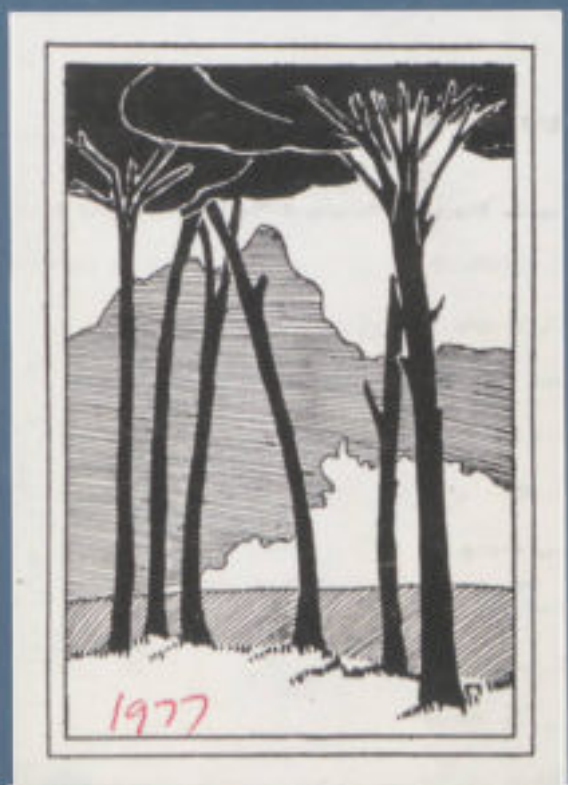




THE HERSCHELIAN

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**The
HERSCHELIAN**



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The Arts Centre

Foreword

On Founder's Day last year, we held an Open Day to inaugurate the Herschel Appeal. On Founder's Day this year we met after the service in St Saviour's Church to witness the blessing of the beautiful new Music, Art and Drama block. This impressive building is the first visible result of the launching of the Herschel Appeal.

The sporting activities of the first term took place: there were the usual swimming and tennis events, and, of course, the exciting inter-house and inter-schools swimming galas, as well as the inter-schools tennis, in which Herschel and Rustenburg tied for first place. We finally shared the tennis shield with Rustenburg. Two of our girls represented Western Province, one in the swimming and one in the diving. Fiona Adams won the open-section Diving Cup; she has won a cup for diving for the past five years regularly! The under-14's won the Hunwick cup in the inter-schools swimming gala. Some of the girls have been on hikes in the week-end, and greatly enjoyed them. For the first time an inter-house gym competition was held and the work produced was extremely interesting.

The various clubs continued to be very active. The Sociological Club met every Wednesday afternoon to enjoy its varied fare. The Social Responsibility Club busied itself with its humane and charitable work, and the Standard X History Group visited Parliament, while a Standard VII Geography class went to the Delheim cellar.

Father Kelly, the school chaplain, preached on Founder's Day, and conducted communion services in the school chapel. During the term, the girls took part in the Centres of Interest competition, and won their 'heat'; the subject they chose, 'Being human', was originally and cleverly illustrated. With the winners from other schools on other evenings, they were invited to perform at a presentation concert at Rustenburg. Towards the end of the term, some members of the school took part in the Science and English Olympiads.

The Matriculation Dance, at which the Headmistress and Dr John Silberbauer were hostess and host, took place in the first week-end of the second term. The theme of the decor in the hall was 'The Greek Island of Mykonos', and the evening was most enjoyable.

Early in the term the M.A.D. club presented a workshop afternoon at which the work done by the drama pupils in the first term was presented. The first half of the programme, with its theme of Time, emphasized movement to music, and the second half showed Eisteddfod items and the work done by the new Standard VIII drama class, who are taking drama as a subject for Matriculation.

The winter games kept the girls busy in this term, and four pupils were invited to attend the Western Province Hockey trials. Two of these reached the final trials.

The term ended with a workshop evening by the Drama Club. The Eisteddfod successes presented

their prize-winning items. An outstanding item was a scene from Lorca's 'The House of Bernada Alba', presented by Vivienne Visser and Shelley Mills. Comedy was well served by an acted story, 'The Champion of the World'. The actresses were Fiona Lawson, Marilyn Knudsen and Andrea Olivier. 'The Learner Ghosts', an improvised bit of nonsense, brought the house down. The Standard VIII drama girls, who did most of the second half of the programme, acquitted themselves very well. Altogether, the evening was most enjoyable, and the items presented were of a high standard.

In the third term, the school took part in the inter-school forum discussions. Although the girls did not win the second heat, Fiona Lawson was selected as one of the four best speakers and went forward to the finals for the best individual speakers.

Clarecon run an inter-school one-act play competition every year. Our producer was Mrs Lawson, who produced 'Clothes Lines', a clever little satire on advertising. The joint winners of the competition were Rustenburg and Herschel.

All the societies were particularly active this term, and there were many inter-house competitions. The house magazines presented their usual attractive appearance, but the judge commented adversely on the mistakes in both the English and the typing. Jagger won the competition, with Merriman second and Rolt third. The inter-house hockey was won by Merriman with Rolt second and Jagger third. This year the Staff vs. Girls Hockey match was decorous and serious and ended in a genuine draw. The inter-house music competition provided a very pleasant afternoon of choral, vocal, instrumental and pianoforte items. Merriman won the competition and the other two houses tied for second place. The Department of National Education and the Guild of Speech and Drama teachers organised an oral project for Standard VI. Herschel won its round, and went on to the presentation evening on the last evening of the term; the Drama Club presented various items, and the following day nine fortunate Standard IX girls left in the school bus with Miss Cleghorn and Miss Kable for Graaff-Reinet, where they were to visit a farm and witness a sheep shearing. They were to return via Port Elizabeth and the Garden Route.

The crowded last term saw the resumption of tennis, and the tennis championships took place, and the inter-house tennis. On the evening of the 12th October, the Old Girls held their gathering. Dinner at school was followed by a service in the chapel, the annual general meeting, and an African play 'The First South African', by Fatima Dike. The play was striking, and the acting, by an all-African cast, superb.

The year 1977 marked the golden jubilee of the Herschel magazine, and ended, like its predecessors, with the beautiful and moving carol service, which always brings the school year to a fitting and serene close.

Prize-Giving, 6th December 1976

The Archbishop, the Most Reverend Bill Burnett, welcomed everyone and declared that he both looked forward to Dr Silberbauer's speech and sympathised with her in her tasks. He himself found himself longing to be peacefully stationed on St Helena! The Headmistress, too, might find herself echoing the wish of a headmaster he had known who had longed to be head of a reformatory school for orphans. He knew that in those circumstances he would have no difficult parents or ardent Old Boys' Unions to plague him.

Then Dr Silberbauer read her report and was praised and complimented. After Mrs Mallett had distributed the prizes and been thanked, Mr Mallett addressed the school:

Mr Mallett said firstly, he wanted to thank us, on behalf of his wife and himself, for inviting them that afternoon, and for the very kind words of welcome we had given them. He thought his wife had the best of the bargain — she could spend the time looking nice and saying nothing, while he had to do exactly the opposite. He had suggested that they might change places, thinking it more appropriate that she should talk and he should shake hands, but she had steadfastly refused, which didn't say much for her promise in the dim past to love, honour and obey him. But standing before us then, the envy of all his prefects, he could honestly say how much he admired his male colleagues at the H.M.C., who had taken on the task of running girls' schools. He'd found it hard enough to control a wife and two daughters for the last quarter of a century, and the thought of being twisted round the little fingers of some 200 girls and mistresses gave him nightmares — he must stand up for Men's Lib. in our company! He hated to think of having to talk to a whole crowd of girls five times a week, while here he was tongued-tied on only the second occasion that he'd had to address a girls' school.

The Malletts' connection with Herschel went back some thirteen years when they had left a slightly apprehensive nine-year-old daughter at the Prep. School up the hill; and the connection had been strengthened by a succession of Bishops Matric Dances (when the girls he met in the evening were not, he was sure, the same ones that he had seen playing hockey in the morning), and interesting visitations from truck-loads of Herschel St. 10's on the Friday before Swot Week: screaming elegantly round the Chapel, and producing in their hard-working young men a state of quite feverish excitement. And it was that year's visitation that gave him the idea for a topic to talk about that afternoon, because that year's cartload of potential Bishops mothers were totally lacking in effective communication; they arrived ten minutes before the morning break instead of during it — and their plaintive cries went unheeded — or at least unanswered.

So it seemed to him that effective communication was a highly important topic in the late 1970's; and he wanted to talk to us about it on the purely personal level; not on the technical advancements in communication — T.V.; jet airlines or whether

it's quicker to get to Mbabane or Melkbos Strand by direct dialling — but just him talking to us, and we — he hoped — listening. The Xhosas have a delightful phrase 'I hear you', which means something more than mere listening — I hear what you are meaning behind the words, the emotions you are really trying to communicate. And yet with the papers full of the world's inability to get on with itself, with countries at war, both inside and outside their borders, there has never been a time when the art of personal communication has been more lacking. And so he was constantly surprised by the number of young men (and this appeared to be more of a male phenomenon than a female one) who were desperately trying to find themselves — what they called searching for their identity. If they hadn't found themselves after eighteen years, then he reckoned they'd embarked on a pretty fruitless search, *unless* — and this was the point he wanted to make, — unless they could find fulfilment through communication with other people; if you spend your time trying to understand others you are much more likely to understand yourself.

He was not for a moment suggesting that Bishops boys and Herschel girls find it difficult to communicate at a fairly unsophisticated level, but there are dangers of misinterpretation even in the apparently foolproof methods of communication. A good case in point occurred some years ago when he was about to make a speech at a dinner, and his wife passed him a note. On it was written the one word KISS. The woman sitting next to him saw the message and remarked on its loving thoughtfulness. 'When my wife writes KISS,' I said, 'she doesn't mean what you think she means; she means 'Keep it short, stupid'.

The inability to communicate effectively — to relate to other people — is perhaps what modern society lacks most; and it lacks it because it is mainly self-centred; the person who morosely takes himself up a mountain to find himself is essentially self-orientated, and he's an escapist, too, from reality, because what's real in life is getting to know other people and sharing experiences. He thought that the modern phenomenon of our inability to communicate was brought home to him by a film he saw not so long ago; it was one of those films with a psychological bias to it; it was about a husband who couldn't communicate with his wife, who couldn't communicate with their daughter, who had problems communicating with her boyfriend, who found it tough communicating with his brother; and there was a family dog, too, that none of them could relate to, and this worried them most of all. He enjoyed the film critic's comment next day, which was 'Given the fact they all couldn't communicate, the least they could do was to belt up, and not go on for two and a half hours about it.'

But people like those in the film separate themselves into islands, and this is what John Donne was thinking of some 400 years ago when he said that no one is an island; we are all, whether we like it or not, part of the continent of the human

race, and unless we try to understand the rest of this continent, we shall become divided and suspicious, inarticulate and insensitive. The American poet, Robert Frost — and he expected some of us had read his poems like *Mending Wall* and *After Apple-picking* — once remarked: 'Half the world is composed of people who have something to say and can't say it, and the other half who have nothing to say and keep on saying it.' In other words, the inarticulate and the insensitive. And if communication is as important as he believed it is between people of the same age, it is just as necessary between people of different ages. Yet how often do we hear children grumbling that their parents and teachers don't understand and appreciate them; or teachers and parents complaining of the thoughtlessness of the young? This comes from nothing more than a breakdown in communications, a loss of mutual confidence, a failure to look at problems unselfishly from the other person's point of view. Two great humorists have commentaries on the child-parent relationship. Mark Twain, who said, 'When I was 14 my father was so ignorant that I could hardly stand having the old man around; when I got to twenty-one I was astonished at how much the old man had learnt in those seven years.' And a more cynical comment, but with great depth of truth in it, was made by Oscar Wilde: 'Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them.' But, if the channels of communication are kept wide open, with good will on both sides, then understanding and trust will grow, even during those seven years from 14 to 21.

But the business of communication has a third function — and more particularly in places like South Africa; not only must it be practised among contemporaries and schools and families, but also between races. He had complained a few minutes before about the self-centredness of the person striving to find his own identity to the total exclusion of others. Equally he complained of the cult of collective identity which deliberately separates races. Such a separatist attitude can lead only to racial friction and violence; and the gap is in danger of becoming so wide that not even the most socially-conscious engineers will be able to build bridges to span it. Whether we like to accept the fact or not, the Black, paternalistically dominated for so long by the White, is being forced into searching for his own identity, among his own kind, because he has not been given the chance of finding it among Whites; and this search is

symbolised in the Black Power cult; no longer does the Black aspire to being more like a White; he is proud to be Black. Such social developments have led to the polarisation of two distinct and separate identities — the inevitable result of apathetic efforts at one extreme and deliberate refusal at the other, to create meaningful communication between Black and White on a dignified personal level.

This failure to communicate can perhaps most poignantly be recognised if we read some of the poetry written by contemporary Blacks. One short poem would show what he meant; the first four lines are symbolic, the last four are more literal:

White people are white people
They are burning the world.
Black people are black people
They are the fuel.
White people are white people
They must learn to listen
Black people are black people
They must learn to talk.

Constant communication across the colour line is the only answer if we are to establish any sort of understanding, and so avoid the social miseries inherent in a policy of separating identities.

He personally believed that the best way of effecting this understanding was through the medium of education; for it is through education that both Black and White will learn to talk and to listen; and both must humble themselves by saying 'I hear you'. It was his hope and his prayer that it would not be long before we saw our schools fully integrated, so that not only could the traditions and the facilities of schools like Herschel and Bishops be shared, but also so that, by sharing things material, we could share hopes and fears and desires — and we could do this through practising Christian love, which is the most precious means of communication of all.

At the end of the Prize-Giving Mrs Wingfield offered a cup in memory of her daughter, Sandra Wingfield. The cup is a good fellowship cup, given in gratitude to Herschel which gave her a normal life.

The Archbishop asked Mr Bettison to thank everyone. Mr Bettison complimented and thanked Mr Mallett, and praised his acting as well as his speaking ability. Mr Mallett's address embraced a good topic, communication, as he was liaison officer between the private schools, and gave help in sorting out difficulties and problems.

The Headmistress's Report — 1977

Mr Chairman, Mrs Heywood, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Girls;

Once again a warm welcome to our 1977 Prize Giving.

The presence of so many parents and grandparents emphasises the fact that School and home have a joint responsibility for the training of girls in our care. The presence of parents also emphasises the importance of a stable family unit, in my experience the most important inheritance a child can have,

and in the disordered society in which we live the family transcends in importance worldly wealth, and even a good education.

Inevitably, part of my report must present some statistics which, this year, are presented with pride on my part. Of the forty-eight candidates who wrote the recent matriculation examinations, there were no failures and all but one achieved university entrance. There were eight distinctions, three candidates gained B aggregates, and one

candidate — Tanya Bosma, achieved an A aggregate.

Although examination statistics are by no means the best way of assessing a school's true success, these figures are indeed gratifying. Nevertheless we must not be complacent and there are still greater heights to reach.

Six candidates were successful in the Higher Taalbond examinations, and two of these passed on the Higher Grade. Forty-eight candidates passed the lower grade examinations, three — Ingeborg Maier, Ceredwin Thomson and Vivien Visser, with honours (over 75%).

Credit goes to the Afrikaans staff for the fact that so many achieved success in these examinations. Credit also to Mrs Bernice Louw for the distinction in Afrikaans gained by Ilse Schneider-Waterberg in matriculation last year — a tribute to her good Afrikaans teaching tempered with understanding and enthusiasm.

The examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, were, on the whole, good. Twenty five candidates passed, of these ten obtained merit awards, while Anne Meynell and Yvette Stockwell are to be congratulated for passing their grades with distinction.

In the Speech examinations, all the senior pupils who entered passed, three with honours (Clair Grootendorst, Morna Lawson and Tessa van Ryneveld).

In the Music Eisteddfod, Gillian Rauch gained honours in the piano section, and Michelle Jacobson was awarded two honours in the vocal groups.

Our Art pupils appeared to dominate the entries in the Cape Town Eisteddfod this year. Twenty-one pupils passed, six gained merit awards, Mary Jooste and Morna Lawson gained honours, and Susan Harris and Clair Grootendorst were awarded diplomas (the highest award possible).

We were also delighted to hear Therese Herbert had won a merit award of R25 for an essay submitted to the National Navy League Competition, and that our contributions to the literary magazine English Alive, merited a special prize.

Our numbers for 1978 are estimated as follows:

	Pupils
Senior School (73 Boarders + 180 Daygirls)	= 253
Prep. School (21 Boarders + 151 Daygirls)	= 172
Kindergarten	
(Sub A & B) (3 Boarders + 80 Daygirls)	= 83
Pre-Prep. Class (— Boarders 43 Daygirls)	= 43
	551
Nursery School pupils	= 66
TOTAL	= 617

This represents a further increase of pupils for 1978 which is encouraging. In the light of the re-organisation of our set fee system to one on a sliding scale in 1978, the School Council has improved both bursary and scholarship awards by 20% and have generously created a second major scholarship to be awarded to a top pupil in Standard 7 who does not already hold an award. They

have also created three book awards amounting to R50 each, for pupils who have worked hard and deserve recognition.

Our magnificent new Arts Block was officially blessed and opened on 11 February by His Grace. Parents and visitors were able to admire and appraise our spacious Music, Art and Drama departments. These facilities have generated a chain re-action of enthusiasm which has been felt to good effect throughout the School.

In the Drama Department, the results have been all but explosive! Here are some of the activities carried out, and successes gained in Drama this year.

In April, fifty senior pupils took part in the Eisteddfod and they presented monologues and dialogues and Centres of Interest programmes. We achieved three honours-plus awards and Clair Grootendorst and Morna Lawson, Vivien Visser and Shelley Mills, and Fiona Lawson, Marilyn Knudsen and Andrea Olivier, deserve special commendation for this success.

Included in the Drama success were four honours awards, five merit-plus awards (the Standard VIII Drama group were included here), and three merit awards.

In the centre of Interest Competition organised by the Council for English Education, the Standard VIII Drama group reached the finals and performed with other winning schools, they presented Being Human.

A Standard VI group won their round in an inter-schools competition organised by the department of National Education and the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers.

In the Clarecon Play Festival, Herschel tied with Rustenburg, and Andrea Olivier won an award for the best character actress in the Festival.

Herschel competed in the Inter-schools Forum and Fiona Lawson reached the finals for the best individual speaker in the Western Cape.

Popular and successful debates have been held with SACS, Westerford, Bergvliet, and Bishops, and we have had three highly successful speech and drama evenings at the end of each term.

A new award instituted this year, the Oral Communication and Drama Badge, has been awarded to eight girls for distinguishing themselves in this field.

All these activities have been due to the fact that we now have the facilities in which to work and most of the equipment needed to stimulate and interest the pupils. We also have three active and enthusiastic members of staff in Mrs M. Saffery, Mrs B. Mallet and Mrs C. Lawson. They have inspired their pupils and welded the Standard VIII girls (who are offering Drama for matriculation in 1980) into a closely knit Drama group.

In case you may be wondering what has been happening in the Music and Art departments, let me hasten to assure you that they, in their own ways, have been equally active and enthusiastic. Miss Sweet is steadily organising her department;

recorder lessons are now given, both individually and in classes, the woodwind section has been functioning the whole year, and there is a growing number of aspiring string students, whom we hope, will form a string ensemble early in the new year.

The Royal Schools examiner, Mr Pratley, gave a recital-lecture and demonstration in our lovely music auditorium on an evening in August.

Symphony concerts, many of which were celebrity concerts, have been attended throughout the year by interested pupils. The Choir was invited to sing at the Nine Club (a group of professional business-men and women who foster music among the young). They led the Festive Evensong in St Thomas' Church one Sunday and gave a recital after the Service. They have sung at numerous weddings of Old Herschelians. An interesting festival of Carols will be presented at St Saviour's this evening, this Carol Service always provides such a gracious ending to our School year.

Concentration and industry are the order of the day in our Art Studios, where Mrs Montgomery and Mrs d'Unienville insist on high standards of achievement. It is not unusual to find interested pupils wandering in to appraise displayed art work during the lunch hour and at other times.

The extra Art classes are full, pottery classes are much enjoyed and the demand for lessons increases. This is what Art is all about.

Next year, Old Herschelians hope to hold yet another Art Exhibition, on Founder's Day, 17 February, and the success of this venture will naturally depend on the number of exhibitors. Pictures, ceramics, jewellery, etc. will be sold on their behalf, and a small percentage of the monies will pass to the School. There has been an enthusiastic response to our circular and we look forward to an interesting exhibition which will of course, be thrown open to the public.

We have more than held our own in a wide variety of games this year, in spite of our relatively small numbers compared with larger government schools. Full results of sporting events appear in the School Magazine. I should, however, like to commend in particular our first tennis team which came second in the first league (consisting of all Peninsula schools), and played Rustenburg in the finals of the inter-schools when both teams ended up with the same number of points, and so for the first time since 1964, Herschel together with Rustenburg, share the Shield.

The Swimming and Diving teams have also brought honour to Herschel. Jane Johnson was selected as a member of the senior Western Province Swimming team and at the preparatory, Monique Biebuyck became National U12 Backstroke Champion. At the inter-schools swimming gala we shared the U14 Cup with Rustenburg. Once more, Fiona Adams, was chosen for the Western Province team, and at the inter-schools she won the Open Diving Section.

Hockey and Squash have been much enjoyed this year, and quite unexpectedly both teams reached the finals of the inter-schools competitions.

Miss Kable and Mrs Hudson continue to exert an enthusiastic yet controlled influence over sport,

and Miss Kable does much to encourage sportsmanship and co-operation through the School.

We have an attractive school uniform if it is worn correctly but it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain a good standard of decorum and dress without the co-operation of all parents. I do ask you to help the School in this regard.

Returning to the importance of the printed word, although reading at all levels has been successfully encouraged by Miss Tremble in our Libraries, we have been worried for some time, not only by the slow reading of some girls, but by their inability to comprehend fully what they read. Mrs Gilham, now vice-principal, holds reading courses each week, using our speed-reading machines, which not only encourage faster reading, but also improves comprehension and study habits. This course is initiated in Standard V, where it is coupled with study techniques, and continues throughout the senior school. The benefits of this course are obvious to those girls who have availed themselves of this opportunity, and also to the staff who teach them. It is hoped that more readers, both good and bad, will take advantage of this golden opportunity for self-improvement next year.

In July, senior girls and some parents, enjoyed and benefitted from an advanced reading course. Next year, Mr Lowe returns to South Africa and those girls who have not taken the course will be given a chance to do so.

I have always believed that girls in a school like Herschel, should get to know as intimately as possible the great natural beauty of our wonderful country. For this reason, I am pleased to tell you that some Herschel girls are still adventurous enough to spend part of their holidays walking along the beaches of the Wild Coast, while last Easter, some walked with Miss Kable, and other staff along the Outeniqua Trail. Others, during the September holidays travelled through the Karoo to Graaf Reinet and Port Elizabeth, and returned along the Garden Route, on a Geography expedition, under the guidance of Miss Cleghorn.

Our School bus (so kindly contributed by the Ladies who run our Second Hand Clothing Shop) is used for all outings and for sport. We wonder how we ever managed without it.

Members of our Social Responsibility Club, ably organised by Mrs Mallet, have willingly spent many hours of free Saturday afternoons and holidays, holding cake sales for St Michaels, entertaining children of the Princess Alice Orthopaedic Hospital, playing games with children occupying Princess Alice or St Michaels, collecting books and magazines for hospitals, blankets and clothing for those squatters in distress and competing in the Big Walk for Blisters for Bread Fund.

We have been enthralled by the Ascent of Man film series which has been shown this year in Sociological Club time. Between films we have enjoyed talks on a variety of subjects and Mrs McCormick gives much thought to the organisation of these lectures each Wednesday afternoon.

There can surely be nothing of greater importance to our country today than human relations and the necessity for communication across the boundaries

of language and race. For this reason, our girls are given the opportunity to learn an African language, and Xhosa, now being taught in Standard VI, will in future be included in the matriculation curriculum.

It is heavy responsibility on all of us to prepare our girls to play their part in this beloved country during the present time of its great testing, and I have tried, in this report, to indicate to you some of the ways the School is unobtrusively, but surely, trying to play its part so that your daughters may enter into the life of the country which will be their home, with assurance and compassion.

It is not possible to list all that Herschel and I, owe to those on its staff. But I do thank Mrs Gilham, and the teaching, administrative and domestic staff, for the additional burden they so willingly and successfully carried, when my husband and I spent a wonderful holiday overseas last term. I realised afresh how much I owe to my staff, when I met and talked to educationists in London. At least one London head is growing concerned not only about truancy among his pupils, but also amongst his staff. This seems puzzling to me in the light of subsequent information that there are some 20 000 unemployed teachers in Britain today. How fortunate we are at Herschel in the quality of teachers on our staff, and in their ceaseless endeavours on behalf of the School.

Matron Johnston retires at the end of the year after 25 years at Herschel. She will certainly be missed

and we thank her for her devoted service to the School and wish her a happy and well-earned retirement.

We are also aware of the benevolent and generous hand of our School Council and Executive Committee, which under your leadership, Mr Bettison, has done so much in recent years to provide Herschel preparatory and senior schools, with such splendid physical amenities. Next year we look forward to occupying our eight new classrooms now in the process of construction at the senior school, and to re-organising our existing Library and classroom wing for specialist teaching.

I am privileged once again to thank our Head of School, Clare Gawith, who has maintained and strengthened the best traditions of her predecessors in a position of responsibility given to few girls to hold. She has been loyally supported by Fran de Klerk (head of Merriman), Peta Simpson (head of Rolt and head of the boarding house), Linda Swanepoel (head of Jagger) and other members of the prefect body.

Finally, I thank all the girls of Herschel for the contribution they make in a variety of ways, to the continuing life and success of the School. May the words over the fireplace in the Baxter Library, never be forgotten by all those who attend the School.

Trouthe ad honour, freedom ad curatsye.
Ad Dei Gloriam.



THE ART CENTRE



Assessing a design. Some Std 10 girls in the Art Room. (left to right) Janet Barker, Helen Manning, Kathy Ackerman and Georgi Deal.



STANDARD 7s AT WORK IN THE ART ROOM
(left to right) : Kathy Barron, Phillipa Gleimuis, Anastasia Vlissides, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Lindy de Kock.



The Herschel Choir at practice. Mrs Yvonne Dowdle (Roux) is the accompanist for the choir.



Miss Sweet explains a problem to Gillian Rauch.

Herschel Appeal

On behalf of the Appeal Follow-on Committee, I should like to say how greatly encouraged we have been by the warm hearted co-operation and generosity of all members of the School family associated with the Appeal.

As many of you know, the first phase of our 'Master Plan' so to speak, is not only an ideal but a reality, and since its official opening on Founders' Day in February, the ARTS BLOCK has been in full operation. A delight to both teachers and pupils. Particularly as Drama has (this year) been introduced as a matric subject and what better start to a faculty of this kind!

At the time of going to print, the SECOND PHASE — the block of eight classrooms being built adjacent to the Jagger library — is making excellent progress and should be ready for use by the start of the 1978 academic year.

Goal nearly reached . . .

As outlined in the last Herschelian, the basic target is R375 000. To date, our figure is

R364 899.83. This is not only encouraging but a firm indication, I feel, that we shall arrive at our goal within the five years at our disposal.

Although Herschel Appeal was launched in February last year, we are still very much 'in the field' and we hope — within the next twelve months — to have been in touch with every member of the School family.

Gratitude . . .

Herschel Appeal is intensely grateful to all those who have so generously contributed. A special debt of gratitude is owed perhaps to Mr Michael Longmore, who, as the School's Honorary Treasurer, has kept meticulously clear records of progress since the launching in February 1976. He and members of the Follow-On continue their work for Herschel with determination and helpful enthusiasm.

Animo et fide.

PATRICK KOHLER

For the FOLLOW-ON COMMITTEE

Founder's Day, 11th February, 1977

The address on Founder's Day was given by the school chaplain, Father Eric Kelly. He reminded us that Founder's Day is Herschel's birthday. Herschel was 55 years old on Founder's Day, but age is not necessarily an indication of progress. The tortoise, for instance, goes a short distance in a long time.

However, birthdays are about life, and life means growth and growth means change. We must change in order to survive, and change is an essential part of our religious beliefs. The gospel of Jesus Christ is essentially a gospel of change: a change of heart, a change of ways. In the same way, any person or institution which does not adapt to the changing circumstances of life cannot grow. It will wither and die.

Jesus said that He makes all things new. He changes us, and in so doing renews us. Change is a tremendous challenge then, and some find it painful. Down the years, Herschel has undergone much change: each of her headmistresses has guided the school across new tracks. The new building to be blessed that day, and the plans for the next building-phase, were evidence that physical change was continuing.

With these physical developments there must be other changes which would help to shape the Herschel of the future. As Dulcie Howes wrote, education to be of value must be a living and therefore constantly changing force. There would always be a need for a Herschel that would shape itself to the changes that are inevitable and desirable in a world that demands of those who have privileges that they give back what they have received.

Former members of an institution frequently idealised the past as a golden age, and resisted change.

The opposite reaction to this was the response which tried to force both the direction and the rate of change. This idea had the lure of a new Utopia. But we could not cut ourselves off from the past completely; yet we should carry what was the best part of our past forward with us.

Another response was to accept the challenge and see in the changes the hand of God. This meant putting ourselves into the care of the Holy Spirit; it meant cutting loose from the past and going wherever the Spirit of God led us.

For God is a god of change and He is calling to us to be a pilgrim people and to be willing to venture into the unknown. Thus we must lay ourselves open to change. Jesus' coming into the world resulted, after all, in radical and revolutionary change. The wind of the Spirit is the wind of change.

God is calling us to a new place, as Abraham was called. He obeyed in faith, and journeyed towards the promised land. Like Abraham, we must walk by faith in each new situation as it arose.

After the service, the girls returned to the School, and the Archbishop blessed the new Arts Block, which now is the centre of the Departments of Music, Art and Drama. The purpose of the blessing, the Archbishop said, was to dedicate the new building to the service of God. He gave thanks for the gifts and skills of men, which had made the new building possible, and prayed that truth and beauty would be the ideal aimed at.



HIS GRACE ARRIVES



After the blessing at the front entrance to Arts Block



His Grace with the Hammond Family and Dr Silberbauer in the new Drama Studio



The Architect, Mr Tony Hockley, with Miss C. Swest and Miss A. Harman of the Music Department



The Office Staff relaxes — Mrs Margaret Hartman and Mrs Dorothy Duncan Smith

Staff News

New Staff, 1977

Senior School: Mrs M. Barker, Miss P. Barnett, Miss J. Douglas, Mrs C. Lawson, Mrs S. Ryan.

Preparatory School: Mrs J. Coburn, Mrs P. Cragg, Mrs J. Hagen, Mrs A. Longmore, Mrs J. McMillan, Mrs A. Midlane, Mrs B. Robb.

Preparatory Office: Mrs J. Wimbush.

Boarding House: Mrs P. Delpont.

Staff who have left

Senior School: Mrs F. Clarke, Miss C. de Kock, Miss J. Douglas, Father Kelly, Mrs E. Reddick, Mrs S. Ryan, Mrs A. Spence, Mr A. Thomas.

Preparatory School: Mrs A. Bester, Mrs R. Burnton, Mrs M. Cole-Edwardes, Mrs J. de Lucchi, Mrs V. Hickson, Mrs J. McMillan, Mrs M. Short.

Boarding House: Mrs M. Smith.



Miss Clare Stableford

School Prefects, 1977

Head Girl: Clare Gawith.

HEADS OF HOUSES:

Jagger: Linda Swanepoel.

Rolt: Peta Simpson.

Merriman: Fran de Klerk.

School Prefects: Fiona Adams, Jean Bergh, Nicky Brink, Janet Hammond, Rosemary Meynell.

Head of Boarding House: Peta Simpson.

Deputy: Jean Bergh.

