



THE HERSCHELIAN

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**The
HERSCHELIAN**



**Volume No. 54
1979**

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Editorial

We have selected items for the magazine that will represent the variety of activities at Herschel in 1979. As one turns the pages one has a strong sense of young people involving themselves in a broad field, which one hopes will continue to be enlarged so that the multiplicity of talents to be found in our community may be discovered and fostered. Sometimes it is only by chance that a gift is revealed; an opportunity arises, a situation occurs and a hidden ability emerges and flowers. Life at school is full of such opportunities and situations and because the community is small the discovery of unsuspected skills in its members brings delight and enrichment to us all. Young people would often be astonished by the degree of excitement such discoveries arouse; what seems to them to be insignificant is meaningful to us as yet another component in the growing individual in our care.

The Headmistress's Report, 1979

Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, girls of Herschel:

It is with pleasure that I present my first Speech Day Report to you after a year in which I have experienced great happiness in my work at Herschel.

My first day in office at the beginning of the year (about a week before the commencement of the school term) coincided with the arrival of the 1978 Matriculation results; the telephone hardly stopped ringing, while teachers, mothers and ex-Matrices arrived on the scene to pore over examination lists with much excitement and many exclamations of delight, surprise, or occasionally, disappointment. The new Headmistress was hardly even noticed: her arrival was of minimal importance compared with the matter in hand! And, I must say, I was glad of this, glad because it seemed to symbolize a natural sort of transition from one year to the next and it certainly gave me an immediate sense of belonging.

This sense of belonging was underlined further by the friendly reception I received from staff and girls, some of whom I had met during visits to the School in the latter part of last year. Here I wish to record my gratitude to my predecessor, Dr Silberbauer, for the warmth of her friendship and for the care she took in introducing me to Herschel customs and traditions, as well as to Herschel people.

To return to the Joint Matriculation Board results — let me report that, of the 49 candidates entered, 42 passed with Matric exemption and 6 with a School Leaving Certificate. One girl was granted the right to write a supplementary examination in March and passed at that stage. Two girls, Katherine Ketelbey and Catherine Pikholtz, obtained A aggregates; and subject distinctions were gained in Afrikaans (1), Biology (5), English (2), Home Economics (1), Latin (2), Mathematics (2), and Physical Science (1).

The overall average aggregate (calculated on the basis of 65% for a C aggregate, 55% for a D ag-

gregate, and so on) was 61.3%. This shows an encouragingly high standard, certainly one which I hope our Matrics this year will be able to maintain. This year 46 girls have written the examinations, 32 of whom could, according to choice of subjects, qualify for the Matric exemption and the others for the School Leaving Certificate. At this stage we can only wish them every success and hope for the best!

During this year as in others there have been many examples of achievement in work in answer to external challenges and — most interesting of all — in response to self-imposed goals. The spirit of courage and determination that drives one to an attempt is more valuable than the prize, for without it achievements neither great nor small would be possible and growth would be stunted. We hope that those whose efforts are not recorded in this journal will remember that they have not gone unnoticed.



Miss P. A. Geldard
Headmistress

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All in all, this has been a successful year for the School in a variety of unusual and unexpected ways. You can imagine our delight when we heard that Herschel had won the F.S. Malan Trophy for the best overall results in the 1978 Hoër Taalbond

examination. (Special congratulations here go to Mrs Louw, our Senior Afrikaans teacher, on this outstanding achievement). This was followed shortly afterwards by the news that the last Herschelian Magazine had won 2nd place in a national contest sponsored by the Fair Lady Magazine. Then came the telegram announcing Caroline Dowdle's success in this year's English Olympiad.

At first we were told that she was in the top 15 of all candidates, but later at the Grahams-town English Festival, when the final results were announced, our Herschel representatives were proud to learn that Caroline had actually gained third place. In the Maths Olympiad, our Head Girl, Ruth Butters, succeeded in getting through to the final round, and although no Herschel names appeared in the list of winners, we were pleased to know that this honour had been won by Andrew Thompson of the Diocesan College, the son of our Herschel Latin teacher (a good example perhaps of reflected glory!). Finally, to complete this list of academic honours, we must add the name of Thérèse Herbert who won first prize in the Cape Province in the Essay Contest sponsored by the South African Institute of Chartered Secretaries and Administrators. A presentation was made at a School Assembly earlier this term by a senior member of the Institute when Thérèse was presented with a tape recorder for herself and a gold and silver trophy for the School.

In the field of sport, the year has proved an equally encouraging one. We congratulate the following on their selection to the Western Province Schools' teams: Monique Biebuyck (for Swimming), Ruth Butters and Deborah Partridge (for Hockey), and Ruth Butters, Meg van Niekerk and Fleur Hanekom (for Squash). The Inter-Schools Swimming Gala proved an exciting occasion: perhaps I am biased but I thought that the Herschel School spirit on that occasion was tremendous and I felt truly privileged to be a member of the group singing Herschel songs! Our voices were by no means always completely in tune, but that somehow didn't seem to matter! At the end of the morning Herschel ended up in 3rd position, having been beaten by Rustenburg and Wynberg.

Two other occasions that left spectators with hoarse throats were the mornings of the Under 15 and Open Inter-Schools' Hockey Tournaments. Our Under 15's tied with Rustenburg for the Cup in the final game, while our 1st team, though not able to win through to the finals, nevertheless won or drew 4 out of 5 games in their section. In the League matches in the second term, the 3rd team and all our Under 15 teams (A, B and C) were successful in gaining top places in their respective Leagues.

Tennis and Netball team players also deserve congratulations on good, steady play over a long period. It is gratifying to find so many girls involved in teams in each sport. For the fact that so many have the honour and opportunity to represent their School in this way, I can only thank our Games staff, Miss Kable and Mrs Hudson, attributing it to their own energy, enthusiasm and competence in organisation and teaching.

Gymnastics, squash and badminton are also part of the school programme. One of our most triumphant moments this year came when our Squash team beat Rustenburg in the final match of the Inter-Schools Squash Tournament, afterwards carrying back the Cup to Herschel. Those of you who were present at the Gymnastics Display a few weeks ago will join me, I am sure, in congratulating Miss Kable on the excellent standard achieved.

At this point I think I should say how truly sad we are to be losing Miss Kable as she leaves us now and thank her for her stalwart loyalty to the School, the high standards of sportsmanship she has maintained and the fine leadership she has given over many years. Both girls and staff will miss her greatly but we wish her happiness in the future and hope she will treasure many happy memories of Herschel days.

The re-opening of the School Hall marked the end of a period of open-air Assemblies under the ilex tree and gymnastics lessons on the lawns. Since then there has been a certain element of rivalry in the claims made upon the Hall by the Physical Education and Drama departments! The main problem is that when the larger stage is up, the use of gym apparatus is severely curtailed, but of course, without the large stage, dramatic possibilities are equally drastically limited. Fortunately the rivalry has not as yet reached the dimensions of real warfare but the danger signals have at times been evident!

Our Speech and Drama Department have certainly not been idle this year. We congratulate Mrs Saffery on her ambitious and delightfully refreshing open-air production of "Back to Methuselah", and Mrs McClurg on the success of the play "The Trial" entered in the Clarecon Drama Festival, and on the work she has done with our Matric Drama class who are the first Herschel girls to be writing Speech and Drama as a subject in the Joint Matriculation Board examinations.

The Speech and Drama Eisteddfod results this year were particularly good: 33 girls gained Honours and Merit awards while Cups were won by the Std 9 Drama class and by Mrs Brown's Senior Drama group. The Bursary for the best overall individual results in the Eisteddfod was won by Clair Grootendorst, our newly appointed Head Girl. Mrs Sally Brown (née Brimble), who is herself an Herschelian, has been a most valuable teacher whom we are very sorry to be losing from our Speech and Drama Department.

For the first time for some years an Inter-House Drama Contest was held this year. Jagger House presented the winning play — a delightful comedy called "Olaf and the Ogre"; Merriman chose a serious play about Elizabeth Fry called "The Grey Lady"; and Rolt chose "The Do It Yourself Frankenstein Outfit". We were pleased to have Geoffrey Tansley, the Cape Times Drama Critic, to act as adjudicator on this occasion.

In the Inter-House Magazine contest a high standard was also reached. Here Mrs Muriel Crewe was the adjudicator and the Cup was awarded to Merriman. The House Magazines provide the basic

material for the School Magazine each year but they are well worth viewing in their own right. We keep them in the School Library and if you are interested I invite you to spend a pleasant hour looking through these beautifully illustrated and well compiled collections of pupils' work. My congratulations to the Std 9's who formed the hard-working committee responsible for these worthwhile Magazines.

Under the auspices of the Oral Communication Department comes the Debating Society where Yvette Stockwell has given an excellent lead both in her capacity as Chairman and as leading speaker on several occasions. Subjects for debates have ranged from serious topics such as "That the tax-payer should receive free social services" or "That's the U.S.A. has abandoned her attempts to stop the spread of communism", to the more light-hearted variety, such as "That Circles are better than Squares" or "That many camels do in fact pass through the eye of one needle".

There are several other extra-mural Societies in the School. The Christian Union has enjoyed a new lease of life this year and now holds regular, usually well-attended meetings on Wednesdays during the lunch-break. Several members were privileged to attend the SACLA Conference in Pretoria in the July holidays and something of their enthusiasm and vision has been passed on to others. My thanks to Mrs Marr for the good lead she has given to the Christian Union throughout the year.

The History Society, under Mrs Stockwell's guidance, has also had an interesting programme: included in its meetings was the screening of the very tense film "21 Hours at Munich" and an informative talk on Rumania by someone who had lived there recently. The Chess Club, newly formed this year, has a small but keen membership which we hope will be extended in the future. The so-called Sociological Club, which actually forms part of the Senior School weekly timetable, is directed by Mrs McCormick, and has made possible this year a series of talks on Careers, and the showing of the television series of films on America, as well as such things as a Modern Dance programme, a piano recital and a Woodwind Instrument Concert.

Finally, in this list, I must include the newly established School Orchestra (with exciting possibilities ahead as this grows in experience and ability), and last, but by no means least, the School Choir. Uppermost in your minds at this moment, must I am sure, be the lovely singing of the Choir at last night's Carol Service in St Saviour's Church, but we think too, of other occasions — happy occasions such as the evening in August when they joined the Philharmonia and Diocesan College Choirs to sing in Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem" in the City Hall, or the day of the St Saviour's Church Fête in October, or the weddings at which they have sung during the year, and the one sad occasion too, namely the funeral service of a former well-loved member of the Herschel staff, Mrs Joy Boyes, to whom we pay tribute for her loyalty to the School, her excellence as an English teacher and her devoted service to Herschel through many years.

Music examination results both in the Royal Schools and the UNISA examinations were highly satisfactory. We congratulate Anne Meynell and Bridget Longmore on gaining distinctions in Grades VII and V respectively, and Yvette Stockwell on passing her Final Grade VIII examinations.

I have spoken of several so-called extra-curricular activities. In addition to these, as off-shoots of the curriculum, and organised by the various subject teachers in charge, we have had many interesting extras, and I thank the staff concerned. I think for example of the Home Economics team who took part in the Sasko Cookery Contest at Cavendish Square; of several worthwhile Geographical expeditions including the Boland Trail; of the History pupils' visits to Simon's Town or to Parliament or the Std 6's walk around Claremont exploring places linked with the history of Herschel; of the Stock Exchange Game embarked on by some of our Senior Maths pupils (with some helpful tips from Mr Frater, I understand!); of the exciting projects on electricity and the fine collections of biological specimens made by Std 6 and 7 Science pupils; of the outings by Senior Art pupils to Art galleries or for sketching purpose; of the beautiful Chapel windows painted by Std 6's under Mrs Gower's guidance; of the work put into the House Magazines and the Std 9's newspaper by the Typing classes; of the Latin Quiz at Springfield in which a Std 7-8 team from Herschel participated; of the Centres of Interest Contest at Rustenburg won by our Std 8 team; of a visit by the Matrics to the Shakespeare Exhibition at the B. P. Centre, and their attendance at a University lecture on Conrad; of a University seminar attended by French teachers and some senior pupils at which one of our girls, Juliette Womersley, addressed the gathering on the value of keeping an emphasis on French literature in the Matric syllabus (she apparently started off in French, but as she warmed to her subject, switched over to English and no-one seemed to mind!)

All these things, worthwhile as they are, do however, perhaps act as frills on top of the solid structure which remains and must remain the sound, steady, continuous teaching and learning programme that makes up the normal daily pattern of work and, of course, forms the basis of our educational effort (that, and the ever-increasing use of the School Library for reading and reference work). The result of this steady work is what you see reflected on those familiar little Mark-Reading Report Cards or on our fuller School Reports.

Here I must express appreciation to our teachers, and perhaps on your behalf, thank them for this good, steady training, and for the seriousness and care which they show in their approach to their work. Sometimes, I must confess, it lands me in trouble! Woe betide a Headmistress who dares steal five minutes of a lesson for a slightly longer Assembly than usual, or even worse, a whole lesson for a visiting speaker! But how important it is to have this kind of caring and, I suppose, how good for me not to be allowed to deviate too far from the straight and narrow path!

In my thanks to the staff let me not omit to mention the Administrative and House Staff without

whom the School would simply cease to function. I include here the new financial Administrator, Mr Saxby, who has fitted very happily into our female environment and has, I think, succeeded in obeying his **prime** instruction from the School Council — namely to prevent the new Headmistress from spending too much money! I also include our Senior House Mistress, Mrs Nazar, to whom we say good-bye now as she moves to the Transvaal to be nearer her married daughter, and whom we thank for her invaluable work in maintaining high standards of courtesy and behaviour in the Boarding House over the past few years.

There remain four aspects of school life that I want to mention in this report — namely, and I beg your pardon as I indulge in some alliteration — food, fun, fund-raising and fellowship.

Under the heading of food, let me simply ask where we would be without Miss Way whose excellent meals are enjoyed by boarders and staff and many day-girls who come to the Dining Room for lunch. I pause here to comment on how much I think we can learn from Miss Way — from her stern sense of duty, her Christian faith and the way her love of children transforms her work into an offering to God — in its way as remarkable as her courage in World War II for which she was awarded the Order of the British Empire. Herschel is proud of you and grateful to you, Miss Way!

... Fund-raising. This has formed quite a big part of the school life this year as classes and Houses have worked for people other than themselves. I list the class efforts and commend the girls for the organization involved in each:

- Std 9M: the cake stall at the University Rag Fête;
- Std 9G: a collection of toys for the Bruce Duncan Home;
- Std 8L: the Dance Marathon in aid of Teach Fund;
- Std 8W: the "Come-as-you-like" Day for St Anthony's Nursery School;
- Std 7T: the record stall at the St Saviour's Church Fête;
- Std 7C: the sale of coffee in aid of Care for the Aged;
- Std 7B: a film show in aid of the Bruce Duncan Home;
- Std 6S: a collection of clothes for Save the Children Fund and several cake and sweet sales for The Tembeletu Day Centre;
- Std 6BA: a raffle in aid of S.P.C.A. funds.

The Houses have continued to support their House charities, sending gifts of money and knitted jerseys, Jagger to CAFDA, Merriman to St Michael's Children's Home, and Rolt to the Bruce Duncan Home. As a School, we encouraged participation in the 'Blisters for Bread' Walk in aid of the Cape Peninsula Feeding Scheme.

All these aspects help to make for the good fellowship that exists at Herschel — a fellowship that is given a deeper dimension when we can come together in faith, conscious of God's love, believing in the presence of the risen Christ in our midst, and praying for His Spirit to dwell within us — to influence our thinking, to mould

our characters and to use us to be of service in the world today. This is largely what our prayer time in School Assemblies is all about, and we are grateful to our Chaplain, Rev. Eve, for the lead he gives us through his Divinity lessons to the Matrics, his fortnightly Assemblies for the School, and our Friday morning Communion Services. How lovely it was to see almost the whole Matric class present on their last Friday at School! It is a source of regret to me, however, that our beautiful Chapel, though much-loved by boarders, plays so small a part in the lives of most day-girls, so that it is possible for a day-girl to go right through her school career without ever setting foot inside its doors. I hope that next year we will find some way of preventing this, perhaps by arranging for occasional services for a whole standard or class at a time.

Where a spirit of true fellowship and bonds of unity exist in a School among both staff and pupils, the motivation for good work and acceptable behaviour becomes a desire to please, a desire to be accepted, a desire to give of one's best. This is the best sort of motivation and I believe that any School worth anything in today's society, will seek to create it. Perhaps another way of expressing this thought, is to say that one seeks to work on a basis of trust and to foster self-discipline wherever possible — so that, within a certain overall framework of discipline, marked out by rules and maintained by those in authority, there is nevertheless a positive rather than a negative approach. The aim is to encourage co-operation rather than to instil fear. Penalties there must sometimes be, but let us try to create an environment in which people are good, not primarily because they are afraid of the consequences but primarily because they want to be good, because they see the value of co-operation, because they earnestly desire to be worthy of trust.

Perhaps this sounds idealistic but I believe it is the only sort of approach that in the end will have value.

In this connection I thank the outgoing set of prefects for the way they have worked with me this year. Ruth has, in my opinion, been an outstanding Head Girl — a real tower of strength, full of loyalty and sound common sense as well as a kindly sense of humour and a fine sense of fair play. She has been ably assisted by Louise Gray as Head of the Boarding House, and by the other Heads of Houses, and the whole prefect team. I wish their successors an equally happy term of office.

Secondly, I wish to convey my thanks to Mrs Gillham, my Vice-Principal. It has been a great joy to me to feel that in every aspect of our work we have been — as the saying goes — on the same wavelength and I have valued her friendship and advice.

In conclusion, my thanks to you who are parents. Thank you for entrusting your daughters to our care. We hope you will be proud of them in the days to come.

Ad Dei Gloriam.

Staff News

New Staff, 1979

Senior School: Miss P. A. Geldard, Miss E. Aitchison, Mrs D. Beames, Mrs G. Cheadle, Mrs M. Crowther, Mrs L. Gower, Mrs D. McClurg, Miss C. Ruttle, Mrs C. Wood.

Preparatory School: Mrs P. Hanekom, Mrs L. Howson.

Boarding House: Miss M. Bluett, Mrs P. Furness, Mrs J. Gubb.

Bursar: Mr L. C. Saxby.

Relieving Staff: Mrs R. Ebel, Mrs A. King, Mrs S. Steytler.

Staff who have left

Senior School: Miss P. Barnett, Mrs S. Brown, Miss A. Harman, Miss L. Kable, Mrs M. Thackeray.

Preparatory School: Mrs M. Cowling, Mrs G. Crossan, Mrs A. Langenegger, Mrs A. Midlane.

Boarding House: Miss R. Foat, Mrs A. Nezar.

Mrs Joy Boyes

"She was an extraordinary lady, and I will always feel greatly honoured to have known her and to have been taught by her. I remember vividly our English lessons in the matric classroom — how I became totally absorbed, almost spellbound, during these hours. Mrs Boyes gave freely to us — she shared with us her seemingly infinite knowledge. I often wonder what true "knowledge" is ... I remember Mrs Boyes saying that true wisdom is attained when one has distilled the essence of all things — in other words, from simplicity one attains understanding. And what is knowledge if not the acknowledgement that one "knows" very little indeed. I think that Mrs Boyes was not only the nicest person I have met, but also the most knowledgeable."

The above was written by one of Mrs Boyes' "star pupils". However weaker students also had their eyes opened and became aware of language and learnt to appreciate literature to a degree that would have been impossible under a lesser teacher. This pupil has pin-pointed her two great qualities — superb intellectual gifts coupled with humility that says, with Socrates, "I only know that I do not know", without which one is unresponsive to further development. If we, her colleagues, needed a fact, or a right word or judgment, we could confidently ask her. Yet she was unassuming enough desperately to want a really good dictionary to check up periodically whether she was correct in pronunciation or pronunciation.

Her intellectual integrity was just one of her facets. I think of her as "A woman for all seasons". I was lucky enough to know her on many levels. I knew her as a devoted wife and mother. Her pride in and love for her husband and daughters was tempered with a humorous and realistic assessment of them. She was also sensible, yet loving, with her grandchildren.

She was devoted to her home and garden. Her house was filled with flowers and well-loved possessions. Her conversation could switch from an assessment of Conrad to why her Ranunculi weren't as big as they should be, or how to stop the ceiling paint from flaking.



Mrs Joy Boyes.

Joy was sociable and great company. She loved to come to a T.V. supper; would look at my children's report cards or themes, or help one of them prepare an Afrikaans oral. She would switch from well-informed discussion of Kings and Queens or ancient history or antiques to nostalgic reminiscences of her Karoo childhood, or to gentle and humorous quips about everyday people and things.

She was a most loyal friend. It spoilt one to know her because she was so ready to believe her friends were better and worthier than they were. She was uncritical in the sense that she expected the best of you; if she did disapprove of anything you said or did, she never said so baldly but put in a quiet, wise comment for you to think about.

Anyone who knew Joy Boyes must miss her as mentor, companion and friend.

A.C.T.

School Prefects, 1979

Head Girl: Ruth Butters

HEADS OF HOUSES:

Jagger: Ruth Butters

Merriman: Philippa Leighton Davies

Rolt: Yvette Stockwell

Head of Boarding House: Louise Gray

Other Prefects: Caroline Dowdle, Tanja Honig, Alison Marr, Louise Murdock, Sandra Nichol, Susan Rowland, Tessa van Ryneveld.

HOUSE PREFECTS, 1979

Amanda Crutchley, Shirley Glyn, Kristin Louw, Georgina Frater, Monica Gudehus, Gail Robinson, Maria Stavrou.



SCHOOL PREFECTS

Standing: Alison Marr, Susan Rowland, Tessa van Ryneveld, Sandra Nichol, Caroline Dowdle, Louise Murdock.

Seated: Yvette Stockwell (Head of Rolt), Ruth Butters (Head of School and Head of Jagger), Miss P. Geldard, Louise Gray (Head of Boarding House), Philippa Leighton-Davies (Head of Merriman)



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS

Standing: Gail Robinson, Shirley Glyn, Tina Louw, Georgie Frater, Maria Stavrou.
Seated: Theresa Campbell, Ruth Butters (Head of School), Louise Gray (Head of Boarding House), Mandy Crutchley, Monica Gudehus.

Avete

Pre-Prep. Class: Helen Barr, Belinda Boyes, Tiffany Byers, Terry-Lea Byrne, Meegan Carelse, Deborah Collins, Jacqueline de Villiers, Kerri Filly, Penelope Frith, Nina Gobat, Melissa Golding, Tamara Harrowsmith, Britta-Marie Hinrichsen, Michaela Isseppi, Natalie Jackson, Philippa Jordan, Philippa Kennedy, Nicolette Lockyer, Hayley Lumb, Sally-Ann Mackenzie, Nicola Malherbe, Carolynne Morris, Portia Motale, Marian Ott, Justine Peters, The Hon. Hannah Powys, Kim Prescott, Sarah Rice, Katherine Richards, Catriona Ross, Catherine Schulze, Sarah-Jane Smith-Chandler, Hazel Sparks, Briony Starer, Juliette Sturrock, Susan Tyson, Jacqueline van der Feyst.

Sub A: Shireen Banderker, Deborah Chandler, Nicole Devarenne, Helen Howard, Jodi Kantor, Lauren Kellner, Tanya-Kim Kensley, Suzanne Louw, Caroline Martin, Samantha Morelli, Madeleine

Simonis, Pamela Thompson, Victoria Verity, Linda Wilson.

SUB B: Shameema Arief, Hanifa Banderker, Hilbré Cardwell, Kim Cartoulis, Gillian Clayton, Karlyn Hebin, Catherine Morris, Athene Pharo, Erika Stander, Beatriz Villegas.

Standard 1: Faziela Adams, Annette Cottrell, Nicola East, Michelle Godson, Suzanne Jaffe, Viola Lengner, Jocelyn Malan, Charmain Prescott, Caroline Selby, Dominique van Nieuwenhuysen.

Standard II: Laetitia Bruggmann, Wendy De Gruchy, Kim Donnelly, Bridget Godson, Miranda Mosomothane, Vaughneen Ricketts.

Standard III: Liora Eichler, Robyn Horn, Chantal Simonis, Helen Wood, Shelley Woode.

Standard IV: Alexia Billings, Rebecca Bruggmann, Joanne Clark, Karen Dudley, Beverly Redinger, Kim Redinger, Samantha Rogers, Tonia-Cara van der Spuy.

Standard V: Sarah Cross, Kim Jameson.

Standard VI: Beverley Baker, Naseema Banderker, Deborah Bell, Roxienne Carney, Nina Claussen, Catherine Fletcher, Cecily Littleford, Wendy Lynne.

Standard VII: Dianne Dixon, Veronica Hommerson, Daniela Lengner, Frances Lukens, Susan Lukens, Margaret Orford, Sally-Ann Seymour, Melissa Townsend, Marie Louise van der Hoon.

Standard VIII: Beverly Atkinson, Inge Jones, Frances Paine, Amanda Rabie, Myrna Rabie, Karin Reitner, Kim Westaway.

Standard IX: Lilian Dudley, Marjorie Filmer, Ann Whiting.

Valete

Standard X: Jennifer Anderson, Sarah Bevan, Alison Bowley, Camilla Broome, Katherine Brossy, Elizabeth Buckland, Ruth Butters, Catherine Calow, Anne Campbell, Theresa Campbell, Belinda Couzens, Karen Croome, Aylex Cross, Amanda Crutchley, Caroline Dowdle, Ceris Field, Rosemary Fletcher, Georgina Frater, Shirley Glyn, Louise Gray, Monica Gudehus, Therese Herbert, Susan Hollinshead, Tanja Honig, Janice Hurst, Michele Jacobson, Philippa Leighton Davies, Kristin Louw,

Alison Marr, Abigail Mathieson, Celia Maud, Fiona McLennan, Janet Millar, Louise Murdoch, Dianne Newton, Sandra Nichol, Deborah Partridge, Gail Robinson, Susan Rowland, Joan Saunders, Julia Singer, Maria Stavrou, Yvette Stockwell, Robyn Thomson, Tessa van Ryneveld, Juliette Womersley.

Valete

Others: Jane Allan, Katia Bagatta, Beverley Baker, Tracy Beauchamp, Catherine Beck, Andrea Bradley, Susan Brice, Terry Lee Byrne, Nina Claussen, Jacqueline de Villiers, Tracey du Pont, Sally Edwards, Kerri Fillary, Amanda Green, Sarah Heslett, Britte Hinrichsen, Jennifer Hurter, Michaela Iseppi, Marlies Kappers, Sandi Kay, Margit Klivington, Diane Klivington, Nicole Kloppe, Morna Lawson, Nicole Lockyer, Shelley Mackay-Davidson, Samantha Mackay-Davidson, Janet Melville, Samantha Morelli, Carolynne Morris, Catherine Morris, Nicola Newman, Natasha Parsons, Felicity Peile, Katherine Richards, Catherine Schulze, Briony Starer, Cynthia Taylor, Jayne Thomson, Michele Thorne, Michele Turck, Belinda van den Brink, Jacqueline van der Feyst, Klarissa van der Merwe, Julie van Rijswijk, Kim Westaway, Tamyn Whitnall.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning, 28 October, the following girls were confirmed at St Saviour's, by the Right Reverend George Swartz, Bishop Suffragan of Cape Town, and received their first Communion straight afterwards:

Anne Abdy, Beverley Baker, Caroline Blake,

Dorothy Douglas, Georgina Frater, Veronica Hommerson, Katherine Ince, Mary Jooste, Tanya Landless, Cecily Littleford, Gillian Mackenzie, Alison Marr, Belinda Morris, Louise Morrissey, Frances Paine, Christina Rideout, Luanna Shonfeld, Kathryn Smit, Lynne Stamper, Karen Visser, Ann Whiting.

Chapel Report

At the beginning of this year, the Chapel was not in use because of the alterations made on the school. The boarders' informal evening services were held under the ilex tree on fine days and in the library when weather was not permitting. Communion services were held in the library.

Various groups of girls or standards have been given the responsibility of compiling and taking the services on different occasions. This has helped prevent monotony in the service and as a result more girls have become interested in Chapel.

Many alterations have been made to the Chapel — it now has beautiful stained glass windows, painted and designed by the girls. The new tapestry kneelers give the Chapel a "warmer" feeling and an air conditioning system has been inserted. It is hoped that, in the near future, a new carpet will be obtained.

This year, Herschel Chapel has been the venue for a Christening and a wedding.

The Credit Balance of the Chapel Funds this year stands at R458.92. Members of the committee have decided to donate one third of the funds to various charities in need of the money.

Communion services are conducted every fortnight by Rev. Ian Eve. I should like to take this opportunity of inviting all who are interested, to attend these services.

Finally I should like to express our extreme gratitude and thanks to Mrs Mary Browne for all the time she spends in helping to organise services and in caring for the general well-being of the Chapel.

MANDY CRUTCHLEY,
(Secretary).

Matriculation Results, 1978

* denotes Matric pass with university entrance.
A denotes A aggregate.

