



THE HERSCHELIAN

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**The
HERSCHELIAN**



**Volume No. 55
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 Miss Sweet.
 Absent: Mrs. Rauch.

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Editorial

'Is it for marks?' This unfortunately frequent question has a chilling and deadly ring about it. It suggests a frame of mind, an attitude and a set of values that stunt the possibility of growth before the new learning is approached and, worse, a view of education as a measurable commodity. Part of the contents of our magazine records the admirable and worthwhile achievements of Herschel girls in public examinations but such a record would be disturbing if it were all that we had to show for the year at school.

Few thoughtful people would deny the value of guided and disciplined study towards a public examination but they would go on to argue that education is more than measured quantities of information offered and consumed as a means to an end. If this were an adequate definition, a good set of notes and someone to explain difficulties would suffice. A school would be a very elaborate and expensive way of providing these facilities.

A school's rôle is broader and more significant in a young person's life, for it would be failing as an educational agent if its teachers did not devote themselves to stimulating not only academic activity but intellectual inde-

pendence, if it did not enable young people to discover and develop their abilities in order to grow towards a richer and more satisfying life. A chance to try oneself out in a new field whether it is in a classroom, on a platform, on a stage or on a diving-board is exciting and prowess will have its consequences. Inclusion in a school team for cultural or sporting events or the fostering of a previously unsuspected talent tend to have a beneficial effect on progress in other fields, including the academic.

It is significant that most school-leavers find that they are asked to describe what they have achieved in addition to examination results. Entry forms to various institutions provide large spaces to be filled with extra-curricular, non-academic interests. Most interviewers inquire into more than an academic record, although this remains a starting-point.

Our magazine aims to show that we try to play our part in providing our pupils with opportunities to develop those abilities that in addition to academic achievement will make them unique and interesting individuals who will have more to contribute to society than a set of symbols.

The Headmistress's Report, 1980

Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, girls of Herschel:

A school year is never without its surprises — sometimes of triumph and joy, sometimes of shock and sadness. Uppermost in my mind now is the stunned sense of bereavement we experienced in September in the attack of meningitis and the sudden death of Joyce Way, to whom you may recall I paid tribute in my report on Speech Day a year ago. In her passing we lost one of Herschel's most loyal and staunch supporters, a compassionate, loving friend, an able administrator, a vital, courageous person who kept us entertained many a time with her wit and lively originality. It is fitting, I feel, that we should remember her at this gathering before we proceed to consider any aspect of school life.

The 1979 Matriculation results provided a good start to the year. There were no failures and 3 girls gained A aggregates (Caroline Dowdle, Alison Marr and Tessa van Ryneveld), while 8 gained B aggregates (Alison Bowley, Ruth Butters, Karen Croome, Shirley Glyn, Therese Herbert, Tania Honig, Michelle Jacobson, Fiona McLennan) and 39 passed with Matric exemption, thereby qualifying for admission to University degree courses. 20 subject distinctions were gained — 6 in Mathematics, 3 in Afrikaans and in English, 2 in Latin and in Speech and Drama, and 1 in Biology, French, Physical Science and Typing.

This year we have entered 35 candidates. In addition one girl, Lynna Moore, has been a non-examination member of our Matriculation class. I commend her on

the fine traits of character she has shown — courage, patience, gentleness and perseverance — and the good example she has set. To the others we express our hopes for success in their examinations and our appreciation of the leadership given during the year. The last year at school is never an easy one. There are many pressures — a long syllabus to complete in every subject, numerous responsibilities in school or boarding house, extra-curricular interests that are enjoyable but time-consuming, tension in personal relationships often caused by anxiety or concern, not to mention such distractions as parents being overseas or boyfriends on the border! Yet I don't want to paint too gloomy a picture either! For there is always plenty of fun too and, among our Matrics this year, there has been a fine spirit of comradeship. In a class of widely differing personalities (the sportswomen, the actresses, the dreamers . . .) I, as Head Girl, has been an excellent unifying factor, and in the School in general she has given a strong lead and been a steady, calm influence, always dignified and firm in a good humoured way, never domineering or aggressive. She has certainly been highly respected and we are proud of her academic standard too. To her successor, Kate Saunders, and the other Prefects appointed for the ensuing year, my congratulations and best wishes for their period of office. May they keep the name of Herschel high in as much as it is their power to do.

