths

MULLER—Mrs. Mary, on 9th December, 1975, in Cape Town.

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE TWO YEARS 1975 AND 1976

EXPENDITURE

School Magazine (1974)	340,00	
Add Postage and Wrappers	49,32	389,32
Printing and Stationery		36,59
Postage and Sundries		52,22
Honours Board		47,50
Presentation		30,00
Bank Charges		26,81
Herschel Appeal Fund		750,00
Staff Gifts		17,29

EXCESS ON INCOME OVER
EXPENDITURE

312,01

R1 661,74

INCOME

Membership Subscriptions—

Annual	144,00	
Life	1 150,00	1 294,00

Donations 32,50

Surplus—Art Exhibition 335,24

R1 661,74

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER, 1976

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Balance at 1 October, 1974	150,30	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30 September 1976	312,01	462,31

R462,31

CASH AT BANK 150,46

STOCK

Bridge Scorers 311,85

R 462,31

I have to report that the above Accounts have been prepared from the books of account and information supplied. To the best of my belief they are a true record.

J. TRAILL-WOOD

Chartered Accountant (SA)

15 September, 1976
CLAREMONT

The Women's Movement

Barbara Cleave (Nel), at Herschel from Kindergarten until she matriculated in 1959, has become very involved in, and is Chairman of, the Women's Movement.

This Movement was born at a lunch hour meeting at the City Hall, Cape Town, on 29th September, 1976, and was convened by City councillor Mrs. Eulalie Stoff. She believed that many wished to show understanding of the causes behind the recent disturbances, and that among moderate people there was a deep desire for a just society and that it be peacefully brought about. She was right. The City Hall was packed to capacity by White, Black, Indian, Coloured and Malay women.

There were 11 speakers, all well known in their communities, 6 White, 2 Black, 2 Coloured, 1 Indian and Barbara Cleave, making 12. The only time she had ever spoken in public before was this year when on Family Day at School she thanked Miss Tremble for her talk on Judy Garland! This is an outline of her speech.

"Firstly I talk particularly to those of you whom until now have never been 'involved'. I am one of

you. I have long been appalled at the inequalities within our society but have thought "There's nothing I can do". I am ashamed to admit that it took the recent bloodshed to make me wake up and say "I must and can do something".

"This country of ours is so beautiful and so rich—yet when I look around, what do I see? Turmoil and open distrust between races—and why? We all know why. Let every woman—every mother—whatever her colour join with me and say: "This is not good enough for my children." I **will not have** them grow up in this poisonous atmosphere. I want them to be free to share in all things for it is only by working and playing together that they have any hope of achieving mutual understanding, respect and friendship. For them I want a secure and peaceful future.

"**Change will come** and we have two choices—will it be violent or will it be peaceful?

"**WE MUST MAKE IT PEACEFUL.**

"I believe that the resolution of our Women's Movement calls for our wholehearted support. By wearing a turquoise token like this you will be showing everyone you meet your support of it. Now is the time for us to stand up and be counted. Now is the time for us to abandon our traditional reserve. I implore you to wear it. Don't be shy. Don't be afraid of being conspicuous for I am convinced that our Movement will spread throughout South Africa, and it will be those who are **not** wearing it who will be conspicuous.

"It gives me pleasure to propose the following resolution:

"We, women of Cape Town, reject violence and unite in expressing our common conviction that the wrongs in our society must be put right if a just and peaceful future is to be ours."

This Movement is non-racial; non-denominational and non-party political. The aim—equal opportunity for all. We need as many supporters as we can get to bring pressure to bear on those in a position to make the necessary changes. We need to promote contact and understanding between women.

The response to the meeting was overwhelming and we were inundated with letters, phone calls and requests to hold further meetings and more information about the turquoise token.

Many Herschelians and mothers of pupils have supported the Women's Movement. Dr. Silberbauer herself has given every encouragement. Rosemary de Waal (Robb) our Treasurer, and her sister Susie Power have both worked very hard. It remains to be seen whether we are able to accomplish changes in Government policy, but right now we have at least made women aware of each other as people and this is a positive step in the right direction for the future of South Africa.