House Prefects: Nicola Brink, Susan Fine, Sandie Gant, Lou-Anne Wrentmore.



SCHOOL PREFECTS

Standing: Janet Hammond, Rosemary Meynell, Jean Bergh, Fiona Adams.

Seated: Fran de Klerk (Head of Merriman), Claire Gawith (Head Girl), Dr B. Silberbauer, Peta-Ann Simpson (Head of Boarding House), Linda Swanepoel (Head of Jagger).



SCHOOL AND BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS RELAX WITH DR SILBERBAUER

Left to right: Nicky Brink, Lou-Anne Wrentmore, Susan Fine, Fran de Klerk, Claire Gawith (Head Girl), Sandra Gant, Jean Bergh, Dr B. Silberbauer, Rosemary Meynell, Peta-Ann Simpson, Fiona Adams, Janet Hammond, Linda Swanepoel.

Avete

Pre-School Class: Susan Anderson, Aysin Arman, Lynne Bird, Elizabeth Black, Lindsay Bonner, Jane Boyes, Susan Brice, Katherine Brigg, Fleur Burgoyne, Richard Butland, Norman Cantrell, Simon Clark, Renee Dekenah, Deidra Eckstein, Philippa Dixon, Lisa Faber, Luran Foster, Tanie Fourie, Kim Frye, Jenny Gobat, Anthony Hansen, Sarah Haveron, Paul Heckrodt, Gregory Holt, Janine Hutton, Fiona Jack, Lisa Jones, Joanne Lefson, Sian Lloyd-Davies, Keelyn Maisel, Katherine McAdam, Jeanne Malherbe, Elizabeth Mallet, Justine Malone, Carol Millar, Liesl Olivier, Jennifer Osler, Alexander Ovenstone, Catherine Peacock, Louise Powell, Sarah Stone, Catherine Peacock, Louise Powell, Sarah Powys, Amanda Prins, Helen Raed, Peter Rademacher, Elena Rista, John Slingsby, Susan Snyders, Julie van Rijswijk, Carianne Wilkinson.

Sub A: Tracy Beauchamp, Catherine Beck, Samantha Bendzulla, Nancy Coffin, Mariko Harkonen, Susan Hardy, Tania Hass, Mairi Hendry, Janet Howse, Jennifer Hurter, Kirsten Jensen, Anton Kloppe, Kirsty Leith, Eve Losman, Laura Louw, Jocelyn Malan, Sascha Mayer, Tessa Mills, Fran-

cesca O'Hanlon, Joy Parker, Larissa Peter, Karen Preiss, Barry Sherrard, Bertha Visser, Joanna Wimbush.

Sub B: J. Allen, Sarah Blooman, Rupert Bruce, Julian Burman, Marie-Louise Gillespie, Barry King, Rosanne Leith, Deborah Mann, Debra Wray.

Standard I: Lois Bailey, Anna Bergman, Jill Hendry, Juliet Hardy, Jackie Livanos, Lizette Preiss, Tonya Shaw, Marchen van der Spek, Stephanie Van Deventer, Stephanie Webber.

Standard II: Lindsay Challis, Joanna Collie, Jennifer Foster, Shirley Jartz, Giuliana Hunt.

Standard III: Sally Andrew, Lisa Bailey, Alison Blake, Leanne Carlyle, Ailsa Leith, Jean Mannion, Wendy Perold, Belinda van den Brink.

Standard IV: Sonya Bester, Belinda Blooman, Jacqueline Kilcullen, Carolyn Mayhew, Helen Mukheiber, Amanda Singer, Penelope Thesen.

Standard V: Nadine Gramann, Nicolle Kloppe, Kate Low, Elsabe Van Der Park.

Standard VI: Dominique Baikoff, Elizabeth Basingthwaite, Caroline Blake, Dorothy Douglas,

Sally Edwards, Rowan Haden, Louise Hall, Anne Meynell, Gillian Mountain, Toni Olivier, Frances Paine, Jenny Post, Karen Visser, Julie Webb, Cherie Whitefield.

Standard VII: Suzanne Benson, Anne Valeska d'Halluin, Suzanne Kilcullen, Hilary Knight, Lynne Moore, Susan Steenkamp, Anastasia Vlissides.

Standard VIII: Camila Broome, Katy Brossy,

Theress Campbell, Amanda Crutchley, Ceris Field, Shirley Glyn, Nicola Harris, Kristin Louw, Abigail Mathieson, Gail Robinson, Julia Singer, Maria Stavrou, Robyn Thomson.

Standard IX: Lorna Botma, Nancy Jackson, Catherine Pikholtz, Bridget Taylor, Liane Van Der Hoven, Meg Van Niekerk.

Valete

Standard X: Kathryn Ackerman, Fiona Adams, Erica Alderman, Janet Barker, Veronique Batchelor, Jean Bergh, Mary Bettison, Nicola Brink, Georgia Deal, Frances de Klerk, Evelyn de Rooy, Cheryl de Villiers, Fiona Donald, Victoria Farquhar, Susan Fine, Chloe Fouche, Alexandra Gant, Clare Gawith, Louise Gottgens, Janet Hammond, Doune Hannay-Robertson, Susan Harris, Serena Herbert, Katinka

Honig, Barbara Jearey, Jane Kelly, Nicolette Kohler, Diane Loria, Susan Louw, Vivienne Malherbe, Helen Manning, Rosemary Meynell, Kate Philip, Lindsay Quibell, Lucinda Quinan, Karina Raath, Amanda Rose, Bridget Sandell, Peta Simpson, Manda Smiedt, Linda Swanepoel, Susan Ward-Able, Lou Anne Wrentmore.

Valete, 1977

Others: Celeste Allan, Susan Anderson, Rachel Brigg, Katherine Brigg, Rupert Bruce, Julian Burman, Richard Butland, Norman Cantrell, Claire Carrie, Simon Clark, Janet Coffin, Nancy Coffin, Nicola Cole, Kim Copeland, Renée Dekenah, Caprice Dixon, Camilla du Preez, Eugenie du Preez, Yvonne Edge, Marjorie Filmer, Catherine Foster, Lauren Foster, Krimhild Gramsch, Lucinda Groves, Samantha Groves, Louise Hall, Mariko Harkonen, Nicola Harris, Paula Hauptfleisch, Paul Heckrodt, Cheryl Ann Hemingway, Rebecca Hicks, Cathryn Holliday, Lynden Holliday, Gregory Holt, Janine Hutton, Fiona Jack, Karen Lee Kearney,

Barry King, Anton Kloppe, Imelda Knight, Joanne Lefson, Pippa Lever, Sian Lloyd-Davies, Gina Marie Lyne, Katherin McAdam, Victoria Michaelides, Patricia Mori, Clare Mostyn, Sharon Nel, Simone Nel, Victoria Noel-Tod, Jennifer Osler, Kathryn Page-wood, Susan Pannell, Jeanine Pepler, Vanessa Pepler, Kathleen Pickup, Louise Querido, Helen Raad, Samantha Rees-Jones, Helen Savage, Sally Ann Seymour, John Slingsby, Dana Smiedt, Nicola Stegeman, Claire Stern, Debra Stewart, Jane Stokes, Julia Ann Tindill, Heather Turner, Stephanie van Deventer, Stephanie Webber, Leanne Williams Short, Beverly Yosh.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning, the 6 November 1977, 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.

Sarah Bevan, Katy Brossy, Pamela Boyes, Debbie

Chamberlin, Jane Dicey, Shane Fairhead, Vivien Hart, Moira Hoffman, Katinka Honig, Janice Hurst, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Jeanne Lith, Cathy Moll, Leigh Mukheiber, Susan Stamper, Camilla Swiel, Robyn Thomson, Tessa Van Ryneveld.

Gifts to the School

We have been very fortunate this year in receiving numerous lovely gifts for the School. These include Strip Films of South African Bird Life produced by Caltex, and presented by Mr Bill Marshall Smith, for our Libraries, together with:

A Strip Film Projector donated by Mr J. Mudge, A wooden statue, "The Bride" by Jne te Water for the foyer of our Art Block.

Three water colours of the School painted by Desiree Picton Seymour and presented to the Art Block.

A statue for the Art Centre sculpted by Rosemary Sturgis, and also a fine selection of acting robes for use in the drama room.

Two Elna sewing machines for the Preparatory

School which were bought from monies collected by Mrs Mackenzie and her co-workers of the Second-Hand Shop.

The 1976 Matric class presented a loud-hailer for use at sporting events and throughout the school generally. We really don't know how we managed before without this most useful gift.

Numerous books have been given by many for the Jenny Torr Memorial Shelf in the Senior Library.

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, 1977

† denotes Matric pass with university entrance

A denotes A aggregate.

- † ADAM, Margaret Evelyn
 † BARRY, Jean Margaret (Distinction in English)
 † BELL, Shelley Belinda.
 † BOOTH, Leslie-Ann
 A† BOSMA, Tanya Helena Theresa (Distinction in Biology and Latin)
 † BROWNE, Rachel Patricia
 † DOUGLAS, Fiona Sheila.
 † DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, Debra Ann
 † DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, Dianne Barbara
 † DUNCKLEY, Dominique Jane (Distinction in English)
 † ENTHOVEN, Helen Kume Elizabeth
 † FRANCK, Jeanne-Marie
 † GIRD, Sharron
 † GRAHAM, Erica Frances
 † HACKING, Sheila Mary
 † HANDLEY, Tessa Leigh
 † HARVEY-KELLY, Clare Margaret
 † HIGGINS, Margaret Nell
 † HOPE ROBERTSON, Elizabeth Anne
 † HOWELL, Rosemary Anne (Distinction in Physical Science).
 † HOWES, Susan Mary
 † ISTED, Deanne Elizabeth
 † LEISEGANG, Patricia Dorothy (Distinction in

Art)

- † LOUW, Jennifer Mary
 † LOUW, Karin Nicolette
 † MacGREGOR, Juliet Hofmeyr
 † MARAIS, Margo Caroline
 † MAYER, Linda
 † MESSARIS, Alexandra Mary
 † PARKER, Caroline Livesey
 † PELT, Jeanne-Andre
 † SCHNEIDER-WATERBERG, Emily
 † SCHNEIDER-WATERBERG, Ilse (Distinction in Afrikaans and Biology)
 † SMIEDT, Shelley-Anne
 † SMITH, Caroline Elizabeth
 † SMITH, Julia Mary Elizabeth
 † SMITH-CHANDLER, Stacey Lynne
 † STUART-FINDALY, Clare
 † STUBBS, Adrienne Lesley
 † SWANEPOEL, Judith
 † TORR, Jennifer Elizabeth
 † TULLOCH, Elspeth Mary
 † ULRICK, Alison Jill
 † UNDERHILL, Glynnis May
 † VELDHIJZEN, Carolyn Diane
 † WALKER, Caroline Lucy Marjory
 † WILLIAMS, Margaret Ann
 † WILSON, Judith Margaret
 NO FAILURES

Taalbond Results, June 1977

LOWER EXAMINATION:

Ordinary Grade:

L. Gottgens, J. Barker, V. Batchelor, N. Brink, F. de Klerk, S. Harris, B. Jearey M. Knudsen, N. Kohler, S. Louw, H. Manning, A. Metcalfe, R. Meynell, L. Peter, N. Schmidt, M. Smiedt, R. A. Smith, L. Swanepoel, C. Hartsuiker, F. Lawson.

Higher Grade:

F. Adams, E. Alderman, J. Allsop, T. Braun, J. Coombe, C. Cornforth, N. Dauncey, S. Te Water Naude, Y. Ward-Smith, L. A. Wrentmore, C. de Villiers, Jacqu Dicey, B. Duckitt, S. Fine, S. Gant,

Doune H-Robertson, K. Ketelbey, Viv Malherbe, A. Olivier, K. Raath, G. Rauch, A. Rose, B. Sandell, E. Scott, E. de Rooy.

Higher Grade with Honours

I. Maier, C. Thomson, V. Visser.

HIGHER EXAMINATION

Ordinary Level

S. C. Gawith, J. Hammond, K. Philip, P. Simpson.

Higher Grade

Jean Bergh, K. Honig.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examination Results, 1977

Grade II: Jane Dicey (Violin), (Merit), Meg van Niekerk (Merit).

SENIOR SCHOOL

Grade III: Mary Jooste (Pass), Louise Morrissey (Pass), Dominique Baikoff (Pass).

Grade IV: Elizabeth Meynell (Violin) (Pass), Juliette Womersley (Pass).

Grade V: Anne Meynell (Distinction), Juliette Salamon (Merit).

Grade VI: Jessica Hayman-Joyce (Pass), Philippa Gleimius (Merit), Philippa Leighton-Davies (Pass), Rose-Anne Smith (Merit), Maria Stavrou (Pass), Yvette Stockwell (Distinction).

Grade VII: Clare Gawith (Merit), Gillian Rauch (Merit).

Grade VIII: Susan Ward-Able (Pass).

Grade IV: Brigid Duckitt (General Musicianship) (Merit)

Grade VI: Gillian Rauch (General Musicianship) (Pass).

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Grade I: Ilse Richter (Merit), Nicola Sevel (Merit).

Grade III: Hilary Jooste (Merit).

Grade IV: Gaydrey Browne (Pass).

Grade V: Bridget Longmore (Pass).

Ballet Examination Results — R.A.D.

Primary: D. Benner (Honours); J. Allan (Commended); M. McKee (Commended); C. Symons (Commended).

Grade I: S. Orren (Commended).

Grade II: N. Caine (Highly Commended); L. Bailey

(Highly Commended); S. Bester (Commended).

Grade III: B. Geldenhuys (Highly Commended); B. Oswell (Commended); H. Schubert (Commended).

South African Navy League Essay Competition

Theresa Herbert won a National Award of R25,00 in Group B for her essay.

Speech Examination Results, 1977

Grade B

Honours: Wilhelmina Bray.

Merit: Catherine Shub.

Grade C

Merit: Shelley Durr, Joanne Hvidsten, Amanda Robins.

Grade D

Merit: Shona Commins, Claire Stern.

Pass: Faith Knight, Gillian Parker, Kathryn Smit, Elsa Vorster.

Senior I

Merit: Amanda De Villiers.

Senior II

Honours: Clair Grootendorst, Morna Lawson.

Pass: Susan Davies.

Senior III

Honours: Tessa van Ryneveld.

Merit: Philippa Leighton-Davies.

Pass: Heather Turner.

Senior IV

Pass: Fiona Lawson, Shelley Mills, Vivienne Visser.

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD ART RESULTS FOR 1977

DIPLOMAS:

Clair Grootendorst, Susan Harris.

HONOURS:

Mary Jooste.

MERITS:

Louise Gray, Tanya Honig, Fiona McQueen, Gillian

Mountain, Caron Park, Catherine Saunders.

PASS:

Janet Barker, Toni Beck, Mary Bettison, Katherine Eve, Kim Gray, Jane Johnson, Helen Manning, Lindsay Quibell, Luanna Shonfeld, Dana Smiedt, Rose-Anna Smith, Susan Stamper.

Charities

Cape Peninsula School Feeding, Cafda, Shelter, Athlone, Therapy, Cape Mental Health, Greyladies.

Dates for 1978

1st Term: Wednesday, 18 January — Thursday, 23 March.

2nd Term: Tuesday, 4 April — Thursday, 22 June.

3rd Term: Tuesday, 18 July — Thursday, 28 Sep-

tember.

4th Term: Wednesday, 11 October — Pupils: Thursday, 7 December, Staff: Wednesday, 13 December.

Reports of Clubs and Activities

Social Responsibility Club Report

Teacher-in-Charge: Mrs Mallet.

Chairman: Kathy Ackerman.

Committee: Bridget Sandell, Louise Gottgens, Andrea Olivier, Louise Murdock.

Topsy claimed, upon being questioned, "I specks I just grewed" and this might well be said of the club over the last year. The number of people in-

involved in the club's activities has increased and the result has been many more club activities a term, and contact and linking with many other groups of equally concerned people in Cape Town. The main concern of the club is still centred around children but has also this year, owing to the personal concern of many of the girls, extended to cover

the problems of the many homeless squatters whose plight has distressed so many Capetonians this last bitter winter. The club still emphasises the personal involvement of individual girls and not fund-raising, although there has been great generosity shown this particular year.

Activities which have continued throughout the year have been the regular visits to the Princess Alice Hospital in Retreat where the girls play games such as snakes and ladders, wee-shapes, make pompoms, sing songs to the guitar, etc. The children here are lively and cheerful and a delight to visit.

We are still deeply concerned with the problems of the Bruce Duncan Home and, with the aid of the school bus, have been able to take these children on mountain walks and had much pleasure in delivering the jerseys from Rolt House to the Home.

We have included St Michael's Home this year in our activities and spent a delightful first outing with fourteen of the smaller children, at the World of Birds and at Sea Point. The kindness of the owner who admitted all the children free of charge, was, we hope, partly thanked when he accepted the old school roof (and an offer of the Supreme Court Roof as well) as rat proofing for his cages.

The girls have helped with street collections of the War Memorial Trust, have donated magazines for the hospitals, and regularly brought books which go to those fetes concerned with the welfare of children, eg. Nazareth House. Clothing has gone to Child Life and St Michael's Home and the old school curtaining and books have been donated to Sister Benigna's School at Crossroads. One of the minor activities has been helping to find homes for dogs of owners who have gone overseas.

A new venture in the club's activities has been the introduction of one major event each term.

TERM 1: The whole school rallied round to help with a Family Garden Party organized in Constantia to help the Cape Flats Interim Accommodation Group buy crèche material and school equipment. Gym classes practised breach control blowing up balloons and painting them. Home Economics classes used that week to study sweet-making and the smell of about fifty pounds of fudge

entranced all who passed. Many girls came to man the stalls, take pony rides etc. for the hundreds who came. In all they helped to raise R1 800.

TERM 2: The girls organized a cake sale to which all classes in the school responded. The money went to St Michael's Home and The School for the Retarded in Grassy Park.

The activities of the club and its interests extended into the Plum Park Winter School organized during the June Holidays. Girls and staff attended and helped and we were able, with the aid of pupils from many other schools in the Peninsula, to dramatise fairy tales for the children at the Princess Alice.

TERM 3: More than sixty-five girls took part in The Blisters for Bread Walk and their effort raised just on R500 for School Feeding.

The whole School responded to an appeal to help the squatters when their shacks were demolished. We were able to send to Shawco more than twenty cartons of basic good stuffs and warm clothing and blankets.

A very special thank you to parents must be made for their generosity, and for their support of so many of the club's activities.

TERM 4: The girls worked on the record stall and collected records for St Saviour's Church Fête and responded to an appeal for roses from the Child Life Association for Rose Day.

They are busy collecting and organizing for the Christmas Party for the Bruce Duncan Home. Last year was such a success and the unity showed by the school was so heart-warming that we would very much like to repeat the party this year.

Finally "just growing" does not happen without a great deal of support and help. Our deep thanks go to Dr Silberbauer and Mrs Gilham and Mrs McCormick for their support and encouragement. Kathy Ackerman and the committee of Bridget Sandell, Louise Gottgens, Andrea Olivier and Louise Murdock have worked cheerfully and diligently and we in the school are most grateful. Finally a big thank you to the girls of Herschel who have shown themselves to be truly concerned and socially responsible.

B. Mallet.

Debating Society Report

President: Mrs Meinert.

Secretary: Janet Hammond.

After years of inactivity, the Herschel Debating Society has been revived by Mrs Saffery and Mrs Meinert. Several very successful debates have been held during the year with interesting motions such as "The United Nations has not fulfilled its Charter", "Homework is a necessary follow-up to the work done at school", and "Evil is caused by misusing the world" causing heated discussions which continued even over tea afterwards. Debates have been held against Bergvliet, Westerford,

Bishops and S.A.C.S. — perhaps the most formidable opposition in the Peninsula — and in them all Herschel shone by either drawing or obtaining an outright victory. Perhaps our successes of this year will put Herschel on the map once again so that all our debates are not fought on home ground next year.

Our grateful thanks go to Mrs Meinert and Mrs Saffery for their enthusiasm, energetic interest, and encouragement, and for introducing us to the "verbal fights of the forum".

Janet Hammond.

Library Report

Chairman: Miss Tremble.

Senior Library Prefect: Tania Braun.

The Herschel library is as beautiful and well-stocked as ever, owing to the efforts of our librarian, Miss Tremble, and the help given her by the Library prefects, who assist in the covering of new books, repairing of old ones and generally keeping the library tidy. Miss Tremble gives regular general knowledge lessons in the library, to the Std 6's and 7's. Recently, the Caltex Oil Company donated two Audio-visual programmes on night and garden birds, for which we are extremely grateful.

This year a new shelf has been added to the library in memory of Jenny Torr, who spent so much of her spare time helping in the running of the Herschel library. The Form Captains in each

class collected donations from their classmates in order to buy books for the shelf. Several of Jenny's friends donated beautiful books for the shelf, and the Choir, of which Jenny was a devoted member, also made a donation. Jenny was the first recipient of the Library Prize in 1975 and we feel that it is very appropriate to remember her with the "Jenny Torr Memorial Shelf".

The number of books taken out each year is increasing and this result is very gratifying.

Library prefects this year are:

Std 9: T. Braun, S. Justice, J. Dicey.

Std 8: C. Callow, C. Dowdle, Y. Stockwell.

Std 7: C. Grootendorst.

Std 6: L. Jones, K. Kearney, F. McQueen.

Tania Braun.

Oral Communication and Drama

President: Mrs Saffery.

Secretary: Susan Fine.

Committee: Clare Gawith; Louise Gottgens; Lou-Anne Wrenthorn; Fiona Lawson; Karen Corder; Andrea Olivier.

Rather excitingly, this year, the Oral Communication and Drama Department has grown to enormous proportions and as a result, has broken away from M.A.D. Club to form our own Drama Club.

There have been three most successful Drama Evenings this year and, judging by the large audiences they have attracted, it seems that they have earned a reputable name for themselves amongst family and friends.

A very good innovation of the O.C. and Drama Department has been the awarding of badges to those girls who excel in this field, which is indeed a breakthrough from the time when badges were awarded only to the sporty members of the school. My sincere congratulations to Kate Philip on being awarded one for her outstanding debating ability and also to Lou-Anne Wrenthorn and Janet Hammond.

A large number of Herschelians took part in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and achieved a record number of Honours Awards. I should like to congratulate all those who participated in their excellent performances, some of which we were most fortunate to see at a Drama Evening. Herschel also had a number of entrants in the Speech exams and had very satisfactory results.

Herschel also participated in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion, "Well done" to Fiona Lawson who was invited to compete in a further Public Speaking Competition. The Inter-House Public Speaking contest was held in the fourth term, in which there was stiff competition but everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

Herschel entered the Inter-Schools One Act Play Festival and the very lively and exciting production "Clothes-Line" shared first place with Rustenburg's play. Mrs Lawson, our stimulating Drama teacher, is to be congratulated on this outstanding effort. Congratulations to Andy Olivier on being

awarded a certificate of Merit for her excellent performance.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Saffery for her dedicated work and the sincere help that she has given me this year. It has been a most interesting experience having been Secretary of the O.C. Department for 1977, and I hope that it will continue to thrive in the future as successfully as it has done this year.

Susan Fine.
(Secretary).

This has been Renaissance Year for oral communication and Drama. Much of the upsurge of creativity in these fields has been brought about through the mundane means of bricks and mortar — by the competition of our spacious and beautiful new drama rooms. In these we joyfully move, work, relax and communicate orally with each other. Not only orally, of course, as our big studio is ideal for mime and movement, as well as for acting, debates and forum discussions. Mrs Meinert has taken the debating under her wing and in consequence our abilities in this direction have developed very well this year, culminating in our good showing in the Inter-School Forum Discussions. We were delighted when a member of our team, Fiona Lawson, was chosen as one of the best speakers of the contest. She was the only Standard Nine pupil with this distinction, the others were all in Matric. Other debating news is mentioned in our Oral Communication Secretary's report, but I should just like to thank Janet Hammond for her efficient work as Debating Secretary. Mrs Crossan, who teaches Drama in the Preparatory School, sends me the following news, "At the end of September, a short play, 'The Magic Finger' was produced. Debbie Arton was a delightful Story-teller, and the two boys, Anne St Lawrence and Nicole Kloppe, acted with equal verve. Moira Mannion was a sweet, gentle mother and Claire Stern, as the father, was amusingly bumptious. Miss Harmon was at the piano and between us, Mrs Timoney and I produced the costumes. The whole cast (Standard Five) worked hard and

acted with enjoyment." We had no failures in the Speech Examinations this year. Honours were gained by Clair Grootendorst, Morna Lawson, Tessa van Ryneveld and Wilhelmina Bray.

Shelley Durr, Joanne Hvidsten, Claire Stern, Shona Commins, Amanda de Villiers, Catherine Shub, Amanda Robins and Philippa Leighton-Davies all got Merit, and good Pass marks were awarded to Kathryn Smit, Gillian Parker, Elsa Vorster, Faith Knight, Susan Davies, Heather Turner, Fiona Lawson, Shelley Mills and Vivienne Visser. The standard of these examinations has been raised to the point in the higher grades where it looks as though longer teaching periods are indicated.

A shared lesson of half an hour per week is not adequate for senior examinations, though still long

enough for Preparatory School pupils. This will have to be taken into account when planning for next year. The girls all worked very well and are to be congratulated.

The school has been well represented at a number of inter-school contests and festivals during the year, beginning with the Cape Town Eisteddfod, later on SACEE's "Centres of Interest" and Forum Discussions, and lastly a contest arranged for all Standard Six classes by the South African Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers. Many individuals and groups received Honours and Honours plus grading and we congratulate them upon their excellent performances.

M. L. Saffery.

Sociological Club Report

Chairman: Mrs McCormick.

Secretaries: Clare Gawith, Jane Coombe.

The 8's, 9's, and 10's continue to enjoy an hour's entertainment or education in Sociological Club Meetings every Wednesday.

This year we have had thirteen speakers whose topics ranged from beautician work (demonstrations included) to Biology, and from Biology to neglected children. Among the highlights of the year were talks by two old girls, Suzanne Allen and Rosemary Webber, Rotary and American Field scholars respectively, who spoke to us of their experiences abroad. Mr Boonzaier was once more very popular; he spoke on the origins of Afrikaans words and how they affect the Afrikaans language

in poetry. Dr West's talk on the squatters left us particularly thoughtful. We are now enjoying the widely-acclaimed series, "The Ascent of Man".

We have been entertained from within the school by plays, quizzes and competitions, and a programme presented by the Std 8 History girls on the Spread of Communism was very interesting and well-prepared.

I should like to thank the organizers of these activities, and Mrs McCormick, who have made this year such an enjoyable and interesting one for the Sociological Club which provides a valuable part of our education at Herschel.

Jane Coombe.

Scripture Union Report

Teacher-in-Charge: Mrs Marr.

Chairman: Bridget Sandell.

Secretary: Janet Hammond.

Committee: Janet Barker, Susan Harris, Julia Krone, Susan Hammond.

This year, Scripture Union has held its meetings during the lunch break on Tuesdays. There has been great variety in the programme, with meetings to suit many tastes and a wide audience. Although it was sometimes difficult to cater for an age-group ranging from thirteen to eighteen, this was usually achieved most successfully. Among the many highlights were programmes such as one given by two university students,

Gerald, an acoustics guitarist, and Anton, who sang for us, another was a thought-provoking talk by an ex-member of the Hitler Youth Movement, Gerhard Neils, who told of his experiences.

We were privileged to have his Grace, the Archbishop of Cape Town, address the first meeting of the fourth term. This meeting was held in the library and everyone appreciated his interesting message.

Scripture Union has been well attended this year and many girls have benefitted from the interesting and stimulating programmes. Let us hope it enjoys still greater success next year.

Janet Hammond.

Historical Society

Chairman: Mrs Stockwell.

Secretary: Georgia Deal.

We were able to maintain our decision, made in 1976, to avoid having evening meetings. The Standards 8, 9 and 10 groups had the pleasure of welcoming and listening to speakers during History lesson times.

The Standard 8 group was fortunate in having Miss Inez Tremble to give a description of "Life in Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution" and to tell the girls about "Nicholas II, the last of the Czars."

From this theme, they developed their own individual and group assignments on "The Spread of Communism" and presented their well-illustrated findings at a Sociological Club meeting in September.

Early in the year, the Standard 9 group was greatly assisted in the study of Russia and America through talks presented by Mrs Daphne Wilson ("Russia Today") and by Miss I. Tremble ("The Wall Street Collapse") respectively. The work on the "Causes of the 2nd World War", was nicely rounded off by a further talk from Miss Tremble.

on her experiences in England during this war.

Mr R. Enthoven's organisation of the Standard 10 visit to Parliament was greatly appreciated. The 3 hours spent touring the Parliamentary Building and listening to some exciting and humorous debate in the Assembly proved to be most profitable and enlightening.

Chapel Report

Members of the Chapel Committee: Dr Säberbauer, Miss Way, Mrs Johnson, Mrs Browne, Peta Simpson, Susan Ward-Able, Vicky Farquhar, Bridget Sandell, Clare Gawith, Andrea Olivier, Philippa Torr, Celeste Cornforth, Nicky Dauncey, Jean Bergh.

The chapel still plays the important role it always has in the life of every Herschelians, especially in the lives of the Boarders. This small, holy place still remains open to everybody at all times. The Boarders often spend a quiet hour there, if they want some peace from the normal school activities.

Choir Report

Head of Choir: Miss C. Sweet.

Choir leaders: Nicky Kohler and Susan Ward-Able. Members: C. Gawith, V. Farquhar, S. Fine, P. Simpson, K. Honig, J. Kelly, N. Dauncey, J. Dicey, V. Geldenhuys, K. Ketelby, F. Lawson, G. Rauch, A. Olivier, P. Torr, C. Cornforth, K. Corder, L. Meynell, M. Jacobson, H. Turner, P. Leighton-Davies, A. Marr, S. Glynne, S. Benson, M. Gudehuis, Y. Stockwell, C. Dowdle, M. Stauno, J. Anderson, J. Neal, C. Broom, S. Naude, S. Winston, P. Boyes, J. Dicey, S. Fairhead, M. Filmer, C. Martin, C. Moll, S. Eve, P. Gleimous, S. Lloyd-Roberts, T. van Ryneveld, M. Marais, C. Rideout, T. Beck.

1977 has proved to be an eventful year for the choir. Amongst our varied activities, we have sung at several weddings. Of these, of special interest to us were the brides who were old Herschelians.

The choir had the honour to sing at the Nine Club which is a group of professional people from various walks of life whose aim is to foster music among the young. The choir was enthusiastically

received by the Nine Club and altogether the outing was most successful.

The Society can justifiably claim that it has had a very successful year.

Georgia Deal and Elizabeth Stockwell.

Rev. Mr Kelly became the school chaplain at the beginning of 1977. It was then decided that he should take a chapel service every Sunday morning. He left at the end of the second term. Boarders now go to St Saviour's as they always have done.

On Wednesday, 12 October, a special service was held for the Old Girls. This short service was a great success, as everybody thoroughly enjoyed it.

Jean Bergh.

Most of the choir attended the Stellenbosch Choir Recital in the City Hall. This outstanding performance was especially appreciated by the choir who were astounded at their vast repertoire.

The choir members are especially grateful to Miss Sweet for her unlimited enthusiasm, and to Mrs Dowdle for her dedicated service to the Herschel choir.

Nicky Kohler and Susan Ward-Able. (Choirleaders).

and Anne Meynell, Grade V (piano) and Grade IV (cello), are to be especially congratulated on their outstanding performances, both having gained distinction. During this busy time there was scarcely a moment when the music rooms were not occupied by candidates preparing themselves for examinations in general Musicianship in the violin, the cello and the piano.

Throughout the year, the Music Club members have attended recitals by concert pianists of international repute. These outings included a visit to the City Hall to hear the Stellenbosch choir sing. This choir, rated the best in South Africa, produced an outstanding performance with an amazing re-

Music Report

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet.