- * ALLSOP, Julianne Creinagh
- * BAKER, Catherine Clare
- * BLAKE, Belinda Jane (Distinction in Home Economics)
- * BOTMA, Lorna-Ann
- * BRAUN, Tania Elizabeth (Distinction in English and Biology)
- * COOMBE, Jane Carlisle (Distinction in English and Mathematics)
- * CORDER, Karen Dorothea (Distinction in Biology)
- CORNFORTH, Celeste Shirley
- * COUZENS, Jacqueline
- * DAUNCEY, Nicola Rose (Distinction in Latin)
- * DIAMOND, Lisa-Marie
- * DICEY, Jacqueline Margaret
- * DUCKITT, Brigid Helene
- * GELDENHUYS, Vanessa Anne
- * GRANT, Mary-Lynne
- * HART, Vivien
- * HARTSUIKER, Georgina Maria
- * JACKSON, Nancy Jeanne
- * JUSTICE, Susan Mary
- A* KETELBEY, Katharine Margaret (Distinction in Biology, Physical Science & Mathematics)
- * KNUDSEN, Marilyn Rose

- * LAWSON, Fiona Penelope
- * MAIER, Ingeborg (Distinction in Biology and Latin)
- * MANNION, Siobhan
- * METCALFE, Amanda Jane
- * MEYNELL, Elizabeth Anne
- MILLS, Shelley Lynn
- MODLIN, Irene Francesca
- * NEAL, Judith Mary
- * OLIVIER, Andrea
- * OLVER, Philippa Jane
- * PARK, Caron
- * PEDEN, Charlotte Mary
- PETER, Marion Alys-Louise
- A* PIKHOLZ, Catherine (Distinction in Biology and Afrikaans)
- * RAUCH, Gillian
- * SCHMIDT, Nicolette
- * SCOTT, Elizabeth Anne
- * SMITH, Rose-Anne Sarah
- * SWIEL, Camilla Dawn
- * TAYLOR, Bridget Margaret
- * TE WATER NAUDE, Suzanne
- THOMSEN, Ceredwin Anne
- TORR, Philippa Anne
- * VAN DER HOVEN, Liane
- * VAN ROOYEN, Melodie Ann
- * VISSER, Vivien Elizabeth
- * WARD-SMITH, Carole Yvonne

Taalbond Results, 1978

HOER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1978

Hoër Graad met Lof

Karen Croome, Alison Marr, Catherine Pikholtz, Liane van der Hoven.

Hoër Graad

Nicola Dauncey, Jacqueline Dickey, Brigid Duckitt, Tanja Honig, Nancy Jackson, Gillian Rauch, Nicolette Schmidt, Bridget Taylor, Suzanne Te Water Naude, Ceredwin Thomsen.

Gewone Graad

Julianne Allsop, Catherine Baker, Lorna Botma, Alison Bowley, Jane Coombe, Karen Corder, Celeste Cornforth, Jacqueline Couzens, Lisa Diamond, Rosemary Fletcher, Vanessa Geldenhuys, Louise Gray, Monica Gudehus, Fiona Lawson, Elizabeth Meynell, Shelley Mills, Sandra Nichol, Andrea Olivier, Louise Peter, Rose-Anne Smith, Philippa Torr.

LAER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1978

Hoër Graad met Lof

*Jane Dickey, *Helen Dickey, Clair Grootendorst, Mistene Miesel.

* denotes prize-winners under 16 years of age.

Hoër Graad

Pamela Boyes, Caroline Dowdle, Fleur Hanekom, Therese Herbert, Jane Johnson, Kristin Louw, Caroline Marten, Fiona McLennon, Janet Millar, Catherine Moll, Carolyn Newton.

Gewone Graad

Suzanne Ackerman, Susan Baker, Kathleen Barron, Rosemary Brink, Katherine Brossy, Elizabeth Buckland, Susan Burns, Diane Cameron, Anne Campbell, Theresa Campbell, Belinda Couzens, Susan Davies, Shane Fairhead, Ceris Field, Alison Fisher, Georgina Frater, Jennifer Gray, Kim Gray, Susan Hollinshead, Janice Hurst, Suzanne Kilculen, Hilary Knight, Philippa Leighton Davies, Abigail Mathieson, Celia Maud, Lynne Moore, Leigh Mukheiber, Philippa Oliver, Gail Robinson, Joan Saunders, Amanda Scott, Penny Sharpley, Julia Singer, Susan Stamper, Susan Steenkamp, Yvette Stockwell, Robyn Thomson.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examination Results, 1979

Grade I: Fenella Growse (Merit), Alison Hundleby (Distinction), Giuliana Hunt (Merit), Lisa Kantor (Merit), Camilla Kohler (Pass), Jane McKee (Merit), Caroline Symons (Distinction), Mary-Ann Wheeler (Distinction).

Grade II: Wilhelmina Bray (Pass), Alison Day (Pass), Liesl Haldane (Pass), Hilary Jooste (Violin) (Pass), Nicolette Jordan (Merit), Ailsa Leith (Pass), Caroline Tedder (Pass).

Grade III: Diane Hathaway (Flute) (Pass), Jeanette Krige (Pass), Ilse Richter (Pass), Wendy Wilson (Pass).

Grade IV: Jane Dicey (Violin) (Pass), Rowena Evans (Pass).

Grade V: Louise Morrissey (Pass), Hilary Jooste (Merit).

Grade VI: Jill Breen (Pass), Susan Hammond (Merit), Bridget Longmore (Merit), Maryanne Marais (Pass).

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

Grade VIII: Yvette Stockwell (Pass).

Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1979

SOLO SPEAKING:

MERIT: Amanda Robins

MERIT PLUS: Susan Davies, Morna Lawson,

HONOURS: Susan Davies, Amanda de Villiers, Clair Grootendorst, Wendy Lyhne, Janine Quibell.

EXPERIMENTS or "WHAT YOU WILL"

Gold Diploma and Irene Holloway Cup: Linda de Kock, Madeleine Enthoven, Jane Johnson, Philippe Jolly, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Carolyn Newton, Mandi Scott, Ann Whiting.

Honours and Joy Buchanan Cup: Susan Davies, Shane Fairhead, Clair Grootendorst, Morna Lawson, Tracey Scott, Karen Visser.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS

Merit Plus: Amanda de Villiers, Karen Krone, Belinda Morris, Gillian Parker, Wendy Sharpley.

Honours: Suzanne Ackerman, Maggie du Toit, Susan Hammond, Jane Johnson, Inge Jones, Page Littleford, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Leigh Mukheiber, Margaret Orford, Kathryn Smit.

Diploma: Clair Grootendorst.

GROUP SPEAKING

Diploma: Standard 3a

Honours: Standard 3d, Standard 2a, Standard 2d.

CENTRES OF INTEREST

Merit: Jacqueline Batchelor, Shona Commings, Moira Mannion.

Merit Plus: Shelley Durr, Joanne Hvidsten.

UNPREPARED PUBLIC SPEAKING

Merit Plus: Susan Davies

SIGHT READING

Honours: Clair Grootendorst, Morna Lawson.

Cape Town Eisteddfod Music Results

Jill Breen: 1 Merit.

Helen Dicey: 1 Merit, 3 Passes.

Susan Eve: 2 Honours.

Susan Hammond: 3 Merits, 1 Pass.

Bridget Longmore: 1 Pass, 1 Merit, 2 Honours.

Anne Meynell: 2 Merits, 2 Passes.

Speech Examination Results, 1979

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GUILD OF SPEECH AND DRAMA TEACHERS ORAL COMMUNICATION

Junior II: Roshan Karjee C+, Jane McKee B, Yael Peters B—.

Junior III: Lisa Bailey C, Wilhelmina Bray C+, Nicola Newman C, Felicity Peile B—, Catherine Shub C.

Intermediate II: Jacqueline Batchelor C—, Shona Commings C, Moira Mannion C, Shelley Durr A, Joanne Hvidsten A.

INTERPRETATIVE EXAMINATION

Senior II: Birte Olek 72% pass, Margaret Orford 85% honours, Kathryn Smit 75% merit.

Senior IV: Suzanne Ackerman 85% honours, Susan Davies 85% honours, Clair Grootendorst 92% honours, Leigh Mukheiber 85% honours, Carolyn Newton 86% honours.

Charities

Meals on Wheels, Red Cross Hospital Amenities Fund, Bruce Duncan Home, Zerilda Steyn, St Michaels, African Scholars Fund, Peninsula School Feeding, Crossroads.

Dates for 1980

1st Term: Wednesday 23 January — Thursday 27 March.

2nd Term: Wednesday 9 April — Thursday 19 June.

3rd Term: Tuesday 15 July — Friday 19 September.

4th Term: Wednesday 1 October — Friday 5 December.

REPORTS OF CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

Social Responsibility Club Report

It was with regret that we said goodbye to Mrs Mallet at the end of last year. She produced a bouncing boy, Roger, on the evening of the very successful Christmas Party for the Bruce Duncan children; the party had been organized entirely by Mrs Mallet who quietly left half way through, leaving the party to carry on under the supervision of Miss Barnett and Mrs Murdock. The children thoroughly enjoyed the pony rides, games, magician, delicious food and, no doubt, the presents given them by Father Christmas.

Miss Barnett took over in the first term and we began to feel our way without Mrs Mallet — we were disappointed to find enthusiasm sadly lacking as regards membership of the Club. We did, however, have two very happy outings: one with the St Michael's children to the Parks' stables, where they enjoyed pony rides and a picnic on the lawn and an energetic walk. We also took the Bruce Duncan children to Groot Constantia which was a fun outing; in the second term we took the Bruce Duncan children on a lovely outing to Rhodes Memorial where they proceeded to terrify the deer, and climb the lion statues; they then went on a lovely walk up the mountain which was very strenuous and after giving endless piggy-backs, we girls were exhausted, and the cool drinks waiting in the car park were much appreciated.

Oral Communication and Drama

This department has had a very busy year, it began in the first term with our school play, "Back to Methuselah", which went through many vicissitudes before it finally arrived "on the boards". These turned out to be the grassy bank outside the Preparatory School Hall. The venue was originally intended to be the arena under the flex tree. We gaily started there, until one day three Matric members of the cast informed me that "no one can see anything beyond the third row!" Alas, it was all too true, and the frantic search of a play looking for a place to happen, began. The rest is history, and the play was a great success.

The lighting and sound problems were great, but these were all solved by our technical team of Harold and Heather Scott and Alan Saffery.

The play being out of doors, nothing valuable could be left to the mercy of weather and/or marauders; so everything had to be cleared and locked up after each performance. This the three cheerfully did and we owe them a debt of gratitude for their help. Another problem most happily solved was the appointment of that most important member of the backstage team, the Stage Manager. It happened that no member of staff was available, so it had to be a senior girl. I would like to pay tribute to Juliette Womersley, who undertook the job.

Most efficiently she did it, coping well with all sorts of strange difficulties (such as having to corral her cast in the K.G. in between their appearances) with the greatest aplomb. The cast

Unfortunately Miss Barnett left us at the end of Term II for Kenya and Miss Aitchison took over from her.

In Term II we were very pleased at signs of increased interest in the Club. Several new members joined and their continued participation in the outings (and generous contributions of cakes, cool drinks and other edible 'goodies') is encouraging and much appreciated by the children, who are able to establish a contact with the girls and therefore, we hope, an increased sense of security and fun. We spent two happy afternoons with the children from the Bruce Duncan Home, one at Groot Constantia, and the other at Constantia Neck and Hout Bay.

Unfortunately our first outing in Term IV was cancelled owing to the rain; we had planned an afternoon at the beach. However there is another meeting due to take place later in the term. Our annual Christmas Party, at the Bruce Duncan Home, is scheduled for the 3rd December. We look forward to this event which is always an exciting, enjoyable culmination of the year's activities.

We have also helped with various collections and fetes.

I should like to express my thanks to those parents who so kindly help us with transport and to Miss Way for her interest and support.

Miss Aitchison and Louise Murdock.

were uniformly excellent, and I was very proud of them.

The parts were taken as follows:

Adam — Philippa Leighton-Davies; Eve — Ceria Field; Snake — Carolyn Newton; Strephon — Carolyn Newton; He-Ancient — Monica Gudehus; Chloë — Louise Gray; Acis — Grace Maclean; She-Ancient — Jane Johnson; The Newly-born — Celia Maud; Arjillax — Abigail Mathieson; Ecrasia — Janice Hurst; Martellus — Leigh Mukheiber; Pygmalion — Mandi Scott; Female Figure — Amanda de Villiers; Male Figures — Aylex Cross; Youths — Toni Olivier, Ann Whiting; Maidens — Caroline Blake, Myrna Rabie; Dancers — Dot Douglas, Robyn Nissen; Lilith — Susan Lloyd-Roberts.

Invaluable help was given by Tessa Banfield and Clare Mills (Costumes), Heather Montgomery, Lorraine Gower and the Art Department (Decor and Set), Mary Browne, (Front of House and Booking), Dawn McClurg (Publicity), Tessa van Ryneveld (Prompt), Anne Campbell, Camilla Broomer, Philippa Jolly (Assistant Stage Managers).

We had many entries in the Cape Town Eisteddfod with very good results. A list of these appears elsewhere in the magazine. We won several cups and Clair Grootendorst won the Nine Club R50 bursary. One of the most taxing and difficult of Inter-School events is the new Centres of Interest competition, organised by S.A.C.E.E. for Std 8. A list of books, with which the girls are familiar, is submitted to the adjudicator, who decides upon a suitable theme. A group of seven girls took part in the competition under the guidance of Miss

Aitchison; they were given the theme 'Man in Conflict with Society'. In 1½ hours they devised a very interesting programme including passages from the books, movement and impromptu speaking, without adult supervision. We were thrilled with their success, they won the competition!

Answering an appeal from "Clarecon" to enter a play for their Inter-Schools One-act Play competition, Mrs McClurg produced "The Trial" in ten days, with the Standard 8 Drama Group. The girls did extremely well, and Toni Olivier was awarded the Best Actress trophy.

The activities of the Debating Society, which is in the capable hands of Mrs Meinert, are described elsewhere by Yvette Stockwell — but she won't mention her own outstanding contributions to the debates and forum discussions!

In the finals of the Inter-Schools Public Speaking, (organised by the S.A. Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers) the dice was loaded in favour of the male sex, and though the audience obviously preferred Yvette, the honours finally went to a boy.

Oral Communication and Debating — A Report

The varied activities, both experimental and conservative, of this society have been extensive in the past twelve months. The first novel occasion was a discussion on a classroom basis at Rondebosch Boys' High School. Approximately twenty speakers were chaired by an enthusiastic master.

Herschel has held and attended several informal forum discussions where participants from five or more schools were "mixed" into groups, and in ten minutes had to present their discussion. Although this was a little nerve-racking, the spontaneity of the ideas was remarkable.

Our forum discussion team, the members of which were:

Yvette Stockwell (Chairwoman)
Louise Gray
Caroline Dowdle
Philippa Leighton-Davies
Clair Grootendorst

reached the finals of the annual S.A.C.E.E. Inter-schools contest, and Louise, Caroline and I took

Another outstanding speaker this year has been Caroline Dowdle, who has made some sparkling contributions to debates.

The Inter-House One-Act Play competition was held at the end of the third term. The Standard 9 directors of these plays, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Jane Johnson, Suzanne Ackerman and Carolyn Newton did an excellent job. They worked hard and efficiently and their casts performed extremely well. Mr Geoffrey Tansley, drama critic of the Cape Times, adjudicated, and the contest was won by Jagger.

This year, we have only had one M.A.D. Club evening which was in the second term. This was the first time that the girls themselves actually organised M.A.D. Club. The evening went off smoothly and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The girls tried to create a bit of variety in the programme so they asked Michele Jacobson to do a short ballet, and they also had a Monty Python sketch. This together with the excellent standard of the items provided a very enjoyable occasion.

M. L. SAFFERY.

part in the individual public speaking contest to choose a Western Province representative in the National "Best Speaker" contest.

Formal debates against St George's Grammar School, the Diocesan College and Wynberg Boys' High School have been of a high standard.

Examples of topics discussed are:

1. Many camels do in fact fit through the eye of one needle.
2. The tax-payer should receive free social services.

Debaters like to open or close their contributions with a "thought-provoking" quotation. Perhaps the most fitting ending for this report should be the words about speaking technique:

"Begin low, speak slow, take fire, rise higher, when most impressed be self possessed, at the end wax warm, and sit down in a storm."

Yvette Stockwell.

Grahamstown English Festival Report

"Who wants to listen to English Lectures in the holidays?" someone asked the nine of us before we left for the Grahamstown English Festival in July this year. We had no answer to this at the time and, indeed, we did feel rather like martyrs.

On the first day of July, a cold Sunday morning, we reported at Settlers' High School from where the "bus" which was taking some sixty school pupils from all over the Cape Peninsula to Grahamstown would leave. We were all expecting a grand luxury coach with a quadrophonic Hi-fi system and reclining chairs. We were horribly, horribly wrong. As we arrived at the school, we beheld our "luxury bus", and our hearts plummeted. There before us was a small, grey, humble relic from ages past, with a snub nose, the odd broken

pane, very hard iron seats, and an air of defeat surrounding it. We all piled in and sat down, as best we could, jammed tight.

Once we had set off, we started making tentative conversation with our fellow passengers, and within no time at all, we were all talking and laughing together.

After a bone-rattling twelve hours, we arrived at Wilderness, where we spent the night at an hotel. We set off again at 5.30 a.m. the next morning and arrived in Grahamstown at six o'clock that evening. (From this you may have gathered that our bus, later nicknamed "Reggie", was no rival for Jody Scheckter). The school children from all over the country stayed, for the duration of

the Festival, at the Rhodes University residences; there the rooms were very comfortable, and the food was delicious.

On Monday evening, all delegates attended the opening ceremony when prizes were awarded to the top fifteen candidates who had written the English Olympiad examination. Caroline Dowdle was third overall and the top girl in South Africa! Eight proud faces in the auditorium gleamed with pride at the announcement.

The English course began on the Tuesday, and was held at the Settler's Monument just outside Grahamstown. This building is a very beautiful one, very much like our Baxter complex, with two lecture theatres and a restaurant, in addition to a theatre and concert hall.

Our lectures were very well presented, as they were informative without being patronising, and our lecturers included well-known academics from overseas. Even though most of the set books that

were studied were not ours, the Herschel girls learnt much about the attitudes of writers, approaches to writing, and English literature in South Africa.

At night we saw play presentations of Shakespeare's works and "To Kill a Mocking-bird", performed by young actors from professional companies, and old Hitchcock films, so that we were not bored for a minute. On the last day, Friday, we saw, after the closing ceremony, Patrick Mynhardt's "Just Jerepigo"; this was, without a doubt, the highlight of the festival entertainment. One man was able to hold an audience of 500 schoolchildren spellbound, for about two hours, alternatively roaring with laughter and moved to tears.

After a wonderful week, we returned home by air with an answer to the question asked at the beginning of this report.

Caroline Dowdle, Yvette Stockwell.



CHOIR

- Back Row: Jane Dicey, Miriam Thomas, Philippa Gleimus, Tessa van Ryneveld, Nadine Gramann, Marjorie Filmer, Jenecke Post, Helen Dicey.
 Second Back Row: Amanda Robins, Carolyn Newton, Pamela Boyes, Shane Fairhead, Claire Grootendorst, Linda de Kock, Claire Hoyle, Lynne Moore, Susan Eve.
 Standing: Wendy Wilson, Christina Rideout, Philippa Jolly, Louise Morrissey, Belinda Pentz, Anne Meynell, Catherine Moll, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Lynn Stamper, Linda Bettison.
 Seated: Hillary Jooste, Fiona Fraser, Susan Cowie, Emily Morrissey, Caroline Dowdle (Assistant Choir Leader), Yvette Stockwell (Choir Leader), Shirley Glyn (Assistant Choir Leader), Bridget Longmore, Maryanne Marais, Leigh Mukheiber, Caroline Marten.

Choir Report

The varied activities of the choir this year have been both exciting and rewarding. It was a wonderful experience to join with the Philharmonic and Bishops Choirs in the performance of the War Requiem by Benjamin Britten at the Cape Town City Hall. The overseas conductor, Meredith Davies, directed the choirs and orchestra and soloists were the international soprano, Wendy Eathorne, Manuel Escorcio (tenor) and Andreas Haller (baritone).

Recently, the choir sang at the St Saviour's Church fete to the delight of hamburger-munchers and bargain buyers.

It goes without saying — the choir is versatile.

During the week prior to Christmas, the choir will be broadcasting a selection of carols. The date and time has yet to be confirmed.

Music Report

The school orchestra has, over the past two years, surged ahead by leaps and bounds, thanks to the hard work of Miss Harman.

The Junior School Choir, which was also restarted by Miss Harman, has performed at several school functions with great success. It is, therefore, with much regret that we take leave of Miss Harman, who is returning to England at the end of the year. — Let's hope it's "au revoir" and not "goodbye".

Many of the music students entered for practical

Several of the more senior members of the choir sang at the second wedding held in our school chapel, that of Gail Lomborg. Although crowded, the service was a very special one. Other weddings at which we have sung include those of Diana Longmore and Bridgid Twentymen-Jones and Jan Borton and then, of course, the truly Herschel wedding, when Sally-Ann Wells married Frank Silberbauer.

Special thanks to Miss Sweet and Mrs Dowdle for their very hard work, and to Miss Harman, who accompanied the choir when Mrs Dowdle was overseas. Thanks also to Caroline Dowdle and Shirley Glyn who have helped with choir work during the year.

Best wishes for next year.

Yvette Stockwell.
(Choir Leader).

and theoretical exams, both of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools and the University of South Africa. Special congratulations to Anne Meynell and Bridget Longmore (practical) and Maryanne Marais (Grade V theory).

It has been decided to have a quarterly "hour" of music, at which students must perform to parents and to one another. We hope that in the future more parents will be able to attend. "Play Well!"

Yvette Stockwell.

University of S.A. Piano Examinations

Grade V: Distinction — Bridget Longmore.

Grade VI: Merit — Anne Meynell.

Grade VII: Pass — Helen Dicey.

THEORY:

Grade V: Helen Dicey, Anne Meynell.

School Orchestra, '79

Violin, viola, cello ... flute, oboe, clarinet ... suddenly at the end of last year, I realised we had one or more girls learning each of these instruments, and therefore enough to start an orchestra. Whilst in London — home for Christmas — I headed straight for Novello's, and found exactly what I wanted — "Ten Pieces for the Young Orchestra" and "Four Easy Folk-tunes from Europe". Both were arranged for strings (two violins, viola and cello/and recorders (the parts of which can easily be played on the flute, oboe and — after a bit of transposition — the clarinet). I don't know what we would do without Mrs Longmore who comes so faithfully each week, adding her experienced musicianship and the odd squeak! — to the group.

From the very first meeting in January, the girls and some of the music staff have enjoyed working together. We started with a dozen players, and now have eighteen, including a percussion player! The music has not been too demanding, technically, giving the girls a chance to listen carefully to one another, for this is the main difficulty in playing together as a group for the

first time. But there's fun too — in trying out each other's instruments, before or after rehearsal — and once when no-one thought I was looking, I found two of the youngest players in combat — a dig in the ribs with the bow!

Our first informal performance was in the Music Room at the end of the second term. This was later followed by playing to the School in Assembly — just to let them know we existed! Since then, we have grown in confidence as well as size, and our first public performance is to be at the end of this term. My thanks to Miss Sweet for the use of her room, and to those Prep. girls in the orchestra who finish lessons earlier than we do at the Senior School, and arrange all the music stands and chairs before everyone else arrives for the rehearsal. Also, thanks to Miss Ruttle (another member of the music staff) who plays with the 'cellos and helps keep the string section in order. Are there any other members of staff with hidden talent who would like to come and join us?

Farewell — and good luck, orchestra.

A. Harman.

Herschel is Proud of her Prize Winners



HOER TAALBOND EXAMINATION 1978

For the first time in 50 years an English-medium school has won the F.S. Malan Trophy which is awarded to the school achieving the best results in the Cape Province. That school is Herschel. It is interesting to note that Herschel is only the second school in the Cape Peninsula to have won the award. Of further interest is the fact that even two Standard 9 girls, Alison Marr and Karen

Croome, passed the examination with distinction — an unusual feat at that level. Pictured from left to right are three of the four girls who achieved distinctions: Alison Marr, Karen Croome and Catherine Pikholtz (who is currently studying Medicine at U.C.T.). Lane van der Hoven, the fourth girl to do so, is at Stellenbosch University studying Law.



Caroline Dowdle was the only candidate in the Cape Peninsula to be placed among the top fifteen of the 900 candidates who wrote the national English Olympiad examination in March 1979. In July it became clear that Caroline had, in fact, won the Bronze Medal, and that she was the leading girl in South Africa in this field! What makes her achievement particularly notable is the fact that she prepared three novels by Charles Dickens for the open-book examination with its open-ended questions unaided. In addition to book-prizes, which Caroline (right) discusses here with Therese Herbert (left), a week-long stay in Grahamstown (with all expenses paid) enabling her to attend the 1820 Settlers' Monument English Festival formed the award.

Thérèse Herbert won the Cape Province section of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries' Schools Essay Competition. She wrote on "Do the material advantages of the executive life-style compensate for the pressures and conflicts in the home?" The judges described her essay as "lively, intelligent, amusing, fluently-written with cogent points well supported". The prize was a very useful cassette tape-recorder. Herschel received a sculpted trophy depicting a secretary bird and a key symbolising trust. In 1977 Thérèse won first prize in the Navy League Essay Competition.

Our sincere congratulations to both Caroline and Thérèse!



HEALTH PROGRAMME 1979

Leanne Carlyle's striking message "To stop croaking, stop smoking", conveyed to us in poster form, was her contribution to the annual Standard 5 health programme. Not surprisingly, Leanne's poster was widely considered to be the best one produced by the class.

HERSCHEL REACHES THE FINALS

Forum discussions form an integral part of oral communication work at Herschel. Yvette Stockwell (right) is seen here introducing her panel of speakers who represented the school in the annual S.A.C.E.E. forum discussion competition. The Herschel team won the first round of the competition held at Springfield Convent in April. As a result of this pleasing performance, Caroline

Dowdle, Yvette Stockwell and Louise Gray were invited to compete in the final round of a competition to choose a Western Province representative for the national Best Public Speaker contest held in July 1979.

From left to right: Clair Grootendorst, Caroline Dowdle, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Louise Gray and Yvette Stockwell (chairwoman).



Historical Society

The Historical Society is open to all students, and aims at making history "live" by showing films and organizing outings and lectures. We have been extremely busy this year, as each standard has been on a visit to some place of interest and has seen several short films.

The Matrics and the Standard Nines went on separate visits to the Houses of Parliament, where they watched with interest our country's leaders at work. The Standard Eights had a very historical walk around Simonstown and the Sevens spent a day in Tulbagh. The Sixes are planning a walk around Claremont, as the history of this area has been brought into their syllabus.

We showed the film "21 Hours at Munich" last term, and many girls attended. The History Clas-

ses have seen films on Napoleon, the Causes of the Second World War, the Unification of Italy, and many others.

The Standard Nines were much honoured to have our ex-librarian, Miss Tremble, to speak to them on "The Wall Street Collapse" and "Life in London during the Second World War." Both talks were very informative and had plenty of Miss Tremble's very special brand of humour.

The attendance at "21 Hours at Munich" was so encouraging that we are hoping to show at least one film per term in 1980.

Caroline Marten
Secretary.



HOUSE MAGAZINES 1979

These Standard 9 girls look with satisfaction at the fruits of their labours. For the second successive year the Merriman house magazine has taken the honours in the annual competition, thanks largely to the efficiency and originality of the editor, Clair Grootendorst. Seen discussing the merits of all three house magazines are, from

left to right: Mistene Maisel (Rolt), Leigh Mukheiber (Rolt), Clair Grootendorst (Merriman, seated), Marjorie Filmer (Jagger) and Suzanne Ackerman (Jagger). Several of these editors have suggested that the house magazines would gain in charm and interest if they were to be hand-written (and not typed) as in the early days of the annual competition!

Youth Leadership Seminar

For the first time this year, the Rotary Club of Table Bay organised a two-day Youth Leadership Seminar. It was held at St Stephen's Church Hall in Pinelands, on the 25th and 26th of September. The aim of the course was to provide potential leaders of tomorrow with an insight into what they would find when they were launched into the adult world. The course was exclusively for Standard Nine pupils. Herschel was represented by six girls, Claire Grootendorst, Lilian Dudley, Jane Dicey, Susan Burns, Meg van Niekerk and by me.

We were addressed on a variety of topics by experts in those fields. The talks included slides, films and various other interesting presentations. The speakers were very varied, as were their

topics. They included Rotarian Bert Pfuhl, on "Human Relations and Leadership", Mr George Young, a Cape Times journalist, on "Drugs and Alcohol as Crutches", Mr Raymond Ackerman, who I am sure needs no introducing, on "Decision Making", Advocate Pat Tebbutt, who recently spoke at the Sociological Club, on "Financial Management", Councillor Joan Kantey on "The Role of Women Today" and the well-known Western Province Rugby Captain, Morné du Plessis, on "Sport and Health" amongst many others.