Mrs. Barbara Cleave

Christening in Chapel



Vicky Fox (née Storch-Nielsen) with Anthony who was christened in Chapel on Sunday, 30th May, 1976.

Rotary Scholar



Rosemarie Webber and friend on Skyway to Fantasyland Disney World, June 1976.

Gathering in Johannesburg on 9th June, 1976



Carol Tooley (née Miller).



Rosa Dougherty (née Dowie-Dunn).



Hilary Cattell (née Dempers) and Gail Lomberg.



Lynn Rowand (née Parker).



Val de Klerk



Roseanne Bicker-Caasten (née Brown).



Dr. Silberbauer and Virginia (née Brock).



Libby and John Fleming.



Dr. John Silberbauer and Margaret Ward-Able (née Impey) on the right.



A group of Old Herschelians at the Party.

News Round-Up

AINSLIE (Mrs. Winstain) (1951): Geraldine has settled in the Cape, from the U.K. She has a lovely cottage in Claremont, and is busy studying several subjects with the view to practising Law in South Africa. Her daughter is at Herschel.

AITCHISON (Mrs. Wilson) (1988): Marjorie is living in Norwich where her husband is studying for Bachelor of Education.

ANSTEE (1972): Jocelyn is still thoroughly enjoying her second year at Barkly House Training College.

ASHTON (Mrs. Corgatelli) (1949): Roma is at present living in London. She also spends a lot of time in her chalet in Zermatt, Switzerland. In the winter she skis, and during summer she climbs the mountains!

BAKER (Mrs. Opie) (1961): Carol is currently writing exams. In Italian II. Her daughter Jessica is in Sub A. Her husband Prof. Lionel Opie is in charge of the new heart unit at Groot Schuur.

BAKER (Mrs. Barrett) (1959): Jenny and Richard came to Cape Town from Johannesburg, and the four girls were briefly at Herschel before Richard accepted a job in England. They are happily settled in their own home near Stratford.

BAIGRIE (1971): Fiona is following a very successful modelling career, hitting the high spots by appearing on the cover of the 1st issue of Chic Magazine.

BARNETT (1971): Penny graduated from Rhodes in 1975, and is working at U.C.T. for the Zoology department.

BORTON (Mrs. Crawley) (1968): Pru had a super six-week holiday in S.A. last Christmas, and is happily engrossed in her job as an Assistant Manager in textbook sales and promotion for John Wiley & Sons Ltd.

BOTHNER (Mrs. Beele) (1963): Suzanne is doing Photographic Modelling in Cape Town.

BRIMBLE (1973): Sally is engaged to Kelvin Brown and is planning to marry in December.

BUCHANAN LEE (1964): Biddy obtained her M.B. Ch.B., at Newhall Cambridge, after graduating with a B.Sc. from U.C.T. She did clinical work in Newcastle for 3 years and is now back in South Africa at Edenvale Hospital, just outside Pietermaritzburg.

BURNS (Mrs. Baumann) (1971): Libby is in Cape Town and working for Garlicks in cosmetics—her husband is a Branch Manager in Parow.

BURMEISTER (Mrs. Garlick) (1935): Lolie left Kalk Bay in May and is now living near her daughter in Haenertsburg, N. Transvaal.

CAMPBELL (Mrs. Kingdom) (1951): Jean lives in Hilton, Natal, where she runs an Arts and Crafts business.

CLARK (Mrs. W. Crawford) (1962): Georgina is living at Clifton helping her husband in his display business and doing part-time modelling.

COOPER (1974): Karen has undertaken to be Secretary of our O.H. Branch in London. She works at the ski club of Great Britain. Her sister Tana has passed 'A' levels. Karen says "all Herschelian's are welcome."

CULLEY (1960): Veronica is engaged to Christopher Roberts of Maidenhead. The Culley family have left C.T. and have settled in Cheltenham, England.

DEAN (Mrs. Slater) (1963): Jo and Jim had a marvellous holiday in Europe, three weeks in Britain and three weeks treading their way from Amsterdam to Athens.

DICEY (Mrs. Symons) (1962): Corinne had a son, Edward, last November, and now has four children. Her daughter is in Sub A at Herschel.