Let me now mention some special events which have caused us pride in Herschel over the past year. In the first term came our success in the Inter-Schools' Swim-

ming Gala — no mean feat when one considers our numerical size compared with that of our rivals, and a success made possible by hard training of team members, the good leadership of the Captain, Jane Johnson, and the untiring effort and enthusiasm of our Physical Education teacher, Mrs Goosen. Well done, swimmers!

In the second term came "Love from Judy" and with it a victory of a different kind. How exciting to fill the Claremont Civic Centre night after night for over a week! What an achievement for Mrs McClurg to handle her cast of eighty, with an age range that stretched from a final year Medical Student to the youngest member of our Kindergarten (who, of course, stole the show — could you keep your eyes off that charming 'tittles orphan'? I certainly couldn't!). And how thrilling to have the sense of professionalism in the whole production — the costumes, sets, lights, music, choreography and direction. For those who were involved it was an unforgettable experience, and certainly an experience of general educational benefit. I emphasize this because, at the time, a dramatic production always causes some anxiety. For a while school work seems to take second place and priorities seem to be unbalanced. But in my experience (and I have myself produced several school plays, including a musical) the balance is soon set right again, lost time is made up, and we are the richer for the stimulation, the team work and the challenges offered.

(Stop Press announcement, by the way, is that, in addition to the normal school play next year, we hope to break new ground, copy the Bishops' tradition, and attempt a Staff Play too! We shall probably be appealing for a few obliging fathers or staff husbands to fill the male roles!)

But to return to the school year:

in the third quarter, perhaps our most notable victory was at the Inter-Schools' Forum Discussion Contest where our team of five were joint winners with Sea Point Boys' High, bringing home the Cup to Herschel for the first time. Congratulations to Jane Johnson, Caroline Marten, Carolyn Newton, Alexa Singer and especially to Clair Grootendorst who was declared Best Speaker of the evening. Clair later excelled too in the 1980 C.I.S. Essay Competition in which her essay was judged the best in the Cape Province.

Finally in the list of victories, I must include the fact that our Herschel team won the Inter-Schools' Squash Tournament for the second consecutive year. Congratulations here especially to Meg van Niekerk, the Captain, and to Sarah Cross both of whom were selected to represent Western Province teams during the year.

In hockey and tennis, our 1st teams each had a disappointing season. Nevertheless they kept going with optimism and good team spirit, — in fact with sportsmanship, which was once defined by a British magistrate as follows: "True sportsmanship is to care tremendously who is going to win before a competitive event, to strive with every atom of strength within one's power to win during the event; but not to care one iota

who did win after the event." Such competition as this gives a zest to life and I suppose it is this sort of spirit we want most of all to keep.

I have spoken quite a bit about success. But a school cannot be truly worth much if it is satisfied with the success or happiness of its own members only, especially if it happens to be in a privileged situation as we are. This year we have been soundly jolted out of complacency by the sad reminder of the inequalities that exist in educational opportunities across the colour line and of the frustration that is felt by many young people who long for a greater chance in life.

In view of this and our own comfortable position, it has been gratifying to see the renewed strength of our Social Responsibility Club. This has benefited from Miss Aitchison's vital leadership and concern, and now has an active membership of girls who volunteer for such things as visiting hospital patients or elderly folk, doing street collecting or entertaining orphanage children.

In addition, both House and Form charity efforts have continued. Perhaps the most ambitious and successful of the latter was the Std 1XG Pet Show, in aid of St Anthony's School, Langa, which provided a delightful afternoon's entertainment for some 300 pet-lovers. (Dare I mention, on this solemn occasion, that the Headmistress's future adopted Basset won the prize for the 'Daftest animal on Show'? Or that the Vice-Principal's miniature Schnauzers were declared the dogs most like their owner?)