Members of staff: Mrs Hagan, Mrs Harman, Mrs Longmore, Mrs Reddick, Mrs Thackeray and Mrs Griggs.

The new music, art, and drama block has done much to stimulate interest in music this year. For instance: The string and woodwind section is now functioning and we hope shortly to have a small ensemble group. The inclusion of five practising rooms into this complex has made conditions much pleasanter for the pupils.

26 candidates participated in the Royal School of Music examinations. Yvette Stockwell, Grade V,

and Anne Meynell, Grade V (piano) and Grade IV (cello), are to be especially congratulated on their outstanding performances, both having gained distinction. During this busy time there was scarcely a moment when the music rooms were not occupied by candidates preparing themselves for examinations in general Musicianship in the violin, the cello and the piano.

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pertoire. Mr Pratley, the Royal Schools of Music examiner, gave a recital in our new music block and demonstrated to the girls how to employ various techniques in piano-playing. He also demonstrated to us a unique method of improving our sight-reading.

The music competition, which took place in the 3rd term, ended in a triumph for Merriman. The adjudicator, Mr Ivan Klein, emphasized the importance of music in a school, as it reflects the cultural position of the school. We enjoyed having Mr Klein and thank him for his adjudication, and his constructive remarks.

The modern facilities of the Music Department

have encouraged more and more pupils to take music as a matriculation subject. The Music Department has finally gained recognition as a unit comparable to the other departments in the school.

Mrs Reddick, who has been a very loyal member of our music staff for so many years, is retiring. We are indeed very sorry to lose her as she is an outstanding teacher and we shall miss her delightful sense of humour. We wish her well in her retirement.

Susan Ward-Able.
(Head Music Student).

Mountain Club

Unfortunately, owing to extremely poor weather-conditions, a number of outings have been cancelled this year, including our trip along the Boland Trail. We have, nonetheless, enjoyed an extremely

strenuous hike, which was led by energetic Dr Swanepoel, in Bains Kloof, and other excursions on Table Mountain.

Jean Bergh.

Sports Activities



OPEN TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Mandy Rose, Nicky Kohler, Ruth Butters, Fran de Klerk, Celeste Cornforth.

Seated: Serena Herbert, Vivienne Malherbe (Captain), Rosemary Maynell.

Missing: Sun Yun Lee.

Hockey Captain: Peta Simpson.
 Vice-Captain: Fran de Klerk.
 Netball Captain: Fran de Klerk.
 Vice-Captain: Lucy Quinan.
 Squash Captain: Serena Herbert.
 Vice-Captain: Rose Meynell.
 Swimming Captain: Linda Swanepoel.
 Vice-Captain: Sandra Gant.
 Tennis Captain: Vivienne Malherbe.
 Vice-Captain: Rose Meynell.

Colours:

Hockey: Held by Peta Simpson and Fran de Klerk.
 Rose Meynell commended.
 Squash: Held by no-one.
 Swimming: Awarded to Linda Swanepoel and Jane Johnson.
 Gymnastics: Held by Doune Hannay-Robertson.
 Awarded to Siobahn Mannion.
 Diving: Held by Fiona Adams.

TENNIS

1976 Tennis Championships:

Open Singles: Vivienne Malherbe.
 Open Doubles: Vivienne Malherbe and Celest Cornforth.
 Under 15: Singles: Celest Cornforth.
 Under 15 Doubles: Ruth Butters and Sung-Yun Lee.

We have had a very successful and enjoyable tennis season this year. The inter-schools tournament was held at the end of the first term. The under-15 team played hard and with determination. Fran, a hard working member of the first team,

sprained her ankle just before inter-schools and was unfortunately unable to play, nonetheless, the open team caused great excitement when they tied with Rustenburg to win the shield.

Team badges were awarded to Fran de Klerk, Ruth Butters and Sung-Yun Lee. Colours were, for the first time in many years, awarded to both Serena Herbert and Vivienne Malherbe. Congratulations to them both. Serena Herbert won the under 18 singles and doubles in the Western Province Tournament, and was selected to play for Western Province. Well done, Serena.

Thanks to both Mrs Hudson and Miss Kable who worked so hard to enable us to have such a good year. Their enthusiasm inspired all the players, and their contributed very largely to our successes this season.

NETBALL

Netball is not Herschel's strong point but the open team has improved tremendously, and although only playing in C league, has lost none of its league matches, and has thus been promoted to the B league. In the inter-schools B section, the open team unfortunately had to play their main opposition, Rustenburg, and did not manage to reach the semi-finals. Chloë Fouché was awarded her Netball badge.

The under-15 team has not had a very successful season, but they were always lively and full of enthusiasm. On behalf of the teams I should like to thank Mrs Hudson for her hard work and encouragement.



Vivienne Malherbe in action.



Serena Herbert.

HOCKEY

After a rather bad beginning to the season, owing to the weather conditions, the 1st team reached the finals of the Inter-schools Hockey Tournament, having played a very exciting match against our greatest rival, Rustenburg, whom we beat 1-0.

Congratulations to Chloë Fouché, Rose Meynell, Nicky Kohler and Peta Simpson, who were invited to play in the Western Province Hockey Trials.

Unfortunately the under-15 hockey competition was washed out by rain. This caused much dis-

appointment as they had enjoyed a reasonably successful season.

Hockey colours are held by Fran de Klerk and Peta Simpson. No new colours were awarded but Rose Meynell was commended. A badge was awarded to Karen Corder, and Debbie Partridge was awarded the cup for the most improved hockey player.

We should like to thank Miss Kable for her hard-work and unfailing enthusiasm throughout the season, and best of luck to the 1st team next year.



Inter-Schools Hockey Tournament.



On top of the world.



1976 Matric Loud Hailer in use.



On the Run.

HOCKEY ACTION



Concentration.



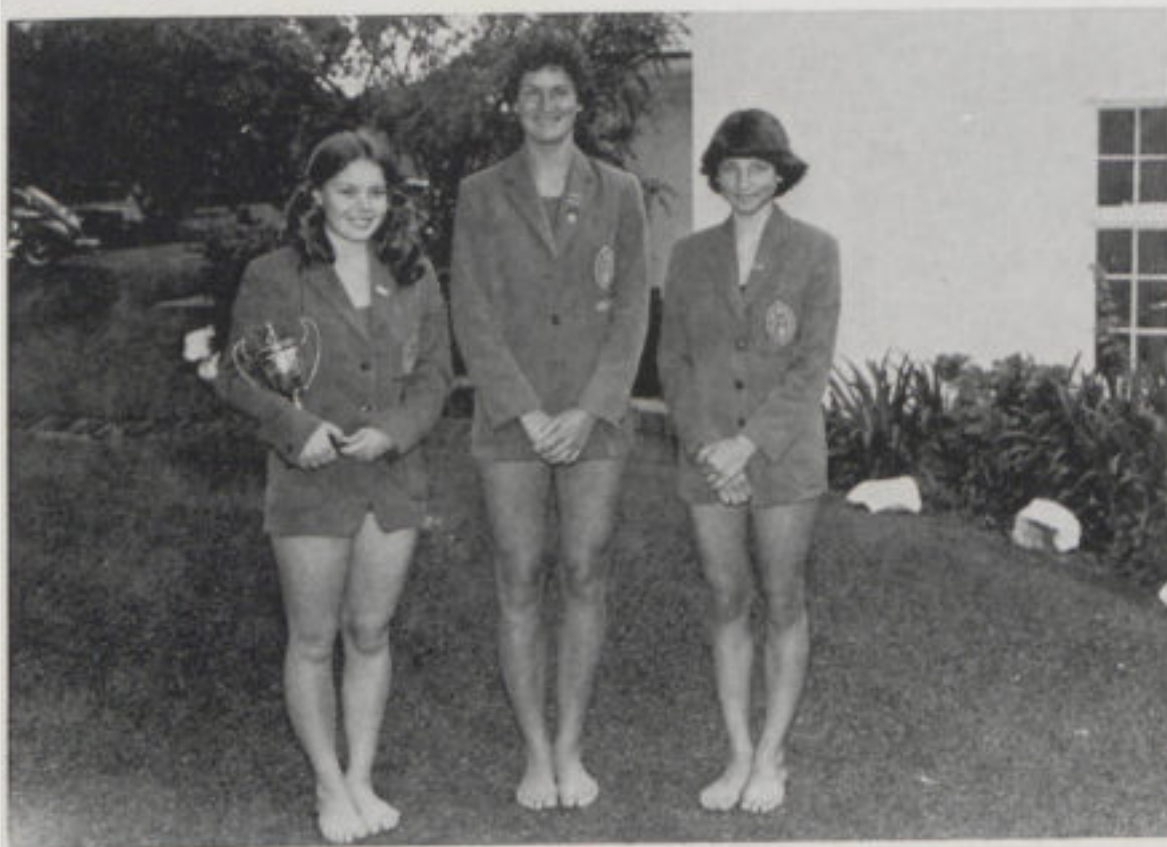
Tied shoelaces.



Staff Hockey Match — Well-deserved juice.



Father Eve — Autographs later.



DIVING TEAM

Fiona Adams, Siobahn Mannion, Monika Gelz.

SWIMMING

The highlight of the swimming season was the Inter-schools Swimming Gala, and here Herschel was able to prove its ability, by being placed 4th in the open section, joint-2nd with Rustenburg in the under-16 section and joint-1st with Rustenburg in the under-14 section. Well done, all swimmers! Monica Oelz must be congratulated on breaking the under-16 backstroke record, she together with Jane Johnson and Susan Stamper, broke the under-14 Medley record.

Fiona Adams won the Inter-schools Open Diving, was also placed 1st in the under-18 Western Province Diving Championships and was chosen to represent Western Province for the 5th consecutive year.

The annual inter-house gala again displayed the depth of our swimming talent. Rolt was placed first, followed by Merriman and then Jagger. In some events though, enthusiasm exceeded talent. Congratulations to all swimmers who were awarded cups at the Inter-House Gala:

Open Backstroke — Monica Oelz.

Open Breaststroke — Jane Johnson.

Open Freestyle — Michèle Jacobson.

Open Butterfly — Linda Swanepoel.

Under-15 Medley — Monica Oelz.

Open Medley — Joan Saunders.

Congratulations to the following who have received awards: Swimming badges: Monica Oelz, Jane Dicey and Brigid Duckitt.

Diving Badge: Siobahn Mannion.

Special Commendation: Michèle Jacobson and Fiona McLennon.

Colours: Jane Johnson and Linda Swanepoel.

Monica Oelz must be specifically commended for being awarded the cup for the swimmer of the year.

As usual the swimming season ended with the annual friendly gala against Rhenish. We much enjoyed their hospitality and are happy to record that we narrowly beat them.

The excellent standard shown by the under-14 section is a most encouraging measure of our future potential.



Perfect Symmetry — Fiona Adams.



Swimmer of the Year — Monika Oelz.

SQUASH

Although the squash season is comparatively short one, it proved both successful and exciting, especially in the inter-schools competition. Herschel reached the finals of the Open Section but Sans Souci proved too strong and beat us.

The school championships were held in the third term. Congratulations to Serena Herbert, who won the Open Section and to Meg van Niekerk, who won the under-16 Section. Congratulations to Nikki Kohler who represented and captained the

Western Province team.

No new colours were awarded this year. Congratulations to Gill Rauch who was awarded the cup for the most improved squash player. Well done to Celest Cornforth, Meg van Niekerk and Gill Rauch who have been selected for the Squad which will be trained by Jill Ekstein.

Our grateful thanks go to Mrs Ekstein, who did most of the organisation for the inter-school competition and coached the squad.



Gymnastic Grace — Siobahn Mannion.



Gymnastic Grace—Siobahn Mannion—looks easy.



HEADS OF HOUSES

(left to right) Linda Swanepoel (Jagger), Claire Gawith (Head Girl),
Peta-Ann Simpson (Rolt), Fran de Klerk (Merriman).

Rolt House Report

Head of House: Mrs Stockwell.
House Mistresses: Mrs Marr, Mrs Louw, Mrs Mallet.
House Prefects: Jean Bergh, Fiona Adams.
House Captain: Peta Simpson.

The Rolt tradition of having more brawn than brain still persists!

In spite of this, the music and drama girls have kept up their high standards. This year Rolt has achieved an outstanding record of having both choir leaders in the house — congratulations to Susan Ward-Able and Nicky Kohler, who also did a great deal for the inter-house music where Rolt tied for second place with Jagger. We certainly have not disgraced ourselves in drama, and a number of girls achieved merit and honours in various Eisteddfodddan. Amongst these are L. Unkleiber, S. Davies, and A. de Villiers who all performed exceptionally well. S. Ward-Able, C. Dowdle and Y. Stockwell have persistently maintained a high standard in music.

As usual, sport is our strong point. Our victory at the inter-house gala has once again verified this. Special congratulations to J. Johnson and U. Oeltz who both won individual trophies. J. Johnson also swam for the Western Province Swimming team and was awarded her swimming colours. Once

again, Fiona Adams won the school diving championships and contributed greatly to our final victory in the inter-house diving competition. Fiona was also selected for the Western Province diving team. Three Rolt girls were invited to play for the Western Province hockey trials. After having won the inter-house hockey cup for many years, Rolt was beaten by Merriman — well done, Merriman! Nicky Kohler was elected captain of the Western Province school squash team. Well done, Nicky, who played very well in the inter-house squash, which was won by Rolt.

Siobhan Mannion was awarded her gym colours at the end of last year.

However, the brains are not totally lacking. J. Bergh, K. Honig and L. Mauer have been awarded academic badges. Special congratulations go to Nikki Brink who is the only member of the house who has her academic colours. In addition, both Nikki and Doune Hannay-Robertson have deportment badges.

I hope that 1977 will be Rolt's year, and with a little bit of luck, lots of hard work and determination, the much cherished efficiency Shield may just be ours!

Peta Simpson.

Merriman House Report

Head of Merriman: Mrs Rauch.
Staff Members: Miss de Kock, Miss Douglas, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Kemlo, Mrs Meinert.
Head of House: Fran de Klerk.
Prefect: Janet Hammond.

This has been a very good year for Merriman. Academically we have done well and although the standard has dropped slightly from that of the previous year, Merriman has won most of the mark readings. Special commendation for this goes to Janet Hammond, Jane Coombe, Kathy Ketelby, Marilyn Knudsen, Cathrine Pikholtz, Amy Williams, Alison Bowley, Clare Grootendorst and Morna Lawson.

On the sporting side, Merriman has also done well. For the first time in many years we won the inter-house hockey cup and for the second year running we won the netball cup. We came second in the squash, swimming and diving but were placed third in the inter-house gym. The house spirit at all these events was inspiring, to say the least, and the team members were all enthusiastic, — both of which factors contributed greatly to our success.

Our congratulations go to Jane Coombe, Kathy Ketelby and Amy Williams for all the hard work they put into the Merriman House Magazine which came second. For the first time in four years it was decided that an inter-house music competition be held. A lot of hard work was put into this competition by the girls and after a very enjoyable and exciting afternoon Merriman was announced the winner with Rolt and Jagger joint second.

The jerseys knitted by the girls went as usual to St Michael's Home for orphans and the house money collected was sent to Cancer Research.

We welcomed Miss Douglas and Miss de Kock to our staff this year and thank them for their active support. To Mrs Rauch I would like to express my sincere thanks for all her guidance and encouragement which she has given freely throughout the year.

Merriman has won the Efficiency Shield for the past three years, and we can win it again with the hard work and the wonderful house spirit which have always been part of Merriman.

Fran de Klerk.

Jagger House Report

Head of House: Mrs McCormick.
House Mistresses: Mrs Boyes, Mrs Montgomery, Miss Sweet, Miss Cleghorn and Miss Barnett.
House Captain: Linda Swanepoel.
Prefects: Clare Gawith (Head girl) and Rosemary Meynell.

While Jagger has not had spectacular academic or sporting achievements this year, we have nevertheless had fantastic spirit and all inter-house events have been enthusiastically supported. The disappointing swimming, diving and hockey results were compensated for by Jagger's being

placed second in the netball matches and the music competition, and in our winning the gym and the magazine competitions. Well done, Lizanne, Pippa and the rest of the Std 9's for producing an excellent magazine and to all the hard-working competitors in the gym and music competitions.

Academically, while Marrison has usually been placed first, Rolf and Jagger have been close behind. Our Std 8's, especially, should be congratulated on maintaining their high standard. Congratulations should go to Clare Gawith, Kate Philip, Tania Braun, Lizanne Scott, Nicky Dauncey and Laura de Rooy who hold academic colours, and to

Susan Fine and Kate Philip for having been awarded badges for oral communication.

House contributions were given to Shelter and house jerseys to CAFDA.

We welcome Miss Barnett who joined Jagger this year, and trust that she will enjoy her stay. I should like to thank Mrs McCormick, Clare and Rosemary who have been extremely helpful and enthusiastic throughout the year.

I am sure that we shall be able to be as proud of Jagger in 1978 as we are this year.

Linda Swanepoel.

Matric Dance Report

Rumours spread that the date of our matric dance was to be withheld until four weeks beforehand, to prevent the excitement from interfering with our work. The result was that our discussions and preparations started immediately, just to be sure we could be ready whenever necessary. The date itself finally leaked out — Friday April 15 — and the matric lawn was once again the scene of endless chaotic class meetings.

It's amazing what some of us imagined as the ideal setting for a matric dance.

Mykonos (a Greek island) was the final decision, and we began the poster painting and general organisation. Decorating went on late the night before and there were no major catastrophes, although posters tore and we ran out of ivy for the roof (some unsuspecting school neighbours still don't know how grateful we were for their contributions!) At lunchtime on Friday, we finally tore ourselves away, and went to prepare ourselves.

We arrived at Chloé's at about six o'clock, where everyone's first formality dissolved away (aided by champagne!) and we began to feel comfortable in our sophistication, and relaxed.

We were greeted at school by Dr S. and Dr John at the door. Partners had all been well-rehearsed beforehand, but some still insisted on improvisation ... The hall looked unreal, and the half-light

covered all signs of wire and sticky tape. Real trees and shrubs made it all more realistic too.

The food was good, and so was the band, Black Frost, and the atmosphere we created for ourselves was just great, but the dance would not have been the same without Rachel (one of Miss Way's staff) doing her thing outside the hall! The class spirit was unbelievably good, right from the first discussions to the night of the dance. Then Clare made her thank-you speech, and we left, reluctantly coming up against the end of our official matric dance.

We all moved on to the Quibell's amazing house, where we ate and danced to keep ourselves awake — which most of us did with surprisingly little difficulty. It was the partners who were the problem! When people were really beginning to fade at about five a.m., we decided to move on to breakfast, where Kathy and Mrs Ackerman had organised croissants, champagne, and (thank goodness) coffee for all of us!

We sank onto chairs or the floor of the lounge, and relaxed completely until it was time to return to school, where most of us cleared up the mess that was all that was left of our efforts, while others braved 1st team hockey — bleary-eyed and trying to focus on the ball.

Kate Philip, Std 10.



PREPARING FOR MATRIC DANCE



Miss Way, our constant help at all Matric Dances, with Dr Silberbauer and Dr John



PREPARING FOR MATRIC DANCE



The Island of Mykonos comes to Herschel.





The Outeniqua Trail

During the April holidays this year, Miss Kable decided to take a group of girls to walk the Outeniqua Trail. She was confronted with the problem of who to take with her, eventually deciding on those girls who play more than two team sports for the school.

We started the trail from the Karatara Forest Station situated in the Outeniqua mountains. Loaded with sleeping bags, official and unofficial food, band-aids and socks, we set off on a beautiful sunny morning. After a walk of twelve kilometres through varying scenery of pine plantations and open scrub, we eventually reached our first stopping point, Windmeulnek. Of all the huts Windmeulnek had the most outstanding position. It was situated on the saddle of two mountain ranges and had a view of the valleys on both sides. The following day was a day of endurance — eighteen kilometres of undulating terrain beneath the scorching rays of a pitiless sun. It was with blistered feet and aching backs, but also with a bursting sense of achievement and pride that we at last reached Farleigh, our next night stop.

Saturday, the third day of our five-day walk, proved to be yet another eventful day. It was only twelve kilometres but the weather unfortunately let us down. As we watched the ominous dark clouds closing in on us, we quickened our pace. The rain finally caught up with us and out came our black plastic litter bags to cover our packs. We eventually reached Millwood an hour or so later, steaming and drenched. Millwood was originally a gold mining town at the turn of the century. When the resources ran out it was deserted and fire was set to all the buildings. Only the old hotel was left standing and it was there that we spent the night.

Rondebossie was our next hut. From Millwood to Rondebosie was a distance of fifteen kilometres. It was a relatively easy day of walking and we reached Rondebosie in the early afternoon, leaving us plenty of time to relax at the nearby river (dreaming of home and Clifton beach!)

The following and final day was an eighteen kilometre hike. After conquering the two-hour climb to the peak of Jonkersberg, we found that the path gradually wound downhill. We walked through unspoilt indigenous forest most of the day and our excitement rose unsurpassed when we found ourselves following the footsteps of elephants! The end had always been days away, but now we were really there. Exhausted, but happy, we tumbled into our familiar school bus and left for Herold's Bay where we spent the night before returning to Cape Town.

It was an unforgettable experience, the good times and the times when we thought we would never make it. We thank Miss Kable most sincerely for organizing it and enduring us all, and Mr and Mrs Rauch and Miss Cleghorn, without whose company it would never have been such fun.

Vive le Outeniqua Trail!



WINDMEULNEK



KNYSNA RIVER BRIDGE



DRYING OUT



TRAIL OR TRIAL ?



FOLLOW THE LEADER



EXHAUSTED



HEROLDS BAY



THE CHEFS.



BRAISED STEAK AGAIN!

Geography Tour to the Eastern Cape

Miss Cleghorn and Miss Kable organised a geography tour to the Graaff-Reinet region and to Port Elizabeth and along the Garden Route. The tour was a great success and the following girls were selected to go:

Jackie Dicey, Brigid Duckitt, Rosemary Fletcher, Liz Meynell, Andrea Raath, Gillian Rauch, Georgie Frater, Karen Corder and Suzanne Naude.

We left early on Thursday morning, the bus bursting with girls and luggage. As we wanted to get to Graaff-Reinet that night, we spent the whole day travelling. Our only major stop was at Matjiesfontein where we had lunch — where else in the Republic can one eat lunch in the middle of the main street? We looked around the quaint little town before resuming our journey.

We were met in Graaff-Reinet by our hostess, Mrs Smit, who showed us to the youth hostel where we were to spend the night. For sixty cents a night, the hostel had all the necessary comforts we craved after our long day of travelling. We had super steaks in a restaurant, and after seeing the night lights of the town, we retired to bed.

The following morning, the Publicity Officer, Mrs L. van Heerden, gave us a guided tour of the town. We visited the enormous Dutch Reformed Church, the Reinet Museum, the Hester Rupert Art Museum and we were also fortunate enough to be allowed to look around the new Drostdy Hotel, which had opened that day. We had a picnic lunch at the Valley of Desolation, a truly desolate place! That afternoon, we visited a Merino stud farm, and watched all the processes involved in sheep shearing: the actual shearing, sorting, grading, and baling. After another exhausting day, we arrived at

our destination, 'Groenvlei Farm'.

On the Saturday morning we viewed the valuable fossil collection belonging to the Rubidge family. This was one of the highlights of the tour. The rest of the day we spent on a Dorper stud farm. These sheep are bred purely for their meat. We were received warmly by the Vorster family, who treated us to a lovely meal. That evening we were shown slides and films on soil erosion which was prevalent on the farm, and the next day Mr Smit showed us how they had counteracted the erosion problem.

On Monday we left for Port Elizabeth and arrived just in time to see the dolphins perform at the Oceanarium. We also visited the snake park and a large indoor tropical house where one actually felt one was in a jungle amidst all the exotic birds and flowers. That evening, dressed in tracksuits and takkies, we set out from our hotel intending to go ice-skating. The rink was closed, so we went to see a film instead.

The next day we travelled along the Garden Route, and stopped at Stormsriver Mouth, where we went for a walk along one of the trails through the indigenous Taitsikama Forest. The last night we spent at Hotel Frederic at Keurboomstrand. Here we drank a toast to the success of our tour, and also christened the school bus 'Brontosaurus'!

On our return journey we stopped at Vleesbaai, where, after a refreshing swim, the Rauchs gave us a tremendous braai. We arrived at Cape Town, tired but happy. Our thanks go to Miss Kable and especially Miss Cleghorn who made the tour possible, and a great success.

Karen Corder and Suzanne Naude.



EROSION AT GROENVLEI



The Opening of the Drostdy, Graaf Reinet

GEOGRAPHY TOUR



MERINO STUD



RELAXATION AT VLEESBAAI

Catherine Aubrey's Letter

Fairfield
40 Stockerston Road
Uppingham
Rutland
22nd March, 1977

Dear Dr Silberbauer,
I promised to write so at long last this is it. We had a super trip over after a traumatic leave-taking. The continent was most exciting but Rome was fun with all the friendly Italians.

I felt rather strange since as soon as we arrived in England I was plunged into boarding school but I must say it didn't take long to settle in as everyone was friendly. We are lucky as the girls are in the minority, so are appreciated.

My typical school day is:

The breakfast bell, which sounds like a fire alarm goes off at 7.45 a.m. It's a bore not having a uniform as one always has to decide what to wear. I remember the good old days of pulling on my uniform without a thought. Lessons start at 9.05 after chapel or assembly. The work is very difficult but I'm managing. I'm seriously considering doing Art when I leave. Lunch is at 1.15 p.m. and I must say the English are keen on Pastry! This term we have 2 afternoon lessons at 4.40—6.15 p.m. as it's winter.

The sport isn't bad individually but there aren't many teams and there was only one hockey team, but as there are so few girls the sport isn't very good. I usually play squash with males as they are much better. When I first came I played squash at 6.45 a.m. and everyone thought I was crazy. The English like their beauty sleep — that is probably why they have such good complexions. A most enjoyable sport is 'Physical Fit' which sounds horrific. We call it 'fighting the flab'. We join the males and do circuit training to music. I honestly feel like Tarzan's Jane when I swing from rope to rope. I've also tried to do some fencing but unless one has mastered the technique one is inclined to fight like one of the Three Musketeers.

We have supper at 6.30 p.m. which the English here call tea. At school one is free to do entirely what one wants, visit males, go to the village and in the evening if there are lectures or meetings of societies, one usually attends. There is a

great deal going on so one has to fit one's work in accordingly. I have joined quite a few societies. I went on the Art's Society trip to London. We visited the Courtauld Institute. I hope next term to see the Wallace collection. It was great fun as, after we had looked at pictures, we were free till everyone met at a National Theatre to see a play, so I managed to get a glimpse of London.

At school there is a Thring Centre where one can do Pottery, Photography, woodwork etc. I have been doing pottery. It takes me ages to do anything but I hope, eventually, to make a coffee set. I have to do two hours community service a week. I go to a Spastics Home and help bath, play games, and talk to the inmates. At first I found it quite depressing but they appreciate one's coming so much that I find it very worthwhile now and have grown quite attached to the children.

A few weeks ago we had the house 'Shout' competition (singing). All the houses gathered in the hall to sing. Fairfield won it last year, much to the males' disgust. There is a great deal of competition between the males and females.

I enjoy being taught by males. The Staff produced a play. They did snippets from 'Alice in Wonderland' and, as you can imagine, seeing certain men dressed up as flowers, caterpillars etc., was extremely funny. The school has its own theatre, which is very useful.

Old England isn't bad, but it certainly doesn't stop raining.

I must say when I left Herschel, I was quite bitter as I was so happy there.

When I arrived in England, I realised that I had to start again and I now feel that leaving made me grow up a bit as I have learnt a lot about self-control. I still keep in touch with everyone and have had quite a number of letters. I went skiing in Italy in January and when I got back to London I saw Kathy Ackerman. It was super to see a familiar face again, and we had a great time catching up on Herschel news. I hope you enjoy the Matric Dance.

With love and best wishes,
from

Catherine Aubrey.

Original Work

DRIFTING

"Hey Mister, that's my tree!" I shouted at the man that was sitting on the branch of my favorite tree on the beach. I would always go there when I was either very happy or very sad or just melancholy — a word my mother taught me at a very early age — she always used to say that she was melancholy.

As I ran up the beach to him, all ready to start a fight, for I was a great tomboy, I stopped suddenly and stared at a pair of big blue eyes amidst a

golden face and white curls. From a distance he looked like a much older man, but he was really quite young. It must have been the position in which he was sitting. "Sorry, young lady, no offence meant. Had I known that it was your tree, I should never have sat in it," he told me as he climbed down the semi-steps that my father had dug out of the tree for me. I was embarrassed all of a sudden. I had been rude again. My mother was always trying to stop me from being rude to people older than myself, but I never seemed to learn.

He was wearing cut-off denim jeans and a faded yellow T-shirt; I noticed a haversack on the sand. I could also see that he had not shaved for a few weeks, at least. My father shaved every day. I opened my mouth to tell him so, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Hey, look at the flamingoes! Wow!"

"Oh, they come here to the lake every night and then they fly away in the early morning. I like to get up earlier than they and then just sit on Danger Rock and watch them," I told him, while he watched the cloud of pink settle gently on the water in a single flourish of movement.

He was silent, so I looked up at him, but I could see that he had not heard what I had been saying. Grown-ups get that fixed expression on their faces, and then you just know that they're not listening. "Where's Danger Rock?" he asked quietly and I looked at him in surprise. So he had been listening after all — maybe he was a special grown-up.

"Oh, it's not far from here, but you'll have to put some tackies on, because the rocks are sharp, and my mother . . ." He grabbed his haversack in one hand and my hand in the other. "Come on, let's get there before it gets too dark," he said before I could even finish my sentence. And I thought children were not supposed to interrupt!

We ran across the sand; I had to take two steps for every one of his. My father always runs slowly when he runs with me in the mornings, but then he's considerate. My teacher told me that everyone should be more considerate. I agree.

I beat him to the edge of Danger Rock because I had my tackies on. "I told you you're going to need shoes."

"Oh, my feet are tough, I never wear shoes." The next minute he slipped and fell on a rock. I shut my eyes because I hate seeing dead people, but when I looked again, he was sitting up with an anxious expression on his face, holding his arm. I saw a lot of blood and immediately felt my face go white.

The next minute I had grabbed his haversack, and was helping him back along the rocks to our house. His toe was also bleeding. "Don't worry, my mother is used to fixing up wounds, I get them all the time." I expected him to be impressed but he asked: "Is that bag too heavy for you?"

"Look, I may be little, but I'm strong and I'll be eight next week!" I replied furiously.

For the first time he laughed. He looked so happy when he laughed. His face all crinkled up and lots of white teeth came out of his mouth. As we approached the porch, I suddenly remembered that I wasn't supposed to talk to strangers. "Hey, what's your name?"

"My friends call me Jon, and if your mother wants to know what I do and where I come from — I'm drifting." I made a mental note to ask my teacher when I went back to school, what "drifting" meant.

"Darling, is that you? Who's with you? Oh, good gracious, are you all right? Come on in . . ." I decided that they wouldn't want me around any

more so I wandered back to the beach and climbed up my tree.

"Hey, pigtail!" I burst out of my dream in a hurry, ready to defend myself.

"You're just jealous . . ." It was he, the drifting one. "Oh, how's your arm?" I asked, embarrassed that I'd shown another nasty streak in myself.

"It would be much better if you'd come down here and talk to me." I pretended that I hadn't heard and stared out at the flamingoes on the still water. "All right then, I just wanted to say goodbye." I slid down the trunk and looked him suspiciously in the eye.

"Aren't you staying for supper?" My mother always made everyone stay for supper.

"No, I want to get to town by tonight, so I must start hitching now. Well, in ten years' time I'll phone you, O.K. pigtail? I think you're cute." I hate the word cute, and just as I swung round to stalk off, he grabbed my pigtail and laughingly pulled out the ribbon. Then I ran home with hair streaming down my face. I went to my room and lay down on the bed. A note on my dressing-table caught my eye. A pen-knife was lying on top of the note: "Happy Birthday for next week. Pigtail. Love Jon."