We found the course very informative and enjoyable, with many amusing moments, and feel that it was a very worthwhile experience. We hope that it will be repeated in the forthcoming years.

Caroline Marten.

Fund-raising

This year the Standard 6B's raised R80,00 for the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. During the third term we held a raffle, and the prize for it was a huge hamper full of delicious foods. For weeks we sold tickets and in the end it was won by Carolyn Mayhew. This term we held a Health Sale, which was quite popular with all the dieters. We hope the P.D.S.A. will find a good use for this money.

CHARTY WORK IN STANDARD SIX

We have had a number of cake and sweet sales. The first cake-sale almost ended in a disaster, because a stream of ants attempted to invade the tins and boxes. The sweets, so kindly donated by Mr Banderker and Mr Khan, proved to be very popular, especially in the boarding house! These sales brought in R60,00, which we have given to the Tembaletu Day Centre which is a place where African children, suffering from cerebral palsy, are taught.

We also collected clothing for needy children in Cape Town, 500 articles were suitably placed by the "Save the Children Fund" Committee.

Mrs Stockwell sold Christmas cards for the same fund and raised R55,40. We have enjoyed being involved in this fund-raising and look forward to similar activities next year.

Erika Perry.

THE STD 7 THOMPSON FUNDRAISING

At 9 o'clock on Saturday, 27th October, Std 7 Thompson opened their Record Stall at the St Saviour's Church Fete.

We had collected 150 records from the Herschel girls and collected a total of R70.

Even though the weather was not very promising, Cheryl Hemingway, Sue and Lyn Stamper had a very busy day and sold the majority of the records. The remainder were donated to another fete.

We should like to thank all those who donated re-

THE SASKO COOKERY COMPETITION

On Tuesday 24 April, the SASKO cooking competition was held in Cavendish Square, Claremont. This is an annual event, with approximately 25 schools competing. It is held over 5 days. On each day, five schools compete, cooking a set menu in a specified time. Each school sends two cooks, and this year we were represented by Fiona McLennan and Joan Saunders. The contest is judged on taste and appearance of the food, as well as by the table decorations and the manner in which the cooks work. This year there were three judges, including Lesley Fauli of the Silwood Kitchen Cordon Bleu School, and Izak van Heerden, the SASKO Home Economist. Prizes are awarded to winning schools.

The annual SASKO cookery competition was held this year at Cavendish Square. This certainly made the task more difficult as passersby frequently stopped to give advice, correct our methods or ask us wonderingly what we were doing — this as I was frantically beating a pudding

cords and helped to make our stall so successful.

STANDARD 9 M.G.

In the first term Std 9 M.G. held a cake sale at the Rag Fete in aid of Rag as our fund-raising effort. This was decided rather suddenly, so the day before, a Friday, many of us became aware of it for the first time, with the result that a lot of late night baking was going on that night. Other members of the school also supplied cakes. About six of us served at the stall on the Saturday morning. All the cakes were sold and a total of R140,00 was made.

STANDARD 8 DANCE MARATHON

On Saturday, the 20th July, Standard 8LC held a dance marathon in the school hall. Virtually all of the girls danced for the full six hours. Refreshments and cakes were sold too. A photographer from the Argus took a picture of the girls dancing and this picture appeared in the Argus. This class managed to raise over R400 and they gave this money to the Argus Teach Fund.

8W

For our fund-raising effort, Std 8W decided to hold a "Civvies Day." Everyone had to pay 30 cents. The money went to the Saint Anthony's Creche. With part of the money we bought balls, colouring-in books, crayons, etc., which we took with us when we visited them at the beginning of the third term. The balance of the money was given to the creche for any other necessities. The children were very pleased with the gifts.

7B

Our class made two attempts at raising money for charity. Our first, a "guess the baby competition" was not as successful as it could have been. This was partly due to bad management and partly due to lack of support. Our second, a film show, went off smoothly except for the panicky second when we realized that the lens would not fit and had to get another one from Film Fun. We also had a cake sale. Altogether we made R50,00, and our choice of charity is the Bruce Duncan Home. Mandi Crutchley won our hamper which was the prize for our competition.

mixture. The remarks were varied and entertaining. Some people refused to believe that Joan had actually deboned a chicken, (which, thanks to Mr Kemio's expert advice, she had) and watched in horrified fascination as she stuffed the floppy skin and deftly sewed it up with a large needle and thread. The task of the competition is to cook a set menu in a specified time. We were lucky to keep the bread until the judges came, because several people, patting it as they asked us, wanted to know if it was for sale. Others tasted what we were making as we were making it. At the end, three judges, including Lesley Fauli of Silwood Kitchen and Izak van Heerden, the SASKO Home Economist, tasted what we had made. The competition went on for five days and on the last day, Jan van Riebeeck was placed first, with Bellville South second, and Rustenberg third. The competition was certainly a lot of hard work, for Mrs Kemio as well as ourselves, but it was also, I think, worth it as an experience.

Fiona McLennan and Joan Saunders.

THE J.S.E. INVESTMENT GAME

What do Herschel girls know about the Stock Exchange? Well, this year a group of interested matrics and their Maths teachers visited the brokers, Simpson, Frankel, Hern, Kruger, Inc., and Mr Frater kindly answered all our ignorant questions. After grasping the fundamentals we were then left to our own devices.

Two teams entered. Belinda Couzens and I started off enthusiastically, investing in copper, tin, clothing and engineering. The lure of becoming mining magnates encouraged us tremendously, so much so that within a few months our financial empire had grown from an initial R10 000 to R14 449. This growth earned us 32nd place out of 412 but unfortunately with no tangible form of remuneration.

Georgie Frater.



1979 LATIN QUIZ

The cold, crisp weather on the evening of the 25th July seemed ideal for stimulating the brains of the Herschel girls who were to participate in the Latin Quiz at Springfield Convent. What we did not realise was that it would freeze our arms in more ways than one!

All the contestants were sedately seated and the Quiz Master started firing his salvo of questions. It was a case of the first to raise an arm, was the first to answer the question.

Unfortunately, the boys from Jan van Riebeeck High School were definitely superior when it came to arm-raising. It was the one time that I wished that Miss Kable had given us a few extra sessions of P.T. There was a nasty suspicion in my mind that these boys also thought (very erroneously, of course) they were superior in Brain Power too.

Sadly, I have to relate that despite all the swotting from the books recommended by Mrs Thompson, we only came third. However, we definitely "shone" in the more sensible and, of course, the more difficult questions. After the Quiz, Springfield Convent provided a very scrumptious tea and fellowship was enjoyed by all. The Herschel team consisted of Joanne Hvidsten from Standard 6, Katherine Dicey from Standard 7 and me from Standard 8.

Diana Diamond.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHURCH CHRONICLE 1904 ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

Amid all the vexed questions of education that of the proper physical exercises for girls occupies a very important place. There is no real doubt that in this instance there is a very real danger of the pendulum of emancipation swinging too far ...

As regards the lengths towards which advocates of sports for girls will go, we had in Melbourne this year instances where sack races, long jump, and so forth were held in public. Now, is this for mere muscular development sake, or is it for the general improvement of women? From both an anatomical and physiological point of view girls are inevitably handicapped where athletic games are concerned. While we approve of lawn tennis, at cricket and running girls must first completely re-arrange the formation of their body. Their arms and legs are so fashioned that as long as they conform to a feminine type, excellence in these departments is denied to them. We would ask the teachers of our girls to impress upon them the fact that a masculine woman is just as repugnant as an effeminate man.

Contributed by Canon C. T. Wood.

Anthony Powell: A Profile

A prizewinning entry in the English Association of South Africa's literary competition 1979. Subject: "A Profile, 1 000 words in length, on any living author writing in English."

Anthony Powell is now over seventy, an age at which famous novelists begin to write their *Memoirs*. The jacket of his first volume depicts a smooth-cheeked, immaculate Etonian, undistinguished but for a quizzical lift to the side of the mouth; the second jacket features the two ground-floor windows of the London lodgings where the young writer spent his formative years. The *Memoirs* themselves reveal a self-effacing Anthony Powell, growing unobtrusively into a novelist from unlikely beginnings. Only offspring of a distinguished but disappointed army officer father and a mother vaguely interested in the occult, he was sent, eccentrically, after Eton, not to Sandhurst but to Oxford. Thereafter it was arranged that he should learn publishing at Gerald Duckworth's. Alone in lodgings in Shepherd's Market he divided his spare time between voracious reading and sorties into a world of debutante balls, from the vapidness of which he escaped into the bohemian world of Mayfair pubs. At the end of seven years he had three fairly successful novels to his credit, and the foundations of his magnum opus, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, had been laid.

Just such a young man, still further underplayed, is Nicholas Jenkins, the unobtrusive, compassionately observing hero of this sequence of twelve novels. Like Powell he writes books, belongs to both "Society" and "Bohemia" — happily married in the one — friends in the other, trusted confidant of both; and he witnesses the disintegration of each through the Second World War and its aftermath.

But this is to suggest a limitation on *A Dance to the Music of Time* whose theme is not confined to the visible realities of the twentieth century. The *Memoirs*, interesting, witty, beautifully written are a pale shadow of the imaginative reality of the fiction. In the course of conversation with the tempestuous character, X. Trapnel, of *Books Do Furnish a Room*, tenth novel in the sequence, Jenkins deplores the egotism of novelists — "their sheer egotism makes them altogether unreadable," he says. But this is to draw Trapnel, who has just proclaimed that the novel is true because it is invented: "The biographer, even at his best," he says, "can only be tentative, empirical — the autobiographer is imprisoned by his own egotism — but the novelist is god, creating the man — the man, created in his own image, provides information about the god." This is Anthony Powell speaking, Proust-like, in the persons of both Jenkins and Trapnel, as he does in so many of his characters, who speak to or in the hearing of a faintly surprised Jenkins, in their own idiom, utterly convincing however outrageous their behaviour, like life, but larger than life. This is the first essential of great fiction.

If we consider the second essential to be 'accessibility at many levels', X. Trapnel gives paradoxical

expression to that too: "Reading novels needs almost as much talent as writing them," he declares. *A Dance to the Music of Time* is so deliciously funny, so rich in comic incident, in deplorable, loveable, detestable characters that one does not have to be very talented to enjoy it. Yet the more one reads these novels, particularly in sequence, the more one realises and admires the fund of literary, artistic, philosophical understanding which contributes to its marvellous wholeness. At each reading one is delighted by the aptness and the depth of some throw-away reference. Scholars may agonise for centuries over this work — as a portrait of the times, of the English, of London, of the human condition; may trace art and literature references ad infinitum; in a sense the process has already begun with Hilary Spurling's splendid *Handbook to Anthony Powell's Music of Time*.

The title and hence the theme were inspired by Nicolas Poussin's painting of the same name. Widely read as he is, Anthony Powell's preference is, as his scholarly "John Aubrey and his Friends" suggests, for the seventeenth century, Poussin's own period. He was also engaged, while at Duckworth's, in an edition of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a work which caught and held his imagination for life. Burton's conception of Melancholy, a combination of the physical condition known at the time as 'black choler' and an inexplicable perturbation of mind, pervades *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Nick Jenkins wrote a book about Burton, *Hellibore and Borage*, taking its title from herbal cures for 'black choler', and a variety of Powell characters suffer from Burton's 'Melancholy': there are the endearing, cello-playing, amateur psychologist General Conyers, who owes something to Powell's own father, the composer Morland, whose experiences correspond here and there to those of his friend Constant Lambert, poor suicidal MacIntick in his bleak Pimlico lodgings or Erridge, Earl of Warminster, social revolutionary turned recluse — and to the monstrous Widmerpool and Pamela Flitton who dominate the later books. Indeed Widmerpool is omnipresent throughout the work, but Pamela was niece to his initial tormentor, the charmer Stringham, who dominates the early books, as Steerforth dominates *David Copperfield*. Of the outrageous marriage between the loathsome Widmerpool, despised outsider at school and laughingstock of deb balls, who turns up, relentlessly ambitious in high places ever after, and the devilishly destructive Pamela, Jenkins observes: "Did she and Widmerpool in some manner supplement each other, she supplying a condition he lacked — one Burton would have called Melancholy?"

A Dance to the Music of Time is too funny to be sad, but it is not wit alone which banishes melancholy. It has that third essential of great fiction, catharsis. The final volume shows the devils that beset youth assuaged, black magic like industrial destruction cut down to size, and it closes with the splendid passage from Burton, which the young Powell had copied for future reference into an octavo dummy at Duckworth's half a century before, while an elderly Nick Jenkins tends his winter bonfire, *Hearing Secret Harmonies*.

Barbara McCormick.

Sports Activities

TENNIS REPORT

Captain: Ruth Butters
Vice-Captain: Sandra Nichol

The first team came across very strong competition in their league matches, and unfortunately could be relegated to a lower league. They are to play Westerford in a promotion-relegation match early in the fourth term, and this match will determine which league they will play in, during the 1980 season.

It was, however, a very successful season for the

other teams, and the U-15 B and D teams are to be promoted.

On the morning of the Open Inter-Schools Tennis, the players were frustrated by the rain. When it stopped raining for a moment, everyone was out with the squeezees, but another downpour caused the tennis to be cancelled.

The U-15 Inter-Schools Tennis was far more enjoyable and successful. It was also extremely exciting, as Herschel came second. Congratulations to all the players.



OPEN TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Gail Robinson, Dianne Newton, Tanya Honig, Toni Beck, Alison Bowley.
Seated: Sandra Nichol, Ruth Butters (Capt.), Nici Deal.



UNDER 15 TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Shona Commins, Jackie Batchelor, Jackie Rathfelder, Anne Meynell, Cherie Waitfield.
Seated: Amanda de Villiers, Lindsay Jones (Capt.), Chloë Ovenstone.



OPEN HOCKEY TEAM

Mandy Scott, Susan Rowland, Georgie Frater, Marjorie Filmer, Fleur Hanekom, Chloë Ovenstone, Kate Saunders.
Seated: Tanya Honig, Debbie Partridge (Capt.), Miss L. Kable, Ruth Butters, Belinda Couzens.

HOCKEY REPORT

Captain: Debbie Partridge.

Vice-Captain: Ruth Butters.

Our hockey season this year has been very successful, especially for the First, Third and U15 A teams. The first team enjoyed the season in the first league, and came fourth out of a possible eight positions. The third team did very well in the first half of the season to win their league and be placed in a higher league. The U-15 A should be specially commended for tying for first position with Rustenburg in the U-15 Inter-Schools Tournament.

Colours are held by Debbie Partridge and Ruth Butters, and congratulations to these girls for playing for the Western Province Schools team.

The following girls are commanded on their invitation to the Western Province Trials: Georgie Frater, Tanja Honig and Mendi Scott.

I think that the successful hockey season was a result of the hard work and enthusiasm of Miss Kable and the girls. We thank Miss Kable for her enthusiastic coaching and hard work, and hope that Herschel players enjoy hockey next year as much as we have this year.

The parents played against their daughters on a hot Sunday morning last term. The girls made a commendable effort, but were no match for their determined, unscrupulous, and sometimes very competent parents. An excellent tea between the matches, made the morning even more enjoyable.



UNDER 15 HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Kathy Smit, Maggie du Toit, Cecily Littleford, Hillary Jooste.
 Centre: Tisa van der Hoorn, Jackie Rathfelder, Nadine Gramann, Grace Maclean, Robyn Cooper.
 Seated: Louise Morrissey, Anne Meynell (Capt.), Miss L. Kable, Toni Beck, Gillian Parker.



OPEN NETBALL TEAM

Standing: Shona Commins, Mary Jooste, Deirbhle Mannion, Susan Hollinshead, Jackie Batchelor.
Seated: Tina Louw (Capt.), Mrs Hudson, Rosemary Fletcher.

NETBALL REPORT

Captain: Tina Louw

Vice-Captain: Rosemary Fletcher

Although Netball is not one of Herschel's main sports, the teams have made pleasing progress. The First Team played well in the first league and badges were awarded to Rosemary Fletcher, Susan Hollinshead, Deirbhle Mannion and Shona Commins. Tina Louw and Shona Commins were chosen for the W.P. Trials.

The Under 15A team played extremely well this season, winning all but one match in their league. Both the Under 15 B and C teams played well, and the Under 15B team qualified for the semi-finals in the Inter-Schools competition.

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



UNDER 15 NETBALL TEAM

Standing: Robyn Cooper, Jackie Rathfelder, Linda Merrington, Maggie du Toit, Wendy Sharpley.
Seated: Chloë Overstone (Capt.), Mrs Hudson, Toni Beck.

SWIMMING REPORT

Captain: Michèle Jacobson.
Vice-Captain: Fiona McLennan.

Once again we have had an enjoyable and successful season. We did well in our usual Friday afternoon galas, and the season culminated in the exciting inter-schools gala at Newlands. Herschel came third overall, winning the U-14 section and being placed second to Rustenburg by 3 points in the U-16 section. We came third in the Open section. It was good to see and hear the tremendous school spirit.

Congratulations to Monique Biebuyck for qualifying for the Western Province Schools team and for being chosen as Swimmer of the Year. She was also awarded colours for swimming.

Naturally, the most exciting event of the year was the Inter-House Gala. Rolt excelled themselves and won the gala by two points. Jagger's house spirit is to be commended, and Merriman, although their spirit is good, were again defeated. Congratulations to the girls who won cups at the gala, and very special congratulations to the present Matric class, who won the Inter-Class relay for the fifth time!

Diving continued on Thursday afternoons and the Herschel team was placed second in the Inter Schools Gala. The Inter-House Competition was again won by Rolt and the School Championships were won by Monika Oelz. We thank Miss Kable for her training and enthusiasm, and wish everyone luck for 1980.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Mandy Scott, Jackie Rathfelder, Moira Mannion, Monique Biebuyck, Nicki Deal, Jane Dicey, Fleur Hanekom.

Second Back Row: Jane Johnson, Monika Oelz, Grace Maclean, Tisa van der Hoorn, Tanya Landless, Caroline Mayhew, Kate Saunders, Robyn Cooper, Jackie Kilcullen.

Standing: Caroline Lanfear, Melanie Godfrey, Rosemary Fletcher, Katy Brossy, Nadine Gramann, Gillian Parker, Joan Saunders, Deirbhle Mannion, Mary Jooste.

Seated: Cecily Littleford, Jill Fouche, Kate Hudson, Fiona McLennan, Miss Kable, Rowena Evans, Anna Abdy, Faith Knight, Cathy Marr.

Absent: Michele Jacobson (Capt.)



DIVING TEAM

Tanya Landless, Mary Jooste, Monika Oelz.



A SQUASH TEAM

Standing: Susan Davies, Rosemary Fletcher.
Seated: Fleur Hanekom, Ruth Butters (Capt.),
Meg van Niekerk.



B SQUASH TEAM

Standing: Jackie Rathfelder, Tisa van der Hoorn.
Seated: Mandy Scott, Susan Burns, Jackie
Kilcullen.

SQUASH REPORT

Captain: Ruth Butters
Squash has become so popular at Herschel that in winter terms it has become necessary to use public courts. Herschel has joined the boys' squash league, but this has not been very successful as many other commitments intervened.

The W.P. Squash team included three Herschel girls — Meg van Niekerk, Ruth Butters and Fleur Hanekom. However, the highlight of the season was the Interschools tournament in which Herschel beat Rustenberg 4-1 in the finals, Meg

van Niekerk pulling off an exciting win against the W.P. Number 2 player.

Jill Eckstein selected the following people for squad training: Meg van Niekerk, Fleur Hanekom, Marie-Louise van der Hoorn, Jackie Rathfelder, Jackie Kilcullen; and for the Under 13 squad, Cate Hudson.

In the school championships, Susan Burns beat Susan Davies in the Under 16 section, and after an extremely good game, Ruth Butters won the Open section, beating Meg van Niekerk.

ACTION — SPORT



Province players at practice.

Debbie Partridge and Ruth Butters.



Stop it at all costs! Georgie Frater.



Showing the game. Meg van Niekirk.



Mary Jooste.



Slice it! — Ruth Butters

MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

The Mountain Club has been more active this year, thanks to Miss Kable's organisation and the help of Mr and Mrs Fletcher. Many boarders and some day girls have spent enjoyable Sundays climbing. The outings, mainly on Table Mountain, are always good fun, and I am sure that all the boarders are grateful to Miss Way for the lunches she has supplied, as we are usually hungry when we arrive at the top.

Although the climbs may be hot and tiring, and leave us with aching muscles, the feeling of achievement at the end makes it worth the effort.

Jane Yeats.



At the peak — Devils.



Wet Walk — Bainskloof area.



Shelter — Bainskloof area.



Table Mountain — Debbie Koster.

Original Work

THE ICE-CREAM MAN

The tinkle of his little bell signifies to us ever-hungry schoolgirls the presence of the ice-cream man. The delight and joy at the thought of an ice-cold lolly on a very hot day, is great. His welcoming face, with the thought of giving us pleasure, adds to our enjoyment. His brown eyes are always full of love and happiness.

On a cold day he looks so forlorn and one wonders what sort of family he has. I have a feeling that he is a very kind father as he is so patient with us chattering children peering into his cart, and I think that deep in his heart he must realize what pleasure he gives us. Every day without fail he pushes his cart of frozen ice lollies through our school gates, bringing with him joy and happiness. He sits and watches us playing and talking, as we lick the sweet taste from his ice lollies.

Jackie Kilcullen, Std VI.

IMPULSE

Christmaas!

The hurried bustle of shoppers,
Assistants attempting everything at once.
I was waiting for my parcel to be wrapped.
"Fifty cents please", an impertinent voice grated.
I gave her a rand.
Hastily she pressed the change into my hand.
I glanced down and saw
That instead of the expected fifty-cent piece,
There was a rand.
It winked at me wickedly,
As if to say "Do it!"
My mind leapt,
My feet moved across the floor
Like greased lightning.
My head whirled,
I tried not to think.
But today, a long while after,
My mind still prickles with shame and disgust
At the decision I made that day.

Kerynne French, Std VI.

FEAR

Fear is a prison,
A song that beats without stopping on your ear-drums.
A cold, white torture chamber,
A blot of black ink on blotting paper
that spreads into a bigger and bigger mass of dark fear.
Fear dulls your happiness and awareness of beauty.
It holds you tight in boiling fingers which ice your blood.
It is a thick sludge
That swallows you up into uneasiness and panic.
Fear is a cruel and hateful thing,
It makes you realise
that peace of mind is a joy.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std VI.

EK HOU BAIE VAN DIE HERFS

Ek woon op 'n plaas in die Kaap. As die herfs kom, is ek altyd baie bly. Ek hou daarvan omdat dit nie vreeslik warm of koud is nie. Ons het baie bome op ons plaas en as die wind waai, dan val die mooi blare op die grond. Ek het 'n groot boek waarin ek die geel en rooi blare plak.

As die herfs kom, dan begin my ma konfyt en droëwors te maak. Ek hou baie daarvan om haar daarmee te help. Al die kuikens raak koud gedurende die nagte, dus slaap hulle in 'n mandjie langs ons stoof. Terwyl hulle daar sit, sit ons voor die groot vuur. Elke aand brei my ma. Sy brei trui vir die hele gesin. Ons gaan ook na die stad toe om wintersklere te koop as die herfs kom.

Ek is ses jaar oud en my vriendin, wat op die plaas langs ons s'n woon, is ook ses. Haar naam is Bettie en ons is groot maats. Ons kan die hele dag buite speel as dit herfs is, want dit word nie vreeslik warm of koud nie. Een keer in die herfs het ons so lank saam gespeel dat sy nie gesien het dat dit donker word nie; sy wou nie alleen huis toe loop nie, dus het haar ma haar toegelaat om by ons oor te slaap. Dit was baie lekker en nou probeer sy altyd om laat te wees sodat sy by ons kan oorbly.

Ons familie kom gedurende die herfs om ons op die plaas te besoek. Dit is vir my baie lekker, want dan kan ek saam met al my neefs en niggies speel. 'n Groot klomp van ons klim berg langs ons plaas. As my ouma kom, bring sy altyd vir my 'n present. Verlede jaar het sy vir my 'n pop en twee boeke gebring.

Ek hou baie van die weer, die blare, die mense wat kom kuier, en al die ander dinge wat in die herfs gebeur. Daarom hou ek van die herfs.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std VI.



Mary Jooste, Std VIII.

POLLUTION

Grey fingers of smog
Creep through the polluted streets.
Dirty dustbins,
Yellowing paper,
Lie in the path.

Stagnant puddles
Filled with garbage
Litter the streets.

Cars roar past
Leaving a putrid smell
Of burning oil
Behind them!
Pollution sends her dirty
Slaves over the once
Beautiful city!

Shelley Mackay-Davidson, Std VI.

FEAR

It comes creeping
To envelop
Your mind
In a cloud of black
Clutching
At your existence.

Sonya Bester, Std VI.

THE TRAMP

Tall and gaunt, the tramp has lines of wisdom etched on his face. Although his lifetime occupation has been scratching in dustbins, he has the bearing of a gentleman. With gentle well formed hands he picks up and caresses an abandoned dog with loving, quiet tenderness.

His good-looking face is partly hidden by long matted hair, its colour masked by years of neglect. His eyes are tired, sad and drooping, bloodshot from years of liquor. His skin, uncared for, is wrinkled and lined. He always has a cigarette stump in his mouth, and he has small black stubs where teeth once were. His clothes are 1952 Army kit. His trousers are shin length with a few gaudy patches sewn onto them and he has on a pair of odd socks. His shoes are old army boots with two great holes where the heels used to be. They used to be black but now they are a light, dusty grey. His shirt is long with many holes and the elbows are totally worn through. It is held together with pieces of rusting wire. On top of his filthy hair he props an old wide-brimmed leather hat which is his oldest and most valuable possession.

He sleeps wherever he can find a place, sometimes on a rotting park bench, and in winter in a dirty subway.

As I watched him rummage through a paper bag I realised how undemanding and harmless the tramp really is.

Cate Hudson, Std VI.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

It all started when I finally managed to persuade my father that my room needed redecorating. "It is embarrassing to bring my friends into a room that has Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse on the walls," I tried patiently to explain, while my father looked astonished and said, "But it was because of you we put Walt Disney cartoons on the wall." I said hopefully "Dad, I was five — now I am fifteen." My father finally agreed that five and ten made fifteen and that one changes mentally during those ten years, and that I couldn't stick "ABBA" over my walls, as Donald Duck's feet sticking out from John Travolta, would look queer, to put it mildly!

One Saturday, my father appeared in my room in his army trousers and rugby jersey, with my sister's new Cordon Bleu apron on top of his rugby jersey. He lugged with him a big roll of flowery wall paper which was the cheapest he had been able to find. Unfortunately, it looked like it. I told him the wall paper itself was sticky and we did not need the one tube of 'Bostik' he had bought. My sister came in carrying the kitchen stool and told my father in so many words to "get out of my best apron!" My father took the apron and his rugby jersey off and cut a small piece of wall paper with my manicure scissors, when I was kissing my favourite picture of Donald Duck good-bye. He cautiously got on top of the kitchen stool and tried to stick a daffodil onto the ceiling. By this time I was too flabbergasted to do anything but push my father off the kitchen stool, pull the daffodil off the ceiling and scream tearfully "I don't want wall paper on the ceiling."

I spent the morning pulling bits of wall paper off the wall and convincing my father that it was not necessary to cut wall paper with garden clippers as a razor blade would do it. At lunchtime I was fed up with the whole affair and, when my father reappeared, I told him I loved Mickey Mouse too much to part with him and that it was not really worth carrying on as we had one roll of wall paper still intact and a whole room to do. Maybe my mother and sister voiced my opinion of the morning when they said in unison as they gazed at the six dustbins overflowing with wall paper, "What a disaster!"

Susan Hammond, Std VII.

MY ISLAND

Come with me to my dream island, the island of tranquillity. If ever I need to get away from the bustle and worries of my life this is where I would go. Follow me through this paradise and find out if you too need a place of quiet and rest.

The clear water ripples onto the golden sand spilling out rainbow-coloured shells. In the translucent water, seaweeds sway and multicoloured fish swim at random among the rocks and weeds. No footsteps other than ours mar the windswept sand. A number of sentinel palm trees stretch their arms to the hazy blue sky, guarding the entrance to this paradise.

Leaving the heat behind, we enter the quiet green gloom of the forest. Above us tower the trees forming a canopy by extending their arms as if

to embrace each other. Monkey ropes, like lifeless snakes, entwine themselves amongst the greenery. On the forest floor we see the struggle for survival: plants strangle and choke each other in their eternal efforts to reach the light. During the heat of the day, the animals slumber to the crooning lullaby of the birds. The forest thins and we stand once more in the dazzling sunlight.

Before us towers a mountain, with jagged rocks and crevices, which give the impression that an unseen force has carved and moulded this huge giant to perfection. Below, at our feet, a flock of boulders graze like sheep. The green forest forms a Persian carpet and the trees and flowers add colour to this carpet fit for a Czar. The distant sea sparkles and the waves play catch — catch onto the beach. All round we see the beauty of nature.

Rested and renewed in spirit by the peacefulness of my island, you and I are now ready to leave this fantasy and to return once more to reality. Everyday problems no longer seem insurmountable.