From the financial point of view the most rewarding effort was undoubtedly our own Herschel "Blisters-for-Bread" Sponsored Walk where Prep and Senior Schools combined to raise over R6,500 for the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme.

But, even as we rejoice in this amount, or in our efforts in general, let us guard against any attitude of smugness or satisfaction which may develop. Our contributions are always infinitesimal compared with what needs to be done and we cannot afford to be proud. I am reminded of the hard-hitting lines of a certain John Taylor as he thinks of the affluent countries of the world saying to the underdeveloped ones:

"Let's share our wealth, my brother,
Let's share all that you have
Gold for me, and beads for you
Here's two for you and more for me
Bingo, bombs, drugs and booze for me
And a little aid, just a little aid
(When we can spare it) for you."

I quote that not in order to be unduly depressing but simply to see things in perspective and *never* to be complacent or self-congratulatory in this regard.

While we are sometimes concerned in working for others, there is meanwhile a small body of people working for us — in order to try to save parents some expenditure in the purchase of school uniform and, in the process, to make some profit for the School. I refer to the unselfish service given by the loyal band of mothers who run our Herschel Clothing Shop under the

able leadership of Mrs Di Mackenzie. Last year's profits were used in the building of the much-needed Bicycle Shed and some of this year's will go towards athletics equipment and other school needs, including library books. Mrs Mackenzie, please accept from us now, as a token of our appreciation, a bouquet of flowers and a book.

The School Library continues to be a source of aesthetic pleasure and educational benefit. Not only is it perhaps the most beautiful room in the School but it is, of course, the place where information is sought for history assignments, or literary essays, or science projects or, in fact, general work of all kinds. Our thanks to Mrs Meinert for her care in keeping it well-stocked with up-to-date reference books and good novels and in providing those eye-catching displays which tempt one to read. I find I can never go near the Library without finding something I want very much to take away and enjoy.

The Open Day at the Senior School this year provided parents with the opportunity to see various parts of the School, and staff were glad to meet so many of you. At the end of the day I realized that I had spoken personally to the parents of about 160 girls, and I know there were others present whom I did not manage to meet. As I think back to this day I want particularly to commend Mrs Beames whose Std VI and VII Science pupils produced a display of work that was quite outstanding. Congratulations, Mrs Beames! I was also impressed by the standard reached by our relatively new School orchestra and wish to thank Miss Ruttle for her leadership here. We are sorry to be losing her now as she returns to the United Kingdom after two years in South Africa.

The other staff members who are leaving are Miss Aitchison and Mrs Rauch and, from our Music Department, a greatly valued Music teacher in Mrs Longmore. I have already spoken of Miss Aitchison's leadership of the Social Responsibility Club. We thank her for this and also for her thorough, careful, imaginative work as an English teacher: it has been a pleasure to work with her. In Mrs Rauch, Herschel loses an efficient Physical Science and Maths teacher, a loyal House Tutor, and — have you guessed? — the "master mind" behind all those school and examination time-tables, and text-book orders. I thank her for her stalwart service and have a feeling I shall still be sending her the occasional S.O.S. for some advice or assistance!

Early next year we shall also be losing Mrs Hartman, our School Secretary, who plans to spend some time in England. During the past two years Mrs Hartman has been a real tower of strength to me and I do so value her friendliness of manner, her sensitivity and concern for others, her strictness of standards and outspoken honesty in expressing opinions, and her readiness so often to 'go the second mile'.

In May we said farewell to our Chaplain, Rev. Ian Eve, who was dearly loved by all at Herschel. Although grateful to the St Saviour's clergy, Rev. Auby and Rev. Dennis, who have taken over his responsibilities since, we have certainly missed the general direction and guidance of

a School Chaplain and look forward to the arrival of Rev. Robert Taylor as Rector of St Saviour's and our new Chaplain in January.