Susan Fine, Std X.

INCENSE

Incense smoke curls
around my blue mind
grey soft and feathers

Levitating consciousness
hovers suspended
as undulations of dove
infold
streams of silent symphony
rising supple
subtle.

Kate Philip.

CONSCIOUSNESS SUSPENDED

An empty parking lot
grey gravel orange night
synthetic light.

Eyes half closed
against substrate light
cleanse the flat fenced
lot.
Gravel footsteps
Freeze . . .
silence broken only
by the smell of grass
enveloping the air
sucking a path.

Final inhalation
mind annihilation . . .
The burnt-out smoulder glows
goes
as the subconscious
grows
meandering
like a cripple.

Kate Philip.

GREEN THOUGHTS IN A GREEN SHADE

Another essay to write and once again I have no idea where to start. If I start at the end and make my way back to the beginning, I might get a brilliant flash of inspiration about halfway and then ... And then nothing. I am only trying to convince myself and I'm not much good at that anyway.

Well, what about trying to work it out logically instead of waiting for the inspiration that never comes — or, if it does, runs away when I turn round to confront it. We are told to understand the title before starting to write, so this time I'll sit down and REALLY think it out. "Hey man, you gotta get into it man. Like, let those cosmic vibes grab you. I mean, its nature man, nature, you know, green — that's what its all about." (To be said with an American accent, preferably by someone who is "into" that "buzz" — which I am not. So I'm back where I started).

Wait a minute. Maybe there is something in what I have just written. Green ... shade ... nature ... it's coming; it's coming ... But I'm not Wordsworth. I cannot wax lyrical over nature and if I tried it would come out in clichés. To me, nature is, ... well, put it this way: I appreciate it but I don't like reading about it and I cannot write about it. It's another cliché. Writing about nature is unoriginal; it's what you do in Standard six and seven when you are trying to impress your English teacher by handing in what seems to you to be an "imaginative" essay, but which, in fact, has been written with slight variations many times before. No thank you, writing about Nature is not for me.

Then why have I just written almost half a page on it?

I'm trying to write an essay and I still do not know what to write about, that's why. Well, I must be almost halfway so maybe that flash of inspiration will soon hit me between the eyes and I'll be able to write the most brilliant, witty essay and ... it's no use. I can not convince myself!

Blue thoughts. Now why could it not have been blue instead of green? There is so much I could have written. I mean, one associates the colour with depression, right? (At the moment I could write a book on THAT ...) Countless songs have been written on "feeling blue", right? ("Feeling blue" is usually followed by something like "when I'm without you" — or so I have noticed. Maybe even such exalted people as songwriters have problems trying to think of something original ...) "Blue thoughts under a Blue shade" gives one much more scope, right? WRONG! Anything anyone writes about "The Blues" has been said, sung, thought or written before. Another cliché.

(I am still waiting for inspiration).

All right, back to green. If I were thinking green thoughts, what would they be? Green represents tranquility — is that why most blackboards are green? To have a soothing effect on the turbulent emotions of frustrated pupils? (and teachers!). I agree green is a tranquil colour only because it has no definitely positive or negative effect on

me, therefore it must have a soothing or neutral effect. On the other hand, some specific greens do have a definite effect; it's the thought of green that has no effect. Olive green makes me feel nauseous and slightly dirty, for example. Hardly a tranquil feeling!

Now we come to the "green shade" part. I suppose it's "green shade" to fit in with the peaceful mood supposedly inspired by green thoughts but shade is not green to me, it's grey, dark grey. Maybe I'm just being difficult, but I do not think so. I just cannot see shade as green, unless it's to do with tranquility and then I do agree because shade does have a tranquil effect. (Watch it, Fiona, you are waffling again!).

I'm still waiting for inspiration and I have a sneaking feeling its going to come as soon as I have handed this ... "piece of writing" in. Maybe next time ... !

Fiona Adams, Std X.

EVASION

"But I'm not really so fat ... am I?"

She pushed herself up into a semi-sitting position on the bed, swinging her legs over the side, and stood up. The full-length mirror stretched the room behind her ahead of her, and standing in the foreground of her background was the person she had been avoiding for years. Her eyes floated cautiously over the one-dimensional surface of the mirror, avoiding the dimensions of herself that she did not want to see. Then she broke surface in an effort to relate to the figure on the other side.

She looked, seeing in perspective the fat legs encased in tight, crotch-cutting denim and the bulky jersey that was supposed to make her look thin and feminine inside it, and did not.

Her self-image distorted and, like a disturbed reflection on wind-gusted water, took on new dimensions. Her mirror image was a framed mockery of the small, sensitive and vulnerable inner person. She felt lost and threatened inside the blotation confronting her, this physical body that was a negation of her self, something external and alien that she could in no way accept as her own. She rejected it.

Overheard comments swam across her memory, comments she had alternately tried to drown and to cancel with excuses, or forced herself to relate to. Her relations with people were spoilt by endless misinterpretation of words, endless certainty of rejection. Everything she heard was screened for an underlying meaning. The 'nobody loves me' syndrome had become a way of life. She had known she was fat all along — she had just been avoiding. The girl toppled herself on to her bed. It creaked the way old beds do, as she manoeuvred herself on to her back. The toe of one shoe worked the other shoe off. It dropped to the floor, and the feet changed roles. The girl closed her eyes. Her hands rested on one of the folds of her stomach. She felt the fold there and was repulsed.

Her line of thought streamed from her size to her loneliness, and so to her insecurity. To her these

were directly related. Inundated with self-pity, she let depression flood over her. She could bear it no longer.

She raised herself. The mirror flashed back the cause of it all; she turned away, rejecting herself. As she opened the kitchen door, the aroma of freshly baked bread floated into her nostrils. She sat down and stuffed her face, indulging the only two senses that did not reproach her, and so, for half an hour, to ward off the self-rejection that haunted her, she ate, letting the cause of her problem become her refuge from it.

Kate Philip, Std X.

LAUGHTER

It was a hot, humid day in New York city. A harassed-looking woman forced her way through the hustling, bustling people on the crowded pavement. The entire city had an oppressive air. Everything was sticky; all smells were tripled in strength and tempers were shortened.

The woman walked up the steps of an apartment building. Her footsteps dragged on the stone. Her shopping bags were tilted at a dangerous angle, but she seemed not to care; she passed a weary hand across her forehead to brush away a stray lock of hair as she inserted a key into the lock of apartment No. 304.

A smell of fetid air, intermingled with cigarette smoke, beer fumes and stale sweat greeted her as she opened the door. She walked straight to the kitchen, not bothering to glance in at the sitting room, from where the sound of a Television commentator's voice blared. The kitchen walls were a pale grey; stains covered every counter; the beer bottles formed a regimented pattern on the table and the sink was full of unwashed dishes. She sighed, shook her head as if to clear it and dumped the parcels on the table. She ignored the mess, feeling strange because she just did not care about it any more. She felt no pride in anything she attempted in the apartment, because everything lost its gleam, its clean polish too quickly.

She turned and moved dully towards the sitting room. As she entered her husband did not even glance up. His mouth was full of hamburger, with onions dribbling out of the corners. He was watching a group of girls doing a cabaret show and an oily dribble passed the onions and dropped off his chin, intermingling with the sweat in the creases of his stomach. As the programme ended, he changed stations to a comedy show, and glanced up at her before gulping a mouthful of beer to wash down the mouthful of hamburger. His attention was again fixed on the screen and as he took another bite of the hamburger he began to shake with laughter; his trembles seemed to begin at his feet and move up to his head and down again. She stared in morbid fascination, as though she could not believe that that monstrous lump of jelly was her husband, whom she had once loved, but now the emotion had been worn down, day by day, until she had felt nothing, absolutely nothing. Today for the first time did she feel any emotion whatever and she could not place the feeling she had. She could not take her eyes off that sweaty

mass. His naked torso was made up of oily rolls of fat, not firm fat, but soft, almost soggy fat. The rolls of grease continued up to his chin and they were glistening, gleaming as he continued to shake.

Her eyes reached his mouth. It was a dark hole, wide open, gaping at her, tormenting her. It produced sounds that rang around the room, bouncing against each wall and back again, bouncing against her, mocking her as it continued on and on. The uvula at the back of the cavern seemed to be doing a frenzied dance, up and down, backwards and forwards, wiggling in the midst of a saliva-filled mass of oily hamburger as though it too was enjoying the joke; it too, seemed to mock her, as those cabaret girls did, mock her dowdy dress, her lustreless hair with streaks of grey that seemed to represent her life; a grey streak in the midst of alien brightness.

She suddenly felt lightheaded. She realised that she could not bear to see that slimy mass of a man in her chair any longer. She got up and went to the kitchen. She opened a drawer and took out a knife, the bread knife, and as she walked back towards the sitting room, she began to giggle.

Lucy Quinan, Std X.

AN EYE FOR QUALITY

Metallic chrome, a mass-produced sculpture of sleek, greased blue, slid its way slickly along a silver thread in the wet web of the city's roads. Inside, a man, impassive, encapsulated, sat. Slim upper-class fingers held the leather-bound steering-wheel as it turned, taming the road with a twentieth-century hum of efficiency, and the stark, dark profile glared down over the nose of the Jaguar. The wheels licked the wet road.

The Jaguar nosed its way into a parking-place, purring with the power of a wild-cat, and died. The door slammed, and high-heeled men's shoes (genuine leather) strode across the matt wet tarmac and into the yawning warmth of a stuffy, carpeted ground-floor. The man (a young man) paid his entrance fee vaguely, not seeing the chic female who gave him his change, and who observed the cut of his coat and the extent of his swagger as he walked down the steps to the basement night-club.

Angled mirrors reproduced him, synthetically three-dimensional, and he walked on, unaware of the seven suited Gods confronting each other, blank faced and fading as he walked. The place was full. He sat, and plush velvet moulded itself undemandingly around his shape. A packet of Gauloises, necessary for the image, were drawn out, one lighted, and the packet laid nonchalantly on the table next to his lighter (genuine silver).

Lynx eyes surveyed the scene, and two fingers masturbated his droopy black moustache. Most females present, draped in Elzbieta Rosenworth's ideas, draped themselves in turn over their partners. Those who had partners, that is.

An hour passed. The thoughts of the man (a young man) were incalculable behind his impassive features, yet he nevertheless registered opinions. The singles were sifted through the sieve of his appraisal, the couples were disregarded. The single

females were sifted, too — the chic from the pseudo-chic, then the experienced from the over-experienced and from the inexperienced.

He made his choice, and with periscope stealth observed from his corner. Impressions coagulated. He paid for his last whisky and soda (his snake-skin wallet was genuine), slid out from his seat, and stalked smoothly, silently, over to the body with the tight blue satin skin. A dance was danced. Words were passed. A coat (imitation skepskin) was draped with an affected flick of hair (imitation blonde). The two left.

Metallic chrome slid smoothly along the slimy wet road, and the stars looked down, as they had for countless ages, and saw the oil-paint streak over a silver thread in the web of the city's roads. The wheels licked the tarmac.

Kate Philip, Std X.

A CHEERFUL GIVER

My parents were on the verandah cleaning up the remains of jelly, peanuts, chips and all the other ingredients that went into a happy, sticky, child's birthday-party. I, however, sat enthroned in the drawing-room, with a train consisting of my little sister and the cats and dogs who watched entranced as I carefully undid the cello tape without tearing the beautiful wrapping paper and then surveyed the gifts from my friends. The wonderful assortment was then escorted to my room where it would stand on display for weeks.

It was only after I started at school that I learnt the meaning of the expression: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This had often been quoted at me when I had clamoured in childish greed for more and more gaily-wrapped parcels, but it became intelligible when, at the end of Kindergarten, I was able to present my mother with a little, green, felt bag, with "String" embroidered in rather crooked letters on the outside. My mother was overjoyed with the rather scruffy piece of work and the feeling of having pleased her with my handiwork remained with me for the entire holidays.

The feeling of pleasure after giving something to someone I loved might not strictly classify me as a "cheerful giver" and certainly I hope that I am never described as that when it carries the pious and self-righteous intonations which are often associated with that appellation. I suppose that, at the stage of my development when I was in Kindergarten, I was both selfish and stingy, for, although my bag was stained with my blood from where, on countless occasions, I had pricked myself, I had no use for a string-bag and we were even instructed to give them to our mothers for Christmas; thus, although I felt pleasant from having delighted my mother, there was no accompanying feeling of self-mortification and sacrifice.

At the age of ten, the system of a weekly allowance, "pocket money", was introduced and, from then onwards, the element of sacrifice in my giving was stressed. I was now supposed to provide respectable gifts for friends and family alike — and this often involved going without sweets and the other little accessories to life which mean so much when one is ten.

I should admit that at this stage the actual buying of a gift for someone else with my money filled me with envy, but, by the time the parcel was wrapped up, I was filled with excitement as to what the receiver would think and, after that, it seemed an eternity until the gift was safely in her hands and I was reading the look of pleasure on her face.

I must not pretend that I class myself among the great "cheerful givers" of history: those who offered up themselves willingly to save family and country and illustrated the words of our Lord when He said, "Greater love hath no man than this, than that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Nevertheless, like a good wine, love and other feelings are supposed to mature and, perhaps by the time I am twenty-one, although it is more than likely I shall not be capable of the ultimate in self-sacrifice, I hope I shall warrant the love which the Lord bestows on a cheerful giver.

Janet Hammond, Std X.

THE WILD WEST WIND

There was once a gopple called Niggli Po. Well, I think he was a gopple, but you can never be sure with gopples, you know. Some are and some aren't. But I think he was. Anyway, his name was Niggli Po.

He called himself a pottering gopple, because that's what he did. It's what he looked like too — his paunch was definitely pottering. His gnarled feet were as tough and hoary as dried meat, and had no fear of the ground. He was covered in hairs as long as the grass was high, and as coarse as poppy stalks. His head was a wiry mop with an overgrown beard and a moustache like a nailbrush under his nose.

He lived in a domed mud home on top of a hill, covered in daisies that only closed once a year. Every morning while his croissant was warming, he would squat on the kitchen table and carefully plait the hairs around his bellybutton into one thick plait that covered it, as he thought belly-buttons were indecent. After the earnest problems of fig or strawberry jam were over, he would saunter outside, pondering on protuberances and the importance of mud.

And both were very important to him, because he spent every day shaping mud protuberances that covered the outside of his house. The mud was carefully kneaded and moulded, shaped and smoothed, and then built up piece by piece onto a selected spot on the wall. Once he had perfected the basic, elongated shape, he would think about the design. He had to decide where exactly to poke his fingers, and whether or not to stick on leaves and twigs for effect. Each protuberance had a different complex design of dents and hollows — and sometimes strategically placed lumps. He was not very artistic but because he did not know it, his works were very, very important to him indeed. Each one had had hours of careful thought and thoughtful care expended on it, until he could finally step back and be satisfied. When any particular protuberance was praised, he would light up like a firefly and glow with pride.

But once a year, the daisies would close, and the Wild West Wind would ravage the hill for a day and a night, screaming and sucking until every protuberance had fallen and rolled down the hill.

Niggli Po knew why they broke off. It was because he used the row-grade mud from half-way down his hill, instead of the rich mud he had used for the structure of his house, from the bottom. The reason he gave was that it was so far to walk that by the time he had climbed up again, the mud was dry. But that was not true. The real reason was this — Niggli Po once thought he had seen a warthog at the bottom of the hill. And he DID NOT LIKE WARTHOGS.

This year Niggli Po had decided he really would use the good mud to save himself the heartache of seeing his masterpieces destroyed. He had not actually done so yet. He reasoned to himself that the warthog could have got bigger by now.

Well, one blue day of hazy horizons, when he had just completed a particularly excellent protuberance, he pattered to the soft field of white daisies around his home, lay on his back to contemplate the clouds floating in the deep blue, and thought profound thoughts of whipped cream.

Suddenly he went as cold and stiff as a dead rat. The clouds were drifting from the West.

He sat up slowly. The daisies had closed. The year was over. He stared glazedly at his home as the atmosphere around him changed imperceptibly. The wind began to whip around the hill and house, and Niggli Po's benign expression twisted into a contorted contradiction. The panting breaths from the West strengthened steadily. Niggli Po sat among the daisies and quiet tears began to seep down his tough cheeks and into his beard. The Wild West Wind vindictively vented its fury on the solitary mud home on the hill. Niggli Po cried himself into the middle of a puddle as he watched the West Wind tearing his home apart, tearing his heart apart, and suddenly he began frantically to scoop up the tear-made mud into his hands then hurried to his home and blindly thrust on a last protuberance before running inside, his eyes a wet line in the anguish of his face. The wind roared and ripped and slipped away, its tail gleaming the last vestiges of artistry from the little mud home, while Niggli Po, exhausted, slept.

He awoke to silence, uncurled, and crept outside. The daisies were open. The sky was blue. He turned to look at his bare home, and on it he saw one lone protuberance. It was undamaged, although a very rough one. And then he remembered it. He had made it the day before, with the mud of his tears.

Gopples do not think quickly. After a week of careful pondering, lying on his back among the daisies, he came to a conclusion. Tears make good mud.

So for ever after, Niggli Po could be seen while his croissant was warming, sitting among the daisies outside, cutting up onions, with a large smile on his face, and tears streaming down his cheeks. The Wild West Wind never worried him after that. And he never went to see if the warthog was any bigger.

Kate Philip, Std X.

REFUGE

About four o'clock in the greying, windy afternoon he walked into a public phonebooth, on the edge of town. At random he dialled a number, because he had to talk about it. He got a woman on the line and he told her about his theory that solved everything, the secret of the universe. Carefully he chose his words and he tried to sound as polite and humble as possible because he was scared she might hang up. She did not, however, and because she listened so patiently he also told her about the book he had written about it. Religious pressure groups had confiscated it, because they feared the truth. "I shall have to go back, Madam, I have nowhere to go. They are so cruel there."

Then he was walking along a dark highway, where cars flashed by at a dazzling speed. It had started to drizzle and he felt tired and lonely. The raindrops danced in the light of the headlamps. He dug his hands deep in his pockets and his neck dived deeper into the protection of his collar. The image of the woman doctor came to his mind. With a self-assured smile, she had said, "Come let's talk about it?" She was in love with him, as all women were. Almost inwardly, he laughed bitterly; he had no time for that.

He had to retrieve his book or write it again. If only he could have a quiet room with a bed and a desk, — then! Hope flowed into him, warm, like a drink, but left him almost immediately. He had no place to go. Desolately and idly, he thought of when last he had had a woman. He could not remember her face — only the paleness of her body. He felt no desire now, he must find his book.

He sat down at the side of the road beneath a large and efficient lamp post. His hair was wet and stuck to his forehead. He shivered; he was cold. But what was worse was the despair, the cold, cruel despair, leeching and tapping him of all his life; it felt as if it were draining away. He was panting; he wanted to scream. He knew he could never write that book again.

"They have destroyed me, these six years," he thought.

The despair was unbearably black. It had to stop. He got out his penknife and cut himself in the wrist, deeply.

"Oh!" It was thin, not pain like that of the previous times. He sat still for a while, contemplating his bleeding wrist with fascination. "Why doesn't anyone help me? Do I have to bleed to death?" he asked himself.

Now the blood felt warm in his hand, almost comforting. He decided to thumb a lift.

Then he remembered sitting in the front seat of a truck and the driver asking him:

"What's with your hand, mate?"

"Nothing."

"Well, there is blood all over it."

"Oh, Oh, I think I have cut myself."

"Aha!"

Why didn't he notice the suspicion in his voice;
was he asleep then?

Suddenly he was in a room with policemen, and
one of them said: "Calm down".

But he was as calm as still water, explaining his
theory. It was so simple. If only you could see it.

"I am a genius," he said smiling apologetically. "I
can't help it."

Then they grabbed him and gave him that damned
injection. He fought wildly against the effect of it;
then he could do no more.

This man had no refuge, not even from himself.

Eve de Rooy, Std. X.

WAVES

With the fragrance
of elusiveness
the mists of my memories
whisp,

whisk,
over the footprints
in the beach of my life
that has been trod.

And then I look
to the waves
that show me
the strength and continuation
of my
present life.
The determination
of continual
striving,
failing,
striving ...

And these blue waters
of life
give hope for the future,
and show me the way
as the massive mass of water
strides forward
to win the eternal race.

Ceredwin Thomsen, Std IX.

CHARRED FINGERS

The bare brush hills
Blanket-rippled, and folded
Oscillate
In the heavy heat.
This smothering sauna
Opressive, clinging,
Is void of people
who like snakes
Tired of sunning
Crawl to cool retreat.

Dry so dry
The pine forest stands.
The vampire sun
Has sucked out its sustenance.
The needles have
Chameleoned
From green to

Brittle brown.
The forest is silent,
Watching and waiting,
Unaware that
This day will become
Devastating.

Poised is the forest —
Innocent as the pool
Before plunging pebble
Crumple-writhes the surface.
Inviting disaster as a clear pane of glass,
Before webs of ice
Pattern it, after the shatter-stone.

Squirrel, quiffing for food
Stops. Hunches.
Eyes bulge, dart
Tail whips from flop to
Ramrod.

A haunting hoot,
Stealthy shadow,
Swish over the air
Which is wispily tinged by
Smoke.
An owl.
In daylight.
The squirrel flees, chattering warning.
Echoed by the magpie of the scape-grass hill.
Then —

With the wicked wind whipping it,
Curling smoke swirls, turns
Grasps the hand of the next needle,
Licks on and bursts.
Flames rush, rolling-roaring
Speed on, spitting
Crackle, devouring.
Frenzied, frantic
Wild-eyed animals
With scorching tongues, and
A lapping lumaic behind,
Flee from the fire.

Yellow, belching fumes
A torch on the mountain-top
The forest stands
While ribbons of scarlet and
Curling crimson
Pay a last tribute
To its soul, once damp and dark.

As night draws on
The charred
Forest stretches
Black fingers,
Futile scars,
To touch the
Blueblack satin
Of the sky.
That day I cried.
When the forest died.

Amy Williams, Std IX.

COMMUNICATION

i want to write
words
that will fill you with ecstasy as they bubble
from your lips
creating rhythms and patterns of
colourful, joyful life — of
simple things like
bugs and
leaves

i want to cause white, searing pain, as my
poetry? recalls
sadness, and hurtfulness,
wistfully; want you to murmur
the words again,
pondering the despair
of poor, sick, unwanted,
unloved.

and i want to find the precise
figures of speech and
onomatopoeias/alliteration/assonance
to flash pictures of
tiny pools of rippling water, which
plink patteringly as rain falls,
and other such
microscopic
joys.

so many things i want to say,
beautifully,
forever.
so i keep
trying.

Amy Williams, Std. IX

SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

Professor Multaverba sat all day and most of the night in the little room which led off from the passage just before the upstairs library. He was a "strange" man as Molly, the new girl who dusted and polished, told her young man every Saturday night. Molly tried every Wednesday (that was her dusting day) and every Friday (that was her polishing day) to clean his study. But as she excitedly protested to the housekeeper on her first day:

"I didn't mind so much when I read that rude notice on the door, or when a pile of heavy books fell on my head when I DID open the door, and a notice shot up, just about knocking my nose off, saying: 'Told You Not To!', but when Prof Multy said, calm as you please, 'Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956 — no better use for them! Well, then I was furious, as you might well imagine.

"I wouldn't have it said that any of the Martin family, least of all Molly Martin, had ever failed in his duty. So I said, very respectfully, 'Professor Multaverba.' (whoever heard of such a name anyway?) 'I'm here for no other reason than to dust your furniture. I don't snoop, pry or whatever else was up on your door. I don't appreciate being treated like this — Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956, indeed — but, as I said to you, Ma'am —, 'No Martin has ever failed in his duty and I don't see why I should either. So if you'll excuse me, Sir, I'll just clean up a bit.'

"He didn't even comment, just carried on scribbling on one of the great pads stuck to his desk. But when I started banging the books open and shut — phew, you should have seen the dust that came out of it — he became quite pale ...

And as Professor Multaverba said to Mrs Featherthwaite that night: "... It's bad enough having another woman in this house; but one who marches straight in to my room, despite my very explicit notice and the Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956, and then starts mucking around with my books ..."

As you know by now, Professor Multaverba spent most of his time with his books and his pen. He was writing on what he called: "Something — of — great — importance — please — leave — the — room". Mrs Featherthwaite, either because he had once expressed a partiality for chicken or in order to exhort her master to greater efforts, sent up on a tray for supper each night, chicken noodle soup and one slice of wholewheat bread and butter. The tray came down every night with an inch of pasta a's, b's and c's lying at the bottom of the bowl. Mrs Featherthwaite chose to ignore it.

Professor Multaverba, not being one who expressed his opinion on such mundane matters as chicken noodle soup, never did. In fact his inability to talk about anything which did not centre around books led to his leading a very solitary existence.

As people passed his house, they said: "There lives that Professor Multy something. No one called him by his Christian name, or even knew this name for that matter, except his great Aunt who occasionally sent a letter to "My dear Albert".

It was nearly a year since Molly had arrived at the Professor's house. It had been a very ordinary day, except that Professor Multaverba spent particularly long over his supper. Eventually, when Mrs Featherthwaite was beginning to get worried, the bell rang in the kitchen. Molly (who now dusted, polished and took the Professor's meals up) went to fetch his tray.

Mrs Featherthwaite became alarmed when she heard a shriek of mingled laughter and surprise coming from the first floor. Mrs Featherthwaite rushed upstairs, very dismayed. Never had she heard of such a thing; what would the professor say! She arrived, red-faced, at the door of the study. As usual, a state of havoc met her eyes. But this was different. Sheets had been pulled off the Professor's bed and tied into a rope which hung from the window. The Professor's hat and coat were missing from behind the door. Molly and Mrs Featherthwaite looked at each other. Molly pointed at his desk. Spread out on its surface were the volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956 and on it, spelled out in pasta letters, was:

"Words, words, words, I'm sick of words."

Jane Coombe, Std IX.

SEAGULLS

Two gulls,
 Ebony tipped ivories
 Wheeling, curving, sweeping through the air,
 Ballet dancers, pirouetting
 Through the gossamer-grey sky
 Graceful and delicate; brothers of the wind
 Lifted through boundless valleys of air
 Soaring, swooping
 Dipping, diving
 Turning and twisting
 Acrobats of the sky
 Free.

A morsel of food,
 One gull
 Dives,
 Grabs
 Flies off in a curve
 Screeching.

The chase is on.
 The other gull
 Wailing and screaming in protest
 Follows the first.
 Together they
 Soar, swoop
 Dip, dive
 Turn and twist.
 But there is no grace in their movements now.
 They have become scavengers, uttering hideous
 cries
 No longer delicate,
 No longer free,
 But ugly, plain, black-and-white sea-gulls
 Imprisoned by greed
 Held by lust
 Bonded by the law of "survival of the fittest"
 The chase ends as
 the morsel falls and is lost in a tree-top.
 Both gulls fly off, gracefully, freely,
 Once more hiding their true colours
 Behind a mask of grace and beauty.

Tania Braun, Std 9

REGRESSION

Between her calves the horse's heart beat with the bloodrush, she felt the monstrous ebb and flow of adrenaline, the come and go of straining muscles tightly spiralled. The power in that quivering arc of a neck was concentrated on retaining the horse's fine balance as he uncoiled into a full gallop.

She returned when it was not yet night. The day had not yet left and its half-light remained, turning the earth shale-grey. That night she still heard the shuddering hooves on the baked ground, she still felt and saw the mirror-like quality of the white sand-dunes of her afternoon ride.

Rebecca was a child of our time, a harassed, pregnant child-bride. She had proved unequal to city life. Cramped in a small flat she had become tense, neurotic and a potential child-beater. On doctor's orders the child had been placed in the care of grandparents and Rebecca was removed to a farm for six months.

Within the first week she had visibly improved. She had begun by helping Sonky, the stable-hand, carry water and bales to the stables. She had been frightened, at first, of the hay-barn in its enormity, of the cows and their playful bucks, and, most of all, of the horses and their gleaming flanks. She had eventually grown used to the sweet-smelling hay barn and would often rest there, lolling back with her city-mouse hair pulled out of its respectable bun and her legs splayed in an unaccustomed gesture of relaxation. She would sometimes go to the darkest corner where the lucerne was stored, and, chewing a piece of the sweet, pungent crop, would gaze at the pastures through the chinks of the wooden wall. She had also ventured, one day, to touch one of the older cows and finding them gentle, would scratch their grimy, sparsely haired backs while they were waiting soberly to be milked.

She had begun to walk with a longer stride, no longer inhibited by high heels and pencil skirts. Her hair had captured a golden tinge, her body had filled out and her muscles had acquired an elasticity that rendered them capable of performing the lighter farm duties without tiring. She spoke less, but when she did her voice was mellow, it having lost the socially-acceptable shrill tone, and her skin was golden brown, as if it had, for the first time, been given life.

She had learned to know the horse and often rode out on Happy Lad, a large chestnut of even temper and even stride. She had gained confidence and started to take her over logs and fences on their rides. They had eventually acquired what every rider hopes to obtain, complete confidence and "oneness" in each other. They became an entity and could be seen each evening, a lovely girl gliding past on a chestnut gelding.

Then came the day, three weeks after her arrival at the farm. William, her tycoon husband, was due to come and see her and spend a few days there. William, a pale, anaemic-looking "success" arrived in mid-afternoon to find that his wife was out. His computer mind registered her absence and was a little put-out, but he settled down to wait.

He was unprepared for what he saw an hour later, approaching on a chestnut horse. He had left his wife with a certain sense of relief. He was young, too young to be married, and relished the thought of a few months away from her eternal nagging and neurosis. He had "hit the town" and regained his lost freedom, his lost youth for a few weeks. He thought he had found what he wanted; he realised he had made a mistake. Their two years of marriage had hardly been rewarding.

She stopped and vaulted off with an easy grace and came loping towards him with concern in her eyes. To her, her husband looked dreadful, an earthworm of a man, a methodical, economical, repulsive creature of smog and smoke. She kissed him on the cheek, at once smelling the stale smoke that emanated from his pores and the sweat congealed against his back as a result of the hot car seats.

He took her hand. Was this his wife? This sun-kissed creature of the veld? She had changed, they said, but this wasn't change, it was something different, unusual, threatening and frightening. She was no longer the woman he had married. She was no longer a crushed, broken product of the town, she had broken free of the bonds that held her she had torn the shackles from her wrists and ankles and had emerged triumphant, ecstatic, a new woman.

She couldn't bear him near her. Was I like that once too? Oh I've been shown so much, must I lose it all now?

He sensed the way she felt. They stood undecided on the lawn. They knew that something irreparable had come between them. He wished he were like her, fervently he wished it, yet his was the world of offices and telephones, hers the world of fulfilment, satisfaction, action, hers was a "life" in the true sense of the word.

As she took her husband's hand she turned once more to see the gelding being led to his stable, and sighed. She knew she must return to the smog-enshrouded city whence she had come.

Vivienne Vissex, Std IX

THE DWARF'S PRESENT

The badly-proportioned little man stumbled through the ruin to his caravan which was on the outskirts of the circus grounds. The dwarf threw himself on to the bed and sobbed. He was tired of doing worthless tricks and cartwheeling through the sawdust in a ridiculous suit, knowing that the people were laughing at his abnormal size and not his acts. The little man was human and wanted to be treated in that way.

The rest of the circus people called him 'Bonzaï', bonzaï indeed! He was not a tree, he was a human being, and this they could not understand. He had not been trained and trimmed like a tree to stay small so that he could become another act for a circus manager. He was not a tree whose gnarled roots had been purposely starved and treated so that they would stay small. He was not an ornament or a tiny tree in a pot substituting for real, normal trees to the people who lived like ants in a block of flats. His arms were not branches, his eyes were not woodpecker holes, his heart was a pulsating muscle filled with blood, not wood.