Catherine Hales, Std VII.

THOSE HUMAN BEINGS

They are somewhat strange — these creatures called Humans. Some are kind and loving, while others are cruel and thoughtless — quite a mixture. There really are not two alike. I often sit and watch, quite perplexed at all the things they do. When I was very young, it was at times, just all too much for me and I would roll over and fall asleep, but now that I am older, I have learned to play my part in their different world.

They must get so tired of using two feet instead of four. I have tried it but can't manage for long. Also, they seem to do nothing but eat and talk with their mouths. It all seems so stupid to me. I do wish they would try to use their mouths for carrying things. Mouths are so useful. I can carry a ball in mine or the newspaper or anything else that I feel like picking up. Why don't humans chew nice logs of wood? All they do is use them for burning. Oh, well! I suppose they are very different.

I am a lucky dog and live with those humans called kind and loving. The oldest in our house is Grandpa and I think he is my favourite. Although he is always so kind to everyone, especially me, for he is always giving me tit-bits, he always seems to be in trouble. He either sits too much or sleeps too much or is getting into trouble for over-feeding me. It is all very difficult to understand.

Next in the family is my master. He is called "dad" and I am fond of him. When he comes home in a bad mood, I know at once that I should keep right out of the way and scurry behind my favourite chair. Mother is kind and feeds me, and this is a very important part of my day as I love food. This is one time of the day when she talks to me and pets me on the head — quite an odd habit, but I think I like it.

There are two small humans in our house called children. They play with me and I do so enjoy company. My humans realise this but my friend up the road gets so lonely, because she is shut outside all day so she often visits me. We sometimes dig holes together and then are not too popular at all. Holes are such useful things to lie in when it's hot. When I am chased from one of my holes I usually dash inside straight on to my favourite bed, but strangely enough that seems to land me in more trouble. I make dirty marks all over the clean floors. Mother gets very angry as she has to clean them.

I do bark often but these humans find my language difficult to understand. I expect if I could talk we would all understand one another better.

Susan Bowley, Std VII.

THE WHEEL

I sat on the hill just outside my cave, wondering what I could do. Having not yet reached the age of fifteen winters, I was too young to join my father and brother hunting the wild boars and other animals common in the thickly-wooded area we lived in. However, I felt I was too old to carry on helping my mother in the fields, so today I had sneaked away, having bullied the two youngest members of the family into working in my place. Now I would have been glad of anything to occupy myself, so I set my brain to work.

Suddenly I jumped up. What an excellent idea! I would chip some stones into arrowheads for my father. I ran up to the cave, past a thick fur stretched tautly on a rock, being dried for someone to wear in the winter. (They are very cold, although my grandfather says that many years ago the whole world was covered in ice all year through). Once in the cave, I looked about for some suitable stones. Soon I was once again outside, chipping carefully at a small rock. My patience began to wear thin when, time and again, the sharp point I made would be chipped off by a careless slip of mine. It was the last straw when this happened for the tenth time. With an exclamation of rage I hurled it down the hill. Then, as I watched it rolling over and over, my frustration was forgotten as a new thought came into my head. Wouldn't a round rock roll much better?

A few hours later I had one ready. This rock, I found, I could roll uphill as well as down hill. I decided to make a bigger one but abandoned it in favour of using an old tree-stump. It wouldn't be so much work rolling it uphill and it had an already round shape which I could make smoother if I wanted to. I cast my eyes around for a suitable stump. There was none to be found. At last I found one at the back of the cave among the twigs for the fire. It was only a matter of minutes before I had chopped off the end to use for rolling.

Then I thought how much easier it would be to have some hand-hold on the wood to push it with. After some deliberating I decided to make a hole in the centre of the wooden circle and insert into it a small branch. Then I could hold onto the projecting ends on either side without having to change my grip every time the wood

had completed a revolution. I was experimenting with this when I heard someone call: 'Sullal! It's mealtime!' I turned around. There stood my very irate mother. Without a word I hurried to the cave, sat down with the others and began eating. My mind, however, was still on that word. What should I call it? I searched for a word. A 'wole'. A 'wheel'? That had a nice turning sound to it. A wheel! But what could I use it for? Nothing. I have just thrown my 'wheel' away in a corner. 'Sullal! Go to the stream to get some water!'

'Yes, mother!' Oh, how I wish I had something to take me there!

Katherine Dicey, Std VII.

TRYING TO WRITE AN ESSAY WHEN ONE CANNOT WRITE AN ESSAY

The problem is not actually the lack of a subject — I can think of only too many — but that my story-spinning faculties seem to have undergone a temporary freeze. Let us pick at random any one of the various titles I considered for half an hour last night. For instance: Water.

I immediately change this to 'The Sea', which is further transformed into 'A sea-shore on a rainy day'. It would require a Boris Pasternak or Dostoevsky to do justice to such a gloomy subject, but I plunge bravely on. Firstly, atmosphere — the keynote here is grey. There are no human beings about, but the signs of them are everywhere (oil, litter, dirty sand). At this stage a lonely figure dressed all in black enters the scene — and the title changes to 'Suicide on the Bridge'.

The question here is whether to model the style on O. Henry or Dickens. Dickens has a suitable bridge in 'Tale of Two Cities', very dark and dirty. Tone: dark brown. This would have to be very serious and deeply felt to be successful. Perhaps O. Henry would be better. He would have a touch of comedy. I would model it on a story in which a man is going to commit suicide because of his dull, persistent cough. However, I could never duplicate one of his superb endings, but I can easily write as well as Dickens — at his worst. So I shall write in the Dickens style, something reflecting on the ultimate end of humans and indeed, all life.

No, that is too deep and ambitious? Ambitious? But I dislike the subject anyhow. Something light, is my decision. A simple, plain story.

What about the Gothic romance story? This was one I wrote for 'Flight', all about this descendant of a murdered German countess going back into the past and being murdered again. Of course, just as the knife is about to be plunged into her back, she comes back into the present. This story I rejected because it was too much in the Victoria Holt style — and anyhow, I have written something similar for 'Flight'.

Well, I have written my essay without any effort — which I think is a great advancement for mankind. After all, man is always looking for more ways in which to do things without using any effort or thought.

Natasha Theophilou, Std VII.

MENSE

Wat is mense? Hoe lyk hulle? Waar woon hulle? Wat is hulle?

Mense is diere wat duisende eeue gelede in hierdie wêreld gebore is. Hulle is diere omdat hulle uit die aap ontstaan het. Die eerste mense was net soos ape en het op vier pote geloop. Toe het hulle geleer hoe om regop te staan en hulle het op twee voete geloop. Hulle het al hoe meer regop gestaan totdat hulle vandag penoerent staan, behalwe dié wat krom gebore is.

Die eerste mense het in grotte gewoon en gedurende die Yseeu het hulle in sneeuhuse gewoon. Toe het hulle in tente gebly en later het hulle geleer hoe om bome af te kap en hulle het in hout-huse gewoon. Nou woon hulle in huise wat van bakstene en sement gemaak is.

In die begin het hulle diere geëet. Toe het hulle vis gevang en dit oor 'n vuur gaargemaak. Voorheen het hulle die vleis rou geëet. Toe het hulle ook bessies, vrugte en groente geëet. Hulle het niks gekweek nie, maar net die kos wat hulle gevind het wat in die veld gegroei het, geëet. Vandag kweek hulle baie vrugte, groente en koringsoorte op die plase. Hulle het ook baie beeste op die plase.

Mense doen verskillende dinge. Party van hulle werk op plase; ander werk in fabriek; ander werk in kantore of winkels. Mense werk ook in hospitale en party van hulle werk alleen.

Wat is 'n mens? 'n Mens is 'n diere wat baie van homself dink.

Gaydrey Browne, Std VII.

'n UITVERKOPING!

"Haai," sê ek vir my vriendin Denise, "kyk hier."

Sy leun oor my skouer. "Wat?" sê sy. "n Advertensie vir 'n uitverkoop by Stuttafords. Omdat dit ons honderdste verjaarsdag is, sal ons alles verkoop so goedkoop soos dit 'n honderd jaar gelede was."

Denise spring skielik op van haar stoel af en so vinnig as wat sy kan, storm sy uit die kamer. Ek hardloop agter haar aan.

"Wat makeer jou?" vra ek.

"Ek bel my kêrel om ons in sy nuwe motor daarheen te neem." Sy hardloop na die telefoon en begin bel.

"Goed dan," sê ek, "ek sal net 'n bietjie geld gaan haal." "Nee," sê Denise, "Stefaan sal vir ons die dinge koop." Ek stem saam met haar.

Een uur later is ons in Stefaan se ou rammelkas. "Vinniger, man, vinniger!" skree Denise in Stefaan se oor. Hy trap 'n bietjie harder. Ons ry twintig kilometer per uur omdat dit so vinnig is as wat die motor kan ry. Stefaan se ouers het vir hom 'n motor gegee, maar ongelukkig het hulle hom 'n 1901-Austin gegee sodat hy veilig sal wees. Ons sien 'n groot klomp vroumense in die verte.

"Dis die plek," sê Stefaan. Hy probeer vinniger ry, maar kan nie. Skielik val 'n meisie se poppie in die pad. Stefaan probeer om te stop, maar die remme werk nie. Daar kom 'n geluid van die linkerkantse voorwiel. Die rammelkas stop.

"Dis te laat, jou simpele ding," mompel Stefaan vir die motor.

Die meisie skree: "Mums! kyk wat hulle gedoen het." Ons vertrek voor haar moeder kon kom en vyf minute later is ons by die winkel.

Toe sien ons 'n plakaat: "Alles verkoop. Winkel gesluit!"

Katherine Dacey, Std VII.

XHOSA UKUGEADA AMAGANDA

Ndifuna ukugcada amaqanda. Kuqula ndithatha ipani, ndize ndigalele amafutha epanini. Ndiibetha iqanda nesitya ndiqhekese iqanda esityeni. Ndivetha iqanda ndilibeke epanini. Ndzamisa iqanda ndiliguqule. Ngoku ndithatha isitya ndiphakele iqanda esityeni. Ndifefeza ityuwa nepepile eqandeni ndiliteye.

I want to fry eggs. Firstly I take the pan, then I pour the oil into it. I take the egg and dish and break the egg into it. I then beat the egg and place it in the pan. I stir and turn the egg. Now, I take the plate, and dish up the egg onto it. I then salt and pepper the egg and eat it.

Lisa Lynne, Std VII.

MOODS SERENITY

Lemon-scented rain
falling. Gentle squeals
of puppies awkward on
their feet. Tinsel-coloured
winter days, avenues and
meadow. Marshmallow worlds
of children playing carefree
in their childhood days.
Waves cavorting on the sand
serene in its own way.

Juliette Salamon, Std VIII.

BIG AND SMALL

That fire which
burnt up so many
lives

was only started
by one small
spark

Sally Edwards, Std VIII.

UBUHLE BENTABA

Ndiyakuthanda ukuhamba entabeni kuba kuthule apho. Apho kukho izilo ezininzi kodwa abantu abekho. Ndiyazithanda izilo. Umntu angabukela iimbila nemivundla zibaleka. Iintaka ezitsholozayo emthini zizihlambe emlanjeni. Ingxangxasi iwela esizibeni apho kukho amasele nentlanzi equbha. Isela elikhulu lilwa nentlanzi encinci. Isela lifuna ukuyitya. Ndiyonga ixesha. Kusemva kwemint. Ubuhle bokutshona kwelanga bundenza ndozele, ndolale.

Translation:

I like to walk on a quiet mountain where there are many animals and no people. I love the ani-

mals. One can watch the rabbits and hares running. The birds hum in the tree and wash themselves in the rivers. The waterfall pounds down into a big pond where there are frogs and fishes swimming. I look at my watch, it is getting late. The beautiful setting of the sun makes me doze off to sleep.

Caroline Blake, Std VIII.

LA PLAGE

Il fait beau, le soleil brille, la mer est bleue, il n'y a pas de vent. Nous arrivons à la plage. Nous avons mis nos maillots de bain et nos chapeaux de paille. Papa a apporté le parasol. Maman a apporté un sac à provisions plein de déjeuner. Mon frère est en train de gonfler le matelas pneumatique et j'ai mis mon bonnet de bain. Il fait très chaud. Tout le monde nage. Nous nous dirigeons vers le large. Il y a beaucoup de monde qui se repose sur la sable. Les enfants s'amuse dans l'eau — j'ai appris à bien nager. Mon frère a plongé d'un rocher, il fait si beau "crawl"! Maman se baigne dans l'eau chaude près de la plage, en même temps que Papa fait trempette. Tout à coup "Au secours! Au secours!" C'est le skieur nautique qui a capoté. Il y a un moment de suspense puis la figure riante, repartait donc! Tout va bien maintenant, la foule a quitté la plage, nous nous habillons à toute vitesse et nous nous dirigeons vers l'automobile. "ZUT!" dit papa — "J'ai perdu mes lunettes de soleil."

Page Littleford, Std VII.



Fleur Hanekom, Std 7

ULWANDLE

Walakahla, walakahla, walakahla!
 Amaza abetha ematweni amakhulu.
 Sebe, sebe, sebe!
 Amanzi achwechwa esantini.

Amahashe amhlophe ayaleqana
 Ayabaleka, ayabaleka eza esantini.
 Xa kukho umoya omkhulu kakhulu, amaza
 ayagquma njengengonyama kodwa xa ulwandle
 Uzolile ilanga libalele amanzi ayakhazimla.

Ulwandle lunzulu, lulingcwaba sozulwazi,
 luncemfihlo. Ludala kunentaba, kulo zininzi
 isipho: ukutya, ulonwabo, impilo, ubuhle, kanti
 kukho iingozi ezininzi kwakulo apho.

THE SEA (Translation)

Crash, crash, crash!
 The waves beat against the huge rocks.
 Swish, swish, swish!
 The water creeps onto the sand.

The white horses chase each other.
 They race for the sand.
 When there is a wild wind the waves roar like
 lions but when the sea is calm and the sun shines,
 the water glitters.

The sea is deep, it is a grave which you will not
 fathom, it has many secrets. The sea is older than
 the mountains and has many gifts: food, joy,
 health, beauty, yet, at the same time, there are
 many dangers.

Kate Saunders, Std VIII.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

He stands —
 Clenched in his tiny hand,
 Are baskets of rain-drenched fruit.
 It is cold —
 And the rain drizzles slowly down.
 His sodden rags
 Cling to him like a second skin.
 He shuffles slowly —
 Down the dark, dank alleyway.
 His blistered feet,
 Are numbed by the wet earth.
 His pockets are empty —
 Reflecting the day's sales.
 He is afraid —
 What is his father going to say —

Gill MacKenzie, Std VIII.

LANTERNE

How
 far does
 space extend,
 and what when it
 ends?

Jane Yeats, Std VIII.

WITHDRAWAL

I hide away, I close the door,
 But wherever I go they follow more.
 Infinite monsters, small in size.
 But in the mind they wreathe and rise.
 Up they soar and round they creep
 They're in my mind, awake or asleep.
 They slowly twist into my brain,
 Their aim, I'm sure, to drive insane.

I had such fun, I had a ball,
 But is it worth it after all?

Toni Olivier, Std VIII.

IMFUNDIFO

Ngamanye amaxesha
 Ucinga ububa unelishwa
 Akukho mtu okuthandayo
 Yiza apha
 Ndiza kukubonisa ongasoze uzilibale.

Nyalubona usana olubhityileyo
 Lakhala lulele endleni?
 Usisi walo ulutyisa
 Kuba unina wasweleka

Uyayibona inkwenkwe
 Ethengisa amaphepha asebusuku kakhulu?
 Uyise linxila
 Ikhaya layo sisitrato.

Uyalibona ixhego
 Lahlala ekhefi yonke imihla
 Intliziyo yalo yaphukile
 Kodwa ausikhumbuli isizathu.

Translation

The translation is not word for word because
 some phrases can't be translated directly.

LESSON AND LEARNING

Sometimes
 You think you're unfortunate
 And nobody likes you.
 Come here,
 And I will show you something that you will never
 forget.

Do you see the thin baby
 Crying and lying in the road?
 His sister has to feed him
 Because his mother is dead.

Do you see the young boy
 Who sells the late-night paper?
 His father is a drunkard
 And his home is the street.

Do you see the old man
 Who sits all day in the café
 His heart is broken,
 But he can't remember why.

Chloë Ovenstone, Std VIII.

LE PETIT PRINCE

"Le Petit Prince" d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry n'est pas seulement un livre d'enfant mais un grand oeuvre philosophique. Le livre "Le Petit Prince" a trois idées principales. Ils sont :

"On ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux";

"Chaque personne est en effet tout seul dans le monde".

et

"C'est le temps qu'on a perdu pour quelque chose qu'on aime qui le fait si important."

En effet, dans ce monde modern, on juge si vite sur les impressions de dehors. Nous sommes devenus les vrais "grandes personnes" sans imagination, qui ont toujours besoin d'explications et on ne peut pas voir derrière un visage comme un enfant. C'est le même dans le livre. Les grandes personnes ne sont pas capables d'imaginer un éléphant dans un serpent boa.

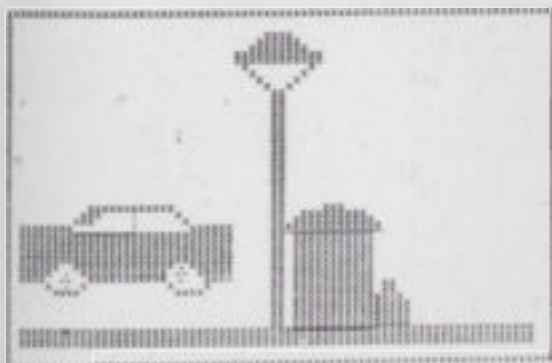
La deuxième idée est que, avec tout ce que nous avons fait de nous encercler des amis, nous sommes toujours seuls. Chacun de nous est une petite planète dans l'univers de l'inconnu.

La troisième idée est que, si on perd beaucoup de temps sur quelque chose, ça devient très important. Comme la rose dans le livre, puisque c'était elle que le Petit Prince a arrosée, mise sous globe et abritée, avec un paravent. Ainsi, cette jolie fleur est devenue très importante et a eu une grande importance pour ce malheureux Prince.

A travers ce livre on voit aussi des autres philosophies, peut-être moins intéressantes mais assez vraies. Du roi, on apprend que les ordres doivent être raisonnables et que la chose la plus difficile à faire, c'est de juger soi-même. Le renard nous donne une définition de l'amitié, de "créer des liens" et aussi on apprend qu'"on ne connaît que les choses que l'on apprivoise" avec apparence dans le sens de l'amour.

Le thème principal de ce livre est l'amour. Je crois que la seule chose qui peut réunir les gens dans ce monde, c'est l'amour.

Marjorie Filmer, Std IX.



Night Life by Cathy Marr, Std 7

THE SMELL I HEARD

It comes from in the kitchen
It squeezes through the door
It crawls along the curtain
And wiggles down the floor

But all around the house is dark
And nothing can I hear
Only the floorboards creaking
As I lie here drugged with fear

But still it's coming nearer
As it slides down up the stairs
It rounds the next dark corner
And it rests upon my bears

And when I clench my frozen toes
And try to fall asleep
The smell of cooking chocolate
Taps me lightly on my cheek.

Suzanne Ackerman, Std IX.

NO FURTHER

(Inspired by a photograph by Dana le Roux of The Argus)

Oh,
Mother of the earth —
Whose hair was matted with sod and clay,
Whose eyes rested on the curling wisp of smoke,
Who tilled the soil and loved the young ones,
Under the gracious green grove,
Near the uncomely simple kraal,
With its monotonous drum beat.

Then,
You loved a man —
His sensual body commanded you to obey.
So from that security, your sacred bivouac,
You fled, to perpetual bereavement.
Your devotion stretched to corrugated walls,
Which shook and trembled
As the great wind howled.

Now,
You stand defiant —
A glaring eye of contempt,
To challenge that decree from a higher order,
A so-called super race who had dealt such a
pernicious blow.
What are you protecting?
The arid, desert sand of Unibell,
Whose sparse trees offer no shade.

No,
a community —
You stand as a matriarch of your society,
Your fingers worn from years of privation,
Your arms reaching out for eternal truth,
For your ultimate Freedom,
That unvanquished goal.

Oh . . . daughter of destruction.

Marjorie Filmer, Std IX.

SWAPO BOMB VICTIM

A defenceless child,
Young
Yet victim already of our adult world.
His eyes are empty;
Fear fled centuries ago,
Nothing can ever frighten him again.
His body still naive and childlike —
Shows the savage marks of inhuman humans,
Of the world which will rear him
To adulthood.

Will he then remember,
Or will he in turn shatter the world of
Yet another defenceless child?

Carolyn Newton, Std IX.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Saint George, he was a gallant knight,
The bravest in the land.
His mount was of the purest white
And heavy was his hand.

Many a damsel in distress
Was rescued just in time,
And often in his battle dress
His valour was sublime.

There was a dreaded beast around,
A dragon was his name,
His greed and lust did all astound,
To whole cities he laid claim.

Outside a city wall one day
The monster he did wait,
For the citizens were forced to pay
To keep him out the gate.

Each day a lovely maid was sent
To satisfy his thirst,
Their cries and moans the air did rent
A princess was the first.

Saint George had heard the story
How the savage beast was fed;
To his everlasting glory
He vowed he'd have its head.

A fair and gracious maid was led
Beyond the city wall,
Saint George rose up, while others fled;
The dragon he did call.

"Come here you monstrous, scaly wretch
And fight me to the end —
No longer shall your long neck stretch
To take the maids they send".

And with a mighty savage blow
He rent the beast asunder,
On all sides did its life blood flow;
No longer would it plunder!

L. Mukheiber, Std IX.

FLAVIA ET TRES URSI

Quondam erat puella pulchra, nomine Flavia. Olim in silva ambulabat. Dum ambulat, casa visa, in ianuam intravit. Tribus poculis pultis visis, se famem esse intellexit. Gustavit pultem in poculo maximo, sed calidior erat. Deinde gustavit pultem in poculo secundo, sed frigidior erat. Denique gustavit pultem in poculo secundo, sed frigidior erat. Denique gustavit pultem in poculo minimo, quae tam suavis erat ut omnem pultem comednit. Defessa, Flavia sedere voluit. Primo in cathedra maxima sedebat. Quae rigidior erat. Tum in cathedra

secunda sedit. Mollior tamen erat. In sella igitur tertia sedit, Eheu Fracta est.

Perterrita, scalis ascendit ibi tres lectos invenit in primo lecto cubuit. Hic lectus rigidior erat. Lectus secundus mollior erat, itaque in minimo lecto cubuit. Qui tam gratus erat ut mox dormiret.

Brevi tempore, tres ursi revererunt domum. Intellexerunt aliquem pultem gustavisse et ursus minimus, Julius exclamavit, "Eheu Puls meus comesia est!" Deinde ursus maximus vidit aliquem in cathedra sua sedisse, et ursus minimus flere coepit. "Sella mea", exclamavit, "fracta est!" Scalis ascendit et cubiculum intravit. Sed in lecto eius dormiebat puella pulchra. Statim puella e somno excitata est. Urso viso aufugit perterrita.

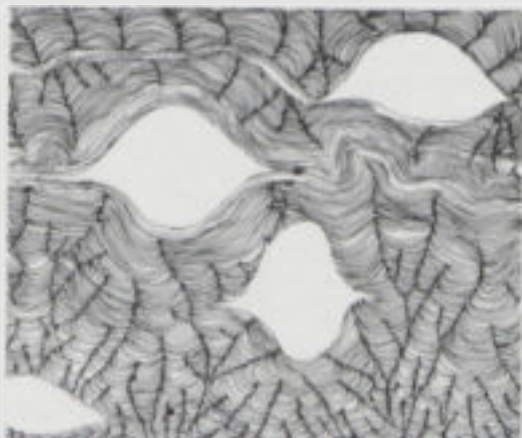
GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

(Translation)

Once upon a time there was a pretty girl called Goldilocks. One day she went for a walk in the forest, and, espousing a cottage, she entered it. There she saw 3 plates of porridge and, as she realised that she was hungry, she started to eat the porridge in the largest plate, but it was too hot. She tasted the porridge in the second plate but it was too cold. When she tried the third plate of porridge, she thought it so tasty that she ate it all. Goldilocks was tired and wanted to sit down. First she sat in the biggest chair. This was too hard. Then she sat in the second chair. However, this was too soft. So she sat down in the third chair. Alas! This one broke. Frightened, she ran upstairs. There she found 3 beds, so she lay down on the first. This bed was too hard. The second bed was too soft, so she lay down on the smallest bed. This was so comfortable that she soon fell asleep.

A little while later the 3 bears returned home. They realised that someone had eaten their porridge, and the smallest bear exclaimed, "Oh dear! My porridge is finished!" Then the biggest bear noticed that someone had sat on his chair, and the smallest bear began to cry. He wailed, "My chair is broken!" He went up the stairs and entered the bedroom, but a pretty girl lay sleeping on his bed. At once she awoke with a start. When she saw the bear, she fled, terrified.

Clair Grootendorst & Cathy Moll, Std IX.



Moirs Mannion, Std 7

THE BEE

The moon is shining brightly
In the sky a noise buzzes lightly
What is it ...?
A bee — exquisite!

A tiny loop,
A gliding swoop.
She acts like a travelling acrobat,
Although she is a little too fat
For that!

Diane Cameron, Std IX.

SUMMER BEAUTY

I know a place of summer beauty,
Pounding waves and burning sand.
Sunny coves, bright, tidal rock pools
Glowing sunsets on the land.

I know a place of summer beauty,
Sunny days and country streams,
Hills of heath and rambling wild flowers,
Peaceful nights of carefree dreams.

My glowing place of summer beauty,
Shines in winter's cold or gloom,
Joyous days of summer beauty,
I close my eyes, they fill my room.

Susan Ingram, Std IX.

"CHILDHOOD — A TIME WHEN IT MATTERED ALL THE WORLD THAT YOUR SISTER WAS TAKING TOO LONG ON THE SWING ..."

As the daughter of a technical nomad, I have lived all over the world and now, at the mature age of sixteen, I can look back and remember my childhood with a mixture of joy and regret. My childhood, those days in which I had three aims: to reach the pudding bowl and lick the baking spoon before anyone else; to receive the biggest pile of Christmas presents and to murder the hairdresser. This last is perhaps a little peculiar but my aversion to the hairdresser stemmed from the haute coiffure of Bombay. At regular intervals, I was taken to a particularly greasy specimen who cut off two inches of hair. Now, I realize that this does not sound excessive but when you consider that my hair was never much below my ears, you will understand why each visit invariably ended in tears.

We lived in India for five or six years and apart from those excursions to that hairdresser, life was good for this little four-year-old. We lived in Thana, a small colony about forty miles, or should I say sixty kilometres, from Bombay. I was spoilt outrageously by the Indians, being the only white child, especially by the large mamas. I was filled with delicacies like caviot pudding, a peculiar type of tapioca and sickeningly sweet sugar-candy. These were impossible to refuse because it was a sign that one disliked the cooking of one's kind hostess and even I, who was never the most tactful of people, knew enough about the Indians to realize this.

After India, we moved back to Scotland, where I was considered to be a native of exotic places.

You see, after a few years in India, I had developed an extremely strong Indian accent which was very difficult to erase. My mother was horrified, on walking into a shop, to hear little Angela's mummy say that little Angela had an Indian girl in her class. However, my accent soon changed, becoming instead a strong Glaswegian dialect filled with typical expressions like "Away ye go!" and "Och, aye!"

Unfortunately, I still had an aversion to the hairdresser, intensified by the fact that all the other girls had long hair. I became very sensitive about this whole matter after numerous "There you go, son's" from well-meaning shopkeepers. It was not feminine to have such short hair and it was a slight hindrance in games such as "Kiss, Cuddle, Torture". Nevertheless, I recovered later, but even today, I watch that hairdresser, snipping away with gay abandon, very carefully.

After falling in love and breaking my heart over a few dozen Angus MacTavishes, I salved my wounded ego by going through the "Boys are silly" phase. However, I have grown out of that. I hope though that when I return to Scotland I shall not meet any of my previous loves or my early little boyfriends!

Our next move was to Zambia, when I spent my time being one day, "best friends" and the next "worst enemies." However, having finally abandoned "Cindy" and "Barbie" dolls, play-play houses and schools, I progressed to Mummy's lipstick, eyebrow pencil and mascara, high shoes, and, so I thought, high fashion.

However, I eventually grew out even of that and progressed further to long, long telephone conversations and agonizing discussions about Saturday night. But, even today, I still rush to lick the baking spoon and I still count presents under the Christmas Tree.

Morna Lawson, Std IX.



Conny Krauss, Std 7

"ISN'T YOUR LIFE EXTREMELY FLAT WHEN THERE'S NOTHING WHATEVER TO GRUMBLE AT?"

How could the human race survive without something to grumble about?