DICEY (Mrs. V. Braybrooke) (1967): Jean was married in November last year. She lives in Johannesburg and is now studying Radiography having already completed Nursing and Midwifery exams.

DICEY (Mrs. Stammers) (1954): Susan is living in Durban and has two children.

DYKE-POYNTER (Mrs. Hewitt) (1965): Pam is happily settled in Salisbury.

FLOYD (1971): Jeanine is Teaching at Ugie Senior School.

GARVIN (Mrs. Smith) (1954): Grace and her husband left in April for a two-month trip to the Americas. Grace is back lecturing at U.C.T. in Psychology.

GASSON (1970): Hilary is at present based in London enjoying a successful career as an actress. A recent local newspaper report described her luck in landing herself a role in the West End hit, Poliakov's "City Sugar". She says that acting in this play (incidentally, alongside Adam Faith) was good for her professionally, as a lot of "showbiz people" saw it.

Hilary's next dramatic venture will be an appearance on the silver screen, in Warner Brother's new thriller "The Squeeze". Her rapid rise to fame, and her success in the highly competitive world of theatre must surely be encouraging to the budding Bernhardt's of Herschel.

GOBLE (Mrs. Howes) (1959): Paddy and her family have moved to Franschhoek where her husband has bought a lovely farm.

GORDON-BROWN (Mrs. Branford) (1947): Jean was awarded her doctorate at Rhodes University for her thesis on "Problems of dialect lexicography with particular reference to the preparation of the Dictionary of S.A. English."

She received her B.A. at U.C.T. and is now the wife of Prof. W. Branford, head of the department of linguistics at Rhodes. Her work on this dictionary has taken 7 years. It includes standard loan words from Afrikaans, African languages, English, and day-to-day colloquialisms. Jean has a 17-year-old daughter who is a first-year journalist student at Rhodes, and a son of 15.

GUICHERIT (Mrs. Lindsey): Valma lives on a farm at Hoch Vaal, Transvaal, and has recently returned from a month's holiday in Canada and U.S.A., with her husband and two children. They were joined there by Pat MacCarthy (Mrs. Wyatt) and her young daughter.

HILL (1963): Judy recently married an Englishman and is teaching at Milnerton High in Ysterplaat.

HOWES (Mrs. Cronwright): Dulcie, doyenne of South African ballet, was capped with an honorary degree of Doctor of Music in June this year. She resigned from the Herschel Council in November 1975, after 16 years' service for which we are deeply indebted. Now in her retirement she says she is working harder than ever before. Amongst other things she has initiated ballet as a matriculation subject in South African schools.



Dulcie Howes

HYDE (1958): Carol Dean paid a surprise visit to the school this year. She was on holiday in South Africa from the States and it was interesting to hear news of her family. She has adopted her sister Betsy's children. Betsy and her husband were tragically killed in a motor accident some time ago.

JEFFERY (Mrs. Evans): Pat is divorced and has moved to Cape Town with her three children and is now living in Oranjezicht.

JESSE (van Sickle) (1954-64): Visited South Africa from her home in Vienna earlier this year and made a point of visiting and seeing round the school.

JONES (Mrs. Sinclair) (1954): Pam has returned to the Peninsula after nearly 20 years away. She has a son of 18 months.

KENNEDY (De Hutton) (1963): Sue and her husband Derek share an interesting hobby — they both love motorbike scrambling! Recently Sue raced in the Western Province Championships—the only woman to do so, and was extremely proud to have completed the full distance. She was determined not to ride half the distance and "collapse in a heap in a pathetic female way!"

KIPPS (Mrs. Templeton) (1957): Anne and her husband Peter have both been involved with NICRO, and are planning to study Social Work and administration overseas for a year.

LANGHAM-CARTER (1954): Vicky has returned to S.A. after living in Malaya and England.

LEITH (Mrs. Fourie) (1961): Buzz has just bought a new house in Keyser River Park. Her husband is in the Navy, and there is a possibility that they may go to France for a year to collect a new submarine.

LEVERTON (Easton) (1948): Rita has taken up competitive golf once again, after a 7-year lay-off. She won the S.A. title 7 times, the Western Province title 6 times, and the Natal title once. Rita became S.A.'s first woman professional golfer in 1960, and is most enthusiastic about her return to professional golf.