The beauty of the Chapel has been enhanced by the four new painted windows — designed by Std VII pupils with Mrs Gower's guidance. These lovely windows depict Christ our Lord, St Mary the Virgin Mother, St Mary Magdalene and a design with the School motto "Ad Dei Gloriam" ("To the Glory of God"). We are grateful too, for the rich blue carpet laid in the Chapel some months ago as a gift of devotion from Miss Way, and further for the colourful tapestry kneelers which mothers and Old Girls, under the direction of Mrs Meynell, have made for the Chapel.

In connection with the Chapel I must mention the worthwhile Christian Teaching week that was conducted at Herschel in the second quarter by Rev. Peter Twycross and several members of the Scripture Union in Private Schools Association. Talks were given at Assembly, film shows or discussions were held over the lunch hour or in the evenings, and questions were debated in Divinity lessons. We were all most impressed by the warmth of their personalities and by the calm yet forceful and sincere way in which they shared their convictions and presented Christian doctrine. We look forward to a second such week — or rather, a sequel to the first — at the end of the first quarter next year.

Our Christian Union continues to meet regularly, so do the History and Debating Societies, the Sociological Club, the Choir and the newly formed Environmental Science Society and Camera Club. The Mountain Club, too, has continued to be active, and members have had several enjoyable and certainly energetic excursions, including the Tzitzikama Trail led by Miss Lindsay Kable during the Easter holidays. The Chess Club, I am sad to say, seems to have petered out; nor have my attempts to start a Bridge Club met with success. (Not even the promise of coaching by Bishops boys on Saturday evenings seemed to prove effectual!) There has been a suggestion from a parent that we start a Club for girls who are Riding enthusiasts and perhaps another for those who are keen on sailing. I feel that such interests as philately, archaeology, flower-arranging and a number of others should all have some place in our total school programme. If there are parents who would perhaps be interested to help with any of these, please let me know.

Certainly my sincere thanks go to all members of our staff (teachers, House mistresses, office staff) who do so much in different ways to ensure that there are interesting challenges and opportunities provided both within the classrooms and extra-murally, and who show such a genuine concern for the welfare of the girls in the School; many have been prepared to give freely hours of extra time to coach weaker pupils; many have been able to guide or help girls with personal problems or in the making of decisions. As Headmistress I am certainly grateful to you all for this help, and especially to my Vice-Principal, Mrs Gilham.

One would like to see all girls involved in some extra-mural activity. Unfortunately all too often it is the same girls who play for team hockey, act in the school play, sing in the Choir, and do many other things, while others are ready to remain relatively uninvolved.

As I use the word *involved* here, I recognize it to be a key factor in education, both in the classroom and in the general organization of the School. There is surely truth in the saying: "Tell me, I forget

Show me, I remember

Involve me, I understand"

and again that "the highest function of a teacher consists not so much in imparting knowledge as in stimulating the pupil in its love and pursuit."

To the Staff I would say, therefore, that this should be our aim. Don't let us do all the talking and expect pupils to listen passively. Don't let us give all the answers before our listeners have even thought out the questions. Don't let the theoretical squeeze out the practical and experimental. (What a pity, I would say in parenthesis, that in the J.M.B. examinations in Physical Science and Biology, there are no practical examinations as, for example, in the Natal Senior Certificate or in examinations in the U.K., that in the English there is no Oral, that in the History the pupils' assignment is given minimal or even negative mark value. Hopefully these shortcomings will be rectified in future.)

To the girls I would say: ask those questions; search for knowledge; be prepared to think, to ponder, to assess, to struggle with a problem, to form your own

convictions, to play your part in the whole educational experience. Don't sit back and expect to be spoon-fed as so many South African schoolchildren expect to be. Don't ever rely on a single text-book, or, worse still, those endless sheets of typed, roneoed notes (which I personally feel are an abomination I would like to ban from the educational system!). Make your own notes; make your own discoveries; be involved; try to be alive intellectually; try to enjoy learning for the sake of learning, not just for the marks gained or a high symbol in Matric.

