



THE HERSCHELIAN

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The Editor would like to thank Mrs Vi Gilbertson for all her help in typing the preliminary copy of the Magazine.

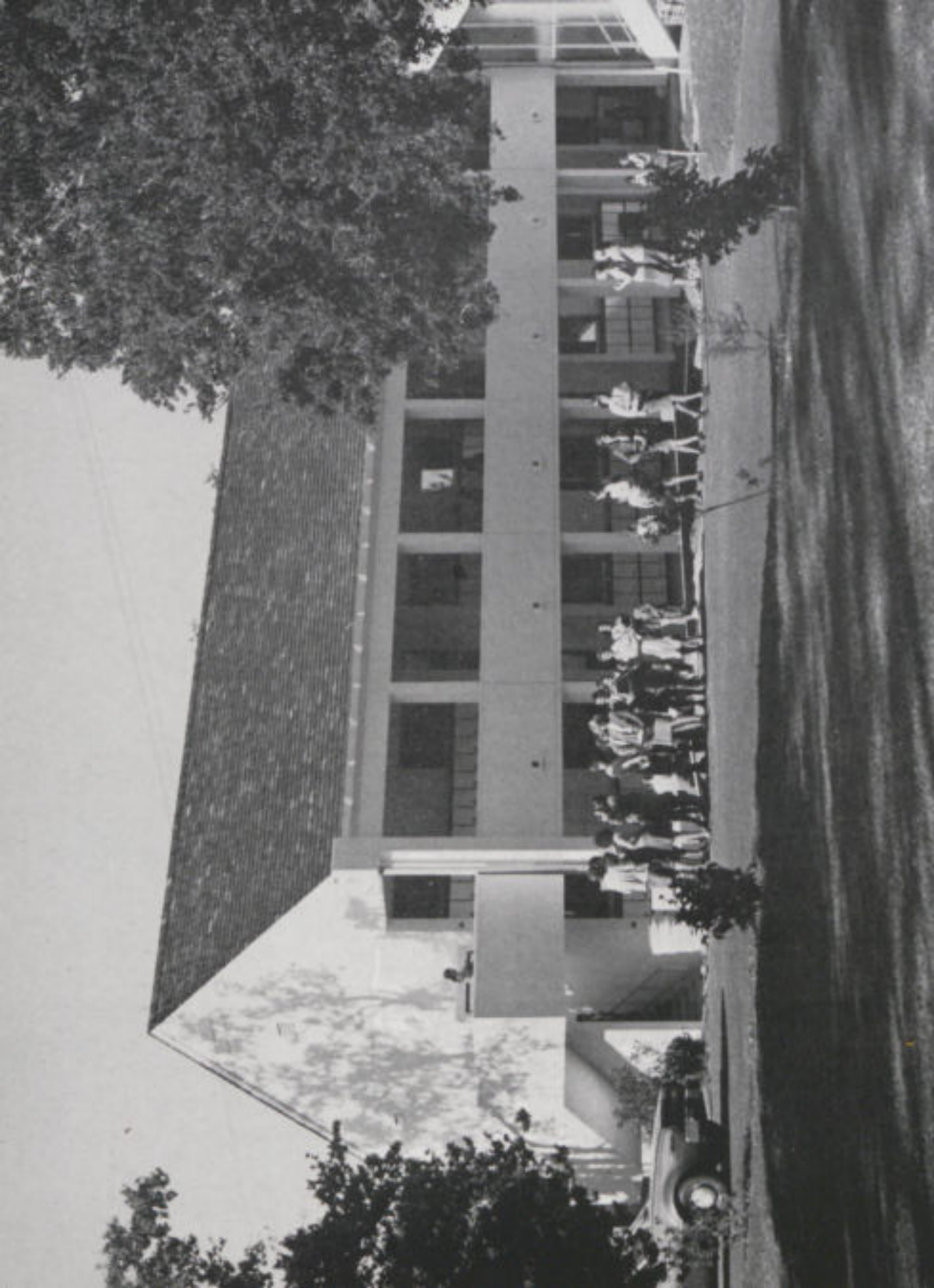
**The
HERSCHELIAN**



**Volume No. 53
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Foreword

When we returned to school at the beginning of the year, the new classrooms at right angles to the library had reached the second storey, and the building activities continued all term. The usual school routine continued, however, sometimes to the accompaniment of strange noises.

On Founder's Day this year, the school staged an art, sculpture and crafts exhibition in the new Music, Art and Drama block. This proved both interesting and popular and it was open to the general public, who patronised it, too. The exhibits came from Old Girls, parents and friends of the school, and the new block provided an attractive venue for displaying the exhibits.

The weather cleared miraculously for the afternoon of the Inter-House swimming gala, which took place in pleasant sunny weather after all. Rolt came first, with Jagger second and Merriman third. At the Inter-School swimming, Herschel came third overall. The under-16's won their section, and the under-14's and the Opens were placed third in their section. In the diving, Herschel came second overall.

In the Inter-School tennis, both Opens and under-15's came third in the tournament. At school, the Inter-House Diving was held, and won by Rolt, with Jagger second and Merriman third. The school diving championships were won by Siobhan Mannion.

Apart from interesting films and talks presented by the Sociological Club, the school was invited to sing at a church in Plumstead, on the women's world day of prayer. This was a signal honour, and the choir acquitted themselves well, singing with great sweetness. An Old Girl, Susan McGregor, came to school one morning to give a most interesting talk on her experiences in Communist China. As a member of the B.B.C., she had accompanied Margaret Thatcher and her entourage on a visit to that country. Not only did she speak extremely well, but her talk was most revealing and comprehensive, and her appreciative audience would have liked to listen all day.

The term ended with the presentation by members of the school of Lorca's 'The House of Bernarda Alba', a difficult and demanding play, with a cast of women. The girls acquitted themselves well, and the play itself is a powerful and gripping one, and a challenge to any cast. Then there was a quiz with girls and staff representing the various Houses. The Inter-House quiz was won by Jagger with Merriman second and Rolt third. The contest was a close one. At the end of the term a lucky hockey team left for Grahamstown in the school bus, with Miss Kable and Mrs Hartman, on a hockey tour.

At the end of the first week of the second term, the Matric dance took place. The theme for the decoration of the hall was 'Song of the woods', and the impression of dappled light and shade enhanced the delicate pastel shades of the girls' filmy frocks. It was a pleasant evening, and the catering was opulent, to say the least. At the end

of the first week, too, the Standard IX's and X's moved into the spacious, light-filled new classrooms. Later in the term, the standard VIII's and VI's moved.

During this term, too, the Standard X History girls went to Parliament, the Standard VII Geography girls visited the Delheim winery and the Standard VIII's went to Hangklip. The Music Teachers' Association visited the new art block, and requested that the choir entertain them. One morning at prayers, the choir repeated the programme, to the delight of the school. The Drama girls distinguished themselves at the Eisteddfod this year. Two girls, Marilyn Knudsen and Debbie Partridge, were chosen for the Western Province Schools hockey team.

At the end of the second term, the M.A.D. Club entertained the school and the parents with items mainly from the Eisteddfod. The items ranged from choral verse to movement exercises, and included excerpts from 'Antigone', a centre of interest subject, and solo poetry which was light or serious in tone.

The Music and Drama departments were active in the third term. The choir sang, along with five other schools, at the Nico Malan early in the term. The six schools were invited to sing. One Saturday afternoon the choir sang at Callow House, to a club for elderly people. The choir does this once a year. The Music examinations took place this term, and the Inter-House Music competition had its second and final concert one Wednesday afternoon. It was won by Rolt, with Merriman second and Jagger third. At the blessing of the new schoolrooms by the Archbishop the choir sang with its usual competence and sweetness. In the Drama Department, the Standard VI's and VII's took part in a Centres of Interest Inter-School Festival. They won their section, and appeared on the final evening, which was a non-competitive event. The Debating Society had two debates, a Junior and a Senior one, against Wynberg Boys' High and the school won both. The speech examinations took place one day at the end of the term, and on the evening of that day in M.A.D. Club, there was a summing up of all the work that had been done that term.

Four girls were chosen for the Western Province squash training squad. This course runs for a year. A pair of girls was chosen for the Western Province B squash team, and Ruth Butters is captaining that team. In the Under-15 Inter-Schools hockey, Herschel drew with St Cyprian's in the final. The parents also played the girls at hockey and everyone enjoyed the day. The Staff v. girls hockey match ended the term.

In the fourth term, the House magazines were returned to us by Mr Craig, who very kindly judged them for us. Merriman won the competition, with Rolt a close second and Jagger a poor third. Mr Craig complimented the school on the magazines, as he considered the work to be of an 'extremely high standard'. Congratulations to the compilers of the magazines! Just before the Matrics left the Public Speaking Competition took

place. This was won by Jagger, with Merriman second, and Rolt third.

The activities of the short fourth term were overshadowed by the looming final examinations. The term culminated, as always, with the beautiful, traditional carol service.

For Dr. Silberbauer, whose last official carol service this was, the occasion must have been

fraught with many memories. These memories go back through the greater part of her adult life, for she was first Biology mistress at Herschel, then Vice-Principal and finally Headmistress. Under her aegis as Headmistress, the school has expanded enormously in every way: in numbers, in range of subjects, in buildings. Wherever she may go, and whatever she may do, the gratitude and good wishes of the school will accompany her.

Service of Dedication of the New Buildings and Other Works

Last year, His Grace the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Bill Burnett, blessed and dedicated the new Music, Arts and Drama block. This year, on a cool September afternoon, he dedicated and blessed the new school classrooms and other restoration work within the school. This marked the completion of the second building phase aimed at by the school fund-raising campaign which had been active for three

years. The audience assembled before the new buildings, in the Greek amphitheatre which the builders had created of brick under the ilex tree.

Mr Boone Wilson, who had been in charge of the fund-raising campaign, welcomed the parents, Old Girls, staff and children who had gathered for the occasion. He thanked those who had contributed to the funds, and praised their generosity and loyalty. He was pleased that the builders and



General view of Dedication Ceremony.

chief architect were present to rejoice in the completion of a task supremely well done. Dr Silberbauer was wearing a superb orchid corsage, the gift of the builders, in honour of the occasion. Mr Wilson declared that the new buildings were a proof of the determination of the donors to the school fund that the private schools should survive. He reminded us that the private schools are entirely dependent on their own efforts and the generosity of their benefactors for sustenance.

Then the Archbishop dedicated the buildings to the glory of God, in the faith of Jesus Christ and for the benefit of His children. He asked that we might be given grace to use what had been dedicated according to the will of God.

Then the school choir sang Mendelssohn's 'Lift thine eyes', and Brahms's anthem 'How lovely are thy dwellings fair'. As usual, the choir sang with the utmost sweetness and tunefulness. The service concluded with everyone's saying the School Prayer, and the Archbishop pronouncing the bless-

ing. Then everyone repaired to the new buildings, to inspect them and to partake of the drinks and snacks served outside them.

On display on the edge of the stoep were the beautiful new kneelers that had been embroidered by parents and Old Girls, for the school chapel. These hassocks were in the school colours and in significant and symbolical designs: there were crosses of various types, and haloed doves, symbolising the Holy Spirit. But there were also designs representing all the school activities: sport, art, knowledge of the humanities and sciences. Music was prominently represented in a design which had the church choir association badge in the centre, and notes of music which represented 'God be in my head', with which the school choir so movingly and beautifully often ends the carol service.

In the soft twilight, the fresh green of the spring foliage and the bright colours of the flowers in the school garden enhanced the beauty of the new buildings standing so proudly beside the old ones.



The choir at the dedication.



The Archbishop blesses and dedicates the new classrooms.



The Chairman of the Council addressing the guests.



Archbishop Bill Burnett addressing the gathering.



THE NEW TYPING ROOM

Typing was formerly rather a Cinderella subject, but it has now been given smart new quarters, showing the Std IX's at work.

Prizegiving, 8th December, 1977

After the school had sung Creation's hymn, Father Ian Eve opened the proceedings with a prayer, and Mr Bettison, Chairman of the School Council, apologised for the absence of the Archbishop, and presided at the function. First, he asked Dr Silberbauer to read her report, and then he thanked her for it, and commended especially the achievements of the school over the past year, particularly the gratifying successes that had emanated from the new Drama, Art and Music block.

Mrs Heywood, said Mr Bettison, needed no introduction. We all knew her as a lecturer at the University of Cape Town and as a prominent member of the Extra-Mural Faculty. Mrs Heywood thanked us for inviting her to share the joyous day with us. She liked Prize-givings ... she always had and not only because they meant the end of the year! She remembered the angelic-looking little boy at a Prep School just up the road who was asked which was his favourite hymn and with shining eyes he replied 'Lord dismiss us with thy blessing'. In addition to the going-home feeling there was always a sense of excitement, of achievement — a marvellous looking back to gather together the good things of the year and store them in the memory. And it was the good things we remembered on such a day — not the games lost, but the games won. That was another reason why she liked Prize-givings: it was the day of the year when you obeyed that motto which she saw in an American doughnut shop 'Where'er you go through life, brother, whatever be your goal, keep your eye upon the doughnut, and not upon the hole.'

In a sense, of course, Prizegiving Day is Accounting Day. We pause in the incessant welter of events and say 'What have we done with the year?' Our headmistress was called to account to the parents and governing body for what the school had achieved. By the school, Mrs Heywood meant the corporate body of girls and staff working together throughout the year towards a common purpose.

But the accounting must also be a private and individual one, because in the end we are each individual people with our own mysteriously special place in the universe, and our own particular story of success and failure. And she didn't think the story of success and failure was as simple as the list of hockey matches won or what that great pile of handsome success tokens seemed to imply.

Success or failure always reminded her of a marvellous story of Snoopy and Charlie Brown (she didn't know whether anybody at school shared her low taste in literature, but she was something of a Peanuts fan — when she could take time off from Modesty Blaise). Charlie Brown never won prizes and decided no one loved him. So his pals helped him. They coached him, gave him a dictionary, and even composed a song. So Charlie decided to go in for a spelling competition at school. The next day dawned fair and confidently. They all trotted off to school; came

the spelling competition and there was Charlie Brown knowing it all ... word after word just right ... the winner. Sweet success! Then came the inter-class competition ... frantic swotting ... everyone helping ... even creating a little time to remind him i before e, except after c, tra-la-la. How could he go wrong? Until he was asked how to spell niece ... horror, distress, what was it ... but outside the window was Snoopy, gaily whistling a little tune ... ah yes. What a clever chap you are Charlie Brown, what a success!

Well, the story goes on through several dramatic crises until finally Charlie Brown goes off to New York for the great national competition. Everyone is there to see him off with the flags flying and the band playing — the success story of the year.

There they are, in the great hall in New York, Charlie Brown and five hundred other best spellers on a platform, Snoopy in the front row and next to him Linus clutching his Security Blanket. One by one they drop out until two are left. The other fellow gets his word right and then 'How do you spell Beagle?' You should have seen the smirk on Snoopy's Beagle face as Charlie Brown plunged in B-E-A-G-E-L.

He goes home, nobody to welcome him, no band or flags or anything. He creeps off and there he is, with blinds drawn and covers over his head, a failure.

Now that was a very sad little story, and the saddest of it was that Charlie Brown was a failure. But Mrs Heywood would suggest to us that he was a failure NOT because he couldn't spell Beagle, but because he had failed to sort out his values. He got his criteria wrong: he confused success with being the absolute mostest. Success and failure must be seen in terms of what one is aiming for. It is very important to sort out in what terms we are prepared to judge ourselves as successes or failures.

Not only the girls of our school, said Mrs Heywood, or the staff, but we, as parents, face a constant battering from ourselves: it is very easy to see ourselves as failures. Whenever she read one of those beastly articles on parent-child relationships, especially one with a quiz at the end, she just knew she was a failure as a parent. Inevitably we make impossible mistakes as parents — we're not perfect. We can't expect always to know how to spell Beagle.

We want to give our children the world and all that's in it, and we can't. What then can we hope to do as parents? Perhaps the best answer to that is to be found in the words of a young man just qualified and leaving home to take up his first appointment thousands of miles away. It was the end of the chapter — accounting day. The car's engine was already running when he put his head out of the window where his parents were standing: and said, 'Parents can give a child only two things, roots and wings, and you have given me both'.

Another thing to aim at she thought was loyalty. She loved the story of a certain small boy whose mother had to hand out the prizes at a function very like ours that afternoon. It was in the good old days of HATS, and this very elegant mamma had bought a really special hat for the occasion (or so she thought!) Her son looked at her and blushed furiously: 'You aren't going to wear THAT are you?' 'Why darling, yes, don't you like it?' ... no reply. Being a most understanding mother she went off and put on her old, safe, standard but all-too-well-known Sunday best. Small boy looked at her: 'Where's your hat?' 'No, I thought I'd wear this one.' 'Go on, Mum, you like that hat, you wear it ... and if anybody says anything, I'll fight 'em.'

But to get back to the school. She had mentioned earlier that the school was a corporate body working together towards a common purpose, and it was in terms of that common purpose that the success or failure must be measured.

In general terms the purpose of the school was, of course, education in its widest sense but there was a hideous time towards the end of the year when the purpose became brutally exposed in tooth and claw as the passing of examinations. Now Herschel seemed to her to be remarkably successful in both those enterprises. Not only were their examination results excellent. In a world of increasing leisure a great deal of trouble was taken to equip the girls to use that leisure — they were encouraged to read, to take an interest in the political and social phenomena of their world, their famous Wednesday afternoons saw people from all professions and interests coming to talk to them about aspects of the world they would enter as responsible citizens.

All this is on offer from a school like this. But it can't be taken in a passive way — you can't pick up an educational tan by lounging around in the sunshine of other people's efforts. YOU must make the effort.

Was it worth it? Why bother? You were not going to be in the platform prize league anyway, and you'd get your matric on a scrape and nobody would ever ask what class. Anyway it was all so boring.

That was one of the most terrifying words echoing round the world ... bored ... There is nothing to do'. T. S. Eliot wrote about it in *The Waste Land*.

'What shall I do now? what shall I do?
I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
With my hair down

What shall we do tomorrow?
What shall we ever do?

The hot water at ten
And if it rains the closed car at four
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a
knock upon the door.'

It seemed to her that that was where successful education came in — to vanquish that spectre forever. Exposing the mind to ideals as well as ideas, to books, music, drama, jokes, games, friendship ... all that not to kill time, but to use it, to make it meaningful, exciting.

But she also said that success was a personal thing, which affected the individual quality of each person's life: now she would like to ask the girls, each one of them, a personal question: 'Think of your future — with what sort of person would you like to spend the rest of your life?'

Would each one prefer to spend it with a bored person, an uneducated person who never read, wasn't interested in anything, knew nothing worth talking about; someone who only thought of self and didn't care about other people.

She thought not. Well, the choice was theirs. Whoever might move in and out of their lives — one thing was certain. The only person each would spend twenty-four hours in every day with for the rest of her life was herself. And if she could, while at this school, where so much was on offer, become the sort of person she would like to live with, then hers would be a success story.

So, individually and collectively, the school moved forward to its goal. Perhaps she could ask what the school did stand for. She would try to spell it out for us. We might not always be able to spell Beagle, but we should be able to spell Herschel.

H appiness — something acquired from within, not bestowed from without.

E NTHUSIASM (not that endless emptiness)

R eliability

S cholarship — establishing facts before passing opinion.

C ourage

H umility

E legance

L ove — without which, St Paul tells us, all the rest becomes null and void.

This was a word worth learning to spell even if it took the rest of our lives. If we could take some part of it with us from this school, the final verdict would surely be, in the immortal words of the Dodo, in *Alice in Wonderland*: 'Everybody has won and all must have prizes.'

Mr Boone Wilson, who thanked Mrs Heywood, said he felt like Charlie Brown, following in the wake of so polished a speaker. He declared that he couldn't understand why she had been relegated to the wastepaper basket at school. Her speech was full of humanity, understanding and humour.

Clare Gowith, the head girl, seconded the vote of thanks.

The Headmistress's Report, 1978

Dr and Mrs Hey, Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen, Girls:

On behalf of Herschel I welcome you all to our Prizegiving.

For the Senior School this has been an exciting year, culminating in the occupation of our 8 new classrooms in the third term. The Staff and girls are delighted with the spacious, carpeted floors, and shaded windows, which make for a calm classroom atmosphere, and are conducive to good teaching and learning. We are more than satisfied with these wonderful new facilities and thank the Architects and builders for their careful planning and timely building.

And last, but not least, we thank the Herschel Appeal for providing the funds to make these new buildings a reality. This wing was dedicated by His Grace on 15 September, in a short but dignified ceremony held under the Ilex Tree, attended by the School and a gathering of the Herschel family.

And now to the work of the past year.

Academic Work:

We continue to aim for a high academic standard, and this, I feel, the School achieves.

The matriculation results for 1977 were good. Of the 43 candidates who were entered, all but one passed. 39 gained university entrance, and Clare Gawith, Janet Hammond and Kate Philip achieved A aggregates, and between them seven of nine distinctions — Janet in English, Latin and Biology, Clare in Biology and Latin, and Kate in English and Biology; Jean Bergh gained a distinction for Afrikaans, and Susan Fine for Typing. This wide spread of distinctions reflects hard work on everyone's part, and naturally we were delighted.

In the Higher Taalbond examinations, 52 girls passed, 9 on the Higher Grade, and on the Lower Grade 57 girls passed. These successes are indicative of good work on the part of our Afrikaans Staff, and hard work by the candidates themselves. We encourage all girls to take these tests of bilingualism for the certificate they receive is a worthwhile one to have.

20 girls were successful in the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music examinations; of these, 6 gained merit passes, and Susan Hammond passed Grade V with distinction.

The results of the Ballet R.A.D. examinations were excellent. There were no failures; of the 16 successful candidates, three achieved honours, and 8 were highly commended.

Nicolette Schmidt received high commendation for her essay in the National Award, Group A, of the South African Navy League Essay Competition; and three girls, Jane Coombe, Tessa van Ryneveld and Amy Williams, have had poetry and prose published in the literary magazine "English Alive". It is always exciting to see one's work in print for the first time, and we are justly proud of these girls, and thank the English Staff who



Dr B. Silberbauer with the Archbishop.

give such encouragement to expression of the written word.

This seems an opportune moment to pay special tribute to Mrs Joy Boyes, who retires this year, after fifteen years as Head of the English Department, and as Editor of our Magazine. She leaves us with an enhanced reputation, having enriched three generations of Herschel Senior School pupils, by her teaching, in which the reading of each poem, or play, or novel, has been an exploration of language and of life.

We wish Mrs Boyes a happy and restful retirement.

We have been most successful in the Speech Performers' examinations in which Clair Grootendorst and Sally Andrews gained honours.

In the Oral Communication group examinations of the Cape Town Elsteddfod, many girls gained merit and honour awards, and they brought back, for the first time, the Carol Iijon trophy for Choral Verse, the Speech Teachers' Senior Open Cup, and the Irene Holloway Cup, all of which are awarded annually. We do congratulate Mrs Margaret Saffery, Mrs Bernice Mallet and Mrs Sally Browne for the singular way in which they have organised and achieved outstanding success in the Drama Department this year. Their lively teaching has been felt to good effect throughout the School, particularly by the oral communication and drama girls they teach.

Mrs Mallet is now about to stay at home with her growing family for a while, and we are going to miss her. She has thrown herself unreservedly into the teaching and life of the School, and in particular the Social Responsibility Club, where she has taught the lesson that though the giving of money is necessary, the giving of one's self, is equally so. Every school needs a Bernice Mallet, and we have been extremely lucky in ours.

Another first in Herschel history, was our success in the 1978 Alliance Francaise du Cap Trophy. There were 32 participants from Peninsula schools, and Vivien Visser and Tania Braun not only brought home the Cup, but won individual awards for good marks. Mrs McCormick was delighted and so were we.

An American Field Scholarship was awarded this year to Kate Philip, while Jackie Dicey and Karen Corder have gained Rotary Scholarships: Jackie goes to Australia, and Karen to Arizona in the U.S.A. We wish them every success and much happiness.

The Choir, ably led this year by Gillian Rauch and Fiona Lawson, continue to delight all who hear them sing. Six matric members of the Choir sang at the first wedding ever to be held in our Chapel, in October. This small, but special place continues to be a focal point in the School and Father Eve has held many Communion Services for us this year, during the week and on Sunday mornings, for the boarders.

This year we have had an active Chapel Committee so that the Chapel arrangements have run on oiled wheels and we are delighted with our colourful and charming tapestry kneelers. Mrs Janet Meynel has organised the design and distribution most efficiently and we do thank her most sincerely for the effort she has put into the project, and thanks to those parents, grandmothers, and girls, who have so painstakingly and beautifully sewn them.

Under Mrs Caroline d'Unienville's guidance, some of the Standard Sixes are painting colourful designs on glass for the Chapel windows. Not only will these beautify our Chapel, but they will be a permanent reminder of the strong influence Mrs d'Unienville has had on our Art for the past six

years. She and her husband are returning to Natal and we shall miss her dedicated teaching for she has given so much of herself to Herschel. She and Mrs Heather Montgomery have made Art the lively, colourful subject that it undoubtedly is. A visit to the Art Room is always, for me, an enriching experience, one can learn so much about girls through their art.

The Music Department has held many concerts this year, thus encouraging those who learn instruments to play in front of an audience and so gain confidence in their playing.

At our most recent concert it was encouraging to hear six different instruments being played. Miss Sweet and her music staff work hard to keep all aspects of our music at a high standard.

Sport

On the games fields we have held our own extremely well. At the Interschools' Swimming Gala, Herschel came 3rd in the Under 14 and Open Sections, and won the Shield in the Under 16 Group Event. In the Diving, we gained 2nd place overall.

Miss Kable and Suzanne de Water Naude, captain of swimming, spent care and time in the selection and training of the swimming team who responded enthusiastically.

We congratulate Monique Biebuyck who has been selected to represent Western Province in backstroke and crawl.

Miss Kable, accompanied by Mrs Margaret Hartman, took the First Hockey Team on tour last Easter. After a training session at Hogg's Back, they travelled to Grahamstown for several matches.

The U15A Team came first in their League, and the U15B came second in their League, which augurs well for the future, and the first team were so successful that they have been promoted from the A2 to the A1 hockey League. Later in the season, our hockey captain, Marilyn Knudsen, and Deborah Partridge, were selected as members of the Western Province Schools' Hockey Team. So a good hockey season was had by all.

Tennis is much enjoyed at Herschel, and this term during Miss Kable's absence on long leave, Mrs Hudson, ably helped by Mrs I. Fletcher, has enthusiastically organised many matches and individual events. We are especially thrilled to be playing on the two newly completed asphalt courts on the cabbage patch. The Senior A Team, captained by Celeste Cornforth, came fourth in the A League and the U15C and D teams came first in their respective Leagues.

Netball has also been much enjoyed this year, and our standard is steadily improving as the following results indicate: The Senior Open Team captained by Siobhan Mannion, won all their matches in the 3rd League, and managed to reach the semi-finals at the Inter-schools' Tournament. The U15A and B teams won all their matches during the second term, and were promoted to the

1st and 2nd Leagues respectively. During the 3rd Term, they only lost two matches in the higher leagues.

Squash is also a most popular sport, and the girls continue to enjoy it, and our team acquitted itself well at the Inter-schools' Tournament.

While the new classroom wing was being built, the Library and old classrooms were refurbished. The three upstairs classrooms are now used for the teaching of French, Xhosa and Latin, and the classrooms which have been incorporated in the Baxter Library, will house our new audiovisual equipment, most of which will be in full use by the first term next year. This section has been curtained and equipped with tape-recorders donated by the second-hand shop ladies, organised so well this year by Di Mackenzie. Girls will be able to listen to tapes and improve their individual performance in difference subjects and languages, thus opening up new concepts in teaching.

After four-and-a-half years, our Librarian, Miss Tremble, leaves us to enter the commercial world. Above all, Miss Tremble understood the value of reading, and a few statistics reflect in some measure the debt the School owes to her interest and enthusiasm, particularly at Prep level, where the number of books read has increased from 626 in the 3rd term of 1974 to 3300 in the 3rd term of 1978. In the Senior school, the numbers of books read have also increased, though because of the work-load at Senior level, not quite as dramatically as in the Prep School. Next year, Mrs Coleen Meinert will take over the Senior Library and Mrs Jane Wimbush will be in charge of the Preparatory School Library.

Interhouse Competitions

Successful Inter-house Magazine and Music competitions were held, and of course the Houses continue to compete on the games fields and finally for the Efficiency Shield. Not only is the atmosphere throughout the School, a very happy one, but life is never dull at Herschel — we have had interesting debates, forum discussions, a wide variety of club meetings to suit all tastes. This means that all girls get a chance to express themselves in a chosen field, so that not only do they progress academically but also culturally and as individuals.

A school's achievements should be judged as much by the results of the average girls as by those of the stars who get distinctions. For education does not mean simply learning, it is a training in mind and morals and neither should be cultivated at the expense of the other.

When Sir John Herschel disembarked his family and his telescopes at Cape Town in January 1834, his voyage from Portsmouth, in the 600 ton East Indiaman, "Mount Stuart Elphinstone", lasted nine weeks and two days. Nowadays when such journeys need occupy no more than a matter of hours, and instructions can travel from Earth to Mars in a matter of minutes, we can still marvel at the speed with which Herschel accomplished his scientific purpose. Within less than six weeks he had found his site in Grove Avenue, erected

his telescope and started his observations. To travel by sea cost Herschel £500, and during his four year stay in South Africa, he spent about £8 000.

We have come a far cry from the 600ton East Indiaman in which the East India Company were happy to transport Herschel and his telescopes for £500 and no doubt make a profit on the deal.

In 1984 his successors plan to place a telescope in orbit outside the blanket of the earth's atmosphere and so greatly extend the range of wavelengths with which observations may be made — the costs of constructing and operating such a venture being put at about 1 400 million.

The point I am trying to make is that in the last 100 years, mankind has provided material goods on a scale 3 times greater than previously reached after several million years of effort. This remarkable accomplishment is repeatedly affecting every human being at all levels, and education is no exception. The syllabuses in all matriculation subjects have been enlarged and elevated in some cases to the levels which we, as parents, studied at university during our first and second years. This educational pressure at school necessitates the employment of specialised staff who need highly refined equipment to help complete the vast syllabuses in the time available. Over the past 25 years teaching has changed from rote learning to thorough understanding of work learnt and to achieve these aims the School Council, who are the providers of specialised amenities and equipment, have had to make a special effort. I think that at times my Council have looked askance at my repeated requests for higher salaries for specialised staff and more overhead projectors, better audiovisual equipment and more classroom space, and so on.

But let me hasten to add that they have always dealt sympathetically with my requests, and supplied whatever the School could afford. So Herschel has been very fortunate in the interest shown by its Executive Committee and School Council. Perhaps some of the speed at which Sir John Herschel attacked his research while he was in South Africa has inadvertently rubbed off on the School which was named after him, for though a comparatively young school (56 years old) Herschel is now splendidly housed and equipped, much more so than many schools which have been established for centuries.

I thank all those who have helped organise the School this year, and been so loyal and helpful to me, to mention but a few, Mrs Gillham our vice-principal, Mrs Pat Brown (senior mistress at the Prep), Mrs Nezar (head of the boarding house), Miss Way (our caterer), and my three House mistresses, Mrs McCormick, Mrs Rauch and Mrs Stockwell; Fiona Lawson, our Head Girl has remained calm and level-headed at all times, and the heads of Houses, Siobhan Mannion (Rolt), Lizanne Scott (Jagger) and Julianne Alsopp (Meriman) have tried hard to engender House spirit and loyalty. The remaining prefects and the matri-

culation class have proved to be an interesting group whose future progress we shall follow with interest.

Each member of my Staff gives something very special to the School and saying goodbye to them, especially those who started teaching with me at Herschel, is going to be difficult. Over the years we have all discovered the importance of working together, not for ourselves, but for the good of Herschel and its pupils. It saddens me to say goodbye.

I end by thanking all Parents for their warm and loyal support these eight years, thus making what might be a difficult task a pleasant one. I have more than enjoyed my years at Herschel and it has been an honour and a privilege to have been entrusted with the education of your daughters. To-day's young have much to offer and even the most diffident responds, in time, to kindness, understanding and encouragement. To my successor, Miss Pamela Geldard, I wish every success and as much happiness as I have enjoyed at Herschel. Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you.
Ad Dei Gloriam.

Founder's Day, 17th February, 1978

The usual Founder's Day Service was held in St Saviour's, and the Rev Ian Eve, the rector, conducted it. The school has grown so much of late that there was scarcely room in the church for it.

The Rev. Ian Eve remarked on an eye-catching advertisement which covered one third of a page in 'The Argus'. It promised a supplement in the week-end Argus which would appeal specially to women. On the cover of the magazine there was a superb blonde, with classic features. She was beautiful in face, figure and grooming. She is to unfold the secrets of beauty each week, for the edification of women. They will be shown clothes and cosmetics, and how to wear and use them with poise and to the best effect.

It may be hard to improve on nature, but the advertisement certainly implies that it may be worth a try. Maybe the beauticians are performing a service. After all, too, it is not a Christian virtue to look dowdy. It is rather our duty to look our best to the glory of God.

An American expert, a trainer of models, says all beautiful women have certain things in common. He supplied a surprising list: the glow of health, a radiant personality, intense vitality and integrity. The expert feels that true beauty comes

from within. Real beauty, he insists, is not just surface loveliness.

The Rev. Mr Eve noticed that Herschel girls find it important to be beautiful. He knew another advertisement of a woman busy with soap and a towel. Next to her is a tin of health salts, with the caption 'Inner cleanliness comes first'. That, of course, is true, otherwise we have spots.

It is true, too, in the wider spiritual sense: beauty comes from within, the beauty of holiness. Holiness means all-round health, of body, mind and spirit, and comes from wholeness and healthiness within. St Paul said that beauty would be ours if we filled our thoughts with all that is true, just, pure, excellent and admirable. The night creams, the day creams, the fluffy creams, the ultra-lucent, the bronzing creams, the brush-on mascara do not endow us with true beauty. Wholeness of character, the being a child of God will give it to us.

Inner treatment, wholeness of character, will make the Herschel girls lovelier as they grow older, and return as Old Girls to Founder's Day.

After the service, the school, the parents and the Old Girls repaired to the school for tea and to view the art exhibition in the new Music, Art and Drama block.

Staff News

New Staff, 1978

Senior School: Mrs T. Banfield, Mrs S. Brown, Mrs A. Eadie, Mrs A. Joubert, Miss S. Magona, Mrs F. Webb, Mrs M. Westgate.

Preparatory School: Mrs H. Ball, Mrs V. Gray, Mrs C. Olivier, Mrs M. Pryde.

Office: Mrs Audrey Alves
Boarding House: Mrs P. Boehmke

Staff who have left

Senior School: Miss A. Cleghorn, Mrs C. Lawson, Mrs E. Williams.

Preparatory School: Mrs P. Cragg, Mrs A. King, Mrs M. Kottler.

Office: Miss C. Stableford.

Boarding House: Mrs B. Howell, Matron N. Johnston.



Dr B. Silberbauer

As 1978 nears its end, so, simultaneously, does the reign of Herschel's most illustrious Headmistress draw to a close. So packed with achievement, so filled with distinction has the remarkable career of Dr Barbara Silberbauer been, that it is extremely difficult to decide just where to begin in writing about this outstanding leader, teacher, administrator and builder.

The rate of change and improvement since Dr Silberbauer took over the reins has been so rapid that it is probably necessary to remind parents, girls, Staff and "Old Herschelians" of some of the salient features then and now. In January 1971, when Dr Silberbauer became Headmistress, there were but 310 pupils and, furthermore, the School was running on a deficit. A daunting prospect one would have thought, but not for long, because of the determination, the drive and the will to success that had already taken Dr Silberbauer from one academic attainment to another, that had characterised her life in fact, and that was now to be brought to bear on Herschel.

By 1974 — just four years later — the long run of unprofitable years swung dramatically to profit, and that is the way it has been ever since! Incredibly, whilst this was being achieved, Dr Silberbauer embarked upon an ambitious, necessary and farseeing programme which was to see not only the renovation of the existing buildings, but also the addition of further buildings, classrooms and facilities that were to culminate in providing the school with very nearly all it could need for years to come.

With vision, with drive and never-flagging energy, she inspired her Staff, her Council and Parents alike, to the extent that all were caught up in her enthusiasm, shared her dreams and worked with her in their fulfilment. It was as though Dr Silberbauer could see in her mind's eye the unquestionably inadequate state of buildings, of classrooms, of boarding facilities for a school twice its then size, sparkling and fully-equipped and then set out to realise it as she saw it. The debt we owe her can never be repaid.

Dr Silberbauer came to Herschel as a Biology teacher in 1957 and was by then both highly qualified and a person of considerable distinction. She had matriculated at St Anne's College, had taken her B.Sc. at Natal University and at the age of 18 was Assistant Lecturer to Professor Frank Bush. She then lectured at Cedars Agricultural College for a year — at the same time studying for and then obtaining her Master's degree.

Never one to be idle, Dr Silberbauer became Junior Lecturer and Demonstrator in the Zoology Department at the University of Cape Town, whilst coping with the arrival — in succession of course — of 4 children and seeing to it that her Medical Student husband, John could complete his own high qualifications at U.C.T.

In July 1957, Miss McLean prevailed upon Barbara Silberbauer to teach Biology at Herschel, and so began an association which was to bring so much to the school. She left the school in 1965 and took her doctorate, and returned as Headmistress in 1971. Then began her many achievements. The list is imposing and includes inter alia: The renovation of the Boarding House; redecoration of the bathrooms; landscaping of the gardens and grounds; the renovation of the senior kitchen (with funds raised by the Old Girls); alterations to the Junior Boarding House and moving most of the junior boarders to the Senior School — this made possible the creation of a Nursery School for 66 children; she built 5 new classrooms at the Prep; refurbished the kitchen and a further room to provide two additional classrooms, and thus began the "Pre-Prep;" at her instigation and by her inspiration the Herschel Appeal was launched in 1976; this has led to commitments of some R360,000, on the strength of which the School has been given:

A magnificent Art and Drama Centre.