MACKENZIE (Mrs. Emslie) (1966): Sheila has lots of news. She writes:

"After working for a year in Johannesburg, Angus and I set off to explore "overseas" from March to October 1974. We spent two months roughing it around Europe, a marvellous month in U.S.A. where we visited my AFS family and friends in Maryland, then three months working in London before touring Britain. We visited Carol Bentley (Mrs. Cowell) in Exeter, and Bryony Culley (Mrs. Plock) outside London. In January 1975 we moved to Queenstown where, in April, Sally was born. In January this year Angus was again transferred, now making East London home—at least for a while."

MANN (Mrs. Shipster) (1966): Jackie has had an exciting time and writes:

"Graduated from UCT in 1971 with a B.A. Mus., and Higher Diploma in Librarianship. Spent some time at a mission hospital in Zululand, then worked in the library of the Institute of Race Relations in Johannesburg for a year. I got married to an Oxford friend of my brother's in 1974, and we lived in Botswana, working for the Government, till we left in December 1975. 1976 will be East Coast of Africa to Mombasa, then a boat to Bombay, travelling overland from there through Nepal, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Turkey, Europe, and then we will be back in England. All this on an 850 cc motorbike. I hope we make it! We will be in England from July '76 till three years later. My husband Mike will be doing second Economics degree. I haven't seen any Herschelians for years . . . too long."

MACSYMON (Mrs. Chambers) (1972): Fiona and her husband Bob worked in Israel on a Kibbutz and are now working on a farm in Cambridge-shire.