Finally to our Herschel parents, one brief reminder — namely, that you are educators as much as we, for far more, surely, is learnt in the home than in the school. As educators then, maintain in your homes a stimulating, truly educative environment where books are read, art and music appreciated, politics discussed and religion at least thoughtfully considered, if not practised. Try to inspire and motivate and — without worrying too much about the exact number of marks obtained in your daughter's latest test or mark-reading — nevertheless ensure that private study at home is being done in a peaceful, quiet environment and in an encouraging, supportive atmosphere that is uplifting and strengthening.

May God bless you in your respective families as this school year draws to its close, and for the future may our Herschel school family be given unity and direction by the life-giving and cleansing Spirit of Christ.

Valete!

Best Speaker

Herschel has at every mark-reading over the past five years grown accustomed to applauding in amazement and admiration CLAIR GROOTENDORST. In 1980



our competent head-girl has broadened the range of her achievements. As the chair-woman of the Herschel Forum Discussion team she gave an able demonstration of how to stimulate and mould discussion. Not surprisingly, Clair emerged as the best speaker in the annual contest organized by the South African Council for English Education. Twenty Western Province Schools took part.

Her ability in the field of public speaking will be of value to her next year as a Rotary Scholar (chosen from 200 applicants) in Unadilla, New York State. Clair is looking

forward to the challenge of this alien environment — a small community of 1 000 inhabitants, but with a local co-educational school of 700 pupils.

Despite the fact that Clair is alert to the drawbacks of being a civil engineer (especially as her father is one!) she has been leaning towards engineering as a career. Her essay on the subject was considered to be the best one submitted from the Cape Province in the annual Institute of Chartered Secretaries competition (won last year by Herschel Thérèse Herbert).

Our best wishes go with Clair, surely the brightest star in the Herschel constellation this year!

C.M.

The Editor's Thanks

The Editor wishes to thank the Committee: Mesdames Aitchison, Meinert and Gilbertson for their assistance in gathering material, proof-reading and typing of manuscripts. A special word of appreciation should be given to Shane Fairhead, Lindsay Jones and Marijke Hommeron who transformed material into immaculate typescripts, thus facilitating the Editor's and Printer's task.

Staff News

New Staff, 1980

Senior School: Mrs. J. Crosswell, Mrs. A. Foster, Mrs. S. Goosen, Miss S. Heathcock, Mrs. J. Martin, Mrs. D. McGivern, Miss M. Wood.

Preparatory School: Mrs. M. Butler, Mrs. L. Hanekom, Mrs. A. Potter, Mrs. J. Purcell, Mrs. J. Roberts.

Boarding House and Non-Teaching Staff: Mrs. M. Brink, Miss R. Foot, Mrs. M. Harington, Mrs. P. Hum, Mr. B. Park.

Relieving Staff:

Senior: Mrs. F. Clark, Mrs. V. Davis, Mrs. K. Doherty, Mrs. I. Fletcher, Mrs. D. Hendrie, Mrs. J. Hendry, Miss K. Irish.

Miss Joyce Way

The sudden, unexpected and tragic death of Joyce Way on September 11th came as a great shock to all who had known her — staff, pupils and parents, both past and present.

Joyce was a unique and wonderful person; a great character with a warm and generous personality. She was very direct in her manner sometimes, but very loyal and someone you could never forget.

She came to Herschel to be in charge of the catering eleven years ago and during these years became a real personality around the school; and thus it is not only for her excellent ability that we remember her. She was more than a caterer — she became part of the school with her whole life revolving around Herschel. She loved young people. She loved Herschel and was proud to be a part of it.



At any function she could be seen in her familiar white coat, working away in the background, but always with a friendly greeting and welcome to all. Her interest in and enthusiasm for the day-to-day life of the school never waned, she always took a personal interest in the well-being of the girls. Old girls coming back to the school used to seek out 'Miss Way', assured of a cheery welcome. But behind this direct exterior was a wise, religious character with deep insight into many things.

Her death has caused a void which will long remain empty, and it is a privilege to have known her.

She will be missed by one and all and remembered with deep affection and respect.

Adele Fouché

Preparatory: Mrs. A. Verdelli.