8 new Senior classrooms

A refurbished classroom wing

2 new Tennis Courts

Renovations to the Chapel and the imposing paving under the Ilex tree.

The great love that Dr Silberbauer has for Herschel shines through the very appearance of the school, from its lovely gardens to the beautiful and imposing buildings today so well-kept and so obviously the pride and joy of Headmistress, Staff and girls.

The poise and dignity which Dr Silberbauer has brought to her post are matched by the firm hand she has kept on standards and discipline. A leader who knows to the last detail what is happening in the school, she has always had a warm and friendly greeting for everyone she meets as she goes about her many duties.

Dr Silberbauer leaves a school ready for its future — academically consistently to the fore in its results throughout her years, high in morale, high in sporting attainments and magnificently equipped in buildings. One cannot give any higher testimonial than the testimony of results, and these speak more eloquently than words can ever do of the excellence which has been the hall-mark of Dr Silberbauer's regime.

May Dr Silberbauer's years of retirement be many, be full of joy and happiness. May we also say thank you to her for all the unremitting hard work and for all she has given Herschel. For all those who come to Herschel, Dr Silberbauer's monument is all around them.

J.N.

Mrs Joy Boyes

At the end of this year Mrs Joy Boyes retires after fifteen years as Head of the English Department, and as Editor of this magazine. She leaves both with an enhanced reputation.

But more important than reputations are the three generations of Herschel senior school pupils who have been enriched by her teaching in which the reading of each poem, play or novel has been an exploration of language and of life, undertaken with compassion and humour and that rare sense of wholeness, born of respect for the human spirit. Many a schoolgirl indignant at her sprawling prose stripped to one, concise, red sentence will treasure Mrs Boyes's witticisms, and recall with affection her love of flowers and, indeed, of all beautiful things.

It is, perhaps her colleagues who will miss her most — that handy encyclopaedic knowledge, the authoritative decision on questions of vocabulary and syntax and those beguiling eccentricities, but most of all the blue, twinkling glance that presages a well-turned estimate of character. Impossible to imagine that staff meetings can ever be fun again.

We wish her a happy and restful retirement, and hope to see her at many school functions in the future. She will not escape Herschel easily, for old girls and colleagues will surely visit her.

B.McC.



Mrs Joy Boyes.

Mrs d'Unieuville

Mrs d'Unieuville will be sorely missed when she leaves us in December after seven busy and productive years at Herschel. She has worked tirelessly with her pupils who have benefited by her enthusiasm and vitality and her good sense. She has always been ready and willing to help wherever she has found an opportunity to do so.

Mrs Mallet

Mrs Mallet has been a teacher of English at Herschel for 5½ years, and the last two years she has been associated with Mrs Saffery in the teaching of Drama, a new Matriculation subject.

In her teaching of English, Mrs Mallet was particularly interested in oral communication, home work, and creative writing. She is now about to stay at home with her family for a while, and we wish her very well.

Mrs Saffery, who has worked very closely with her, pays tribute to her in the following article: I have worked closely with Bernice Mallet for the two years that the Matric Drama course has been in progress — we have been the two sides of the same coin, so to speak.

She is a dynamic teacher, though she occasionally soars into realms of thought where the children, trustful but bemused, find it difficult to follow! However, in her classes anything and everything can be discussed, and frequently is.

We shall miss her colourful presence about the school as we invariably look to see what she is wearing each day — positive, interesting colours and combinations of colours — a reflection of the direct and dynamic person she is. Our loss will be Natal's gain and we wish her well in her new life there.

H.M.

I used the word "trustful" advisedly. The girls do trust her — her integrity, her tolerance and her understanding; and there is something entirely motherly in her attitude to them all. In extra-curricular activities, characteristically, the Social Responsibility Club has been her baby. She has involved herself and the girls in work that has needed time, devotion and personal service, thus teaching the lesson that, though the giving of money is necessary, the giving of oneself is equally so.

To me personally she has been a tower of strength, a fount of wisdom and the greatest stage manager I have ever worked with!

Now she is leaving us to devote herself to her growing family and we are going to miss her very much. Every school needs a Bernice Mallet — we have been extremely lucky in ours.

M.S.

Miss Tremble

After four and a half dynamic years, our librarian, Miss Tremble, leaves us to enter the commercial world.

A vital and lively woman, with wide interests and catholic tastes, Miss Tremble had a tremendous impact on the girls, and stimulated their interest not only in the actual stories in the books about them on the library shelves, but also in the ideas and people encompassed within the covers of those books, and in the world those people inhabited. Her pupils will remember all their lives her vivid, stimulating lessons enlivened with her own brand of humour and originality. Her colleagues on the staff will remember her, too, for her co-operation and helpfulness at all times.

The beautiful room which houses the senior school library was her especial pride, and she kept it

immaculate, and bright with tempting displays of new books or the works of special authors. Above all, Miss Tremble understood the value of reading to the knowledge and spirit of a child. A few statistics will reflect in a small measure something of the debt the school owes to her interest and enthusiasm: Number of books read per term in the Preparatory School increased from 626 in the third term of 1974 to 3300 in the third term of 1978.

Approximately 1500 new books were bought in this period. The work-load in the Senior School precludes any dramatic upswing in reading, although the number of books read increased here, too.

We wish Miss Tremble every success and happiness in her new courageous venture.

Mrs Johnston

Mrs Johnston, who served Herschel for twenty-five years was first matron of the Senior School and then of the Junior. She came to Herschel in 1952, and has been here ever since, except for nine months away after a serious operation. She actually retired at the end of 1977, when we officially took leave of her, but she has continued to make Herschel her home for this year. She goes to Durban shortly to live there.

Mrs Johnston has had a very eventful and adventurous life. She trained at Warwick Hospital, and then went as a stewardess on Mediterranean and

West Indian cruises. She met her husband in the West Indies, and married him in 1929. In 1945, she went to India, to allow a sister who had been there a long time to return to the United Kingdom. There she stayed for ten months, going backwards and forwards among Indians and British soldiers in armoured trucks.

After a spell of nursing in Yorkshire, she came to South Africa, and to Herschel, in 1952. Now we say goodbye again, and our good wishes go with her.



Dr Silberbauer presents Matron Johnston with a farewell gift.



Matron Johnston and Mrs Dorothy Smith chat at the party.

School Prefects, 1978

Head Girl: Fiona Lawson

HEADS OF HOUSES:

Jagger: Lizanne Scott

Bolt: Siobhan Mannion, Karen Corder

Merriman: Julianne Allsop

School Prefects: Jane Coombe, Nicola Dauncey, Katharine Ketelbey, Marilyn Knudsen, Andrea Olivier, Suzanne Te Water Naude, Yvonne Ward-Smith.

Head of Boarding House and School Prefect: Jacqueline Dicey.

Deputy Head of Boarding House and School Prefect: Celeste Cornforth.

House Prefects: Brigid Duckitt, Vanessa Geldenhuys.



PREFECTS

Standing: U. Geldenhuys, S. Naude, M. Knudsen, Y. Ward-Smith, B. Duckitt, J. Coombe, A. Olivier, K. Ketelbey, N. Dauncey.

Seated: S. Mannion, L. Scott, F. Lawson, Dr B. Silberbauer, J. Dicey, J. Allsop, C. Cornforth.

Avete

Pre-Prep Class: Aisha Ariefdien, Adriaan Badenhorst, Katia Bagatta, Nicola Bamford, Gavin Barker, Andres Bradley, Trelawney Burgoyne, Robin Christian, Tanya Cohen, Emma de Crespigny, Tracey du Pont, Mark Fall, Anthony George, Haydn Hammond, Candice Harrison, Peter Hass, Bonita Hinrichsen, Katherine Holt, Delia Hopkins, Marlies Kappers, Peter-Jon Kensley, Philippa Kohler, Tania Lisa Lange, Adrienne Lombard, Sarah McCarthy, Alexandra Mallet, Janet Melville, Taarig Mohamed, Jason Nash, Emma O'Hanlon, Bridget O'Neill, Kevin Ovenstone, Dianne Pentz, Ross Prins, Caroline Rait, Nina Reich, Karen Rush, Thandi Saunders, Jane Slingsby, Michele Smith-Chandler, Karin Stander, Wendy Stringer, Ian van Ripswijk, Thibaud Wallaert, Rene Watermeyer, James Whittall, Matthew Whittall, Kim Wildman.

Sub A: Amanda Baker, Karen Bewick, Katherine Brigg, Nicola Cooper, Fenella Ebbs, Amanda Gersh, Mary Jo Green, Claire Howse, Tania Louw, Karen McPhail, Philippa Matthews, Katherine O'Neill, Amelia Opie, Laura Porter, Jill Richardson, Michele Turck, Debra Tyson, Tamryn Whitnall, Micky-Lee Williams.

Sub B: Marian Boonzaier, Bryony Gordon, Margit Klivington, Susan Hundleby, Amanda MacNab, Chloe Venn.

Standard 1: Nazeema Ahmed, Samantha Bailey, Samantha Mackay-Davidson, Bronwen MacKellar, Nawal Mohamed, Heather P'Brien, Jessica Opie, Viveka Sköld, Barbara Thomas.

Standard II: Nicola Bailie, Rachel Brigg, Tracey Coleman, Alison Day, Leila Henriques, Jane Hundleby, Charlene Kendall, Alison MacNab, Michelle Thorne.

Standard III: Helen Botma, Fiona Gilliland, Alison Hundleby, Nicola Ince, Lisa Kantor, Roshan Karkjeker, Yael Peters, Ulrika Sköld.

Standard IV: Lucy Bayliss, Deborah Crane, Claudio Fioravanti, Linda Fioravanti, Diane Flanagan, Diane Klivington, Nicola Newman.

Standard V: Rowena Evans, Shelley Mackay-Davidson, Ingrid Matolengwe.

Standard VI: Zainunesa Adams, Jacqueline Batchelor, Susan Bowley, Robyn Cooper, Katherine Dower, Magdalene du Toit, Fiona Fraser, Melanie Godfrey, Rosamund Haden, Catherine Hales, Claire Hoyle, Conny Krauss, Karin Krone, Tanya Landless, Terri Liljequest, Page Littleford, Lisa Lyhne, Jacqueline McKenzie, Catherine Marr, Hilary Marten, Linda Merrington, Deborah Pargiter, Anne-Marie Robb, Wendy Sharpley, Lynn Stamper, Natasha Theophilou.

Standard VII: Sally Bayliss, Maryke Hommerson, Susan Lanfear, Kelly McPhail, Birte Olek, Sonja Schröder, Cynthia Taylor, Jayne Thomson.

Standard VIII: Penelope Cooper, Helen Dacey, Fleur Hanekom, Susan Ingram, Deborah Norris, Magda Rosenwerth.

Standard IX: Karen Croome, Aylex Cross, Susan Hollinshead.

Valete

Standard X: Julianne Allsop, Catherine Baker, Belinda Blake, Lorna Botma, Tania Braun, Jane Coombe, Karen Corder, Celeste Cornforth, Jacqueline Couzens, Nicola Dauncey, Lisa Diamond, Jacqueline Dacey, Brigid Duckitt, Alison Flisher, Vanessa Geldenhuys, Mary-Lynne Grant, Vivien Hart, Georgina Hartsuiker, Nancy Jackson, Susan Justice, Katharine Ketelbey, Marilyn Knudsen,

Fiona Lawson, Ingeborg Maier, Siobhan Mannion, Amanda Metcalfe, Elizabeth Meynell, Shelley Mills, Irene Modlin, Judith Neal, Andrea Olivier, Philippa Oliver, Caron Park, Charlotte Peden, Louisa Peter, Catherine Pikholtz, Gillian Rauch, Nicolette Schmidt, Elizabeth Scott, Rose-Ann Smith, Camilla Swiel, Bridget Taylor, Suzanne Te Water Naude, Ceredwin Thomson, Philippa Torr, Liane Van Der Hoven, Melodie Van Rooyen, Yvonne Ward-Smith.

Valete

Others: Aysin Arman, Adriaan Badenhorst, Caroline Bamford, Nicola Bamford, Gavin Barker, Elizabeth Bassingthwaite, Gillian Basson, Suzanne Benson, Alexandra Black, Caroline Black, Elizabeth Black, Philippa Blackwood-Murray, Belinda Blooman, Sarah Blooman, Rosemary Brink, Trelawney Burgoyne, Robyn Christian, Leigh Cluver, Linda Cockinis, Tanya Cohen, Aleta Cruse, Theresa Cruse, Carina Cruse, Emma de Crespigny, Maria de Pao, Laura de Rooy, Bryony Eaton, Mark Fall, Lucilla Frye, Kim Frye, Anthony George, Bryony Gordon, Kim Gray, Mary Jo Green, Rosamund Haden, Haydn Hammond, Mignon Hanou, Pier Hanou, Candice Harrison, Tessa Hartford, Peter

Hass, Sarah Haveron, Jessica Hayman Joyce, Leila Henriques, Bonita Hinrichsen, Justine Joliffe, Penelope Joliffe, Peter-Jon Kensley, Judith Knight, Rachel Knight, Katherine Low, Meg McKee, Kelly McPhail, Justine Malone, Philippa Matthews, Taarig Mohamed, Rebecca Mostyn, Jason Nash, Emma O'Hanlon, Kate O'Hanlon, Kevin Ovenstone, Amanda Prins, Ross Prins, Peter Rademacher, Caroline Rait, Nina Reich, Thandi Saunders, Nicola Sevel, Tanya Shaw, Antoinette Slingsby, Jane Slingsby, Caroline Tedder, Barbara Thomas, Ian van Ripswijk, Thibaud Wallaert, Renen Watermeyer, Sharon Werner, Tracy Werner, James Whittall, Kim Wildman, Amy Williams, Debra Wray.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning, 12 November, 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:

Elizabeth Buckland, Susan Burns, Ruth Butters, Diane Cameron, Ashley Chapman, Belinda Couzens, Jacqueline Couzens, Linda de Kock, Helen

Dacey, Madeleine Enthoven, Vanessa Geldenhuys, Georgina Hart, Victoria Huxter, Philippa Jolly, Lindsay Jones, Suzanne Kilcullen, Deborah Koster, Katherine Low, Maryanne Marais, Anne Meynell, Carolyn Newton, Chloe Ovenstone, Jacqueline Rathfelder, Gail Robinson, Terry Roomes, Joal Saunders, Catherine Saunders, Penelope Sharpley, Susan Steenkamp, Katherine Tripp, Cherie Whitfield, Juliette Womersley, Jane Yeats.

Gifts to the School

Mrs Di Mackenzie and her co-workers of the Secondhand Shop have most generously donated money to purchase black-out curtains for the Drama Room; and two portable tape recorders, one for drama and one for music. These items are much used and appreciated.

Numerous books have been donated to the Jenny

Torr Memorial Shelf of the Senior Library.

Gateposts donated by the Matrics of 1974, 1975 and 1976 have been built at the entrance to the school and the fine School Crest sculptured by Mrs E. Wesemann has been placed in a prominent position thus making identification of the School much easier for strangers to Cape Town.



SENIOR MEMBERS OF CHAPEL

Committee hold nine newly-completed kneelingers in nine different designs

Herschel Chapel Tapestry Kneelers

Dr Silberbauer's wish to improve the appearance of the Chapel before she left the School and her suggestion that the kneelers should be covered in tapestries has met with a wonderful response from members of the Herschel family.

It was decided to have nine different designs so that there would be a good variety from which to choose, but it was stipulated that the backgrounds should all be the same and that only the woofs provided should be used in order to obtain a uniform overall effect.

The designs vary from those adapted from a book on Church Kneelers with crosses and "I.H.S." motifs, doves of peace, etc., to a Herschel blazer badge surrounded by a sun, moon and stars to keep the astronomical association with Sir William Herschel. These were taken from a book on symbols used for Church kneelers, where it was found that the sun, the source of light and heat, has been accepted as a symbol of the "Son of Righteousness", the Crescent Moon, the symbol of Byzantium, represents the feminine principle and is the symbol of the Virgin, and the Pentalfa, five-pointed star, is the star of Bethlehem.

A design for the musical side of Herschel depicts the Choir badge (the crest of the Royal School of

Church Music) with a staff and notes for "God be in my Head", which Miss Sweet considers to be the Choir's signature tune.

The background is worked in blue and light beige, divided by a diagonal line from two opposite corners. The colours for the designs were taken from the blazer badge; red, gold, pale blue and pink. We introduced an off-white and also a dark blue for the background of the music crest. The designs could be worked with combinations of any of the colours and as a result none of the kneelers is identical with any other and each one has its own particular charm.

The names of girls for whom the kneelers have been worked have been embroidered on the sides, most of them adding the year in which they left school. Some have "family" kneelers with mothers' and daughters' names on different sides.

There are eighty-four kneelers in the Chapel and these are all now being covered in tapestries. Should anybody wish to do one, we shall be pleased to have extra kneelers. This has been a project that has been undertaken by present girls, members of the Staff, Old Girls, mothers and grandmothers, all of whom have enjoyed contributing something to Herschel School.

JANET MEYNELL

Chapel Report

Chairman: Dr Silberbauer.

Secretary: Pippa Torr.

Committee: Mrs H. Montgomery, Mrs Giliham, Mrs M. Brown, Miss J. Way, Jacky Dicey, Andrea Olivier, Celeste Cornforth, Bridget Duckett, Nicky Dauncey, Fiona Lawson, Louise Gray, Amanda Crutchley, Maria Stavrou, Philippa Jolly, Penny Sharpley.

Our first meeting was held on Tuesday, 8 April. Mrs Meynell, a guest speaker, came to propose/discuss the proposition of tapestried kneelers. It was decided that they should be woven in the Herschel colours and should be done by present Herschelians, Old Herschelians and mothers. The kneelers are nearly all complete and have already brightened up the chapel.

We are truly grateful to Mrs Mary Browne who has, throughout the year, provided the beautiful flowers which are always to be seen in the chapel.

During the September holidays a wedding was held in our chapel for the first time. An Old Herschel, Muffin Hands, was married to Neil Malherbe. A small group of senior girls sang at the wedding, and it proved to be a lovely and memorable occasion.

Father Eve has conducted communion services every fortnight, and Canon van der Bijl, Father Watson and Father Eve have taken the boarders' chapel service on alternate Sundays.



THE CHAPEL COMMITTEE 1978

Matriculation Results, 1977

- † denotes Matric pass with university entrance.
 A denotes A aggregate
- † ACKERMAN, Kathryn Jane
 - † ADAMS, Fiona Mary
 - † ALLDERMAN, Erica
 - † BARKER, Janet Alexandra
 - † BATCHELOR, Veronique
 - † BERGH, Theresa Jean (Distinction in Afrikaans)
 - † BETTISON, Sandra Mary
 - † BRINK, Nicola Susan
 - † DEAL, Georgia
 - † DE KLERK, Frances Patricia
 - † DE ROOY, Evelyn Alida
 - † DONALD, Fiona Helen
 - † FARQUHAR, Victoria Hilda
 - † FINE, Susan Frances (Distinction in Typing)
 - † FOUCHE, Chloë Hilda
 - † GANT, Alexandra Maidment
 - A† GAWITH, Sally Clare (Distinction in Biology and Latin)
 - † GOTTGENS, Louise Mary
 - A† HAMMOND, Janet Margaret Justine (Distinction in English, Latin and Biology).

- † HANNAY-ROBERTSON, Pauletta Doune
- † HARRIS, Susan Bridget
- † HERBERT, Serena
- † HONIG, Katinka Marijke
- † JEAREY, Barbara Ann
- † KELLY, Caroline Jane
- † KOHLER, Nicolette
- † LORIA, Diane Jeanette
- † LOUW, Susan Jane
- † MALHERBE, Vivienne Norah
- † MANNING, Helen Elizabeth Dumaesq
- † MEYNELL, Elizabeth Janet
- A† PHILIP, Theresa Kate (Distinction in English and Biology)
- † QUIBELL, Lindsay Kathryn Janet
- † QUINAN, Lucinda Mary
- † RAATH, Karina Louise
- † ROSE, Amanda Mary
- † SANDELL, Bridget Mary
- † SIMPSON, Peta
- † SMIEDT, Manda Avrielle
- † SWANEPOEL, Linda Marie
- † WARD-ABLE, Susan Isabel
- † WRENTMORE, Lou-Anne

Taalbond Results, 1977

HOER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1977

Hoër Graad

F. Adams, J. Barker, J. Bergh, T. Braun, J. Hammond, K. Honig, K. Ketelbey, C. Pikholz, C. Thomson.

Gewone Graad

E. Alderman, J. Allsop, V. Batchelor, L. Botma, N. Brink, J. Coombe, C. Cornforth, N. Dauncey, F. de Klerk, E. de Rooy, C. de Villiers, J. Dicey, B. Duckitt, V. Farquhar, S. Fine, A. Gant, C. Gawith, L. Gottgens, S. Harris, B. Jearey, N. Kohler, M. Knudsen, I. Meier, V. Malherbe, H. Manning, A. Metcalfe, R. Meynell, A. Olivier, L. Peter, K. Philip, K. Raath, G. Rauch, A. Rose, B. Sandell, N. Schmidt, E. Scott, P. Simpson, M. Smiedt, L. Swanepoel, S. Te Water Naude, S. Ward-ABLE, C. Y. Ward Smith, L. Wrentmore.

LAER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1977

Hoër Graad

A. Bowley, T. Honig, A. Marr, E. Meynell, I. Modlin.

Gewone Graad

K. Ackerman, J. Anderson, C. Baker, K. Brossy, E. Buckland, R. Butters, D. Chamberlin, K. Corder, B. Couzens, J. Couzens, G. Deal, L. Diamond, L. de Rooy, C. Dowdle, R. Fletcher, M. Filmer, C. Fouche, G. Frater, V. Geldenhuis, M. Grant, L. Gray, M. Gudehus, V. Hart, S. Herbert, T. Herbert, M. Hollman, E. Hyslop, M. Jacobson, S. Justice, P. Leighton Davies, T. Louw, S. Mannion, C. Maud, F. McLennan, J. Millar, S. Mills, L. Mukheibir, L. Murdock, S. Nichol, L. Quibell, L. Quinan, A. Raath, G. Robinson, S. Rowland, J. Saunders, C. Scholten, Y. Stockwell, R. Thomson, B. Taylor, P. Torr, T. van Ryneveld, J. Womersley, M. van Nierkerk.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examination Results, 1978

Grade I: Nicolette Jordan (Merit).

Grade II: Linda Cockinis (Merit), Nicole Ihle (Pass), Ilse Richter (Pass).

Grade III: Philippa Blackwood-Murray (Pass), Jane Dicey (Violin) (Pass), Rosamund Haden (Pass), Emily Morrissey (Pass).

Grade IV: Hilary Jooste (Pass).

Grade V: Jill Breen (Merit), Gaydrey Browne

(Pass), Susan Hammond (Distinction), Maryanne Mareis (Pass), Elizabeth Meynell (Violin) (Pass).

Grade VI: Helen Dicey (Merit), Caroline Marten (Pass), Anne Meynell (Merit).

Grade VII: Phillipa Gleimius (Pass), Yvette Stockwell (Pass).

Grade VIII: Gillian Rauch (Merit).

Theory Examination:

Grade V: Helen Dicey (Pass), Caroline Marten (Pass), Anne Meynell (Pass).

Ballet Examination Results — R.A.D.

Primary: G. Raaff (Honours), J. Wray (Highly Commended), C. Beck (Highly Commended), T. Hass (Highly Commended), Jill Richardson (Commended).

Grade I: D. Bonner (Honours), A. Durr (Commended), D. Mann (Pass), J. Allan (Pass), C. Symons (Pass).

Grade II: Sally Orren (Commended), C. McGee (Commended).

Grade IV: Bronwen Geldenhuys (Honours), G. Rebane (Highly Commended), B. Osweil (Commended), H. Schubert (Pass).

Miscellaneous Awards

Scholarship

An American Field Scholarship has been awarded this year to Kate Philip (see Old Girls' News for details) and Rotary Scholarships to Jacqueline Dicey (to Australia) and Karen Corder (Arizona, U.S.A.).

Speech Examination Results, 1978

PERFORMERS EXAM

Senior IV:

Merit: Philippe Leighton-Davies, Louise Murdock, Tessa van Ryneveld.

Senior III:

Honours: Clair Grootendorst.

Senior II:

Merit: Amanda de Villiers.

Grade C:

Honours: Sally Andrew

Grade B:

Pass: Sharon Werner

ORAL COMMUNICATION GROUP EXAM

Intermediate III:

Susan Davies A, Carolyn Newton A.

Intermediate I:

Shona Commins B+, Moira Mannion B+ Page Littleford B+, Magdalene du Toit A.

Junior III:

Amanda Robins B+, Joanne Hvidsten A, Shelley Durr A.

Junior II:

Wilhelmina Bray A, Felicity Peile B, Juliet Postlethwaite B, Catherine Shub B+.

Cape Town Eisteddfod

SOLO SPEAKING:

MERIT: S. Lloyd-Roberts, C. Newton, A. Mathieson, L. Cluver.

HONOURS: M. du Toit, J. Johnson, A. de Villiers, J. Womersley, P. Leighton-Davies, L. Murdock, S. Davies.

EXPERIMENTS:

Herschel won the Speech Teachers' Senior Cup. Herschel won the Irene Holloway Cup.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS

Merit: L. Gray, C. Maud, A. Mathieson.

Honours: J. Womersley, C. Field, A. de Villiers, S. Davies.

GROUP SPEAKING:

Herschel won the Carol Hjon Trophy — Std 9 Drama Group.

CENTRES OF INTEREST:

Merit: Standard Eight Drama Group.

ACTED STORIES:

Honours: J. Coombe, A. Olivier, P. Leighton-Davies, L. Murdock, T. van Ryneveld.

South African Navy League Essay Competition

Nicolette Anne Schmidt was Highly Commended for her essay in the National Award, Group A.

Winner of Squash Poster Design Junior Section

Christine Dunckley

Sonia Beck Essay

Yvette Stockwell.

Cape Town Eisteddfod Art Results

LIST OF DIPLOMAS

Senior School: Julia Singer.

Preparatory School: Sandra Newton-Thomson, Nicola Bailie, Ailsa Leith, Felicity Peile.

LIST OF MERITS

Senior School: Celeste Cornforth, Tina Louw, Kate Brossy, Janice Hurst, Mary Jooste, Wendy Wilson.

Preparatory School: Ilse Richter, Linda Fioravanti, Ingrid Koster, Linda Cockinis, Sharon Werner.

LIST OF PASSES

Senior School: Fiona Lawson, Caron Park, Rose-Anne Smith, Therese Herbert, Celia Maud, Louise

Murdock, Susan Ingram, Deirbhle Mannion, Fleur Hanekom, Susan Baker, Amanda Scott, Suzanne Ackerman, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Karen Visser, Katherine Eve, Kathy Tripp, Sonja Schroder, Christina Rideout, Jane Yeats, Priscilla Hill, Fiona McQueen, Anne-Marie Robb, Catherine Marr, Miriam Thomas, Katherine Dicey, Marie-Louise du Toit, Monique Biebuyck, Deborah Kent, Fiona Fraser, Deborah Pargiter, Janine Quibell.

Preparatory School: Melanie Maclean, Jane Allan, Barbara Thomas, Carolyn Mayhew, Linda de Waal, Penelope Thesen, Marsaili Ross, Giuliana Hunt, Camilla Kohler, Amanda Green, Penny Joliffe, Belinda van den Brink.

Charities

Santa, Child Life, Bruce Duncan Home, Mannenberg Creche, Community Chest, Peninsula School

Feeding, Lifeline, St John's Hostel, Bantu Scholar's Fund, Cape Peninsula Organisation for the Aged.

Dates for 1979

1st Term: Wednesday 17 January — Thursday 22 March.

2nd Term: Tuesday 3 April — Thursday 21 June.

3rd Term: Tuesday 17 July — Thursday 20 Sep-

tember.

4th Term: Tuesday 2 October — Wednesday 5 December.

Reports of Clubs and Activities

Social Responsibility Club Report

Teacher-in-Charge: Mrs Mallet.

Chairman: Louise Murdock.

Polonius advised Hamlet to grapple those friends which he had to his soul with hoops of iron. We have had a great deal of fun this year following just that advice. We have come to know the Bruce Duncan and Princess Alice children better and have developed a really warm relationship with the children from St Michael's in Plumstead.

Each term we have had the pleasure of taking out the Home children. Amongst the highlights of the year have been visits to Groote Schuur, who very kindly arranged for the children to come in free, and pony rides arranged by our very able chairman, Louise Murdock, at Caron Park's stables. The trepidation on one little crippled boy's face before he mounted and his joy and pride at the end of his ride made that whole afternoon worthwhile. Mr Mangold generously allowed the children into the World of Birds again, and the day finished on Hout Bay beach with a picnic and on impromptu romp in the lagoon. Gamat, the smallest child there, was made to ride home on the floor by the others as he had soaked himself so thoroughly. We have gone to the museums and for mountain walks and look forward to many more such outings.

The children at the Princess Alice Hospital welcome our visits and we enjoy the bedside games we play with them as much as they do. It is sad,

however, to see the same children there, growing weaker with each visit, who were there when we first began visiting the hospital four years ago.

Books have gone regularly to any worthy cause. The Lady Buxton Home Fête, Child Life Carnival and text books to Sister Veronica's School in Langa and to Crossroads. Magazines continue to be sent to the various hospitals.

Four big projects in which the girls have been involved have been helping at the Lady Buxton Home Fête, particularly on the bookstall, participating and accompanied by their dogs in the Blisters for Bread Walk. The girls also helped the Service Organisations to man the stalls at the Child Life Carnival held at the Good Hope Centre in October, and finally we look forward to our annual Christmas Party with the Bruce Duncan Home in December.

Girls have regularly brought clothing which has gone through to Child Life, St Michael's Home and the Bruce Duncan Home. That clothing which is in excellent condition is used by the homes for the children and the rest is sold by them as jumble to pay for new clothing.

The girls have also participated in Street Collections for R.S.P.C.A. and orphanages and enjoyed those immensely. They also helped to collect Rose Buds for Rose Day.

As I have always emphasised, the club does not want the girls merely to contribute money. The whole purpose of the club is to give the girls a chance to contribute their time and effort. I must thank them all most sincerely for all they have

done, particularly the chairman, Louise Murdock. I must also thank those parents who have helped so willingly and generously, and Mrs Stockwell and Miss Barnett and other staff for all their help and encouragement.

Debating Society Report

Chairman: Mrs Meinert.
Secretary: Catherine Pikholtz

The present Herschel Debating Society has been in existence for only a few years, yet its members are already experienced debaters. Thanks to their hard work and the help of Mrs Meinert and Mrs Saffery, we won or drew most of the debates held this year.

Debates held at Herschel were against Westerford, SACS and Wynberg. We were defeated by the formidable opposition from SACS (our only defeat during the whole year), but we won an especially interesting and argumentative debate against Wynberg.

The forum discussions held this year were extremely successful. This success was, I think, due to the fact that mixed teams (that is, teams with speakers from both schools) took part. Forum discussions were held at Herschel with Immaculata, and with teams from four Cape Town schools.

This year has therefore been an extremely successful and stimulating one for the debating society, and I hope that this success will be repeated next year, and the year after that.

Catherine Pikholtz
(Honorary Secretary)

Oral Communication and Drama

I am going to make a few fairly general remarks on Oral Communication and Drama as there will be some more detailed reports written by the girls.

Our activities this year have been many and varied. We began in the first term with a very ambitious production of "The House of Bernarda Alba" by Lorca. This was a far cry from light-hearted entertainment, with its grim theme of bitter frustration culminating in death, but well worth doing for two main reasons. Firstly because of the theatrical and literary merit of the play. It is a modern tragedy, and beautifully translated from the original Spanish, had moments of sheer poetry. We had girls who were fully equal to the acting challenge; the three longest and most demanding parts being played by Andrea Olivier, Monica Gudehus and Shelley Mills. I want to pay a tribute to the whole cast and to the hard work and creative imagination of my Stage Manager, Bernice Mallet. Also to Harold Scott, sound effects, Alan Saffery, lighting, and the backstage staff.

Thanks to Mrs Meinert, who has made herself responsible for Debates, we have had some very delightful evenings in our own Studio in the Arts Block, fortunately large enough to take quite a fair-sized audience and, of course, wonderful for sound. Schools have come to us, and in return we have visited them, a healthy and developing activity of great value to us all.

We have sallied forth valiantly into the arena of Inter-school competition, entering three teams Standards VI and VII for the Centres of Interest Competition run by the S.A. Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers. The Standard VII team was chosen to appear on the 'Winners' Evening.

In the Cape Town Eisteddfod earlier in the year, we came home in triumph with three cups for

group work, the Speech Teacher's Senior Cup and the Irene Holloway Cup (Juniors) for "Experiments". The Standard IX Drama girls won the Carol Iljon Trophy for Group Speaking. In other events Honours were gained by Jane Johnson, Magdaline du Toit, Amanda de Villiers, Juliette Womersley, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Louise Murdock, Ceres Field, Susan Davies, Jane Coombe, Andrea Olivier, and Tessa van Ryneveld.

MAD Club evenings at the end of each term have continued to be a 'shop window' for work done and triumphs achieved, during the term. We could wish that more parents would come to these evenings, which are most entertaining and end with coffee and scones. (Thank you, Joyce Way!) We would be very happy to see them and they would get a better idea of what 'Oral Communication and Drama' is all about. I believe it is possible that they would often see their own offspring in a different light and be confronted with talent and personality they hardly knew existed. It is strange, and not a little saddening, to observe the full turn-out of parents at a performance by the Grades compared to the precious few who come to see their teenage daughters in action. Perhaps their daughters are to blame for not coaxing them to come? Perhaps by then the simple, straight-forward demands of the six-year-old have been replaced by the far more complex needs of the sixteen-year-old. Perhaps some resentment exists, some self-consciousness, some dread of being criticized and laughed at? In spite of all these possibilities, I feel the girls would like their parents to come and see them — perhaps doing well in a scene from Shakespeare, or dissolving the House in laughter with a sparkling performance in a funny sketch.

Margaret L. Saffery

Sociological Club Report

Chairman: Mrs McCormick
Secretaries: Jane Coombe, Philippa Leighton-Davies

On Wednesday afternoons, during the last two periods, the 8's, 9's and 10's are either given talks or shown films on a wide scale of subjects.

This year we have had speakers talking to us on many subjects, such as: Rhodesia, Conservation, Cancer, Social Workers, the squatter problem and the ancient Romans, to mention just a few. We have also seen numerous films, including the last in "The Ascent of Man" series.

A rather unusual Sociological Club was held in February. Everybody went down to the 'Cabbage Patch' to watch a demonstration given by some

of the members and dogs of the Western Province Alsatian Club. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

During some of the afternoons, we were entertained by 'home' speakers. Miss Cleghorn gave an informative talk on Rhodesia and Suzanne Ackerman gave us a very interesting talk on her term spent in France. The History girls of Stda 8 and 9 presented a programme on South West Africa, and as S.W.A. is very much in the news, this was greatly appreciated.

I should like to thank Mrs McCormick and everyone else who has helped to make Sociological Club the interesting and enjoyable afternoon that it is.

Philippa Leighton-Davies.

Scripture Union Report

Chairman: Mrs Marr.

This year the fortnightly Scripture Union meetings have been held on Wednesdays during lunch breaks. The programmes have been very varied as we have tried to cater for the interests of the different age-groups and from the numbers attending it seems that we have managed successfully. This year we have had meetings such as a talk given by the American Robb Gee who compared and discussed the different approaches to the story of Jesus.

Films such as "The Sun Seekers" and "The Mountain Adventure" were enjoyed by all. We had the unusual event of a light show, shown by cameras, and Lesley Wattos came to sing and play the guitar for us, reading interesting and relevant sections from the Bible in between songs.

Our thanks goes to Mrs Marr for her support and guidance in the organisation of the meetings and to Miss Way who supplied packed lunches so that the boarders were able to attend. We are planning an interesting programme for next year and we hope to have an even better response and attendance.

Jill Breen, Susan Hammond, Julia Krone

Historical Society

Chairman: Mrs Stockwell.

Secretary: Lisa Diamond

Our first meeting, held in February, took the form of an illustrated talk on Japan, and was presented by Mrs Daphne Wilson. This was especially helpful to the matric class.

In March, Miss Inez Tremble gave an outstanding lesson to the Standard 9 group on 'The Wall Street Collapse and Subsequent World Depression'.

April's meeting was a visit to Parliament by the Matrics. The Progressive Federal Party made all the arrangements and we learnt a great deal about parliamentary procedure and history. We spent almost an hour in the Assembly Chamber and witnessed some heated exchanges between Mr Jimmy Kruger, and members of the very depleted opposition.

At a second meeting in April, the Society screened a film 'Dr Zhivago' — especially helpful to Standards 7, 9 and 10.

Miss Inez Tremble was our guest-speaker in May, when she told us about her exciting and some-

times hilarious experiences in England, during the Second World War.

Mr van der Hoven, prominent in finance and banking, enlightened the matrics on 'The Vital Importance of Gold in the South African Economy' at our June meeting.

During August, Mrs Stockwell, and her pupils in Standards 8 and 9, prepared a carefully documented and illustrated programme on Namibia, which they presented at a Wednesday Sociological Club Meeting in September. This programme was a great success and their efforts were justly complimented.