Can you imagine what old Mrs Grundy's life would be like if there were no teenagers? She would have nothing to do. She spends hours every week busily writing to magazines and newspapers, complaining about the youth of today, "ill-mannered, dirty, no sense of taste, immoral and wasteful, an utter disgrace." She tells of their loud, unmusical music, their brightly coloured clothes, their hairstyles and their habits. "Can't they behave like young ladies and gentlemen just as we did when I was a girl?" Of course, she forgets what her grandmother thought of the Roaring Twenties. What could be wrong with the Charleston, cloche hats, ankle length dresses and parties till twelve?!

What would the students do if there were no Apartheid, Vietnam or Shah of Iran? They would go back to work and concentrate on studying. There would be no demonstrations, no policemen would be killed, no innocent bystanders shot down by mistake. There would be no excitement at having escaped the danger to liven the dullness of learning, day after day; no thrill at making your views public.

Imagine this school at breaktime, with all the girls on the lawn. What would they talk about if there were no other girl with her eye on "that deevine guy I met last night"; no girl who wore the same outfit; no party that was awful? What if the price of clothes was low, if you could wear make-up to school, if exams were abolished, if there was not so much to learn for Science and it was easy to stay on a diet? There would be nothing to moan about, no conversation and no delicious gossip. How boring!

Now think of a woman, sophisticated and elegant, about 40 (she looks 30). Her life has been easy; a beautiful house, servants galore, a trip to the Cote d'Azur once a year, two round-the-world trips on the QE II, diamonds and minks and a rich, doting husband. What would she have to say if Cecily Stanhope was not living with an artist, Roger someone-or-other; or if Elizabeth Taylor ("Dear Lizzie") had not just remarried; or if Yves Saint Laurent has not complimented that "ghaastly" Mrs Chandlers on her figure; and what if Miss Esmeralda Swithin had not bought that dress that she wanted ("she looks too, too terrible in it, my dear!"); and if "Darling Eddie" (her husband) had not refused to buy her that million-dollar diamond ring? My dear, her life would be quite unbearable, in fact she would rather be dead!

If workers drew wages that were not too low, and taxes were not far too high, there would be plenty for all. No unemployment and no dismissals, then who would need trade unions? A blue-collar worker would go home on a Friday with plentiful pay, he could not bunk work or shirk during strikes and where would the fun of the Govern-

ment giving in to the trade unions go? How dull and how boring, what a hard-working life!

Seriously now, if nothing was wrong, there would be no excitement, no enjoyable malice, no excuse not to work and no sympathy for all you have to endure. We humans thrive on complaints; we use them to liven up our dull, ordinary lives, to unleash all our pent-up frustrations. So "isn't your life extremely flat when there's nothing whatever to grumble at?"

Caroline Marten, Std IX.

WIND POWER

(Picture of a wind-surfer at the Press Photograph Exhibition)

Sleek

Ebony

Silhouette

L
e
a
n
i
n
g out.

Orange triangle

Backs a black form — fighting the wind and the waves.

A scene of contrast.
Control ...

Taut muscles

ripple

In fluent

lines

like waves

of

Power!

Haze

Of globules glistening —

Spray is a shower of light

Against deep blue — green sea.

A supreme symphony

Of Sea,

Sun and

Strength.

Clair Grootendorst, Std IX.

RAIN

It rained yesterday.
I laughed,
Catching quicksilver.

It rained yesterday.
I danced
And the raindrops
Danced at my feet.

Clair Grootendorst, Std IX.

The Editor
The Argus
St George's Street
CAPE TOWN
8001

Sir
Recently, there has been much talk about alternative energy sources, and nuclear power has often been mentioned as one.

But how safe is nuclear power? We are glibly assured that the chances of an accident are one in one billion, yet less than three months ago a major disaster was only just averted at Harrisburg.

Now ESCOM is going ahead with plans to build a five hundred million rand nuclear power station on our doorstep. But the reactors it plans to use are condemned by overseas scientists as potential killers. Several American scientists are also having second thoughts about the safety of nuclear power. "Cheap, clean safe nuclear power is a delusion", they say.

Even the "safe" amounts of radio-active fallout that are emitted during the normal working of a nuclear power station have been found to be dangerous in the long run.

It is not too late to act. Come on, Capetonians, let us at least try to prevent the building of Koeberg-I.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) C. Grootendorst

11 Bertha Avenue
Claremont
7700
23 July 1979

Clair Grootendorst, Std IX.

ON TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT — FAMOUS LAST WORDS!

We are going to take over Clifton and render all the birdwatchers speechless today! I, together with a crowd of lovely, long-legged ladies, am going to the beach for the first time this summer, to dull the glare of my skin. I have spent hours in front of the mirror, getting the last eye-brow hair in line, curling the last eyelash and trying to hide the last pimple. I look ravishing; now all I have to do is get into my slinky new bathing costume ...

I don't look quite so ravishing anymore. Strange, how electric blue not only emphasizes shapely curves, but also unshapely bulges that I never knew were there. Fat, wobbly thighs and a pudgy tummy are among the many remains of winter. I sure shall stun the guys! I'll probably knock them stone cold. No, I can't go to Clifton like this. I must first lose some weight.

I am going to be a model dieter. No breaking diets, no rich food and no sneaking chips from the cupboard for me! I will be a paragon!

"You're not ill are you, Clair?"

"No, I just don't feel like cake; I'll have a carrot instead."

My family was not very encouraging. I told Dad that I was on diet, and of my good intentions. He laughed. That horrible man just laughed. "You won't keep that up for more than three days!" He was right — The diet lasted for two days, and my fat lasted much longer.

The following Monday I started again — and ended on Friday. After two weeks of Monday to Friday dieting I had gained three pounds!

In desperation I did what all books tell you not to do. I bought an expensive skirt in the size that I wanted to be.

Then I put the pressure on. I jogged every morning and did exercises. I ate my half grapefruit and cycled to school. There were no midmorning biscuits for me, much to the boarders' delight. Lunch consisted of two lettuce leaves and a hard-boiled egg. Skinny schoolfriends were no help either. Cake was passed around on Susan's birthday, sandwiches, rusks and biscuits were exchanged and ice-creams and noogy-bars were too! I think that non-dieters should be banished when I am trying to lose weight.

For somebody with no willpower, the loss of two and a half pounds a week is marvellous. But I was miserable — that is, miserable until the invasion.

Four old family friends from Holland were on holiday in Cape Town. Of course there were mounds of chocolates, meringues, roasts, potatoes, sauces and puddings, and I couldn't ...

Within two days I have put on what it took three weeks to lose — and I am happy again.

Conclusion: I would rather be overweight, enjoy my food, live well and be happy, than be a walking skeleton and feel as I did then.

I shall just have to be content with sitting behind the rocks at Clifton, instead of draping myself over them!

Clair Grootendorst, Std IX.

THE MONSTER WIND

The monster wind prowls in the withered trees. They strain in angered leash their green ...

... I look upwards through the window into the cool, green tunnel of chestnut leaves, filtering the glare of the sun, but allowing drops of sunlight to highlight their green. Nothing is as green as a chestnut tree in summer, when the oaks are already a tired, burnt brown, and the leaves are hanging dead-alive.

It is Sunday, a sleepy well-fed Sunday with the sound of lawn-mowers in the distance and not a breath of wind. It is 3 o'clock — a time which I am spending angrily leashed to a piece of blank paper, which rightly refuses to accommodate monster winds that prowl and trees that writhe.

I wait and think and wait ...

Presently a small brown monster wind waddles on to the page. It flops on to the left hand corner, panting slightly, and its rolls of soft brown fat roll over each other, to arrange themselves around him. He raises two large round brown eyes and stares at me reproachfully.

"Did yew 'av to call me today?" he asks dolefully and a large fat round tear plitters on to the page. "It's ever so 'ot and sleepy, and I lose all my dignity being seen in this state." He rolls over on to his back with a plop, gives a mournful gurgle and looks up at me sideways. "Now hif it was another day, I'd roar and howl and bluster for yew, alongside of some clouds and other monster winds!" He wriggles, and his rolls of fat wriggle with him. Another tear plitters on to the page. He hiccoughs . . .

"How could yew 'av the 'eart to ask it today?"

I hasten to tell him that it really wasn't my fault at all. I had no choice — I explained that it was a Mrs Meinert.

"Oo's she?" he gulps with a glurble.

I explain that she is the English teacher who set the essay.

He gulps again. "There's no 'elp for it, h'is there?" he sighs, "I suppose you couldn't . . . no, I suppose tomorrow is the very latest . . . all right, I'll do my best."

And with a plop and a wriggle, he waddles off my page, leaving a path of tear-and-ink footprints. With a husky "Wait!" he pours himself into a crack in the desk and disappears . . .

Suddenly the sky darkens. A dark body of wind roars through the chestnut trees, blusters up the green tunnel of chestnut leaves, ripping twigs and leaves off their branches. The rustling of leaves multiplies, until it nearly equals the howling of the wind. The leaves turn an angry grey, clinging to the branches that are being flung about as if nothing could keep them attached to their trunks. The trunks themselves creak and bend and tear their roots. The windows rattle and the smaller plants outside flatten themselves against the ground . . . It stops as suddenly as it has started. A last roar and tear, then all is silent, except for a slightly indignant rustling of chestnut leaves. The plants stand upright again, looking slightly bewildered, and the sky lightens again, although the sun does not look quite as confident as before.

A sudden plop and globble catches my attention, as my monster wind flops down exhausted in front of me.

"Do you mind hif I 'ave a sleep in your teacup?" he asks breathlessly, and he pours himself over the brim. He curls up immediately, sighs and opens an eye.

"Give my luv to Mrs Meinert," he says, with a glint of pride in his brown, round eye. Then he falls asleep.

Tessa van Ryneveld, Std X.

DEATH OF A POET

On Wednesdays, from nine to four-thirty, Henry ran a seconhand bookshop. He looked rather like his books — tired, old and dogeared. Although a mere fifty-five, his face was prematurely aged, crinkled like parchment, and worn, from the years he spent in the dark, musty shop. His spine, like his books, was bent, from leaning frequently over the counter to inquire hopefully whether he could

help some passerby, who had invariably entered the shop merely to use the 'phone.

He had never married, mainly because he was scared of women, and felt inferior in their presence. Indeed, in his college days he hadn't attended the residence dances, because he had avoided girls all along, so that he didn't know anyone to take with him. The only female he knew well, now, was his cat, who, as Henry addressed it as "you", talking more to it than about it (for no-one was really interested in it), did not possess a formal name. As a result of his celibacy, the people in the village regarded Henry as an outcast, and, after his garrulous charwomen had hinted darkly about certain books that lurked on the shelves at the back of the shop, and which "weren't for sale", he was condemned, with a knowing wink, as an "odd man, you know", with "an eye for the boys".

Now Henry might have been all of this, or he might not have been, but he was certainly a man with a secret: only the secret was of rather a different sort: Deep down in Henry's heart, there hid the soul of a poet, and, every now and then, he would retreat at night to his room, and pull out a manuscript bok and a stubby pencil, and would scribble down the overflow of his emotions, his eyes ever flickering furtively towards the door, lest anyone burst in and discover his secret. No-one ever did.

After a year or two of writing, his poetry bok was full, and his chest would swell, just a little, with pride, when he thought of what he had accomplished. It was then that an idea began to gnaw at his brain. A cancerous idea, so it proved,



"MUG" by Karren Visser.

for it grew and spread until it occupied his whole mind. At first he resisted it firmly, but gradually, his defences broke down, and, one day, Henry was seen walking to the post office with a slight air of jauntiness in his step; he posted a thick white envelope. People speculated, but nobody guessed the truth.

Weeks passed, and nothing happened. Every day Henry would watch the postman walking towards the shop, and would hope. But the postman walked by, ignoring the pleading eyes.

Then one day, perhaps two months later, a thick brown envelope arrived for Henry, with his name in laconic type-print on the front. He didn't open it until his lunch hour. Then he hurried up to his room, and sat on the edge of the bed, his hands and mouth trembling. Reverently, he slit the envelope. A sheaf of papers slipped out onto the floor. His eyes dulled as he picked up a piece of paper that had separated from the rest.

The letter was very brief, only about ten lines long — The body of it read as follows:

"Thank you for the poems sent to us. Unfortunately, they are not quite of the standard that our magazine requires. Perhaps your local newspaper might like to publish them. We feel that your poetry lacks the finesse needed to make it significant today. The emotions are, perhaps, too obviously stated and unsubtle. A poetry course might correct this fault.

Yours faithfully,

The Sub-Editor"

The shop was closed for that afternoon. However, the next day everything was back to normal, except for a certain drawer in Henry's room, whose contents had been burnt, and which was now empty.

Caroline Dowdle, Std X.

YES

(a tribute to a friend)

a honey-milk day
a day of hazy yellow
a peachy-cream day
a day of glittering blue

the hot metal growled as
the car sneaked past diamond beaches.
the seat of sweaty plastic burned,
the child began to wriggle.

i saw her face peer through the window
i saw her anguished dismay
i saw eyes flicker with incredulity
i saw her mother's pain.

"yes, my child, we must stay in the car
yes, my child, the beach is for them
yes, my child, we were born with our tans
yes, my child, i too hate summer."

Celia Maud, Std X.

CONSIDERING THE SNAIL

A soft silver trail
Invaded the cold dew,
And lay upon its bed for the night,
The grass.

The sun rose slowly
Casting its weak rays upon the sparkling grass,
Whilst diamond droplets
Provided a path of wealth
for the slow trail.

The trail grew longer
And longer
His journey was almost complete.
The sun's rays were directly overhead
They were long
And strong.

Diamonds and jewels
Had been stolen
By the murderous sun.
The grey trail trudged on and on —
Weakened, and stopped.

The heat rays
Invaded the silver trail of life,
Which lay down to rest
For the night,
Forever.

Rosemary Fletcher, Std X.

THE NEW EXECUTIVE

(This essay won the I.C.S. prize)

The executive wife does not lead a very relaxed life. She can get up whenever she pleases, have breakfast in bed and play bridge with her "friends" in the afternoon. She should be happy. However, if she is not a snob or social climber, hers is a life of false pretences. The bridge game is, in fact, an act of diplomacy. Every word that she utters will either help or hinder her executive husband. He has created a new person, and, like it or not, she will have to step into his new identity.

One often hears of a "bright young man". He is destined to become a tycoon, and help enlarge the firm's profits. His salary rapidly increases, he gains a company motor car and "things start looking right" for him and his new wife. Naturally he has to entertain. He is worried about his wife. Will she cope? Will she know how to create the correct impression? An endless stream of social parties and polite conversation has begun. The couple may only meet over the breakfast table for a quick cup of coffee, a slice of toast and a "goodbye, darling — I'm late". The children grow up with a stranger — father is probably home on Sundays. On this day he either sleeps or plays golf. The pair begin to lead separate lives and a breakdown in communication commences.

As the rising executive gains more authority, his business trips become more and more frequent. He is often away from home leaving his wife and family alone. They become of secondary importance to him. He is obsessed with his work. Even his socialising is connected to this. He does not have time for his own friends let alone his family.

To get to the top he has had to work hard. It has been an uphill drive all the way. He does not want to slip to the bottom of the scale. He is afraid of losing his position now that he has attained it. This fear creates tension. Conflicts between his fellow-workers and his family occur.

His family life is a farce. It is merely another business manoeuvre. For his "executive image" a wife who is a good entertainer is required. If he is not married, eyebrows may be raised. Divorce would "never do". He must have a family and his children must attend the "right schools". In this way, one could say that he is a normal balanced man.

He does, however, have grave responsibilities. This is often inclined to make him impatient. At cocktail parties (with his smiling wife at his side) he has to be charming and flattering to everyone. However, at home with this charade aside, he can be himself. He feels frustrated and tired, and lets the household know it. He should be happy. He sees the world. He has everything money can buy. All his "friends" have gained the impression that he is happily married but then, they were supposed to.

Unfortunately, this kind of situation often drives men to drink, and their wives to desperation. The new executive is growing old, and the novelty has worn off. His life lacks something and he feels frustrated. His wife is a perfect hostess, but he does not know her. He begins to depend more and more upon some outer source into which he can channel his frustrations. Quite often, this takes the form of extra-marital affairs or drink. Either of these are unpalatable to his wife, who has to try to cope with battered pride or an alcoholic husband. She can put a brave face on it and lie to herself and her children or she can "look it in the eye" and do her best to combat the difficulties.

Were she to leave her husband, everyone would be amazed. "I thought they were happily married" and other such comments would be passed at the next bridge game. She was living in a charmed world.

If she stays with her executive, the problems will only probably worsen. He often gains a false sense of importance from his wealth and authority. He has an expensive car; people bow and scrape to him. He should be happy. His family never needs anything ... except him. Very few people know what he is really like. He is always being someone else. He does not know his wife properly, because she is always having to be someone else, for his sake. Naturally, they are happy. They could try to convince themselves that they are, but if one were to probe them, the truth would soon be revealed.

The executives and their families do, unbelievably have to make a great sacrifice. In most cases, they lose something of themselves in the "rat race". They give up their freedom and their ability to be free. Generally speaking, all their material gains do not compensate for the pressures and conflicts in their homes.

Thérèse Herbert, Std X.

SONSONDERGANG IN 'n WILDTUIN

Die son loer nog skelm, asof hy die laaste oomblikke van die pragtige dag wil sien, en hy versprei sy briljante streep rooi strale wat in die verte tot oranje en geel verdof. Dit is asof die

hele wêreld met 'n fyn gekleurde poeier besprinkel is. Daar heers 'n kalm stilte oor die omgewing. Die plante is ook stil in hierdie tyd van rus, selfs die ligte grassade staan regop en geen blaas roer nie. Die bome staan misties en skrikaanjaend met hul swart skadubeelde teen die rooi agtergrond.

Dit is die tyd wanneer die drinkgat woel en wemel van die lewe. Al die diere kom hiernatoe; van die kleinste voëltjies, insekte en klein diertjies tot die magtige grootwild. Nou is hulle nie meer sarsavyande nie; hulle is net moeg na die lang dag toe die sonstrale genadeloos neergebrand het, en hulle wil net drink en drink en drink.

Die tarentale hardloop water toe, hul uittartende geroep weerklink in die stilte. Die skelmagtige hiënas kruip — kruip nader, elkeen met daardie aaklige, spottende grinnik op sy bese gesig. Die moeë elande en ander grootwild draf aan, hul moeë hoeë staan op die droë aarde en selfs die dors stofwolke volg hulle water toe waar hulle kalm hul beelde in die waterspieël bekyk. Die sebras drink onversuurd. As die leeu nader kom, neem hulle daardie traak-my-nie-agtige houding aan omdat hulle aan eendrag glo en hulle weet dat die leeu hierdie keer dieselfde idee as hulle het, dit is dat hulle water nodig het. Tussen hierdie ernstige vreedzaamheid is daar die komieklike vlakvarke. Hulle hardloop met hul anaakse gang, sterf in die lug, in die water en modder in, rol en baljaar en wêk 'n baie anaakse indruk.

Geleidelik verlaat die diere die waterrat. Hulle is versadig; dus wil elkeen na sy eie grondgebied gaan om te rus. Die son gly stadig agter die geëigseinder weg, net so grasieus soos die wit oëwervat in hul perfek gevormde 'v' deur die stil, grys-oranje aandlug sweef. Dit is die einde van die dag — sonder. Nog 'n kringloop is voltooi.

Alison Marr, Std X.

WOMEN HAVE WON

Yes, women have won. Yet, in the typical female way, there are still women who believe they have not won — that they must fight on until all their ideals are achieved. In some cases, this ideal is a good one — for example, in the case of women who take karate. They are awarded black belts, but are not allowed to do any free fighting with men, because it is supposed to be "too dangerous". All free fighting is so rigidly controlled, however, that this is a ridiculous situation.

However, I believe that the average woman has won. She has won her battle against men — and other women — and she has been emancipated. Although she does not get equal pay in certain cases, she can hold a job, as well as run a household, and moreover she is often far more capable of doing it than the average man! A woman can vote, wear what clothes she likes (in most countries), live alone if she so wishes, and does not have to get married. Think of the advantages she has over a simple man! The "age of chivalry" and good manners is certainly not dead and a woman can be equal to men in many ways, yet she must still be respected, precede a man through a door, and have a hundred other things done for her that men do not have done for them. An example of a simple advantage over men is

that women can wear dresses, skirts, slacks or shorts (or variations of these). A man can only wear slacks (or trousers) or shorts — and in the case of South Africa — Safari Suits.

Yet there are still women who want to be completely equal to men! If they cannot see, by that one small example, what a futile course theirs is, then they would have a rude awakening should their ideals ever be realized.

Men have realized, I think, what a woman is. She can be anything from a chemical engineer to a gentle mother who washes her children with Palmolive soap. Billy Joel, a contemporary singer and songwriter has summed up a woman in one of his songs, called "She's always a woman". He says, "She can take you or leave you ... She'll take what you give her as long as it's free ... She never gives out, she never gives in; She just changes her mind." Personally, I feel that that is a good description of a woman.

I believe women have reached a point where they can command the luxuries of life and yet can still clean out the engine of their car if they so desire. Of course, a real woman would make a man clean the engine; while she gave orders, but that might not please the man!

Women today are still discriminated against, but I feel, where necessary, that this will change. Women can paint a car, read a book on Sartre's philosophy, and go out to a dinner-dance, all in one day, probably with the owner of the car in attendance, treating her as if she were a fragile object — despite the fact they spent the morning in filthy jeans, with paint-smeared faces, abusing each other good-humouredly. What could be better than that? I think women have won and I hope they realize it soon!

Fiona McLennan, Std X.

ENIGMA

It stands alone ...
 chiselled —
 on the grey, misty sand,
 with dawn's chill, swirling
 above
 in a shapely haze.
 Cool fingers of water
 wrap gently around the
 gull's unflinching feet —
 and then retreat;
 solemn
 steaming
 denying.
 Its motionless statue,
 silhouetted in
 mottled white-wash,
 casts intangible forms on the desolate grains
 of beach.
 Its alabaster beak — perfect —
 sniffs the salt-air
 and it gazes
 pensive
 dreaming
 scheming ...
 Its erect, proud form.

Theresa Campbell, Std X.



Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Std 9



Debbie Pargiter, Std 7



Jean Stander, Std 10



Mr JOHN RIGBY, ESTATE MANAGER, AND HIS GROUNDS STAFF
(and their years of service)

L. to R. Messrs John Meyer (3 years), Danny Pelson (43 years), Leslie Valentine (18 years),
Johannes Grootboom (6 months).

In Front: Elias Mbotshwa (3 years), Washington (2 years).

Preparatory School News

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Miss Geldard and, as she has assumed the lead as Headmistress, of Herschel, we have been very conscious of her interest in the Preparatory School. She takes prayers here once a week and both the staff and girls have had the opportunity to get to know her and we value her concern for us all.

This year has been one of steady growth and this, I think, can be attributed to our system of education which aims at developing the "whole" child — the academic, spiritual and physical fields all being taken into account so that a well-balanced personality emerges. Each child has strong and weak points, and by playing on the strengths, confidence is instilled and this assurance carried over into areas of lesser ability, with consequent im-

provement. In our small classes, the Staff soon became aware of the make-up of each child and are able to give the necessary advice, encouragement and stimulation that each one needs to make progress. It is our practice to commend the girls for all their successes, whether they be in gymnastics, or in academic subjects, or in such things as ringing the bell on time or playing the march for prayers. This gives the satisfaction of a job well done, and the knowledge that each one has a part to play in the life of the school. Our task as teachers would be almost impossible if we did not have the support of the parents. There are opportunities each term for parents to discuss their children with the Staff and if a problem arises we are anxious to know about it and to do what we can to eliminate or alleviate it. We appre-

ciate being put into the picture when there are difficulties at home, or mother is to be away, or the child is unhappy. If we know, we can try to help in this sort of situation. Sometimes the advice of someone who can view the scene from a distance is helpful.

We thought that the advent of Television would complicate our task as teachers: however, we have been proved wrong! The girls are stimulated by the documentary programmes and clamour for information on all sorts of topics from life under the sea, to earthquakes and volcanoes. As we already use the Library extensively in the content subjects, our pupils know how to find the relevant books and how to scan the list of contents to elicit the information they require. We have a large number of reference books in the Library and these are being used to good advantage. Facts learnt in this way are never forgotten.

Audio-visual aids add much interest to lessons and films and film strips are often used to expand the subject in a way that description could not possibly achieve. The weekly film period is an extension to the classroom and not a mere time-filler. Outings make a topic "come alive" and these expeditions have been many and varied. The Std V visit to the Malay Quarter in the first term after reading and discussion of Malay culture and religion, added another dimension to their conception of the living-patterns of the Cape Malays, and gave an added insight to their customs. During an outing the children often comment on details which the teacher because of her training finds she can use to advantage and so the focal point may turn out to be quite different to the original goal. The resourcefulness of the teacher to latch onto a new idea and expand it makes both teaching and learning an exciting experience.

School in the Wilds provided a welcome break from the usual school routine for the two senior classes and Staff and we all set off amidst much excitement in the middle of May. Most of us had been before and knew what to expect, or so we thought! There was certainly a surprise in store for the teachers in the form of new accommodation including bathrooms, and bedrooms with fitted carpets! There are now three qualified, resident teachers and the quality of the lessons is excellent. How interesting it was to learn about snakes whilst being able to observe them and about Springbok while sitting within touching distance of them in the new Game Park. What a fascinating animal the Springbok is; we all trooped back to the campsite, deep in thought about the wonder of God's creation. Once again the girls played their part in clearing alien vegetation by chopping down trees which were choking the river bed. When I saw the Bushmen Saws with their razor-sharp teeth which the girls were to use, I felt not a little uncertain about the outcome of the expedition and I had visions of coming home with several children minus a few fingers! However, the girls obediently observed the instructions given them on how to carry the saws and how to use them, and it was with a tremendous sense of satisfaction that each group cried "Timber" as their trees fell. Every minute of the stay was used to full advantage and it was a

tired but far more knowledgeable bunch of girls who boarded the bus to return to Cape Town on the Friday afternoon. By the time this appears in print the Std II and III classes will also have enjoyed a trip to School in the Wilds.

In July we introduced our Std IV and V classes to the "Craigie Kit" which is specifically designed to enable children to learn scientific facts by doing experiments in groups. All the apparatus required is supplied and the knowledge gained is consolidated by a project and a quiz at the end of each section of work. The following aspects of Physical Science are covered: Air, Water, Magnetism, Electricity, Mechanics, Balancing and Building. At present the classes are divided into groups of five or six pupils, but we have ordered another kit for next year so the groups will be smaller. You will be interested to know that we have financed this purchase with the money received from our newspaper sales. Thank you to all who have collected paper for us.

Founder's Day was a happy occasion as we joined with the Senior School in the Service at St Saviour's Church. The day preceding Good Friday the Std IV and V classes attended an Easter Service with the rest of the School. These times of worship together create a Spirit of "oneness" and help the girls to feel that we are one big family. We are always mindful — as we should be in a Christian School — of the development of each child. How each one interprets and feels the love of God is such a personal matter that it is only by God's divine leading that we can help our children to know Him better. We are indeed grateful to Mrs Hammond and her helpers who come week by week to run our Scripture Union group and to teach the Scriptures. One seldom sees the reward for this work — one sows and another reaps. However, it was a great privilege for me when one of the Senior School girls who had passed through the Preparatory School came to tell me that she had committed her life to God and we were able to rejoice and praise Him together.

The Music Staff arranged for interested girls to attend a series of concerts at the Baxter on Saturday afternoons. These were aimed at broadening their knowledge of the Orchestra and proved to be very popular. The Capab Woodwind Group gave us a stimulating afternoon in April when they explained the origin and working of their instruments and also played to us. In conclusion with the Seniors a school orchestra was started this year and several of our girls are involved in this. The Junior Choir meets once a week and members are learning the finer points about Choir work and are preparing to join the Senior School Choir. A number of Choir members attended a performance of the Drakensberg Boys' Choir and gained more insight into the high standard expected of a performing group. There are 80 Preparatory girls learning to play an instrument and we appreciate what the Staff do to foster interest. Two workshops were held in the third term when all the music pupils had the opportunity to perform in front of an audience. It is important for music to be used as well as enjoyed for itself, and this informal atmosphere provides the right medium.



SCHOOL IN THE WILDS

With farm animals outside the bungalows (top left)
In happy mood (top right).

About to board the bus for the return journey
(middle left).

Top of the mountain after the long slog (middle
right).

Cooling off in the pool. (bottom left).



In June two teachers who take the singing in the Preparatory School put on an Evening of Music in the Senior School Hall. Each class contributed items and several girls played their instruments. We had a full audience who greeted the Std V item "Samson" with delight. Goldilocks — a musical — was full of zest and life and the children sang with obvious enjoyment. Eighteen pupils entered for Music Examinations, Alison Hundleby, Caroline Symons and Mary-Ann Wheeler passing with Honours. We thank the Staff for all they do to give the girls such a wide and rich experience.

The Std II and III classes were entered for the Speech Eisteddfod this year and all came through with flying colours, all gaining Honours in their Sections. We were very proud of the Std IIIA's who shared the Mavis Scott Floating Trophy for Choral Verse speaking with Golden Grove School. Their rendering of Lucy Lake was excellent. Several individuals and groups also entered for the Eisteddfod and many have taken Speech Examinations. We congratulate them on their successes. The Std V classes are to put on the play The Light of a Star at the end of this term and it promises to be thought-provoking and challenging. We thank Mrs Saffery, Mrs McClurg and Mrs Sally Browne for all their hard work.