Staff who have left

Senior School: Mrs. T. Banfield, Mrs. G. Cheadle, Mrs. M. Kemio, Mrs. A. Longmore, Mrs. N. Rauch.

Preparatory School: Mrs. L. Ball, Mrs. R. Ebel, Mrs. L. Hanekom, Mrs. L. Howson, Mrs. J. Roberts.

Boarding House and Non-Teaching Staff: Mrs. I. Furness, Mr. J. Rigby, Mrs. M. Ritchie.

Mrs. Nellie Johnston

Matron Johnston (Mrs J., or just "Johnnie" as she was fondly called) was responsible for the health and happiness of a succession of Herschel girls during her 26 years on the staff as matron, initially at the senior school and latterly at the preparatory boarding house.

As a member of the "old school" of nursing sisters



Matron J. stood no nonsense and was able to spot a malingerer at a glance. When confronted with a really sick pupil no one could have been more caring and supportive and her delightful sense of humour brightened many a mournful sick-day day.

Most of Johnnie's life was spent caring for

others — after the death of her husband when she was but 28 years of age she decided to be adventurous and go to sea. She travelled the world on liners mainly on the Far East route and really experienced life.

Eventually, however, she decided to take up nursing and in this profession she excelled and found her niche.

The secret of Johnnie's great success at Herschel was partly because she was passionately fond of children, and although she regretted not having any of her own to care for, I can still see her face light up when she recalled that in fact she had had dozens of children.

Johnnie was greatly missed when she finally retired and left Herschel. By this time she was well into her seventies and not in the best of health.

It is ironic that both she and her great friend Joyce Way should die almost within one week of one another. Hopefully they are together now enjoying the richly deserved happiness that surely comes to those who have performed their duties loyally and conscientiously and given so much of themselves to others and to Herschel.

Barbara Silberbauer

A One-time Boarder's Tribute to Matron Johnston

When asked to write about Matron Johnston, many 'boarding house' memories immediately sprang to mind. She had a long association with Herschel, both at the senior and junior boarding house, and my memories span only a brief three years of that time. These thoughts are therefore personal, but hopefully collective in that they may stir the memory of those pupils past and present who knew her.

To a new boarder she was a welcoming friendly person who bustled around in a motherly way and had one unpacked, nametaped and au fait with the rules and regulations before you realized what had befallen you. She always proved to be firm but fair and her sharp sense of humour was a delight. Everyone will remember her well tested 'mutis' – the cascara pills, salt water sniffs and malt by the jar.

At boarding school one was constantly seeking to outwit the authority figure. Mrs J. undoubtedly knew every

scheme before it was implemented. One could recount many incidents but one that stands out particularly was the mass trek to the bathroom corridor in the wee small hours before exams. Pillows, eiderdowns, books and boarders were packed like the proverbial sardines in and around each bathtub. When finally settled to the task a red dressing-gowned figure would abruptly appear with much threatening and gesticulation and strike chaos into the midst of what was already confusion. So ended any hope of acquiring a little last minute knowledge.

In returning to Herschel recently as a mother with a new girl in tow what joy it was to see that familiar white uniformed figure. In her latter years she was matron of the junior boarding house, and the happy smiling little faces were proof of her loving care.

In tribute to Mrs Johnston therefore, please pause a moment and recall a few personal memories. I am sure she would enjoy sharing them with you.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning, 26 October, the following girls were confirmed at St Saviour's, by the Most Reverend B.B. Burnett, Archbishop of Cape Town, and received their first Communion straight afterwards: Sarah Ashley, Monique Biebuyck, Jill Breen, Suzanne Bryant, Roxie Carney, Nina Claussen, Lindy de Waal,

Kathy Dicey, Kathy Dower, Rowena Evans, Kerynne French, Bronwen Geldenhuys, Cate Hudson, Inge Jones, Nicky Jones, Hillary Jooste, Kathy Jurgens, Jackie Kilcullen, Ingrid Köster, Conny Krauss, Karin Krone, Cathy Marr, Linda Merrington, Suzie Muir, Carole Roberts, Liza Rowland and Wendy Sharpley.