Our last meeting of the year was held in October, when Dr Frances Wilson presented a challenging, and scholarly talk on 'African Migrant Labour in South Africa'.

We extend our warm thanks to all who have made our activities so successful this year.

Lisa Diamond
(Secretary)

Choir Report

Conductor: Miss C. Sweet.

Accompanist: Mrs Y. Dowdle

Choir Leaders: Gillian Rauch and Fiona Lawson.

Members: T. Beck, S. Benson, P. Boyes, K. Corder, C. Cornforth, S. Cowie, N. Dauncey, J. Dicey, J. Dicey, H. Dicey, C. Dowdle, S. Eve, S. Fairhead, V. Geldenhuys, P. Gleimius, S. Glynn, M. Gudehus, M. Jacobson, H. Jooste, S. Lloyd Roberts, P. Leighton Davies, B. Longmore, C. Marten, M. Marais, L. Meynell, A. Marr, C. Moll, L. Morrissey, E. Morrissey, S. Naude, C. Newton, J. Krone, A. Olivier, J. Neal, K. Ketelby, C. Rideout, L. Stamper, M. Stavrou, Y. Stockwell, N. Theophilou, P. Torr, T. van Ryneveld, E. Vorster, S. Winstain, C. Broome, L. Moore, A. Meynell, C. Grootendorst, B. Pentz.

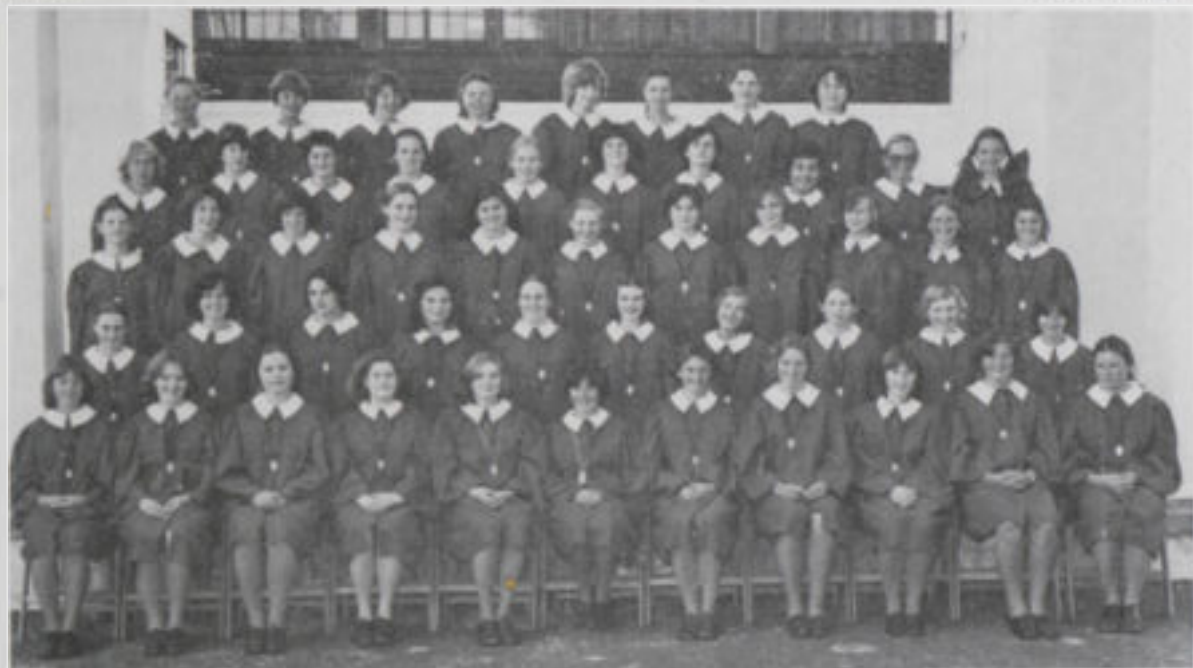
1978 has been a very busy and successful year for the choir, which has increased greatly in numbers since last year; it now constitutes fifty members. As usual we were asked to sing at several weddings of Old Herschelians one of which was the first wedding ever to be held in our school chapel.

After an audition we were invited to participate in the Capab Youth Festival at the Nico Malan Opera House in August. We were one of six choirs to perform and the evening was enjoyed by all.

Other performances included a programme of singing presented at a Music Teachers Association meeting, another at Callow House, and at the Women's World Day of Prayer. We sang at the dedication of the new school buildings and at our Founder's Day Service too, and look forward to an equally traditional service at the end of our school year — our annual Carol service. This year, the entire service will be recorded by the S.A.B.C. and will be broadcast on Christmas Eve.

The choir would like to thank Miss Sweet for her endless enthusiasm and perseverance which have made all our choir activities such a pleasure. Our thanks go to Mrs Dowdle for her patience and service as our accompanist.

Fiona Lawson and Gillian Rauch
Choir Leaders



CHOIR

Fifth Row: J. Krone, C. Grootendorst, H. Dicey, S. Glynn, J. Neal, K. Corder, T. van Ryneveld, P. Gleimius.

Fourth Row: A. Marr, C. Broome, L. Moore, S. Benson, P. Boyes, S. Fairhead, M. Jacobson, M. Stavrou, M. Gudehus, J. Dicey.

Third Row: M. Marais, C. Rideout, B. Pentz, L. Morrissey, T. Beck, Y. Stockwell, C. Moll, S. Eve, C. Newton, A. Meynell, L. Stamper.

Second Row: S. Cowie, C. Dowdle, S. Winstain, S. Lloyd-Roberts, P. Leighton-Davies, B. Longmore, E. Vorster, C. Marten, E. Morrissey, H. Jooste.

Front Row: C. Cornforth, K. Ketelby, A. Olivier, U. Geldenhuys, F. Lawson, G. Rauch, J. Dicey, L. Meynell, N. Dauncey, S. Naude, P. Torr.

Absent: N. Theophilou.

Music Report

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet

Staff: Mrs Hagan, Mrs Thackeray, Miss Harman, Mrs Longmore, Mrs Popham Smith, Mrs Greggs, Mr Richardson, Mrs Loggie, Mrs Henry.

It was pleasing to note the extensive use of the practising block in preparation for this year's Inter-house Music Competition — with a difference. It was divided into two sections: instrumental and choirs. The instrumental section was judged by Mrs Irish and won by Rolt. Mrs Creighton judged the choirs and again in this section, as

well as overall, Rolt came out on top.

Herschel now offers guitar lessons, as well as lessons in piano, woodwind and strings. All four sections are well supported.

Several girls entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod in June and the Royal Schools of Music examinations in August. The Chamber Music Association has made continuous use of our Music room, much to the enjoyment of many pupils.

Gillian Rauch
(Secretary)

Library Report

For the greater part of this year the library has reminded me of a quotation from Max Beerbohm's "Zuleike Dobson", which reads:

"On another small table stood Zuleike's Library. Both books were in covers of dull gold."

Because of the extensions which were being made to the Duncan Baxter Library, our sorely-tried librarian, Miss Tremble, had to make do with a skeleton library, operating in a vacant classroom. Not surprisingly, the magic was lacking, once removed from the imposing environment of our beautiful library, somehow the books seemed smaller, and the print seemed slightly faded — almost apologetically so.

However, to make up for months of painful drilling, banging, and ear-shaking noises, a reading-room and working area have been added on to the library, replacing old classrooms, and great schemes are being dreamt up for the library in the audio visual field. Those new addition will provide, no doubt, extra education and peace and quiet for many.

Caroline Dowdle

Library Prefects for 1978:

Lindsey Jones, Caroline Dowdle, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Linda Bettison, Cathy Callow, Clara Gootendorst, Yvette Stockwell, Caroline Marten, Camilla Broome, Amanda Crutchley.

Drama Report

Since the building of our Art Block, all sections of the arts department have developed tremendously — so much so that, we have decided to split our "Music, Art and Drama Club" into separate societies. Nevertheless, the name MAD Club still sticks and is somehow appropriate to the workshop atmosphere of our drama evening.

This is the second year that drama has been included in the school curriculum at Herschel, and the standard of the productions has noticeably improved. The Drama Club is active throughout the year — through extra speech and drama les-

sons as well as drama as a subject. The excellent results of the various Eisteddfodau and other dramatic projects show that the hard work of both girls and staff has paid off. In fact, we have had an exceptionally successful year.

We were very sorry to see Mrs Lawson go, but wish her luck and every happiness with her baby. We welcomed Mrs Brown midyear and extend thanks to all our drama staff, including Mrs Mallet and, of course, Mrs Saffery, who remains with us through thick and thin.

Andrea Olivier and Jane Coombe

The School Play

LORCA SUCCESS

At Herschel School: The House of Bernada Alba, by Federico Garcia Lorca (with pupils from Standards 8, 9 and 10). Directed by Margaret Saffery.

This Spanish tragedy, dark with suppression and ingrained frustrations, is a weighty undertaking for professional actors, let alone teenage schoolgirls.

The fact that the Herschel girls chose it, understood it and presented it successfully is to the immense credit of their school, the first in the Cape to offer speech and drama as a matric course.

The school's long-time emphasis on the role of oral communication in all facets of its teaching is presumably to thank, at least in part, for the astonishing strength of this young cast. Though

few of its members are likely to make a career in theatre, they had a feeling for movement and expression that gave the production real power.

The newly-widowed Bernada Alba is obsessed with her family's public image of chastity. Her five daughters, the eldest nearly 40, have been kept under fierce control, and all previous suitors rejected as being below their class.

The girls' love-sick frustration rises to poisonous intensity when an attractive man is accepted as fiance to the eldest sister. It is obvious that he has chosen her for her money alone, and it soon becomes clear that it is the youngest sister whom he loves — and that she loves him.

The suitor is never seen. The entire play takes place inside the house, with an all-female cast. The whole battle is fought below the surface in unseen struggles, with the sisters turning on one another as their mother does all she can to maintain the appearance of normality. For her the eventual tragedy is still a triumph: 'My youngest daughter died a virgin!' she proclaims to the village.

The language is sometimes contrived and melodramatic, and a few of the girls slipped in their intonation. But their delivery remained effective, like that of the stolid, mulish maid (played by Monica Gudehus), or the simpering, whining eldest sister (played by Louise Grey).

Andres Olivier, as Bernada Alba, was awesome, conveying her cold immovability very effectively.

The fiery-spirited youngest daughter — played by Shelley Mills — seemed brittle at first but later filled the part well.

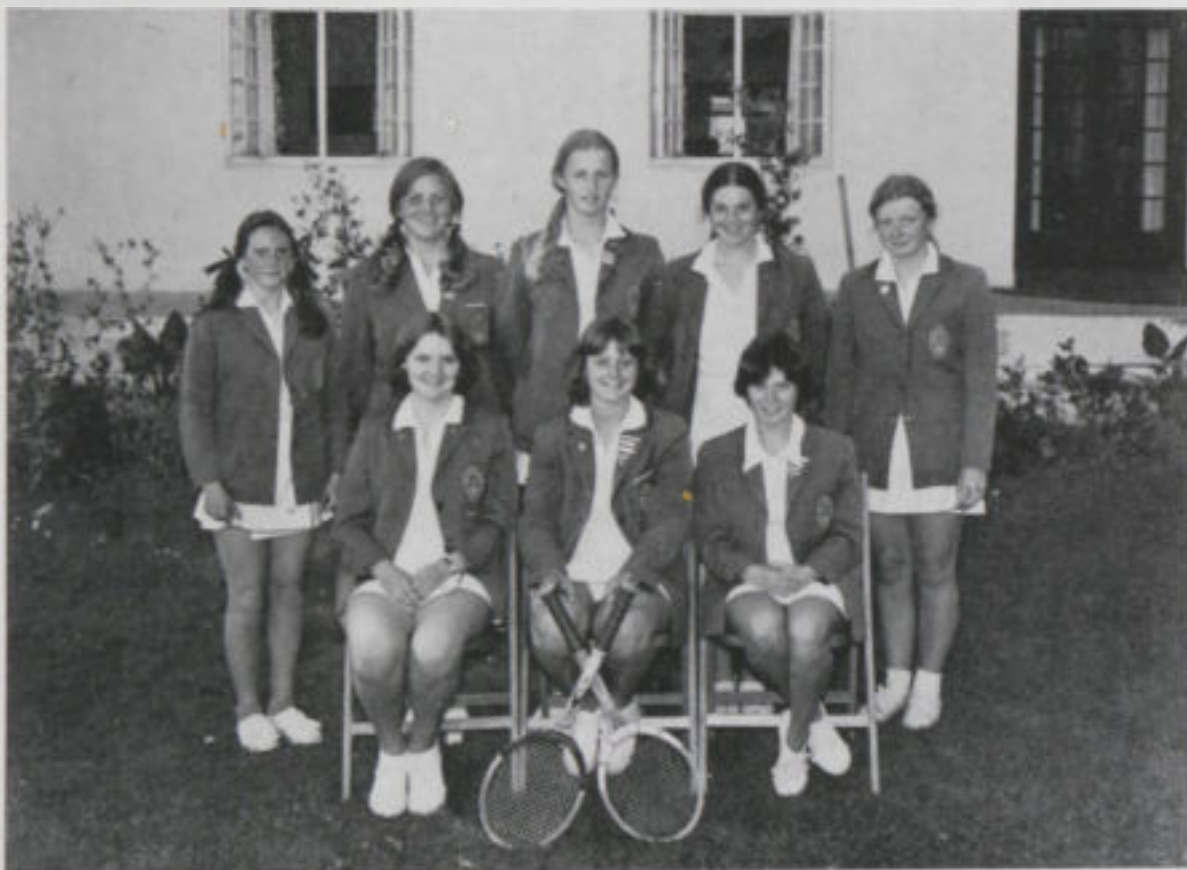
Susan Lloyd-Roberts, though playing a small part, was beautifully relaxed and strong. A highlight was provided by Carolyn Newton, who played the 80-year-old grandmother with delightful humour.

The Spanish home was excellently recreated, with each piece of furniture perfectly in type, and the minimal set — a wrought-iron gate and arched doorways suggesting all that was needed. The sound too was good.

With a success like this, the scope for school drama seems unlimited.

ELAINE DURBAGH — "The Argus".

Sports Activities



OPEN TENNIS

Standing: A. Bowley, R. Butters, B. Duckitt, C. Thomsen, D. Newton.
Seated: K. Ketelbey, C. Cornforth (Capt.), G. Rauch.



UNDER 15A TENNIS

Standing: A. Meynell, T. Beck, S. Davies, L. Jones.
Seated: N. Deal, R. Brink (Capt.), A. Scott.

Hockey Captain: Marilyn Knudsen.
Vice-Captain: Karen Corder.
Netball Captain: Siobhan Mannion.
Vice-Captain: Brigid Duckitt.
Squash Captain: Gillian Rauch.
Vice-Captain: Celeste Cornforth.
Swimming Captain: Suzanne te water Naude.
Vice-Captain: Siobhan Mannion.
Tennis Captain: Celeste Cornforth.
Vice-Captain: Katharine Ketelbey.

COLOURS:

Hockey: Awarded to Marilyn Knudsen and Deborah Partridge.

Squash: Held by no-one.

Swimming: Awarded to Michele Jacobson, Fiona McLennan and Monica Oeltz.
Held by Jane Johnson.

Gymnastics: Held by Siobhan Mannion.

Diving: Held by Siobhan Mannion.

TENNIS REPORT

The tennis this year has been fun. Players representing Herschel at the Inter-Schools tournaments were as follows:

Open Section — 1st Team: K. Ketelby, G. Rauch, C. Thomsen, B. Duckitt, R. Butters and C. Cornforth.

Junior Section — U-15 Team: R. Brink, A. Scott, S. Davies, A. Meynell, T. Beck, C. Whitfield, N. Deal and L. Jones.

Herschel was placed third in the Open Section and 3rd in the U-15 Section. The Open Section results were pleasing because we were only just beaten by Rustenburg in the finals.

The team players who took part in the annual Appletizer Championships were:

1st Couple — T. Beck and A. Meynell.

2nd Couple — C. Whitfield and L. Jones.

Badges were awarded to Brigid Duckitt and Rosemary Brink. Colours were awarded to Celeste Cornforth.

Merriman won the Inter-House Cup this year.

Many thanks to all team members for making this year so happy, and all the best for next year. We also thank Miss Kable and Mrs Hudson for their enthusiastic assistance.

CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS FOR 1977

Std 6 singles: L. Jones.

Std 6 doubles: T. Beck, A. Meynell.

U-15 singles: R. Butters

U-15 doubles: R. Butters, T. Louw.

Open singles: S. Herbert.

Open doubles: V. Malherbe, C. Cornforth.

HOCKEY

The hockey season started early this year with a most rewarding tour to the Eastern Cape. The 1st team played well throughout the season and have been promoted to the A-section of the 1st league. We were also placed 3rd overall in the Inter-schools tournament. Ruth Butters, Debbie Par-

tridge and Marilyn Knudsen played in the Western Province hockey trials and the last two were selected to play for Western Province and were both awarded their colours at the end of the season.

Our U-15 team played well throughout the season and drew with St Cyp's in the finals of Inter-schools, to score the cup. Badges were awarded to Ruth Butters and Belinda Couzens and the cup for the most promising hockey player went to Mandy Scott. Well done, and congratulations also to Fleur Hanekom and Chloë Overstone who were commended.

It remains only for all of us to thank Miss Kable for her hard work and unfailing enthusiasm throughout the season. We wish the 1st team the best of luck for next year. On a lovely Sunday morning in the third term the parents played hockey against their daughters. As the photographs show this was a happy, carefree occasion — nobody remembers who won.



OPEN HOCKEY

Standing: D. Partridge, B. Couzens, R. Butters, T. Honig, F. Hanekom, A. Scott.
Seated: L. Botma, K. Corder, M. Knudsen (Capt.), L. Meynell, N. Dauncey.



UNDER 15A HOCKEY

Back Row : F. McQueen, M. Jooste, N. Deal, G. McLean.

Middle Row : C. Ovenstone, L. Jones, J. Gray, L. Morrissey, M. Marais.

Front Row : A. Meynell, T. Beck, S. Stamper (Capt.), K. Saunders, M. Oelz.

The Easter Hockey Tour

It was an excited and noisy crowd of girls who set off in the schoolbus over the Easter holidays, for the hockey tour to Grahamstown. The journey took two days, the night being spent at Herolds Bay. The boredom of the long ride was eased by singing, reading and card games, the cards usually ending up on the floor on the bumpy roads.

We spent the Easter weekend at the Hogsback Inn, about 120 km outside Grahamstown, and this proved to be the highlight of the tour. The weekend's main purpose was to get us fit — and train we did! The other residents of the hotel must have thought they'd woken to an earthquake as twenty-two tackied feet stomped off for an early morning run! After all this early exercise, breakfast took on a special significance and while the next hours were punctuated by a number of practices, we were left with a fair amount of free time which we spent swimming, playing basket

ball or just enjoying our beautiful surroundings. On Easter Sunday we all attended a small service held in an oak avenue near the hotel. One day was spent on a hike through the indigenous forest to a waterfall and this certainly added to the excitement and enjoyment of an unforgettable weekend.

Sad to leave after such a wonderful weekend, we then travelled back to Grahamstown and having settled in at the Grand Hotel, which was to be our 'home' for the next week, we set off to play our first match, which was against Kingswood.

During the course of the week we played five matches in all, one against Kingswood, and two each against DSG and Rhodes university. We thoroughly enjoyed these games and the warm hospitality of our hosts made us feel very welcome.

While it was perhaps sad that we were unable to win any of our games, a tour's success cannot be measured in results alone. We lost only narrowly in our two school games and the University sides were superior not only in age and size but also in quality, containing a number of provincial players. The main purposes of the tour were realized and we came away united as a team and feeling much fitter and better prepared for the coming season in Cape Town than we should otherwise have been. Our opponents' high standard of play lifted our game and there was a marked improvement in our hockey by the end of the tour.

The week had its diversions and we were able to experience and feel something of the history of this 1820 Settler town dominated by the impressive Settler Monument, and see something of its

attractive surroundings and countryside. A highlight of the week was a visit to a historical and beautiful farm at Sidbury where we were entertained to lunch by our hosts, Mr and Mrs Berrington whose family have owned the farm since the early 19th century.

The home journey was broken by a weekend stay at Vleesbaai with the Rauchs where we were able to relax after the previous week's activities. All in all, a tour to remember and a wonderful and very worthwhile experience for us all. Our warmest thanks to Miss Kable and Mrs Hartman not only for accompanying and looking after us, but also for all their patience! Our special thanks to Miss Kable for all the tremendous amount of hard-work she put in on our behalf in organizing this tour. I can assure her that for all of us, her efforts were well worthwhile.



UNDER 15 HOCKEY

Back Row : T. Beck, A. Singer, L. Jones, M. Jooste, M. Oelz, L. Morrissey, G. McLean.
 Middle Row : M. Marais, K. Saunders, F. McQueen, A. Meynell, C. Overstone.
 Front Row : S. Stamper (Capt.), Miss Kable.



The Matrons' hockey
team



The father's hockey
team



Some of the Matrons
playing at the parents'
hockey



Herschel vs. Fathers Hockey



Marilyn Knudsen



Herschel vs. Mothers Hockey



Hogsback Inn — view of Swimming pool and park.



Vanessa and Mandy swimming at Hogsback.



Farmhouse, Barrington's Farm, Sidbury — Belinda in foreground.



Celeste, Vanessa and Liz on beach in early morning at Herold's Bay.

DIVING REPORT

Diving has become increasingly popular this year and regular coaching is held on Thursday afternoons. The Herschel diving team did well this year to be placed 2nd in the Inter-Schools competition. They were very fortunate in that they were able to receive extra coaching at Newlands during the latter half of the first term.

The Inter-House competition was won by Rolt for the fifth successive year — well done, Rolt! The school Championships were won by Siobhan Mannion. No new badges were awarded, but colours were awarded to Siobhan Mannion. On behalf of the divers, I should like to say 'thank you very much' to Miss Kable for her help and encouragement throughout the season.

Siobhan Mannion



Siobhan Mannion



DIVING

Standing: R. Butters, A. Cross.
Seated: T. Landless, S. Mannion (Capt.), M. Delz.

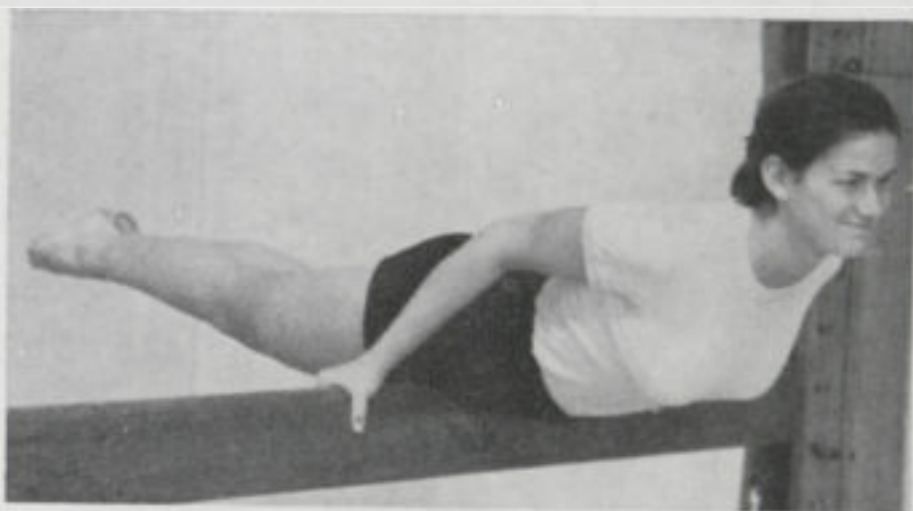
GYM REPORT

The Gym Club has continued to be very active this year. We have several new members and they are showing a good deal of promise. The standard continues to rise through hard work and enthusiasm, and that is very encouraging.

Our championships were held at the end of the 3rd term. Much hard work was put into this by everyone and Mary Jooste is to be congratulated on winning these. On behalf of all the Gym Club members I should like to thank Miss Kable for so willingly giving up her time to help and coach us throughout the year, and I hope that Gym will continue to be a success next year.

Siobhan Mannion

Mary Jooste



Siobhan Mannion



GYM CLUB

Back Row : C. Marr, G. McLean, N. Gramann, D. Mannion, W. Sharpley, J. Rathfelder.
 Middle Row : L. Stamper, T. Landless, M. Mannion, T. Lilequist, J. MacKenzie, S. Edwards.
 Front Row : S. Fairhead, M. Gudhus, S. Mannion, M. Jooste, J. Gray.

SWIMMING REPORT

Not only has swimming been enjoyable this year, but our hard training has also proved profitable; we managed to win all our friendly galas. The highlight of the season's swimming was the Inter-Schools swimming gala where Herschel once again proved its ability. We were placed 3rd in the Open Section, 1st in the U-16 Section and 3rd in the U-14 Section. (Herschel was placed 3rd overall. Well done, all swimmers.). Congratulations to the U-16's who have trained hard and swum consistently well throughout the season. Monica Oeltz must also be congratulated on breaking her own U-16 Backstroke record. At the Inter-House swimming gala, Roit came 1st, followed by Jagger and then Merriman. Congratulations to all swimmers who were awarded cups at the Inter-House Gala:
 Backstroke : Monica Oeltz.
 Breaststroke : Joan Saunders
 Butterfly : Monique Biebuyck.
 Free Style : Michele Jacobson.
 Open Medley : Michele Jacobson

U-15 Medley : Monica Oeltz.
 Well done, Std 9's for winning the Inter-Form race for the 4th year running!

Congratulations to the following who have received awards:

Swimming Badges : Monique Biebuyck, Kate Brossy, Alex Cross and Rosemary Fletcher.
 Colours : Michele Jacobson, Fiona McLennan and Monica Oeltz.

Michele Jacobson must be specially commended for being awarded the cup for Swimmer of the Year. Special congratulations to Monique Biebuyck for being selected to swim for Western Province Schools this year. Our swimming season came to a happy ending when we swam against Rhenish, and this time we managed to beat them.

This season's swimming has been enjoyable and with consistent hard training, good spirit and enthusiasm Herschel should keep up their excellent standard. We should like to thank Miss Kable for her encouragement, training and support.



SWIMMING

Back Row : J. Dicey, M. Godfrey, D. Mannion, T. Honig, R. Butters, J. Saunders, K. Brossy, N. Gramann, R. Fletcher.
 Middle Row : J. Rathfelder, A. Scott, M. Mannion, S. Stamper, P. Cooper, A. Cross, M. Biebuyck, K. Low, N. Deal, M. Oelz, K. Saunders.
 Front Row : R. Cooper, J. Johnson, F. McLennon, S. Mannion, S. Naude (Capt.), M. Jacobson, C. Marr, D. Partridge, F. McQueen.
 In Front : F. Knight, T. Landless.

NETBALL REPORT

Although netball is one of Herschel's weaker sports, all teams have made pleasing progress this season. The 1st team played well and won their league match. They also featured at the Inter-schools tournament where they were placed 3rd overall, out of 12 competing schools. Half-colours were awarded to Brigid Duckitt and Tina Louw.

The U-15A and U-15B teams shared similar success. Both teams were promoted to the top of

their respective leagues and have played promisingly. Unfortunately, at their Inter-schools tournament, the U-15A's were drawn against Rustenburg, their main opposition, and were defeated in the first round.

On behalf of all the teams, I should like to thank Mrs Hudson for all her support and encouragement throughout the year, and I should like to wish all the teams the best of luck next year.



OPEN NETBALL

Standing: A. Scott, R. Fletcher, D. Mannion, S. Hollinshead.
Seated: B. Cuckitt, S. Mannion (Capt.), T. Louw.



UNDER 15A NETBALL

Standing: J. Rathfelder, G. Basson, L. Merrington, W. Sharpley.
Seated: S. Commins, C. Ovenstone (Capt.), M. Jooste.

SQUASH REPORT

In the Inter-schools squash tournament, Herschel reached the semi-finals but were beaten by Rustenburg, who were the eventual winners. The School's open championship was won by Ruth Butters and the U-16 championships by Meg van Niekerk. Both Meg van Niekerk and Ruth Butters

have been selected for A-squad. Rosemary Brink and Fleur Hanekom have been selected for the B-squad squash. Squash badges have been awarded to Ruth Butters and Karen Corder. Ruth Butters also won the cup for the most improved squash player. Well done, Ruth!

**SQUASH TEAM**

Standing: R. Butters, F. Hanekom.
Seated: K. Corder, G. Rauch (Capt.).



Ruth Butters



Gillian Rauch

Rolt House Report

Head of House: Mrs Stockwell.

House Mistresses: Mrs Kemlo, Mrs Louw, Mrs Mallet, Mrs Marr, Mrs Gilbertson.

House Prefects: Jacqueline Dicey, Yvonne Ward-Smith.

House Captain: Siobhan Mannion.

1978 has been a very good year for Rolt. We maintained our reputation on the sports side and our academic results have shown a marked improvement.

We won the Inter-house Swimming gala for the fifth successive year and repeated this feat in the diving — well done everyone! We also won the Inter-house squash, with a narrow win over Merriman.

On the cultural side we scored a victory in the music competition. This was the result of much practising and enthusiasm. We hope for a degree of success in the Public Speaking and Inter-house magazine competitions. There were some excellent contributions to the magazine.

Meg van Niekerk must be congratulated for winning the U-16 School Squash Championships. She has also been selected to play for the Western Province A squad for 1979. Mary Jooste won the School Gym Championships and is to be commended for this achievement. Well done, Monica Oelz who was awarded her swimming colours.

Congratulations to Vanessa Geldenhuys for the distinction of being awarded her choir badge. Special commendation goes to Ingeborg Maier, Leigh Mukheibir and Yvette Stockwell who were awarded their academic colours. In addition, Yvette holds a Deportment badge, Caroline Dowdle, Helen Dicey and Yvette Stockwell have brought credit to the House with their consistently high standard of music. We should also like to congratulate Jackie Dicey who won a Rotary Scholarship to Australia and we wish her the best of luck for next year.

Karen Corder was a constant help and gave unfailing enthusiasm and encouragement throughout the year. We all thank her.

I am particularly grateful to Mrs Stockwell and the two Rolt prefects, Jackie Dicey and Yvonne Ward-Smith, for their loyalty and support during the year. Their interest was an inspiration to all of us.

We congratulate each member of the House, not only those who achieved individual success, but all those who loyally supported us throughout the year. We hope a combined effort will bring the cup back to our shelf!

Siobhan Mannion

Merriman House Report

Head of House: Mrs Rauch.

Staff Members: Mrs Banfield, Mrs Thackery, Mrs Eadie, Mrs Meinert, Mrs Thompson.

Prefects: C. Cornforth, J. Coombe, B. Duckitt, K. Ketelbey, M. Knudsen, S. Naude, and A. Olivier.

House Captain: J. Allsop.

Merriman triumphed yet once again last year in winning the much-coveted Efficiency Shield for the fourth time in succession: This year Merriman has managed to maintain her high standard in winning the Inter-house Hockey and Netball competitions. We came second in the Music and Squash competitions and third in the Diving and Swimming. Our congratulations go to Philippa Leighton-Davies, Louise Grey and Joan Saunders for all the hard work they put into the Merriman House magazine, which was placed first.

Merriman has always featured well on the academic side, and has managed to uphold a good standard of work throughout this past year. Congratulations go to J. Coombe, K. Ketelbey, M. Knudsen, C. Pikholtz, J. Gray, C. Grootendorst, M. Lawson and J. Yeats, who have all achieved outstanding results in their work.

The jerseys knitted by the girls at the beginning of the year went as usual to St Michael's Home for orphans and the house money collected was sent to the various charities chosen by the girls.

Finally, I should like to thank Mrs Rauch and the house staff who have given unending support to all House activities.

I am confident that Merriman will continue to do her best in the future and will continue to keep up the good spirit which has marked her throughout the years.

Julianne Allsop.



HEADS OF HOUSES

S. Mannion, L. Scott, F. Lawson, J. Dicey, J. Allsop.

Jagger House Report

Head of House: Mrs McCormick.

House Mistresses: Mrs Boyes, Miss Barnett, Mrs Westgate, Miss Sweet, Mrs Gillingham.

House Captain: Lianne Scott.

House Prefects: Fiona Lawson, Nicola Dauncey.

1978 was a very moderate year for Jagger. We seem to have had a majority of second places, a few third places and no first places.

Our academic achievements are not much to boast about so far. However, we have not yet accounted for exam results. Perhaps Jagger girls are those who do nothing all year, and then work tremendously hard at the end of the year and achieve excellent results. Unfortunately, this tendency is not too popular with the teachers.

Numerous girls, too many to mention, hold academic badges and scrolls, which show that we have much potential.

Our sporting achievements average on second-placing. The highlight of the sport-competitions was the swimming. Fortunately we have two of the finest swimmers in Herschel — Monique Biebuyck and Michele Jacobson (swimmer of the

year) who pulled us into second place. But if there had been an inter-house spirit competition at the gala, Jagger would have won. Unfortunately, owing to the high notes of some of the house songs it is a debatable point whether we sang or just made a noise.

Further evidence that our voices are not very melodious is the fact that we could only achieve third place in the Music Competition.

However there is a competition in which Jagger outshone all — the Inter-house General Knowledge competition. This was mainly due to the outstanding efforts of Mrs Boyes and Carolyn Marten. Needless to say this competition counts for nothing. But at least we now have the reputation of having some of the best-informed people in the school.

This year we sent 86 jerseys to Cafda just before winter. Our charity money went to the Bantu Scholars Fund.

1978 was not a year as far as achievements go, but the Jagger spirit lives on.

Lianne Scott

Matric Dance Report

There were the usual arguments about food, theme and band. Eventually we decided on a chicken-dish. The theme, after heated canvassing for 'Wild West Saloons' and 'Hobbits', was 'Songs from the Wood'. As for the band — the impracticalists among us entertained impossible hopes for McCulley's Workshop. But R350 was a little too much for one night and we settled on Hilton Ross. Having organised this we changed our minds and decided on an unknown group — Cassandra Crossing, at the suggestion of one of the girls who thought the male singer was "but deevine".

Painting began and as the paintings progressed, so were jars of filthy water spilt, footmarks ingrained into floors and posters torn by frustrated parents wanting to use their kitchens as kitchens and not as artrooms. Once even a dog, feeling a trifle queasy, emptied his lunch a fraction away from a completed poster!

Thursday night — and the hall began its metamorphosis. The net went up, the tent went up and the posters went up... And suddenly there was a fantastical world of mystical sylphs and creatures frequenting cool hollows, cascading pools and gnarled trees.

Friday morning came and so did the rain. The marquee for the staff tables began to leak. Soon we had a marshland to add to our woodland and

running streams as the drains gurgled and swelled. Then, miraculously, at about two, a feeble sun crept hesitantly into the sky and remained. Thankfully, those of us who had not spent the day with hair pulled and twisted relentlessly into tight curlers, fled to the hairdressers.

With the before-parties came the chance of viewing one another's partners. For days afterwards breaktimes resounded with: "Did you see such and such's partner? Wasn't he deevine/wasn't he revolting?" Quite frankly, though, this time the females did outshine their male counterparts. It was our night and no-one else was going to steal the limelight.

After introductions to Dr Silberbauer and Dr John we stepped into our wonderful woodland dream. The food was very good and the band was excellent. There must have been many irritated males as their girl-friends stared raptly at the very good-looking blonde singer! At twelve, as unwillingly as Cinderella, we left for the after-party at the Jacksons'. The after-party flowed as quickly as the wine and music and eventually the dauntless among us drifted on to the Champagne breakfast at the Mannions! We held on until the sun rose over our revelry and then, with heavy eyes, trailed home — some of us to sleep the day through, others, more unlucky, to struggle up in a couple of hours to play hockey matches or to clear-up.



Camilla Swiel, Philippa Olver and Fiona
Lawson relax while decorating.



Will it hang? Pippa Torr and Ceredwin
Thomsen.



Songs from the Wood.



Jane Coombe and Pippa Torr



Miss Barnett.



Audrey Metcalfe, Lix Diamond, with others, study the rock pools.



Mrs Marr and Camilla Swiel.

The Dalebrook Field Expedition

On Monday afternoon I realized with horror that I would be the only matric at school the next day! All the Biology girls were going on an ecology outing — to the beach. At the magic word (after weeks cooped up swotting) I asked permission to go along as a non-biologist. And as such I have been asked to write this report, so please forgive me if I do not speak much of "Annelida" or "Arthropoda"!

The S.A.R., I'm sure, has still not recovered from the sight of the fifty assorted girls who travelled with them that day. The passengers, too, were most surprised — one particular gentleman, who had the misfortune to sit next to us, refused a very sticky-looking scone and remarked as he left that he wished us good luck for our diets afterwards. (He obviously had teenage granddaughters!)

Once we had chosen the stretch of beach to be examined, we all split up into groups; it looked a bit like a Sunday school picnic as everyone carried a digger of some kind, buckets and sieves.

In every container were brightly-coloured anemones, crawling, evil-eyed crabs, seaweed, red bait squirting unexpected water and starfish — small and large — and always delicately coloured, accumulated in creeping, gently-swirling piles.

The matrics swarmed over the rocks, probing excitedly into holes (where possibly an octopus lurked) and chasing the impossible fish with sieves (we caught only one fish after all — and he was dead!) Some girls were stripped to bikinis, pretending they were warm. Although we were all drrenched by the winter water.

After a few hours we gathered together and divided the specimens into types, classified them, and discovered why we had found certain kinds in certain zones of the beach. With lunch time coming up, tired and hungry we trooped back to the station and later walked slowly up the hill — to school.

Thank you to Mrs Marr and Miss Barnett who deserve medals for their "courage"!