Bonzaï, bonzaï the words ran cynically through his mind, laughing at him. The man crumpled and tried to block the screaming words from himself. The more he tried to forget, the more the image of a gnarled, misshapen tree seemed real to him. Was he not a midget, a freak of society, an outcast, a stunted abnormal being which in nature would have been exterminated. He wished that he had been born in the wilds and left to die in 'cruel' nature's arms so that he could never have become a 'bonzaï' in society.

Tomorrow was his birthday, he would have been living for twenty-five years, although he had truly never been born. If the circus people remembered that it was his birthday, they would pass him and say 'Happy birthday, Bonzaï' with as much

meaning as if they were talking to the apes, just so that they could use his name, so that they could laugh.

The dwarf awoke as the first rays of sunlight fell across his smiling face and his rested sleep was broken. It all came back to him and his fantastical dreams of being normal were shattered. He walked to the door of his caravan, his home, and saw a parcel lying on the floor. It had obviously been delivered to the wrong caravan because no-one ever sent anything to him. He knelt down beside the parcel and saw that it was addressed to him. He trembled with anticipation as he opened the crisp white envelope which was stuck to the parcel and the card read, 'Happy birthday, love from all!'

A tear splashed on to the parcel. They had remembered him, they had remembered his day. He cut the string and ripped the paper from the box. There before him was his present, the only present he had ever received in the circus. It was a bonzaï tree.

Disbelief and then realisation hit him. They had given him his brother for they were both outcasts, grotesque beings. He crushed his brother, and through a mist of tears he groped for the knife with which he had cut the string of his present, the bonzaï tree.

Karen Corder, Std IX.

VAN DER MERWE AND THE PENGUIN

As an individual Koos van der Merwe is unimportant, he represents only one fraction of the whole, whose ideals and way of life are his.

Koos van der Merwe can be classified as an average law-abiding citizen of South Africa. He has a sound pleasant personality, which has not been corrupted by society or society's problems. True, one would never call him a teetotaler, but he is seldom ever excessive. Only in moments of extreme happiness does he have reason to celebrate a little more thirstily than usual. He enjoys the good things in life. Beer, boerewors, biltong and boeremusiek respectively, are highest in his esteem. Religion also plays an important role in his life and he makes it his business to attend the Dutch Reformed Church every Sunday evening. There is nothing amazing or noteworthy in his physical appearance — he is a well-built, rather beefy man with a thick, red neck and bull-like head. He wears the almost traditional safari suit with long socks and veldskoens. Unfortunately the sun has given his legs that rather curious banded hue, so common to most safari suit-wearers. Van der Merwe has just one paramount mental defect — his instinctive distrust and dislike of a black person. Van der Merwe will never admit it, but he fears the black man. He has feared the black man ever since he can remember and before that too, only now it is not called fear anymore, it is called hate, because hate gives a sense of superiority.

This, then, is van der Merwe — a man of average status and intellect, a fine upright man in all respects, except in his intolerant but fanatical discrimination against the black man.

The account that follows illustrates the sad, but ever-present abhorrence that smoulders within the majority of average South Africans. It shows how a hatred can become so intense as to become a living part of a man to teach him the unforgivable art of pettiness.

Van der Merwe was relaxing one Sunday afternoon in his lounge, which overlooked the beach. He had just finished a meal of braised boerewors and chops and he felt deliciously warm and comfortable inside. Inevitably the food had made him drowsy and he now looked forward to a satisfying doze before leaving for the Church.

Just as he was on the brink of oblivion he was buffeted awake by the harsh jangle of a radio coming from the beach. He glared at the four offenders in frustration. One in particular stood out. He was a thin, sickly looking youth of perhaps eighteen. He had the slyness and bullying quality that is generally present in the weak. In one hand he held the radio to his ear, in the other he held a glowing cigarette. Just then a little black boy and an old man walked on to the beach. Van der Merwe emitted a loud exclamation. There were blacks on his beach. Could they not read the signboard which stated 'Whites only'? He became tight with anger when the little boy sat in the sand, clean, white sand and started digging with a plastic spade. Van der Merwe aimed to uphold the law and remove the two offenders from the beach, when suddenly the little boy shouted and pointed excitedly at the water. Van der Merwe, the old man and the four youths studied the object at which he was pointing — it was a penguin. The little boy ran to the edge of the water in his excitement. Suddenly the sickly-looking youth jumped up, brushed past the boy and waded out to the penguin. Van der Merwe, who was looking through his binoculars saw that the creature was caked with oil. Van der Merwe saw the youth grab the penguin around the neck and bring it, dangling pathetically from his grasp, back to shore and his companions.

Van der Merwe was just about to set out on his clearing-up mission, when to his horror he saw the youth hit the penguin across the head. The bird jerked into consciousness and struggled fruitlessly against its captor. Van der Merwe heard the sound of coarse, loud laughter and watched helplessly as the youth began to slap the penguin back and forth across the head until it dangled limply in his hand. Then he called to a small black dog that was watching from nearby. It was an evil-looking dog with pointed ears and a pointed nose and very pointed teeth. The youth lowered the penguin to the dog's reach, but before the dog could take hold of it, he quickly swept it high again. This happened again and again until the dog was nearly berserk with madness and greed.

Van der Merwe moved the glasses onto the little black boy and the old man. The little boy was sobbing bitterly in the old man's arms. The old man suddenly shouted at the youth. Van der Merwe did not hear what he said, but he saw the youth stop his game and stare at the old man. The youth did stop but Van der Merwe heard his laughter and knew that this was not the end of the matter.

The youth placed the limp body of the penguin on the sand and dragged the dog a few metres away from it. The dog twisted and turned in its lust, slobbering all the while from his small pointed mouth. Suddenly the small black form of the boy rushed forward. The youth freed the dog a split second too late, for the boy had seized the penguin and flung it with all his might, back into the sea. Everyone watched as the penguin swam feebly back into the wide blue sea.

Van der Merwe's moment of relief was interrupted by the sound of laughter. It was the youth's companions who were laughing at him. But having failed to assert his power over the penguin, the youth had to prove his superiority over something else. He turned on the little boy and the old man. Van der Merwe could not hear what he said but he knew, because the youth would have used the same insults and mockery as he would have used. He watched as the youth broke the plastic spade and flung the bits at the boy's feet. And van der Merwe was afraid, because the two black people were not afraid. He wished that they would make a scene, start shouting and lower themselves to the youth's level, but they merely walked quietly from the white beach. The little boy was not even crying.

For a moment van der Merwe felt a tiny gnawing stab of guilt, but it was only a pinprick. He dismissed it, turned from the window and started to prepare himself for Church.

Lizanne Scott, Std. IX.

NOT TALL ENOUGH

Down among the brimstone and hellfire, death was continuing along its normal lines — happily. In a corner, Henry VIII of England was arguing with Genghis Khan, a rather unfortunate-looking gentleman. Young devils were amusing themselves in much the same way as the cherubs up above were, although instead of wings, they possessed small, curly horns. A council of wise, old devils was adjourning for luncheon and a group of Nazis were shouting at a group of Russians who didn't understand them anyway. Hitler and Stalin were arguing as to who would spread their Empires into hell and Queen Victoria was learning how to knit. The climate, while not temperate, was warm and it was obvious that Hell was enjoying its day of rest.

Except in one spot.

Here a young, upstart devil was talking to Satan. He was a devil of great ingenuity, and wore a placard saying so, but there was no doubt about it — the pair were worried. There was a rumour that up in the middle world an old woman had cursed her son-in-law, forcing him to take what had killed him on to the next world: Officials from hell hadn't done anything about it. They had decided that they would just confiscate the revolver or frozen leg of lamb or any other death implements from the son-in-law when he arrived and add them to the arsenal. However, the son-in-law, putting everybody to great inconvenience, had drowned in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Only the upstart devil and Satan had realised the full

implications of this — and they were very worried —

Satan sat up suddenly.

"Ah", he said. The upstart devil looked at him.

"Ah", he said again.

He smiled, "I think that in the archives there is a certain document saying that these curses are only valid while the culprit is alive, so —

An hour later the upstart devil, brandishing his pitchfork and waving his 3-pronged tail, disappeared in a rush of air. Coming to earth a while later, he landed on a platform under his victim's bed. (Devils are unable to walk on earth, but have to stick to special hell-reservations). His victim's foot was hanging over the bed.

He reached up to grab it

He stretched —

He stretched a little harder —

He strained upwards —

He jumped upwards —

But he couldn't reach even her toe —

He tried again,

and again,

and again —

Far below, was a land of misery. The fires of hell had been extinguished. Ghengis Khan and Henry VIII were huddled together for warmth on a floating bit of wood. The Nazis were drowning in the icy water, the Russians were dead. A few soaking, shivering children clung to a floating pitchfork.

Satan, treading water, looked about at the desolate, cold horizon. As he sank, he gurgled to himself, "Damned upstart wasn't tall enough —"

Tessa van Ryneveld, Std VIII.

CROW HUNTING

Dusk

Waiting.

Crows settle

High up in trees.

Peace shattered.

Echoes

Thud.

Sue Rowland, Std VIII.

THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF PROFESSOR BIZZLE

It was a dark night. The long road wound on gracefully, disappearing among the trees. Literally that is, for, although it did not exactly stop, it tailed away and by the time one reached the trees, one found that the road had gone. It was an elusive sort of road.

Professor Bizzle was strolling along it. He was an eminent woggle, respected and much admired for his complicated scientific discoveries. At this moment he was inventing a way to get off the world. He had just learnt that the world was round and this exploded his theory that one could jump off the end of it. However, his new idea was even

more exciting: One would find the spot where the earth curved down, and here one would erect a springboard sort of arrangement. Then one would run, jump on it and go soaring off into the air. In this story, the invention is unimportant, but it serves to show that he was a thinking sort of woggle.

It was a dark night and the trees arched over the road. Rustling sounds emerged from the branches. Coming towards him, in the distance, Prof. Bizzle saw another woggle. Being a kind woggle he ran forward to meet the stranger, just in case he was scared by the twittering noises above. The stranger woggle had the same idea. To reassure the stranger who might think that he was a dangerous woggle on the attack, Prof. Bizzle shouted: "HELPI"

The stranger had the same considerate thought. They both stopped short, on hearing the shouts. The stranger froze; then he turned and ran. Prof. Bizzle, meanwhile, was so shocked that he fell over into a puddle, for he had heard from the accent that the stranger was no woggle, but a woozle! No woggle had ever met a woozle, before, since the woozles had had the great idea of putting the woozles in the area at the other end of the disappearing road.

From his position on the ground, Prof. Bizzle marvelled at himself. To have made the acquaintance of a woozle — few woggles could boast of that. An idea struck him. Why not visit Woozleton. He would make history. He would become a national hero, become known as a heroic nationalist: It wasn't a bad idea. He was not a hasty woggle. He thought for a while, then he rose, and with the pencil and paper that he always carried on him, wrote!

He pinned it carefully to a tree, then he trudged on in the tracks of the stranger woozle.

It was 12 July and a public holiday had been declared in Woggleton. Doctor Todsuckle, an internationally famous psychiatrist, who had known Prof. Bizzle in his youth had been brought in to see how he had been affected by his stay in Woozleton. Theories were flying around in clouds. Some woggles were convinced that Prof. Bizzle would have become a woggle with woozle tendencies. Others insisted that he would have become a woozle with woggle tendencies, while it was the opinion of Dr Todsuckle that he would have become a woozle, a phenomenon never before seen in Wogland.

Officials gathered round Dr Todsuckle who was lying in a deck-chair sunning his toes, attending him and plying him with grapes and caviar. Others built the platform, from which Prof. Bizzle would make his "coming home" speech and others restrained the crowd, who had flocked to see the hero. Flowers were strewn over the road and the Wogland anthem was being sung —

Dr Todsuckle woke up all alone in his deckchair. Above the cheers, he could hear Prof. Bizzle starting his famous speech:

"Friends, woggles, countrymen —", in the town square, which was a few blocks away. Dr Tod-suckle, rather peeved at being abandoned by his attendants, scratched his hairy paunch lazily and murmured drowsily —

"After all, he's nothing different. It's only Prof. Bizzle."

It was a pity nobody heard him.

Tessa van Ryneveld, Std VIII.

I NEVER COULD EXPLAIN WHAT THAT SOUND DID FOR ME

That sound. A simple bird-call but how much it came to mean to me. It was the noise of a Burchell's coucal, which is a cousin of the cuckoo. The coucal is a large bird, brown backed with navy blue wings and head and a white stomach. Its tail is a dense spread of feathers resembling that of a fantail dove. The noise it makes is a type of warble and lasts usually for about twelve beats and is almost like a scale being played on the piano, the descending part of it. I came to love the noise for I knew that as long as I heard it, I would be all right. It sang every morning for about three months and then I did not hear it for a week. I was apprehensive and I had reason to be, for two weeks later, my mother who had had cancer for years, went downhill suddenly and died late in January.

The coucal did not return for several weeks more and just when I was starting to worry about it, I heard the noise — not one this time, but two, calling to each other. They remained for quite a while this time, but then left suddenly. I was very perturbed and again I had reason to be. My brother had an accident and broke two vertebrae in his back. He had a major operation and the coucal did not return until he was completely better.

The coucal remained for about a year and nothing happened so I forgot about it. But, as usual, it disappeared and I got thrown from a horse and dragged because one foot got caught in the stirrup leather.

The horse kicked my knee which afterwards swelled up. I was X-rayed and it was found that I had an extra bone which had been kicked out of place. It was removed and then our coucal returned and was very well received.

Our feathered friend stayed around for two years after this and then one day in early October I did not hear a call. I heard nothing for about two weeks and a shiver of fear began to run down my spine. And sure enough, calamity struck! We were riddled about the value of our house and sold it for half of what it was worth. And that was the end of our coucal for, as I walked through our grounds for the last time, I stumbled over something and it was our coucal lying dead on the ground.

Christine Pulvermacher, Std. VIII.

A JAPANESE TANKA

One everyday
Summer turned out to be an
Autumn. And seasons
Turned redbrown and whispering.
And the world died quietly.

CRIME

(A Japanese Sijo)

They tell him he's a member
of a subordinate race.

They tell him he's only fit for
manual labour. They tell him
that he's just a black bastard.
But they never tell him why.

Caroline Dowdle, Std VIII.

ROLT BALLROOM DANCING REPORT

"Come along", they said, "just for kicks —"

Why, many ask, do the girls of Herschel bother to pass Standard 7 in order to go on to Standard 8? There is only one answer: for Ballroom Dancing. Every year at the beginning of the first winter term, all Standard 8's rush along, with fluttering hearts and lashes to St Paul's Church Hall, Rondebosch, where the indomitable Mrs Spring tries to teach them the basics of ballroom dancing and etiquette. This year was no exception, there were thirty of us, and thirty of Them (Them being, of course, the pick of the Standard 9 Bishops' males).

In the first lesson, we dealt with the basics: one-two-Three, holding one's partner delicately at arm's length. Conversation was limited, but we all assured one another that we had been reading plenty of good books lately, and that the weather had been "really lekkah".

Having overcome a slight counting problem, the boys improved, literally by leaps and bounds, and by now they all dance *really* well, if only they would dance on their feet, and not on ours. However, the Bishops' boys remain unique — for they, and only they, can do a foxtrot to 3/4 time.

At the time of writing, all the girls are expert at the waltz, the foxtrot, the cha-cha, first aid, and turning a wince of pain into a gracious smile.

I must add that, as usual, all the Rolt girls excelled themselves. These include Alison Marr, Leigh Mukheiber, and Jenny Anderson. Our precise timing, natural grace and inane conversation makes us firm favourites in the Paul Joneses.

Oh, well, another nine lessons and it's off to the Palais de Dance with numbers on our backs —

Caroline Dowdle, Std. VIII.

THE MIRROR

It
Watches
me, as I
Watch the mirror
A never
ending
glance.

T. Honig, Std VIII.

I HAD A DREAM

I am I and me is me. Two different facets yet harmoniously united. At least they are sometimes. I am sensible, disciplined, hardworking and correct. Me is emotional, dreamy, sensitive. Me believes in fairies and ghosts. Me is a child.

I and Me walk hand in hand through life. I dominate because Me is the gentler and does not force herself to surface. However, I lucidly remember one occasion that Me did elbow her way into the front seat. It was in a dream.

I and Me were walking on blue grass; the sky was a lightish green. I wore glasses and her hair was pigtailed while Me's hair scraggled loosely about her face. Suddenly, from out of the blue grass, twenty-eight roses sprang up in a bunch. Twenty-seven pink roses glowed like scrubbed cheeks, but in the middle was a special rose, deep-red, fiery and velvety, all at the same time.

Me sprang forward and loosened her hand from I's tight grip. She gurgled delightedly and stretched out her hands to this wonder. Then I intervened and with a stern look reprimanded Me. As she uttered these words the twenty-eight roses disappeared into the blue grass. Me threw I an agonised look. I laughed as if to say, "What's the use of chasing dreams?" I strode on, Me followed meekly.

Presently they came upon a yellow road running through orange heather. The turquoise dome of the sky was interrupted here and there by clumps of blue trees with pink cloudlets forming leaves. Each seemed to hold some delightful promise, like candifloss, or raspberry milk, or coconut icing. Me looked, yearned and longed, but I marched past, keeping with downcast eyes to the straight and narrow road.

A blood-red flash tore the sky. I and Me experienced a falling sensation. We fell kilometres, through yawning space. I was paralysed with terror while Me screamed out in fear until it left her. Then their blurred vision of their fantastical world returned. To their right, purple horses streaked with gold danced in a golden field, run through with lilac blooms. The temptation was too great. Need made Me cruel as she sprang upon I and knocked her senseless, breaking her glasses. She sprang across the golden grassland, free at last, towards the purple horses. They came to her call, trembling, shivering, moist and warm beneath her delighted hands. A gust of wind shakes the world and pink cloudlets drift towards Me in their hundreds, fulfilling their tasty promises. Last of all, out of nothing, twenty-eight roses appear. They move towards her and allow her to touch their velvet fire. Twenty-eight roses — twenty-eight beautiful roses —

Hard breathing, wetness in my face; Hamlet, our dog, has wakened me.

Louise de Rooy, Std VIII.

NATURE'S SKETCH PAD

As daybreak was gift-wrapping the foothills around our country-cottage I awoke to hear a lark descending in lovely, little curves of sound.

When I appeared at the front door and inhaled a breath of pure, chilled air, the sun arose from the horizon. The sky was so bright and blue that you could look two weeks in any direction. The breeze moved through the grass, sifting out into long ripples like the swaying of the sea. Streaky clouds began leaning on the hill tops to rest. A butterfly,

looking like a bow tied in the hair of the lawn, added itself to the beauty of the surroundings. Dragonflies threading moment to moment, silently drew the day along.

At dusk the sun found a hill and crept quietly behind it, leaving a warm glow of satisfaction in the sky. As twilight drew to a close, a cloak of night life tucked the countryside in for the night. The full moon beamed its giant searchlight earthwards. The night was so sharp and still that I could almost hear the stars twinkling.

Another day had swept past our awareness, and with the sound of an owl hooting, I fell into a dreamland of fantasy.

Diane Cameron, Std VII.

BEASTLIE BROTHERS

As I walk through the automatic doors into Bestlie Brothers, I see a notice in front of me saying "This store is now run by animals. We hope the service is to your satisfaction".

I walk past the notice and into the first department, "Sports Equipment". Over in the corner I see, among the hockey sticks and tennis racquets, the departmental manager. He is a large, muscular cheetah, bursting with health and energy. He immediately sprints over to me, at fifty miles per hour and asks if I am being served. I say no, but I do not need anything today, thank you, and walk on into the next department. Here they sell clothes and after looking at them for a few minutes, I see a clothes horse heading in my direction, to see if I want any help. As I do not, I wander off into the next department which sells food.

Sitting behind each till is a large fat pig. Each one has long, curly eyelashes, red cheeks and they all look as if they eat too much of the food that they sell. I buy myself some sweets, then walk upstairs to the first floor.

I find myself in the underwear department and remember that I should buy some pants. The trouble is, I hate buying underwear and I always feel flustered. I then decide to leave it until another day, when I see that there is a large haughty-looking camel waiting to serve me. She looks at me down her nose in a terribly disdainful way when I walk from her department without buying anything.

By this time I am very thirsty and decide to try to find somewhere to have a drink. I see a notice saying that there is a milkbar on the second floor. As I walk over to the stairs, I pass through the handicraft centre and see an octopus demonstrating all the various crafts at once.

Upstairs I find the milkbar, and ask the cow behind the counter for a large milk shake. I am served immediately. It is delicious and the milk is very fresh.

After finishing it, I decide to go and see what is on the top floor. Here I find a wool department, where there is a knitting demonstration, by a spider, in progress. I watch this for a few minutes and then leave the department when a sheep tries to sell me some wool.

The next department sells shoes and is managed by an evil-looking crocodile. She slithers over to me and tries to sell me a pair of shoes made from her great grandmother. I hurriedly leave the department and find myself in the centre of a large display of clocks. There is a cuckoo serving some customers. Suddenly, all the clocks strike one, and I decide that it is time to go home. I take the lift down to the ground floor and walk out of Beaslie Brothers through the automatic door.

Judith Knight, Std VII.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

The three plots in the book are linked together at the end of the book through an almost natural sequence of events.

The first plot is the attempts of the Finch children to meet and to know Arthur Radley, more commonly called Boo Radley. He is a person who is sub-normal, but certainly not mad, as rumour has it.

The second plot is the courtesie of Tom Robinson, a Negro who is being tried for rape. He is being prosecuted by the Ewells, a "no-good family" as Calpurnia, the Finch's cook, puts it. The Finches are the family around whom the story revolves. Mr Finch, — Atticus to his children, — is a lawyer who has been chosen to defend Tom Robinson. Jem and Scout are his children, who meet Dill, who is Miss Rachel's nephew, Miss Rachel being a neighbour. Together, these three play games such as 'Boo Radley' and 'Dracula'.

The third plot is Bob Ewell's attack on Scout and Jem. To explain this, it is necessary to go back to Tom Robinson's trial. Atticus questioned Mayella Ewell, the so-called victim of the rapist. During this time, he builds up a picture of the Ewell family, showing them as a lazy, indolent lot, with a drunkard for a father. Then he springs out a statement that Mayella was not raped by Tom Robinson, but was beaten up by her father who then, in order to justify her bruises, forced Mayella to declare that she was raped. Mayella hotly denies this, but although Tom Robinson was convicted, the general belief is that Mayella lied.

It is here that the story is linked together. Bob Ewell, furious with Atticus for having uncovered the truth, attacks Jem and Scout one night while they are on the way home from a school play. Boo Radley, who has taken an interest, unknown to them, in the children, kills Bob Ewell with his own knife in the act of defending the children. Jem's arm is broken, but that is nothing really, compared with what the outcome could have been.

The sheriff, Heck Tate, declares that Bob Ewell fell on his knife, thus killing himself, although he realizes that Boo did kill him. It is here that the significance of the title comes into its own. Atticus gave the children guns for Christmas before these events took place, warning them never to kill a mockingbird because it harmed nobody. It is for the same reason that Heck Tate does not convict Boo Radley, because it would be a sin to submit him to curious eyes when he had harmed

nobody. The death of Bob Ewell was necessary, because he would have killed the children, if he himself had not died.

Morna Lawson, Std VII.

A MISTY MORNING

With so much grace and soft splendour you enclose your loving security around my body. You lie there unhaunted and untouched, pure and clean. You have lived such a gentle life upon this earth. You surpass all other advanced modernized methods, the trendiness of the competitive, shallow people. You show no feelings yet you can sit there, heavily, without showing any type of expression. What is the kind of heaviness that you feel? How I long to reach you and to touch you.

You arrive in your own stupendous glory. You arrive before I ever have done. Your name, so beautifully describes nature itself. You don't hover or watch, you come and go as time does. Can you never wait a while, for me just to touch you and to get to know you?

You mingle between the steel and engines. Why? To try to make modernized life pause awhile and to look around and realize that you and other elements mean more than man and his machines do. They are frustrated by such magnificence. They cannot appreciate it. They despise you because of it. To them you are cold, idle, monstrous and horrific! The voices of their education are beckoning them to get on and not realize the beauty existing around them. Oh yes, you are there in what we are told are the winter months, all the time. Yes. There are people, you know, like me, who long to touch you and see you. We feel you, but do you understand us with our white sticks? Please, please talk to me and teach me your beauty, or are all such glorious feelings so silent?

Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Std VII.

THE CHRISTMAS AUNT ERMINTRUDE CAME TO STAY

From the minute the telegram slipped into our letter box, turmoil and cries of, "Oh horrors!", erupted in our family. Aunt Ermintrude, — we name her 'Ermin the vermin' for old times' sake, — our aunt once removed and, as we say, not far enough, was to spend the festive season of Christmas with us. She did not, however, bring any good tidings of great joy with her, and when we read the telegram, a silent hush of horrified suspense fell on the room.

No great preparations were organised for her arrival; we had only a small spare room to put her and if she complained, well, my mother would go off in tears as she did the year before and the Christmas before that. We just had nowhere else to put her. The day of doom arrived. Aunt rolled up in her Rolls Royce and deposited herself on our doorstep with enough luggage to make any chaffeur collapse from the weight. She rang the bell and, not waiting for it to be answered, exploded into our sitting room, knocking a few pieces of priceless china from the mantelpiece as the door banged. "I'm here!" she bellowed in a voice which sounded like a mixture of a lion's roar

and sandpaper on glass. "So I noticed," said I under my breath, and went into the lounge.

She had draped herself in a chair which seemed to be complaining about the sudden weight of her bulk. My mother and sister followed me through the door and eyed the broken china with horror. "Hello girls and Margo, I just couldn't wait to get here. How are you? So sorry about the small mishap on the shelf!" she babbled.

My mother said something about "Yes, we hoped you could get here sooner, in a small voice and noticed that the chair under Auntie's posterior was about to collapse altogether if she did not remove herself. We helped her out of the chair and we hung up her fur coat weighing about two tons. She barged into the kitchen where my father, pretending not to notice her cries of "Bertie, my dear, dear old thing!" almost fell off his ladder in surprise and shock as she launched herself into his paint-splattered arms.

On Christmas Eve, she announced that she was leaving the next day and would we mind giving a small toast in her honour. When we had finished cheering, clapping, and laughing, dear Ernie went and shattered her crystal goblet when proposing a toast to herself. My poor mother who had mixed feelings on whether to carry her bodily outside to put her on her way, burst into tears and ran from the room.

We all had dampened spirits that night, but in the morning a day of very good cheer. We discovered that Aunt Ermintrude had gone in a flurry of broken furniture and crockery, but we did find a small gift in each of our stockings which warmed our hearts, though, when we read at the bottom of the Christmas card "See you all again next year", a certain sadness filled our minds.

Fiona McQueen, Std VI.

THE BUILDING THAT DISAPPEARED

The light was dawning on Venice, city of canals and bridges. The morning was bright with the rising sun. The sea water softly lapped on the beach sand. The city was just beginning to awake. The early-risers of the poor sector were fetching water from the communal pump to wash in. Aromatic smells wafted out from open doors into the dingy, dirty alleyways. It was 7 a.m. Fat signoras bustled in their kitchens preparing bread, cheese, onions and olives for their husbands' lunches.

The American tourists were waking up, stretching and throwing open their windows to the new day. Today they were going to see the glass factories, St Mark's, the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs and scores of other sights — it was a new day, of that they were certain. Venice was awake.

It was about 10 a.m. before the first tourists filtered into St Mark's Square for their first glimpse of the Cathedral and the Doge's Palace but —

Horror of horrors! Who? Why? When?

The Doge's Palace was gone. It had disappeared. It was as if it had been spirited away during the night by some magnificently powerful genie. In its place was a huge slab of concrete. But how could so large a building just disappear into thin air?

The gasps of amazement were numerous as the guides stood, aghast, their mouths gaping at the spectacle.

After a minute or so, a guide regained his composure and ran off into a smelly alleyway as if the devil himself were at his heels.

Five minutes later the police were at the scene. Eyes bulging, they stared stupidly at the vacant area. At last a policeman scurried to a cafe and a telephone. Suddenly the square was a buzz of excitement; the locals had arrived.

They were phoning Milan and Rome, London and New York, Paris and Munich, the Pope had to know, the President had to know — the Doge's Palace had disappeared. It was a major catastrophe. Then the word got around that the president was coming so all the locals departed to dress in their Sunday best — it wouldn't do for him to see them in their working clothes.

While all this was happening, divers had been dispatched into the canal to dig into the foundations. After about six hours the president still hadn't arrived, but the divers were making progress. At six o'clock that afternoon they were in the foundations.

It was there —

The Doge's Palace had sunk into its foundations.

But how?

Midnight came and went and they still hadn't found the cause — and the president hadn't arrived either — much to the disappointment of the crowds.

Then, early the next morning they found it. A lever with the words "Napoleon Bonaparte" inscribed on it. The old schemer, he had done it again! It was a lever that could sink the whole palace and cause a concrete slab to slide over the hole. Emperor Napoleon's was the brain behind it.

The pressure of the tides had slowly forced the lever down — many many years after Napoleon had intended it to happen. We talk about advanced modern technology, — huh, they had it in the early nineteenth century.

Well, at least the divers had found St Mark's. All they needed to do was to push the lever upwards and cement it into its grave...

Karen Kearney, Std VI.

DEATH

Death comes —
like a creeping
black panther.
Stalking its prey.
Crushing you
with one
blow
of its powerful paw.
Knocking you —
Into Eternity.

Karen Kearney, Std VI.

BEROU KOM ALTYD TE LAAT

Baie word deesdae oor die Amerikaanse 'hippies' geskrywe, en ek lees al die artikels gretig deur, want vir my is die onnetjies klere, die blomme, die lang hare en die kaal voete simbole van pure vryheid. Ek moet my gretigheid onder 'n uitdrukking van ongeërgdheid wegsteek, weens die reaksies van my familie teenoor die mense.

My pa het gesê dat as hy so 'n 'Haight-Ashbury-skurk' in ons buurt sien, gaan hy die polisie bel. Hy het eidelose vertroue in die Suid-Afrikaanse Polisie. Die dood van Biko kon hom nie eens raak nie. My broers is ook so 'verkramp', wat 'daardie meisies' betref. Na my mening, is die kleredrag van 'n mens nie baie belangrik nie. Toe die hele familie een nag weg was (my broers op hul elfendige motorfiets, met hul gegrimde, giggelende meisies), het ek besluit om die aand op my eie manier te geniet. Ek het na die ou mahoniekluis toe gegaan, en al die ou kleres wat my ma van haar oma geërf het, uitgehaal. 'n Ou sjaal het my goed gepas en taamlik snaaks laat lyk, maar dit was nie genoeg nie. Ek het my lang hare toe nat gemaak, en gekrul om 'n 'afro'-efek te kry. Toe het ek 'n ou gelerige witkatoenrok in die ou kluis gevind. Dit het so 'n duim of wat bokant my enkele gehang. Met die sjaal, die wilde hare, en die blomme wat ek in die donker tuin gaan pluk het, het ek gedink dat ek soos 'n plaaslike 'hippie' gelyk het.

Toe het ek die musiek van Jethro Tull so hard as wat ek kon gespeel en na hartelus gedans, op die manier wat ek die 'hippies' in 'n film sien dans het. Ek het my oë gesluit en my mond laat oophang, en my kop geskud sodat my hare om my kop gewaai het. Toe het die plaat geëindig en ek moes 'n paar minute ophou dans. Ek het my oë oopgemaak.

Daar, in die deur, het my broers en hulle aakliggende meisies op die vloer gesit. Daar was 'n oomblik van stilte en toe het hulle almal histeries begin lag. Die meisies het gelag totdat hulle amper omgeval het, en my broers was natuurlik altyd daar om hulle te red.