Chapel Report

Since early on in the year we have been having our regular Friday morning communion services in the chapel every two weeks, but with a difference. A short service is held for a particular standard each Friday after the communion service, which means that now the whole school at one time or another makes use of the chapel.

We were very sad, however, to lose Father Eve, our school chaplain, at the beginning of the third term when he and his family returned to England. Since then Father Abdy and Father Dennis from St Saviour's have been taking our services. The boarders still regularly have a service of evening prayer on a Tuesday and a Thursday evening. Miss Geldard takes most of these services, but on occasions it has been a pleasure to have visiting preachers to talk to us, including Peter Twycross and his team who spent a week at the school talking about

various aspects of Christianity.

We suffered a very sad loss this year with Miss Way's sudden death. Her loyalty and faith were always most evident, and a sign of her generosity will remain in the tremendous gift she gave to the chapel this year of a beautiful, new, blue carpet.

It is also sad that the attendance at our communion services has decreased recently, and it is hoped that more of those interested will make the effort to come and take part in these enjoyable services. As always the chapel is open to any parent or girl who wishes to come, and we trust that next year will see a marked increase in attendance at services.

Penny Sharpley
SECRETARY

School Prefects, 1980

Head Girl and Head of Merriman: Clair Grootendorst

Head of Boarding House: Helen Dicey

Head of Jagger: Suzanne Ackerman

Head of Rolt: Jane Dicey

Additional School Prefects: Susan Burns, Lillian Dudley, Susan Eve, Marjorie Filmer, Jennifer Gray, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Leigh Mukheiber, Carolyn Newton, Amanda Scott.

Additional House Prefects: Madeleine Enthoven, Victoria Huxter, Penny Sharpley, Susan Stamper, Susan Steenkamp, Ann Whiting.



SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: Lillian Dudley, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Amanda Scott, Jenny Gray, Carolyn Newton, Susan Burns, Leigh Mukheiber.

Front Row: Suzanne Ackerman, Helen Dicey, Mrs Gillham, Clair Grootendorst, Miss Geldard, Jane Dicey, Marjorie Filmer.

Avete

Pre-Prep. Class: Yasmin Amien, Charmalin Arendse, Janine Bendzulla, Leigh-Anne Bird, Linda Boxall, Emma Clark, Megan Craig, Samantha Darcy, Sarah Dawson, Mia de Bruijn, Lynne Fall, Cheyenne Ferry, Nicola Godson, Angela Hadley, Tamelyn Hammond, Sacha Hartz, Samantha Inskip, Suzanne Issa, Caroline Kaye, Bernice Louw, Karen Mann, Joanne McCullough, Kerstin Mielke, Dinah Millar, Candice Noakes, Annabel Ovenstone, Jennifer Ovenstone, Allison Porter, Yvette Prinsloo, Hayley Raikes, Karen Swire, Kirsten Thaning, Ayesha van Graan, Megan van Zyl, Kay White.

Sub A: Tzara Dumelow, Alexandra Kampthorne, Carolyn Lander, Qanita Lilla, Husne Banu Loghdey, Janine Milne, Chantal Pharo, Alexandra Smith, Robyn Sturgeon,

Edlyn Tihapane, Carolotta van Dugteren, Deirdre van Schalkwyk.

Sub B: Elizabeth Bowery, Kathryn Crowther, Yasmina Ferrigan, Fiona Jacobs, Paula Lamberth, Simone Le Feyre, Nadine Louw, Charlaire Pederson, Catherine Southern.

Standard I: Joanna Bell, Eva Disler, Bridget Kendal, Rahima Loghdey, Julie Timoney, Sandra van Hoogstraten.

Standard II: Naseema Barday, Vanessa Jacobs, Shelley Lamberth, Annemarie Miller, Penelope McClurg, Tracey Poole.

Standard III: Michelle Booth, Penny Cheesman, Gail Fitzpatrick, Deborah Frith, Helen Kaminski, Amanda

Miller, Stephanie Poole, Jacqueline Smith.