Jane Coombe

Original Work

DILEMMA

Eight years old
And the bed was here,
While the greenflow light switch
was over there.
To turn it out myself
was my self-imposed dare,
So I turned off the bedside lamp.

I strolled across the room,
casual as you please
nightgown hiding
knocking knees
turned it off,
darkness welled up so thick,
I longed for my covers,
I had to be quick.

I could never walk calmly
back to bed,
there was a gap
between it and the floor — my dread.
Who knows what grotesque
bony witch
would hold me fast,
No, when I had flicked
that switch
'twas a run and a leap
and I was safe at last.

And now, when I'm stumbling
Through time, I wonder
if (instead of waiting for a witch
to pull me under)
I shouldn't shut my eyes
and run and leap,
and hope for soft landing
beneath my feet.

Amy Williams, Std X.

WINDOWS INTO THE WASTELAND

The inspector peered through the single pane of glass. He had opened the little wooden gate and walked heavily down the swept path leading to the door. He had crossed to the window and in doing so had trampled the bed of white daisies that sprinkled the earth there. Some of the daisies attempted to rise again, but their bent and distorted stems would not support them and they sank lifelessly into the dirt.

Through the glass, the inspector saw a room — such as he had been seeing for the past nine months. There was a blanket dividing the room. Presumably behind it was the bed of the parents. A large bed stood in the opposite corner of the room; that would be the children's bed. The room was noteworthy only for its lack of furniture and household objects. A table, propped up with bricks stood with its legs wide apart, sentry-like, in the middle of the floor. On the table was a jar of the white daisies.

Something moved. The ample figure of a woman bent over a little gas stove. Something tottered over the floor towards her. The inspector watched as a boy of perhaps two years clutched the woman's dowdy dress with tiny black hands. The woman went on stirring something in a pot, making woman's movements and woman's sounds.

The inspector's eyes roved to a picture on the centre of the corrugated-iron wall. A man nailed to a wooden cross smiled out at him. Suddenly the inspector felt as though a bucket-full of a substance that he had rarely known in his life had doused him. He felt love in the eyes of the man in the picture ... but then put it down to a figment of the imagination as the light left the crucified man's eyes. He did not know it, but the love had not moved — only the sun.

In the darkened room the woman began to hum a mother's song. The young boy clucked and chuckled to himself and so the sounds of a family adorned and enriched the ramshackle house. Somewhere in the distance the soft strumming of a guitar sounded through the twilight sphere. Something in the inspector's raw being ached to be inside that house. He had never experienced love like this, never been so close to it and yet so far from it. A pane of glass separated them and he was on the outside, looking in.

Inside, the mother sang a clicking song to her young one. He reached out to touch her and his pink tongue crowed delightedly as she picked him up and swung him backwards and forwards in the air. The inspector had no children. He had married his wife because she was pregnant and her parents had been beginning to turn nasty. His wife had had a miscarriage and had refused to try again. When he arrived home, his wife would be watching the television. They would greet each other. Then they would eat dinner, watch television and go to bed.

Suddenly he heard the voices of children coming up the road. He looked for the last time through the window into that wasteland overflowing with the immeasurable substance he could not have and the turned to go, trampling the last remaining daisies as he went. He and the children reached the gate at the same time. They looked at him with wide, troubled eyes. He said nothing, but when he turned around at the corner of the road they were still watching him, the whites of their eyes shining brightly in the retreating glow of the orange disc crusting a far hill.

The next morning the inspector returned to the place where he had kept his momentary vigil. Behind him, through the wastelands of Crossroads, came the rumbling din of the bulldozers.

Lizanne Scott, Std X.

DUSK IN A STRANGE CITY

Watching the dusk as it quietly covers the last traces of sun has always filled me with awe: the dusk moves with feline stealth, and who does not admire the noiseless grace of a cat? But to see dusk fall in a strange place is a revelation.

When I was nine years old, a visit to Copenhagen during the summer was a new and strange experience. I remember arriving at the airport at about four o'clock in the afternoon, going to our hotel and falling into an exhausted sleep. When I woke up at half-past nine, I was mystified to see light still streaming in at the windows. A child's delight at this unexpected extension of precious daylight hours no doubt made my memory of those long evenings sharper and clearer in my mind.

We went for a long walk that first night, and every night after it. The air was light and cool, but not cold at all. The wide streets were bustling with cars, buses and people. All the shops were open and we strolled up and down the streets, fascinated.

The dusk came at about ten o'clock. It dropped suddenly, very suddenly, but once it had enveloped everything, it stayed for a long time, like a visitor reluctant to leave.

The first indication of the dusk was the sudden silence. Copenhagen is a beautiful city that abounds in tree-lined avenues. Millions of birds perch among the dense leaves and make a large contribution to the symphony of sounds during the day. But as soon as the sun sets and dusk reigns, the birds begin to be silent, and one listens to the absence of sound.

The noise of traffic seemed loud after the birds had gone to sleep. As we walked along, I found I had to adjust my eyes to the dimmer light. Now and then it felt as if a soft film of haze came in front of my face, and I had to walk a little more slowly until I could see properly again.

The dusk rolled softly down over everything. One by one, each leaf on each tree turned grey. The cars were just grey shapes until they switched on their lights. The shops had closed and there were fewer people on the pavements.

The dusk gently greyed each building, each brick. It lay on the paving stones, on the dust bins, on the grass in the parks, on the flowers, on the trees, on the cars, on the people.

One is usually sad when the sun sets and relinquishes the city to the dusk. But not in Copenhagen. In Copenhagen the dusk is friendly. It comes as a relief after the long, hot midsummer day. It covers everything in the coolness of grey. It is a soothing balm after the bustle and tension of the day.

I saw as I watched the passers-by that the dusk was not an end of a day to them: it was the inviting beginning of an evening. Everyone looked happy. The city looked happy and content under the protective mantle of the dusk.

I think one has to see the dusk in a strange city, when one is more aware of things and more receptive to them, so that its beauty is revealed for one to see again, in some other place. Dusk in a strange city reveals to one the dusk at home.

Catherine Pikholtz, Std X.

ENCOUNTER

Terminus 2 of the Paris Metro was particularly busy that evening. It was Christmas Eve and thousands of Parisians were groping their way home to the evening festivities. There was goodwill in the air and a spirituality which even the cynics could not dispel.

Of all the faces, only a few told of loneliness or discontent. One face, that of a young girl, was set like a mask. Her loneliness had nothing to do with Christmas, for she hardly knew what Christmas was. She merely saw herself in contrast with these happy people and she was somehow disillusioned. She had a purpose, a reason to be where she was, but it seemed so alien to that of the people around her that her confidence was for the first time shaken. She was utterly alone, on a lonely mission. She was a KGB agent, fresh-

ly brain-washed from Moscow where she had undergone six years of intensive training. Her part in the operation was to carry vital documents from Russia to Paris. She was to come into contact with another agent in the Metro. He was to be given the documents, thus releasing her from the acute anxiety that had been her over-riding emotion for almost a week. She was exhausted, and the ideology so deeply ingrained in her seemed more trying at that moment than uplifting.

Her miserable attitude aroused no interest in the Parisians, but to the trained eye of her fellow KGB, she was obviously his next contact. He walked past her twice, brushing the hair of her thick coat with his. Reassured, she stood up stiffly, and followed him to the restaurant. She sat down, opposite the young man, in a dimly lit alcove. Carefully and methodically she removed the silver fox hat and placed it in the space between them. He draped his coat over it, glancing carefully around the crowded room.

Studying his face, she noticed how drawn and tired he looked, and she wondered how much more exhausted he would be having undertaken his task. He glanced up at her with glazed eyes and a mutual sympathy passed through them both like a dull electric current. He was comforted, because he sensed that she felt for him, she understood what was going on inside him at that moment. He was terrified, almost nauseous with tension. The risks involved in what he was doing were enormous — that was part of the deal. Failure to complete his task did not even bear thinking about. Only someone who had experienced the same doubt and panic could see beneath the calm exterior of the young man. She saw him as he really was — a frightened man.

There was an hour to wait before the next move could be made. The couple relaxed by degrees as the warmth around them permeated and softened their thoughts. They chatted quietly, enclosed in a cocoon of mutual understanding. It was with alarm that the young man discovered that fifty-five minutes had passed, that he was required to break the spell of warmth and return to the reality of the situation.

As they moved quickly through the thinning crowd these two strangers reached out to each other. The possibility of escape flashed through their minds. Destroy the silver fox hat, obtain false papers, run from the iron grip which encircled them. They had been freed for those minutes from the bondage to which they were slaves. But now, Time like a taskmaster brought them to the next move. The links of the chain had to be joined. Mere human emotions had no part to play in this game.

The burst of human emotion had died away as quickly as it had come alive. They parted coldly, walking quickly in opposite directions away from that which had freed them so cruelly.

Fiona Lawson, Std X.

CEDARBERG

Sky brazen blue over
cinnamon mountains,
lump-rocking their way into
grey-green tufts.
Sunsupreme world of
burnished beauty
timelessly sharp
skysharp, scrubsharp and
sharp scattered boulders
which coalesce in the distance
to pile themselves into mountains.
A dusty palette brightened by
aggressive blobs here,
fronds of
shynesses there,
of purple, orange,
yellow.
Only the heat haze
moves, it seems.
From overlooking human height
all is
moonscape still, and yet
fierce flies swarm free,
beetles scritch-scurry
leaving invisible tracks
on the infinite sand.
Sidewinds blur; only the trail
of a
quicksilver
snake,
remains.
In awe of
crumbling brownsuger mountains,
and wind-whipped, knife-planted
plateaus,
life here goes on well hidden.

Amy Williams, Std X.

A MEMORY

I looked at the driftwood. Its swirling line and curves were as beautiful and graceful as the curves of the waves. Its rough, gnarled surface was worn smooth by the sea. The twisting, swirling knots formed a pattern on the surface, a reflection of the pattern of the swirling foam of the waves where it came from.

For a moment this piece of wood was a stranger, a beautiful stranger, to me. Then I remembered how it came to be mine and I felt a closeness to the wood. I remembered the place where I had found the wood and what day it was. That day was long ago. Normally time would have blurred my memory of it, but the wood gave that day a precise and unusual clearness in my memory.

It was not a day of consequence to anyone else and even I would not have remembered it if I had not been reminded by the wood.

I had been feeling strange all of that day. I did not like what I was doing, but I did not know what I wanted. Everything seemed so pointless; I did not know how I could ever have been satisfied by anything. I felt oppressed by the people around me. Their continuous presence was suffocating me. Their needless, futile talking was like

a ceaseless babble around me. They seemed to grow larger and larger until they were towering over me, crushing and suffocating me, until I felt quite dizzy, and the sound of their voices soared higher and higher until it became a discordant ringing in my ears. Suddenly I knew what I wanted — to be far, far away from these people, and alone.

I ran out of the house and down to the beach. The seagulls were flying overhead, crying their shrill, plaintive cries. Their sound was as discordant as the voices in the house, but because their cries were not in words I could understand, their sound was not oppressive to me. Rather, it had the opposite effect. Their cries seemed to draw out the frustrations in me in the same way as when you scream as hard and loud as you can you feel calmer and relieved of your frustrations afterwards.

Small, dark pebbles were set in the sand across the beach. After the waves had washed over them, they lay there, black and glistening.

A mist was swirling in from the sea; I was glad because it made me feel more alone. I shut off the rest of the world so that my presence was known only to the few yards around me. I walked, splashing through the waves, their icy coldness running up my legs. The sea was so pure and strong, it would never lower and humiliate itself, like people. The sea is beautiful, but no-one can ever claim any part of it and make it his own. The sea is free and independent and so I began to feel free and complete in myself again. I felt happy to be alone in the mist, surrounded by it. As I passed through it, it was closing in behind me and opening up in front of me. The small, white frothy waves broke through the mist into my vision and then sank back into the uncertain greyness. I could not imagine that anything existed beyond what I could see. Dark objects loomed up in front of me from nowhere and were clear for a second and then quickly disappeared into the vagueness again.

A dark piece of wood with wet, black, curving lines appeared at my feet. I picked it up; it was clammy and salty, smelling of the sea and the mist and the sand. I did not notice its shape, but I brought it back with me so that I could bring back a bit of the beach and the aloneness with me. Later, I grew to know its lines and forms. It was like a piece of that walk that I had kept.

Charlotte Peden, *Std X*.

DEATH'S DATELESS NIGHT

At once pulsing and pounding
At once still, again — still, forever quiet —
Although physically roughhanded or carelessly ignored
For the many, the fight is over: for the few it plunges on,
Remorseless. With its inevitable conclusion
Night eternal.

1939, 1815, 1795 fade and mingle across time
and become one foul memory of suffering, bitterness

And the squeezing anger towards powerful men —
Blind to individuals.
Fear sweeps from mind through body at the realization
of Death — come too late or (even worse) too soon.

Constant official pressure — Orders! Instructions!
Rigid Rules! — forced out harshly.
But compassion pinkly tinges the thought — defying words
Words, echoed down the lines
Shouted, laughed upon. "Forgotten what we're fighting for
But we'll cheer it just the same."

Lonely trenches piled with people
Cowering from an unfired gun
Dancing back home, bodies singing
Girls are plenty, Wow! War's fun.

II

Our country needs us
And so, bemused and fired with empty passion
We volunteer or
social and domestic pressures, economic worries
or conscription
Offer us up.
Offered as a balm to their conscience
as an armless shuttlecock in their game.
Offered to Futility clothed as Glory.
We fight for King and country.

Lonely trenches piled with people
Cowering from an unfired gun
Dancing back home, bodies singing
Girls are plenty, Wow! War's fun.

In Vietnam it was hot and foreign
War was dirty, sneaky, nasty. In the haze
the Gentleman's war evaporated
"Every man for himself" was the cry
in this long fight of dying and
of Death. They say years after
Men still fought the war unaided,
and unknowing
buried in an isolating jungle.

1914 brought the gunshot, heralding the First
World War.
A simple assassination
whirled countries into the
ever-winding circle of spinning war
and endless ignorance.

Yankee Doodle got real mad
At England "mother" power
And said "Hey Limey — it's just too sad,
but Daddy's getting sour."

1939, 1899, 1950, 1789 and, of course, 1066
meant the same to millions of bruised bodies,
bruised souls
shocked and haunted by
Atrocities unsuspected, ungrasped.

These wounded creatures slip readily
passively, fearfully
into the dark space which is death's dateless night
yet light relief.

Lonely trenches piled with people
Cowering from an unfired gun
Dancing back home, bodies singing
Girls are plenty, Wow! War's fun.

Jane Coombe, Std X.

ONE DAY

This is an apple-crisp,
juicy sort of day
When song-snatches
come quicker-than-quarrels
to mind
and tumble out,
like eager children
on

a

slide

they collide.

Oh, this is a daisy-chain
ringlet sort of day
when i could climb
the oak tree
if you would lift me
and forget quite
that at 16
it's just not done!
Butterflies are
confetti —

like,

falling,

mid-air stalling
and like my spirits
rippling upwards.
This is a dogwood-dappled,
creamy sort of day
for though the air
is diamond clear,
opal colours,
sun-lit, play
on the autumn aspens,
shaking

and

quaking,

silver coins making,
and i could fly
sky-high

if you would be my wings
i'm sure that spongy blue
is filled with dazzling things.
This is a dragon-kite
flying sort of day,
when the orange, pink
and yellow
cellophane-thin thing
will bluewards wing
if you hold the tail
while i run,
and remember to
let go

and

ribbon —

rumpled,

crackling
and ripped aluminium-foil
it might fall
like my spirits
when i recall
you're not here yet.
And i am wishful thinking
about an apple-crisp,
juicy sort of day
one day.

Amy Williams, Std X.

BLUE

("MIDNIGHT BLUE", a song by the unknown
singer).

It was a perfect evening, the last evening of the
year. The sun moved across the sky towards the
shimmering horizon, which lay like a finishing-line
in the distance, urging the sun to end its daily
"cross country" through the skies.

I sat with only my thoughts as company on the
dune, propped up on my elbows. Sand, sea and
sky quivered beneath the intensity of the setting
sun and the clouds, like neon lights of the sky,
displayed themselves in bands of pink, orange
and red across the darkening sky, each band out-
lined in shimmering gold. In places the beach had
turned a delicate, pale pink, yet in others it re-
mained motley-white, like a large slice of over-
ripe watermelon. The sea, a shattered mirror,
spread its pieces of glittering glass over the
waves. The neon-clouds above were reflected in
the scattered mirror-chips and the sea now resem-
bled a mosaic pattern comprising orange, red
and pink bits of glass. Nearer shore, the waves
curled slowly upwards then crashed on to the
beach, hissing and spitting pinkish-white foam
at the high water mark. And all the while the
source of all this shimmering magnificence made
its way towards the horizon, and as it neared it,
the sky began to lose some of its brilliance. To
my left, the beach curved itself round the bay,
twenty five kilometres in length, flat and unbroken
except for two very large outcrops of rocks. A
cool breeze played over my face and I breathed
deeply, filling my lungs with the salty smell of
the sea.

A solitary gull swooped on to the beach, into
the wind, silhouetted against the bright sky. He
ruffled, his feathers, opened his beak once or twice
as though mouthing something, and then walked
forward several paces when the waves retreat-
ed, squawked, picked up some titbit firmly in
his beak and flew off with it along the beach.

Almost gratefully, the sun eventually reached the
horizon and prepared to retire for the night. As
it disappeared, it changed from a perfectly cir-
cular gold ring of fire to a distorted circle, quiver-
ing on the horizon, like a ballerina with outstret-
ched arms. Once it had vanished, I glanced at my
watch — twenty five minutes past seven. I had

to be ready by a quarter to nine. Having brushed the sand off my legs and arms, I started walking home. The clouds still retained their original brilliance, but the sea was dark and rather ominous and the beach was covered in a thin layer of gold mist. Turning my back on the beach, I made for home.

At precisely nine o'clock the discotheque at the hotel opened. The queue pushed and squeezed its way through the narrow doorway, each member trying to get through before the next, in order to "book" a table for the evening. People swore, laughed loudly, blew cigarette smoke and kept pushing, pushing, pushing like cattle being herded through a gate. I was carried along in the stream of helpless bumping bodies. Eventually I, too, squeezed through the narrow, shoulder-scraping doorway, and entered the premises.

The discotheque had once been the luncheon bar at the hotel, and therefore had access to a lovely pool area. The stars above were reflected in the beautiful, blue waters of the pool, as yet untroubled by glasses and wine bottles breaking its membranous surface. The music blared out into the blue-black infinity of the heavens and already people were having difficulty in finding a free table. I sat down with a group of my friends and ordered something to drink. Apart from several blue, flashing lights near the dance floor, the interior was poorly illuminated, but the pool area was gaily lit up. People began to dance, chat, drink and smoke.

Everyone was gay and there was much laughter, but somehow I could not bring myself to join in the hilarity — I appeared to be having a good time, but deep down I longed to escape from the room, I felt hemmed in by strange faces, blaring music and drunken laughter. Figures moved on the dance floor, some in time to the music, others oblivious of the music, dancing together as one body, not two. I stepped on the dance floor. The blue lights flashed in my eyes, the entire floor was bathed in a blue light, blue faces and figures moved round and about me and the blue smoke-screen swirled about the room. The room was warm and yet the icy, blue atmosphere made it appear cold and oppressive. I, too, was part of the crowd of blue faces and yet I was apart from them. My mind travelled back to the warmth of the sunset I had witnessed earlier, to my pink, orange and gold neon-clouds. Yet the blue lights flashed in my face. I remembered the gold mist swirling about the rocks, and the blue, cigarette smoke swirled about my head. I breathed deeply, inhaling grey-blue smoke particles rather than crisp sea air. At last it neared midnight.

The blue people filled their blue glasses in readiness. From somewhere among the blue flashing lights a singer still blared: "midnight blues ... my song, so it seemed. At exactly twelve o'clock the music stopped. People jumped on tables, whistling, shouting, kissing their girlfriends and everyone else's girlfriends. Someone drewled their best wishes for the forthcoming year and pressed a kiss on my mouth, breathing smoke and alcohol fumes over my face. I turned away, fighting the

sick feeling in my stomach and longed to be back on my beach, watching the moon in a blue-black sky, bathing the beach in its pale blue light.

My head reeled, I felt my knees give way under me. I grasped wildly into the blue, smoke-filled air, blue stars dancing before my eyes and a blue roundabout spinning in my head. Light blue, dark blue, grey-blue, blue-green, blue-black all merged into one. Blue hands grabbed hold of me as I sank into a sea of blue oblivion, remembering a burning sun sinking into a deep gold sea.

Tania Braun, Std X.

THE LIFE I DO NOT LEAD

The life I do not lead is remarkable, strange, exciting, dangerous and totally enthralling. It is the kind of life which darts from out of the covers of books, is vividly portrayed on a film screen and glares boldly at the world in the headlines of a newspaper.

The kind of life which captures all who witness it in a spell of romance and fate, which throws its net of intrigue or inescapable sorrow over all who cross its path, is the kind of life I do not lead.

The life I do not lead is fearful for those who do, exciting for those who do not; incomprehensible for those involved, fascinating for those excluded; anguished for those who are trapped, remarkable for those who watch. For the life I do not lead is the life of refugees, criminals, spies, soldiers and ordinary citizens in a terror-racked time.

... Dark eyes are haunting in pale faces which shine, lonely under the moon, under the stars, but the streetlight stays dim. Footsteps echo in the street and their eyes brighten hopefully, only to darken as a man walks past ...

... "To Spain?" His voice held a note swaying between excitement and apprehension. He had not "worked" for over a year now. It would be fun to try his hand again. Now perfectly steady, his voice cut into the waiting air; "It is Senor Ferrwanti you want killed, sir?" ...

... I am writing in the hope that the girl, who comes in every week to do some ironing, might consent to post this for me. I am well, although they do not feed us very well. We do not give up hope, and I know I will see you soon, my dearest; this war cannot go on ...

The life I do not lead is that of bent young women, of reckless men with steel-blue eyes, of hopeless children crying ceaselessly, of jokes made at the very verge of death, of long, long journeys with empty ends, beautiful girls with fatal aim and of weary days followed by sleepless nights.

... Reports state that thirty women and children were raped and killed here yesterday by terrorists in the north. The whole village was burnt to the ground. Men were taken for recruiting, a witness said this morning ...

... The train hurled itself from the mountain, barely clinging to the rails as it neared the valley below it. The woman clutching breathlessly to

the legs of a bed, shifted her body in an attempt to escape the merciless battering of the swaying compartment. She only knew that each jarring thud brought her nearer to him. Her son . . .

All intensity of anger, cold, fear, heat, pain, remorse and love, is theirs. They have it, their life, wishing only for the life I lead. Dependable, predictable — my life is routine: safe houses, stable people, comforting facts.

And frustration and longing only for the life I do not lead.

Jane Coombe, Std X.

THE DEATH OF MRS HAMPSTEAD

The village of Little Chuswick nestled against the hill, the neat thatched roofs warmed with the golden rays of the afternoon. The village was peaceful — it was a Sunday afternoon and everything was at rest. The old folks had brought their rocking chairs out to soak in the welcome warmth of the spring day. With their heads dropped on their chests they dozed; their mouths slackened issuing forth anores of deep contentment which rose into the air, creating an aura of impenetrable sleepiness around the town. Even the dogs were sleeping — curled around at their master's feet.

The somnolent serenity of the village was jostled by the insistent roar of a motor car hurrying towards the unsuspecting village. There was the jarring sound of car-doors slamming, as dark-suited official-looking men jumped out and briefly enquired of a dozing couple as to where Mrs Edna Hampstead lived.

They knocked on her door and when there was no answer, one of the men who looked as though he were the leader said,

"Open up, Mrs Hampstead! This is the CIA. We've found you out!"

A gunshot rang out shrilly and without another word, the three men wrenched the door open and burst in upon the terrible scene:

The crumpled figure of Mrs Hampstead lay on the floor, a growing blood-stain soiling the white carpet. At her right hand lay a black revolver. The back door wavered in the breeze. The chief cursed under his breath.

"Damn! We wanted her alive."

"Well, it looks as though she didn't want to be alive," piped another, "These Russians sure are brave. She'd rather kill herself than give herself up to us."

"Seems like it, but she doesn't look at all like a Russian spy — she looks just like a sweet little old English lady."

"She had plastic surgery to make her look English."

As a matter of course, finger-prints were taken, but the verdict was suicide. Her secret papers were found in a cupboard in her room.

Strangely enough, while this was happening, a white Morris minor was speeding along the nar-

row winding road to London, the driver — a little old lady — Mrs Hampstead. She was clucking to herself as she swung generously around the tight bends;

"If only those CIA men knew. Poor Mrs Hampstead! But I had to do it, otherwise they would have found me out sooner or later when they discovered she was not a Russian spy. Only Comrade Sverhof could have thought of such an ingenious plan; there are two villages in England called Little Chuswick, and a Mrs Hampstead is in one of them. Why should there not be another Mrs Hampstead in the other — both sweet little old ladies?"

Truly an ingenious fool-proof cover for my spy-work. It is a pity though, that they found me out. I was just getting along nicely." Mrs Hampstead set her face, "There was another reason why I killed Mrs Hampstead.

She was no sweet old lady, she was a Chinese spy!"

Rosanne Smith, Std X.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

A simply enormous galanthropolus was guarding the peace in his village. He had been guarding it for hours and was willing to guard it for many hours more, just as he was, lying on his back with his furry arms pillowing his head, his legs crossed, and his pipe in his mouth. He had closed his eyes and one of his ears, but he kept one ear open so that he would not miss any peace-disruptive incidents. He was torn between his desire for a peace-disrupting incident and his reluctance to vacate his position under the oak tree to find one. He had compromised. He would not go to look for one, but if one came to find him he would certainly not ignore it . . .

In fact, the enormous galanthropolus was very nearly lying on a peace-disruptive incident.

If one looked through a magnifying glass at a little spot of ground to the left of the galanthropolus, and then looked through another magnifying glass at the magnified spot, and then looked through another magnifying glass at the doubly magnified spot, and so on, one would eventually arrive in the land of the trifolds. The land of the trifolds was not a peaceful spot. A civil war was being fought in the land of the trifolds, and it showed no signs of being won or lost. It had all started when the trifolds had separated into x-trifolds and y-trifolds. Of course, x-trifolds had always differed from y-trifolds — it was just that nobody had noticed it before. The problem was that there was only one land of the trifolds. The x-trifolds felt it belonged to them, as there were ten times as many x-trifolds as y's, but the y-trifolds felt that they were at least ten times superior. Both sides were convinced that God supported them, and God, prayed to, trusted and taken for granted by both sides, helped both sides equally, first wondering whether he was doing the right thing, and then looking away so that he would not see the devastation that he felt unable to stop.

General Trilfoid-x stood on a hilltop. He was a typical x-trilfoid — Red, with four legs, two arms and two feelers. He wore a tin helmet, made from a model that he had had stolen from the y-trilfoids. He had cut two holes in the helmet for his feelers as he preferred to have them free. He was watching General Trilfoid-y through his binoculars. General Trilfoid-y was studying the raging battle through his binoculars. The main bodies were face to face, destroying each other systematically. Thousands of trilfoids were lying wounded or dead, and thousands more died every minute. A branch of x-warriors was attempting to surround a group of y-warriors, but was being thwarted by a group of y-warriors. However, another branch of x-warriors was being partially successful in their attempts to surround the y-warriors who were surrounding the other x-warriors.

"By Jove, they're doing it!" ... shouted General Trilfoid-x. "Tally-Ho ... keep courage trilfoids, you're ..."

The galanthropolis stirred, and then rolled over to his left. It was time for eating, so he got up and ambled home.

Perhaps the warm, satisfied glow in him was caused by the hours spent lying under the oak, with his feet in the sun and tendrils of his favourite tobacco-smoke swirling about his head ... but perhaps it was also caused by the instinctive knowledge that he had solved the problem of millions of trilfoids, in one roll.

Tessa van Ryneveld, Std IX.

THE OLD MAN AT THE BRIDGE

It was late afternoon and the autumn sun was cooing down the sky, to blend with the horizon. I had been reading all day, (which was why I needed a walk) and perhaps my imagination was a little overworked, for when I saw the old man at the bridge, my mind overflowed with the sickly sweet appreciation of the picturesque scene. On all the previous walks I had taken around that area, I had not seen him: it was usually deserted around the bridge. Now I halted, some thirty yards away, and sat on a rotting tree stump to watch the rustic cameo.

The old man — I could tell he was old by his stooping figure and baggy clothes — was setting up his fishing rod. He caught the gleaming hook, attached some small creature to it, and deftly flung the line over the bridge into the muddy slime of the half-dried river.

"Poor old man", I thought "so poor that he has to fish in a river like that; probably got eight kids and a nagging wife that he's got to feed; what a terrible disease poverty is! The poverty-stricken are financially dying, and, like all those terminally ill, on-one will go near them, for the healthy are scared of the dying; the latter make them feel embarrassed and guilty."

Thinking thus, I continued to watch the old man. He must have cast his line too near the bank, so that the hook caught on something and stuck,

for, waving his hand in despair (or was he shielding his rheumy eyes from the sun?) he cut the line. Winding up the remainder of his line mournfully, he collected his tackle box, clambered onto his bicycle, and rode off slowly into the distance.

I returned home, sober and pensive.

The next week, hoping that he would return to the same spot, I took the same walk, and took with me some bread and "victuals". As he was not yet there, I placed the food in a prominent position on the bridge, returned to my rotting tree stump, and awaited his arrival.

My patience was rewarded. Within fifteen minutes he rode on to the bridge and made ready to fish. Exactly the same as had happened the previous week, took place — the casting of the line too near the bank, the hook with its bait getting caught, the exasperated hand waving, and the severing of the line. It was then that he saw the food. He looked at it for a long time, and then, rather quickly for his age, mounted his bicycle and rode away, leaving the food untouched.

"What a proud, upright person", I thought, "too proud to accept charity, even when it means survival".

As I walked home, the hungry cries of his eight (or was it seven?) children rang in my ears. In the ensuing weeks he did not return to the bridge.

Yesterday, there was an interesting report in the newspaper. A farmer's dog had been walking with its master alongside the river, and had caught a scent. Leading the farmer to the edge of the bank, it scratched feverishly in the sludge and dug up a small packet which, when opened, proved to be dagga, or, as the report stiffly put it, "cannabis".

"Poor old man," I thought, "so corrupt and greedy that ..."

I didn't report him. Perhaps I was too embarrassed and scared; perhaps the morally dying are also "untouchables."

Caroline Dowdle, Std IX.

THE SMELL OF LEATHER

A quote from a visitor to Port Elizabeth: "Port Elizabeth is the only town where they don't bury their dead — they leave them walking around the street."

Susan Ingrid was a loyal and true-to-type citizen of Port Elizabeth. She stood in front of a small, round mirror (with a gilt frame), earnestly powdering the strip of leather between her neck and her hair, which she used as a face. The powder lodged more thickly in the cracks and wrinkles of her face, and the youthful pink lines, and emphasised the grey-brown blotches which had escaped her notice. She emitted an atmosphere which had, throughout the years, filled the house. The all-pervading smell of leather, which was part of her, formed a comfortable sarcophagus in which she existed.

If she had known that that day was the day of her resurrection, she would have been even more abandoned in her powdering. It was fortunate that she didn't know

This day had come about, because, buried somewhere inside her, like a maggot, there was a spark of life. It had laid its eggs and they were ready to hatch

Mrs Ingrid left her house on that sunny morning, planning to do a little shopping and return within an hour or two. Halfway down the road she met the temptation. The maggots eggs began to hatch. She succumbed and accepted the invitation. It was not long before she was giggling coily over her first glass of sherry. It was not very much longer before she was once again walking down the street. She was a little over-excited by her wild ways and this feeling was increased by the sudden realisation that everything about her was alive. For the first time, she saw a tree as a tree, instead of a prospective wardrobe. Life and the drink went to her head. Her mind rejected the stockings she had planned to buy and instead grasped at a new idea. She bought herself a small bottle of sherry at the local bottle-store and a hotdog in a greasy packet and made her way down to a nearby beach. As she had expected, it had also come alive. The sea sparkled at her and the seagulls honoured her with more than their usual attention. The sky was just a little bit bluer. The sun was a little bit brighter. Mrs Ingrid took off shoes and stockings and began to ponder about life

Nobody could guess what heights she might have reached, but she was intercepted by a passing policeman. He was another true Port Elizabeth soul and he did not recognize the maggots in her; he only recognized the drink. He was horrified, but kind. He overcame his revulsion and escorted her to the hospital where he persuaded the authorities to let her sleep it off.

The maggots could not survive in the starched white conditions. By the time Mrs Ingrid awoke, she was her normal self again. She slunk home to her house, hardly daring to look up in case she was recognised. As she opened the front door, the smell of leather came out to meet her. She sighed a sigh of relief ... The world shuddered as it watched her slink back into her sarcophagus.

Tessa van Ryneveld, Std IX.

The full moon easterly rising, furious,
Against a winter sky, ragged with red.

The herd basked peacefully in the faded-buttercup sunlight, protected from the Arctic wind by the enclosing banks of the dried-out river. The colts cavorted playfully or challenged each other to mock battles, while their dams rolled heavily in the crisp, coarse sand. The natural salt-licks were worn down by the passage of many contented tongues.

Gradually they grazed upwards, nibbling at the iced seed-heads which stood out above the scattered snow like blown-glass sails or munching the dried tussocks of nutritious grass which had escaped the first deadly onslaught of winter.

They skirted the first outcrop which beckoned from the east with a bony finger and fled playfully across the glistening snowy basin. Their mingled colours — chestnut, russet-brown, sandy dun and black — parted, the young stallions bursting with life and enthusiasm outdistanced the flagging brood-mares which galloped grotesquely and called repeatedly to their tiring foals.

It was evening, the twilight was intensely cold, when Shaka first sensed an uneasiness, like an almost imperceptible crackle that hung suspended on the icy air before being whipped away — almost unnoticed. He dozed fitfully, the whirlwind of time and sparse snow carrying to him reminders of cruelty.

He saw them at last, moving cautiously, like shadows of shadows against the glistening snow. Shaka snorted anxiously and pawed the hard-packed ground restlessly. Weaving among the mares and colts he nipped them sharply as he had noticed their sagacious leader did when he feared a threat to the security of his herd. Soon, the horses were milling anxiously and calling to each other, gazing across the plain, trying to discern the distant movements across the vast icy emptiness.

They came at last galloping easily out of the clusters of bushes, tall and lean, riding easily in creaking saddles. As one, the herd plunged forwards. Endless minutes of confusion, fearful sweat, wild eyes, dilating nostrils and stamping hooves, shattered silence as the herd fled in wild disorder before the whooping yells of their pursuers.

Shaka found himself separated from the herd. He stood statue-like among the frozen whisperings and ominous contortions of the stripped snowgums. The world glided around him in a kaleidoscope of fear and settled gradually as the disordered mass melted into the distance. Bewildered, he poised, trembling, his senses sharpened to the night-calls of the wild, ready to spring clear of the captive trees and race beneath the angry moon which spun, cold and fierce, in the velvet darkness.

The first attempt failed, the coiled rope stung his silver hide and slithered harmlessly across his withers. He snorted with fear and fled. Dodging with frenzied fright, he leapt up the rocky crags. Resplendent in all his savage youth and glory, he poised, magnificently outlined against the cruel clearness of the sky, his amber hide gleamed with dancing moonlight. He strained upwards, his muscles bulging with satin strength as, sure-footed, he leapt across the gaping crevices and rocky outcrops. His mane and tail tumbled in rivers of gold around his hocks and his hooves scattered snow or stardust as he fled.

Alone, at last, he stood with heaving flanks. Tendrils of mist wreathed his chest and legs as he gazed outwards over the sweeping basin of snow which was his home. The full moon glided, ghost-like, among the banks of clouds, tinged with a fierce redness — and the first flakes fell and swallowed Shaka in their swirling, effortless confusion.

Alison Bowley, Std IX.

FUNGUS

"Wakey-wakey, Mr Radley," called the Sister, "time to rise and shine. We're going to enjoy a bit of sunshine in the garden today. It's such a lovely day that it'd be a pity to waste it indoors." Her long sharp nails dug little holes into the old man's side as she nudged him into his dressing gown and into his wheelchair. Her mouth was printed in a permanent, plastic smile; only her arched eyebrows and pinched nostrils indicated her scorn for this helpless, senile parasite.

In the gardens of the Home of Happiness (for the "senior" members of society), there were already several chairs dotted around on the lawns, no doubt containing people, and the old man requested that he be placed in a private corner. His dentures whistled and slished as he spoke. The sister left him, presumably to uproot someone else from his bed, and the old man was left alone. At first he sat motionless, a blank being. Then, slowly, thoughts began to filter through from the back of his mind. He started to notice things — the grass, soft and comforted, the shaped hedge, the geometrical flower bed. By sinking lower in his chair, so that his slippered feet just tickled the grass, he could watch the sky. It was a deep azure. Across it floated clouds, changing shape as they moved, abstract, yet resembling something very definite, something he couldn't quite ...

The roar of the plane's engine split the sky and the pilot's thoughts. About forty-five, Wing Commander Tadley was a stolid, unemotional man, and had been the obvious choice to pilot the plane containing the filming crew contracted to film the explosion.

They had been full of instructions, telling Radley exactly at what angle he must fly over Hiroshima, so that the cameras could catch the bomb's progression and result in the most effective way.

It was a warm clear day, and the pilot admired, for the hundredth time, the view of the land that one could catch in a plane. He glanced at his watch — four minutes to go. He began to rise and circle, following the direction of the crew's fingers. The plane carrying the bomb had dropped a little, and its blunt-nosed, good-humoured profile was directed towards the target.