All the Ballet Pupils entered for the Royal Academy Examinations by Mrs Joan Raath passed. Alison Hundleby, Gabby Raaff and Inken Haldane gained Honours and Bronwyn Geldenhuys, Dale Hosking, Debbie Bonner, Alison Durr, Jillian Richardson, Vaughneen Ricketts, Elena Rista and Lindsay Bonner were all Highly Commended. It is the steady week by week work by both teacher and pupil that brings its reward.

Sports Day dawned bright and clear after some days of rain and cloudy weather. As I listened from my office before school, the tone of the voices was higher-pitched than usual and the running feet spoke of excitement in the air. The House Banners and Mascots were prominently displayed and T-shirts, hair ribbons and rosettes in House Colours were evident everywhere. How good it was to see so many parents present. The races for the Pre-School and Kindergarten were enjoyed by everyone. As the morning wore on Merriman took the lead, Rolt began to catch up but by the time the Relay Races were run there was no doubt as to the winners. The races that created the most interest were the Mother's Race and the Father's Race. How proud the daughters of the winning parents were! We were happy to have Miss Geldard with us and she presented the Cup to the winning House — Merriman.

Games Report

1979 has been a very busy year with more girls participating in sporting activities and many of them receiving special coaching. Through their effort pleasing progress has been made.

Swimming

During the first term a number of galas were held in preparation for the Inter-Schools Gala at New-

Charities supported this year were St Michael's Home, Crossroads Creche, the Cape Peninsula Welfare for the Aged, the S.P.C.A. and the Cape Peninsula School Feeding Association. We raised R1508 in the Blisters for Bread Walk, no mean feat when the average amount brought in by each girl was in the region of R10. The girls and their parents responded well to an appeal for bottles — empty and full — for the Tombola Stall at the Community Carnival. Roses were brought on Rose Day to be sold for funds for Child Care, and toys were collected for distribution at Christmas to the children of Bruce Duncan House.

There has been much activity during the year and all this would not have been possible without the co-operation and loyal support of Mrs Davies and the Staff. I should like to thank them especially for giving up their free time to do a Refresher Course in First Aid. You will be pleased to hear that we all passed!

Mrs Midlane who has done so much to improve the standard of Afrikaans in the School, Mrs Ebel who has ably filled a Std I post, Miss Harman who has been responsible for Singing in the Senior Classes and Mrs King who has with her usual efficiency taken Mrs Spiro's class for the past six months, all leave us at the end of the year. Our grateful thanks go to them for the time, thought and effort they have put into their teaching, and we wish them well.

Mrs Cowling will be leaving us at the end of the year after 9 years at Herschel. During this time she has proved to be an outstanding teacher with a wonderful knack of drawing the best out of each child. She is an able administrator and has handled our Stationery and Text Book orders quietly and efficiently. To lighten my load she has taken responsibility for many small duties, and to ensure the smooth running of the school next year, she has already handed these over to various members of Staff. I have been able to attend Conferences with an easy mind knowing that Mrs Cowling was in charge and that everything would run on oiled wheels in my absence. We are going to miss her but the reason for her leaving is such a happy one that we can only wish her well and thank her for her years of loyal service at Herschel.

The House Staff, Office Staff, Domestic Staff and Ground Staff have all contributed their share towards making the School the happy place it is and I thank them for their loyalty.

P. R. BROWN
AD DEI GLORIAM

lands. All the girls did many hours of training including early morning sessions which were rewarded by a 3rd place in the swimming and taking away the Diving Cup. The Inter-house Gala was an exciting event with Merriman well in the lead by the end of the morning. Rolt won the diving trophy. This term swimmers will be preparing for Life Saving Certificates.



SWIMMING TEAM, 1979

Back Row : J. Opie, A. Bareiter, C. McGhie, B. Geldenhuys, A. Green, J. Hardie, C. Tedder.

Standing : S. Gatt, I. Richter, D. Crane, J. Clark, D. Carson, K. Hutchinson, M. Honig, H. Botma.

Seated : F. Gilliland, J. Saunders, N. Caine (Captain), Mrs V. Gray (Coach), C. Mannion,
C. Christie, K. Christie.

Front Row : D. Hosking, S. Smuts, V. Sass, T. Pelt, L. Kantor, B. Godson.



DIVING TEAM

Standing : S. Gatt, C. Mannion.

Seated : L. Newton-Thompson, V. Green (Captain), A. Green.

Absent : S. Newton-Thompson.

Netball

Unfortunately there were many interruptions during the first half of the season resulting in many girls being away for matches. By the end of the season play had improved with 8 teams playing,

including two Under 10 teams. The Inter-Schools Tournament was very exciting with the Under 12 A reaching the finals, only to be beaten by Bergvliet by 3 goals. The Inter-House was won by the superior Rolt team.



NETBALL U12A

Standing : C. Mannion, J. Clark, N. Caine, J. Saunders.
Seated : L. Maisel, K. Pratt, Mrs V. Gray, N. Ince, F. Gilliland.

Squash

The Interschools Squash Tournament was enjoyed by our players who, however, proved to be too weak for their opponents. As this is a relatively new competitive sport we hope that more of the younger girls will take advantage of the coaching being offered at school. During the second term Mrs Lyn Hanekom organised a tournament for the girls, which encouraged the younger players. Ingrid Koster was the winner.

Gymnastics

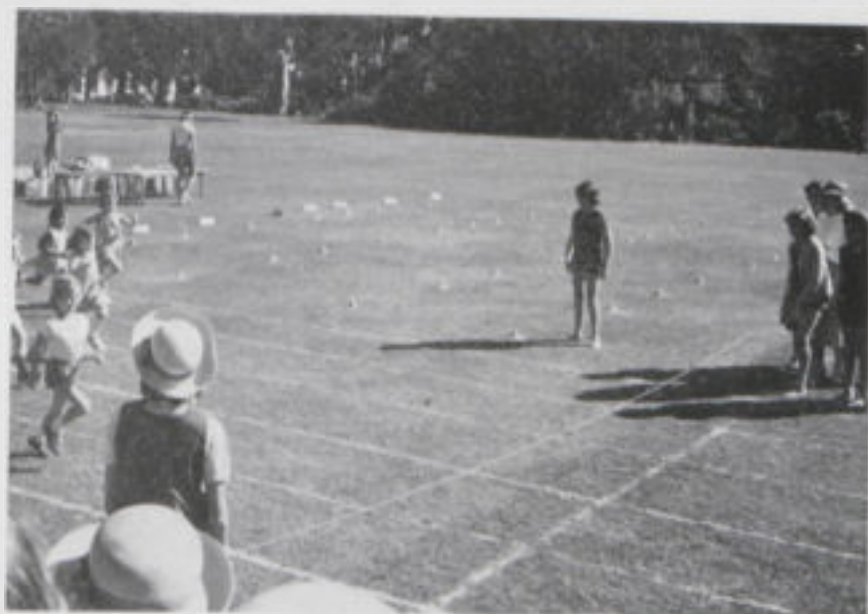
This sport continues to draw interested girls who are seen upside down all over the playing field. We acquired a balancing beam this year and hope to be completing the Proficiency tests soon. Miss Lubbe's group of juniors who are being trained for competition work has made good progress and look like real gymnasts in their new school leotard. Debbie Bonner and Natasha Van Zyl were chosen to represent the Under 10 team at the National Championships in Bloemfontein.

V. GRAY.

SPORTS DAY



Wheelbarrow Race with J. Saunders and N. Newman, C. Mannion and C. Dunckley, Mrs Timoney and Mrs Gower at the winning post.



Pre-prep Race with Mrs Gray in the background.

Hockey

The Std Vs and IVs had an enjoyable season and in the last few weeks we managed to field an A and B team who played several friendly mat-

ches, winning four and losing three. The Inter-House matches ended the season with Merriman winning the cup.



A HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: C. Mannion, J. Postelthwaite, K. Hutchinson, D. Crane, J. Saunders, L. A. Ferguson.

Seated: I. Koster, H. Botma, Mrs V. Gray, C. Dunckley, I. Richter.

Front: C. Fioravanti, I. Carlyle.

Tennis

The A and B teams again participated in the weekly Peninsula Primary Schools Association matches which provided the girls with good competitive experience. They entered the Inter-Schools Doubles Tournament and the Peninsula Doubles Tourna-

ment winning half of their matches. Over 60 girls are receiving coaching from Mrs Eckstein, which should benefit the standard of play in the school. The Inter-House Competition will take place during the last term.



A TENNIS TEAM

Standing: B. Goldenhuys, D. Crane.
Seated: M. Malherbe, Mrs V. Gray, I. Koster.

STD. V VISITS MALAY QUARTER



Susan Gatt, Ingrid Koster, Nicole Ihle, Hildegard Schubert (back) and Claudia and Linda Fioravanti (front) outside the Mosque.



Claudia and Linda Fioravanti outside the Bo-Kaap Museum.

THE FASHION SHOW



Nicola Lloyd-Roberts and Nawal Mohamed.



Nicola Lloyd-Roberts, Vanessa Green, Nawal Mohamed and Sandy Newton-Thompson.

Library Report

Taking over the running of the Prep School Library from as spirited a personality as Miss Tremble was a daunting prospect. The year has passed at enormous speed and has, for me, been a very exciting and rewarding experience. The Library is a relaxed and pleasant place in which to be and continues to be a source of interest and centre of information for the whole School. We are extremely lucky to have such a large and varied selection of books. We continue to build up our reference section and the purchase in the fourth term of *The World Book* will be a valuable addition.

The periodic change of style of the pictures we

now borrow from the Public Picture-Lending Library in Wynberg has given rise to a lot of comment! Of particular interest was a painting filled with movement by Giacomo Balla called "A Lady and Her Dog."

We are about to see the start of a lunch-time Chess Club and hope that this will be well-attended.

I would like to thank all the Library Prefects for their great help and enthusiasm, the Staff for their interest and co-operation and all the girls for being so friendly, pleasant and self-controlled in the Library.

J. Wimbush (Librarian)

Original Work

A MAGIC CARPET RIDE

One day I was walking in Persia and I met a strange tall man and he asked me if I would like a ride on a magic carpet. I accepted and I was dizzy because we soared through the air so. This strange man had lots and lots of jewels and a long moustache and curly hair. I liked it. It was fun to be on a magic carpet ride.

Bertha Visser, Std I

I CAME TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH JAN VAN RIEBEECK

I left Holland in 1652. I was going with Jan van Riebeeck and his wife, children and other people. It was a sunny day and just the time to go. We were going to South Africa to build a refreshment station, for sick sailors. Jan van Riebeeck was taking lots of soldiers, and people. I was going on the *Domedairs* with Jan van Riebeeck. It was a nice journey, but I missed fresh vegetables. Still we got fresh fish and other things. A month passed and soon we reached the shore. We got the small boats out. The women made sure they did not get their dresses wet. We reached the shore and got out. Jan van Riebeeck chose a place by a stream. In a week's time vegetables had almost come up. Soon the fort was made. It is a pretty place, now.

Michelle Gødson, Std I

AN ESKIMO

Eskimos live in Iceland. It's very cold there. They have huskies. Huskies do lots of things. Eskimos eat the blubber and kill seals. They wear skins and fur. When there are blizzards they go inside. They kill seals with harpoons.

Suki Jaffe, Std I

EARLY MAN

In the early days when animals were wild men lived in caves. The caves used to have a narrow entrance so that big animals could not get in, so they didn't steal the meat that the men had killed. They used the fur to keep them warm. They used stones called flint. They made spears and axes out of them.

Kirsten Jensen, Std I

A GIANT

There once was a town called Green Hill. Green Hill was a large and beautiful town. The problem was a huge giant was terrifying the town. He wore green shorts and a blue shirt. For lunch he ate 25 people and for supper 36 and for breakfast 14. He had an appetite! The Mayor held a meeting to decide what was to be done. At last he had an idea they would have to trap the giant. How?

They would have to build a wall. So they did. They all lived happily ever after.

Tessa Milis, Std I.

MAGIC CARPET

I came home from school one day and stepped on one of Mom's old carpets. It was soft, and as I stepped on it I said phew. Up I went on the magic carpet, I felt scared.

Then after a while I felt quite adventurous. I landed on many strange lands, but the land I liked best was the land in the clouds. It was a wonderful land. There were so many lands there and each one was one colour of the rainbow. As the cloud was so soft everyone had to wear boots up to their knees. The village was called Happiness and the town was called Laughter. I bought a few things from a shop with snowflakes which was money to them. I took a piece of each land and went to my carpet and wished I were home, and in two minutes I was there.

Samantha Benzulla, Std I.

A MAGIC WAND FOR A DAY

One morning I was getting out of bed when a little fairy appeared and said "you can have this wand for a day." I was very excited and started to wish and this is what I did with the wand. I waved the wand and said "people must not get sick. I cast a spell saying "I want to go to the Seychelles for a holiday". In one minute I was there. Then I waved the wand and said "I want a little sausage dog to take home". I said, "I want to go to a big farm with my little dog". All of a sudden I was on a big farm. Then when I

had played a little bit I said "I must go home."
When I got home the fairy was waiting for me.
She said "the day is over Please may I have the wand."

Larissa Peter, Std I.

WITCHES TWO WITCHES

I saw two witches one fine night
Glide past the moon on broomsticks bright
As I watched with eyes aglow
They cast their spells and murmured low
And every naughty child we see
They turn into a poisoned tree.

Claire Reilly, Std II.

A BREW

Hil Bil A little boy's knee.
A cup of poison tea
A lizard's kidney
Five purple peas
And a bee.

Method of Mixing the Brew

Liquidize a little boy's knee.
Slowly add a cup of poison tea.
Marinate a lizard's kidney.
Pour in sauce of nightshade.
Add five purple peas then let it stand
Take a bee from the hive and mash it up with the
little boy's knee. Take all the ingredients and mix
and put in the black pot and let it simmer.

Deirdre Terrill, Std II.

WITCH WITCH

Witch! Witch!
What do you drink?
Slugs and snails
in red ink.

Witch! Witch!
What do you do?
Make my spells
And mix my brew.

Witch! Witch!
What do you eat?
Flowers and worms
And zebras' feet.

Witch! Witch!
What do you grow?
Weeds and thorns
And grass to mow.

Amanda Porter, Std II.

Higgidy piggidy pie,
I saw a witch fly by.
She wore a black hat
And had a black cat
Higgidy piggidy pie.

Alison Macnab, Std II.

THE RIVER MYSTERY

The next day the gnomes set sail. They were
going to look for their lost brother. First they
were going along the river.

The gnomes stopped at a little island on the
river. First Baldmoney got off the boat, then
Sneezeworthy and the Dodder. They walked
around the island.

Just then they heard voices. The gnomes ran and
hid behind a hedge. Baldmoney, Sneezeworthy and
Dodder saw two ugly little pixies walking along
the path. The gnomes could just hear what the
pixies were saying. They said, "Tomorrow evening
at mid-night, we will take that gnome who is in
the cave on the cliff side far away." Then the
pixies went away.

Baldmoney said, "We will go tomorrow night and
save that gnome." So the next night they went to
the cave. They went through the tunnels. Soon
they came to a room and saw the gnome, they
quickly took him out of the cave, they saw it
was their lost brother. The gnomes got onto the
boat and sailed back to their little house in the
wood.

Lesley Millar, Std II.

There are so many things you can do at the sea
Watch the sea and drink some tea
Inside the sea are such beautiful things,
Fishes and starfish and jelly fish stings
But when the weather is stormy and rainy,
The creatures get cold and wet mainly
But when the sea is cool and calm
They always love to sing a psalm.

Nazeema Ahmed, Std II.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRINE

The brine is beautiful, oh beautiful is the brine,
And I wish, oh I wish, oh I wish it were mine
Sometimes it is roaring.
With great waves forth pouring.
Come, eat with me tonight and by the sea we'll
dine.

Samantha Anne Bailey, Std II.

Mummy said if its sunny today
We may go to the bay.
Hooray, hooray it is sunny today.
So we may go to the bay.
We will pack our luggage into the car
And drive away now.
Here we are.
We've got our buckets, We've got our spades.
Now lets go splashing in the waves.
We'll jump like frogs and swim like fish.
We'll ride in boats too, if we wish.

But now it is time to go home.
We wish we could stay and play in the foam

But mummy says no,
So away we must go
We think of our wonderful day.

Imelda Knight, Std II.

I AM A MOUNTAIN

I am a mountain
 Towering o'er the world,
 Looming, lofty, sturdy, bold.
 Watch the eagle from his nook —
 Let his claws on rabbit hook.
 Sniff for the wild rose's scent
 And lady Bee buzzes, but never gent.

Pine-trees roll down, all over my slopes,
 And down to the reservoir
 My sleepy stream lopes.
 Icy on top, and covered with snow,
 Watch down on the city
 Who lies down below.

Sally Orran, Std III.

THE CIRCUS

People are talking
 Some are walking
 Papers are rustling
 Mothers are hushing
 The circus has begun.

Lions roar and caper round
 Their footsteps making not the slightest sound
 Horses prance and gallop round
 All alike on the ground.
 The trapeze artists brave as they are
 Climb up the ladders dressed like a star.
 Jumping and turning, they swing around.
 Then all come down to the ground.
 Clowns funny as they are
 Throw water very far.
 Acrobats stand on each other
 Until they all come down one after another.

Liesl Haldane, Std III.

THINGS ABOUT MY DAD

My father is quite tall. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes. My father is handsome and likes doing energetic things. He likes swimming and riding horses. He works in a factory that he owns. I can imagine him sitting in his office talking to people. My father likes coffee and doesn't like sweets and chocolate. I like my father because he's my father and I just love him.

Chartal Simonis, Std III.

DIE MISLUKTE KOEK

Eendag het ek besluit om 'n koek te bak. Ek het my moeder gevra en sy het ingestem.

Eers het ek die kombuis ingestap en 'n mengbak uitgehaal. Toe het ek al die bestanddele gehaal. Eers het ek die oond aangeskakel toe het ek die suiker en botter gemeng. Toe het ek die meel, eiers en melk saam ingeroer. Ek het twee koekpanne gesmeer en die mengsel in die oond gesit. 'n Halfuur later het ek die koek uitgehaal en op 'n bord gesit om dit te laat afkoel, maar dit het nie gerys nie. Vyftien minute later het ek dit versier.

My moeder het later kom kyk. Sy het die koek gesien en gesê: "My kind, jy moes vergeet het om die bakpoel in te sit", en sy was reg. Ek het vergeet.

Tanya Elwin-Jensen, Std III.

I AM A MOUNTAIN

I am a mountain so cold and great
 I am ragged and jagged not at all straight
 I have a pointy top covered with snow
 The wind will never stop to blow
 And what is trickling down my front?
 Oh! yes it's that irritating stream
 At night I see Cape Town City's light gleam
 When you look at me from far way I look purple or blue.

I don't think I'd like being something like you.

Jane Hundleby, Std III.

FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW

From my bedroom window
 I see a little lane
 Which twists and curves for miles,
 And then comes back again.
 From my bedroom window
 I see so many things,
 Like birds fluttering about
 And a sprinkler about to spout.
 From my bedroom window
 I can see the trees
 As they spread their looming shapes
 They seem to block the sunlight.
 From my bedroom window
 I can see so many things
 But it is getting dark,
 So I must wait to see what the next day brings

Fenella Growse, Std III.

'n ONDERVINDING MET 'n SLANG

'n Paar weke gelede het ek en my vriendin, Marie, in die woud gaan kampeer. Ons wou vir twee dae daar gaan kampeer. Die eerste dag het ons die woud gaan ondersoek. Ons het middagete in die woud geëet en later het ons terug na die kamp geloop. Ons het gou aan die slaap geraak, want ons het 'n baie moeilike dag gehad.

Die volgende more het ons ons ontbyt geëet en gaan stap. Ons het elkeen verskillende paadjies geneem en gesien wie eerste in die middel van die woud kon kom. Ek het 'n kort entjie geloop en toe het ek 'n groot rooi, blou en swart slang gesien. Die slang het nader en nader na my gekom en ek het doodstil gestaan sodat dit nie vir my sou pik nie. Toe Marie by die woud kom het sy nie vir my daar gesien nie, en vir my gaan soek. Sy het net 'n entjie geloop toe sy vir my en die slang sien. Marie het 'n groot tak in haar hand geneem en stadig nader na my geloop. Toe sy net agter die slang was het sy hom doodgeslaan met die tak.

Toe het ons na die kamp geloop en ingepak want ons wou nie meer in die woud kampeer nie.

Nicola Baillie, Std III.

SUNNYSIDE HARBOUR

I was standing watching the peaceful village of Sunnyside Harbour. Old men sat watching the waves lap against the jetty. It looked so peaceful. I watched fishermen mending their nets, their fingers moving swiftly over their work. The gay boats in the harbour drew my attention. They seemed, even though not alive, happy to be in the harbour. The light house stood looking rather drab on the quay. But if it wasn't there all the ships

would be shattered on the rocks. Children played in the water and on the sand, they also made big sandcastles. J. Pengelly's shop stood on the corner; it sold bait, hooks, fishing rods and other such things. I watched the scene for a while, then turned around and slowly walked home.

Shelley Woode, Std III.

THE JOLLY CIRCUS

Trapeze artists flying high
Girls on horses riding by.
Then the lions proud and wild
Scaring every single child
Trumpets blaring long and loud
Cheering coming from the crowd.
Then a drum booms loud and clear
Can you guess? The circus is here

Lizette Preiss, Std III.

EK BESOEK DIE TANDARTS

Gister het ek na die tandarts toe gegaan. Ek het die bestelling drie weke gelede gemaak. Ek het eers die ontvangsdame gebel en sy het vir my gesê dat ek op 14 Augustus moes kom.

Gister het ek my fiets gekry en tandarts toe gery. Toe ek by die Mediese Sentrum aangekom het, het ek my fiets op die sypaadjie gelos en binne-in gestap. Ek het met die hyser opgegaan en na die ontvangsdame gestap. Sy het vir my gevra wat my naam is. Toe het ek na die wagkamer gestap. Ek het baie tydskrifte gelees voordat die tandarts my kom haal. Hy het my na die spreekkamer toe geneem. Daar het hy my mond met instrumente en 'n spieël ondersoek. Ek was baie bly toe hy gesê het ek het niks verkeerd nie.

Ek het huis toe gery en vir my ma gesê dat daar niks verkeerd was nie.

Lizette Preiss, Std III.

THE GHOST WHO WAS AFRAID

There was once a little girl called Cathy and, as all little boys and girls do, she lost a tooth. That night she put her tooth in her slipper and with it, a piece of cheese for the mouse.

But there also was a nasty ghost who loved cheese and every night he would go to people's houses and steal it. This particular night he went to the little girl's house but found nothing in the kitchen so he decided to go and see if there was any cheese in Cathy's room. He saw the cheese for the mouse. Suddenly Cathy's cat stepped out of the cupboard. The ghost said, "Wooooooo" for he is very scared of cats. The cat started to chase the ghost all over the place.

Just then the mouse arrived. He took the tooth and cheese, put the money in the slipper and ran away. Now the ghost never steals cheese.

Nicolette Jordan, Std III.

CANNIBALS

From the top of the hill we could see and hear,
Sights in the valley which filled us with fear,
The unfriendly sound of the cannibal snore,
And the cruel tones of their song of war,
The sound of an evil owl hooting,
And cannibals giving each other a booting,
Dark as velvet was the night,
But the fire in their camp gave a ghostly light,
The stream that danced upon some stones,
Contained a lot of human bones.

The cannibals lived in huts of bone,
So that they were as strong as stone,
Around the fire all looking ravenous,
Sat the cannibals looking vicious,
On their skins were lots of scabs,
Some of which were as big as crabs,
On the trees were straggly hairs,
Around the trunks were teeth in pairs.

Fiona Gilliland, Std IV.

Thorpe Lodge
Zwaanswykweg
Tokai
7945

7 September 1975

Liewe Caroline,

Ek wil jou vertel van 'n gevaarlike brand wat in my kamer was. Eenaand het my vriendin by my kom slaap. Ons het my moeder gevra om vir ons 'n paar koekies te bak vir ons middernagfees wat ons sou hê. Ons het alles gereed gemaak voor ons ingekruip het.

Toe die wekker ons wakker gemaak het, het ons twee kersies aan die brand gestee en lekker begin eet. My vriendin het gevra of ons nie na die sterre kon kyk nie. Ek het ingestem en ons het uit die oop venster gekyk toe die wind begin waai het. Dit het een van die kersies op die vloer omgewaai en onmiddellik het die vloer begin brand. Ek het vir my vriendin gevra om my vader te gaan roep terwyl ek die tuinslang vasgekoppel het. Toe my vader aangehardloop kom, was die tafel ook aan die brand. Hy het die brand met die tuinslang gebly maar die tafel was bederf. Ons was bly dat niemand gebrand was nie.

Sê groete aan jou ouers.

Jou verlangende maat
Alison.

Alison Hundleby, Std IV.

FIRE

The leaping fire licked in its destructive way up to the small, shabby, thatched Zulu huts. It seemed as if it were gloating over its power to deprive the poor families of their few precious belongings. The intense heat made quivering lines in the hazy air, so that the horrifying scene looked alive.

How terrifying to watch the panic-stricken parents grab their screaming offspring and their most valuable possessions and make a dash through the bloated fire. The flames still pressed the heat out of their glowing, writhing bodies, dispersing

great bags of black smoke, which for an instant seemed to linger in the air, then disintegrate.

The men were tirelessly beating the stubborn fire, until just smouldering ruins and homeless families were left.

Jennifer Saunders, Std. IV.

DIE SKOENMAKER

Ons skoenmaker is 'n baie ou man, hy is pankop, hy het benierige vingers, hy het diep plooië en hy dra 'n bril. Wanneer hy loop, sleep hy sy voete. Hy is krom. Sy oë is troebel. Hy het verouderde hande en hy bewa.

Sy werk is om skoene te verspoel en om die lym en die spykers aan die pols te sit. Hy poets die skoene en hy werk die gespes aan. Hy maak lae polsye en hy maak hoe polyskoene. Ek hou van die hoe polyskoene. Hy maak vetergaatjies in die skoene om die vetters in die gaatjies te sit.

Jy kan blinkleer skoene kry. Die werkmense dra sterk skoene met dik sole sodat die water nie kan deurkom nie. Die Hollanders dra skoene wat uit hout gemaak is en die klein babas dra sagte warm klein skoentjies. Wanneer dit reën, dra ek nie skoene nie, maar "Wellington Stewels"! Wanneer Moeder en Vader tuis is, dra hulle lekker warm pantoffels.

Diane Stringer, Std. IV.

THE STORM

The wind blew strong and the thunder rolled
And the ship tossed wildly on the heavy sea
The cargo shifted below in the hold
As the faithful crew all did their duty.

The rain poured down and the lightning struck
The mast collapsed upon the deck
They hauled at the life-boats but they were stuck
The captain feared there'd be a wreck
They struggled and strained to get the boat free
And at last they lowered it into the sea.

Fran Knight, Std. IV.

MY TREE HOUSE

I built my refuge in a tree
The highest one around
And I could gaze far out to sea
And hear its crashing sound.

And close beside me in the tree
To my delight I found
A bat; a buzzard and a bee
All safely off the ground.

Joanna Growse, Std. IV.

DIE SKOENMAKER

Met sy lang grys baard, sit hy daar met sy brillette op sy neus. Sy hande is taal, en sy arms is sterk. Hy dra ou stukke skoene en mense wonder hoekom 'n skoenmaker nie heel skoene dra nie, maar dit is vir hom uiters gerieflik. As hy lag, is sy mond tandeloos.

Die hele dag is hy besig om leer te sny en skoene heel te maak. Sy masjien is oud, maar sy gereedskap is blink en skerp.

In sy winkel kan jy skoene, riempies en gordels koop. Vir spesiale mense maak hy veldskoene en

sandale wat baie lank hou. Omdat dit goedkoop is om skoene by die skoenmaker te koop, koop ons skoene by die skoenmaker, en nie by die winkels nie.

Daryl Louw, Std. IV.

THE JUNGLE

The jungle became very popular, with lots of wonderful animals roaming around.

Colourful, cheery, squawky parrots could be heard at the top of the swaying palm trees and the crying of Colobus monkeys awoke the rest of the silent animals. Tigers roamed into swampy areas and cautiously treading their heavy paws on dried leaves, made a crunching sound. Wolves' howls echoed through the jungle and caused an uproar among the many animals.

The sun had just managed to peep through the enormous leaves which darkened this part of the jungle. Huge colourful Venus Fly Traps waited eagerly for an insect to pay a visit. Other colourful flowers bent their heads to greet all the animals passing by. Tall primitive trees looked as if they had reached the sky.

Everything was suddenly silent, all the animals had gone to rest as the heat was unbearable. Crocodiles rested in the muddy water, looking like logs floating helplessly. In the evening all the animals would search for their food.

Shirley Hartz, Std. IV.