Ek het van skaamte siek gevoel. 'n Paar minute lank het ek net daar met my sjaal en my blomme gestaan en na die tergende hoop giggelende mense gestaar. Toe het ek na my kamer gehardloop en bitterlik gehuil. Dit was te laat. Die meisies was met my op skool en ek het geweet dat almal die storie gaan hoor. Berou het tog te laat gekom, maar ek dink dat dit in enige geval die moeite werd was!

Kate Philip, Std X.

AGTER DIE GLIMLAG

Toe ek nog jonk was, het my ouers in 'n motor-ongeluk gesterf en ek het by my tante gaan woon. Sy het op 'n dorp in die Karoo gewoon en sy was 'n kinderlose weduwee.

Tante Jane was 'n outydse vrou en het gedink dat kinders nie moet praat totdat iemand hulle 'n vraag vra nie; dus het ek eienaardige kinderdae gehad as 'n mens na vandag se kinders kyk. Daar was nie veel om te doen nie, behalwe om tant Jane in die kombuis te help en ek het nie daarvan gehou nie. Toe besluit sy om 'n onderwyseres vir my te kry — 'n private-onderwyseres nogal!

Haar naam was mej. Tonneson en sy was Engels-prekend. Ek kon nie 'n woord Engels praat nie, maar gelukkig kon sy vlot Afrikaans praat. Sy was 'n klein, ou vrou met grys hare wat sy in 'n bolla gedra het en die grootste glimlag wat ek ooit gesien het. Wanneer sy glimlag het ek gevoel asof haar gesig in twee sou breek, maar dit was net my kinderagtige verbeelding.

In die begin was ek 'n bietjie bang vir hierdie mej. Tonneson, maar sy was so vriendelik dat ek gou heeltemal van my vrees vergeet het. Sy het my stories vertel van haar kinderdae in die Kaap en vir 'n kind wat haar hele lewe lank in die Karoo gewoon het, was hierdie stories wonderlik.

Drie weke nadat sy gekom het, is 'n seuntjie van my ouderdom vermoor. Sy liggaam is agter 'n winkel gevind en daar was geen tekens aan sy liggaam van hoe hy gesterf het nie. Op die grond naby die liggaam het ek 'n knoop gevind soos die wat mej. Tonneson aan haar bloes gehad het.

Vyf weke daarna is nog 'n kind vermoor en daar was weer geen tekens van die manier waarop hy dood is nie. Ook daar het ek 'n knoop gevind en alhoewel ek net sewe was, het ek agterdoctig geword. Ek het terug huis toe geloop en in die huis ingegaan. Mej. Tonneson het daar gestaan met die breedste glimlag wat ek ooit gesien het op haar gesig.

"Ek het u knoop gevind," het ek gesê, "daar by die skaar mense rondom Hannes se liggaam. Was u daar?"

"Ja," antwoord sy, "ek was daar. O ja, ek was daar. En nou — nou is ek hier. En nou is jy ook hier. Jy's te slim, miskien 'n bietjie te slim. Nou ja", en sy sug; "die tyd het gekom. Draai om."

Ek het omgedraai soos sy my beveel het, maar my hart het vinniger begin klop. Toe voel ek iets soos 'n tou rondom my nek wat stywer begin trek. Ek het geskop en geskop en sy het die tou gelos. Ek het blitsvinnig weggehardloop om tant Jane te soek, maar sy was nêrens nie. Toe hoor ek haar voetstappe agter my.

Ek het omgedraai en daar was die vrou met die breedste glimlag op haar gesig. Voor ek tyd gehad het om te skreeu, het iemand haar oor haar kop geslaan en sy het flou neergeval. Agter haar was tant Jane met 'n stuk yster in haar hand. Binne 'n paar minute was daar 'n groot skaar mense om ons, en die polisie het ook gekom.

Hulle het die vrou se liggaam omgedraai en daar was 'n klein glimlaggie op haar gesig en haar dooie oë het na my gestaar.

Fiona Adams, Std X.

LANGS VER PAAIE

Mauritius. Groen heuwels en tropiese lower. Warm son, turkoois see. 1958-motors wat nog net-net kan ry. 'n Vogtige atmosfeer wat die gebabbel van mensstemme net laat deuring.

Die hawe, klein en primitief. Die skip beweeg skaars langs die vuil kaai. 'n See van bruin gesigte daar onder wat elkeen sê: My ware is die beste, kom koop by my! Fantastiese figure van skulpe en koraal gemaak. Blinkende silwer en goud. Kibbelende stemme ruis hoër en hoër. Die verkoper lyk

baie terneergedruk wanneer jy met jou aankops wegloop, net om te vind dat jou vriendin die selfde artikel gekry het vir 'n kwart van die prys.

Die mark. 'n Gebou, wat lyk soos 'n klomp pondokke met 'n muur reuk. Via en groente en rokke en onderklere en hemde en ... Dis oneindig! Die mense! Eilanders! Altyd 'n opgewonde gebabbel en gekibbel. Daardie prys is te hoog. Maar hoe leef 'n mens dan? Ek loop nou na daardie man daar, hy is baie goedkoop! Nee, nee, nee, wag 'n bietjie! So gaan dit aan. 'n Gelukkige volk, dié.

Die botaniese tuine. Palmbome en nog meer palmbome. Alles is groen, daar is geen ander kleur nie. Reuse-skilpaale wat stadig, voetjie vir voetjie beweeg.

Die mense is nog op die kaai, druk besig met onderhandelinge. Aanboord gaan ek na my kajuit, sit dinge weg, trek my skoene uit, en gaan weer op na die dek. "Meneer en mevrou so-en-so se landingsetikette is nog nie op die bord nie. Sal hulle dit asseblief onmiddellik daar plaas." Ons sal seker weer laat vertrek. Die laaste passasiers kom net betyds aan boord. "Hierdie skip is gereed om te vaar."

C. Pikholtz, Std IX.

VERBYGANGERS

Ek is die eienaar van 'n klein kafeetjie op die hoek van Lang- en Dwarsstraat. My geliefkoosde stokperdjie, as 'n mens dit so kan noem, is (as ek nie besig is om klante te bedien nie) om op my stoel te sit en al die verbygangers dop te hou. Ek verseker u dit is baie interessant om die te doen as jy wil hê die tyd moet gou verbyglip.

Ek ken baie van die mense wat verbystap, soos byvoorbeeld mev. Neus-in-die-lug wat altyd 'n sak of sakke inkopies dra (sy doen altyd haar inkopies op 'n Saterdagmôre en sy koop baie klere by 'Dubows', want dit is net oorkant die straat en ek hou haar gereeld dop). Mensertjie Vuil-knieë is ook 'n goeie vriend. Hy hardloop heel dag en val baie dikwels, dus het ek hom hierdie naam gegee.

Dan is daar die Poppie-groep. Hulle is 'n klomp meisies wat altyd op 'n Vrydagaand verbystap. Hulle gesigte is met grimering besmeur; elke meisie in die Poppie-groep dink die wêreld van haarself. Partykeer as hulle na een of ander partytjie toe gaan, neem hulle hul langhaar, vuilgeklede kerele saam en hulle loop verby terwyl hulle met harde stemme praat en jil. Ek hou glad nie van hierdie groep nie — ek weet nie wat met die wêreld verkeerd is nie, maar ek weet dat daar in my dae nie van daardie soort rondlopers was nie.

Saterdagoggende sien ek groot, klein, vet, maar en al die verskillende mense wat jy kan noem. Heel oggend sien ek net verskillende kleure van klere verbygaan. Intussen moet ek lekkers, brood en anderhande goed aan my gereelde klante verkoop.

Dit is baie interessant om te dink dat al die mense wat ek op byname noem, die moeder, man, of kind van iemand anders is en baie belangrik vir iemand is en dat my groot wêreld van verbygangers so klein en onbelangrik is as jy aan al die mense in die wêreld dink.

Alison Marr, Std VIII.

GRANDPÈRE A QUATRE-VINGTS ANS - MAIS

Grandpère? Oh, oui, il a quatre-vingts ans, mais il n'est vieux qu'en âge! Son histoire? Bien sûr, je vais vous la raconter, dit Anna Nadolsky. Il s'appelle Igor Nadolsky, et comme tu as probablement deviné, il était Russe (maintenant il est Français naturalisé). Quand, en 1917, Lenin a saisi le pouvoir en Russie, sa famille a fui en Turquie.

Son père avait admiré Karensky, un homme qui a voulu la communisme en Russie, mais par la violence comme voulait Lenin. Alors, par une nuit sombre, en hiver, où le temps faisait mauvais, (il pleuvait et neigeait et il n'y avait pas de lune) M. Nadolsky, qui avait vingt ans, a entendu quelqu'un qui frappait sur la porte. C'était la police secrète de Lenin. Igor, qui habitait avec ses parents et sa soeur Kalinka, qui avait seize ans, savait ce que c'était, et il a prévenu son père. Silencieusement comme le renard qui traque un lapin, ils ont échappé à la police. Ils ont pris une route longue à travers la campagne, et, après deux semaines, mangeant seulement les petites provisions qu'ils avaient prêtes pour un tel voyage, ils ont atteint la mer, où un ami, qui voulait aussi échapper, les avait emmenés jusqu'à Istanbul. C'était une traversée longue et triste, car la mère Nadolsky est morte.

A Istanbul Igor a oublié lentement les horreurs de ses jours en Russie. Maintenant il enseigne la langue turque et le français à l'Université de Bogazici. Il enseigne aussi le yoga — qu'il peut faire habillé d'un complet! même se tenir sur la tête! C'est vraiment un homme étonnant."

Sa femme, je dois dire Mme Nadolsky, était une jeune Française quand elle est arrivée à Istanbul, et elle enseigne maintenant le français. Elle a enseigné une petite fille pendant deux ans — moi!

Amy Williams, Std IX.

MON ONCLE ARABE

Mon oncle est né en Arabie Séoudite, le même jour que je suis née en Angleterre, mais cinq ans plus tard. Sa naissance était le point culminant du scandale de la famille. Ma grand-mère s'était sauvée quelques ans d'avant, sans trace usqu'à ce qu'on ait reçu une lettre décrivant sa nouvelle vie. Elle s'était mariée encore une fois, et elle nous a raconté qu'elle a eu un fils.

Il faut avouer que je ressentais un peu ce petit Arabe qui partageait mon anniversaire, mais c'était aussi pourquoi je le trouvais intéressant. Un jour nous avons reçu encore une lettre timbrée de l'Arabie Séoudite, et dedans il y avait une photographie de cet oncle. On a vu un petit gamin impertinent, aux cheveux bouclés. Il était vêtu des robes arabes traditionnelles.

Nous voilà dix ans plus tard. Il y a quinze jours que j'ai rencontré mon oncle. On a sonné, et quand je suis arrivée à la porte, j'ai vu un monsieur basané, élégant et fort bien fait. Derrière lui vu un Rolls Royce d'un bleu de la mer profonde. Cet homme m'a offert sa carte de visite, et j'ai lu le nom du petit Arabe impertinent.

Après l'incrédulité de la famille et les embrassements, il nous a raconté sa propre histoire.

Son père était vendeur des glaces. Ils n'étaient pas riches, mais ils étaient heureux. Quand mon oncle avait dix-huit ans, il avait décidé d'aller en Europe. Il se frayait un chemin, et enfin se trouvait à Paris. Il n'y connaissait personne. Il ne trouvait aucun emploi. Aussi, un beau jour, il s'est trouvé devant les bureaux de la magazine 'Vogue'. Comme il regardait les photographies dans les fenêtres, il a aperçu qu'on le regardait.

Or, on peut deviner la fin de cet épisode de sa vie. Oui, il est devenu mannequin!

Après quelques mois de gloire augmentante, il s'est décidé d'essayer de devenir inventeur des modes. Il a introduit une mode arabe pour les femmes! Une des raisons pour sa gloire était son enfance étrange. On a posé des questions au sujet de sa famille, ses parents — et enfin il s'était rappelé qu'il avait des parents en Angleterre —

Nous sommes bien heureux qu'il s'est rappelé de nous!

Kate Philip, Std X.

Preparatory School News

Although 1977 has been a year of unrest and change in our country, school has provided a secure and steady background in the lives of the pupils of the Preparatory School. Routine tasks and events have carried on as usual. This familiar pattern, year by year, becomes a part of the whole fabric of school as knowledge is gained and the excitement of discovery gives a zest to learning. As a staff we can help your children to understand facts and to master them by steady application; we can build up their confidence by encouragement and appreciation of their thoughts and ideas; we can stimulate their imagination so that they can express themselves both orally and in the written word. It is our aim to make them well-integrated personalities and no-one is as ambitious for them as we are. But we are unable to do this on our own, we need the support of the parents in many spheres — ensuring that preparation is done faithfully every day; where there is a problem, talking it over with us so that together we can reach a solution; encouraging your daughter by attending school functions and sporting events — letting her know that you care about her successes and achievements; reading the notices we send out for your information so that you know what is going on in the school. It is so important for the teacher and the parent to present a 'united front' to the child as any conflict can make for insecurity and possible emotional upsets. At the beginning of the second, third and fourth terms, the staff were at Home to parents. This time is set aside so that we can get to know each other and discuss any problems that may have arisen. It is discouraging to have a poor response on these occasions since it suggests a lack of interest.

In the first term our swimming team brought home the coveted Inter-Schools Swimming Trophy for the second consecutive year. Mrs Cole-Edwards worked hard to help the girls reach this high standard and both she and the team are to be congratulated on their success. The Inter-House Swimming Gala was supported by many enthusiastic parents and a most enjoyable morning was spent at the pool — Roit were the winners this year.

Both Inter-House Tennis and Inter-House Netball were won by Roit. A very exciting staff versus girls Netball match was played at the end of the third term and the girls were jubilant at their victory.

Sports Day dawned bright and clear after many days of dull and rainy weather. A large number of parents joined us and we spent a happy morning together, the Pre-Prep and Kindergarten races proved to be a great attraction and were enjoyed by all. There was a spirit of friendly rivalry as each girl made her contribution to her House, and when Jagger emerged as the winners, there was much cheering as Dr Silberbauer presented the Cup.

Monique Biebuyck and Nicola Caine, who represented Western Province at the National Swimming Championships in Bloemfontein this year were both successful; Monique winning the 50 m Under 12 Backstroke and now being the S.A. Champion, and Nicola coming second in the Under 12 Crawl. Our congratulations to them both.

Mrs Craig and Mrs Midlane came to us at the beginning of the year and have settled happily with us. Mrs Craig is presently teaching Std III and Mrs Midlane is Form Mistress in V and responsible for much of the Afrikaans teaching. Mrs Burnton left in March to accompany her husband to Australia. Mrs Wimbush joined the staff as part-time Secretary in April. What a difference her arrival has made to us all! In addition to her own duties, she has assumed responsibility for many time-consuming tasks previously carried out by the teaching staff, and in a very short time she has become part and parcel of the School.

In July we welcomed Mrs McMillan as Games Mistress. In the short time she has been with us, she has encouraged the girls with their tennis and they are keen to improve their standard of play.

Mrs Short left us in September and was replaced by Mrs Robb who has cheerfully taken on the entire Std II class in Mrs Timoney's absence on sick leave.

After almost five years at Herschel, Mrs Cole-



Mrs. Cole-Edwardes.

Edwardes left us at the end of June when her husband was called to a Church in Durban. In the time that she was with us, Mrs Cole-Edwardes gave generously of her time and talent to raise the Standard of our gymnastics and sport. Although she was a strict disciplinarian, she loved the girls and always thought first of their welfare. She had an amazing insight into their problems and was able to help many of her pupils to understand themselves better. She worked well with those who were talented in her field and also with those less well-endowed, stimulating and encouraging them to greater heights. Her excellent organising ability was seen at all Inter-House and Inter-School events. There were many tears when she left us and I am sure the girls will realise in the years to come the value of her friendship and training.

While Dr Silberbauer was on leave in the 3rd Term, Mrs Gillham ably carried on in an administrative capacity. At the 'Prep' we consider Mrs Gillham to be 'one of us', as she has done so much remedial work with our girls and has helped each one of the staff to become a better teacher by her stimulating and challenging thought. Consequently, it was a great thrill to us when she was appointed Vice-Principal in October, and we offer her our sincere congratulations.

The Speech, Ballet and Music Staff worked hard to prepare the girls for their examinations. It was most gratifying to see the results of their labours in the good achievement of their pupils. We thank them for giving so generously of their time to give the girls the knowledge and confidence they needed to do well.

Mrs Crossan and Miss Harman provided an evening of Music and Drama in September when the V's presented a short play 'The Magic Finger' and



Mrs Cole-Edwardes at her farewell party.

the choir and music pupils contributed individual and group items.

The Library continues to be the focal point of the school. Miss Tremble has succeeded in stimulating the desire to read and her wide knowledge and enthusiasm have made library lessons a pleasure for each class in the school.

Some excellent art work was submitted for the Cape Town Eisteddfod and many of the girls won awards. Every aspect of Art is woven into the art lessons which are so ably conducted by Mrs d'Unienville. Clay modelling, paper mache work, leather work and tie dyeing are among the crafts learned. The Art Exhibition in November was quite breath-taking and many parents remarked on the high standard of work.

Mrs Hammond and Mrs Coomer have continued to hold a weekly Scripture Union Class at lunch time on Wednesdays. Here, the emphasis is placed on teaching the girls the Scriptures. This should give them a firm Christian foundation on which to base their faith, and when the time comes for deeper commitment they will have the knowledge with which to back up their convictions. We thank these ladies for the time they spend in preparation and for coming so faithfully each week.

School in the Wilds proved to be a stimulating experience for both Staff and girls, this three-day field study at Villiersdorp is not a holiday in any sense of the word. Everyone is exhausted physically and mentally after the challenging activities, but we returned with the knowledge that the expedition had been most worthwhile.

As we work in this lovely building surrounded by beautiful grounds, we try to encourage the girls to think of those less fortunate than themselves. It was most gratifying to see their response to the appeal to support the 'Blisters for Bread' walk in

September. We raised R1 231,44 for School Feeding on this occasion. On Rose Day many girls brought roses to be sold for needy children. Each term the pupils donate 25c for charity. This year the following charities were supported.

SHELTER
and
MANNENBERG CRECHE

I am very aware of the concern of the Staff to maintain a high standard of teaching and behaviour in the School, and I should like to thank each one for the part she has played in the successes both

academic and otherwise of the past year. My special thanks go to Mrs Cowling who so willingly and capably 'took over' while I was away on sick leave in the first term.

To Dr Silberbauer who always adds spice to life — Mrs Gillham, Mrs Davies, Miss Tremble, and Mrs Wimbush I owe a debt of gratitude for their unfailing support. My thanks go to the Office Staff, Boarding House Staff and Domestic Staff for their co-operation throughout the year.

Patricia Brown.
Ad Dei Gloriam.



OFF TO SCHOOL IN THE WILDS



AT SCHOOL IN THE WILDS



Moira Mannion, Simone Nel, Shona Commins and Kathy Pickup.



AT SCHOOL IN THE WILDS

Shona Commins with one of the lecturers.



DIVING TEAM — PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Standing: C. Mostyn, C. Mannion, Z. Louw, S. Gatt.

Seated: S. Newton-Thompson, M. Mannion (Captain), Mrs Cole-Edwardes, B. Longmore, V. Green.



SWIMMING TEAM — PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Back Row: J. Kilcullen, J. Rathfelder, G. Basson, M. Mannion, M. Smith, M. Honig.

Standing: B. Geldenhuys, A. Abdy, C. Lanfear, C. Mannion, S. Gatt, J. Saunders.

Seated: G. Parker, J. Pickup, M. Biebuyck (Captain), Mrs. Cole-Edwardes, D. Koster, N. Gramman, B. Morris.

In front: N. Caine, K. Hudson.

Absent: F. Knight.

Games Report

The 1977 Sports year has been full of interesting and exciting results with the girls showing determination and good sportsmanship.

Swimming:

Several galas were held in the first term. The climax of the season was the Inter-Schools gala with Herschel once again winning the cup for swimming and coming 4th in the diving. In the Inter-House gala Rolt came 1st with Jagger 2nd and Merriman 3rd.

Hockey:

The weather was most unkind, but with determination the girls persevered with their stickwork and in the end displayed some excellent hockey. This was seen in the Inter-House matches, where Jagger was 1st, Rolt 2nd and Merriman 3rd. Well done all.

Netball:

The netball season was active, with the teams winning many league matches. The Inter-Schools tournament held at Sans Souci was the highlight of the term with both the Open-A and U-12 A getting to the semi-finals. The girls played well and never gave up. The Inter-House netball was won by Rolt with Jagger a close 2nd.

Tennis:

The School continued playing in the Peninsula Primary Schools Tennis Association league and enjoyed many matches. At the Inter-Schools tour-

namment Herschel tied for 4th place with Springfield Convent.



TENNIS TEAM — PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Standing: M. Biebuyck, B. Morris, G. Parker, S. Seymour.

Seated: G. Basson, J. Rathfelder (Captain), Mrs Cole-Edwardes, S. Commins, N. Jones.

Sports Day:

Here the weather was delightful with lots of parents around and some of the mothers participating as well. Mr Rigby had the field well set out and the morning was enjoyed by all. The fun-events brought lots of laughter but the sprints, 2-lap race

and baton relays showed all how keen and determined the girls were to do well for their houses. The eventual result was 1st Jagger; 2nd Rolt and 3rd Merriman.



GYMNASTIC CLUB — PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Back Row : S. Commins, D. Koster, N. Gramman, M. Mannion.

Standing : D. Arton, B. Longmore, N. Broome, M. Biebuyck, M. Thomas, J. Rathfelder, N. Jones, S. Seymour.

Seated : H. Jooste, K. Hudson, S. Bryant, Mrs Cole-Edwardes, E. Vorster, B. Blooman, S. Louw.



GYMNASTICS — PREP SCHOOL

Balance — Jacqueline Rathfelder, Nicky Jones, Monique Biebuyck

A Supporting Sequence — Shona Commins, Moira Mannion, Suzanne Bryant.

Library Report

The severe winter ("cuddle-up-with-a-good-book") and television have proved to be twin assets during this year, and a marked increase in the number of books circulated has been noted.

During the third term, we broke the 3 000 barrier for the first time, and handsomely at that, with a total of 3 292 books taken out. This represented a 41% increase over the second term and an increase of more than 500% over the third term of 1974.

Television, as in other countries, has proved to be complementary to reading. For instance, there has been an upsurge in the demand for books like "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Odette".

We have acquired many new books during 1977: because of the cost factor, we have, in the case of fiction, concentrated on paperbacks. As regards the reference section, we are continually renewing and adding to this important range of books.

As we get busier, the role of library prefects takes on an added significance; we are lucky to be able to call on so many willing and dedicated girls to work in the library. The school owes a great debt to these selfless pupils who give so much time to this vital task. Thanks go to all of them.

Mrs Cowling's unflagging interest in the activities of the library is much appreciated.

Lessons on general knowledge and the correct use of the facilities of the library are given every week from Sub-B level. It is never too early to stress the importance of book care, or to instil a love for reading.

We look forward to the future with pleasure for our library is a happy place and 1978 offers many challenges, not least of which is to try to improve our biography section.

Inez Tremble, Librarian.

The Hill Pre-Primary

It is with pleasure that we present this report for 1977. Again the teaching staff continued to remain constant throughout the year. This benefits the children who become secure in the knowledge that "their teacher" will be at school when they arrive each morning.

The teachers have had a full and satisfying year attending many lectures and workshops organised by the Pre-Primary Teachers' Association. This helps us to keep up-to-date with new methods and so incorporate new ideas into our daily programme.

It was with great sadness that we learned of our Treasurer's death at the beginning of 2nd Term. Mr Frith had worked willingly for us for many years and the staff and children miss his visits to our school.

This year Miss Tredoux of Barkly House Teachers' Training College asked us to help their 3rd year student teachers in their practical training. These students worked with us on a regular basis and the children benefited greatly from the high standards the students set themselves. We would like to feel that our school has set them on the path to successful teaching.

The P.T.A., chaired this year by Mr John Whittall, has again been very active. We really depend a great deal on our P.T.A. to arrange fund raising activities and parent functions and they never let us down. We hope they, in the meantime, have gained from their experiences when involving themselves with their child's school.

The children have been on various outings throughout the year and we have invited people to entertain and speak to the children. The mothers have been very co-operative in this area. We have had

several mothers in to work with the children, for example, stories have been read, french songs sung and taught, pets brought for children's observation and one mother brought in her precious microscope for children to use, under her guidance. Other mothers have, sewed, done woodwork, collected waste materials and shopped for the school.

Another outing is planned for this last term and we hope to repeat a visit to the Castle by bus. The "Duck Waddle" (little 'big walk') was so enjoyable last year that it has been arranged again for the 29th October when we hope to repeat last year's success. We also look forward to the end of year finale "The Nativity Play" always the culmination, for the children, of the year spent at the Hill. Reports must go out for each child — so we have a busy time ahead.

Enrolments are almost complete for 1978 although it has been noticeable the number of families moving away from the Cape either to go overseas or interstate.

We have kept our equipment up-to-date as well as acquiring new toys, puzzles, games and books. This has been possible through the generosity of the P.T.A. as well as our Management Committee.

The Management Committee, chaired by the Rev. I. Eve, continue to give us their support and show their decided interest in the school generally by their several visits to us.

We would like to thank the Management Committee and the P.T.A. for all their help and interest shown throughout this year and to say a sorrowful goodbye to the children, many of whom will be going on to Herschel where, we are sure, they will be very happy.

Thank you.

The Staff of the Hill.



The Pirate Song. Captain (Rupert Bruce), Mates (Tracey Werner and Natasha van Zyl).



The Sailor's Hornpipe sequence.



Snow White inspects the 7 Dwarfs: "Are you ready for work?" Bashful (Mary Ann Wheeler), Doc (Diana Carson), Snow White (Bridget Chapman), Dopey (Karen Snyders), Sleepy (Imelda Knight), Smiley (Alex Black), Grumpy (Melanie McClean), Sleepy (Barry King).

KINDERGARTEN ENTERTAINMENTS

A VISIT TO TOYLAND



The Mice tell the visitors to Toyland, Jessica and Julian, that they can read: Witch (E. du Preez), Julian (J. Berman), Snow White (B. Chapman), Jessica (J. Opie).



Golliwogs Cake Walk — Walkie-Talkie Dolls (Nicky Lloyd Roberts and Christie Peters) Golliwogs (Theresa Cruse and Meg McKee).



The Witch and her Cat (E. du Preez and F. Sass).



Two Cowboys (Carol Millar and Liesl Olivier) roping in a steer.



Father Christmas brought his Fairy (Lisa Faber) to wake up the toys.



Soldier (Elena Rista) with Jack-in-the-Box (Simon Clark).



Changing the Guard. Joanne Lefson and Elizabeth Mallet are inspected by Lauren Foster.



Richard Butland, Liesl Olivier, Jeanne Matherbe and Alexandra Ovenstone at the Silwood Kitchen.



Sing Song at Kirstenbosch for Sub As and Bs with Mrs Davies.



Mrs Spiro, Karen Snyders and Tracy Werner singing at Kirstenbosch.

Original Work

WORM

I have seen a squirming worm
in the shade of a tree.
Then, one two three,
it inched around the tree.
I heard someone call help!
It was worm calling for me.
A bird had caught him behind the tree.
Lizette Preiss, Std I.

WORM

A wiggly squelchy jumpy worm
came wobbling up to me.
I said how-do-you-do
and he said ooooh
And he wobbled right off my knee.
Nincolette Jordan, Std I.

SPIDER

I saw a spider, And he was green and red.
I found him in his web.
Now he is dead.
I found one more,
He was hanging on the door.
Catherine McCarthy, Std I.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING MAGIC
CARPET LEAF

There he was, the King of the Leaves, sitting on his magnificent throne of flowers. I noticed he was not very happy. He looked so glum. I asked him what the matter was and he told me that Gobono Goblin had taken his magic carpet leaf and we could not come and visit him because the doors would not open without it. So I said, "I'll see if I can find that wicked goblin and take the leaf away from him." The King of the Leaves said, "Thank you and good luck."

I walked on and stopped, for there in the middle of an opening, stood Gobono Goblin, dusting the magic carpet leaf. I stood there watching him with amazement and he turned around trying not to look guilty. "Oh! er . . . hm!"

"Now, now, Gobono, pass me that leaf."

"Which leaf?"

"Gobono, pass me that leaf or else I'll box your ears."

"Okay!" he sighed and passed me the leaf.

I ran to the King of the Leaves and handed him the leaf. He said, "At last" and praised me for what I had done. Gobono's punishment was to be locked up for ten days.

Linda Cockinis, Std II.

THE PENGUIN

A little baby penguin, just one year old, jumped in a pond and said, "Mum, watch!" and he said, "Here I go far, far away, in the deep creepy sea." With the ripples on the sea top and in the sea, he saw some rocks. They looked alive to him. They chattered like old ladies at tea. It was like a sound that goes by and chatters and swishes away. He

came to some seaweed. It was a dark green and he slept there with the night swishing him.

Jennifer Foster, Std. II.

A WOOD IN SPRING

The frost cracks under my feet,
Cool breezes blow through the trees,
Slowly the clouds part.
On the tips of the thinnest branches
Little buds of green
Sprout from their winter hideout,
Revealing bright leaves, so perfect.
A squirrel scampers past,
Wakened by the sound of the Hoepoe calling
Through the sun-dappled light
A red doe appears
And in her eyes, the uncertainty, the shyness
And the excitement
Of an animal hunted.

Sandy Newton Thompson, Std III.

THE HOBBLYNYE

At the back of our classroom
lives a Hobblynye,
He has twelve legs but only one eye,
He never eats but always sleeps
He looks so strange he gives us the creeps.
It is said he used to live on the moon.
And might be going back there soon.
For he's just retired.

Marsaili Ross, Std. III.

HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever worn some glasses
or even skipped a couple of classes?
Did you ever break your hand
or run a mile across the land?
Or has your father given you a smack
and by mistake you gave him one back?
Did your mother make you cry
because you told a silly lie?
Or has your brother pulled your hair
And you turn round to give him a glare?
Have you ever?

Elizabeth Carson, Std III.

FEAR

1. I fear charging police,
And creaking doors give me the jumps,
I fear howling trees
And all sicknesses including mumps.
2. I fear to walk in a dark, dark night,
When both my parents are out of sight.
And it is so creepy to go
Through very dark shadows that I don't know.
3. But what I fear most of all
is for all God's creatures, great and small
Someday to be doomed by the horror of war
To suffer terribly, more than before.

Sally Andrew, Std III.

THE INCREDIBLE JUNGLE

This jungle became very very popular with lots of wonderful animals from far and wide. There were so many animals that even the prime minister, the hippotamus, could not hold the great number in his head so it came floating out of his ears and all the animals spent weeks trying to catch it. There was stinky skunk, the schoolteacher, who was hated because of the odour he would make when he got cross which was very often. There were all the naughty spotted monkeys who were always up to mischief and went running round the jungle tickling everybody's feet especially Mr Hooter the owl who couldn't hear very well because he didn't have very big ears.

The soldier elephants with long trunks used hedgehogs for cannon balls which they blew out with great force.

Christine Duncley, Std III.

THE UNHAPPY FAIRY

Mirabelle was the unhappiest fairy in the whole of fairyland. She was too fat and heavy to fly. None of the fairies wanted to play with her because she could not fly and they made fun of her because she was fat. Day after day she would sit in her mushroom house, watching the fairies play tag among the lily pad flowers. Suddenly she had an idea, she would go to the witches of Wockley Hole and ask them to make her thin. She packed food and set off. It was a long journey to Wockley Hole for a fairy that could not fly.

Mirabelle had been walking for a very long time and it was growing dark. She was alone and afraid. Then she found a hollow stump, got into it and fell asleep almost at once. "Gerrou it's my bed!" said an old gnome with a lisp in his voice because he had no teeth. Mirabelle obeyed instantly. Although she was fat, she was polite and good. Dawn was breaking anyway so Mirabelle ate eggs and toadstools, drank some dew juice and went on her way. Suddenly a noise made Mirabelle turn around and there was a cat with its paw stuck in a knot-hole in a tree. Mirabelle climbed the tree, freed the cat without too much fuss and went on walking.