The crew started filming, their bodies taut, their camera pointed outwards at the plane of the bomb.

Three...two...one. The small black object popped out of the plane and floated on its way earthwards; it looked so...insignificant.

Radley didn't ever remember the exact moment of impact, just the ensuing overall noise, more of the marvelling camera crew than the explosion, but he remembered the cloud. The great fungoid mushroom of destruction that rose, covering the wound it had inflicted. Detached, unbelieving, Radley heard voices inside him, asking what - how - why? They hurt him, niggled their way under his armour of civilisation and "non-emotion".

The old man's eyes, momentarily sharp at the memories, clouded over again, and returned aimlessly to the grass and its blandness.

Caroline Dowdle, Std IX.

RECALL

"You can put out the white cups with the pink flowers, dear."

White cups with pink flowers bring back so many memories: Memories of myself in a high chair, wanting tea in a white cup with pink flowers, and getting a hiding for not drinking milk in a plastic mug.

We used them the day Aunt Ann came; she was very sad that day, and I was told to go away and play because 'they' wanted to talk.

The day before the boys went to boarding school miles away from us, many relatives and friends came for tea in white cups with pink flowers, and we ate meringues and the boys were very sad. The next day they left by train and they looked like strangers on the station in their uniforms. I cried because they did not look like my brothers, and I was scared that they would change if they went away.

They did change; after a term we fetched them at the station and they looked older and maybe even a bit shy. But I ran and hugged them, and after that they did not feel shy. Then we went home and drank tea out of the white cups with pink flowers and for the first time I was allowed to drink out of them. I felt very important sipping my tea and trying to sit with my legs crossed. My feet did not reach the floor and I could not lean against the back of the chair. But I did have a white cup with pink flowers on it.

Rosemary Brink, Std VIII.

FORGETFULNESS

'Tis the opinion of some
That this grievous malfunction
Strikes only those way past their prime,
But considering the fact
I've already forgotten the
Angry opinions I was to express
I find that totally wrong.

Caroline Marten, Std VIII.

INSPIRED BY ROBERT BURNS'S 'TO A MOUSE'

There, I got him. At last! He has been pestering my ears for half an hour. Well, I had better get back to work since he is dead now.

Dead! He is dead! I made him "dead", I killed him. I picked up the swatter with evil intent and laid him out against the window pane. Big multi-eyes staring at me, still seeing, but dead. Six legs wriggling, but all dead. Blood oozing out of his split side, sliding down the window-pane. Yellow blood. Yellow? Yellow is for cowardice. A coward deserves to die. But I killed him. I am a murderess, like all the women who died in the electric chair.

Oh, he was only an insect. Millions are killed every day; perhaps they are not as important as you and I? This one is certainly important. The

second before he died, I saw him looking at me through his million spectra. He looked beseeching and his feelers were almost clasped together. But then, perhaps yellow blood oozing, feelers spasmodically dabbling in wetness against the window-pane ...

Outside there is a raindrop racing a drop of custard down the pane. The flattened body stands out against a grey running background. Greyhounds run down the pane into one long stream. They turn a corner and go through a yellow obstacle. Custard. Custard? No, blood. The blood of a newly-killed creature, foully struck down by an enormous, unthinking foe. The murder weapon is lying on the windowsill below its victim, yellow evidence stuck in the wire grille.

Suddenly, with a silent movement, the crumpled victim becomes detached from the window-pane and beats its little yellow drop of life in the race down the window-pane to the ground. Where is the broom and dustpan? Open the door. Away goes the carcass in a gust of rainy wind, and I am left alone to my study of a book entitled, "The essence of murder."

Page one, chapter one, line one, "As we all know, to kill is a sin above all others, so ..."

Jane Dicey, Std VIII.

REFLECTION

Shimmering shadow
On ice-blue water
Rippled by winter's breath
Stripes shiver
Emerald eyes wander back into the powerful face
Ferns bend over to tickle and tease the image,
Then
a thirsty tongue hits the water heavily
And the picture is scattered.

Hilary Knight, Std VIII.

THAT STONE!

It was still
My life was tranquil
A pebble plunged in the well
From the centre to the spill
The ripple moved it all
It was just a clang of bell
That caused my ivory tower to topple and fall.

Pamela Boyes, Std VIII.

NIGHT FLIGHT

You race through the clouds
a round-nosed,
powder-streaking,
multi-peopled bullet
Your gleaming eyes stare
at the stars
Your hurtling unthinking nose points
to the moon
Your unwavering, silver wings stroke
the clouds
But your bright, round dial mind is blind,
unable to avoid the destruction
it may eventually cause.

Jane Dicey, Std VIII.

A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS

"Anyone having any information about the whereabouts of the men who are building a resistance force to overthrow us, do not hesitate to reveal this information. We are your friends. Anyone found to be out after dark will be suspected of being involved in this secret force and will be condemned for treason and punished accordingly. That is all," barked the German Officer.

A strangled sob came from Shirley — her husband was one of the men. A man from the opposite side of the street stood watching her as she walked slowly home, eyes downcast. John Candell had hated Shirley since she had refused to become his mistress, and openly to show her disgust and loathing for him. He was greedy and would do anything to lay his hands on money — even murder his own father. He suspected her husband to be the leader of this growing resistance force and he thought that if he found proof he would at last be able to have his revenge.

There was a large wood just outside the town and Shirley walked stealthily through it, not knowing she was being followed. At last she stopped and suddenly vanished. John Candell crept nearer and realised he was at the entrance of a large cave that had been very well camouflaged. He could hear voices from within.

"Darling, here is all the money I could find. There is altogether five hundred and ninety-six dollars, but you and your friends must leave soon. The Germans are determined to find you. Every day they take people to their headquarters and interrogate them. I am so frightened and if anything happens to you, I don't know what I'd do ...," cried Shirley.

"Shh, my love. Nothing is going to happen to me. My friends and I are well hidden and in a few day's time a ship is coming to pick us up and all the weapons we have collected. If only I could take you with me. I hate to leave you with the Germans still in our town. You had better leave me now and I shall contact you somehow before we leave for England. I love you," Shirley's husband answered her reassuringly.
"Goodbye and take care," said Shirley. "I love you."

John Candell had heard all he wished to know and hurriedly concealed himself behind some bushes nearby, before Shirley left the cave.

The following day he kept a close watch on Shirley and that evening he saw a strange figure enter her house. He knew it was her husband and waited until he left, before running to the German headquarters and asking to see the officer in charge.

"I know where the men you are looking for are hiding and what they are doing, but before I tell you anything, because you do want to know, let's make a bargain. I need money and you want promotion which you will get if you capture these men. If you give me one thousand dollars I shall tell you where you can find them, but I

want the money now before I tell you a word", sneered John Candell.

"Very well, but I have only five hundred dollars in our safe here which I will give you, but after we have captured this group of men you will receive the rest. Here is your money and now tell me all you know," said the officer.

Shirley saw a group of Germans marching down the street towards the forest. In the front, pointing the way, was John Candell. A shiver of fear clutched her heart and she felt herself trembling. She had to warn her husband. Without hesitating she rushed out of the house and into the forest. She knew the forest like the back of her hand and ran without faltering in her steps, her one thought to warn the man she loved of the threatening danger. She arrived at the cave and rushed in and saw ahead of her the man she was seeking. The look of astonishment in his eyes soon turned to concern and anger, when he heard what Shirley had to say. Immediately the cave became a hive of activity. Within minutes the men were ready to leave. One would never have known that the cave had been the refuge of a group of very brave men.

"Shirley, you will have to come with us now. If they find you, heaven knows what they will do to you. Come on," said Shirley's husband.

Quickly and carefully they made their way to the place where the boat was waiting. Behind them they heard the Germans approaching the cave. There was a shout of anger and the officer's voice bellowed, "You! Do you think yourself clever. What is the meaning of this clever game you are playing? Did you think we would believe that men had been living in a cave like this? You will pay dearly for this 'mistake' of yours. Hans, shoot this man!"

Over the hill Shirley saw the ship awaiting them, and her hand tightened in her husband's and they smiled. They heard the blast of a pistol and the scream of a dying man. John Candell lay dying, blood staining the freshly-fallen snow. His hand curled tightly round a fistful of dollars.

Lindsay Jones, Std VII.

SNOW

The clouds gathered into an ominous bundle of fleecy snow. Perched high in the treacherous sky they fleeced down at the worrying farmers, the housewives bustling home, anxious to get their children inside and the scurrying animals seeking a place to shelter, unprepared for this sudden burst of winter. Faster and faster the clouds congregated, racing across the night-ridden sky, their grey mantles flying behind them carving the way for the others to chase. A quietness in which man and beast were united into one, permeated the air before the storm finally burst.

The snow pattered lightly down at first, sprinkling the fertile and the barren soils alike with their downy softness. More quickly the hexagonal flakes fell, until the earth was covered with layer upon layer of mushy dampness. The bundles of

hay, stacked in perfect symmetry, fell to the ground and lay there crushed, flinching at the alien coldness. Animals peered anxiously out, hoping that this freak outburst would not linger too long while mothers fretted over the need for replenished stores.

Out tumbled children — a gurgling, fumbling mass of laughter and ecstasy. Out came the old toboggans and the skates of rusted steel. Soon the white countryside was bedecked with the gay blues and reds of mittens and scarves and it was quickly transformed into a scene of frivolity and gaiety. Snowmen looked out on the world through eyes of bituminous tar, their turnip shaped mouths were curved and they too were laughing although not at the excitement of skiing and skating, but at the exhilaration of being alive. Little boys compacted the freezing snow and moulded it in their warmly-clad hands.

One moment they were fearless men, carving the world's future, the next they were millionaires holding the earth in their palms. Bravely they fought their snowball fights, gladly they rejoiced in their victories and sadly they slunk home, plodding in the steps of their victors.

The burning sun's rays brought with them the slush. The rays penetrated deeply into the snow-covered ground, melting the frozen particles, sending fiery shafts penetratingly down. Already patches of burnt yellow grass could be seen dotting the snowy white blanket with colour. The small heads of the flowers peeped into the glowing sunlight, experiencing and rejoicing in the warmth of spring. The snowmen with their bituminous eyes and curved turnip smiles returned to the place from whence they came, leaving behind their smiles and dark, mellow eyes.

Spring, the time of feasting and frivolity was heralded by the call of the birds from the woods. Parties were held and laughter was heard echoing throughout the valley. Winter had come and gone.

Alexa Singer, Std VII.

FEET

There they go! Clippity clop, scrunch, scrape, plod, pitter-patter. Oh, if only those feet belonged to me! Snug and warm in their fur boots, briskly trotting off to the feet parlour to be perfumed and tenderized. I know to whom those feet belong. Slow, flat and horny feet can only belong to a tramp. Those brown and shoeless feet have nowhere to go and nothing to do but walk the stony streets. The long knobby toes protrude from the fronts of those foundations, pushing their burden faithfully forward, causing the colourful veins to bulge.

Squelch! Wet feet inside rubber boots can be uncomfortable and cold and the damp can cause them to wrinkle and soften, but those feet that I see are free and working ones. They have a destination. Those feet in their yellow boots shall work. They shall return with a satisfied owner. All I can do is sit in this cramped basement, imprisoned in poverty, staring out of a dusty

little window at "the feet". If only my feet could take me out into the world, to work and to associate with other people. All my feet can do is dangle from the ends of my legs, thin and helpless.

Quick, impatient feet leaning back against high heels do not care for people like me — poverty-stricken. Joyful free feet come skipping by but only leave their haunting shadows behind. Those ugly feet can only lift their heavy weight. As they shuffle past, the fat ankles shiver and bounce but the unlucky parts inside their shoes are cramped and sore. I wouldn't care if I had feet like that or any kind of feet, as long as they were not my own. With all these feet flowing past, I can tell who looms above them. Each pair has its own character and they are my only friends. Till tomorrow — goodbye feet!

Kate Saunders, Std VII.

EARTH HAS NOTHING MORE FAIR TO SHOW

The waters splash gently over the white stretch of sand on the North East Coast of Australia. Snowy crests of waves are dotted over the deep blue sea. What lies beneath this screen in the warm waters of the Pacific?

A tranquil and fascinating world exists. Everything seems to be veiled in a sheet of mist. A jungle of coral rock lines the sea bed. There is a permanent rainbow of colour — a myriad of varying shades of reds, blues, greens and purples. Each piece, although together they form a mass of coral, has its own intricate and delicate design. The dead coral, smashed by storms and rough waters, piles up to form steep-sided banks like mountains. As one explores further out to sea, one finds mushroom-topped pinnacles of growing coral.

Small, brightly-coloured fish dart swiftly in and out between the corally masses of rock and the water-plants, causing small ripples of water to cascade over these surfaces. Spotted, lined, blue and yellow Trigger Fish are found amongst the coral. The beautiful Imperial Angelfish, the peaceful Saddle-Back Butterfly Fish, the Twin Spot Wrasse, the Moorish Idol and the White-Breasted Surgeon Fish are only a few varieties of fish which are completely camouflaged against the coral.

The soft, fine blades of sea-weed become entwined around one another — forming light green shades against the dark shadows of the rocks. There are also spiky twiglike branches of sea-weed which jut out, breaking the quiet with harshness. Mother of pearls, the treasure of the sea, hold the delicate white beads of purity. They add to the colourful underworld with their shades of turquoise blue and lilac pink and beautiful glowing whites. Friendly turtles paddle gaily through the warm waters. Sponges and sea-weed grow on the rocks.

Although this world seems like paradise there are many dangers lurking for each innocent fish that swims too near a piece of sea-weed or a beautiful-looking large fish. Sea-urchins, beautifully coloured, catch their prey with poisoned spines.

The Hammershead Shark eagerly awaits his next meal, its dark form shadowing out the dappled sunlight. Starfish shuffle softly over rocky surfaces, preying on small, harmless creatures hiding in crevices in the coral and rocks. A small Porcupine Fish blows up into a ball of spines and floats if there is any danger.

Earth has nothing more fair to show than this magnificent spectacle — the Great Barrier Reef.

Jill Breen, Std VII.

THE CRUEL GAME

"And now we come to my collection of tusks. Pure ivory. They were extracted by my Black helpers from three African elephants which I had killed the day before. They're quite ugly beasts, you know, elephants I mean, and yet their tusks are magnificent. You see that pair, yes the middle two, well, there's quite an interesting tale surrounding those. It began ..."

Sir Sinclair Wade droned on, like a noisy bee interrupting space, the infinite quietness of space.

"If he were a bee, I'd want to squash him and let his pieces be blown away in the wind. He takes such a sadistic delight in killing things, inferior animals. Or are they really inferior, I wonder? He seems to think he's a king, who loves playing games, cruel games," thought his niece angrily and moodily.

It was true too. The celebrated Sinclair Wade was a sadistic killer. He was a big florid man, balding at the top. His face typically depicted his character — it was red, like a squashed tomato. The two pips glared out, seeing only animals, guns and ... The list was long and boring — and like him — monotonous. That was he summed up — a horrible boring little insect.

He had seen much of life, of Africa, at least. He showed emotion only when he was hunting. No-one had ever come close to him, no-one really wanted to. His friends were blood-suckers, gold-diggers who swarmed around, like drones around the queen. They fluttered past him every time, coming back time and time again, digging deeper, deeper, deeper ...

When he died, all the little drones came out of their little holes that had been bored deep into him, made little noises and flew away, very sad he'd died.

They left behind a mausoleum of a house, filled with mats and fur rugs and tusks and antlers and ... There were so many, so many dead animals whose souls had long left them in the humid African Jungle and were probably floating down a river, floating down into memories of life.

Nobody really cared that he was dead but some did care what happened to the tusks and the mats and fur rugs and the other many valuable articles in his house.

Why had nobody felt sorry when he, a celebrity, died but why did many feel sorry for those animals who were the losers in the cruel game of death which he played, and to which he had also fallen prey?

Alexa Singer, Std VII.

THE MOUNTAIN MANIAC

"We're going to try something different this holiday!" announced my best friend a week before school closed.

So we did, and as usual I was dragged into one of her brilliant schemes once again.

A fortnight later we were panting up the Swartberg range with rucksacks on our backs and our damp hair clinging to our foreheads. Behind us lay a trail of Mary's discarded provisions: a vest, a can of baked beans and sundry other articles.

"We're not supposed to litter the mountain, you know," I told her mildly.

I received a dirty look and a blank silence in reply.

We reached a suitable campsite towards evening and I laid out my sleeping equipment on some soft, springy pine needles while Mary sat slumped on a rock with a glazed look in her eyes. However, after a while she seemed to recover her good humour, until she tasted the somos stew I had cooked for dinner. Somos is a meat substitute in the form of cubes made from soya beans and it takes a while to adapt oneself to it, to say the least.

"What on earth! . . ." exclaimed Mary as she paled visibly.

I slept fairly soundly except when I awoke to the sound of an empty, grumbling stomach and the clattering of teeth nearby. Amongst other things Mary had relieved herself of the weight of her plastic groundsheet and the mountain damp was working its way into her sleeping bag. I however mercifully drifted back into a deep, comfortable sleep.

To cut a long story short, we returned home the next morning and retrieved the dropped articles along the way. A week later we were lying willing on our deck chairs in the mid-morning heat of Sandy Bay with tall, iced glasses of lemonade in our hands. The only startling sight which marred the scenery was Mary's feet which were hardly visible under somewhat grubby blister dressings. We were doing exactly what we usually did during every holiday but funny enough, Mary did not seem to mind.

"This is the life," she said wisely. "Nothing to do and all day to do it!"

I smiled gently and felt assured as to what we would be doing during the next few holidays.

Jane Yeats, Std VII.

THAT POP MUSIC

In the smoke-filled room of The Rocky Inn, with an occasional shout of laughter from a drunken man's table, Janice quietly strummed her guitar and sang a song.

In walked a stranger, someone Janice had never seen before, someone who had dark, mysterious, almond-shaped eyes and thin white lips. For two weeks he came in alone, drank, watched and listened to Janice.

After a couple of weeks Janice decided to go over and talk to him. She found out that his name was Jonathan. They both became quite fond of each other and formed a duo, singing together in the club.

After a while Jonathan asked some of his friends to join their duo so that they could become a group. Everyone in the group except Janice wanted the group to play "rock 'n roll" music instead of country.

Within weeks the group was very famous, had a number of hit records and had been on many tours. Everything became very hectic. Every night Janice dreamed of going back to her old job where everything was calm and peaceful. She also thought of being able to sing country music now. The next night, after everyone had gone to sleep, she packed her things and left to return to her quiet little country village.

Terri Liljequist, Std VI.

OFF TO NINEVEH

Jonah was a Jew; he was a man of God. But somehow he always found it difficult to do what he was told. Go off to Nineveh, the Lord said to him. Preach to that wicked city, full of sin.

But Jonah did not listen and away he fled to Joppa to escape the presence of the Lord. He took a ship to Tarshish thinking he would be safe. But the Lord was far too clever and he did not escape.

A storm came up upon the sea
The sailors cried out aloud
"Who brings this evil storm upon us all?"
Inside the ship, old Jonah slept.
Until he was called up on deck
"Let us draw lots," they all cried out,
"And see who is the cause of this storm."

Jonah knew he had done wrong.
He had not listened to the Lord.
"Throw me into the deep,
And all will soon be still."
The sailors did as he commanded and were all struck with fear,
As the waters all subsided and old Jonah disappeared.

Now the Lord had made ready a great big fish.
And before Jonah could even think or wish,
He was swallowed by that fish.
For three whole days in the darkness of its belly he remained.
Praying to God to forgive him for his sin,
To give him yet another chance to Nineveh to go
Where he would tell those wicked ones of God who loved them so.

At last the Lord spoke to the fish
And with a great cough,
Old Jonah saw the light of day once more
When cast upon the sandy shore

Jonah had learned his lesson that God he must obey,
So off he set for Nineveh, upon that very day.

Susan Bowley, Std VI.

THE ANGEL THAT WASN'T

I am the Devil and my name is Lucifer. Most people think of me as a figure with cloven hooves, horns and a long pointed tail. They think I'm the chief stoker of the fires in hell, and that is why I've got a fork. They also believe that I push people into hell. This of course is quite untrue, but this just prevents the stupid people from understanding my real work.

I'd like to tell you something about myself. I was one of the three highest spirit beings made by God. After the Earth was made it was put in my control. I was the most beautiful creature ever made, but all good things must come to an end. I tried to take over God's empire. I didn't quite make it and God threw me and my followers out of heaven, but even after that I was clever. When God made man — Adam and Eve — I encouraged them to believe in me and not in God. I had won my first victory.

I had some tremendous victories in the years to come, but then there was that flood, and I had to start again. When Jesus came to Earth I offered him all my kingdoms if he would worship me. He refused to, so I arranged for Him to be put to death, but to my horror and amazement God raised Him from the dead. After this He swore that He'd come back and destroy me and my work. But right now I exercise my power over all the simple people on the Earth. This is my real job: I cause people to disbelieve in God, to follow their own wills, and to see that people don't go to heaven.

Now that you know the true nature of my work, you will understand why I encourage people to picture me as a person with horns, a tail and a pitchfork.

Maureen Louw, Std VI.

HAIKU

Slowly and Gently
My love for the puppies grew
As I watched them play.

Gillian Parker, Std VI.

HAIKU

PEACE

Reflections glisten
The still peaceful pond just lies
Unseen by human eye.

Cheryl Hemingway, Std VI.

VICTORY AT THE POLES

Going to jumping contests has always appealed to me. One day, having entered for a contest, I went to the jumping stadium. A person suddenly caught my eye. Hadn't I seen her before? Didn't she always win competitions? Yes, she was my rival, Dilah.

The judges announced when it was my turn to jump, I was jumping second last, just before Dilah! Oh well, I might as well try my best. As my turn drew nearer and nearer I was getting more and more nervous. At last my turn arrived. The first jump was easy — phew, just made the second. Gosh, that third jump sure wasn't easy! I hope I make it over the water jump; here goes, amazing, my luck must have been with me over that jump. Nearly finished. Last jump coming up, over I go, yay, made it! Dilah is going to have to beat my time if she wants to win!

There she goes; I pretended that I was pleased when she got over jumps, but secretly I was hoping she would knock down a pole. Oh dear, she made a clear round, I wonder what her time was. What! I couldn't believe my eyes, I had actually beaten my rival Dilah, who had never lost! Victory at the poles at last!

Hillary Jooste, Std VI.

MY LIFE WITH NAOMI'S FAMILY

I am Ruth and I would like to tell you about my life after I married one of Naomi and Elimelech's sons. A few years later the three men died, leaving Naomi, Orpah, who married the other son, and me, widows.

It was a good harvest year and Naomi decided to go to Bethlehem. Orpah and I wanted to go too, but Naomi was against it. Finally Orpah gave in, but I did not and said this, without knowing how famous it would become: "Wherever you go, I will go. Wherever you live I will live. Your people will be my people and your God will be my God. Wherever you die, I will die, and that is where I will be buried. May the Lord's worst punishment come upon me if I let anything but death separate you from me." That seemed to convince her!

Naomi had a rich relation called Boaz, who lived in Bethlehem, but Naomi had lost contact with him. One day I decided to go into the fields and gather the corn that had been dropped by the workers. This was allowed in those days. By pure chance, I landed up in Boaz's fields. Boaz recognised me and told me to work only in his fields. I was humble, but Boaz was grateful to me for looking after Naomi. He treated me very well and told the workers to drop corn for me to have.

One day Naomi said that I needed a husband and told me that that night I was to go and sleep with Boaz on his bed, I wasn't too anxious to do so but as I had promised to do everything she said, I went along. Boaz woke during the night and asked me what I was trying to prove by sleeping with him. I said that I needed someone to look after me and he was willing, except that he had to admit that there was a closer relative. He told me that he would talk to him. When I went home in the morning, he gave me several measures of corn. He was successful in buying all Abornis' land, and the possession of me was included (No woman these days would be pre-

pared to be bought, what with women's lib!). He married me soon, and I fell pregnant. I gave birth to a son called Obed.

Naomi was a happy Grandmother and thanked the Lord for letting the latter part of her life be so happy.

Wendy Wilson, Std VI.

I'LL NEVER GO THERE AGAIN

It was about five years ago when I was told I would have to go into hospital to have an operation on my mouth. I was so scared that I used to count the days as they passed, before my operation.

Then D-Day arrived and I remember standing by the window staring on to the hot tropical Hong-Kong sun and counting the hours before I would be there.

I was given a warm welcome of medicine smells as I entered the hospital. I really hate that typical hospital smell and I was put off entering further.

The lady at the desk was an oldish woman with a long nose, and friendly but small eyes set far apart, and a crooked smile. My mother and she greeted each other and we told her why we were there.

The doctor who saw us was very nice. He discussed certain things with my mother which I did not understand, so that I just stared out of the window and watched the reflection of the sun on a high block of flats opposite.

After this interview we were ushered into a ward and there, sitting in a bed next to me, was a little girl about my age. I was told later she had been badly burnt and all her hair had been shaved off. I was helped into my pyjamas and then my mother left.

After a while the little girl and I got on very well and she told me about herself and her home. I listened very intently until she told me she was going the next day, my operation day.

That night I hardly slept; I was homesick and thought about my operation non-stop. When I woke up the next morning my little friend, Julie, had gone.

I was told by a nurse that I was not having breakfast, only a drink, because if I ate I would be sick because of the antibiotics involved.

In the early afternoon I was placed on a bed on wheels and pushed down the corridor. I was having great fun until I suddenly knew where I was going. The thought of the operating table struck me in the head like a bullet.

Five minutes later I was placed on the actual table I had been dreading for weeks. The doctor said a few words that were meaningless to me. I just stared at all the peculiar objects in the room.

A mask was then placed over my face and I felt myself dropping into a deep slumber.

When I awoke, very drowsy still, I saw the friendliest face peep round the corner; it was, of course, my mother. I was very glad to see her.

When we were speaking, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror; drowsy as I was, I jumped out of bed and stared at myself. I looked like a big fat red balloon and I felt very sore.

The two days I had left in hospital passed very slowly, but I survived. When eventually I did walk out of the hospital door, happy and relieved, I said never again would I go back to hospital and I never have been to this day.

Melanie Godfrey, Std VI.

DIE STAD IN DIE NAG

Die nag klim by die venster van die groot stad in, soos 'n klouterdief, en verwurg die lig van die dag met swaar hande. Buite maak die kunstmatige ligte die lug yskoud. Die maan glip deur die lug en glimlag met yskoue lippe oor die toneel daaronder.

In die kafees eet die eensame mense hul bitter kos. Die jong mense wat hand aan hand verbyloop, minag hierdie "swakkelinge", want hulle is lelik vir die jong mense. Ja, eensaamheid maak hulle so lelik soos die nag...

In die bioskope sit ander, gehipnotiseer deur die reusagtige figure wat voor hulle is. Hierdie is hulle gode en godinne. As ek net haar oë het, dink hulle, as ek net so 'n gespieerde was. As, as....

In die stadsaal speel die orkes Brahms — so treurig, so gevoelvol. Die dirigent frons — daardie violis moet toondooft wees. Die gehoor sit roerloos. Sommige van hulle slaap, maar almal droom van vrede, plesier, en vergeet die werklikheid van die nag.

Die musiek eindig, en die oorverdowende applaus bars uit, alhoewel sommige die musiek nie verstaan nie, want "miskien kyk mnr Smit na my en dan kan hy sien hoe musikaal ek is". Huigelaars! Hulle siele is net so swart soos die nag, en so blind.

Buite bedel 'n swartman. Hy mompel aanhoudend, "Ag plees m'rem, ek's so honger, net vyf sent vir my kinders." Hy is blind, sy oë net swart gate in die donker gesig. Hy ken die nag; vir hom is die lewe soos die nag — swart en vol vrees.

Miskien is die nag nie rêrig so nie, miskien is dit die mense wat dit so swart gemaak het. Vandat die wêreld en die mens gebore is, was almal en alles bang vir die nag, want in die nag kom die wolwe, die diawe en alles wat swart is. Selfs in hierdie groot, moderne stad met die ligte en "warmte", is daar nog vrees. Die mense wat in die strate loop, is agterdoctig; straks is die man wat langs hulle loop 'n moordenaar of 'n sakkeroller. Net die dronk swartmense, wat bewuseloos op die sypaadjie lê, voel nie bang vir die nag nie, want binne hulle is die vuurlik van wyn. Slaap lekker terwyl julle kan, skollies, want môre kom die nag weer aan.

Caroline Dowdle, Std IX.

DIE KUNSSKILDER

Vandag is ek 'n ou man. Ek dink nie dat ouderdom dertig jaar gelede eers in my gedagte sou opgeklim het nie, maar die werklikheid van my ouderdom het my onverhoeds betrap toe ek eendag op een van my vroeë skilderye afgeklim het.

Elize, my oudste seun se mooi, is 'n pragtige meisie. Sy is een van die soort mense wat 'n mens aan 'n fontein herinner, wat oorborel van lewenslust. Haar ouers het ons een aand vir ete oorge-nooi. Bokant Elize, teen die muur, het hy gehang. Ek dink dit was die tweede skildery wat ek verkoop kon kry. Ek was so skaam oor die gehale van die werk dat ek versuim het om dit te onderteken! Ek was toe maar skaars twintig, onervare, jonk en onverskillig. Die lewe was mooi, jonk en vry en ek was vry, vry om daardie toneeltjie te skilder, wat nou na dertig jaar met soekende oë na my kyk. Die toneeltjie was eenvoudig, 'n paar vrugtebome, oom Simon Hugo se opstal en 'n wollose lug.

My geëfende, kritiese oog het die werkie aan repas begin skur en analiseer, maar skielik het iets binne my halt geroep. Waarom wou ek die nalatigheid en teerheid van die jeug onderwerp aan die felle kritiek van mense wat veronderstel is om te "weet" wat kuns is? Dit was genoeg om te berus by die eenvoudige prentjie, want die meisie en die skildery het verstremgelyk geraak en saamgesmelt in jeugdige opwindung. Vir 'n oomblik kon ek amper weer die soet geur van die bome om my ruik. Met 'n bonsende hart en bruisende bloed wat soos 'n resiesperd deur my ore gejaag het, het ek weer die dag herleef, ... maar dit was net 'n enkele oomblik later dat ek moes erken hoe oud ek werklik geword het.

Liane van der Hoven, Std X.

ONTBERING IN DIE BERGE

Ons het die hotel in die donker om vienuur die oggend verlaat. Cyril was voor aan die slangeltjie van tien mense wat tussengewys die voetsteuwsels van die Drakensberg aangepak het. Ons het vinnig geloop, en teen sonop het ons onder die oorhangende massa van die majestueuse ketting berge gesit en rus.

Mont aux Sources. Dit was ons doel: om die hoogste piek in die Drakensbergreeks te bestyg. Dit was nie juis baie moeilik nie; intendeel, Cyril het ons vertel dat twee nonne dit selfs met gemak gedoen het!

Cyril was 'n sterk, ervare ou bergklimmer wat jare lank al by die hotel gewoone het. Hy het ingewillig om vir ons, 'n groep jong, nikswetende snuiter, na die piek te begelei.

Nou het Cyril ons begin aanjaag. Ons het die twee loodregte kettinglere sonder te veel moeite opgeklim, en voor jy mes kon sê, (as jy nog asem gehad het om te mors), was ons op die kruin.

Dit was die moeite werd. Die wêreld het onder ons voete gelê. Die mis het in vlase oor die heuvels geroel. 'n Mens kon omdraai en net lug en nog meer lug sien. Dit was onvergeetlik.

Skielik het die wind begin wekwaai sodat ons in ons warm trui gebibber het. Die mis het om ons toegevoel en ons het net versteen daar gestaan, totdat iemand die voortou geneem het en ons na die berghut toe gelei het.

Dit het aanhoudend gereën, en ons was almal nat. In die hut het ons 'n vuur gemaak en ons probeer uitdroog. Ons was eintlik verskrik, want ons het geweet dat 'n storm ontsettend gou in daardie berge kon opkom, maar ons het daardie dag glad nie een verwag nie.

Die storm het erger geword. Daardie nag kon ons glad nie slaap nie, want die wind het deur gaatjies in die mure gehuil, en dit was ysig koud. Daar was blikkieskos in die hut en ons het darem iets te ete gekry, maar ons moes versigtig wees — ons het nie geweet hoe lank ons voorraad moes hou nie.

Gelukkig het ons nie geweet nie, anders sou 'n paar van ons sekerlik mal geword het.

Die storm het ses dae lank gewoed. Een vrou het longontsteking gekry en dit was amper neuse verby vir haar, maar ons het probeer om haar warm te hou.

Op die sesde dag het ek in die middel van die nag wakker geskrik. Die deur was wawyd oop en ek was alleen in die hut. Die wind het ontsettend geraas en gewaai. Net toe het almal teruggekom. Hulle het die vrou wat longontsteking gehad het, gedra. Sy het blykbaar in haar koorsige slaap by die deur uitgewandel, en dit was 'n wonder dat sy nie oor die kant in die afgrond afgetuimel het nie.

Die volgende dag het die wind genoeg gaan lê om buitentoe te kon gaan. Die soektog na ons was verby, want 'n helikopter het ons opgehaal en na veiligheid geneem.

Catherine Pikholtz, Std X.

UNE FRANÇAISE EN AFRIQUE DU SUD

"Mais pourquoi es-tu devenue si mince, Ruby," ai-je demandé pendant que nous buvions de très bon vin, "Château neuf du pape". Le restaurant n'était pas comme la plupart des restaurants au Cap, il y avait un air différent, très français, et le vin lui a rappelé de bons souvenirs de son enfance en France. Oui, elle est devenue maigre et triste parce qu'elle voulait y vivre; elle était Française, elle ne pouvait pas s'adapter à une autre vie et elle voulait s'enfuir.

Puis elle m'a raconté l'histoire de sa vie en France. Elle habitait Paris pendant quinze ans. Elle m'a parlé de son école où tout le monde portait des vêtements différents. Et puis "Paris est toujours vivant et il y a toujours une grande exposition de peintures ou d'autres choses intéressantes." Son appartement donnait sur la Seine et on voyait par la fenêtre de grands gratte-ciels et l'Arc de Triomphe. Tous les mercredis la famille allait manger au Café de Paris ou chez Maxime. On pouvait se promener dans les beaux jardins du Luxembourg et puis après prendre le Métro pour voir les nouvelles collections prêt à porter dans les magasins comme "Christian Dior" et "Yves Saint Laurent." Son père était diplomate et pour cette raison ils vivaient comme des riches aristocrates français.

Mais la grande différence entre la France et l'Afrique du Sud n'est pas les beaux bâtiments anciens; c'est la vie qu'on suit, l'humour rare que personne sauf les français ne comprend, la bonne cuisine et, pour Ruby le milieu où elle vivait. Elle porte toujours les vêtements chics, pas comme nous, et elle ne comprend pas l'humour sec de nous autres Anglais.

Elle m'a parlé de leur château magnifique au Val de Loire où la famille a passé des vacances de Noël. Ils y faisaient la chasse, et elle m'a parlé du vallon de son enfance, des ruisseaux où on faisait la pêche pendant que les autres faisaient la chasse aux perdreaux. On jouait sous les saules vertes, et elle m'a raconté l'histoire du grand château blanc.

Maintenant la famille habite un petit appartement à Claremont. Ça coûte trop cher pour retourner à Paris. Elle a répété des mots de Lamartine :

"Pretez-moi seulement un jour de mon enfance, La source de mes jours comme eux s'est écoulée."

Mes yeux étaient fixés sur le nom "Château neuf du pape" qui a dominé le restaurant. Elle s'est guindée et elle ne pouvait pas s'adapter à une autre vie. Elle était Française, elle est Française, et c'est là où est la différence. J'ai enfin compris comment elle a souffert en silence.

Camilla Swiel, Std X.

SALLE D'ATTENTE

J'ai ouvert la porte de la salle d'attente et je suis entrée très lentement et sans confiance. La jolie demoiselle à la réception m'a souri et a dit : "Bonjour, mademoiselle, comment vous appelez-vous s'il vous plaît?" J'ai répondu à voix basse parce que les trois autres personnes à la salle me regardaient fixement au-dessus de leurs magazines. Puis la demoiselle m'a dit de m'asseoir jusqu'à ce que le docteur m'appelle.

Je me suis assise dans un grand fauteuil et j'ai ramassé un des vieux magazines. Les autres ont encore caché la tête derrière les leurs. Il y avait un terrible silence dans la salle, le seul bruit était celui des pages qui tournaient ou des gens qui bougeaient ou toussaient. Nous étions tous très nerveux.

À l'autre côté de moi était un jeune garçon au bras cassé. Il m'a regardée de temps en temps. J'étais un peu embarrassée par lui, mais il faut avouer qu'il était très bien. Puis il y avait un vieux et une jeune femme.

Après avoir parcouru le magazine j'ai regardé autour de moi. La salle sentait l'hôpital — c'était une odeur terrible et m'a fait mal au cœur. Le décor de la salle n'était pas très moderne — les meubles étaient vieux et couverts d'une étoffe vilaine. Les rideaux étaient d'une couleur sombre. Pour moi les salles d'attente sont toujours vilaines, mais celle-ci était vraiment horrible. On ne pouvait pas oublier sa nervosité dans un tel ambience.

Cinq minutes plus tard le docteur est entré et il a souri. Les docteurs sourient toujours — mais pour moi ça ne fait aucune différence, ils sont toujours sinistres.

"Paul Hugo, s'il vous plaît." Le jeune garçon s'est levé. "Veuillez vous me suivre."

Tout le monde l'a regardé — il m'a donné un grand clin d'oeil qui m'a fait rougir et qui a fait rire tout le monde. Et la froideur de la salle avait disparu. Le vieux m'a taquiné et la jeune femme a beaucoup ri.