- MAGGS** (1971): Susan is an instructor at Winkfield cordon bleu school in London.
- MALLETT** (1974): Tessa is acting as P.R.O. for K.W.V. in Paarl.
- MATHIAS** (Mrs. Duly) (1958): Iona writes from Rhodesia to say that she is leading an active life as the mother of four sons, and doing voluntary Social Work.
- MCCARTHY** (Mrs. Wyatt) (1953): Patricia and her daughter enjoyed a wonderful holiday in Canada and the States with Valma Guicherit (Mrs. Lindsay) and her family. While in America she contacted Diana McGaffin (Mrs. Carter) who is living in Denver, Colorado.
- MCGAFFIN** (Mrs. Carter) (1959): Di is living in Denver, Colorado with her husband Jack, two daughters and a son.
- MOLL** (Mrs. Fair): Jo is kept busy by two little ones. Jenny is at the Hill, and Malcolm a toddler. In addition, she runs a play school in her converted garage for the pre-nursery-schoolers. Many Old Herschelians take advantage of this!
- MORTERA** (1958): Carol obtained her Modern Languages degree at Rome University in 1973, and is now teaching in a State High School in Rome.
- MORTERA** (1969): Julia graduated at Rome University in 1975, gaining Honours in Mathematics. After a period of lecturing, she is doing a research project.
- NORTON** (Mrs. Olivier): Judy's daughter, Toni, enters Herschel next year, and her husband Sigurd continues to make the headlines with his charming book on Women and Photography.
- MUDGE** (1974): Elizabeth is engaged, and is planning to marry in December.
- NOAKES** (Mrs. van Dugteren): Amanda is still in Cape Town where her husband is at present specialising in Paediatric Medicine.
- NEWELL** (Mrs. Otlib) (1973): Mary is studying Medical Technology.
- NEWMAN** (1971): Sue-Rae graduated from Trinity College in Texas and is now living in Houston, selling electrical appliances.
- PARKER** (Mrs. Rowand) (1960): During June, Lynn and her husband, Don, gave a successful cocktail party for Old Herschelians and husbands as part of the Herschel Appeal. Dr. Silberbauer flew to Johannesburg for the occasion. Lynn and Don have recently returned from a three-week holiday overseas.
- PARRY** (1970): Mary-Anne completed her B.A. Honours Degree in Philosophy at the University of Kent at Canterbury, in June 1976.
- PHILIP** (1971): Jane has completed her Med. B.Sc., an Honours course in Neuro-anatomy, (with 1st class) and is now doing research under Prof. Gillis in the Psychiatry Dept. at U.C.T. hoping to do a Ph.D. She is engaged to "Deepo" Toerien, and they plan to marry in February.
- PHILIP** (Mrs. Eckstein) (1963): Jill was awarded the S.A. Government's sports Merit Award in 1975, "in recognition of her outstanding achievements in squash in South Africa". This year, she got into the finals of the Australian Amateur Squash Championships, and was elected to chair the world Women's Squash Assoc.
- PORTER** (Mrs. Crawford) (1959): Anne has "settled down in England very well. My husband now works for an antique shipping company, and I work one morning a week. We live in a very pretty village only 35 miles west of London. My Father died earlier this year and my mother has come to live here."
- RESNEKOV** (1971): Michele is now in her last year at the Amsterdam University, studying English, and also doing a course of Modern Greek. She became engaged to Christos Konitsiotis of Villa Rosa, Corfu, Greece in July this year, in Corfu.
- RUDLAND** (Mrs. Casciati) (1954): Betty's husband Alberto, has been transferred from Rhodesia to Khartoum. Their children are boarders in Salisbury, and Betty spends much time flying to Rhodesia to be with them during their holidays.
- ROBB** (Mrs. Ardington) (1959): Libby, Tony and their three children have just moved into a new house they built on their sugar farm in Mandini, Zululand. Libby was chosen for the Selection Committee of Natal Rhodes Scholarship.
- SEARLE** (Mrs. H. G. Lawrence): Jean returned recently from a visit overseas. She spent a month in Rome with her elder son, Christopher who lives there and is the designer of the well-known St. Leger furnishing fabrics. These are all hand-printed in the factory which he runs. America is showing great interest in his work and he plans to visit Los Angeles in January next year.
- SHARP** (1973): Jenny has returned from England and is now working at an Estate Agent in Cape Town.
- SHUB** (Mrs. Aronson) (1957): Felicity and her family are emigrating to Vancouver in the near future.
- SMALL** (1964): Jean, since April of this year, has been travelling through Germany, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan, and the only time she has been into a hotel is for a bath! Shortly to visit the Munich State Library and to follow her interests in book restoration and binding.
- SMITH** (Mrs. Brennan) (1963): Joanna left the Cape 15 years ago. Her husband James is a tea buyer and in the last two years they have lived in India, Lanka, Kenya and the States. They are now bound for Australia. Joanna's sister, Fleur, is living in England, married with two children.
- STEWART** (Mrs. Sass) (1959): Ann is enjoying the challenge of her job as Lady Warden of Tugwell Hall, which is a women's residence at U.C.T. She has two young daughters at Herschel, and her husband, Andrew, is a lecturer at the University.
- ST. LEGER** (Mrs. Aubrey) (1941): News of the Aubreys is that they have left Fish Hoek and have gone to live near Petersborough in England, where Canon John Aubrey will be in charge of three parishes. They took their two daughters with them, and Simon remains in C.T. working for a building firm.

STUBBS: Jane transferred from Std. 8 to Brazil where she attends a college of 1200 students. She finds she is way ahead in all her subjects, but is battling to learn Portuguese.

SUSMAN (1972): Daphne has completed her nursery school training at Barkley House training college and is now teaching in a nursery school in Salt River.

SHAWZIN (Mrs. Hoberman) (1960): Gail, her husband, and two children come to Cape Town for a brief holiday in January. Their home is in New York.

TAYLOR (1960): June has been living in London since 1939. She spent a holiday in Cape Town this September and visited the school. Her unusual job keeps her fascinated—working with the World Fertility Survey.

THAL (Mrs. Watson): Philippa returned to the U.K. last year but is at present in Zambia where her husband is working on a Civil Engineering project.

THOM (1973): Gina is engaged to Derick Kohler.

TWENTYMAN-JONES (1975): Bridgit did 6 months at Tech. doing architectural draftsmanship, and is now employed by the Divisional Council.

TYERS (Mrs. Hoffman) (1959): Brenda-Lynne received full membership of S.I.A.S.A. (Society of Industrial Artists in S. Africa) in the category Design Direction. This is an international affiliation of professional designers for which Brenda-Lynne was required to provide four complete portfolios of currently accepted work, amongst them the Civic Centre Cape Town, and Heerenracht Hotel.