Finally she came to Wockley Hole where the witches were brewing potions. Several branches served as shelves, and on them were bottles, tubes and jars of strong stuff, all the colours of the rainbow.

When Mirabelle walked into the clearing the witches were surprised to see her. The chief witch asked Mirabelle what she was doing there. She told her story from beginning to end. The chief witch spoke again. "So you are the fairy who freed me," she cackled.

"What do you mean?" asked Mirabelle.

"Watch," commanded the witch. Mirabelle let out a gasp; the witch had turned into a cat! Now she remembered. All the witches talked for a few minutes. Then the chief witch spoke, "Drink this and you will grow thinner. It is your reward." Mirabelle obeyed and to her amazement she grew thinner and thinner, until she was just as thin as

the other fairies back in fairyland. Mirabelle thanked the witches very much and then she flew home.

Belinda van de Brink, Std III.

FIRE

Slowly the flames start creeping up, getting higher and higher. The coals are getting a lovely warm, red glow. There is a crackling sound, a flame licks swiftly round a twig, and it snaps. Everyone is standing round, their eyes smarting from the smoke, eagerly watching the fire burning in full swing. As the flames reach their highest peak, they slowly start to drop. They are making many strange shapes, and as the flames lick round twigs, white ashes are being formed.

The coals are sending off a wonderful warmth and our cheeks are glowing with delight. The fire is slowly burning the coals away and soon nothing will be left of them.

The fire has now finished, it has used up all its strength, and as the last little flicker shows, some water is flung on to the remains and it spits and steams like an angry old witch. It dies down, and that lovely warm orange fire is now just a heap of black coals.

Elizabeth Baker, Std IV.

THE JUNGLE

Once twice and thrice upon a time there lived a jungle. This jungle became very, very popular with lots of wonderful animals. One of them was Raffie the tiny giraffe. He was rather like one of those children who are well behaved in front of grown-ups but when he's on his own he's not so nice. Whenever he saw the little Hopscotch mice, (who made tartan kilts for the Scottish boar) having tea, he would come running up, Galomp, Galomp all over their lovely tea. But then the hammer of justice, which was a long thin rock, would hit Raffie over the head and then he would go splat! When he was with grown-ups he would usually be quite good.

There were also wealthy animals who had about three or more trees and caves beautifully furnished. There was Gwen, the most beautiful model of all times. She was a rather large, pedigreed white persian cat. She would parade around in peacock feathers and leather boots and other furs. There was also an actor Wironos who was a Greek guy. There were also the members of parliament but they were far too boring.

Then there were also the everyday animals who were rather simple, except for Miss Trapper, an elderly budgie goose, who was the school teacher. The everyday people had very interesting lives but no one could do anything without the whole jungle knowing, because Mrs Lispeth X was the jungle's gossip. But most of the animals were very kind and that's why the jungle was so popular.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std IV.

THE SEA (HAIKU)

White horses rise up
Fade against towering bare rocks,
Fade into the depths.

Marie-Louise du Toit, Std V.

TOWN ON A RAINY NIGHT

Shining cars swish swiftly through the glistening puddles, the headlight rays studded with dancing needles of icy rain. The torrents curtain the shimmering road, filled with reflections of the bright night lights. The busy traffic's din is muffled by the never-ending streams and cold shoppers jump away from passing cars as they splash through the deepening puddles.

The miserable crowds shuffle thankfully through the inviting doors of the nearest shop. Moist warmth seeps through their shivering bodies. A bedraggled cat leaps through the open door to the warmest corner, then settles down to lick its soaking hair. Spirits rise again, only to fall as each foot steps reluctantly out of the shop. Now they are not a cheerful part of the bright scene and can only look longingly through streaming window panes. No window shoppers walk the streets and no joggers appear at the top of Main road. Away from the light town centre houses look sleepily out of curtained windows, blink and settle down to a night's rest, while dim street lamps stand lonely in their small pool of light. Dripping figures walk down river roads, alone too, except for the millions of taunting raindrops, teasing and driving through the wearer's threadbare sack. Misery and cold walk the poor quarters of the town, and huddled groups sigh here. Back at the shops, doors close on pleading people and they turn to the comfort of the waiting cars. Some walk home, accompanied by roving dogs. One by one the lights go out and the town is enveloped once more in darkness, the stars blotted out by rainclouds.

Katherine Dacey, Std V.

HIROSHIMA

I stared frantically into the misty sky knowing that the roaring sound which I heard was nothing but the savage growl of the American fighterplanes. As they came within my view my heart froze and I stood rigid with utter terror. I knew that what we had all been dreading was about to happen. Suddenly, as I turned to look once more, at the dark shapes which clouded the sky I saw the hold of one plane open. In horror I gaped for a minute and then I sank to the ground in awe. I crouched there, my heart beating painfully as I waited for the deafening sound of an explosion. As nothing happened I cautiously lifted my head and stared into the distance where I saw a plane begin to descend. My ears were deafened by the whistling noise of the steam being let out and the heart-rending scream of a small black object whizzing towards the ground. My heart seemed to stand still as in the distance I heard the terrifying explosion of the atom bomb. I knew that all was lost and in sheer misery I turned and ran on into the darkness.

The next thing that became clear to me was the fact that I was lying on parched ground with my mouth dry and my eyes burning. My skin was peeling off and I felt as if my end had come. As my panic-stricken thoughts were kaleidoscoping with each other I had no time to feel anything but pain, anger and deadly hatred towards mankind.

Miriam Thomas, Std V.

HAIKU

THE SEA

Scuttling crabs rush back
into roaring, rushing waves,
Which crash on the shore.

Deborah Arton, Std V.

SMOKE (Haiku)

Black smoke bubbles out
Smudging the dust-ridden sky
And soiling the clouds.

Sally-Ann Seymour, Std V.

STARS (Haiku)

The stars are God's lights
Which twinkle in the darkness
And look down to earth.

Elsa Vorster, Std V.

MY FAVOURITE SMELLS

(Based on an idea from the Sound of Music)

Roast lamb and mint sauce
with carrots and onions,
Apple tart in Pastry
All crusty in raisins.
Black muscles and crayfish
A, cooking in their shells
These are a few of
My favourite smells
When the wind blows
When the rain pours
and I'm feeling sad
I simply remember
My favourite smells
and then I don't feel
so bad.

Susan Albertyn, Std V.

MY FAVOURITE SMELLS

(Based on a song from the Sound of Music)

Powder and perfume and lavender posies
Freesias and sweetpeas and all kinds of roses
Apricot blossom and lovely bluebells
These are a few of my favourite smells
When the toast burns
When the fire smokes
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favourite smells
And then I don't feel so bad.

Belinda Morris, Std V.

THE CAT

Its sharp eyes
pierce the darkness
as it paces along
the alley.
A leaf crackles
beneath its feet
stirring the deathly silence.

The moon rays,
shimmer down
covering the ground
in a sinister light,
The cat gives a purr,
of contentment
and slinks away
into a side-street.

Rosemary Loch Davis, Std V.

THE EAGLE

King of the birds,
He soars through the sky.
With powerful, outstretched wings.
His piercing yellow eyes
Fixed on the ground.
He plummets down,
Grasps a tiny field mouse
In his knife-like talons.
Then swoops up to a ledge,
Where three eaglets lie,
In a large eyrie
Lined with heather
He tears the meat
With his hooked beak,
And gently offers it
To a fledgling.

Linda Bettison, Std V.

THE SNAKE

Sliding and slithering through green grass, comes
the snake.
Silently stalking his peaceful prey.
His green and golden body glints and glitters in
the sinking sun.
Hissing softly, he slides into the silvery water
for a swim.

Philippa McKee, Std V.

SNOW

Swiftly, silently
Gliding gracefully,
Dancing dreamily
Each spiral
Flutters delicately
Down.

Flakes faintly fall
On endless
Crystal carpets
Of glistening, dazzling
Crunchy _____ Snow

Claire Stern, Std V.

NIGHT NOISES

The stray searching noise
Of a cat mewling breaks the silence.
Then a rare rustling noise of the
wind through the bare branches
can be heard.
A distant daring dog barks and all
is silent.

Jacqueline Rathfelder, Std V.

DIE ONGELUK

Ons het by die rooi verkeerslig stilgehou. Net toe
ons sit en wag, kom 'n bus en dit ry dwarsdeur
die rooi verkeerslig. Hy het met 'n klein lae motor-
tjie gebots.

Die man in die motor was ernstig beseer want
die bus het 'n bietjie oor die motor gery. Die
ambulans het gou gekom. Die beseerde man is
na die hospitaal geneem.

Die polisie het die ongeluk ondersoek. Die bes-
tuurder van die bus is tronk toe geneem.

Maryke Honig, Std II.

IN DIE STAD

Ons woon in Kaapstad. Ek hou baie van Kaapstad
want dit is 'n pragtige stad. In Kaapstad is daar
baie parke met groot bome, mooi blomme en kin-
ders was speel op die grasperke.

In die stad is daar baie teerstrate en robots. Daar
is winkels, apteek en kafees. Daar is groot vrag-
motors, motors en busse. In die busse is daar
baie mense. In die stad is daar baie wolkekrab-
bers.

Ek hou van Kaapstad want my skool is in Kaap-
stad. In die somer is dit baie warm, maar in die
winter is dit koud.

Nicola Caine, Std II.

'N STORM OP DIE SEE

Dit is 'n koue dag en die wind is so sterk. Daar
is 'n seiljag op die see. Die wind slaan die boot
en die water sproei oor die seiljag.

Die lug is lig blou met wit klein wolke.

Daar is ook 'n seeboei op die water. Die water is
blou, groen en grys, met wit branders.

Daar is twee seemanne op die seiljag en hulle
is nat. Die boot het 'n lang mas. Daar is ook bote
in die agtergrond.

Hulle probeer om by die hawe te kom. Sal hulle
dit doen? Ek weet nie.

Jennifer Saunders, Std II.

IN DIE KERK

Elke Sondag gaan ons kerk toe. Ons trek ons
beste kleren aan. Die orrel speel mooi musiek en
alles is stil. Ons sing uit die gesangboek en dan
begin die predikant 'n lang gebed bid.

Die banke word al harder en harder. Ek hou 'n
spinnepoppie dop. Hy hang aan sy draadjie van
die dak af. Al laer en laer kom hy. Laer sit hy
op die mooi blomhoed van die tannie voor my.
Hy begin 'n web spin van die hoed, na die rok,
na die bank na die hoed.

'n Vlieg dwaal lui rond in die kerk. Elke keer vlieg
die vlieg die spinnerak mis. Ek is seker die ou
spinnepoppie is hongert! Die vlieg vlieg in die ta-
drade vas.

"Hoera" skree ek. Dit dominee hou skielik op. My
ma is baie skaam en ek wil weggryp.

Lucilia Alves, Std II.

MY RYPERD

Ek het 'n pragtige perd. Sy is 'n merrie en sy het
'n klein vullietjie. Snags sit ek haar en haar vulliet-
jie in die stal. Haar naam is Vonk. Sy voer uit
'n krip.

Smorens saal ek my ryperd op. My perd en haar
vullietjie slaap in die stal. Elke dag maak ek haar
stal skoon. Ek borsel my perde met 'n roskam.
As ek in die kamp kom, runnik my perde.

Elke dag ry ek Vonk. Voor ek haar ry, saal ek
haar op. Ek sit die stang in haar bek en hou die
toom in my hand. Wanneer ek haastig is, laat
ek my perd galop. As my perd te stadig gaan,
piets ek haar met die rysweep.

Wanneer ek klaar gery het, laat ek my perd rus. Dan gee ek haar baie water. Ek hou baie van my typerd en haar vullietjie.

Kyra Pratt, Std II.

ONS PLAAS

Ek woon op 'n groot plaas. Op ons plaas het ons honde. Een hond se naam is Piet en die ander se naam is Jan. Ons het ook baie skape. Die skape is baie, baie vet.

Ons het tien bulle en tien koeie. Die koeie gee ons baie melk. My vader verkoop die melk. My moeder staan om sesuur op en sy neem al die eiers uit die hoenderhok, wat die hoenders gelê het. Ons hennelê baie eiers. Om sesuur kraai die haan.

Op ons plaas het ons sestien groot varke en twee klein varkies. My vader slag die groot varke en dan kry ons spek. Later verkoop my vader die res van die spek.

My vader het ook druiwe op die plaas. My vader maak wyn van die druiwe.

Ek hou baie van ons plaas.

Aletha Cruse, Std II.

WINTER

Gewoonlik dink mense dat winter baie koud en miserabel is. Hulle sê dat daar altyd reënbuie is, en die lug is donker en grys. Hulle is nie reg nie want daar is selde reënbuie. Soms is dit baie koud en dit reën baie hard. Sommige bome is sonder al hulle blare. Soms op 'n mooi dag sien jy die pragtige landskap van 'n berg met sneeu bo-op. Jy moet stewels aantrek as daar poeletjies of modder in die straat is. In die winter is die gras baie groen. Dikwels is die paaie nat en baie glyerig. Soms is daar 'n reënboog.

Op 'n koue dag sit jy binne die huis. Daar moet 'n knetterende vuur in die kaggel of 'n verwarmers wees om die huis warm te maak. Almal dra dik warm klere. In die aand slaap party mense met 'n warmwaterbottel. Jy eet warm kos om jou liggaam warm te hou.

As die winter kom, vlieg die voëls na 'n warmer land. Baie katte en honde slaap by die warm vuur. Die diere se hare word dikker. Die eekhorinkies en die reptiele gaan slaap. Diere word nie nou gebore nie.

Kerynne French, Std IV.

'N MISDADIGER

Verlede week het 'n bekende misdadiger by ons huis ingebreek. Ons het net van vakansie af teruggekom. Dit was negesuur die aand toe ons 'n geweer skoot gehoor het. Ons het almal buite toe gehardloop. 'n Klein katjie het in die pad gelê en ons het gou hom warm gemaak. Terwyl ons na die klein katjie gekyk het, het iemand saggies in ons huis gestuip. Hy het reguit na die brandkas gegaan. My pa was besig om my ma se juwele terug te sit toe ons die gewerskoot gehoor het. Die dief het die juwele gou in sy sak gesit en na die deur ote gestap. Hy het nie vir ons kat gesien nie en het oor haar geval. Ons het dit gehoor en

my pa het hom vasgemaak. Ek het die polisie ontbied en hulle het hom weggeneem.

Hy het voor die hof verskyn. Hy was skuldig aan diefstal. Hy moet vir drie jaar tronk toe gaan.

Sonya Bester, Std IV.

'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Baie mense het nou ontcomings, maar ek wil jou vertel van 'n baie interessante ontcoming.

My tante, twee neefs, 'n vriend en my niggie was met vakansie in die Drakensberge. Hulle het te voet na 'n ou rivierbedding gestap. Dit was 'n pragtige dag, die son het geskyn en dit was warm. Meteens het dit begin reën. Daar was donder en blits, en ongelukkig is Tony, my een neef, en my tante deur die weerlig getref.

Hulle was werklik dood! Gelukkig was die vriend byna 'n dokter, en my een neef, Philip, 'n mediese student. Die vriend het kunsmatige asemhaling toegepas en het hul harte masseer. Hy het Philip gewys hoe om dit te doen. My niggie het na hul hotel gehardloop om hulp in te roep. Manne in Land-Rovers het gekom en hulle na die hotel geneem, waar 'n ambulans vir hulle gewag het. Hulle het na die Ladysmith-hospitaal toe gegaan. As die vriend nie daar was nie, sou hulle nou dood gewees het.

Omdat Tony op sy linkeroor geval het, was sy linkeroor doof. Hy het 'n operasie ondergaan en nou kan hy weer hoor. My oom was nie daar nie, omdat hy die vorige jaar dood is. Hulle het vir een-en-a-half maande in die hospitaal gebly. Hierdie ontcoming is waar.

Gaydrey Browne, Std V.

EK REEN NAT

Dit was 'n warm bedompige oggend en die son het soos 'n bal vuur uit die hemel geskyn.

Om elfuur het ek die huis verlaat en na 'n trop bokke gaan soek. Ek het my nuwe somerrok en nuwe blou skoene aangetrek. Ek het ook 'n geel hoed op my kop gehad. Daar was geen wolke in die lug nie en die dag was pragtig. Om kwart voor een het ek die bokke op 'n oop vlakke gekry hulle het daar in die bloedige son gestaan en bier. Ek het nog ver gehad om te loop en die bokke was baie dors. Skielik het daar 'n sterk wind opgekom en daar het swart reënwolke in die weste toegepak. Ek kan sien dat daar 'n storm aan die kom was.

Nou het die wind baie hard gewaai en groot druppels het begin val. Skielik het daar 'n weerligstraal deur die lug geflits. Die trop bokke het groot geskrik en het meteens begin weghardloop. Ek het plat op my maag gaan lê en die groot hoed goed oor my kop getrek. Toe val die reën. Dit het alles omtrent 'n halfuur geneem, en toe so skielik soos alles begin het, het die weer bedaar. Ek was nie nou meer so bang nie, en het stadig begin huis toe loop.

Toe ek by die huis kom, was ek met droë klere 'n lekker koppie koffie en die kaggel verras. Jong, maar toe was ek darem bly.

Gillian Basson, Std V.

Old Herschelians' Association

1977 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, Lans-
 downe. (71-5094).

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

Mrs Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), "Tetipari", Mon-
 terey Ave., Wynberg.

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 Janeen Keyser (Kipps), 12, Irene Road,
 Newlands.

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs Delia Charton (Beck), c/o Westchester,
 Durham Ave., Bishopscourt. (72-0752).

Group 7 (KK-OO)

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

Miss Gillian Austin, Klein Constantia, Klein Con-
 stantia Road, Constantia. (74-2515).

Miss Terry Lloyd-Roberts, 7, Nahoon Avenue,
 Constantia. (71-3049).

Group 8 (PP-TT)

Miss Judy Wilson, 8, Woodland Road, Rondebosch.
 (69-5726).

Minutes of the 50th Annual General Meeting of the Old Herschelians' Association held at Herschel on Wednesday, 2nd October, 1977 at 7.30 p.m.

PRESENT: Dr B. Silberbauer (President), Fenella Douglas (Vice-President), Brenda Lynne Hoffman (Chair), Mary Loggie (Sec./Treas.), and Old Herschelians.

GUEST OF HONOUR: Matron Nellie Johnston.

WELCOME: Mrs Hoffman welcomed everyone warmly and paid special tribute to Matron Johnston who has now been at Herschel for 25 years. She has a very special place in the hearts of many Herschelians and will long be remembered for her sense of humour, her special "muti" and her "pop". A small gift was presented to her in appreciation for her long and devoted service to Herschel.

Mrs Hoffman welcomed Dr Silberbauer back after her term's leave and thanked Mrs Gillham for holding the fort during her absence.

MINUTES: As these were published in the 1976 magazine they were duly signed as being correct.

ELECTION OF OFFICE BEARERS: As the working committee was so small it was felt that the few should remain but be joined by 2 others. One to deal with the magazine news and another to cope with functions. Mandy van Dugteren and Gail Rowland volunteered and were duly elected. J. Wilson agreed to act as Circle Secretary for 1976.

DR SILBERBAUER addressed the meeting and spoke of the Development Plan and expressed warm thanks to the Old Herschelians for their support. "You are the backbone of Herschel when you come to think of it." While overseas she went with

her husband John to visit Miss McLean. The ex-Headmistress of St Anne's (where she was at school) was there — Miss Molly Stone so John found himself surrounded by 3 Headmistresses. Dr Silberbauer was pleased to inform the meeting of the recent appointment of Mrs Gillham as Vice-Principal.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Cash in hand R97,81c.

Credits through the year:

- (a) Subs. from Matrics.
- (b) Sale of bridge scorers
- (c) Bridge drive (R68).

Expenditure. The magazine is always the most costly item and called for yet more accuracy in its circulation to Old Herschelians, so PLEASE FILL IN THE FORM ATTACHED IF YOU WANT NEXT YEAR'S MAGAZINE

GENERAL: Evelyn Kelson (Fisher) thanked the committee for all their work but felt the scope of activities could well be extended. She suggested we feature an "Old Herschelians of the Year". Further suggestions were: Cake sales, a tennis day when the new courts are opened, Art exhibition in the new Art's block and a fund-raising sub-committee.

THANKS. Gill Austin thanked the Headmistress and all those at the meeting then proceeded to the hall to see an All-African play "The First South African" by Fatima Dike.

London Gathering of Old Herschelians on 10th May, 1977

O.H.A. (London)

Secretary: Karen Cooper, 40 Lower Belgrave St., London, S.W.1.

This year the gathering was held at The English-Speaking Union in Charles Street, due to the kindness of Oswynne Buchanan (Mrs Jordan) who organised it there for us. Karin Cooper arranged all the invitations and lists and Claire Russell produced the printed card invitations once again; we would thank them most warmly for this.

For the first time we had a London President at the Meeting — Margaret Geber (Mrs Regnier) was there to welcome everyone, Old Girls, Staff, husbands and daughters. It was very good to be greeted by her — unfortunately she had urged that she be not asked to speak on this occasion, so there were few formal words beyond those short ones of welcome. But there were many otherwise! It was a most enjoyable gathering and as will be seen (from the enclosed list) many came again after some years and some came because "they heard it was on" and how nice both these were.

It was disappointing that Mr and Mrs Payne were prevented at the last moment from being there — they were fog-bound on the island of Guernsey and could not leave until 24 hours later!

Plans are underway to have more representative help with the invitations for next year's Meeting — it really is quite a task to complete single-

handed, keeping up with change of address and making lists in alphabetical order!

The date for 1978 has been settled as TUESDAY 9th MAY do put this in your diary NOW and come if you plan to be at all near at that time, even if your invitation does not reach you!

Those present were:

Miss B. Bailey
Mr and Mrs P. L. C. Brodie (Pauline Thorne).
Mr and Mrs J. Caldwell (Sheila McIntyre).
Mr and Mrs H. Coke (Margaret Brodie).
Misses K. and T. M. Cooper.
Mr G. P. Cooper.
Mr and Mrs P. Corgatelli (Roma Ashton).
Mrs Hennessey (Deborah Kipps).
Mr and Mrs H. James and daughter (Mary van Der Bijl).
Mrs O. Jordan (Oswynne Buchanan).
Susan MacGregor.
Miss H. C. McLean.
Mrs C. F. E. Regnier (Margaret Geber).
Mrs Pearson-Rogers (Miranda Blackett).
Claire Russell.
Mrs V. Steward (Vera Guyse-Hill).
Mrs Templeton (Anne Kipps).
Mrs J. Van Den Berg (Jean Stoddart).
Lady Walker (Pamela Hawley).
Mrs Hodgson (Judy Makin).
Mr and Mrs Ash (Virginia Makin).
Mrs Mann (Pauline Vogelpoel).
Mrs Coulter (Heather Macleod).
Hilary Beck.

Marriages

BRIMBLE—BROWN. In December 1976, Sally, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. Brimble, of Bishops-court, to Kelvin, son of Mr K. Brown, of Rondebosch, and Mrs J. Delson, of Somerset West.

DAVIES—HARDING. On 24th December, 1976 in Clanwilliam. Thelma (nee Bergh) to John Harding.

CHARNOCK—RUSSELL. In January, 1977, Elaine, daughter of Mr and Mrs F. Charnock, of Newlands, to James, son of Mr and Mrs J. Russell, of Swaziland.

DE KOCK—DAVIES. On 29th January, 1977 in Johannesburg. Trish (nee Dicey) to Gwynn Davies.

DE WET—RAWDEN. In February 1977, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr and Mrs Paul de Wet, of Zandvliet, Ashton, to Nicholas, son of Commander and Mrs Colin Rawden, of Warwickshire, England.

GANT—CORNISH-BOWDEN. In January, 1977, Janet, daughter of Mr and Mrs E. M. Gant, of Somerset West, to Martin son of Mr and Mrs Claude Cornish-Bowden, of Johannesburg.

GILBERT—HALL. In December, 1976, Pauline, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. R. Gilbert, of Claremont, to Vincent, son of Mr and Mrs S. Hall, of Rondebosch.

HARTFORD—GAWITH. In Cape Town, April 29, Margot (nee Corder) to Richard, son of Mr and Mrs P. Gawith.

JESSE—PRETORIUS. In February, 1977, in Tehran, Pamela, daughter of Mr and Mrs K. M. R. Jesse, of Cape Town, to Stephanus, son of Mr and Mrs S. P. Pretorius, also of Cape Town.

KNIGHT—HERBERT. In April 1977, Tessa, daughter of Mr and Mrs Billy Knight, to Michael Herbert, in Christ Church, Kenilworth.

MALLET—FENTON-WELLS. In June 1977, Tessa, daughter of Mr and Mrs Anthony Mallett, of Rondebosch, to Stephen, son of Mr and Mrs Fenton-Wells, of Rhodesia.

MILTON—McDONALD. Shona, daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Milton, of Kenilworth to Michael, son of Mr and Mrs Eric McDonald, of Pinelands, on 26th May.

PETTIGREW—HALL. On 23rd July, 1977, in Elgin, Janet, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. M. M. Pettigrew, of Elgin, to Simon, son of Mr and Mrs L. M. Hall, of Merthyr, Wales.

PHILIP—TOERIEN. On 25th February, 1977, Jane, daughter of Mr and Mrs David Philip, of Claremont, to Jac, son of Mrs A. Toerien, of Bergvliet, and the late Mr J. P. Toerien.

SIMPSON—MAGNUS. On 26th March, 1977, Marilyn, daughter of Mr and Mrs Peter Simpson, of

Citrusdal, to Justin, son of Mrs P. Holt of Hermanus and Mr Magnus.

TETT—GINGELL. On 2nd October, 1976, in Rhodesia, Jennifer (nee Barry), to Ben Gingell.

THOM—KÖHLER. On 7th May, 1977, Georgina, daughter of Mr and Mrs Duncan Thom, of Newlands, to Derek, son of Mr and Mrs L. Köhler, of Rondebosch.

Births

DE HUTTON — To Sue (Kennedy) and Derek, a daughter, on 26th August, 1977.

CATTELL — To Hilary (Dempers) and David, a daughter, in January 1977.

COLLIER — To Sandra (Howell) and Anthony, a son, on 11th February, 1977.

EDWARDS — To Allison (Payne) and John, a son, on 1st August, 1977, in London.

EMSLIE — To Sheila (MacKenzie) and Angus, a son, on 4th December, 1976.

FERRY — To Ann (Cooper) and John, a son, on 26th February, 1977.

LEROUX — To Moss (Henderson) and John, a daughter, on 18th March, 1977.

PIERSON JURRIANS — To Rosemary Anne (Fowkes) and Allard, a daughter, on 20th December, 1976.

RAMBANT — To Jacqueline (Regnier) and Tarrard, a daughter, Isabel on 4th March, 1977, in Brussels.

REDMOND — To Fiona (Noble) and Terry a son, Jonathan on 24th August 1977, in Australia.

SLATER — To Jo (Dean) and Jim, a son, on 15th February, 1977.

SOWTER — To Kathy (Norris) and Norman a son, Matthew, in Cape Town on 21st March, 1977.

TEMPLETON — To Anne (Kipps) and Peter, a daughter, Kate in London in September.

TERRAPON — To Susan (Simpson) and Vernon a daughter Heather in Cape Town on 27 October, 1976.

Deaths

CRITCHLEY — Erica (Clarke) in Zambia on 14th June, 1976.

PIERCE-JONES — Mrs Vera on 7th December, 1976 in Cape Town. Known affectionately to us all as 'P.J.'

In Memoriam: Erica Clarke

It was only early this year that we heard of Erica's death in ZAMBIA on 14th June 1976. Those who knew her at Herschel in the 1920's will remember her sense of fun, kindness, consideration for others and great love for animals. They may recall the time when her dog was bitten by a snake at her home in Northern Rhodesia, and how she and her friend Betty Rennie opened the wound with a large thorn and Erica did all she could to suck out the venom.

Erica was a pioneer of nature and wild life conservation, and it was her ideas and drive which in 1952 brought about into being the Game Preservation and Hunting Association, now the Wild Life and Conservation Society of Zambia. She was the initiator of "Operation Noah" (the rescuing of wild animals during the construction of the Kariba Dam) and with her husband, Colonel Critchley founded the Blue Lagoon National Park, one of the most beautiful animal sanctuaries in Zambia.

When Erica died, President Kaunda provided a Z.A.F. helicopter from which her ashes were scattered over her homes at Chikupi and the Blue Lagoon. It was President Kaunda who wrote for her memorial:

"To the memory of the one who loved Zambia so much she cared for human and natural resources. Let what she stood for not be forgotten, especially by the youth".

This memorial has been placed on the causeway to Blue Lagoon, about a mile from the Kafue Flats, the haunt of the Red Lechwe and Fish Eagles.

The World Wild Life Fund has honoured Erica posthumously by placing her name on its Roll of Honour, along with such illustrious names as Sir Julian Huxley, and Rachel Carson.

We are proud to have had her as a pupil at Herschel and extend our deepest sympathy to her husband.

F. Douglas.

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER 1977

EXPENDITURE

School Magazine Supplement	
— 1975 — — — —	127,00
School Magazine — 1976 — —	400,00
ADD Postage — — — —	13,84
	<u>413,84</u>
Picture Framing — — — —	37,54
Honours Board — — — —	35,00
Refreshments — — — —	6,45
Printing and Stationery — —	5,00
Postage and Sundries — — —	14,60
Flowers — — — —	5,00
Bank Charges — — — —	9,22
	<u>R654,65</u>

INCOME

Membership Subscriptions —	
Annual — — — —	6,00
Life — — — —	525,00
	<u>531,00</u>
Bridge Drive and Sale of	
Scorers — — — —	63,25
EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE	
OVER INCOME — — — —	60,40
	<u>R654,65</u>

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1977

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Balance at 1 October 1976 — —	462,31
LESS Excess of Ex-	
penditure over In-	
come for the year	
ended 30 Septem-	
ber 1977 — —	60,40
Stock of Bridge	
Scorers at 1 Octo-	
ber 1976 written off	311,85
	<u>372,25</u>
	<u>90,06</u>
	<u>R90,60</u>

CASH AT BANK — — — 90,60

R90,60

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 (S.A.)

50 Years Ago

All Saints Day, 1927

"My dear Herschel people, past and present,

This first issue of a printed Herschel Magazine has been achieved largely through the energy of Constance Back.

It is the outcome of a long-felt desire on the part of several people, and had its forerunner in the manuscript "D's Deeds" begun in 1922 under Miss Van Heijst, and carried on so faithfully by Jean Searle through 1923 and 1924 up to volume 9. One number, indeed, got to the stage of being typed in triplicate, just before Jean went to England.

A Magazine Committee was elected in September, consisting of Miss Voortman, Y. de Villiers (editor), J. Smithers (sub-editor), R. McIntyre (secretary), E. V. Jones (treasurer), C. Back was co-opted 'honoris causa'.

As this is the first number, the amount of information we want to give leaves little space for stories and articles. Another time we hope to include more contributions of that nature, so please send a great many in. Even as it is, much School news has had to be omitted, to keep within bounds. The design chosen for the cover was B. v. d. Byl's.

Fifty years have passed since Miss Ralph, the first Headmistress wrote those words. At the beginning it was a slim, darkblue journal called quite plainly "The Herschel Magazine". From being the pocket diary of a pocket-sized school, it has become almost Texan in its proportions! Reading the first few publications of the magazine, there are some items which catch the eye and amuse.

The 1927 edition is a mere 19 pages long — and half of those are taken up with sports reports, academic results and old girls news.

The first thing that one notices when looking through those delightful first efforts, is the fact that Herschel must have been so small: the same names crop up again and again. How things have changed — for these days it is a pleasure to open the magazine and be able to recognize just a few of the names in it.