Quand un autre est entré dans la salle d'attente il n'a pas pu le croire — une salle d'attente où les gens causaient et riaient? C'était incroyable.

Quelques instants plus tard, quand le docteur est rentré je n'étais pas nerveuse du tout. J'ai même donné au vieux un très grand clin d'oeil!

Tania Braun, Std X.

BIBLIOTHECAIRE DEVIENT VEDETTE

J'arrive à l'hôtel à dix heures du soir, fatiguée, malpropre et en sueur. On me donne la clef de ma chambre et je monte dans l'ascenseur au quatrième étage. Ce n'est que quand le liftier est tellement poli et gracieux — des manières que les liftiers de ma connaissance n'ont jamais — que je remarque quelque chose d'étrange.

À la salle de réception il y avait beaucoup de photographes — je n'y ai pas fait attention, mais alors, je me rappelle qu'ils étaient très occupés pendant que j'étais là. L'employée à la réception m'a appelée "Mademoiselle Valéry", et quand, somnolente, j'ai refusé ce nom, elle a dit d'un air complice, "Oh, bien sûr, je comprends, mademoiselle."

L'ascenseur cahote et je prends ma petite valise. Bientôt je dors. Ce matin, quand je bois mon café on m'apporte le journal. Sur la première page est une photographie d'une jeune femme qui entre dans un hôtel. Alors, c'est moi!

Que faire? Pendant que je m'habille, un peu soigneusement peut-être: le journal dit que c'est une vedette de cinéma très jolie et, alors... je lis l'article au sujet de "Raquella Valery". Je répète ce nom mélodieux. Je m'imagine que je suis vraiment cette vedette au lieu de Jeanne Claudel, bibliothécaire.

Je me figure ma vie mondaine, le renom et la gaieté; je commence à décider comment je pourrais être cette dame scintillante. La téléphone sonne: je suis Raquella Valery et je répond. Une voix d'excuse dit: "Madame Claudel? Oh madame, je suis rédacteur du journal 'Nouvelles'. Je veux m'excuser au nom de mon journal pour l'inconvénient occasionné par la photographie au journal. Nous sommes..." Je n'écoute plus, parce que je ne veux pas écouter. Ce n'était qu'un rêve fantastique.

Jane Coomb, Std X.

UN CRIME DANS UN MUSEE

Je suis gardien dans un des grands musées à Paris. C'est un nouveau bâtiment qui a réussi dans son but de montrer à une grande partie de la population les grands oeuvres du monde. En ce moment nous avons une peinture très importante, "La gare de Perpignan" de Salvador Dali. Ce n'est pas un beau tableau; il me donne l'impression d'être à la maison pendant une visite de ma bonne mère — horrible pensée!

Je travaille comme gardien depuis la première guerre mondiale, donc j'ai beaucoup appris des gens. Je les vois chaque jour, rentiers, chômeurs, vieillards, jeune femmes, toute sorte d'hommes et de femmes, et chacun d'eux s'arrête fixement devant l'oeuvre de Dali. C'est bien extraordinaire; cette peinture a une fascination profonde pour celui qui le regarde. J'ai aperçu un homme qui venait chaque jour pour voir cette peinture. Ça m'a étonné, car, comme je vous ai dit, ce n'est pas ma peinture favorite. Néanmoins cet homme a dû l'aimer parce qu'il est revenu tous les jours pendant un mois.

C'était un homme grand à la tête petite, une de ces têtes qui exprime un homme dur, triste et franc avec lui-même, une de ces têtes qui a perdu toute sa graisse et qui a conservé seulement des rides essentielles. Il portait toujours un manteau noir, et la raideur de son maintien ne plaçait pas pour lui; il avait l'air d'un martinet sinistre — le scélérat de la pièce.

Deux mois plus tard, et il est venue encore. C'était vendredi, et personne n'était dans le musée sauf lui et moi...

Tout d'un coup j'ai entendu un cri terrible qui venait de la salle où nous gardions l'oeuvre de Dali. Je savais immédiatement que ce serait mon ami au manteau noir. Pourquoi est-ce que je ne l'ai pas surveillé? Il aurait peut-être pu la voler. Mais ce que j'ai vu était encore pire.

Là, au milieu de la salle il y avait la peinture, tout à fait abîmée par un couteau, et aussi, mon ami, le scélérat, mort un couteau à la main. Il avait l'air de dormir comme un enfant parmi le sang et les morceaux de cette peinture qui valait plus que quatorze mille francs.

Je ne saurai jamais pourquoi il l'a fait. Je suis encore gardien dans ce musée, mais nous avons une peinture de moins. L'idée me vient souvent que cette peinture lui rappelait sa bonne-mère, et c'est pour ça qu'il l'a fait.

Vivienne Visser, *Std X*.

HOLIDAY READING TENDER IS THE NIGHT by F. Scott Fitzgerald

In both "Tender is the Night" and "The Great Gatsby" by Fitzgerald, the women are the driving force behind the men. They are responsible for their men's actions and for the ultimate result of the men's behaviour and change of character.

In "Tender is the Night", it is blatantly clear that Nicole Warren in using Dick Diver as a prop against her mental instability, ruined him and his career. She victimised him in this manner. In the same way, Gatsby is used by Daisy. He builds up his material possessions, and his hopes and dreams for Daisy while she carelessly holds him on a string until she decides to discard his affection. She victimised Gatsby by giving him false hope and unfounded reasons to keep on trying. This same victimising of men by women is found in the less significant characters as well. In "The Great Gatsby", for example, there is Mrs Wilson, who was so energetic and filled with vigour that she submerged her weak husband in this flood of

life and eventually (maybe indirectly) caused his death and that of Gatsby.

To return to the most striking example in "Tender is the Night", that of Dr Dick Diver who was victimised by the two women, Nicole Warren and Rosemary Speers. Dick was an up-and-coming psychiatrist who had great potential and was likely soon to become economically and professionally independent. He had been relatively untouched by the War, was very charming and, with his attractive character and physical characteristics, had many friends.

This whole aura of self-sufficiency and self-confidence was shattered by Nicole Warren, a psychiatric patient suffering from schizophrenia, with whom he had some dealings at the hospital. She fell in love with him, or rather, became attached to him after one meeting. She imagined him to be a comfortable, safe cat who would be reliable and trustworthy.

After an almost one-sided correspondence, Diver knew the girl pretty well and they arranged to meet at the hospital. He found himself attracted to her as she was extremely pretty, and this led to more serious feelings which he considered unwise in the circumstances. They parted, but met again by chance in Switzerland.

She insinuated herself into his mind and eventually his heart by her great beauty and the pitiful situation in which he had found her. When they decided to get married, she took away his financial independence, as she was a wealthy heiress, and forced him to become totally reliant on her for his material needs as she was on him for her mental health.

He must have felt sometimes that she would strangle him with her infatuated instability. She allowed him no real peace of mind as her split personality plunged him from tremendous joy into despair and worry. He could never relax or anticipate her next mood. His role was continually that of the psychiatrist — assessing, analysing. Despite this, he loved her and was tied up with her and her life, not only out of a sense of duty or pity but because of his love for her.

They were happy together in a superficial, gay world of parties and friends, money and drink until Rosemary came into their society and fell in love, she thought, with Dick. Rosemary's youth, naivete and total simplicity fascinated Dick. He began comparing her with Nicole and had a brief affair with her, probably because of the strain imposed on him by Nicole.

It was from this point that Nicole began finding her own feet. She began making the mental preparations necessary for a break with Dick. The crunch came with her affair with Tommy who officially claimed her love, and, Dr Diver, realising that "the case was finished" set her free to marry Tommy. "Dr Diver was at liberty". This liberty was not true freedom, however, as he was spiritually broken. He had taken to drink over the past months to ease the strain of Nicole's fluctuating moods and to relieve his conscience of wrong decisions made.

Nicole once said "I'm a mean, hard woman." This may have been spoken in jest, but it certainly truthfully describes the woman who victimised her husband by using his medical skills until they were exhausted. This done, she discarded the man she had outgrown, and whose wife had also always been his patient, imposing an intolerable strain on him.

Jane Coombe, Std X.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

"Victims", the word implies a conscious effort on the part of the woman somehow to subjugate or victimize the man. In both these novels, however, the destruction of the man is not a conscious effort, not even of a conscious neglect on the part of the woman, but simply a negativeness or passiveness or a refusal to stand fast against circumstance.

Gatsby falls in love with Daisy, not through an attempt of hers to catch him, but because he is drawn into her life by circumstance: his poverty and her wealth. He is not "her" victim, the guilty party is circumstance. Her only fault is in allowing it to happen, in not delving into his past and averting the terrible influence that this love would have on his life.

Although Nicole makes a more definite effort to "catch" Dick Diver, it is eventually outside interference in the form of her family, and outside influences that allow him to be caught. Perhaps Nicole was unaware of these things, but could she not have cried halt, and built their love on firmer ground in order to remove the influence of the drink and her ill-health?

Yet, whatever flaw or weakness in the women's characters caused the destruction of the men, it is true that their weakening and decline were results of their association with these women.

Dick's marriage to Nicole placed him under constant strain: how to separate the two sides of his character, that of doctor and that of husband, was a dilemma that he never solved. Her reliance on him to lead her back to the world she had known and to control her always and utterly required from him inexhaustible energy, something no man can possess. She used him and relied upon him until his strength left him, and then she, being weak and selfish, abandoned him for Tommy. Nevertheless, he was not altogether the victim, for his liaison with Rosemary precipitated their drawing apart.

Gatsby's idealistic love for Daisy eventually brought about his downfall, yet he, too, was not altogether her victim, he was not guiltless. He had based his dream on a false premise that she loved him as much as he loved her, and he was therefore bound to fail.

What were the circumstances that, together with their own and the women's help, contrived to destroy these two men?

"Baby" Warren's insistence that his sister and Dick marry, together with Dick's feeling of pity for Nicole coerced him into marriage with her.

The War and Gatsby's background made Daisy seem even more desirable to him. Neither the women nor the men cared to stop and change the course into which these outside influences were pushing them, and so they were equally guilty. If the women did "destroy" the men, were the men not just as guilty in allowing themselves to be destroyed?

At the end of the novels, both Dick and Gatsby have been reduced. Gatsby is dead, and Dick is no longer the same man he was in his youth. He has lost his friends and the power he once wielded. This is shown in the scene in the ski-boat where he tries, and fails to perform a feat that he had found easy two years before. Even Rosemary no longer admires him as much now as formerly, being older and more perceptive.

The women, Daisy and Nicole, are both rich and have both led a sheltered life. Nicole in the institution, Daisy at home. It is perhaps the childlike disregard for other people's feelings that allows them to overlook the destructive effect they have on the lives of their men. Nicole had been shut off from all external pressure by her father, and Daisy by her beauty and the charmed life she led, so that their perception of evil or discord had been dulled. Could this account for their being accessory to their men's destruction without knowing it, and for their callous taking leave of them when fallen and defeated? I believe it could, and if the men themselves had not contributed to their own downfall, I would say that their women were the motivating fact behind the men's sorry end.

Vivienne Visser, Std X.

WATERSHIP DOWN HAZEL

Right from the very beginning Hazel stands out as a leader. At first he is reassuring and comforting to Aver, his "prophetic" younger brother. He is an understanding rabbit and he believes Fiver. Trying to show his faith in Fiver and indicating definitely his quality of leadership, Hazel takes the problem into his own hands and approaches the Threarah (leader) of the Sandleford Warren.

It is Hazel, too, that organises the gathering of other rabbits to join them on the journey. On the long trip Hazel constantly reassures the other rabbits when they give up hope and urges them on gently but firmly. He also is a good leader in that he gives others opportunities to show their worth, and does not become too overriding. He recognised Blackberg as one to make clever plans and he respects Bigwig for his strength. Hazel is very protective towards Hlaio-oo (Pipkin) and he always keeps close to this weakling, showing that among many other things he is compassionate.

Another very important quality, especially for a leader, that Hazel possesses is that of being able to "maintain" the peace, amongst his followers. A good example of this is the incident at "Cowslip's Warren." When Fiver had remained outside the warren, Bigwig was angry with him, and threatened to "kick him hard". Hazel intervened and pacified Bigwig.

Hazel also used his own initiative and made decisive moves when the occasion arose. He supervised the building of the warren on Watership Down, as well as taking advice from Strawberry, the newcomer from Comslip Warren to whom he had been so kind.

Hazel was a wise leader too. He planned for the future, encouraging friendship with the mouse he had rescued, and Kehaar, both of which proved to be extremely useful later. This also showed his foresight.

In times of stress he kept "his" rabbit's spirits up. When the time came for the rabbits to go to Efraha to fetch does, Hazel, though eager to go, sensibly stepped down as he realised the need for a home guard. However, to prove that he was not afraid he too went on an expedition to nearby Nuthanger Farm to get the hutch rabbits — a journey which really cost him his life.

At the second Efrahan expedition, Hazel showed due caution, carefully planning the journey. Once again he showed his courage in swimming under the bridge first, he was a true leader, setting an excellent example.

Near the end of the book Hazel risked his life for the sake of his followers when he went to fetch the dog to save their warren from the attack of vengeful Efrahans.

With presence of mind, courage and Perseverance, Hazel managed to lead his troupe through thick and thin, thus the loyalty of the rabbits to him was not surprising. Eventually, after this rabbit-hero had fulfilled his earthly calling, he peacefully left his body behind and, no longer a leader but a servant, he followed Lord Frith to Eternity.

C. Grootendorst, Std VIII.

Namibia/South West Africa — Sonia Beck Essay

THE WESTERN ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE PROBLEM IN THESE TERRITORIES CONVENIENTLY IGNORES HISTORICAL FACTS AND SEEMS TO FAVOUR THE GROWTH OF COMMUNISM IN THESE AREAS

NAMIBIA/SOUTH WEST AFRICA

Let us begin with the period of colonisation from 1830 - 1900, when Britain, France, Spain and Portugal were involved in a race to obtain colonies. Britain, with her desire for power from the Cape to Cairo, was very anxious. Headstrong Boers were trekking inland to get away from the British controlled government, and were successfully occupying contested areas; e.g. South West Africa. Britain, apparently unaware of the geography of Africa, was afraid of a Boer link-up with the Transvaal, via Bechuanaland, which would cause an obstacle in her path.

However, it was not only powerful Britain who was worried about the Trekkers. The Hereros, under the leadership of Maherero, requested protection from the Cape Government, (a self-governing British Colony). It was agreed to protect the Herero area of Walvis Bay from the Boers, and an agreement was made with Maherero. Thus, the Bay was proclaimed as a protected area of the Cape Colony in 1876.

Owing to the development of commerce and to the presence of Rhenish and Moravian Missions in S.W.A., German involvement was inevitable. For the Black man, the constant infiltration of traders, Boers and hunters was irritating, and a policy of hostility resulted.

Without any opposition, Germany in 1884 annexed S.W.A. However, the document clearly states that Walvis Bay and the surrounding area are to remain the property of the Cape Colony as agreed in 1876. S.W.A. can be grateful to Germany for her development of the country. After a government had been established in Windhoek, progress in agricultural, industrial and communication systems was encouraged and financed. Thousands of Germans immigrated and soon regarded the country as their new home-land.

In South Africa a Union was formed in May 1910. The four separate areas, Cape, Orange Free State, Natal and Transvaal joined to form one country, led by Louis Botha, the first Prime Minister. As all possessions of the Cape Colony were to be included in the Union, Walvis Bay became the property of South Africa. We cannot deny that geographically it is part of the S.W.A. coastline but, historically, Walvis Bay is without question, part of S.A.

During the First World War (1914-1918) S.A. was asked to aid Britain, by taking control of S.W.A. The Germans could not keep the South Africans out and surrendered in June 1915. For the remainder of the war, S.A. had the right to administer S.W.A.

At the Paris Peace talks in 1919, the colonies of the defeated Germany were placed under the Control of Britain and France by the Mandatory Plan. Some of the aspects of this plan form a significant part of my argument:

The Mandatory power must govern the territory as an integral part of herself. She must promote the social and economic welfare of all the inhabitants (no mention is made of political development.) No military or naval bases are to be built unless specifically for the protection of the inhabitants.

In 1920 Britain asked the Union Government to accept the Mandate. S.A. governed the territory according to the terms stipulated — thus she applied segregation, and eventually separate development as well as all her other laws in regard to languages, education, job-reservation and the franchise. Although we might disagree with South Africa's policies, we cannot deny that she kept the conditions of the Mandate. She submitted annual reports to the Mandates Commission, set up by the League of Nations, until that body be-

came defunct during the 2nd World War. At no time were these reports faulted.

After the Second World War, the United Nations Organisation was formed. A special committee was established to continue the work of the Mandates Commission. This was the Trusteeship Council, whose task it was to bring all mandates and colonies to independent status.

From 1948 onwards, the drive in Africa was towards independence, and many countries achieved this. However in several instances the original democratic government achieved at the time of independence, was replaced by a totalitarian system i.e. a one-party state with one man as leader, or dictator; the long struggle for universal franchise being a waste of time, because elections were not held, or if they were, the ruling party intimidated all objectors e.g. Angola, Mozambique, Uganda.

The Trusteeship Council soon demanded the right to administer S.W.A. but S.A. refused on the following grounds:

The United Nations Organisation is not the successor to the League of Nations and therefore any commissions established by the latter body, do not automatically become the concern of the former body.

Of course, the majority of member states of United Nations Organisation accepted that the new body would continue the unfinished work of the League, but S.A. can not be blamed for her lack of enthusiasm, considering that she was aware of the vast potential of S.W.A. and the inherent dangers to herself should South West follow the pattern of other so-called independentcies.

Her stubborn refusal to relinquish the mandate led to two hearings of the International Court of Justice at the Hague, one of which tended to favour South Africa's opinion. The growing Afro-Asian group in the United Nations Organisation managed to obtain General Assembly agreement that S.A. should be deprived of the mandate. Such decisions were taken between 1965 and 1974, but none of them could be enacted because the South African government refused to recognise them and United Nations Organisation had no way of enforcing them. Events in neighbouring countries such as Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique must have alerted S.A. to the need for modification in her attitude about South West, because she instituted ethnic group talks in Windhoek in 1975.

Journalists soon referred to these as the 'Turnhalle'. The groups did not represent any political parties. The aim of the congress was to organise an interim government in S.W.A. representative of all race groups. This government would in turn organize elections on a universal franchise system, which meant that no race group would be ignored. The Turnhalle produced the necessary blue-print, but the United Nations Organisation refused to accept it because it had accepted a resolution in 1960 that the South West African Peoples' Organisation was the only voice of Namibia. The South West African Peoples' Orga-

nisation is headed by Sam Nujoma. It favours communism, is backed by Russia and plans a take-over by violent means.

Despite renewed attempts to persuade United Nations Organisation to accept the Turnhalle plan, deadlock continued. In 1977 the United Nations Organisation appointed a commission of five countries whose task it would be to find an acceptable solution to the problem of Namibia. These countries were Britain, U.S.A., France, West Germany, and Canada. As this commission was established by United Nations Organisation, one would surely assume that whatever plan it might produce, would have the blessing of the world body.

The Western Five, as this commission was soon named, visited Namibia and S.A. on several occasions and evolved a plan which was accepted by S.A., as being firm and unalterable, in April 1978. Its main points are as follows:

WESTERN PLAN

1. Cessation of border hostilities.
2. Withdrawal of South African troops.
3. Reduction of South African troops.
4. Decisions to be made jointly by Mr Justice Steyn and Mr Martti Ahtisaari.
5. Replacement by U.N.O. troops.
6. South African Police to remain.
7. Election on one-man-one-vote.
8. Elections based on party system.
9. Elections supervised by U.N.O.
10. Walvis Bay NOT included — to be negotiated later!

The plan was then submitted to Mr Nujoma, who, according to news reports, accepted it. This took place in July. Within a few days this black leader changed his mind and stated that Walvis Bay would have to be included as part of the plan.

Then, in spite of all the negotiations, acceptances and rejections, the world was informed that the 'plan' had still to be adopted by the United Nations Security Council.

By Resolution number 385, the plan was adopted but a further resolution was passed as follows:

"The Security Council lends its full support to the initiation of steps necessary to ensure the re-integration of Walvis Bay into Namibia".

The committee of investigation headed by Mr Martti Ahtisaari visited South West and reported on its finding.

This report was submitted to the Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim and to the surprise of all concerned, his findings demanded such major changes in the basic plan that the South African government felt obliged to withdraw and implement the original plan unilaterally. For this purpose an election date was set for December 1978.

At the time of writing, the Western Five have been having further meetings in Pretoria and according to the Press, certain important changes have been made to Mr Waldheim's plan. The December elections will take place in order to establish a basis of political parties, but subsequently further elections will be held under United Nations Organisa-

tion supervision. Latest news is that Mr Nujoma has rejected all these plans and was reported to have said, during a television interview: "I am not interested in free elections. My objective is to establish a communist system in Namibia."

RHODESIA/ZIMBABWE

Rhodesia is named after Cecil Rhodes who, in 1888, obtained from the Matabele King Lobengula, the right to work mineral deposits in Matabeleland.

In 1889, the British South Africa Company was formed and this provided the capital and personnel for the development of Rhodesia. In 1898 thanks to the efforts of Rhodes, a Legislative Council was established, thus making Rhodesia a British Colony.

In 1920 it became obvious that the white people of Rhodesia favoured independence. Negotiations started and the country became a self-governing British Colony in 1923. At that time white people numbered 33 000.

From 1923 to 1939 there was gradual expansion. The output of gold decreased, but tobacco production increased. In 1933 the government bought the mineral rights from the B.S.A. Company. Prior to the outbreak of the 2nd World War, some important legislation was enacted which covered the proper ownership of land, attitudes of masters to their servants and fair treatment of employees in trade and industry: The Land Apportionment Act; The Masters and Servants Act; The Trade Union Act.

After the War (1945) it became apparent that Southern Rhodesia was far in advance of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which were still being governed as Crown-Colonies. Leaders and politicians tried to impress upon the people and the British Government the overall benefits which would be gained by federating the three territories. In 1948, Sir Roy Welensky (N.R.) and Sir Godfrey Huggins (P.M. of S.R.) broached this subject to Arthur Creech-Jones who was British Secretary for Colonies. He told them that the British Government would not accept minority rule in a unified type of government, but a loose federation of independent states might be considered.

A Conference was held at Victoria Falls and another in London during 1951, but it became obvious that the Africans and many Europeans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were opposed to federation.

In 1952, the Conservative Party in England regained political power. Oliver Lyttelton became the new Colonial Secretary. The federation proposals of 1951 were accepted by the Conservatives. Another conference was held in London, but the African delegates from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland "walked out". The final decision favoured federation. It was to be self-governed but there would be a special British proviso on African Affairs: Legislation which might differentiate between African and European would be referred to Britain. The African leaders, Hastings

Banda in Nyasaland and Kaunda in N.R., strongly opposed Federation but the European-dominated governments of the three territories made the final decision.

The Central African Federation was established in September 1953. Although the three territories retained their separate systems of internal government, the Federal government was to legislate on all matters that affected them collectively. It appeared that S.R. was specially favoured here, because all the new government buildings were constructed in Salisbury and many business and mining concerns established their headquarters in this city. Huggins became the first Governor and Welensky became Prime Minister of the New Federal Government.

By 1959 it was no longer possible to ignore the wishes of N.R. and Nyasaland to break up the unsatisfactory system of federation. A "Royal Commission of Enquiry" was established and eventually a decision was made to disband the Central African Federation. This step was taken in 1963. The two northern territories continued as Crown-Colonies, but were promised eventual self-government, which was soon granted. S.R. reverted to being a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth.

The ruling political party at the time asked for complete independence. This was refused, but the country's right to legislate freely was continued. The ruling Rhodesia Front Party, led by Ian Smith, held a referendum of all voters and gained their approval to ask for independence without change to the existing constitution, which had already been agreed to by Britain. In the elections of 1965 this party gained an overwhelming majority and asked Britain to grant complete independence. When this was again refused, the government declared Unilateral Independence. Britain stated that this was an act of rebellion and took the matter to United Nations Organisation, where it was decided to use economic sanctions against Rhodesia. (At this time, the Labour Party was in power in Britain).

Several attempts were made to reach agreement between Rhodesia and Britain. Of special importance was the "Tiger" Conference between Ian Smith and Harold Wilson. Rhodesia was unable to accept the provision for African Majority rule — Britain would not grant independence without this.

A Commission of Enquiry was set up to gain the opinion of the tribal chiefs. The work of this commission was severely hampered by terrorist activity and the commission advised the British Government not to recognise independence.

In 1971 Rhodesia declared herself to be a Republic. All diplomatic missions were withdrawn except those of Portugal and South Africa, which did not participate in sanctions against Rhodesia. The South African Government continued to have a good relationship with Rhodesia and has done much to help her during thirteen years of independence. The Portuguese mission was withdrawn as a result of the fall of the government in Lisbon.

and the subsequent achievement of independence in Mozambique.

The Frelimo Government in Mozambique encouraged the terrorist war against Rhodesia and favours the Patriotic Front led by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia also favours this Russian-backed group and has permitted the formation of terrorist camps in his country.

This terrorist warfare started on farms in the Centenary area and has continued unabated on three of Rhodesia's frontiers since 1973. Originally the whole movement was organised by the African National Council (A.N.C.) Prominent members of this council were:

Bishop Abel Muzorewa
Joshua Nkomo
Robert Mugabe
Rev. Ndabaningwe Sithole.

Differences of opinion led to a power struggle and this resulted in the formation of the Zimbabwe African National Union (Zanu) and the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (Zapu).

All these leaders were imprisoned on more than one occasion and all claim to have the support of all Africans in the territory.

The South African Government helped to organise further discussions in a special train, on the Victoria Falls Bridge, in 1975. Everyone hoped that these talks would lead to a satisfactory solution, because long negotiations had preceded them and all interested parties had signified their agreement to listen to the others' point of view. It soon became evident that Mr Nkomo would not accept anything but majority rule, with himself at the head of affairs. He refused to discuss the items on the prepared agenda and the meeting was a failure.

The next attempt in 1976 became known as the "Kissinger Plan" which incorporated the following:

- An interim government representing all groups.
- Movement towards majority rule over five years.
- Protection for the interests of minority groups.

Mr Smith accepted this plan as unalterable and his claim was backed by the South African Prime Minister, John Vorster, who helped to organise the talks.

These proposals were then discussed with the so-called "Front Line" Presidents:

Presidents: Samora Machel of Mozambique
Julius Nyerere of Tanzania.
Augustino Neto of Angola.
Sir Seretse Khama of Botswana.
Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia.

For some unknown reason, the United Nations Organisation regards the opinion of these African leaders as being absolutely vital to the future of Rhodesia!

The proposals were not accepted, but these leaders agreed that a full conference should be held in Geneva. As usual Nkomo, Mugabe, Muzorewa and Sithole could not agree and the Smith Contingent returned home after a week.

In 1977, the Smith Government announced its intention to do everything possible to find a solution internally, by negotiation with the African leaders. Muzorewa and Sithole, together with a very moderate and respected African Chief, Chirau, agreed to this proposal and a long series of meetings ensued.

In March 1978, the Rhodesian Government joyfully announced that agreement on all points had been reached and that an election, based on one-man-one-vote, would take place at the end of the year. Both Muzorewa and Sithole were sure that the terrorist war would diminish and that all their supporters would lay down their arms.

Unfortunately they did not reckon with the determination of Nkomo and Mugabe to establish a Marxist regime with the assistance of Russia. Nkomo has publicly stated that he is not interested in free elections.

Taking into account the determination of United Nations Organisation to ignore the historical facts, to alter accepted plans, to be dictated to by Russian-backed guerilla leaders and persistently to follow a vacillating policy, it is clear that the statement contained in the title of this essay is valid.

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Yvette Stockwell, Std IX.

Preparatory School News

Looking back over the year the general impression is one of enthusiasm on the part of both Staff and pupils. This related to all aspects of school life — academic, sport and cultural activities. Although these days it seems non-U to enjoy school, I am confident that this cannot be said of the girls at the prep. This is due to the stimulating and challenging teaching of a dedicated staff.

Because of our small classes staff are able to give extra help to children who may be finding the work difficult. It is not unusual to see teachers in their classrooms in their free time with a small group of girls who need consolidation in some particular aspect of their studies. We find very often that the girls themselves request help but where progress is not evident, time is made to help a child who is battling with a problem.

There has been much discussion recently about the benefit of homework. It is of primary importance for a teacher to know whether the work covered in class has been understood and the preparation done at home is her means of establishing this. Some children are slower in completing their work than others and consequently spend more time over their prep, but there should always be time for play, reading or just relaxing after school. We should beware of filling after school programmes with so much organised activity that there is no opportunity for just being ourselves and doing the things that bring us pleasure.

We are designing a new course for the prep school that will be introduced into the curriculum next year. Its content, in general terms, will be on health and social and physical development of the individual. To help us to draw up a syllabus that will be a meaningful project for the children, we ran a course for the Standard V's which took place after school on every Tuesday of the third term. Dr Slayen, Director of the Student Health Service at the University of Cape Town, generously gave of his time and experience in running this course for us. The subject was "An awareness of the dangers of smoking." This proved to be most stimulating and the girls contributed with enthusiasm to the instruction and challenges he had planned for them, and its success has been made evident by their continuing interest and concern.

We welcomed Mrs Gray as Sports Mistress this year. She has helped the girls to see that winning the race or the game is not the most important aspect in sport but that as long as we give our best and have a sporting attitude we contribute our share. Although we have not had any outstanding successes in the sporting field, the girls have worked hard at all their activities. A very happy morning was spent at the Swimming Bath in February when the Inter-House Swimming Gala was held. Even the little ones in the K.G. took part, and the Mum's race was the highlight of the morning. Rolt were the winners this year. The Inter-Schools Gala was the culmination of weeks

and weeks of training and although we won fourth place, the girls all swam magnificently and we were very proud of them. Special mention should be made of Nicola Caine, Caroline Lanfear and Fiona Gilliland who have done particularly well at their swimming. Nicola was chosen to represent Western Province at the South African Championships at Bloemfontein in November.

To encourage the tennis Mrs Gray has organised tournaments for the girls and they have been playing enthusiastically at breaks. Two groups were specially coached by Mrs McMillan during the winter and this extra practice is now yielding dividends. We hope that the standard of play will improve still further.

By the end of the netball season the teams had all learnt a great deal about the importance of playing as a team and both footwork and handling of the ball had improved. In the exciting Inter-House Competition Rolt were the overall winners.

October 14th — Sports Day — dawned bright and clear after some days of indifferent weather. Many parents came along to support their daughters and some brave ones even took part! How impressed we were with their prowess! Events followed smoothly and what excitement there was as the scores were announced! The morning was a happy one for all, even for those who did not win. Everyone played her part and did her best. Dr Silberbauer presented the cup to Merriman the winning house.

The Gym Club under the guidance of Mrs Gray has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. She now has three groups of enthusiastic gymnasts and we are planning to add a balancing beam and parallel bars to our apparatus which will give greater scope. Congratulations to Nicola Turnbull who has done particularly well in local competitions and represented Western Province in the National Championships.

The results in the Music, Speech and Ballet Examinations this year were very pleasing. Pupils should be encouraged to take Examinations in these cultural activities as they provide a challenge and consequently greater progress is made. Congratulations to those who gained honours in their exams and our thanks to the teachers who worked so hard to help their pupils achieve their successes.

Thank you to all who have helped us to raise money for equipment by saving old newspapers and sending them to school when the Waste-Away truck arrived. You will be interested to know that we have raised R253 this year. We have used some of the money to buy books and apparatus of the Tutor Systems. This is a very cleverly worked out system which involves many aspects of English, Geography, History, Maths and General Knowledge whereby the scholar is able to see her mistakes and through deduction to help herself to find the correct answers. This is proving to be most popular and covers all classes from

Pre-School to Standard V. Work benches and tools for the Pre-School have also been bought with some of the money.

The Charities supported this year have been St Johns Hostel, the Zenilda Steyn Memorial Home for Aged and Child Welfare. Many of the girls participated in the Blisters for Bread Walk and raised almost R900. This seems such a worthwhile cause and is meaningful to the girls as they are actually contributing their own physical effort towards the raising of funds. Toys have been collected for Bruce Duncan House and St Michael's Home.

The Speech Teachers Guild put on two programmes for us during the year. In April their theme was Reading for Pleasure and in July, Royalty for the K.G.'s and Books for School Children for Standard II-V. The team enacts scenes from suitable books to stimulate the children's desire to read. These sessions are much enjoyed and Miss Tremble has had many requests for the books concerned, in the Library.

Miss Tremble whose name is synonymous with the Library is leaving us at the end of the year. In the time that she has been with us, she has re-organised not only the books, but the children's reading habits. The number of books taken out in a term has increased from 646 in 1974 to 3 200 in 1978. This speaks for itself. We are indeed grateful to her for the work she has done here at the Prep and many will look back on her Library lessons as highlights of their school days. We wish her success in her new sphere of work.

Classroom teaching has been enriched by many outings. We have visited The Malay Quarter, the Museum, and Cultural Museum, the Castle, the Fire Brigade, the Filtration plant and various factories. Films relating to the syllabus are shown regularly and we have also been privileged to see excellent documentaries on the Massai, Alaska, and the Ra Expedition.

Mrs Hammond has continued to run the Scripture Union very ably, and although the number of girls attending has been a little disappointing, she has taught them faithfully week by week. Our aim is to help them to know the Scriptures so that when the time comes for total commitment of their lives, they will have a background of knowledge to support them in the difficult days experienced by young Christians.

When taking prospective parents around the School, I always make a point of showing them the Art Room. It is with great pride that I take them there for I knew that what they see will impress them. I am always amazed at the high standard of work pinned to the walls or displayed on the tables, and for this we have to thank our Art Teacher, Mrs d'Unienville. She has the wonderful God-given gift of being able to help the pupils to express themselves in this medium. She knows every child and her capabilities and weaknesses and draws the best from each one. Unfortunately she is leaving us at the end of the year and although we regret losing a teacher of her calibre, we wish her every success and happiness in the work she will be doing in Natal.

While preparing this report I have been very conscious of the support the teaching staff has given me and I should like to thank them, each one, for her help. We work here as a team and the success and achievements of the past year are due in no small measure to them. My thanks go to the House Staff, Office Staff, Catering Staff and Domestic Staff for their co-operation too.

I should like to thank Dr Silberbauer for all the help and guidance she has given me over the years. For her wise counsel and sympathetic ear and her words of encouragement. They have meant a great deal to me.

How can we express our sadness at saying good-bye to Dr Silberbauer and convey to her our regard? She has achieved so much at Herschel. One has only to look around and see the progress made during the last ten years, to know that here is an outstanding woman with vision. The Nursery School, the Pre-Preparatory Class, the new classroom block, the excellent apparatus with which we are now equipped, the increase in enrolment, the staff she has assembled, all bear testimony to her foresight. These things haven't just "happened". She has spent long hours both in term and holiday time in the school, devising her plans and seeing them come to fruition. She has certainly done her share towards making the school "a field that the Lord has blessed" and perhaps, in truth, we should look on a higher plane and see that she has been used by God to further His plans in this School.

AD DEI GLORIAM

Games Report

Netball

With six teams playing matches most weeks, many girls were able to improve their standard of play. The U-11A and B teams held their own and showed themselves to be promising little players. The Inter-Schools Tournament was held at Sans Souci but both the Open A and U-12A teams were knocked out in the 2nd round. The Inter-House Netball matches were played with much enthusiasm and team spirit. The end result was a win for Rolt. Colours were awarded to J. Kilcullen.

Hockey

With all the Std 5's and a number of Std 4's participating in hockey, we managed to get two enthusiastic teams together by the end of the season. Only two matches were played against Rustenburg with both our teams winning. The Inter-House hockey was enjoyed by all and a good standard of hockey was reached. Jagger was the winner.

Sports Day

After a few weeks of training for this day, all the girls were ready to give of their best. Merriman

ended with a good lead with 136 points, Jagger second with 103 points, and Rolt third with 88 points.

Gymnastics

At present there are some 50 girls participating in the three groups each week. The girls have started working towards Proficiency Badges and a display which is to be held towards the end of the year.

Swimming

During the first term, a number of exciting galas were held against other schools. Regular early morning training sessions took place at Newlands pool. Even with our extra efforts we still did not have the strength we needed in our team and came fourth at the Inter-Schools Gala and third in the

diving section. The Inter-House Gala which enabled every girl in the school to participate was won by Rolt. Colours were awarded to N. Caine and C. Lanfear.

TENNIS

Two teams were again entered in the Peninsula Primary Schools Tennis Association, with Mrs J. McMillan as the coach. Coaching continued throughout the winter season and this has benefited play. Both teams entered the girls and Co-Ed. Inter-Schools Tournaments. There is a growing interest in tennis amongst the younger girls who are making use of the coaching offered by Jill Eksteen after school. Inter-House matches are about to be played.



SWIMMING

Standing: Jill Fouche, Michelle Kinlay, Caroline Lanfear, Michelle Smith, Jacqueline Kilcullen, Nicolette Jones.
 Sitting: Kirsten Hutchinson, Rowena Evans, Catherine Hudson (Captain), Mrs Gray, Anne Abdy, Debbie Crane, Maryke Honig.
 Front Row: Jennifer Saunders, Caroline Christie, Lisa Kantor, Clodagh Mannion, Bronwyn Geldenhuys.



GYMNASTICS

Standing: Bronwyn Geldenhuys, Clodagh Mannion, Nidolette Jones, Jennifer Saunders.

Sitting: Catherine Hudson, Mrs Gray, Vanessa Green

Front Row: Fiona Gilliland.

Squash

After one year of training the team can be proud of reaching the finals of the Inter-schools Competition, losing to Camps Bay in the final game. N. Jones has been training at Goodwood with the

Squad. There is a great improvement in play and we hope to see many of the younger girls enjoying the game.