DIE OU BOEMELAAR

Op 'n bankie in die park het 'n ou boemelaar gesit. Hy lyk oud en maar en hy het diep plooië in sy vel. Sy oë was klein en troebel. Sy hare het lank nie 'n kam af borsel gesien nie. Sy skoene is afgeleef en sy kleres is toingrig en vuil. Hy sit en eet sy laaste stukkies droë brood.

Die kinders in die park kom nuuskierig nader. Hulle lag en spot, maar die ou boemelaar neem geen notisie nie, want hy is baie moeg en moedeloos. Hy het geen geld en geen kos nie. Hy sit daar en droom in die park in 'n groot stad. Hy is moedeloos.

'n Ouerige dame het in die park geloop. Sy het die ou boemelaar gesien en vasgesteek. Daar was jammerte in haar oë. Sy het haar handsak oopgemaak en gesoek vir 'n vyfrandnoot. Die ou boemelaar het albei hande uitgesteek en sy vingers bewa. Die dame het 'n vyfrandnoot in sy hande gesit. Die boemelaar kyk lank daarna en sy lippe prewel iets. Daar was dankbaarheid in sy oë. Die boemelaar het sy bondeltjie geneem en langsaam verder gestrompel.

Tonia-Cara van der Spuy, Std. IV.

A STORM

Big grey thunder clouds came rolling in, blocking off the sun. Every minute they seemed to get bigger and closer. Suddenly rain came down making big puddles. Soon the rain changed to hail and it came down like little balls of transparent glass. A streak of white light interrupted the steady

beat of the hail. Soon afterwards the thunder god raised his enraged voice. He muttered a few things after that, scolding himself. This was repeated several times until at last the storm subsided.

The water-logged landscape came back to life. The trees and flowers straightened themselves out and people came to see if there was any damage. The animals out for fresh air and the soggy leaves formed a type of peat. Rivers were coming down in torrents from the mountain, bringing the rich, black fertile soil to the valley.

Marijke Honig, Std IV.

THE HAIRDRESSER

As I enter the hairdresser my nose catches the aroma of sweet smelling shampoos, stinking dyes and perms mingling with different mixtures of ladies' cigarettes.

Ladies peep from above their "Fair Lady" magazines to see who has come to join the long queue, whilst others are too busy catching up on the latest gossip.

The buzzing of hairdryers, ringing of the phone, running of water and clipping of scissors fills the air of a busy Saturday morning salon.

A few seem to be enjoying themselves at the washbasins while others have to tolerate their stiff permed hair. Customers suffer in agony as a roller has been pulled too tight or hairdryers are far too hot.

Along a row of gleaming mirrors, ladies admire themselves, smiling with satisfaction. One or two sit chomping delicious snacks under dryers. A vain customer displays her latest French fashions to her friends, another has her split nails attended to by the manicurist whilst the dapper manager strides up and down the aisles keeping a watchful eye on his employees in their white starched overalls.

Karen Dudley, SCtd IV.

DIE OU SKOENMAKER

Daar is 'n ou skoenmaker in ons dorp wat al vir jare hier werk. Hy het 'n lang grys baard en grys toingrige hare. Sy oë lyk baie moeg en hy het nie meer 'n glimlag nie. Sy gesig het baie plooië en hy is benierig. Hy het 'n klein mondjie en hy het altyd 'n pyp wat hy rook. Hy is amper haasbek maar het darem 'n paar tande om mee te kou. Sy borshare is ook grys en hy dra 'n bruin hemp. Sy hande is benierig en hulle het bruin kolletjies. 'n Mens kan ook sy are sien. Sy naels is lank en vuil van al die werk. Hy het baie growwe hande. Sy rug is krom want hy buig altyd oor sy werk. Hy dra 'n vaal broek en 'n paar groot skoene wat baie netjies lyk.

Nicola Ince, Std IV.

OP DIE PLAAS

Op ons plaas is daar 'n groot woonhuis, omring van 'n pragtige blomtuin. Op die werf is daar ses skure, 'n werkwinkel, twee pakkamers, en 'n groot swembad. Hulle is omsingel met 'n draadheining. Aan die kant van die draadheining is daar groot ysterhekke.

Aan die oostekant van die huis is daar die hoenders, varke, beeste en koeie. Elke môre gaan ek na die hoenderhokke, om die eiers te gaan haal en om die hoenders te voer. Dan gaan ek na die varke en ek voer hulle. As ek met die varke klaar is, gaan ek na die koeistalle. Eers voer ek die koeie en beeste, dan melk ek die koeie. Van die koeie se melk maak Moeder kaas, botter en room. Ons het ook baie perde.

Op die plaas groei daar koring, mielies, kafferkoring en hawer. Voor Vader die saadjie saai, ploeg hy sy lande met trekkers. Dan maak hy vore. In die vore saai hy die saadjies, dan eg hy die lande. Elke week skoffel Vader en die arbeiders die onkruid van die lande. Wanneer die koring ryp is, oes ons die lande. Elke soort graan het 'n spesiale masjien wat dit oes. Ons oes die koring met 'n dorsmajaan, die hawer met 'n stroper en die mielies met 'n stroper. Ek hou baie van ons plaas.

Bennita Oswald, Std IV.

A FROG IN THE FRIDGE

A frog in the fridge is fun you say.
Well, let me tell you about the day.
I woke one morning and got out of bed.
I went to the fridge, then turned bright red.

For there, I saw sitting staring at me.
The funniest frog I ever did see.
It jumped in the butter and made quite a splutter
Some landed on me but I dared not mutter.

He jumped on the cake that was made for tea.
What next would he jump on? Maybe me.
He made a flying leap onto the floor.
And sat there quietly while I closed the door.

I picked him up to throw him out
He squiggled and squirmed and I thought he might shout.
The frog was gone yes, oh yes!
But what of the fridge, oh what a mess!

Christine Dunckley, Std V.

BOOKS

Warm and snugly with a torch,
Reading in the dim light
Courage, friends, hopeless affairs,
Love, is all a hard fight.

Transformed into exciting worlds,
Heat building up intense
He's afraid, blood! now he's dead,
Clinging in suspense.

I shift my leg, uncomfortable.
My blankets on the floor.
He lifts his gun, Tom's in his sights,
Now I can take no more.

I flip the page, my mind's at rest,
Their hearts are full of laughter.
The villain's killed, the hero's saved,
It's happily ever after.

Sandy Newton-Thompson, Std V.

THE NIGHT SKY

Night spreads her dark cloak
Across the heavens
Her shining servants
Follow her
Together
They smother everything
In darkness.

Wilhelmina Bray, Std V.

THE LEPER

The leper trudged along the dusty highway. It was in the year of the Lord A.D.30. He had been chased out of town and was seeking refuge. He had been walking for three days with nothing but a crust of bread and a leather flask with a drop of wine in it. His white skin was enough to put anybody off. After another uneventful day of walking he had finished off his crust of bread and drained his flask of wine. His stomach groaned and ached with hunger cramps and every bone of his body creaked.

At last, on the horizon he saw a lone clay house which was crumbling within its foundations and the once whitewashed walls were now scorched from the sun. He got out his bell and shouted, "Unclean, unclean," to warn people of his coming. He was surprised not to hear or see anyone. He then opened the creaky door and looked inside. Realizing there was no one home he stepped in and, owing to his hunger pains, he went straight for the clay oven, hoping there might be some food waiting to be eaten there. Disappointed he went outside to the well where there must be something but again he was mistaken. Nothing sat cool and inviting on a shelf in the well, nothing but an empty clay jug.

Hungry and disappointed he went on his way. Shortly afterwards he came to a big town. He once again got out his bell and shouted, "Unclean, unclean". At one end of the town there was a large crowd. He tried to hear what somebody was saying but all he heard was "Jesus, son of God, was here, the one that could heal and do miracles". If only he could touch him he knew he would be healed. He pushed and shoved till at last he was at the front near Jesus. He fell on his knees and begged Jesus to heal him. Then Jesus said, "Rise you are healed". And he was. There was not a sign of leprosy anywhere. That man was surely the happiest man in the world that day and from then on was a loyal, faithful Christian.

Felicity Peile, Std V.

BIRTHDAY SPECIAL

As I sat at the dinner table in suspense, waiting for my Birthday meal, an appetizing smell of cooking wafted up to my nostrils. It teased my stomach, making me seem even hungrier than I was. All of a sudden the door of the kitchen opened and in came my mother triumphantly holding a steaming bowl of soup. With a flourish she placed it on the table and began dishing it up. My eyes grew wider and wider as I saw it was cream of asparagus soup, my favourite first course. I looked at the bowl of soup in front of me. It was rich and creamy and was filled with lavish chunks of asparagus. As I put the first spoonful into my

mouth it was thick, and I rolled it around my tongue before swallowing it. I scraped the remains of the soup out of the bowl trying to taste it for as long as possible.

The next course placed before me was sole. The sole took up most of the plate, and smelt heavenly. It had a crisp, light brown skin. The hot butter still sizzled on it, and oozed down its side. As I gently slid my knife into it, I saw soft, white flaky flesh. The sole tasted like the sea, and its skin crackled softly as I ate it. Then I began on my cauliflower, roast potatoes and tossed French salad. The roast potatoes were cut in half and in the middle was a slice of melting butter. The jackets were brown and crisp, and the potatoes just melted in my mouth. The cauliflower was flowing with butter and looked soft and mellow. The salad looked bright against my plate. It tasted crisp and fresh in lemon juice and was exotic and different.

In front of me a bowl was placed. It was the dessert. Huge red strawberries stared up at me. On top of them I saw lashings of whipped cream. The strawberries were a faint pink at the tips and were perfectly shaped, whilst the cream was snow-white and slowly sliding down the berries. I placed a strawberry covered with cream into my mouth. As I bit into the juicy berry I tasted the sweetness of the cream, and then the fruit-like strawberry taste. Now I savoured it before letting it gently slide down my throat.

As I rose from the table I felt bloated, but very content with my Birthday Surprise.

Ilse Richter, Std V.

LONELINESS

I sit,
In the playground,
amongst strange buildings,
A sea of new faces
suffocate me.
The children stare,
point,
and then laugh,
at my accent,
my clothes and,
my looks.
I feel myself go crimson,
and I stare at the ground.
I think of my old school,
my house and my friends.
My heart longs for something familiar,
but I am alone!

Leanne Carlyle, Std V.

HAIKU

THE PENGUIN

Little gentlemen,
Plodding up and down the shore
Top-hat, suit and all.

Alison Blake, Std V.

SMOKE

Thick, curling and grey
enveloping smoke rises
from pitch black chimneys.

Catherine Shub, Std V.

SMOKE

Smoke puffs and billows
It swirls like a tornado
Into the black sky.

STARS

Stars twinkling up high
Sparks glittering in the sky
Lights in space flutter.

Malu Ovenstone, Std V.

LAUGHTER

Like bubbling champagne;
Beckoning to others to ...
overflow with it —

Leanne Carlyle, Std V.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO

My name is Judy. Judy Stevens. I lived in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake in 1906. I was sixteen at the time. All my family was killed, my brother Danny; my sister Tammy and my mum and dad. It was awful. I remember seeing Danny on his bicycle. He was coming back from the shops. Suddenly the earth opened beneath him. A rumbling sound came. It was terrifying. Danny screamed. He fell into the huge hole. Poor kid! He was only eleven then. The last I saw of him, was a blonde head falling down, down, down.

Tammy was playing at her friend's house. She and Sue's family were trapped underneath their crumbling home. I miss her often for she was very close to me.

Dad was working in his large baker's shop. Suddenly a booming sound erupted, the dust swirled up and a large crack opened in the earth. The top floors of buildings bent and cracked. Dad was on the top floor. He hurtled down to his death. It's funny that Dad's not here anymore.

Mom heard Danny scream. She ran outside. Buildings fell about her, roads crumpled, and everywhere people were screaming. She saw her son disappear, but she ran on. She was crying from shock and terror. She tripped and fell ... I never saw her again.

I had been helping Mom with her cooking when I felt the house shudder. I had run to the window. Mom stood screaming at the door. Then she saw Danny. I rushed to the back of our house and saw a terrible sight. Everywhere people were running, screaming and crying. Animals were trampled to death or else swallowed up. Roads broke in half, buildings fell like matchsticks, shattering into a million pieces, covering humans and furniture. Dust clouds formed. Far above, the blue sky was dotted with lazy, white clouds as if unaware of the increasing terror below.

By some wonderful miracle I escaped alive. What seemed hours later I was found by a group of rescuers. Our house was still standing, tilted and broken, but in one piece. The next few, dazed weeks were awful nightmares. I then stayed for nine years with my beloved Aunt Julia.

I am thirty-six now and have three children, Danny, Charles and Tammy. I have the best husband ever to be had. He's tall and dark. His name is Larry. It's twenty years ago since San Francisco was destroyed, and it is one hazy, unpleasant memory, but every night I wake screaming with the dreadful memory of the destruction of San Francisco by earthquake.

Leanne Carlyle, Std V.

A COUNTRY CHURCH RUIN

The old church lay in the sunshine and basked in its ancient glory. Around it the weeds mingled with the new generation of flowers, which had grown from the seeds of the previous generations. The tombs of villagers and travellers, murderers and their victims lay in quiet solitude and soaked up the sun's warm rays.

The roof had long since crumbled and lay in pieces on the old mosaic tiles. The pews were infested with woodworms and the pillars lay in restless slumber on the ground. The gold candlesticks had been rescued from the ruins and the altar was bare. A creeper grew along the west wing and covered the wooden beams still intact, and the old communion stand was bare of its wondrous carpets. The whole scene had an air of restful peace.

Wendy Perold, Std V.

Kindergarten

A Sub B mother was overheard to say of her daughter, "I can't believe how she has suddenly grown up." Observing the growth and maturing of our Pre-Prep, Sub A and Sub B pupils is one of the rewards of teaching this age group. Someone is struggling to learn to read and suddenly is coping with ease — a shy, retiring child gains confidence — the mystery of subtraction is solved. Our annual concert helps all our children to mature and appearing before an audience is, to them, a major happening. This year's concert was no exception.

Our concert did not have a theme this year but took the form of separate items all of which were the culmination of work done in class. The Pre-Prep told the story of the weather in verse and

song. Sub A produced an action song item and told the story of Peter Rabbit with movements to music. After discussions with their teachers about kindness, patience, self-control, faith, love and joy, the Sub B classes danced, marched and sang, retelling all they had learned, with the help of the Music Machine. They were accompanied by Mrs Tyson and my thanks to her for her willing and capable help. We were sorry to lose Mrs Langenegger from the Pre-Prep and Mrs Spiro from Sub B in June, but fully understood their need to leave us and congratulate them both on the safe arrival of their baby sons.

My thanks to the parents who have supplied us with many kinds of material for use in handwork and art classes, especially Mrs Snyders whose

enormous quantities of left-over card and paper from a local factory, have inspired many a project.

My appreciation and thanks to Mrs Brown and the Staff for all they have done to make 1979 a fruitful and happy year.

Marguerite Davies

MY PETS

I have a dog and his name is Snoekie, he likes me, he plays with me. I have fishes, one is Goldie and one is colourful. I have got two budgies and one's name is Chee-Chee and Henry. I have a cat, my cat lies in the sun.

Tania Lange, Sub A.

My name is Alexandra, I have a dog and his name is Abraham and he is white, and he likes meat and he likes bones and Dogmore too. He has a black nose and brown eyes and I have a cat and his name is Stradavarius II and he likes milk and fish too.

Alexandra Mallet, Sub A.

My pet Emma is a vicious dog, she brcs at the postman.

Caroline Martin, Sub A.

I have got a dog her name is Jenny, she never stops wagging her tail.

Pamela Thompson, Sub A.

I have a cat and her name is Amigo, and her colour is black and white, and she eats food, and she scratches, but I like her very much.

Madeleine Simonis, Sub A.

I have a horse. I have a dog, my dog is a ulashun. I have some budgies. I look after them well. I giv them water. I giv them food.

my ponee is fat. my dog loves going to the beach. my budgies have lots of baby's the fathr floo awaa.

Sarah McCarthy, Sub A.

I had a luvly holiday with my frends. I went to a party and we playd lots of gams. and I won a pris and my pris wos a penisl. do you no that I brut my pensil to school? I could stay up lat and I watchd w k r p and I watch Patrocelli and I could sleep lat.

Lauren Kellner, Sub A.

my dog is a pupe. she hatto go to the vet bee-coos the dogs are goowing,wer ever she goows. she is verey good. she is my pupe. my dogs name is looloo.

Susanne Louw, Sub A.

one day my Grany took me to see the film of rocky two. It was veree incsitinge. rocky wun evry fit. rocky is a boxer. when hee was runing to get fit for the next fit evree one was folioinge him.

Linda Wilson, Sub A.

I went to my aunty.
I plaid with the children.
I had tee and cake.
I made a penguin house.
I read the Argus at home.

Aisha Ariefdien, Sub A.

I went to Hermanus and I rode a horse. my cousin came with me to ride a horse. we hav a new made on Sunday. I make tea and I go and fetch the newspagr. my rabat had babies.

Michele Smith Chandler, Sub A.

IF I WAS A PRINCESS

I would rule the country nicely. I would not pray to idles, I would pray to god and I would not kill anyone even if they stole. I would only put them in jail. I would wear silk dresses and I would keep them well and have the best of maners and I would be brave and would have no blood-shed and I would try to stop wars and I would not get into any trouble. I would have a nice castle and I would wear a teiara and have perfume. I would go to balls.

Sarah Powys, Sub B.

I WISH I WAS —

I wish I was a fairy I would like a pretty dress made of gauze. I would have a magic wand with a star on the top. I would have two beautiful wings I would live in a dear little cottage. It would have a green door and a red chimney and two yellow windows.

Elizabeth Mallet, Sub B.

I AM A BEE

I am a bee farst asleep and all of a sudden I woke up with the sweet smell of nectar wafting into my hive. I smelt jasmine blossoms freezias daisies daffodils. I said the spring is here. I spread my wings out and went to fly and get pollen for my honey and honeysone where my babies can get born.

Claire Howse, Sub B.

WHEN I GROW UP

I would like to be a physio-therapist when I grow up because my Mom is one. I would like to help people who cannot do things. I love doing good deeds for people. I will work at red cross. I will need a uniform. I will need my own mat and a first aid kit.

Tamryn Whitnail, Sub B.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I wood like to be a Ballerina because I like dancing but I wood have to earn some money because I would have to buy a tutu and a leotard and only then cuod I go on the stage and become a real ballerina.

Claire Howse, Sub B.

OUR CONCERT

On Tuesday the eleveneth of September we had a concert and Elena was the conductor I did a Scottish dance with some other girls and in the night we had to have make up on our faces. and

when we went home we played Spookie Spookie in the dark. And we had a dress on when we did our concert and Kau was a boy and so was Hilbre. My mommy came to watch me on Tuesday with my daddy and my sister came to because she did not come on Monday with all of the other big girls. At first I was scede but the second time I wasint so scede and now the concert is over and I am so sad that it is over.

Lindsay Bonner, Sub B.

MY TEACHER

I like my teacher her name is Mrs Davies she has green eies. She is all rite four her size. She is just rite to be a teacher.

Lisa Faber, Sub B.

THE WEDDING

One day there was a girl and she was twenty-one and she had a boyfried caled Jim. the girls name was Balinda. She was very pretty. One day Jim said to Balinda will you marry me. yes said Balinda. I would like to marry you Jim. So they sent invitation to there friends Balinda chose a flower girl and the flower girls name is Anner. She was a pretty girl and Jim chose a page boy and his name was John. At last the day came and they where married.

Julie van Rijswijk, Sub B.

I AM A HAT

I am a cowboy hat. I like riding with my man and he arrested four men and he went home and put them in prison.

Fenella Ebbs, Sub B.

I AM AN ORANGE

I am a beautiful blossom. I am white the insects visit me in the night. One day a bee came. He said you look nice you are soon to have a baby. Oh she said will it look like me. No said the bee it will look perfectly round and next time I come you will know I am coming with pollen to wake your little baby. I will put some pollen on the stigma and your petals will flutter down onto the grass. And your baby will come up from the stem. Soon it will be big and the colour orange. Then one day the farmer will pick it but it will be big and not a baby anymore. Oh how wonderful said the blossom and she thought of the happy things and travelling that her baby will have.

Amanda Gersh, Sub B.

MY WEDDING

When my Mummy and Daddy got married my mummy had her veil over her face and a bunch of flowers in her hand and my daddy a flower in his cote. On the car it had ribbons then my mummy signed the register and then she went home with the noys of the tins, clank, clank, clank.

Hilbre Cardwell, Sub B.

MY TEACHER

My teacher has brown hair her name is Mrs Spiro of course. She has a fat tummy because she is having a baby in a few months time. My teacher has brown eyes and a lovely smile. All together she has a lovely face and she lives in a flat. She is quite tall and quite short. Her real name is Janas her hair is curly hair. She teaches us nice things.

Susie Snyders, Sub B.

Old Herschelians' Association

1979 COMMITTEE

President: Miss Pamela Geldard.
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 Jansen Keyser (Kipps), 12 Irene Road, Newlands, (65-2447).
Mrs Anne Snyders (Steens), 37 Mountain Road, Claremont (61-8732).

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs Delia Charton (Beck), 7 Severn Road, Diap River, (72-0752).

Group 7 (KK-OO)

Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer (Wells) Applegarth Farm, Hout Bay Road, (70-8865).
Miss Gillian 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).

Directory: Adele Fouché

News Editor: Mandy van Dugteren.

MINUTES OF THE 51st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION HELD AT HERSCHEL ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1979.

Present:

Miss Geldard (President).
Fenella Douglas (Vice-President).
Brenda Lynne Hoffman (Chair).
Mary Loggie (Secretary and Treasurer).
and Old Herschelians.

Guest of Honour: Mrs Joy Boyes.

Welcome: It was with great pleasure that Mrs Hoffman welcomed our new Headmistress, Miss Pamela Geldard and invited her to become our President. In reply Miss Geldard said how moved she was by the spirit and feeling of the school which, to a newcomer had been so noticeable. She looked forward to meeting more of the Old Herschelians during the year.

We also welcomed Mrs Joy Boyes as an Honorary Life Member and Terry Lloyd Roberts presented her with two original drawings by Cora Coetzee as a mark of the love and esteem in which she was held by all who were privileged enough to be her pupils.

Minutes: As these were published in the 1978 magazine they were duly signed as being correct.

Business:

1. It was agreed that the new directory though desirable was an expensive luxury.
2. Miss Geldard briefed us on the Bernard Shaw play about to be staged in the open air and commented on the new Term Calendar circulated to all parents.

Comments regarding the behaviour of the girls out of school were noted.

The meeting was intentionally short as it was followed by a slide show by Marian Robertson to introduce Miss Geldard to Herschel old and new, just as one would bring out the old photo albums for a new member of the family.

The meeting adjourned for tea followed by tennis matches — Old Herschelians versus the School in blistering heat!

Marriages

ABRAHAMSE — HOLCROFT. In December 1978, Susan, daughter of Mr and Mrs Len Abrahamse, of Constantia, to Martin, son of Mrs Betty Weir of Halifax, West Yorkshire.

BATHO — CLENNETT. On 16th December, 1978, Susan daughter of Mr and Mrs P. Batho, of Newlands, to John Clennett, of Hobart, Tasmania.

BORTON — ORPEN. On 17th February, 1979, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Mr and Mrs Jack Borton, of Claremont, to Peter, son of Mrs J. Orpen of Somerset West and the late Mr J. J. O. Orpen.

PARRY — BADHAM-THORNHILL. In May, 1979, Frances, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. H. Parry, of Wynberg, to David, son of Major and Mrs D. G. Badham-Thornhill, of Cheltenham, England.

SIMPSON — SCOTT. On 5th May, 1979, in Elgin, Deborah, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Simpson, of Elgin, to Bruce, son of Mr and Mrs N. Scott, of Uitenhage.

SMITH — EVANS. In May, 1979, Julia, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. W. V. E. Smith, of Constantia, to Ken, son of Mr and Mrs J. A. Evans, of Cape Town.

STUBBS — MANSON. In October, 1978, Lesley, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. W. Stubbs, of Bishopscourt Estate, to David, son of Mr and Mrs R. K. Manson, of Bergvliet.

SUSMAN — WOMERSLEY. In December, 1978, Daphne, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. Susman, of Kenilworth, to Daniel, son of Mr and Mrs E. H. R. Womersley, of Constantia.

TWENTYMAN-JONES — HOOK. On 24th February, 1979, Bridgid, daughter of Mr and Mrs H. E. Twentyman-Jones, of Rondebosch, to Rhett, son of Mr and Mrs J. Hook, of Salisbury, Rhodesia.

WELLS — SILBERBAUER. On 21st July, 1979, Sally-Ann, daughter of Dr and Mrs N. Wells, of Wynberg, to Frank, son of Dr and Mrs J. Silberbauer, of Constantia.

WHITEHEAD — HUDSON. Penny, daughter of Mr and Mrs Stan Whitehead, of Rondebosch, to Stephen, son of Mr and Mrs John Hudson, of Durban North.

Wedding of Sally-Ann Wells and Frank Silberbauer

Who would have thought that a Std 8 romance would suddenly 10 years later re-establish itself and finalize in marriage.

It all happened most unexpectedly at Jane Borton's wedding in February this year. Frankie had just returned from the Hobbie Cat World Championships in America and I too had recently returned from a 2 year working-holiday overseas and so we hadn't seen each other for ages. We took our families by storm the following day by telling them that we had got engaged, but everyone was overjoyed and the celebrations began. I had always been extremely fond of Dr John and Dr S., my ex-headmistress, and so I couldn't have wished for nicer parents-in-law.

I always thought that my family was large but the Silberbauer clan is another story, and so in order to fit in all the friends and relatives we decided to hold the reception at Kelvin (and thank goodness we didn't get charcoal grill!).

Kim Broadbent flew out from England to be my chief bridesmaid and Sue Borton, who came down from Rhodesia where she was fighting with the airforce, and Belinda Blaine, who stole the show because she looked so beautiful, were also bridesmaids.

Father Eve married us at Christ Church, Kenilworth, on the 21st July and Miss Sweet's Herschel Choir sang magnificently.

Greg Baumann drove us in their beautiful Vintage Rolls to the reception and once Clive Silberbauer, being bestman and master of ceremonies, had got the speeches over with, we all relaxed and enjoyed the evening, then off to Aoulhas.

S. Silberbauer.

BIRTHS

- BISOGNO. — To Gisele (Hardy) and Victor, a son, on 11th July, 1979.
- BERGOFF. — To Gail (Kinlay) and Maurice, a daughter, 11th October, 1979.
- BRADSHAW. — To Jean (Henderson) and Richard, a son, on 9th August, 1979.
- COLLIER. — To Sandra (Howell) and Anthony, a daughter, on 3rd April, 1979.
- DE HUTTON. — To Sue (Kennedy) and Derek, a daughter, on 2nd February, 1979.
- DRYSDALE. — To Chloe (Knight) and Gavin, a daughter, on 14th May, 1979.
- GARLICK. — To Pauline (Pringle) and Alan, a daughter on 16th December, 1978.
- HOLCROFT. — To Susan (Abrahamse) and Martin, a daughter, on 26th September, 1979.
- KRASS DE KRASSNOKUTSKI. — To Ling (Weseman), and Leo, a son, on 24th November, 1978.
- PIERSON JURRIANS. — To Rosemary (Fowkes) and Allard, a daughter, on 31st December, 1978.
- RUYSCH VAN DUGTEREN. — To Mandy (Noakes) and George, a son, Simon George, on 27th September, 1979.
- TEMPLETON. — To Anne (Kipps) and Peter, twins (a boy and a girl) on 31st July, 1979, in London.
- TERRAPON. — To Sue (Simpson) and Vernon, a daughter, on 6th December, 1978.
- TOWNSEND. — To Jenny (Thal) and Charles, a son, on 23rd December, 1978, in Perth, Australia.
- VAN ALLAN. — To Rosemary (Pickering) and Richard, a son, on 20th October in London.
- WHYTE. — To Penny (Ismay) and Roy, a son, on 3rd December, 1978.
- WILSON. — To Marjorie (Aitchison) and Kevin, a son, on 18th September, 1978, in England.
- WYNNE. — To Jennifer (Brimble) and Anthony, a daughter Michaela Katherine, on 28th September, 1979.

DEATHS

- FIDDIAN-GREEN. — Mary (Baxter), on 10th June, 1979, in Johannesburg.
- BOYES. — Emily Joy, on 6th September, 1979, Cape Town.
- HENNESSEY. — Vanessa Noel (Vicky), 28, on October 12, after a long illness. Dearly loved daughter of Joyce and Denis and sister of Libby and Moira.

IN MEMORIAM :

Mary Fiddian-Green

It was with very much regret that we heard of Mary's death in Johannesburg on the 10th June, 1979. She had not been well for some time and bore her long illness with tremendous courage. Only a week before her death she bravely made the journey to Knysna to attend her daughter Karen's wedding. This was an otherwise happy family gathering as her son, Richard, had come from Canada for the event.

Mary was the oldest of Mr and Mrs Duncan Baxter's four daughters and a granddaughter of the School's founder, Mr J. W. Jagger. Because of this she always took a great personal interest in anything to do with Herschel. She was one of the younger "originals" when it opened in February, 1922, and in her last year was Head Girl.