In our recent magazines, increasing numbers of old girls seem to be furthering their educations at Universities around the country. In 1927, however, they "rejoiced Enid Harsant's having been capped", and on July 10th the old girls had a tea party and "looked at the photographs of Molly Thorne and Vere Brunt in their Court dresses in the 'Lady's Pictorial'". The collection of news about past Herschelians (then called Herschelites!) provides some fascinating snippets of information, for example:

"Doreen Chaplin drives her Baby Austin admirably" and
"Alexa Forrest executes orders for dainty undies and such things".

Some of the most amusing features of these old magazines are the Games Reports — in particular tennis and cricket (yes — Herschel had a keen and competent First XII). The Games mistress wrote illuminating criticisms of the team members, and one wonders if perhaps we today could not benefit from such a practice ...

"B. van der Bijl — good all-round batsman (man?), bowler and fielder, but her bowling needs to be more scientific" and:

"J. Smithers — must learn to throw better; batting fair, is too inclined to pull all balls to leg". And in 1928, N. Godlonton was the only member of the team to perform the "hat trick".

The few contributions of creative writing are mainly on the topics of J.C. exams, galas and cricket matches. One 'poem' is entitled "The Papas vs. Us".

The old magazines make delightful reading — one feels oneself slipping back to the time when Herschel was a small family, with enthusiasm in the classrooms and on the playing fields.

But time marches on, and perhaps, not unfortunately, the family has grown and the names of its members have changed — but the enthusiasm is still there.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

Old Girls' Evening, Herschel, 12th October, 1977

YOU ARE INVITED TO:

- 6.30 pm Chapel
- 6.45 pm Supper with the Boarders
(Donation R1.50)
Coffee and A.G.M.
- 8.15 pm "The First South African"
by Fatima Dike
(per kind favour of The Space Theatre)

It was a nostalgic evening — as indeed it was meant to be. The crypt chapel shed gentle light and serene atmosphere, contrasting with the cold, somewhat stark, empty-tummied prayers that we knew in the hall.

The dining room shed familiar brightness enlivened by the bright, staccato chatter of another young generation. I missed the pretty dresses and soft

cashmere jerseys — the 'mufii' which relieved the impersonal austerity of our daytime garb. Perhaps the boarders wore uniform in courtesy to the 'older generation', and for purposes of distinguishing them from us — a precaution hardly necessary in the case of 'originals' and 'almost originals'.

And where was Joel — distinguished in demeanour, friendly and concerned — the first person in my life to call me "Miss Fisher"? Indeed where were my generation? I made for relatively mature ladies with greying streaks and smartly curved spectacles — I looked anxiously into their faces and asked their years of tenure.

"Oh I'm rather old, you know — I arrived in 1951!" — or 52 or 53, I hung my head in sad senility. Apart from ever loyal Fenella Douglas,

there was no-one of late 1930s — early 40s vintage. Apparently all my generation is dead — and I, a left-over, middle-aged ghost!

Nevertheless there were some cheering sights, pre-dominant amongst which was Dr Silberbauer's warmly smiling, welcoming face — a far cry from mist-blue costumed, shy, involuntarily foreboding Miss Robinson! Both women have in common their distinguished academic pre-eminence, but Dr Silberbauer is able to exude a warm reassurance that always eluded noble and well-meaning Miss Robinson. Happy innovations were the bottles of wine (no doubt designed specifically to warm the embers of ageing hearts), and Grace sung with a happy lilt rather than droned mechanically.

The A.G.M. had happily been transferred from the formality of the library to the friendly elegance of what I still term "Miss Robinson's drawing room". Each time I enter this 'double-barrelled parlour' I share my shoes with a wary and none too happy 12-year-old, brought by her mother for her first awesome interview with Miss Robinson ... the little girl is receding down an ever lengthening corridor.

Good sherry, easy lounging on chairs, settee and floor were more conducive to group participation than the high-lofted Elizabethan grandeur of the library. Ideas interchanged more easily, people volunteered less hesitantly. But it was evident that the burden of inspiration and humdrum effort falls

heavily on a small, patient and ever enthusiastic committee.

There followed a strongly moving production of 'The First South African' by the African Space cast directed by Fatima Dike. The 'bigness' of the cast — their big voices, their big, strong physical personifications, their giant emotions filled the small hall. It reverberated with the strong earthiness of the play. How far these sexual, social and political realities from the controlled, elegant cynicism of Shaw, and the daintily-dressed, liquid, imagery of Shakespeare, which had graced the stage of my own schooldays. A sign of the times!

Walking through the familiar grounds, driving through the pines, I pondered the concept of an 'Old Girls' Union'. Once, a long time ago, I too had been a new 'Old Herschelian'. Classically, seeking support in the face of the simultaneously challenging and frightening adult world, I had found comfort in returning to the 'womb' of the school, and in identification with my own age group. Now, encountering the unique responsibilities, the reduced physical vigour, the sad reality of middle-age, I again needed to walk with those who are sharing contrasting fulfilment and insecurity; acceptance and regrets; the philosophy and the apprehension as one looks down from the crest of the hill. Yes, friends of girlhood, of the 1930s and 1940s, we need each other.

Everyl Kelsen

A PERSONAL THANK YOU

Having been ever so slightly involved in the compilation of the Old Girls' News I have come to realise the incredible amount of work it involves, checking it, scratching around for dates, endless 'phoning because someone who promised something has fallen by the way. That all the little bits and pieces of paper ever finally make it to the printer I find amazing. But they do and they

do because of Mary Loggie. Since leaving Herschel I have loved being able to read news of those I knew, and when 'The Herschelian' arrived I always turned to the Old Girls News immediately to catch up on new babies, recent marriages and all the happenings in everyone's lives. It's been a lovely warm feeling to feel a part of it all, and it's thanks to Mary that we are all able to do this.

News Round-up

News Editor: Mandy van Dugteren.

ABBOTT (Mrs Ryan) (1968): Sally is living in Port Elizabeth and teaching at Collegiate. Next year she and her husband are moving to Umtata where she will be teaching at the CICIRA Teachers Training College.

ABBOTT (Mrs Landman) (1970): Edwina is at present living in Cape Town but will be moving to Umtata next year where her husband will be teaching philosophy at the university.

ABBOTT (1965): Lucinda is living in Johannesburg where she is kept busy working in the travel field.

ABERNETHY (1971): Susan is teaching at Collegiate High in Port Elizabeth.

AITCHESON (Mrs Wilson) (1968): Marjorie has recently been in Cape Town on holiday but is now back in England where her husband is studying. They have a son.

ALEXANDER (Mrs Toettcher) (1963): Ann and her husband are running their own, very successful language school in London. The school, where classes are held for both adults and children is called 'Alexander's English'.

ANDERSON (Mrs Fiemmer) (1962): Tisha is in East London where her husband practices law. They have two sons.

APPLEYARD (Mrs Coward) (1941): Elizabeth has a most vital interest in Indian puppets and has addressed the Cape Puppet Society on "Udaipur, magical City of Rajasthan, India" also displaying the crafts of Rajas than having been lent Indian charms and a magic circle by an Indian family here. Anyone who has any Indian puppets please contact her.

Elizabeth has also given a slide talk to the Mountain Clubs of South Africa and Cape Natural History Clubs entitled "Through the Himalayas — a pony trek in Kashmir."

- BARRON** (Mrs McKissack) Louise called at Herschel with her husband and 3 daughters. They had visited Rhodesia and were returning to Belgium. She leads a busy musical life and all 3 girls play stringed instruments and speak English, French and Dutch.
- BAXTER** (Mrs Carter) (1960): Sally keeps busy working for Child Life, assisting at Torrance home and the Hout Bay Creche. She is also heavily involved with Round Table as her husband has been area chairman. The National Conference of Round Table was held this year and Sally helped by organising tours for 400 ladies.
- BAXTER** (Mrs Wood) (1961): Bidy and her family are living at Koelenhof where her husband is managing a large chicken farm.
- BELL** (1975): Shelley is doing a Secretarial Course at Tech.
- BRAILEY** (Mrs Stephen) (1969): Louise lives in Port Elizabeth and teaches at the Walmer Nursery School.
- BRAILEY** (Mrs Louw) (1968): Pat has been living in Johannesburg but will be returning to Cape Town in November with her son and daughter.
- BOSMA** (1975): Tanya is well into her medical course at U.C.T.
- BRIMBLE** (Mrs Wynne) (1960): Jenny is in the throes of moving into a new house. She has just completed a sizzling course at the Tech. and is now busy working for the P.F.P.
- BROADBENT** (Mrs Goring) (1969): Penelope is living in England and has three children.
- BROOKE** (Mrs Muzik) (1941): Diana is now resident in Cape Town, having married a Czech South African shoe wholesaler, whose late wife was her friend for 30 years. Diana (B.Mus. U.C.T.) was formerly Head of the Pretoria Technical College Music School (1962-1967). She retired from this position to do her B.A. through UNISA, with French and Italian as majors. She then worked in Pretoria in the Military Language Bureau of the Defence Force. She now helps part-time in the family business, and has added Czech to her languages. Is very happy to have returned to the city of her childhood and youth.
- BUCHANAN** (Mrs van der Vlugt) (1961): Sandy is living in Rondebosch and is busy running a sample shop from her home.
- BURNS** (Mrs French) (1969): Alison is living in Johannesburg and has a son.
- BURNS** (1968): Hilary is living in London and doing freelance textile design. She is also busy running a Women's Collective.
- BORTON** (1969): Jane is in Cape Town where she works as an orthoptist. She has opened her own practice in the Wynberg Medical Centre and her main work is with children with squints.
- BOTHA-REID** (Mrs Turner) (ex-staff): Helen writes on the brink of moving to Magnolia House, Halesworth, Suffolk. It's been a disappointing summer over there.
- COWLEY** (Mrs Shonborn) (1962): Anne is still living in Kroonstad, where, to cope with life there she has taken to dressmaking, so successfully that she is now giving lessons.
- COWAN** (Mrs Carroll) (1969): Patricia is working for a car hire firm in Cape Town.
- CROWTHER** (1976): Mandy is back in Cape Town after a year spent at a school in Switzerland.
- CUNNINGHAM** (Mrs Parker) (1967): Lynne is living in Seattle, U.S.A.
- DEMPERS** (Mrs Cattell) (1967): Hilary has just been in Cape Town fleetingly with her husband and baby daughter, Susie. They are living in Johannesburg but hope to spend Christmas in Cape Town when Hilary hopes to look up some old friends.
- DE VILLIERS** (Mrs Beck) (1961): Celia has recently moved back to Cape Town from Somerset West and has a daughter attending Herschel.
- DICEY** (Mrs Braybrooke) (1967): Jean received a trophy for the best all round student radiographer of the Johannesburg General Hospital, the graduation standard this year being the highest since 1956. Jean did her nursing training at Victoria Hospital, Wynberg.
- DICEY** (Mrs Symons) (1962): Corinne leads a busy life on the farm at Orchard. Her daughter Caroline is in Sub B, a boarder who goes home alternate weekends so Corinne buzzes up and down ferrying children. She has many weekend visitors and is a superb hostess.
- DICEY** (Mrs McNamara) (1968): Gail and her husband are travelling and working in Europe.
- DRENNAN** (Mrs Wiltshire) (1941): Suzanne and her husband are back in the Cape from Kimberley 38 Orchard Street, Newlands.
- ELLIOTT** (Mrs Wray) (1958): Sue is living in Houston, Texas and will be visiting her mother in Rondebosch with her family this Christmas.
- FAULDS** (1970): Lesley has graduated from Glasgow University with an M.A. and has a job as an information officer for the Building Centre in London.
- FAULDS** (Mrs Michie) (1968): Joanne is living in London and has a most interesting and stimulating job in an architectural library.
- FAULL** (Mrs Wilkinson) (1962): Alicia is very much involved with her mother's Silwood Kitchen where she lectures and seems to pop up all round town doing various cooking demonstrations. Alicia's daughter, Corianne is at Herschel pre-prep and has just taken part in the annual Kruger Day 'Big Walk' where, as the youngest competitor she completed the course of 20 kilometres.
- FAUVILLE** (Mrs Amm) (1962): Claire has just been on a short visit to Cape Town staying with her sister Anne (Mrs Bruce). Claire loves her farm life and is busy breeding Appaloosa horses and taking part in endurance rides, she and her horse being the only pair to have ridden 1 000 kilometres in successive events. The farm is mainly fruit orientated and must be particularly beautiful.

- ful during blossom time. Claire has a large guest wing and would love to see any old Herschelians passing Ladybrand way.
- GALBRAITH** (Mrs Jackson) (1967): Ginger lives in Ethiopia and has a daughter.
- GARVIN** (Mrs Smith) (1964): Grace has returned to U.C.T. where she is doing a course in Hebrew.
- GILBERT** (1965): Angela is still employed as an architect by the planning unit at U.C.T. She recently earned R80 in the 'Blisters for Bread' walk.
- GILBERT** (Mrs Hall) (1968): Pauline now lives in Windsor, Johannesburg and practices physiotherapy in Rosebank.
- GORDON-BAGNALL** (1974): Barbara is busy doing Radiography at Groote Schuur.
- GURNEY** (Mrs Williams) (1951): Jill has been living in Canada farming for many years. In January she visited her parents in Cape Town.
- HACKING** (1976): Sheila is in her first year at Barkly House.
- HACKING** (1962): Sue completed her housemanship at Groote Schuur last year and this year has been rotating through the various Pathology departments at Groote Schuur and Red Cross with a view to starting work on her chosen speciality, Radiotherapy, next year.
- HARAM** (Mrs Lang) (1969): Janet's husband is in the navy. After spending several months in Scotland she is once again sailing with her husband.
- HARRIS** (Mrs Ramsden) (1959): Lorna has now a son at the Nursery School. Lorna rides daily and is very much involved in giving riding lessons to physically disabled children.
- HAU** (1974): Tory has qualified as an architectural draughtsman. She has been travelling overseas and sailing in S. America and the Caribbean for three months.
- HAWSON** (Mrs Godfrey) (1961): Christine, after living in the Transvaal for seven years is glad to be back at the coast. She and her family are now in East London where they are building their own riverside home.
- HIGGINS** (1976): Margaret is at the Cape Town Teachers College.
- HILL** (Mrs Botha) (1960): Pat is living in Stellenbosch. She is presently studying for a B.A. by correspondence. Recently she completed a course at the Stellenbosch Tech. and is working as a courier, being fluent in English, Afrikaans and Italian. She hopes to become a tourist guide in Stellenbosch.
- HILL** (Mrs Day) (1964): Judy is living in Newlands and teaching in Muizenberg.
- HOWES** (1976): Susan has spent this year at the University of Nice, studying French, Literature, History and Political Science and has been doing a course in Cordon Bleu. She plans to return to U.C.T. to do a course in Psychology.
- ISTED** (1976): Deanne is studying Fine Arts at Rhodes.
- JESSE** (Mrs Pretorius) (1970): Pam's husband is in the Diplomatic Corps, and they are at present in Tehran, Iran.
- JOOSTE** (Mrs Fouché) (19): Adele and her husband are at present overseas where her husband has gone to sit further exams.
- JOSLIN** (1974): Bev is working for the U.S.S.
- KER** (1974): Francesca is working in London as a translator.
- KIPPS** (Mrs Templeton) (1957): Anne has been in London for a year where her husband has been studying for a course at the London School of Economics. They had a daughter in September.
- KIPPS** (Mrs Hennessey) (1957): Debbie and her family are spending two years in England. Debbie is working and studying for another Health Visitors diploma. The family spend the school holidays in France.
- KIPPS** (Mrs Keyser) (1961): Janeen is still in Newlands and has her time cut out with four sons, but any spare time she has is spent doing pottery.
- KNIGHT** (Mrs Herbert) (19): Tessa is living in St Andrews, Scotland where her husband is Professor of English.
- LEES** (Mrs Millman) (1968): Devon lives in London where she and her husband have just bought a house. Devon is teaching at a boy's private school in London.
- LIEBERMAN** (1961 and 1964): Jill and Sue have returned to Cape Town and are running their own art gallery 'Nouvelle Image'. They are working with a French publisher, being the S.A. agents for Twentieth Century fine art prints.
- LEITH** (Mrs Fourie) (1961): Buzz is in Cape Town and has started working for her father.
- LITTLE** (Mrs Seritslev) (1969): Moira lives in Cape Town and is completing her thesis for her degree in architecture.
- LOCKWOOD** (Mrs Gilmour) (1954): Anita has recently returned from an extensive tour which took in the U.K., Italy, France where she took a bus tour around the Chateaux area, India where she visited the Taj Mahal and was quite overcome by its beauty and feeling of romanticism and Kenya where she was most impressed by the well organised tourist industry.
- LONG** (Mrs Hodson) (1926): Una returned to Cape Town in February after an absence of twenty five years to 'pick up threads and close a few circles'. Una now lives on the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire where she is a Liberal member of the Council. She has also campaigned for the broadcaster and writer Clement Freud, who she says is just as amusing in real life as he is on the radio. Una has taken up carpentry and makes shelves, tables and many other things for the Victorian semi-detached house she has converted.
- MACGREGOR** (1976): Juliet is studying Occupational Therapy at Stellenbosch.

MACKENZIE (Mrs Emslie) (1966): Sheila is once again living in Cape Town after an absence of two years.

MACKENZIE (Mrs Farrant) (1962): Rosemary is living in Johannesburg where she has two daughters attending Rhodan.

MARR (Mrs Busby) (1958): Heather and her family have recently moved to a lovely new house which they have built in Constantia. Heather is busy developing the garden.

MATHIAS (Mrs Duly) (1958): Iona and her family of four sons left South Africa in September on the Vaal to join her husband, Bryan in Wales where he has recently started working. They were previously in Gwelo, Rhodesia.

MCCARTHY (Mrs Wyatt) (1953): Patricia has been chosen to play golf for the Transvaal Ladies Golf Team. The inter-provincial tournament will be played in Kimberley in November.

MESSARIS (1976): Mary is at U.C.T. studying for her B.S.C. in logopaedics (speech therapy).

MEIRING (Mrs Williams) (1961): Jenny is living in Denver, Colorado with her three sons and husband who is working towards his Masters degree in Engineering.

MILLER (Mrs Tooley) (1959): Carol Anthony, and the 2 little boys go on transfer to Frankfurt, Germany for 2 years early in December.

MURRAY (1973): Christina is at Stellenbosch University studying for her LLB. II.

NEWMAN, Binky is growing vegetables hydroponically in Bergvliet.

NEWMAN (Mrs Hotson): Carol was married in July and lives in Washington, U.S.A.

NEWMAN (Mrs du Plessis) (1969): Jenny is in Cape Town and has been involved in major productions for Capab.

NEWTON THOMPSON (Mrs Denoon Stevens): (1968): Carol lives in Johannesburg and has two children, they recently returned from a holiday in the U.S.A.

NOBLE (Mrs Redmond) (1960): Fiona writes from Australia where she and her family are at present in Victoria. Fiona's husband Terry will be ordained in February which means he will serve as a curate for three years at an as yet unknown church. Terry used to be an accountant before starting his Theological studies so this will be quite a new role for both of them.

NOSWORTHY (Mrs B. Edwards) (1968): Suzanne lives at Modder River near Kimberley where her husband farms.

NOSWORTHY (1970): Dianne has gone with her parents on an overseas holiday. She plans to stay and work there for a while.

PARKER (1976): Caroline is studying for her B. Primary Education at U.C.T.

PARKER (Mrs Rowland) (1960): Lynne has been overseas recently, she planned on going to Scotland and hoped to look up Tugela Croxton. Lynne continues to do very well in horse shows.

PAPWORTH (Mrs Shonfeld) (1950): Carole is still running her boutique which has recently moved to Kenilworth.

PHILIP (Mrs Eckstein) (1963): Jill is now managing the first (in Cape Town) public Squash Centre at the Goodwood Showgrounds. Jill is the reigning S.A. Women's Squash Champion and has been appointed national coach and national administrator of coaching by the S.A. Women's Squash Rackets Association. She is also chairman of the SAWSRAS and was elected president of the International Women's Squash Federation at the world championships in Australia last August. In spite of all this Jill managed to take a couple of weeks to spend a most enjoyable and well earned holiday with her family in Mauritius.

PICKERING (Mrs van Allan) (1963): Rosemary writes from Islington, London where she and her husband are doing up a "neo Georgian" house. She returned to Cape Town last December with her husband who fell in love with our beautiful country, and they holidayed with Dr Pickering in Plettenberg Bay. Rosemary's husband travels a lot and they were looking forward to a tour to the States together.

PICTON-SEYMOUR (Mrs Duckham) (1941): Desiree held her first art exhibition in fifteen years in April. It seems incredible to believe that she has had the time to do this along with all the other things she has achieved. Eight years ago she moved into her present home, Zorgvliet in Oranjezicht, she discovered the house whilst hunting for material for her book on Victorian Buildings and immediately decided the house had to be hers. This took time but she achieved it and has been busy ever since transforming it. The house dates back to 1792 and while it has victorianized in sections Desiree has uncovered yellowwood and stinkwood doors. She and her husband have done all the restoration work themselves but Desiree feels it would take a lifetime to restore the way she would like it. Desiree's book on Victorian buildings was also published this year, it surveys architectural styles of South African buildings constructed between 1850 and 1910 and contains many of her own illustrations.

REGNIER (Mrs Rambant) (1958): Jacqueline writes from Brussels where she lives with her family on a large pre-Waterloo farm and have two acres under cultivation.

REID (Mrs Maritz) (1962): Grace is still living in Fish Hoek and rides regularly. Her husband is the principal of the Eros School for Coloured Cerebral Palsy children. The school has eighty children all of whom are educable, and a staff of dedicated workers.

ROBB (Mrs Power) (1961): Susie has joined the ranks of the employed and is working as an Occupational Therapist at Westlake.

SIMPSON (Mrs Magnus) (1969): Marilyn is living in Kenilworth where she and her husband are busy renovating their cottage.

- SPIHLHAUS** (Mrs Robertson) (1937): Marian writes to apologise that the work on the Archives has ground to a halt. She is very busy at the moment. The main work is done and hopefully she will be able to continue with it. All Old Herschelians would like to extend to Marian their sincere sympathies on the loss of her husband earlier in the year.
- STEPHENS** (Mrs Turnbull) (1963): Jasmine has returned to the nursing profession, specialising in private patients. With three young children she has found this past year a full and busy one.
- STEPHENS** (1968): Shelly is living in Plettenberg Bay where she is the district sister.
- STEVENSON** (ex Music staff 1952): Pamela has retired from Wycombe Abbey School and now lives in a flat in Chichester.
- STODDART** (Mrs van den Berg) (1948): Jean works for the Managing Director of Cheston in London. She has three children.
- STUART-FINDLAY** (1976): Clare has spent a year living on a farm in France learning to speak French.
- STUBBS** (Mrs Brazier) (1946): Helen-Pat's husband has left the army and when last heard of they were house hunting in Wiltshire, England.
- STUTTAFFORD** (Mrs Grubb) (1965): Georgina, after her marriage in 1974 spent two and a half exciting years in Hong Kong before her husband was transferred to Singapore as Managing Director of the Merchant Bank, Jardine Heming. She says that any O.H.A. passing their way will always be most welcome.
- ST LEGER** (Mrs Aubrey) (1941): Pam is now settled in at the Rectory in Collyweston in Lincolnshire getting the house as she would like it, also growing vegetables in an overlarge garden. Canon Aubrey watches over three ancient churches, one is Norman and the other two dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The family recently spent three weeks in France where Canon Aubrey did an Anglican chaplaincy for the community at Beaulieu-sur-Mer.
- SUSMAN** (1968): Daphne has been touring Europe with Gail de Beer.
- SUSMAN** (1968): Jenny lives in London where she is an international systems analyst for I.C.L. She spent a few days in S.A. recently on business.
- THAL** (Mrs Watson) (1962): Pippa spent last year with her family in Lusaka, Zambia. She has now returned to England where she runs a Pottery Shop in her home at Bletchingley, Surrey, and is considering returning to work in the new year.
- THAL** (Mrs Townsend) (1963): Jenny has taken four modern dancing exams this year. She plans to teach modern dancing as soon as she has completed her final teaching exam.
- TEMPLER** (1971): Nicolette has been working as a secretary for the Board of Executors for almost two years.
- THOMPSON** (Mrs Everett) (1959): Margie is still living in Lesotho. She has five children.
- VAN KALKER** (Mrs Rogl) (1962): Barbara has just returned from a most enjoyable trip to Austria, Germany and Yugoslavia.
- VAN DER BIJL** (Mrs James) (1946): Mary's daughter, Julia (20) is working in a French Bank in London. Her son, Charles (18) has been accepted for Oxford, he spent six months in New Zealand earlier this year.
- VAN DER BIJL** (Mrs MacPherson) (1948): Nicky visited Bulgaria earlier this year to visit her daughter Joana who was doing a year at university there. She was sent by Sussex University to learn Russian and Bulgarian. Nicky's second daughter, Sophie is at Camberwell — one of London's art schools — she is obviously following her mother's footsteps.
- VERSTER** (Mrs Norgarb) (1968): Gill lives in Swakopmund, S.W.A. and has two sons.
- VERTUE** (Mrs Bennett) (1962): Marion her husband and three daughters are now living in Somerset West having moved from Stellenbosch. She and her husband won a trip to Rhodesia through Round Table.
- VILLET** (Mrs Gardner) (1941): Cynthia and her husband Ken, who is an architect, have moved back to Barbados, where they are busy restoring a beautiful house and grounds. It has an "incredible view to the sea over 3 miles of canefields". She has her studio in the coach house, and has done a 12 foot mural for Ken's office. She also had an exhibition of 400 Victorian "penny toys" at the museum in Barbados — no chance to unpack them in Cape Town — but she has acquired them over the years and they are now valued at 100 times what she paid for them. She spent two months making the boxes to house them, and as each toy was in its own small wooden compartment you can imagine the work involved. The whole display is 8 feet by 4 feet, many of the divisions only an inch across. What Cape Town missed!
- WARES** (Mrs Burns) (1960): Lesley has just successfully completed a course in Neuro-Developmental Therapy at Stellenbosch Medical School — Tygerberg Hospital. She is now working full time at the Eros School for Coloured Cerebral Palsy children.
- WARREN** (Mrs Barry) (1943): Dew writes saying no news of herself but her children are doing exciting things. Her daughter, Susan (27) a physiotherapist has been in S.A. for a year but will be returning to London in May. Jill (25) held her first exhibition, mainly graphics and acrylics at the S.A. Association of Arts in September. David (21) is doing Law at Wits.
- WHITE** (Mrs Bonner) (1962): Denise is working at Groote Schuur helping with drug research in hypertension. She is also doing casualty work at Victoria Hospital. Her husband, Doug is studying Anaesthetics at Groote Schuur.
- WHITE** (Mrs Yorino-Young) (1963): Annette is still living in Berkeley, California where she has started her own Engineering Consulting Group called ECCO. She has travelled extensively this year for Siemens and Polaroid.

WILSON (1976): Judy started the year with six months at Rhodes but finished her secretarial training in Cape Town at the Tech. In October she started her first job for Executive Personnel Selection.

WOOD (Mrs van Zyl) (1963): Carolyn is busy finishing and furnishing a tiny cottage in Hermanus, hoping to have it ready for Christmas. Her husband Gerrit was invited to join the Herschel Council this year.

NEW MEMBERS 1977

We extend a warm welcome to our new Life members:

Kathryn Ackerman, Erica Alderman, Janet Barker, Mary Bettison, Fran de Klerk, Nancy (Beth) Dicey, Victoria Rarquhar, Chloe Fouché, Susan Fine, Lan-

die Gant, Louise Gottgens, Janet Hammond, Rosemary Meynell, Kate Philip, Lindsay Quibell, Mandy Rose, Linda Swanepoel, Alicia Wilkinsen (nee Faul), Susan Ward-Able.

FOUNDERS DAY 1978

Great plans are afoot to make Founders Day 1978 a happy and memorable occasion. It is hoped that we shall be having another Art Exhibition along the lines of the one held in 1975 but this time including works by the school. The Exhibition will be opened the evening before Founders Day. On Founders Day itself there will be the Service at St Saviour's after which morning tea at the School and then a Fashion Show for the girls by the girls. Following this visitors will be able to visit the Exhibition and see the new Arts Block where the Exhibition will be held.

Herschelians at South African Universities

U.C.T.—First Year: Suzanne Allen (B.Sc. Civil Engineering), Nicky Dunckley (B.A.), Mary Messaris (Logopaidics), Tessa Handley (Fine Art, Michaelis), Sharon Gird (B.Sc.), Ilse Schneider Waterberg (M.B., Ch.B.), Karen Louw (Law), Tanya Bosma (M.B., Ch.B.), Jean Andrae Pelt (Fine Art), Rosemary Howell (B.Sc.), Caroline Parker (B. Primary), Judy Knutzen (B.A.), Rosemarie Webber (B.A.).

Second Year: Gail Anderson (Occupational Therapy), Suzette Anderson (Music), Jane Bettison (B.A.), Josephine Frater (B.A. Lang.), Dawn Garisch (1st female editor of Sax Appeal) (M.B. Ch.B.), Pamela King (M.B. Ch.B.), Terry Lloyd-Roberts (B.A. Drama), Diana Longmore (B. Comm.), Lynn Brailey (B. Soc. Sc.), Liz Jeffery (B.A.), Margot McLachlan (1/2 blue for hockey) (B.Sc.), Barbara van Alphen Stahl (B.A. Educ.), Camilla White (B.A. Drama), Andrea Willaims (B.A.).

Third Year: Alex Adams (B. Comm.), Bridgit Borton (Occupational Therapy), Gillian Austin (M.B. Ch.B.), Dorothy Beukes (B.A.), Sharon Bosma (B.Sc.), Susan Brownlie (B.Sc.), Susan Dowdle (B.Sc.), Jean Napier (B.Sc.), Lynn Slingsby (B. Soc. Sc.), Cathy Hund (Law).

Fourth Year: Dita Newman (B. Soc. Sci.)

Elizabeth Mudge — Music.

STELLENBOSCH—First Year: Stacey Smith-Chandler (Phys. Ed.), Emily Schneider Waterberg (Vet. Sc.),

Second Year: Martine Franck (Law), Debbie Westcott (B. Soc. Sci.)

Fourth Year: Christine Murray (LL.B.).

RHODES—First Year: Erica Graham (Journalism), Deanne Isted (Art).

Second Year: Nicky Fouché (Secretarial Prac.), Lyn Herbert (Secretarial-Prac 1.).

Third Year: Sara Knight (B.A. History), Libby Aitchison (B.A.), Gail Parkin (Art), Lindsay Torr (Journalism).

OTHERS—Secretarial Courses: Julia Smith, Helen Enthoven, Shelly Bell, Juliet McGregor, Margot Marais, Judith Swanepoel.

Radiography: Barbara Gordon-Bagnall, Clemmie Robinson.

Barkly House: Sheila Hacking.

Rita Maas: Lucy Walker.

Draughtsmanship: Bridget Twentyman-Jones.

Technical Coll: Art-Course: Claire Harvey-Kelly, Tessa Douglas Hamilton.

Michaelis: Bridgit Gough (B.A. Art).

Rotary Student: Jeanne Franck (U.S.A.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE MAGAZINE WILL **NOT** AUTOMATICALLY BE SENT TO EVERYONE. PLEASE COMPLETE THE SLIP ENCLOSED AND RETURN IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IF YOU WISH TO RECEIVE NEXT YEAR'S MAGAZINE. DO THIS IMMEDIATELY LEST YOU FORGET! THE SAME APPLIES TO ANNUAL MEMBERS, AND THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS OF R2.00 SHOULD ACCOMPANY THE SLIP. NEWS OF ANYONE IS ALWAYS MORE THAN WELCOME. IN ORDER TO KEEP THE RECORDS UP-TO-DATE, PLEASE INFORM THE SECRETARY OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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