Veronica Gray.



SQUASH

Standing: Nicolette Jones, Michelle Kinlay,
Jacqueline Kilcullen.
Kneeling: Catherine Hudson, Liza Rowland.

Kindergarten Events

1978 saw many happenings in many small lives. That first day in the Pre-prep, which is a step-up from Nursery School, was a tearful experience for some, going into Sub A and Sub B a proud moment and the beginning of a year which was to lead to new experiences in reading, writing and arithmetic (the new kind).

The major event for all was the "Concert". H.P. Television brought every child in the Pre-prep, Sub A and Sub B onto the "screen". Our T.V. theme produced items such as Shock-Pop, The Sub A Super Singers, Advertisements, Die Drie Varkies, Heidi, Peter and the Wolf and Old MacDonalds Farm. We held the concert in the Senior School Hall this year and thanks go to the Senior Staff for all their help towards making it a happy event.

Library Report

Every year we think we have reached saturation point in the library; every year we are wrong! Nineteen hundred and seventy eight was no exception; there has been a sustained up-swing in the number of books taken out each term.

The most dramatic increase has been in the Afrikaans section. We have concentrated on a wider selection of books here and now can cater for all language levels. The teachers of Afrikaans have co-operated wholeheartedly in raising the standard through sound reading habits.

Television continues to be a helpful aid to reading. This year there has been a tremendous demand for the Heidi books, for the Hardy Boys and for the Nancy Drew mysteries.

The demands made on the library prefects have been very heavy indeed. They have all worked very hard, especially that devoted band of Standard 4 pupils known collectively as the LILL's — 'Loyal League of Library Lovers'. These are Cathy Shub, Christians Hutchinson, Vanessa Green and Sandy Newton Thompson, whose dedication to their library is most warming.

Many of the teachers have contributed to the smooth running of the library, none more so than Mrs Cowling, whose advice and knowledge have been invaluable.

The library is an on-going concern and once the reading habits have been instilled at grass-roots level, its place in a school is assured. We like to think that this is admirably demonstrated here at Herschel Preparatory School.

Inez Tremble, Librarian.

Part of our curriculum is to visit places outside school. The Sub A and Sub B classes went to St James to study rock pool creatures. The train ride was, for some, a "first time" event. Visits to a Constantia farm, Simba Chips, Panther Shoes, Coca Cola, Lion Match, I & J Frozen Fish and Dairymaid Ice-Cream have taken place over the past two years. The children were impressed by the machines and labour needed to provide familiar products.

Sports Day with its special events for the K.G. was exciting with Sub A and Sub B running for their Houses for the first time and feeling part of the Prep School scene.

My thanks to all the staff and parents who have helped to make 1978 such a happy year.

MARGUERITE DAVIES



Bottles being filled at the
Coca Cola factory



Watching the production line
at the Coca Cola factory.



Deirdre Ekstein, Vicky-Lee Williams,
Tania Fourie, Susan Snyders,
Fleur Burgoyne, Jane Boyes
after a feast at the ice-cream
factory.



Kindergarten Concert
— Old MacDonald's Farm



Singing Happy Birthday
to our friends at St James.



Outing to St James.

The Hill Pre-Primary

It is with pleasure that we write this report to be presented in The Herschelian.

Our staffing this year, unfortunately, has not remained as constant as we could wish. Miss Jeanette Anderson left us after the first term to accept the post of principal at another school. Mrs Lindsay Ashley left us the second term and has since had a baby boy. Both teachers represent nine years of teaching at The Hill. We welcomed Miss Sue Tripp and Mrs Caroline Millard as our new teachers who have since settled very well into the life of the school. At the end of the year Mrs Ann Poulton will be leaving and we are very lucky to have Miss Anderson returning as principal. We can, therefore, look forward to a very competent staff for 1979.

tive to the school as a whole. Fund raising and parent evenings have been hard work but satisfying. Parents, teachers and children gain much from their time, made available to the school and the money raised for funds. This year the P.T.A. organised and ran a lending library for the older children. This has helped the children to appreciate the contents and the fun that can be had from taking home a book of their own choice. It is hoped that mother help can be extended into other areas as it is felt the mother as well as the child gain enormously from the experience. The programme at the school has been planned to fit in with the child's individual needs and two full reports are written each year and sent to the parents for each child.



Father Christmas
arrives at the
Nursery School Party.

The teachers attended a lecture series conducted by Miss Tredoux of Barkly House Teachers' College, which lasted over two terms. This series was primarily to bring all pre-school teachers up-to-date with current reading material available.

We continue to have the third year students of the above college attending our school for part of their practical training.

Each child received a medical check-up and was screened for speech and hearing. We trust that any problems found will be remedied, thus ensuring that each child will begin their new school year physically fit.

The Management Committee, chaired by The Rev I. Eve continue to give us their support while managing the administrative affairs of the school and ensuring that all goes well monetary wise.

The Parent/Teachers' Association, chaired by Mr Pieter Waker has been active and fully support-

Here at the Hill we have always experienced a good contact with Herschel concerning the child and the report. This benefits the child as she goes from pre-primary education to formal education. This has not always been the case with other schools but slowly the breakthrough is coming and the importance of pre-school education is being recognised.

The children have been on various outings, the most popular one being a ride on a bus to see "Peter and the Wolf" at the Baxter Theatre presented by Tony Fletcher and his puppets. One wasn't sure which was the most exciting, the ride on the bus or the puppets. We have another outing planned this last term, a visit to a fire station. Our school exhibition was held earlier in the year when parents for 1979 were invited along with this year's parents. And our finale will be on the 1st December when the children will present the Nativity Play to their parents.

Enrolments are completed for 1979 and we continue to fill the three classes available plus having a waiting list. This situation applies to all pre-primary schools thus showing the need for more schools in this area of education.

We will take this opportunity to thank the Management Committee, The Parent/Teachers' Association and the parents for all their help, support and

interest shown throughout this year. Unfortunately we have to say goodbye to Dr Silberbauer, the Headmistress of Herschel School. Dr Silberbauer was the founder of The Hill Pre-Primary School and has continued her unflagging interest through the years. We hope Dr Silberbauer that you may find the time to continue your visits to us where you will always be very welcome.

The Staff of the Hill.

Original Work

AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling around,
Red and yellow to the ground.
They are so mellow and beautiful and gay,
That we love them every day.
They rush about the street at night,
And their gold shines in the moonlight.

Mary-Ann Wheeler, Std I.

THE SILVER KEY

I am a silver key. I live in a stable door next to an inn. One night a lady and a man came to stay at the inn but the innkeeper had no room. The man said my wife is going to have a baby and we need shelter. The innkeeper said I have a stable you may stay in. So they stayed at the stable. That night the lady had a baby. She called him Jesus. He was the Lord's child.

Imelda Knight, Std I.

WITCH'S SPELL

Ingredients: 2 pink bulbs, 10 fairy ears, 5 rotten pears, 7 blue toad's slime, 20 slug's eyes, 2 human hairs, 4 of Mrs Crossan's teeth, 2 of Lucy's fingers, 1 of Debra's eyes.

Mix well in cauldron saying this spell.

Higgildy, Piggildy, litch,
Make Kathryn turn into pitch
He he he, he he he,
And give her a good old itch.

Lesley Millar, Std I.

THE WORM

There is a bumpy,
lumpy, greedy worm,
Crawling up the wall.
He went to the top,
then fell down plop,
Then went squishy,
squashy flop,
And dropped down dead
on a bed
And curled up like a ball.

Lesley Millar, Std I.

HOLIDAYS

I like holidays because it is fun going away. I went to High Noon with my aunty and cosins. When we saw a giraffe my uncle opened the window and the giraffe put it's head in the car. My

cosin who is six got such a fright he did a smell. We saw the lions. One lion had a sweet paper in its mouth. It got up and chased the car and we all screamed.

Imelda Knight, Std I.

I AM A RAIN DROP

I am a rain drop and I live in a cloud. One day the cloud grew heavy and down I went into a river. I flowed into a dam and I waited and waited and then I heard a noise and I began to feel frightened and then I went down a dark pipe and I went into a tap and I was in red juice and a little girl drank me up.

Deirdre Terrill, Std I.

FIRE!

One night while I was sleeping I awoke from a weird dream. When I awoke I heard a crackling noise. At first I saw nothing but then I saw flames all around the room. I grabbed a handkerchief and dipped it in a basin. I tied it round my mouth. I then crawled out of the house.

Bridget Chapman, Std I.

A PIRATE

I am a pirate. my name is Dick Dead Eye. I have a pet parrot. My pet's name is Screaming Eagle. I live in a pirate ship. One day I went for a walk and a bear cub attacked me. It bit a piece of my pants, so I had a patch sewn on by my parrot.

Alexandra Black, Std I.

RED

Red means the devil, evil, fire, an apple, post boxes and other things. But when I think of red I think of the bright sun up in the sky and also it makes me warm.

Natasha van Zyl, Std I.

A FLOWER

I am a gay little flower. I live in a beautiful garden. One day a snail came and ate part of me. Slowly I began to die. Then one day the garden boy picked me and threw me away. But a fairy cast a spell over me and turned and into a beautiful flower again.

Leanne Freeman, Std I.

EXPECTATION

It is Christmas time in the picture. The Christmas tree is so alight with colour and joy! The balls shine after their long sleep. At the foot of the tree the floor is simply laden with coloured presents. I wonder what exciting things are under those colourful wrappers! Three sweet choir boys are singing — praising God for Christmas. At the far end of the hall the chairs stand there waiting — waiting for Christmas. The boys are wearing long black robes with whites on top. Each is holding a white lighted candle. The windows are an oval-like shape but flat at the bottom. At the far end of the altar two men are standing and talking together. After a while the church will be flocked with people.

Sally Orren, Std II.

LITTLE DONKEY

I had a grey donkey,
So old and so grey
His fur it was fluffy,
But now rubbed away,
It looked with such sadness
But he never was bad,
My best little donkey
That I ever had.

Vanessa Sass, Std II.

A MYSTERIOUS CAVE

Once my friends and I went for a walk in the woods. When we were going home one of my friends said I don't recognise this place. Vainly we tried all the paths but we didn't find any paths that suited us. Then another of my friends called out look here is a cave! Then we went into the cave. Suddenly we heard a terrifying screech. We turned round in alarm. We couldn't see because we didn't have torches and it was pitch dark. Then we saw a faint outline of a witch. It was a terrible sight to see. She had fangs three feet long with poison dripping from them, a black hat and coat and a black cat on her broomstick. She cast a spell on us. All except one of us who escaped before the witch could catch him. All the time he had had a map of the world in his pocket. He soon found his way home. Then he collected some people. Then they captured the witch and burnt her. Then they freed the boys.

Clare Meredith, Std II.

SUGARLAND

When my uncle Marmaduke went back to live on Loaf Mountain he gave me a lollipop tree to plant in the garden. So I got my sugar spade and dug a big hole for my little tree to go right in.

I covered it up with some sweet sand and then I watered it with a candy watering can. When it was old enough to be eaten I plucked off little nigger balls. Oh what fun.

I gave some to baby and he jumped up and down. That's thanks to my uncle Marmaduke for my little lollipop tree.

Alison Day, Std II.

THE TIN SOLDIER

I had a tin soldier,
All coloured in gold.
It had a tin charger,
All splendid and bold,
It had so much speed,
As wind it was fast,
The soldier who rode it,
Has just gone passed.

Nicola Eckstein, Std II.

GOLD EAGLE

I had a gold eagle,
Most gentle and sweet,
His eyes were of starlight,
And he was so neat,
He hopped on the table,
And sighed a long sigh,
Then he spread out his wings,
And flew in the sky.

Carolynne McGhie, Std II.

THE FORGETFUL FAIRIES

The dandelion clocks you know,
Are hardly ever right,
And that's because the fairies forget
To wind them every night!

Instead they dance and dance about,
A sparkling bright blue pool
Then they go to sleep,
Under a yellow toadstool.

Catherin McCarthy, Std II.

THE FAIRY QUEEN

I will tell you how its been since I have been
a Fairy Queen
I dance around each moonlight night
Wearing dresses frilly, and tight
The pixies all admire me since I am as pretty
as pretty as can be.

I live in a palace crystal bright
It shocks the pixies eyes at night
When I have a special tea
my fairies come and dance for me.

Kerry Hoffman, Std II.

THE BRACELET

One day I was looking in the window of a Jewellery shop. I saw a bracelet and I wished and wished I could have it, but I knew I could not, so I walked away.

Suddenly I heard a crash, a bang and footsteps coming in my direction. I turned and was just in time to see a man with a bag running round the corner. I ran after him and caught him and tripped him so that he dropped the bag. I picked it up and put it into another mans hands. The man called the police and they quickly caught the thief.

I was rewarded with tea and biscuits and best of all, the bracelet that I wanted so much.

Liesl Haldane, Std II.

ALL ABOUT FAIRY SEAWEED

Fairy Seaweed lives in a deep cave beneath the sea where she is kept busy mending, washing and drying out seaweeds which she collects from the sea or on the shore. The sea fairies find seaweed very useful for many different things, especially when Fairy Seaweed uses her clever fingers to make pretty hats and shoes from the more colourful seaweeds. She also makes fluffy balls for the fairy babies to play with and the lovely clock which King Neptune wears as he rides in his chariot over the waves. It is made from specially woven seaweed which Fairy Seaweed has collected from the home of the Sea Dragon. He colours, the seaweed red and gold with his fiery breath.

Sarah Heslett, Std II.

THE FISHERMEN

The wind pounds onto the shore. On a ship far out to sea the deck groans while the wind beats and slaps the bottom of the ship as it is tossed from one wave to another. The deck becomes weakened as the water pours over the edge seeping through the planks.

The boatmen get tired and weary but they work hard to save their ship. In the tumult their voices are carried away in the wind.

The storm dies down satisfied with what it has done, but they have beaten it and reach home exhausted and hungry.

Sharon Werner, Std III.

TIME SNEEZE

In February Capab came and did a play for us called Time Sneeze. We even took part in it! The play was about a man who invented a Time Machine which could take you into the past or into the future. It took him to different places including King Arthur's time. But when his Time Machine broke down he was in "In between" land; this was when we acted the part of the people of that extraordinary land. I especially liked the Time Machine with fireworks exploding out of the back. Whenever they went off we nearly jumped out of our skins!

Marsaili Ross, Std III.

THINGS

- A swarm of bees,
- A clump of trees.
- A school of fishes,
- A kitchen full of dishes.
- A gaggle of geese,
- A nephew and niece.
- A pride of lions,
- kettles and irons.
- A fleet of ships,
- some ruby red lips.
- A set of tools,
- A list long of rules.

Nicola Caine, Std III.

MY SEA SHELL

I found a pretty sea shell,
Lying on the shore,
I kept on walking on the beach,
Hoping to find some more.

I took it back home with me,
I'll keep it ever more,
When I put it to my ear,
I hear the ocean roar.

Fiona Gilliland, Std III.

A PRAYER

Jesus, Lord of all,
Help me answer when you call,
Help me treasure all my friends,
At school, at home and at every end.
We know we've sinned so many times,
And other committed serious crimes.
So please dear Jesus help us say,
"I'm going to do what you want today".
Help us to concentrate when we pray,
At the start of each new day.
Help us laugh and be filled with joy,
Every adult, girl and boy.
Oh! Jesus, our Lord, please
Help your children live in peace,
In our land and overseas.

Linda Cockin, Std III.

DISASTER AT SEA

A sudden storm broke out and suddenly a flash of lightning hit our ship. The waves were high and dangerous. The fire alarm rang out and we quickly put our life jackets on, and then clambered into the lifeboats. As we rowed away we saw huge flames on the decks of the ship, and then we saw the crew and the captain clamber into their lifeboats. We were told to clap our hands and to sing, but one of the old ladies fell asleep and she died from the cold, so we had to push her into the sea. Eventually we arrived at port, we were very tired, cold and hungry. The people at the port were very kind to us, they gave us Milo to drink, then a hot cup of soup and bread. We were all very thankful that we were alive and well.

Bennita Oswell, Std III.

A DESCRIPTION

A dark crystal blue sky lies above the beautiful Brazilian waterfalls. In the evening light the brown foamy water falls down the waterfall. Down, down to the bottom where it breaks into a thousand splinters of water. Foaming and waving in torrents the water finds its way through the lush greenery. Sticks and pieces of wood are tossed about in the mass of water. A fragmented rainbow crosses the Iguacu-Pr waterfalls, showing off its seven colours: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

Maryke Honig, Std III.

DISASTER AT SEA

Looking out over the deck I saw a flock of ravens, black from the looming sunset behind, swoop past. I knew ravens meant death and danger, but being optimistic I soon forgot about it.

This was the first time I had been on a really big ship. My parents were both sick with flu. I was on my way to Scotland where my Aunt lives in luxury.

That night in my cabin I heard a shout coming from a member of the crew. The captain came running. Through my dark frosty window I saw the captain craning his skinny neck to look at the side of the boat. I slipped on my warmest clothes to the sound of shouts, screams and the stamping of panic-stricken people.

The frost covered deck was empty, now that the life-boats had been lowered down into the calm sea.

From the life-boats I could see a long gash on the side of the ship obviously torn by a huge jagged iceberg nearby.

The boat which I was on, was rescued by a Navy vessel on her way to England.

From that moment on I was superstitious about ravens.

Jenny Saunders, Std III.

SLAAPTYD

Slapenstyd! die lekkerste tyd van die aand. As ek na my slaapkamer gaan, verwelkom die pragtige wit en geel gordyne vir my. Die netjiese geel dekens en kussingsloop laat my kamer somer warm voel. Die pragtige blomme op my wit spieletafel maak die hele kamer lewendig. As my kaal voete die wol van die matte raak, voel ek asof ek op 'n wolk trap. Die spieël aan die hangkas laat die kamer somer baie groot lyk.

As ek op my sagte matras lê, voel ek asof ek op die water drywe. My voete word somer gou warm tussen die lakens. As moeder die veerkombers so teen my kennebak trek, dan kom Klaasvakkie vinnig aan.

Eke aand neem ek 'n warm bad na ek my huiswerk gedoen het. Ek trek my nagklere aan en om half-nege sê ek vir almal nag en stap dan na my pragtige slaapkamer. Ek lees eers 'n rukkie, haal my skoolklere uit my hangkas en plaas my t's naby die deur. As my skoolgoed in orde is, gaap ek en gaan slaap.

Roshan-ara Karjieker, Std III.

DIE STORIE VAN 'N OU SKOEN

Weet julle ek is so hartseer. Hier sit ek met baie ander ou vernielde skoene. En nou dink ek aan die lekker ou dae toe ons in 'n skoenwinkel se venster gesit het en uitgekyk het op die strate en al die mense vir ons gekyk het en gesê het hoe mooi ons lyk.

Toe een dag, het 'n man vir ons gekoop en elke dag spoggerig rondgeleef. Een dag het hy vergeet om ons te poets en toe elke dag vergeet, en ons het nerf af en stukkend geraak en ons oorleer het begin kraak. En dag vir dag het hy ons gedra tot ons eendag so lelik gelyk het dat hy ons weggegooi het.

Hierdie wrede wereld raak te veel vir my en hierdie ander skoene lag dag en nag vir ons omdat ons so lelik lyk.

Alison Hundelby, Std III.

CATWEAZLE

Catweazel is a mediaeval magician who finds himself in the 20th century and is astonished at many things he sees and hears.

One bright spring morning, Catweazel was walking towards the river in hope of finding something new and adventurous. He tried to whistle a soft tune but only succeeded in bringing out a screeching "Wheeee-p", which caused him to scratch his head sadly and wonder for the umpteenth time if he would ever be able to whistle properly.

In the distance, Catweazel heard a voice which was meant to be loud, but was soft because he was so far away. He pricked up his ears and began to creep stealthily towards the noise. As he came closer he heard it was someone singing. It became louder and louder; He suddenly rounded a corner and with a shriek sat down, but sprang up straight away because he hadn't thought about the nettles being there.

A few children were fishing nearby and when they heard the scream they came running up towards Catweazel.

After assuring them that he was alright, Catweazel pounded towards a box on the ground which had wheels on the bottom and two funny loops on the top. At one side there were different knobs and buttons and in the middle there was a picture. In the picture there was a man who was as big as the picture and he was singing an awfully loud song and on top of that he was wiggling his body as if he had ants tickling him.

"Who is that small man and why is he wiggling his body so much?" asked Catweazel in amazement.

"He's a popstar", the children told him.

"You mean he's a star that pops his body about like that," Catweazel said incredulously.

"Not quite, but almost," said the children trying to explain.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing at the two loops at the top.

"That's a bunny aerial," said a tall girl.

"A bunny area?" Catweazel looked about but he couldn't see any rabbits nearby.

Catweazel just couldn't understand how that machine worked, but nevertheless he inquired what it was called. "It's a T.V. or telly for short," he was told.

"Would you like to buy one? Our dad sells them" the children asked eagerly.

"Er-er no thank you. I consider this invention too dangerous for me," Catweazel said decidedly. "No offence meant. I hope you don't mind," and with a wave of his hand the mediaeval magician, Catweazel, went on his way, with greater knowledge in his head. The knowledge of the television, a modern invention.

Leanne Carlyle, Std IV.

THE SOUTH EASTER

Ferocious and merciless
The wind stormed round corners
Leaves swirled up and up,
Papers and tin cans disappeared
from view.

Ships roll against the powerful
South Easter.
As it whips up the sand
on deserted beaches.

Washing lines twirl round and
round
Umbrellas float away
As the South Easter snatches them
out of reach.

Jean Mannion, Std IV.

COLOURS

Red is danger,
Red is blood,
Red is a rose,
That grows.

Blue is the sky,
White is the snow,
We see blue,
And white,
Wherever we go.

Yellow is the spring,
With the flowers so gay,
Yellow is the wheat,
And the new mown hay.

Brown is chocolate,
That sits in the shop,
Coffee ice-cream,
With a cherry on top.

Caroline Black, Std IV.

THE DROUGHT

The farmer stood still in his dry, cracked up dam
which had taken him so long to build. He was
distressed at seeing his farm going to ruin in
the drought which had been going on for a year
already. Now when he comes to his dam he sees
it dry, hard and cracked into a pattern. Suddenly
his sorrow turns into anger, anger in seeing ani-
mals and his farm dying whilst he can do nothing
to prevent destruction.

All his fields of wheat and his vegetable garden
no longer provide food fit to be eaten and the
farmer knows he is a poor man. Slowly he turns
and with heavy steps walks towards his house
where his wife stays. He does not look to the
right or the left but down at the hard ground as
he continues his way home.

The farmer looks up as he sees his farmhouse.
It looks yellow, in need of paint, and there on the
stoep stands his wife. Her face is a mixture of
anxiety and distress for she knows the trouble
her husband is in. As he nears her she turns and
together they walk into their home still waiting
for rain on the morrow.

Ilse Richter, Std IV.

SHADOWS

At dusk
The cold wind
Dies down
And the mountain gets
its golden crown
As the sun sinks down
Behind it.

Overhead the shadows
Of the birds flying
And across the grass
The lengthening
Tree shades lying
While my shadow
Grows longer and longer

The creeping mountain
Shadow covers us all.
The monstrous shadow of the night
Stamps its foot and out
goes the light.

Christine Dunckley, Std IV.

THUNDERSTORM

A terrifying, ferocious
Rumbling sound,
Came from the sky.
Suddenly . . .
There was a slashing,
And a crashing,
And a flicker of light.
And flash of lightning
Whipped through the heavens,
Ripping the clouds
As torrents of rain
Came gushing down,
Flooding the fields.
The storm,
With its terrifying sound,
Drifted away
Into the valley
Far away,
Echoing as it went

Philippe Blackwood-Murray, Std IV.

MY MISDAAD (Deur Wagter)

My naam is Wagter. Ek woon by my baas en sy
vrou en ses kinders. Ek is baie ongelukkig want
met so 'n groot familie, kry ek nooit 'n lekker been
met vleis daaraan om te kou nie. Waar kan ek een
kry? Ek moet daaraan dink. Nou weet ek! Die
slaghuis is die antwoord.

As ek saggies uit die hek kruip, kan ek na die
slaghuis hardloop. Uiteindelik kom ek by die slag-
huis van Mnr Bester. Kyk net na daardie lekker
stukke vleis in die venster. Mnr Bester is besig.
Hy het my nog nie gesien nie. 'n Ou tannie kom
om die hoek en ek stap ongemerk saam met haar
in die slaghuis in. Terwyl Mnr Bester haar bedien,
gryp ek 'n lekker been vol vleis in my bak. Ek
hardloop uit. Die ou tannie skreeu.

"Kom terug diel!" Mnr Bester is te vet om my
te vang.

Nou sal ek hierdie been langs die rivier geniet. Maar die vleis is te heerlik. Ek het nog nooit so lekker geëet nie. As ek klaar geëet het sal ek die been huis toe neem en dit in die tuin begrawe en more kan ek weer daaraan kous.

Lynda-Anne Ferguson, Std IV.

DIE DIEF

Daar was geen kos in ons huis nie, en ek was so honger dat my maag van die honger geknaag het. Ek het vir twee dae niks geëet nie. Ek het gewonder waar ek 'n stukkies vleis kan steel. Ek het in 'n al die vuilblikke gekyk maar daar was niks om te eet nie. Toe het ek nog 'n keer gedink waar ek 'n bietjie vleis kan steel. Die slaghuis! Al Die slaghuis!

Die middag het ek na die slaghuis gegaan en 'n groot stuk vleis gesien. Ek het gewag tot die slagter in sy yskamer was en, toe het ek in die slaghuis ingegaan en die vleis gegryp. Toe ek byna by die deur uit was, het die slagter uit die yskamer gekom en my gesien. Hy het na my gekom en ek het vinnig gehardloop. Die slagter het geskree dat die mense my moet vang. Die mense kon my nie vang nie omdat ek te ver was en ek het al die vleis rou opgeëet.

Jal Daardie stuk vleis was baie lekker.

Lerisse Maisel, Std IV.

MY OUPA

My oupa is 'n baie ou man. Hy is tagtig jaar oud. Hy het wit hare, 'n spierwit baard en 'n groot snor. Sy gesig is baie verrimpeld en vol plooië. Hy het 'n groot maag en 'n rooi neus. Hy het ook bakbene. Hy glimlag dikwels.

Hy staan baie vroeg op. Hy sit op die stoep en drink 'n beker stomende tee. Hy drink 'n slurp-slurp. Hy loop slaapvoet. Hy het 'n lang kiese wat van Rhodesië afkom. Dit is baie mooi uitgeskerf. Hy hou baie daarvan om in die tuin te werk saam met my ouma. Hy drink bier en vertel ons mooi stories van die ou dae.

My suster en ek is baie lief vir ons oupa. Hy bederf ons. Hy gee ons geld om lekkers te koop. Hy neem ons na die dieretuin en die sirkus. Hy woon in Natal in 'n mooi huis met pragtige blomme. Hy is 'n interessante man.

Malu Overstone, Std IV.

DIE AVONTUUR VAN 'N SKELM HOND

By my huis is die vleis baie skaars. Elke dag gaan ek straat toe. Daar is baie vuilblikke en ek soek vir weggooi kos. Maar daar is altyd die slagter. Al die slagter.

Gister het ek by die deur gesit en wag. Ek het vir 'n lang tyd gewag. Toe kom 'n ou vrou daaraan. Sleepvoet en stadig loop sy by die deur in. Dit is my kans! Ek sluip onder die toonbank en lek die bloed op. Daar lê 'n groot stuk vleis op die toonbank. Dit ruik heerlik! Ô so heerlik! Ek wil dit kry. Ek het op die toonbank gespring en die vleis geneem. Ek het baie vinnig gehardloop en al die mense het my agtervolg. Toe ek by 'n klein bruggetjie gekom het, het ek daaronder gaan lê en die lekker vleis opgeëet.

Christine Duncley, Std IV.

MY FAVOURITE MEAL

As I sat down at the table the smells that wafted on the air and reached my nostrils made me realize that my stomach was empty and that I was ravenous. My mother placed the first course in front of me. It was lavishly prepared on a shell. There were about twenty shrimps comfortably seated on a bed of shredded lettuce. They were dripping with a lemon and butter sauce which gave them a tantalizing tanginess. As each plump, pink shrimp disappeared, I became more and more hungry, and when the last of those salty yet scrumptious delicacies and the lemonish taste had disappeared from my mouth, I began the next course.

This was Chicken-a-la-King. It was placed on a silver platter and garnished with bits of chopped parsley and watercress. It was perfectly balanced upon a heap of golden, steaming rice made noticeably colourful by little bits of red pepper which were daintily sprinkled over it. The thick, cream-coloured sauce was generously decorated with paper thin slithers of mushroom. This was placed expertly onto my plate. A spoonful of juicy, sweet peas was placed at the side accompanied by two boiled potatoes cut in half and overflowing with melting butter. A good helping of cauliflower rounded this course off. It was dripping with cheese which hung gooiily over the sides. Its coral-like flowers were smothered with this gooey liquid which made it taste so heavenly. The potatoes were now golden from the butter and crumbled then melted immediately in my mouth. The chicken, rolling in sauce, tasted delicious too. After eating heartily at the chicken, I felt rather full and bloated, but upon seeing the dessert those thoughts vanished from my mind, although I must admit the saying "Your eyes are too big for your stomach" is true.

Desert consisted of brandy snaps which were heavily laden with syrup. The slightly crisp covering was stuffed with cream and saturated with syrup. As I took my first bite, the cream squished into my mouth where it melted. As I chewed it, the syrup squirted out of the pastry and filled my mouth with a choking sweetness which disappeared a few moments later.

As I got up from the table, I got that "I have overeaten" feeling, but it didn't matter because it was a long time since I had enjoyed a meal so much.

Kerynne French, Std V.

LONELINESS

Loneliness is blue,
Loneliness is a cold, sorrowful feeling,
Loneliness is a horrible feeling that you are not wanted,
Loneliness is mean,
Hunting people down,
Shattering them into glass
Branding them "L" for
Loneliness.

Michele Kinlay, Std V.

LONELINESS

A mocking devil
Appears in velvet black.
It throws
Its red hot lance
Into my mind.

Immediately
Everything blackens.
I am alone.
The devil gives a scornful laugh and disappears,
Leaving me feeling
Friendless and lost.

Caroline Lanfear, Std V.

FORKED LIGHTNING

Blackness creeps up,
And spreads her cloak
Glistening with diamonds,
Over the sky.
A shining disc floats on.
Suddenly, a shaft of light,
Like a tear in the soft fabric
Of night, cuts through the sky.
For a second a jagged scar is left,
Then, folds of velvet
Ripple together, hiding the mark,
Of lightning.

Shelley Durr, Std V.

THIRTY

Thirty is the age for champagne and caviar
For perfume and Christian Dior.
For being much bolder
And having papers in a folder
And running a business of your own.

Thirty is the age for travelling.
A cruise across the sea
An apartment in Paris
And cakes and china tea
From the best hotel in town

Thirty is the age for friends
For huge swinging parties
For a lovely big house
But no nagging spouse.
But that's only when I'm thirty

Joanne Hvidsten, Std V.

AVONTUUR IN DIE BLOEKOM-BOOM

Een dag toe ek baie honger was, het ek besluit om die bloekom-boom te klim. Dit was Lente en daar was baie spreek, mossie en duiwe-eiers. Ek het na die boom geseil en boontoe geklim. Toe het ek ses bokmakierie-eiers gesien. Hulle het in 'n klein nassie op 'n lang tak gelê. Ek het voetjie-vir-voetjie nader gekom en my gesplete tongtjie uitgesteek. Die wyfievoeltjie het gou weggevlieg toe sy my gesien het en ek het in die nassies geklim om die eiers te eet.

Skielik het 'n hand in die nassie ingekom. Dadelik was ek op my hoede. Ek was uit die nassie in 'n kits. My venynige opies wou nie glo wat hulle gesien het nie. 'n Groot mens, 'n dogter wou ook die eiers uithaal. Maar toe sy my gesien

het, het sy haar boeglam geskrik omdat sy nie van boomslange hou nie. Sy het uit daardie boom net soos 'n vrot pampoene geval en ek het ook geskrik want ek het ook uit die boom na haar geval. Al die voeltjies het begin kwetter.

Die dogter het gekree en gehuil en gou opgespring om weg te hardloop. Haar bloese was net vol gebreekte eiers. Ek het gou-gou in my gat geseil en my hart het vinniger en vinniger geklop en my maag het geskrik van die honger.

Shelley Durr, Std V.

ENGLISH

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE

It is the fourth year of the cruel drought. The broken windmill stands still. It has stood unmoving for three years. Or is it two? The farmer and his family are too listless, hungry, thirsty and tired to remember the time, but they can remember how it had so wearily stopped. It had slowed to a halt with an agonizing creak, never to go again. Now it stands there, a silhouette against the setting sun, a symbol of drought, of starvation.

The grain crops are gone. In their valuable place lie a few wisps of gray hay on parched, cracked earth. The dam wall is crumbling, leaving the hollow basin of the dam which has no use. The wooden fences are broken, lying strewn for barren acres with nothing more to do. The fast-flowing river is no more, just a sandy streak of — drought. The farmhouse is a shell. The rope on which the bell hangs is rotting. The six children are lifeless skeletons, sitting on the porch and watching the murderous sun setting, a tyrant, almost victor of the war with life. The youngest child was buried yesterday, a little younger than the terrible drought. She died of starvation, like the sheep on the hill. Their bones lie sun-bleached on their lifeless grave. Today the family was lucky. There had been some three-year-old biltong for lunch, but tomorrow they will have nothing. There is nothing. The mother sits in her wicker chair, her face haggard, her fingers horribly disfigured by rheumatism. The father leans against a decrepit shanty, thinking back to when food and water had been plentiful. He had been successful — once. They have not had water for three days. He is still tired from his walk to the station for some brackish water. He looks at the sky. Maybe there will be rain tomorrow, maybe next week, maybe next year. He cannot tell any more. Maybe never.

K. Dickey, Std V.

'N NUWE ONTKOMING

Een mooi dag het ek en my pa in sy nuwe boot gaan seil. Die lug was blou en daar was nie een wolk daarin nie. Dit was die eerste keer wat ek in 'n boot geseil het en daaroor was ek baie opgewonde. Die see was seepglad en die son was baie warm.

Meteens het die wind begin waai en die see het wild geword. Skielik was daar mis reg rondom ons. Toe het ons ons koers verloor. Ek was baie bang maar my pa het gesê dat ek dapper moes wees.

Twee uur later was ons nog in die mis verdwaal. Ons kon net 'n klein entjie sien maar ons het die skerp, gevaarlike rotse wat voor ons was gesien. Meteen het die mis verdwyn. Ons kon weer sien. Toe ons na die lug gekyk het, het ons

gesien dat dit nog blou was en dat die son nog helder geskyn het.

Toe ons weer terug by die hawe gekom het, het niemand ons storie geglo nie.

Kerynne French, Std V.

Old Herschelians' Association

1978 COMMITTEE

President: Dr Barbara Silberbauer.
Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas.
Chairman: Mrs Brendalynne Hoffman (Tyers).
Hon. Sec./Treas.: Mrs Mary Loggie (De Villiers).
Games Secretaries: Mrs Jill Eckstein (Philip) and Miss Margot McLachlan.

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A-H)

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

Group 2 (I-Q)

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

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

Groups 3 & 4 (R-Z)

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

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

Mrs Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 113 Sandown Rd., Rondebosch. (66-8158).

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.

Directory: Mrs A. G. Fouché.

News Editor: Mrs M. van Dugteren.

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs Delia Charton (Beck), 7, Severn Road, Diep River. (72-0752).

Group 7 (KK-OO)

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

Miss Gilian Austin, Klein Constantia, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia. (74-2515).

Miss Terry Lloyd-Roberts, 19, Norwich Avenue, Bishopscourt.

Group 8 (PP-TT)

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

Meeting of Circle Secretaries

HELD AT 8 p.m. ON MONDAY SEPTEMBER 11th, 1978 AT LONG COTTAGE, NEWLANDS

Present: B-L. Hofmann (chair), F. Douglas, J. Eckstein, D. Charton, J. Wynne, S. A. Wells, M. Loggie, M. van Dugteren, M. McLachlan, A. Gilmour.

Apologies: T. Robins.

The meeting was called to discuss:

1. **Farewell to Dr Silberbauer**, to be called a Reunion. Agreed.

Date — Tuesday 24th October 6.30 p.m. - 8.30 p.m.

Venue — Newlands House (prior to its formal opening as a restaurant, Brenda-Lynne and her husband having had much to do with the decor. In the event, owing to the sudden death of Mrs Joyce Newton Thompson the party was held in the school library).

2. **A.G.M.** The meeting moved that the A.G.M. be postponed until early 1979 when we can welcome the new Headmistress. Agreed.

3. Old Girls Day 1979

Date: Saturday, 24th February at 2.15 p.m.
2 matrices — R. Butters and M. Knudsen to be asked to liaise with Jill and Margot in arranging tennis and squash teams.

4. Directory

Requests to reprint the Directory. Agreed.

The London Gathering of Old Girls was held this year at the Ladies V.A.D. Club, Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1. on Tuesday, 9th May 1978 from 6 to 8 p.m.. This was made possible, first through the good offices of Margaret Regnier (Geber) who is a member of the Club and then Oswynne Jordan (Buchanan) who completed the arrangements with the same good help as usual from Claire Russell and Karen Cooper. Before the Meeting took place Oswynne had accepted the General Secretaryship of the Club from the Direc-

tors and is now safely installed there, in Office and in her own flat.

Margaret Regnier welcomed every one to the Meeting which was attended by some twenty-five or so, but no husbands this time. It was good to see old friends, including some who had not been before — Sheila Duncan (Mrs S. Greenwood).