Those who knew Mary will remember her as being rather shy (something she overcame afterwards) very loyal to the School and her friends, kind and helpful, with a strong sense of responsibility. She was very interested in music and a beautiful needlewoman.

On her marriage to Richard Fiddian-Green her first home was in Kenya — a country she enjoyed tremendously. After some years there her husband was transferred to Johannesburg, and on his retirement they settled in Knysna at Leisure Island. Here Mary took a very active part in child welfare work and did much to help improve conditions for the poorer people of the district. And it was while living at Knysna that she frequently attended functions at the School, including the Golden Jubilee pageant and the gathering of Old Girls last year. She was always one of the School's most generous benefactors and an active participant in various fund raising events through the years and would have rejoiced to see the fruition of the latest scheme.

The Old Herschelians Association will miss Mary and her interest in Herschel and our deepest sympathy goes out to her children and their families and to her brother David and sisters Jean, Sheila, and Moira.

FENELLA DOUGLAS

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER, 1979

EXPENDITURE				INCOME			
School Magazine — 1978	—	730,24		Membership Subscriptions —			
Add Postage — — —	—	32,63	762,87	Annual — — — —	6,00		
				Life — — — —	512,50	518,50	
Farewell Party — — —	—	273,48					
Less Donations — — —	—	149,00	124,48	Donations — — — —		32,00	
				Sale of Bridge Scorers —		13,00	
Old Herschelians' Day —	—	40,89		EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE			
Bank Charges — — —	—	9,84		OVER INCOME — — —		374,58	
			<u>R938,08</u>				<u>R938,08</u>

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER, 1979

ACCUMULATED FUNDS				CASH AT BANK — — —		67,36
Balance at 1 October 1978	—	441,94				
Less Excess of Expenditure						
over Income for the						
year ended 30 Sep-						
tember, 1979 — —	—	374,58	67,36			
			<u>R67,36</u>			<u>R67,36</u>

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.

2 October 1979
MUIZENBERG

J. TRAILL-WOOD
Chartered Accountant (S.A.)

Reunion — London

Secretary: Karen Cooper, 40 Lower Belgrave St., London, SW1 Tel. 01-7302308.

The London Meeting of the Old Herschelians was held on Thursday, 10th May at the Ladies V.A.D. Club, Great Cumberland Place, through the great kindness of Oswynne Buchanan (Mrs Jordan). Some twenty-five attended. Margaret Geber (Mrs Begnier) was there and appreciation and thanks were expressed to her at the end of her term of Office as London President; together with this, pleasure was expressed that Miss Elcombe (Mrs Peter Payne) accepted to become the London President. Both she and Peter were present and she responded with some amusing reminiscences, (although not always quite accurate!) of her early days at Herschel.

It was an extremely happy and lively gathering, including parents, Mrs Buchanan (Oswynne), Mrs Cooper (Karin and Tanya), husbands Mr Payne (Miss Elcombe), Mr James (Mary van der Bijl), daughters of Mary van der Bijl, Nicky van der Bijl, Margaret Mellish, Jean Stoddart, Adele Jooste (the names become confusing sometimes). Thanks were given to Oswynne in arranging for the room, to Claire Russell for the invitations and organising the refreshments, to Karin for the Secretarial work and to all three for their hard work before and after, making for general success.

After much discussion and in consideration of the public holidays in May the date for next year was fixed as Wednesday, 21st May, 1980.

ACCEPTANCES

Mrs W. O. Buchanan, Mr and Mrs J. Caldwell (Sheila McIntyre), Misses K. and T. Cooper, Mrs M. Cooper, Mrs A. Edwards (Alison Payne), Mr

and Mrs James and daughter (Mary van der Bijl), Mrs O. Jordan (Oswynne Buchanan), Mrs E. Macpherson (Nicky Van der Bijl) and daughter, Miss H. C. McLean, Miss Diane Marshall, Mrs V. Vere Nicoll (Payne), Mrs P. Payne (Miss Elcombe) and husband, Lady Robinson (Margaret Mellish) and daughter, Clemmie, Miss C. Russell, Mrs C. Regnier (Margaret Geber), Mrs J. Van Den Berg and Miss O. Van Den Berg (Jean Stoddart), Miss J. Kirk, Miss C. Fouché, Mrs M. Stuttaford (Melanie Semurier).

REGRETS

Mrs L. Armstrong (Linda Hyde-Jones), Rev. and Mrs Aubrey (Pam St Leger), Mrs V. Bird (Valerie van der Bijl), Mrs P. L. C. Brodie (Pauline Thorne), Mrs S. Bourcier (Sonia Hollebone), Mrs Brennan (Joanna Smith), Mrs A. Crawford (Anne Porter), Mrs P. V. Collings (Betty Starck), Mrs M. J. Duckworth (Mary Jane Harris), Mrs B. Hyde (Mary Hebditch), Mrs S. Hoppen Leech (Stephanie Shub), Mrs J. Hackett (Juliet Windham), Mrs D. Hennessy (Deborah Kipps), Mrs J. Hodgson (Judith Makin), Mrs U. Hodson (Una Long), Mrs P. Lusty (Patricia Dukes), Mrs D. McEwen (Joan Hill), Mrs E. Martino (Betty Van Der Bijl), Miss S. Macgregor, Mrs S. Nichol (Susan Harvey Kelly), Mrs Oliver (Lindsay Lomas-Walker), Mrs F. Rutherford (Fleur Smith), Mrs J. Raubaut (Jacqueline Regnier), Mrs Sanguinette (Pat Craig-Martin), Mrs K. A. Sellar (Molly Thorne), Miss P. Stevenson, Mrs M. Stobie, Mrs H. A. Turner (Helen Botha-Reid), Mrs A. Templeton (Ann Kipps), Mrs B. Travers (Virginia McKenna), Mrs R. Van Allan (Rosemary Pickering), Mrs Woolham (Phoebe Scrivenor), Mrs Whitaker (Susan Burder), Mrs H. Wells (Heather Kelly).

LETTER RECEIVED FROM MRS BOYES A WEEK BEFORE HER UNTIMELY DEATH, ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1979

"Of course, of all the many things I intended to do once I stopped teaching, I have achieved very few. The rapidly falling interest rate is largely to blame. I seem to spend a good deal of my time doing subtraction sums, and telling myself what I shall not be able to do after all.

"My garden has had far more care and attention lavished upon it this year, and, as is the way of gardens, looks far less attractive than usual; I have read enormously, and been able to go to interesting lectures, and attend the film festival which I enjoyed immensely; I have done some

coaching and enjoyed it, too. Yet I miss my teaching — though not the marking! — and my colleagues on Herschel staff. In fact, I quite often visit them, and have lunch at school.

"I'm literally and figuratively trying to put my house in order. Perhaps, in doing so, I'll find something really creative and satisfying to do, so that I shall stop feeling vaguely apologetic about not really doing anything except drift through the days.

"My good wishes to all Herschelians, old and new."

DID ANYONE SEE THIS T.V. PROGRAMME?

As some of us saw on TV, Marian Robertson (née Spilhaus) discovered that a decrepit and much-altered house in Muizenberg, named 'Stegmanns Rust' was in actuality the shell of the Posthuys erected by the Dutch East India Company in 1673, the year before the Castle was occupied. Her attention was drawn to it by an estate agent friend who felt it would be a pity if someone bought it to demolish it for flats, but she had no idea how very old it would prove to be.

Marian brought the results of her research to the attention of the Anglo American Corporation, who owned it. Once aware of their possession of hidden treasure it was decided to restore it and present it to the Nation. The project has taken some time to get underway but should be complete early in the new year.

Meanwhile, Marian has been busy with a commission for the Cape Gate group of companies to research, edit and assist in the writing of a lavishly illustrated 144-page book to celebrate their 50th

anniversary. Privately printed and distributed, "From Shtetl to Steelmaking" tells the story of the great Jewish immigration to South Africa from about 1880 to 1910. The families who founded Cape Gate are used to typify some of the 40 000 people who immigrated during this period from the shtetls (the small towns and villages of Russia) and who, starting with nothing, made a notable contribution to their new country.

"I've found this fascinating," said Marian, "and at the same time very humbling. The orthodox Jew and the truly believing Christian have more in common than either appreciate and this makes the anti-Semitism which caused these people to leave Russia all the more tragic. Writing this story brought me face to face with the horrors of prejudice perpetrated by those who claimed to be followers of Christ. At the wish of the main author, this aspect of the story has been heavily under-played and there is no bitterness in the book; but the suffering I had to understand to do this job and the study I had to make of the religious beliefs of these immigrants caused me to be more acutely aware of the danger of all forms of prejudice in myself."

1979 HERSCHEL MOTHERS WHO ARE OLD HERSCHELIANS

Standard 10

Fiona: Mrs D. K. McLennan — nee Maureen Bourke.

Theresa: Mrs R. Campbell — nee Sarah Maydon.

Caroline: Mrs E. B. Dowdle — nee Yvonne Roux.

Therese: Mrs J. A. Herbert — Jasmine Honore.

Georgina: Mrs K. J. Frater, nee Angela Simpson.

Julia: Mrs M. B. Singer nee Wendy Frances.

Standard 9

Linda: Mrs B. de Kock — nee Gill Downing.

Susan: Mrs D. G. Burns, nee Diana Dicey.

Standard 8

Toni: Mrs K. Beck — nee Barbara Wiltshire.

Toni: Mrs S. Olivier — nee Judy Norton.

Luanna: Mrs C. D. Shonfeld — nee Carole Papworth.

Standard 7

Susan: Mrs H. Hammond — nee Justine Cole.

Susan Bryant: Mrs H. Busby — nee Heather Marr.

Belinda: Mrs N. Morris — nee Nancy Howie.

Standard 6

Anne: Mrs L. G. Abdy — nee Gayle Banghart.

Lindy: Mrs L. de Waal — nee Rosemary Robb.

Jill: Mrs R. R. Fouché — nee Adele Jobste.

Amanda: Mrs J. T. Robins — nee Tanis Guicherit.

Liza Rowland: Mrs G. Mellish — nee Gail Meglaughlan.

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

On two evenings in September many Old Girls, parents and friends were treated to an evening of young fashion entitled "Younger than Springtime". This was made possible by the generous hard work and talent of Jo Lloyd Roberts and fourteen Herschel girls ranging in age from Std II to Std IX.

We were welcomed to a wonderfully relaxed start to the evening in a candlelit diningroom invitingly decorated by Gail Mellish and her team with tables laden with snacks, wine and flowers.

We were then ushered through to the hall, and from the moment the show started we shared the infectious enthusiasm that radiated from the fourteen models — Dot Douglas, Lindy de Kock, Vanessa Green, Wendy Lyhne, Clodagh Mannion, Ingrid Matalengwe, Gill McKenzie, Monica Oetz, Sandy Newton Thompson, Magda Rosenwerth, Sue Steenkamp, Tonya Cara van der Spuy, and the two show stealers Nicky Lloyd Roberts and Nawal Mohamed. The girls were "pretty relaxed, pretty up to the minute, just — pretty". Their faces were beautifully made up by Clinique.

The evening was an eye opener to the fashions of young ladies — a feast of joyous strong statements of colour, demonstrating that today's fashion decrees that "any colour goes", from purple patches to cool whites, from floating gowns in blues and browns to splashes of yellow and red. We saw great use of the ubiquitous leotard and "affinity dressing" — avant guard or as traditional as cucumber sandwiches and China teal. Credit must also go to Stuttafords for their mar-



Nicky and Nawal.



Group of models receiving corsages of orchids kindly donated by Mrs Jean Naudé.



Clodagh and Tonya Cara.



Mrs Jo Lloyd-Roberts.

vellous generosity in supplying the decor ramp and over 70 outfits and the very effective music.

A highlight of both evenings was the handing out of prizes to lucky ticket holders. These included an outfit from Jolie Madame (Thank you, Carole Schonfeld), vouchers for the Baxter theatre, a tennis racket from Thurstons, pens from Solms-van Niekerk, vouchers from a Nursery and free facials from Clinique. We had our moment of humour, too, when a couple of these facials were drawn by men!

Our sincere thanks, too, to Mrs Mary Browne who deserves a medal from the O.H.A. for her encouragement at all our functions and the enormous amount of work that she puts into them.

Thank you Jo, and your team of girls, for two most memorable evenings and a great boost to funds for our school's new hall curtains, in fact R1 043.58.



Sandy and Vanessa stepping it out.



Ingrid and Wendy.



Magda.

News Round-up

Editor: Mandy van Dugteren.

ABBOTT, Both Sally (1968) (Mrs Ryan) and Edwina (1970) (Mrs Landman) are now living in Umtata. Sally visited the Cape in May with her son Nicholas.

AITCHISON — Marjorie (1968) (Mrs Watson) is living in Norwich, U.K., with her husband who teaches and her two children.

AITCHISON (1974) Libby is teaching at Herschel.

ALLEN (1976) Suzanne has now finished her 3rd year of Engineering at U.C.T., and hopes to go to England for the Christmas holidays.

ANDERSON (1974) Suzette has been sailing since she was six and was the sail maker (with her sewing machine aboard), in the all-girl crew of a yacht "Toschini Girl" in the South Atlantic race to Uruguay. There she joined a boat on the next leg of the Gauloise Race to Martinique where she is working for an American Yacht charter company and gets lots of sailing which she loves.

AUSTIN Gill (1974) has been awarded a half-blue for hockey at U.C.T. She's in 5th year Medicine.

BAIGRIE (1971) Fiona continues her success as a photographic model and is often to be seen gracing the pages of our magazines and newspapers. She became engaged to Mike Donnelly in October.

BATHO (1976) Jane and her new husband hope to visit her father at the Cape this Christmas, then they will settle in Australia.

BECK Delia (1968) (Mrs Cherton) has 2 sons and is currently acting as hostess at the World Conference for Tupperware held in S.A. this year.

BLAINE Belinda (1971) is taking finals B.A. LL.B.

BRINK, Nicola (1976) is a 2nd year Medical Student at Stellenbosch.

BORTON (1973) Bridgit having qualified as an occupational therapist at the end of last year has gone overseas for awhile. So far she has crewed all summer in the Mediterranean among the Greek Islands; attended the Oktoberfest in Munich; picked grapes in Villafranche in France; plans to get work in a skiing resort and then practice O.T. in England next year.

BORTON (1971) Sue has now returned from Rhodesia after two years in the Air Force. She now has a very wide-ranging and interesting job with a firm of building contractors.

BORTON, Jane (1969) (Mrs Orpen) was married in February and she and Peter have recently bought a house in Claremont.

BORTON, Pru (1958) (Mrs Crawley) is still working part-time marketing specialist books at Jutas and expects her first baby mid-Nov. They live in Durbanville.

BOSMA, Sharon (1974) has her B.Sc., and is working in the Zoology Department at U.C.T.

BRAILEY, Pat (1967) (Mrs Louw) lives in Johannesburg, with her husband and 2 children and has taken up the ancient art of smocking in a big way.

BRAILEY, Louise (1969) (Mrs Stephens) and Attie have recently moved to Constantia. They have a daughter Nicola and Louise is expecting another baby in February.

BRAILEY (1973) Lynne has returned from her travels in Europe and America, including a stint on a kibbutz and is now working in Cape Town.

BROADBENT (1970) Kim has recently got engaged. She holds a high powered job at Sothebys in London where her speciality is the Old Masters. She was recently promoted and now reports directly to the Director of her Department.

BROADBENT, Pip (1969) (Mrs Goring) is still in England with her 3 children, expecting her fourth in February. They plan a visit to S.A. with the whole family in March.

BROWNLIE (1974) Susie achieved her B.Sc. Honours, is at present working in Environmental Studies at U.C.T. and is planning to do a Masters degree in Zoology next year.

BURNS, Alison (1969) (Mrs French) has a son Robert and she and her husband have just emigrated to the U.K. where Hilary-Anne (1967) is still living.

CHARNOCK, Elaine (1970) (Mrs Russell) is still teaching in Bonteheuwel with much enjoyment and enthusiasm.

COOKE (Mrs Karamacher) (1968) Elizabeth and Andre left South Africa this year to start a new life in England.

COOMBE (1978) Janet is at U.C.T. doing a B.Sc., majoring in maths and psychology.

COOPER (1973) Karen is still working at the Ski Club of Great Britain. Her sister, Tana, is now in her third year of her B.A. Honours Philosophy Course at King's College, London.

CORDER (1978) Karen is in the U.S.A. as a Rotary Exchange student.

CRAFOORD, (Mrs Winquist) (1953) Caroline, living in Paris, writes to say the Aubreys, Pam John and Catherine stayed with them for a fortnight and they all agreed that school time at Herschel was the happiest time one can have. "I miss the atmosphere for my children, the eldest, 18 years, is now at University here in Paris doing law, the other four are at school, a bilingual school with more than 3 000 pupils. It is hard to organize sport in a big city as Paris, the school does its best to make it well balanced, but I would love the children to feel the Herschel atmosphere of a nice family."

CROWWRIGHT, (Mrs Brown) Amelia's husband works for Anglo-American in Johannesburg and Amelia is devoting herself to teaching retarded children.

CUNNINGHAM, Lynne and Paula are both living in Seattle. Lynne (Parker) 1967 has one daughter Michelle, and Paula (1969) is working for an architect.

DAUNCEY (1978) Nicola is at Pietermaritzburg University doing a B.Sc.

DICEY, Gail (1968) (Mrs Macnamara) and her husband are still living in London.

DOWIE-DUNN (1955) (Mrs Botts) Jean visited her mother in Kenilworth this year with her family. Her husband is a banker in London and she occasionally meets Diana Townsend (Mrs Yassukovich) whose husband is also in banking.

DUNCAN, Suzanne (1968) (Mrs Turck) had a daughter recently. She lives in Somerset West.

EMSLIE, Jennie (1967) (Mrs Du Preez) has a son and daughter and lives in Newlands.

FRATER, Josie (1975) is completing her Hons. in Latin at U.C.T. also Greek III. She has been accepted for Hughes Hall, Cambridge next year.

FOUCHE (1977) Chloë, having got a diploma from the Cordon Bleu Cookery School in London, is now cooking for the head of the British delegation to an international conference in Geneva.

FOOT, Mary (1971) announced her engagement to Mike Humphries in October.

FAULDS, Joanne (1968) (Mrs Michie) and her husband have bought a house in London. A burst appendix has made it a bad year for Joanne.

FINCHAM (1963) Gail visited her parents in Cape Town in September. She is lecturing in English Literature at Tel Aviv University and working towards her thesis on Joseph Conrad. She finds living and working in Israel fascinating.

GALBRAITH, (1967) Ginger is now living in Australia.

GAIN, (Gant) (1969) Jill and David have two children and are still living in Somerset West.

GASSON (1968) Lindsay is still working in Cape Town as a radiographer.

GOLDING (1971) Jill announced her engagement to Rob Drummond in October.

HARRIS, Lynne (1967) (Mrs Reid) and her husband now have 2 children and live in Somerset West.

HART (1978) Vivien is doing a B.Comm at U.C.T.

HEBDITCH (Mrs Hyde) (ex-staff) Mary writes that Sarah's twin, Jane was married last year and still teaches Phys.Ed. Sarah nurses in Roehampton. Mary does everything — swimming and tennis, coaching, golf, gardening, floral art. Mother's Union for 4 parishes etc. Never a dull moment.

HENDERSON (1967) Helen is still loving her life in France and has been home recently for a brief holiday.

HERBERT (1975) Lynne started the year working for Avis. She is now a trainee fashion buyer at Woolworths and is presently learning how to work the cash tills etc. at the Wynberg Branch.

HENNESSY, Vicky (1968) gained her B.A. last year and travelled to South America before becoming seriously ill in June. After bravely fighting it for four months she died early in October.

HOWES (1925) (Mrs Cronwright) It was most exciting to see Dulcie in the excellent television series on Six Outstanding South African Women and to realise how much is owed to her for the quality of our ballet companies.



AT COLLIER CHRISTENING

Rev. E. Ashcroft, Anthony Collier, Sandra Collier, Rosemary Howell with baby Alison, Tim Collier.

IMPEY (Mrs Ward-Able) (1949) Margaret is holding the fort as Acting Superintendent of two Rehabilitation Centres for Alcoholics. They have 130 patients and "have just been declared an Indian group area so don't know when it will be expropriated nor what exactly will happen to the centres and pensioners section."

KELLEY, Gail (1969) (Mrs Ridge) and her husband live in London where Gail is a buyer for a big firm.

KETELBEY (1978) Katharine is at U.C.T. doing a B.Sc.

KNIGHT, Chloë (1968) (Mrs Drysdale) and her husband have recently moved to Johannesburg. Their new daughter Pippa-Jane keeps her on the hop.

LAWSON (1978) Fiona is at U.C.T.

LEES (1968) (Mrs Millman) Devon is still living in London and expects her first baby in November.

LESLIE (1969) Sarah (see accompanying write-up) was back for a sad visit on the sudden death of her father. She is still working in Muscat and plans a Christmas visit home.

LEVERTON, Angela (1968) (Mrs Dewar) and her husband have recently emigrated to the U.K.

LITTLE, Moira (1969) (Mrs Seretslev) is working as an architect at U.C.T.

LLOYD-ROBERTS, Terry (1975) has moved to Rhodesia and plans to marry in April next year.

MACGREGOR (1957) Susan writes to say that she DOES NOT (and is not as grand as reported in last year's magazine) "run the B.B.C. one o'clock news". She, in fact, introduces "Woman's Hour" on B.B.C. Radio and does a bit of telly.

McLACHLAN, Margot (1975) has been awarded her hockey blue at U.C.T.

MCKENNA (Mrs Travers) (1945) Virginia has made a show business comeback after 3 years of virtual retirement and is playing "Anna", Yul Brunner's leading lady in the West End revival of The King and I.

MANNING (1977) Helen is at the Cape Town Teachers College.

- MANNION** (1978) Siobhan is at Stellenbosch doing a B.A. Physical Ed.
- METCALFE** (1978) Amanda Jane is working at Barclays Bank.
- MEYNELL** (1978) Elizabeth is at Winkfield in England, doing a course, which includes cookery and dressmaking. Next year she plans to start nursing at Groote Schuur.
- MILLS** (1978) Shelley is at the Silwood Kitchen doing a cookery course.
- MILTON**, Suzanne (1969) plans to complete her advanced botanical studies and take up a research post next year.
- NAPIER** (1974) Jean, after attaining her B.Sc. degree is abandoning the academic life to become a croupier at Sun City which she hopes will provide her with the necessary to take her overseas for a year. She's back already!
- NAUDE** (1978) Suzanne is at U.C.T.
- NEWMAN**, Jenny (1969) and Morné du Plessis have a son, Jeanne-Pierre.
- NEWMAN**, Rosemary (1971) has recently expanded her market gardening business to include herb growing.
- NOSWORTHY**, Suzanne (1968) (Mrs Edwards) has a daughter Camilla and she and her husband farm at Modder River.
- OLIVIER** (1978) Andrea is doing an executive secretarial course at the tech. Next year she plans to go to U.C.T. to do a B.A. Speech and Drama.
- OLVER** (1978) Philippa is at U.C.T.
- OVENSTONE**, Rosalind (1969) is currently overseas and on return will continue her job as P.R.O. for High Noon.
- PARKER** (1960) (Mrs Rowand) Lynn spent August and September in Europe and London. At home in Johannesburg she lectures to school children at the Johannesburg Art Gallery, produces crafty "goodies" which she sells to boutiques and gift shops and even manages to find time to continue with her competitive riding.
- PENTZ** (1973) Jennie graduated with a Social Science degree and has spent this year travelling in England and Europe with Bridgit Borton.
- PETTIGREW** (1974) Gail has qualified as a nursing sister and is doing midwifery at the Mowbray.
- PIKHOLZ** (1978) Catherine is doing medicine.
- PIERCEY**, Diana (1969) having tragically lost her fiancé after a long illness she decided to live in England.
- ROSS**, Jeanette (1967) is still in England working as orthoptist in a large hospital.
- ROBERTSON**, Helen (1968) does bio-chemical research in Cape Town.
- RUDLAND** (1954) (Mrs Casciati) Betty recently spent two months leave with her husband and three children at Salt Rock in Natal, then spent a few days in the Cape — staying with Wendy Hartford (Mrs Holmeyr) who kindly arranged a get together of a few close school friends including Di Dicey (Mrs Burns), Anita Lockwood (Mrs Gilmour) Gail McLaughlin (Mrs Mellish) Jill Downing (Mrs de Kock). For the past three years Betty has been living in the Sudan — in Khartoum, and will probably be there for another year. Her husband works for an Italian company and they get moved around the world. Her children are at school in Worcestershire in England. One night over bridge in Khartoum Betty met Rosalind Spence whose husband is the head of the Shell Company there — quite a surprise for both of them.
- RUDLAND** (1952) (Mrs Bickle) Our deepest sympathy goes to Jenny and her family. She lost her son, Charles who was a member of the Rhodesian Armed Forces.
- SANDES** (1941) (Mrs White) Sylvia and her husband are moving to Johannesburg where Hugh has been transferred.
- SCOTT** (1978) Lizanne is doing a B.A. at U.C.T. and then plans to do honours in journalism at Stellenbosch.
- DR SILBERBAUER**, Barbara joined the Dept. of Clinical Medicine (at the Medical School) in June, has been thrilled to find so many Herschelians in positions of great responsibility in so many fields. She herself followed on after Shelley Wells (Mrs Michele Simonsz 1966) and her work involves services to Groote Schuur. In charge of the breast cancer clinic, she found Dr Anne Hacking doing a marvellous job (despite 2 small boys at home) and contributing greatly to the community.
- SIMPSON**, (Magnus) (1969) Marilyn and Justin have recently moved to Kenilworth. They have one son, Nicholas and Marilyn is expecting her second baby early next year.
- SIMPSON**, Liz (1969) and Deborah (1969) were both married earlier this year. Liz is now living in Johannesburg and Deborah in Cape Town.
- SMIT** (1974) Isabel has just written her nursing finals at Groote Schuur and is planning to go overseas — Australia or wherever.
- STENT** (Sonnenburg) (1968) Sue has recently returned from a trip overseas to the U.K. and Canada and has started her art again.
- STEVENS** (Watermeyer) (1968) Shelley is doing research for the Paediatric Unit at Medical School.
- STEVENSON** (ex-staff 1952) Pamela writes that she is most interested in, and reads the magazine from cover to cover. Having taught in several schools, she still receives their magazines but, in her opinion, there is no doubt The Herschelians is by far the best. Many thanks!
- STUTTAFFORD** (1960) (Mrs Sparks) Sally and her husband recently spent a holiday in Mauritius and the Seychelles.
- STUTTAFFORD** (1964) (Mrs Grubb) Georgina and her husband spent the 1978 Christmas holiday at the Cape. Georgina's husband is an accountant with Jardine Mathieson in Hong Kong which enables them to travel to all sorts of remote areas in the Far East including Malaya and Burma. Georgina exports clothing and other Hong Kong items to this country.
- SUSMAN** (1968) Jenny has recently opened her own business in Computer Programming in London and is enjoying it thoroughly.
- SWIEL** (1978) Camilla is studying micro-biology at U.C.T.
- TAYLOR** (1970) Gill now lives in Wynberg and works for an Ophthalmic surgeon in the Medical Centre there.

TAYLOR, Rosemary (1969) (Mrs Quinan) has a son Patrick. She works part-time as a fabric buyer in a textile firm.

THAL (1962) (Mrs Watson) Pippa and (1963) (Mrs Townsend) Jenny will both be returning to Cape Town to spend Christmas with their parents. Pippa from England and Jenny from Bunbury in Australia where her husband is practicing as an Ophthalmologist.

UNITE (Middelmann) (1969) Lindsay and Paul have two sons. She is currently working part-time, running the silverware and stainless steel department in Garlicks, Cape Town.

VAN ROOYEN (1978) Melodie is doing a B.Com. at U.C.T.

VERSTER, Gill (1968) (Mrs Norgarb) and her family are still in Swakopmund.

VISSER (1978) Vivienne is doing a B.A.LLB. at U.C.T.

WARD-ABLE (1974) Barbara and Erica Bult keep the house in order at the President Hotel, Sea Point.

Jackie Asham (née Jeppe) do battle every month at Duplicate Bridge. Her daughters are both married, Jill being involved with a thesis for her Masters, while working at the Joburg Art Gallery. Her son David is marking time between finishing at Wits and doing his 2 year stint in the army.

WATSON, Helen (Mrs George) had another daughter this year. They live in Umtata.

WESEMANN (Mrs Krass de Krassnokutski) (1962) Ling writes from Johannesburg that her son, Nikolai, was born in November 1978. She is simply being a mother and thoroughly enjoying it. Having just received the 1978 Herschelian which she reads from cover to cover, she says she is already looking forward to the 1979 edition!

WEBBER (1975) Rosemary finishes her degree at U.C.T. this year and then proceeds to the U.S.A. where she will visit her A.F.S. family. She will go via London where she will meet up with Mandy Scott.

WHITE (1975) Camilla returned in February after

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