VAN DER BIJL (Mrs. James) (1947): Mary married Henry James, Solicitor, last year. She has a daughter Julia and son Charles and lives in Chelsea during the week and in her country house most weekends.

VAN KALKER (Mrs. Rogl) (1962): "My husband Karel, and I had a lovely 7 weeks holiday in Europe in July/September, where we visited his parents in Austria. We also went to Spain, Holland, Germany and Greece."

VERTUE (Mrs. Bennett) (1962): Marian says that "After five beautiful years in Stellenbosch, they are moving back to Tokai. Three small daughters keep me busy."

WELLS (1971): Sally Ann is Manageress at Stuttafords in Claremont.

WHITE (Mrs. Bonner): Denise is now working part-time at the Student-Health Services at U.C.T. and has two daughters at Herschel, one at the Hill and one in Sub. A.

WHITE (Mrs. Young): Annette has remarried to Michael Yovino Young and is living in U.S.A. Michael is a Real Estate Consultant and Annette has now formed her own Corporation as a Management Consultant in Ultra-Sonics.

WITHIEL (Mrs. Kewley) (1947): Ruth and her husband left Cape Town to live at Walvis Bay in June this year.

WOOD (Mrs. Van Zyl) (1963): Carolyn has become interested in girl's gymnastics and has become a Provincial judge in this field. Her eldest daughter is in Sub. A at Herschel and has represented Western Province in her age group for gymnastics.

NEWS EDITORS: Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Lindsay Loggie.

Herschelians at South African Universities

At U.C.T.—First year: Gail Anderson (Occupational Therapy), Suzette Anderson (Music), Jane Bettison (B.A.), Lynn Brailey (B.Soc.Sc.), Susan Cunningham (B.Com.), Josephine Frater (B.A. Lang.), Dawn Garisch (M.B.Ch.B.), Liz Jeffery (B.A.), Pamela King (M.B.Ch.B.), Terry Lloyd-Roberts (B.A. Drama), Diana Longmore (B.Com.), Margot McLachlan (B.Sc.), Barbara van Alphen Stahl (B.A. Educ.), Camilla White (B.A. Drama), Andrea Williams (B.A.).

Second year: Alex Adams (B.Comm.), Gilliam Austin (M.B., Ch.B.), Dorothy Beukes (B.A.), Bridgit Borton (Occupational Therapy), Sharon Bosma (B.Sc.), Susan Brownlie (B.Sc.), Susan Dowdle (B.Sc.), Jean Napier (B.Sc.).

Third year: Kathy Caradoc Davies (B.A.), Gwen Makepeace (B.A.), Margie Minogue (B.A.), Dita Newman (B.A.Soc.Sc.).

At RHODES—First year: Nicola Fouché (Sec. Prac.), Lynn Herbert (B.A.Soc.Sc.), Judy Knutzen (Journalism).

Second year: Libby Aitchison (B.A.), Philippa Harris (Sec. Prac.), Sara Knight (B.A.), Lulu Suckling (Art), Lindsey Torr (Journalism).

At STELLENBOSCH—First year: Martine Franck (Law).

Third year: Christine Murray (B.A. Law), Sylvia van Lennep (Fine Art).

Honours: Suzanne Milton.

At NATAL—First year: Binky Newman (B.A.).

Nursing: Anne Carlos (Victoria), Desiree Cathcart-James (G-S), Clare Croudace (R'bsch), Claire Dickson (Red Cross), Mary Foot (Victoria), Gail Pettigrew (R'bsch), Isobel Smit (R'bsch).

Radiography: Barbara Gordon-Bagnall (G-S), Clemmie Robinson (G-S).

Other Courses: Susan Abernethy (S.T.D.), Susan Delahunt (Secretarial), Tessa Douglas-Hamilton (Graphic Art—Tech.), Mandy Scott (Graphic Art—Tech.), Astrid Winberg (Secretarial).

Rotary Students: Rosemarie Webber (Ohio, U.S.A.), Suzanne Allen (Australia).

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News

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