Marriages

DE WORONIN—JACKSON. In September, 1978, Sandra, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. de Woronin of Muizenberg to Roy Jackson.

GASSON—BIERMAN. In May 1978 in London, Hilary, daughter of Dr and Mrs John Gasson, of Constantia, to Robert, son of Mrs Lilian Bierman.

Barbara Nel (Mrs Cleave), Ruth Withiel (Mrs Kewley), Rosemary Pickering (Mrs van Allen), Gail Kelly.

It has since been decided to hold the Meeting at the V.A.D. Club, again next year — **TUESDAY, 8th MAY, 1979 at 6 p.m.** do mark the day down in your diary and come if you are within reach.

OLDS—WEYERS. On 3rd June, 1978, Linda Louise, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. F. Olds, of Rondebosch, to Anton, son of Mr J. Weyers and the late Mrs Weyers of Hobeien.

ROSS—GREEN. In October, 1977, at the British Embassy in Abu Dhabi, Persian Gulf, Jeanette, daughter of Mr and Mrs Peter Ross, of George,



The marriage in the chapel of Neil Malherbe and Muffin Hands on October 7, 1978.

Flowers in the Chapel.



Cape, to Ralph, son of Mr and Mrs R. Green, of Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, England.
ROWLAND—MELLISH. On September 1, 1978 in Cape Town, Gail to Chris Mellish of Breede River.

WESEMANN—KRASSNOKUTSKI. On 29th October, 1977, in Johannesburg, Ling Wesemann to Leo Krass de Krassnokutski.

WINBERG—MINNAAR. On 11th February, 1978, Ingrid, daughter of Mr and Mrs Bjorn Winberg, of Paarl, to Ivor, son of Mr and Mrs Minnaar, of Cathcart, E. Cape.

BAIGRIE—BEST. On 29 December, 1977, Gillian daughter of Dr and Mrs Baigrie to Kevin Best at St Michaels, Rondebosch.

Births

BRADSHAW — To Jean (Henderson) and Richard a daughter, on 6th December, 1977.

CHARTON—To Delia (Beck) and Bulldog, a son, on 13th April, 1978.

CATTELL — To Hilary (Dempers) and David, a daughter, on 12th July, 1978.

DOWNES — To Jenny (Dicey) and Harvey, a son, on 18th November, 1977.

DU PLESSIS — To Ethel (Hacking) and George a daughter Jolande in October, 1978, Cape Town.

DU PONT — To Karen (Lees) and Peter, a daughter Kathryn on November, 16th, 1978.

EDWARDS — To Suzanne (Nosworthy) and Bryce, a daughter, on June 1978.

MAGNUS — To Maz (Simpson) and Justin, a son, on 4th October, 1978.

RYAN — To Sally (Abbott) and Ben a son on 19th September in Port Elizabeth.

SIMON — To Gail (Lockwood) and Barnie, a daughter, Carol on 30 November 1977, sister to Jenny and Janet.

SINCLAIR — To Pam (Jones) and Warwick, a son on 25th February, 1978.

STEPHEN — To Binnie (Brailley) and Alti, a daughter, on 3rd October, 1978.

VAN SICKLE — To Marion (Jesse) and James, a daughter, on 2nd April, 1978, in Vienna.

WEIJBERG — To Susie (Davis) and Aart, a daughter, on 9th July, 1978, in Hamburg.

Deaths

JENNER — Shirley in February, 1978, in Cape Town.

TURNER — Jill on 30th September, 1978, in Cape Town.

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER, 1978

EXPENDITURE

School Magazine — 1977 —	510,84	
Add Postage — — —	18,38	529,22

Old Herschelians' Evening —	55,00	
Less Donation — — —	55,00	

Gifts to Staff — — —	25,26	
Bank Charges — — —	9,54	
Stationery — — —	6,00	
Postage — — —	60	

EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE — — —

351,88

R922,50

INCOME

Membership Subscriptions —	
Annual — — —	28,00
Life — — —	775,00

803,00

Donations — — — 43,50

Sale of Bridge Scorers — 76,00

R922,50

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER, 1978

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1978

CASH AT BANK — — —

441,94

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Balance at 1 October 1977 — 90,06

Add Excess of Income over
Expenditure for the year
ended 30 September
1978 — — —

351,88

441,94

R441,94
R441,94

I have prepared the above Accounts from the books of account and information received. To the best of my belief they are a true record.

12 October 1978
CLAREMONT

J. TRAILL-WOOD
Chartered Accountant (SA)

Reunion — October 24th, 1978 — Dr Silberbauer's Farewell

What a joy it was to walk through the newly carpeted and closed-in corridor leading to the library. And there welcoming us as the door was a magnificent flower arrangement, all in pink and white — roses, *godalia gypsophila*, snapdragons and many more — thank you Anne Snyders. We were all set for a happy party and it was. After Gibbey's wine girls had told us all about their products and we had tasted freely of them, Brenda-Lynne Hoffman addressed the gathering:

"Dr Silberbauer — Friends

Most of us here this evening have known you either as a friend, a teacher or as a headmistress or both. You have been one of those rarer breeds of teachers. Someone who commands respect and admiration without losing your cool and at the same time always approachable. The physical environment of a school remains pretty much the same through the years — building may become tatter or be improved, but this is not the essence of the school. To delve a little deeper it is the feeling and spirit that is the kernel. This is generated from the top. The Captain at the helm inspires the crew and thus creates ripples which spread outwards to pupils, parents, benefactors and the general public. Dr Silberbauer, you have been responsible for improving the status of the school in every way. You have given of your expertise, your time and you have given of yourself. Herschel will be left far richer for your leadership and dedication.

Letter from Dr Silberbauer

My dear Brenda-Lynne, and Old Herschelians, Thank you for the wonderful farewell party you held for me last night. Your lovely gifts were quite unexpected and I shall certainly buy something special with your most generous cheque. I was so touched by your sincere and quite undeserved tribute, Brenda-Lynne. Throughout the evening there was a feeling of warmth and solidarity which seemed to carry me along on the crest of the wave, and it made saying goodbye to you all so much easier for me.

At the boarders' Christmas dinner, I always tell the girls that they are the heart of the School, and to continue on a biological note, I would like to

We are sorry you are relinquishing your post but look forward to seeing you around the school in the future in the relaxed way that we visit Herschel as old girls.

You have always made old Herschelians most welcome at the school and therefore on behalf of the Old Herschelians Association I would like to present you with this small present.

She then gave Dr Silberbauer "Cape Country Furniture" — a beautiful newly published book on a subject which she really enjoys, with a cheque tucked inside as a measure of our love and very deep appreciation.

Dr Silberbauer thanked everyone warmly and said how much the support of the Old Girls had meant to her over the years. There was much chatting, much drinking — no longer such tentative sips and the snacks were delicious. The scrap books were out for guests to enjoy and thanks to Miss Tremble also a display of books written by Herschelians:

Marian Robertson —				
Using Time for Prayer — — — —	(1975)			
Diamond Fever — — — —	(1974)			
Pamela Ferguson —				
The Palestine Problem — — — —	(1963)			
Robin Lees —				
Fishing for Fortunes — — — —	(1969)			

add that the Old Herschelians are the "backbone" of Herschel. With such a strong, enthusiastic band of well-wishers I know the School can only go on from strength to strength.

Herschel is a magnificent school and I am proud to have been associated with it for so many years. I now hand over to the Old Herschelians this very precious possession — may you cherish what it stands for and see that the good standards you have established here remain for ever.

With love and best wishes to you all.

Very sincerely yours
Dr B. I. SILBERBAUER
Headmistress

Letter from Norma Bettison (Mrs Morrell—1952)

Having not written to the Herschelians for many years this seems a good time to break the silence as, for me, it has been an exciting year that shouldn't pass without comment.

First of all, in April, while accompanying my husband on an overseas study tour, we spent a wonderful week end with Jenny Weeks (Grove, 1952) on her beautiful farm near Bath. Her eldest daughter has just presented her with a granddaughter. Her second daughter Libby is due to come to S. Africa on holiday shortly while the youngest is at school near Bath.

On another evening we spent a most hilarious and delightful evening with Mac who looks absolutely marvellous and doesn't seem to have changed at all.

In London too we visited Christine Hurst (Stobie 1953) who now works with mentally retarded adults in S.E. London and lives with her three children near Greenwich. Travelling north we saw Pam and John Aubrey happily settled in their enormous old rectory at Collyweston where they both have thrown themselves into the life of John's parish.

Linda Armstrong (Hyde-Jones 1953) whose husband commutes between Brazil, Germany, and England lives at Knaphill and we spent a wonderful night with her and her three children with tongues wagging non stop and continued over a gorgeous 'girls' lunch later in London.

After eight weeks in England we crossed to Paris where Caroline (Crafford 1953) and her husband Carthendrik Winquist were our wonderful hosts. It seemed like yesterday that Caroline and I had lived opposite each other in Bowwood Road and between having an exciting time in Paris we did plenty of reminiscing. Carthendrik is the secretary for the International Chamber of Commerce and spends a lot of time travelling all over the world. Caroline joins him when she can leave her five children and had just returned from a fairytale trip to India and Pakistan. They have since visited the Soviet Union.

Reluctantly we left them but as we went on to Lausanne to spend the week-end with Caroline's parents we were able to catch up on a lot more chatting.

We ended our trip with a memorable six days in Naples with Jill (West 1952) and Mario Borrelli who live outside Naples. As is probably generally known Mario runs a "Casa" for the urchins of Naples made famous by Morris West's book "The Children of the Sun". It was a privilege to spend time with him and of course wonderful to see Jill again.

As if all this wasn't enough on December 28th, Pat Mellish — Jill's sister gave us another opportunity of a rather unusual evening. Jill and Mario and their little daughter Luciana were out on holiday and so she had a party and managed to gather six of our 1952 class together — quite an achievement considering how we are scattered.

We went up from Hermanus in time to spend the afternoon with Sarah Campbell (Maydon 1952) and Ingrid Perlman (Scheemer 1952) who was on holiday from Johannesburg. Ing's eldest son has just completed his first year at Wits Medical School. Later we met Karen Preston (Langerman 1951) and Wendy Singer (Francis 1952) who is about to leave to live in London. Lorna and Eve (Robins) were there too so it was a real O.H. evening. Our poor husbands! Our hearts went out to Jenny Bickle (Rudland 1952) and her family when we heard that her son had recently been killed by terrorists in Rhodesia.

At home in the Free State Topsy Kirkpatrick (Thresher 1948) and Diana Reid (Versfeld 1954) seem to be the only Herschelians. I see Topsy quite often when she comes to fetch her son from St. Andrews where my husband has been teaching for the past seven years. Diana's son is also at St. Andrews but I haven't managed to see her yet. Our eldest daughter has just finished her first year at Rhodes and the other two are at school in Bloemfontein. I am going back to teaching this year and have a sub A class which should be a challenge after so long.

Life on a Kibbutz

A letter from Judy Wilson.

Well Israel is an incredible country — it took me quite a while to get used to male and female soldiers everywhere I looked, having my bags searched in the Post Office and the Arabs.

My Kibbutz is beautifully situated. Right on the edge of Lake Galilee which is unbelievably beautiful but being 600 feet below sea level the heat is no joke. People think that being South African I should be used to it, but can't get used to 37-38 degrees C.

A day on the Kibbutz starts at 4.30 a.m., and there is no trouble waking up — the tractors do that for us — besides its quite light at that time, (The first two mornings I thought war had broken out — my first experience of low flying jets!) Work for me has involved sanitation, which is self explanatory, yech!, working in the laundry which at least has air conditioning, washing up on conveyor belt type machines, working in the kitchen and in the restaurant — cleaning the floors etc.

There are approximately four hundred members on this kibbutz and about fifty volunteers from

England, Mexico, Germany, U.S.A., Australia, and Austria — quite a 'mangel'. We work an eight hour day and have two days off per week which can be saved up. During my time off I went to Jerusalem which is just the best. The atmosphere of the Arab market, seeing the wonderful Dome of the Rock, Wailing Wall, Dead Sea Scrolls etc., etc., or if you prefer a camel walking through Jaffa Gate. I could have been back thousands of years except for the bombs! There was a scare 15m from our youth hostel this morning and two went off during our stay. It became a common thing to see soldiers checking a dirt bus for possible bombs. The Israelis are I think generally very friendly people.

Back to the kibbutz — I thought of Herschel when I saw a lot of school children having a swimming lesson in the sea of Galilee and PT under the date palms so different it's incredible (their teachers are all striking for higher pay at the moment so no school!) I'm sure that would suit most Herschelians! Matrics good luck for the exams and the future.
Love, Judy.

A.F.S. Scholar — Kate Philip (1977)

After six months at U.C.T., Kate left in July for a year at A.F.S. in the United States, and has been lucky in being sent to Lake Oswego near Portland in Oregon, a very beautiful part of the world where she is living on the very edge of the lake. At the time of going to press her school, Lake Ridge High, had only just reopened after the long summer vac., so she hadn't much impression of it yet, but was delighted with the prospect of the courses she had enrolled for: Basic Design (in pottery, jewellery, textiles, etc), Advanced Ceramics, Photography, Argument and Debate (her family wonders if she really needs any encouragement in that?) Engine Fundamental Repair, Band, and U.S. History. In the evenings she was taking herself to Portland State University to do a course in Existential Fiction, and another on Virginia Woolf. She says she's 'having a fantastic experience' but longs for news of home: will her friends please write.

C/o Miss Jean Halling
4235 West Bay Road
Lake Oswego
Oregon 97034

This news comes from Kate's parents who have just been over to the States and were able to speak to her on the telephone several times. It is not A.F.S. policy to encourage parents to visit their children — too unsettling.



News Round-up

News Editor: Mandy van Dugteren

- ABBOTT (Mrs Landman) (1970)** Edwina is now living in Umtata and lecturing in librarianship at the Teachers Training College there.
- ABBOTT (Mrs Ryan) (1968)** Sally is also living in Umtata and until June was lecturing at the Teachers Training College. Her son was born in September. Ben has qualified as an accountant and is lecturing.
- ABBOTT (Mrs May) (1965)** Lucinda is living in Johannesburg where she was married earlier this year. She is working for a chain of hotels.
- ACKERMAN (1977)** Kathy has been studying in Switzerland this year.
- ALDERMAN (1977)** Erica is at Stellenbosch University.
- ANDERSON (1975)** Suzette will be competing in the Cape to Uruguay yacht race in January with an all female crew. She has been completing her third year B.A. Music at U.C.T.
- AUSTIN (1974)** Gill is in her fourth year of medicine and has been playing hockey for the Western Province "B" team.

- BAKER (Mrs Opie) (1960)** Carol and her family spent seven months in Italy, near Florence this year where Carol attended the University. She now sometimes lectures at U.C.T. in the Italian Department.
- BARKER (1977)** Janet is at Stellenbosch University doing BA Arts.
- BARRY (Mrs Gingell) (1951)** Jenny's elder son is in the army in Rhodesia, and her third son, David is at school at SACS in Cape Town.
- BATHO (1975)** Sue is engaged to an Australian and will be coming to South Africa to get married in December.
- BAXTER (Mrs Fiddian-Green) (1930)** Mary has recently built a smaller house in Knysna with a superb view. Last year, with her daughter, Ann, she spent several months in Canada. They toured and then stayed in Montreal with her son, Richard.
- BERGH (1977)** Jean is at Stellenbosch University doing B.Sc. Agriculture, majoring in Food Technology.

- BORTON** (Mrs Crawley) (1968) Pru lives in Durbanville and works at Jutss in the promotions department of educational and technical books.
- BORTON** (1969) Jane lives in Cape Town and has her own rooms at the Wynberg Medical Centre as an Orthoptist. She is engaged to be married early in 1979.
- BORTON** (1971) Bridget is doing her final year of Occupational Therapy and plans to go overseas next year.
- BORTON** (1972) Susan has just signed up for another two years in the telecommunications department of the Rhodesian Airforce.
- BRAILEY** (Mrs Stephen) (1969) Binny will be living in Port Elizabeth until the end of the year when she will be returning to live in Cape Town.
- BRAILEY** (Mrs Louw) (1967) Pat is once again living in Johannesburg after a short transfer to Cape Town last year. She has a son and a daughter.
- BRAILEY** (1972) Lynne is a final year B.A. student and is planning to go overseas at the end of the year.
- BRIMBLE** (Mrs Wynne) (1961) This year has been a busy time for Jennifer — back to U.C.T. where she has been studying Italian. In January she and her family spent a lovely holiday in Hermanus, where, amongst many other old Herschelians she saw Georgina Stuttaford, Pam Dyke-Pointer, Anne Cowley, Felicity Waring, Wendy Sandell, Brenda-Lynn Tyers and Vicky Storch-Nielsen.
- BRIMBLE** (Mrs Brown) (1973) In April Sally and her husband returned to Cape Town after having spent a year Overseas. They lived and worked in London, as well as travelling extensively in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and on the Continent. While in London Sally's occupations ranged from charing for an all-male household, acting as a waitress at a popular restaurant and baby sitting for children in swish hotels, including those of travelling royalty. She and Kelvin now have a house on a beautiful farm between Somerset West and Stellenbosch. Sally is working at Herschel as a Speech and Drama teacher, and in what spare time she has is studying English II through UNISA and becoming a real farmer's wife by producing her own olives, cheesy sausage and many other "goodies".
- BROCK** (Mrs Lubbe) (1960) Bidy is living in Claremont and has recently started teaching pre-school art on a part time basis.
- BAXTER** (Mrs Carter) (1960) Sally is still as busy as ever with Progressive Party, Torrance Home and all the other welfare work with which she involves herself.
- BECK** (Mrs Charton) (1968) Delia lives in Cape Town and has two sons. She does quite a lot of travelling both around South Africa and Overseas accompanying her husband on business.
- CARADOC-DAVIES** (1973) Kathy completed her B.A. degree at U.C.T. in 1976 and spent 1977 doing a post-graduate diploma in Museology at Stellenbosch University. She is now professional officer at the S.A. Cultural History Museum, a position which she is thoroughly enjoying.
- CORDER** (Mrs de la Harpe) (1956) All Old Herschelians would like to extend their sincere sympathies to Tessa on the loss of her husband earlier in the year.
- DE KLERK** (1977) Fran is doing a secretarial course at Cape Town tech.
- DE VILLIERS** (Mrs Beck) (1960) Celia is living in Cape Town and in her spare time helps her mother with fund raising for the Arthritis Foundation.
- DICEY** (Mrs McNamara) (1968) Gail lives in London where she and her husband have bought a flat. She edits an accountancy magazine.
- DICEY** (Mrs Stammers) (1964) Old Herschelians would like to extend their sincere sympathies to Sue who lost her husband in September.
- ELCONE** (Mrs Payne) (ex Head) Mrs Payne writes that her son, John, is very happy in his job in Bristol.
- ELLIOTT** (Mrs Wray) (1958) Suzanne writes that she would love to see any O.H.A.'s who should be in the vicinity of Houston, Texas, U.S.A. Her telephone number is (713) 960-0608.
- ETHELSTON** (Mrs Abdy) (1943) Susan writes that her daughter is at school at Godolphin, Salisbury, England, which, last year, had its 250th Anniversary Appeal. Herschel's first Head Mistress, Miss Ralph, was on the staff of this school at about the turn of the century. Susan says she met one Old Godolphin of eighty, who can just remember her. So can Susan — Susan being six when Miss Ralph left Herschel.
- FAULDS** (1970) Lesley is getting married in November. She lives in Cambridge where she is the film librarian for the Royal Society for the Protection of birds.
- FAULDS** (Mrs Michie) (1968) Joanne lives in London. She gave birth to a son in March.
- FAURE** (Mrs Boucher) (1953) Christine is still living in Bedfordview, Transvaal. She writes that she sees Anne Hart (Mair) (1953). Anne has five children, Christine has two sons.
- FAUVILLE** (Mrs Amm) (1962) Claire visited Cape Town in September and stayed with her sister Anne (Mrs Bruce). Earlier in the year Claire took her two children to Europe to visit family in France and Sweden.
- FOUCHE** (1977) Chloe spent the first seven months of this year with a French family in the Loire Valley learning French. She is now in London doing the year's Diploma Cooking Course at the Cordon Bleu.
- FOUCHE** (1975) Nicola, having completed the secretarial course at Rhodes University, is now working for a firm of accountants.
- FRANCK** (1976) Jeanne spent a year in the States as a Rotary student where she received high praise from the chairman of the Rotary Club of Oneonta, New York after she had spent time as a member of a Screening Committee choosing children as Rotary scholars. Jeanne had to face strong anti-South African feeling. The Rotary concludes his letter thus — "I wish to commend you to your parents, your home club and district chairman. You are a credit to the Rotary International Students Exchange Programme — your parents and the Republic of South Africa".

FRATER (1976) Josie was awarded the Lawrence Prize for Classics, for an essay on Horace. She is planning to do Honours next year and would like to pursue her studies at Cambridge.

GASSON (Mrs Bierman) (1970) Hilary was married in London in May to Robert Bierman, a film director. Hilary is determined not to give up her career and is auditioning in London. Her most recent productions were three one and a half hour television plays and a small part in "The Four Feathers" based on the work by A. E. Mason.

GARISCH (1975) Dawn became the first woman editor — in 1978 — of U.C.T.'s Sax Appeal. She is also a member of the 1979 Rag Executive.

GAWITH (1977) Claire is doing a secretarial course at Winkfield, Berkshire. Next year she plans to go to U.C.T.

GORDON-BROWN (Dr Branford) (1947) Jean's "A Dictionary of South African English" was published earlier this year after eight years of work on it. The dictionary is intended as a readable reference book and all words are illustrated with quotations which were chosen for their fun value as well as illustrative and linguistic validity. In April Jean and her husband were due to leave on a two-month voyage on a freighter to South Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore.

GOTTGENS (1977) Louise is at U.C.T.

HARDY (Mrs Bisogno) (1973) Gisele started a new and challenging job as Personal Assistant/Private Secretary to the Managing Director of the Salfar Group of Companies in January. The job involves some public relations work and she will be directly responsible for all the advertising for the company and is planning on studying for an Advertising and Public Relations Diploma.

HARRIS (Mrs Wingfield) (1964) Diana has, for the time being, given up her work with mentally handicapped children in Johannesburg as she has just had her third son.

HARRIS (1968) Maureen lives in London and works at the Royal Academy of Art there, as Organiser for the Friends of the R.A. She arranges art tours of England and Europe and is involved with exhibitions and research.

HARRIS (1963) Pamela lives in New York and is involved in banking.

HEBDITCH (Mrs Hyde) (ex-staff) Mrs Hyde writes from Taunton in Somerset where she seems to lead an exceptionally active life, playing golf with her husband, Richard, playing tennis every week and coaching tennis and swimming nearly every day in term time. Her twin daughters, Jane and Sarah both qualified recently. Jane with a Bachelor of Education Honours Degree and she is teaching at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and Sarah with her S.R.N. finals, and she is a staff nurse at the Charing Cross Hospital. Mrs Hyde's son, Edward has been playing Hockey for Somerset Under 16.

HENDERSON (Mrs Bradshaw) (1965) Jean was capped (in absentia) with a M.Sc. in Physiology at U.C.T. in December 1977. She gave birth to a daughter, Jennifer Leigh, on December 6th,

1977. Jean is now back at the Medical School in the Bio-Chemistry Department, working part-time.

HENDERSON (1967) Helen has been at Grenoble University in France for the past two years on a French Government Bursary for post-graduate students, studying French, and hopes to hand in her thesis for her Masters Degree in Teaching Methods next year. She has spent several interesting vacations wandering around France and Italy — on two occasions with Kim Broadbent.

HENDERSON (1970) (Mrs Hewetson) Hilary, after a year at the Johannesburg General Hospital and another at Groote Schuur as an Occupational Therapist left for Europe in February, and after a skiing holiday in Austria and a few weeks in the South of France with Helen is now living with a South African Embassy family in Bonn and helping to look after three small girls.

HENNESSY (1968) Vicky is back at U.C.T. completing her B.A. before doing a S.T.D. next year.

JACKSON (Mrs Sturgeon) (1961) Shona is living in Kenilworth and working part time at U.C.T. in the Social Science Department where she is involved with students and their field work.

KENNEDY (Mrs de Hutton) (1963) Sue and her husband are still in Cape Town and Sue is expecting her fourth baby towards the end of the year. Sue has two sons and a daughter.

KIPPS (Mrs Keyser) (1961) Janeen continues to produce beautiful pottery for which there are always keen buyers. Four sons keep her days action packed.

KIPPS (Mrs Templeton) (1957) Anne and her husband are still in London but looking forward to their return to Cape Town at the end of 1979. Anne's husband, Peter is attending the London School of Economics and Anne is doing a course in journalism, working on research projects and enjoying her year old daughter.

KIPPS (Mrs Hennessey) (1957) Debbie was in South Africa during October to visit her family. She leads a very busy life in England and has just completed a further set of exams.

LESLIE — Sarah is living in Muscat. She is secretary to the Commander-in-chief of the Sultan of Oman's Private Army. She has just been to India on holiday and was in South Africa in June for her brother's wedding. The heat is colossal so home leave is granted frequently. All in all Sarah loves it.

LLOYD (Mrs Gwynne Evans) (1962) Delia and her family have recently moved to a new home in Newlands and Delia is busy coaching swimming at a local school and giving tennis lessons.

LEES (Mrs Millman) (1968) Devon lives in London and is working at Foyles Bookshop. She and her husband are both actively involved playing squash and recently returned from a tournament in Jamaica. They are hoping to be in Cape Town for the Christmas holidays.

LIEBERMAN (1961 and 1963) Jill and Sue continue to run their business called Nouvelle Image. In addition Jill runs a sales promotion company. Sue has just had a well earned rest in Lesotho, while Jill leaves shortly for a visit to Canada.

- LOMAS-WALKER** (Mrs Oliver) (1959) Lindsay left Cape Town in August, 1977.
- LLOYD ROBERTS** (1975) Terry is completing her final year of B.A. English and Drama. She took part in a play at the Baxter Theatre; sang in 'Campus Capers' a varsity variety show and also has a job singing at a Stellenbosch hotel.
- McLACHLAN** (1975) Margot is in the third year of her B.A. B.Sc. degree. She has been playing hockey for U.C.T. and was selected to play in and captain the Western Province "B" side.
- McGREGOR** (1957) Sue visited South Africa in January of this year. She still lives in London where she is in charge of the BBC News at 1 p.m. She recently went to China with Margaret Thatcher as a BBC reporter.
- MARSHALL** (1950) (Mrs Norman) June and Dennis have just been on a quick trip to the Cape, Denis as President of the Rhodesia Farmers Union. They are doing their best to show confidence in Rhodesia and are making a firm commitment to produce next year's crops.
- MATHIAS** (Mrs Duly) (1958) Iona and her family have settled down after living in Wales for a year. They have recently bought a double storey house which is over a hundred years old, house which is over a hundred years old.
- MEYNELL** (1977) Rosemary is doing the year's secretarial course at Wingfield, Berkshire. Next year she plans to do Physical Education at Stellenbosch University.
- NOAKES** (Mrs van Dugteren) (1962) Mandy and her family spent a glorious holiday on Mauritius in May where for two heavenly weeks they soaked up the sun and enjoyed the hospitality and scenery of that fairy tale island. There at the same time and staying in the same hotel were Dudley and Lynne Marklew (Holmes).
- NOBLE** (Mrs Redmond) (1960) Fiona's husband was ordained on the 18th February, 1978 in Melbourne, Australia and is now acting as curate to a vicar in an Anglican Church in Kew, which is two miles from Melbourne. Fiona's mother was planning to leave in October to visit Fiona in Australia.
- O'CONNELL** (Mrs Sacks) (1948) Denise and her husband have bought Schebels — a safari lodge in the Timbavati Game Reserve — famous for its white lions.
- PARKER** (Mrs Rowand) (1960) Enjoying a break from lecturing in art and being actively involved in the supply of glass containers and vases to florists, gift shops and a number of stores, Lynn and her husband spent a holiday in Capri Sardinia, Elba and Nice during August and September. They have a lovely holiday home in Hermanus where they spend several weeks a year.
- PARKER** (1976) Caroline, in her second year at U.C.T. was chosen as one of the Rag Royalty.
- PAYNE** (Mrs Edwards) (1965) Alison, now living in England, visited her parents in Cape Town in April. She has two sons, Christopher and James. She also spent a week with her sister, Carol in Rhodesia.
- PAYNE** (Mrs Hamilton) (1964) Carol's eldest child, Pippa (6) is now a weekly boarder at Amanda's School near Concession, as there are no schools near enough to which she could go daily. Her younger brother, Rory, will also go there in 1980.
- PEEL** (1971) Jasmine did her midwifery at St Thomas' in London, her intensive care training at the University College Hospital, and is now working at the Princess Grace Private Clinic looking after intensive care patients.
- PELT** (1976) Jeanne-André is now in Holland doing an art course at an Amsterdam Museum. She was one of the finalists for Rag Royalty at U.C.T.
- PHILIP** (1977) Kate spent the first six months of this year at U.C.T. and is now in the United States as an American Field Service Scholar. Her sister Jane, Mrs Toerien works for David Philip Publisher as Scientific Editor.
- PYOTT** (Mrs Celliers) (1968) Sally and her husband, Ken spent nine weeks in June and July of this year touring America, England and the Continent. While in the States they stayed with Sue Wray (Elliott) for a couple of days.
- RUSSELL** (1955) Diana was in Cape Town in January to visit her brother, the Rev. David Russell. She is Associate Professor of Sociology at Mills College, California and a leading feminist in the States. Diana is at the moment on a two year leave from Mills College to do a study on the prevalence of rape and sexual assault in San Francisco. The project is being funded by the U.S. Government.
- SHAWZIN** (Mrs Hoberman) (1960) Gail spent a very brief holiday in Hermanus at the beginning of the year. She and her two children stayed with her parents at their holiday home. Gail is studying art and loving life in America.
- SIMPSON** (Mrs Hansen) (1960) Hilary, her husband and two sons spent several weeks in Cape Town in January. They also stayed in Hermanus for a few days — where it almost seemed to be a Herschelian Reunion there were so many of us from all parts of the world.
- SIMPSON** (Mrs Magnus) (1969) Marilyn lives in Wynberg where she and her husband are renovating their cottage. Their baby son was born in October.
- SEYMOUR** (Mrs Buckland) (1968) Jane lives in Green Point and has a daughter.
- SMITH** (Mrs Rutherford) (1962) Fleur and her family spent two and a half years in the lake District of England, which she said was great fun with skiing, sailing and walking on the doorstep; all these activities much enjoyed by her two children, Samuel (5) and Kim (3). In March of this year they moved back to their cottage in Cornwall — hopefully for the next two years — navy permitting.
- STUTTAFORD** (Mrs Grubb) (1964) Georgina spent several weeks in Cape Town and Hermanus earlier in the year. She and her husband are enjoying an interesting life in Hong Kong. Georgina is involved in the clothing business and exports attractive outfits to various stores in South Africa.
- SUSMAN** (1968) Jenny lives in London and is the senior consultant for a subsidiary of I.C.L. She travels widely on business.

- STEVENS** (1968) Shelley lives at Plettenberg Bay where she is the District Sister. She is engaged to be married at the end of the year.
- SCOTT** (1975) Mandy is now back from England and working on the Argus.
- SIMMONS** (1975) Sandy, after qualifying at Tech intends opening her own beauty salon.
- SMITH** (1975) Julia announced her engagement in October to Ken Evans of Hout Bay.
- THAL** (Mrs Townsend) (1963) Jenny and Charles are living in Perth, Australia. Charles is now in private practise as an eye, specialist, and Jenny is expecting her third baby early next year.
- TWENTYMAN-JONES** (1975) Brigid will be changing her surname soon — she announced her engagement on her birthday this year. We extend to Bridgie and Rhet our congratulations and best wishes for a happy future in Rhodesia.
- TYERS** (Mrs Hoffman) (1959) Brenda-Lynne has been admitted as a Fellow of the Faculty of Building in the U.K. This is a world wide body which writes papers and acts as an advisory panel and admission is only gained through recommendation, selection and nomination.
- VAN DER BYL** (Mrs Martino) (1928) Betty writes from England that she is both amazed and delighted to see her drawing still on the cover of the magazine.
- VAN KALKER** (Mrs Rogi) (1962) Barbara has a part time job, but also spends much of her time assisting her husband in their photographic studio.
- VERSTER** (Mrs Norgarb) (1968) Gillian lives in Swakopmund and has two sons. She leads a busy life and is active in playing squash attending art lessons, running a playschool and involved in Round Table.
- VERSTER** (Mrs Baker) Sandra is living in Cape Town after having moved last year from Johan-

nesburg. Her daughter, Amanda, attends Herschel Junior School.

WARD-ABLE (1974) Barbara has announced her engagement to Mike Buchanan of Hermanus.

WATSON (Mrs Goldswain) (1961) Margie writes that she and her family are settling down well in Australia and enjoying Perth. At the local kindergarten which Margie's son attends are the children of two other Old Herschelians — Jenny Thal's son and Cheryl Warr's daughter. Margie suggests forming an Australian Old Herschelians Group — an excellent idea!

WESSELS (1975) Karen has returned from Wales and is farming in Stellenbosch.

WESEMANN (Mrs Krassnokutski) (1972) Ling was married, in Russian costume, in October of last year in Johannesburg. Her husband is a jeweller.

WHITE (Mrs Yorino Young) (1963) Annette is still resident in Berkeley, California although her work takes her all over the U.S.A. and Europe. She is a management consultant in the field of ultrasound and formed her own company two years ago. She lectures extensively in the States and in November last year was quoted in the Wall Street Journal in an article on the use of ultrasound in cardiology. She recently spent one day in Cape Town during a business trip to S.A. and managed to spend a few hours revisiting Herschel, where her two nieces are now pupils.

WHITE (Mrs Bonner) (1962) Denise works at Groote Schuur in the Hypertension Clinic and does part time work for a private practice. Her husband Doug has just passed his primary exam for Anaesthetics.

WOOD (Mrs van Zyl) (1963) Carolyn and Gerrit now have another son born in June this year, and now have two sons and two daughters.

Herschelians at South African Universities

U.C.T. — First Year: Margie Adams (B.A.), Louise Gottgens, Victoria Farquhar (B. Soc.Sci.), Janet Hammond (M.B.Ch.B.), Rosemary Howell (Computer Science), Barbara Jearey (Business Science), Juliet McGregor (Occupational Therapy) Vivienne, Malherbe (Primary School Education), Claire Stuart Findlay (B.A.).

Second Year: Suzanne Allen (B.Sc. Civil Eng.), Tanya Bosma (M.B.Ch.B.), Nicky Kunkley (B.A. Lang.), Sharon Gird (B.Sc. Nursing), Caroline Feldhausen (B.Soc.Sci.), Judy Knutzen (B.A.), Caroline Parker (Teaching), Karen Louw (Law), Mary Messaris (Logopaedics), Jean Andr   Pelt (Fine Art), Emily Schneider Waterberg (Food Science), Ilsa Schneider, Waterberg (M.B.Ch.B.), Rosemarie Webber (B.A.).

Third Year: Suzette Anderson (Music), Jane Bettison (B.A.), Josie Frater (B.A. Lang.), Dawn Garisch (M.B.Ch.B.), Pamela King (M.B.Ch.B.), Bridget Gough (Art and Maths), Terry Lloyd Roberts (B.A. Eng. and Drama), Margot McLachlan (B.A. B.Sc.), Fiona Naude (B.A. Lang.), Miranda Pedan (B.A. Arch.), Jenny Pentz (B.Soc.Sci.), Helen Snubbings (M.B.Ch.B.), Barbie van Alphen Stahl (B.A. Ed.).

Fourth Year: Gill Austin (M.B.Ch.B.)

Stellenbosch — First Year: Janet Barker (B.A. Arts), Jean Bergh (B.Sc. Agriculture), Linda Swanepoel (Occupational Therapy).

Second Year: Stacey Smith-Chandler (Phys. Ed.)

Third Year: Martine Franck (Law) — Martine has been elected to the House Committee of her Residence. Debbie Westcott (B.Soc. Sci.)

Rhodes: Second Year: Deanne Isted (Art).

Wits — First Year: Susan Ward Able (Music).

Barkly House — First Year: Sandie Gant, Susan Fine, Jenny Low.

Second Year: Sheila Hacking.

Tech: Lindsay Loggie (Public Relations).

Tech: Erica Graham (dress designing), Fran de Klerk (Sec.), Claire Harvey Kelly, 2nd year Graphic Arts.

Rita Maas — Second Year: Lucy Walker.

Nursing — Alison Ullrick at G.S.H.

Sec. College — Jean Napier.

THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW LIFE MEMBERS to Circle RR: Janet Coombe, Karen Corder, Katherine Ketelbey, Siobhan Mannion, Elizabeth Meynell, Suzanne Naude, Andrea Olivier, Catherine Pikholtz, Lizanne Scott, Vivienne Visser.

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.

Old Girls' Day 1979

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th 1979

2.15 p.m. A.G.M.

We plan to introduce Miss Geldard to Herschel Past and Present by showing slides of the school and having some of our Old Girls talk about them.

3.30 p.m. Tea

4.00 p.m. Tennis and Squash with the school

4.00 p.m. Social Swimming

All children will be most welcome. A creche will be arranged by the girls for the very young and we hope you will 'come casual' and enjoy a summer afternoon with us.

(Cut off here)

Please return the following to:

Mrs A. Fouche,
23, Lovers Walk,
KENILWORTH.

Please return this tear-off slip if you would like to play sport or use creche facilities.

I, _____ would like

(a) to play tennis, squash (delete if not applicable).

(b) to use creche facilities for my children.

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