Standard IV: Heather Dicey, Susan Meyer, Charlotte Saunders, Edwina Smith, Laura Summs.

Standard V: Esne de Wet, Sandra Frith, Robyn-Lucy George, Lydea Horn, Caroline Isted, Beryl Manikkam, Alison Moultrie, Philippa Muir, Natalie Rhoda, Diana Symonds, Janine van Reenen, Claire Verity.

Standard VI: Vanessa Clark, Sally Dicey, Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Ingrid Hommersom, Kathryn Jurgens, Karen Kirkman, Margaret Marr, Alison McMillan, Lesley Mountain, Nicola Newton-King, Oona Saunders, Judith Schulman, Julia Stallard, Diana Taylor, Linda Willis.

Standard VII: Sarah Ashley, Tracey Barenblatt, Elizabeth Doyle, Joanna Macfarlane, Lucinda Richards.

Standard VIII: Lisa Beckerling, Diana Booth, Daniele Hine, Arabella McCallum, Janice McMillan, Claudia Moni, Maya Ranchod, Judith Richards, Peta-Jane Tanfield, Sarah Wynne-Edwards.

Standard IX: Bridget Doyle, Suzanna Muir.

Valete

Standard X: Suzanne Ackerman, Susan Baker, Kathleen Barron, Pamela Boyes, Susan Burns, Diane Cameron,

Susan Davies, Lindy de Kock, Helen Dicey, Jane Dicey, Lilian Dudley, Madeleine Enthoven, Marjorie Filmer, Philippa Gleimius, Jennifer Gray, Clair Grootendorst, Fleur Harekom, Victoria Huxter, Susan Ingram, Jane Johnson, Hilary Knight, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Mistene Maisel, Deirbhle Mannion, Caroline Marten, Catherine Moll, Jean Moodie, Lynne Moore, Leigh Mukheiber, Carolyn Newton, Amanda Scott, Penelope Sharpley, Susan Steenkamp, Meg van Niekerk, Ann Whiting.

Valete

Others: Joanna Bell, Alison Blake, Gaydrey Browne, Sarah Dawson, Nicola Devereenne, Nicki East, Katharine Eve, Susan Eve, Melanie Godfrey, Jenny Gobat, Nina Gobat, Angela Hadley, Marijke Honig, Helen Howard, Jane Hundleby, Christina Hutchinson, Karen Hutchinson, Kirsten Hutchinson, Jodi Kantor, Lisa Kantor, Terri Liljequist, Haley Louw, Tania Louw, Frances Lukens, Susan Lukens, Grace Maclean, Michelle Milner, Portia Motale, Birte Olek, Erika Perry, Yvette Prinsloo, Hayley Raikes, Beverley Redinger, Kim Redinger, Maya Ranchod, Shanda Rossouw, Juliette Salamon, Ulrica Skold, Viveka Skold, Virginia Tiffin, Natalie Yuill.



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS

Back: S. Stamper, V. Huxter, S. Lloyd-Roberts, A. Whiting, M. Enthoven, P. Sharpley.
Front: S. Steenkamp, H. Dicey, Miss Geldard, M. Filmer, J. Dicey.



MATRIC CLASS

Back Row: M. van Niekerk, P. Sharpley, S. Ingram, D. Cameron, P. Boyes, H. Knight, S. Stamper, J. Johnson, L. Dudley.
 Next Row: C. Martin, M. Enthoven, S. Lloyd-Roberts, A. Whiting, V. Huxter, L. de Kock, A. Scott, M. Maisel, J. Moodie.
 Next Row: L. Moore, S. Davies, P. Gliemius, K. Barron, D. Mannion, S. Steenkamp, S. Baker, M. Filmer, J. Gray, F. Hanekom.
 Front Row: L. Mukheiber, S. Ackerman, J. Dicey, Mrs Westgate, C. Grootendorst, Miss Geldard, H. Dicey, C. Newton, S. Burns.



CHOIR

Back Row: W. Wilson, L. Bettison, F. Fraser, B. Longmore.
 Next Row: H. Jooste, J. Breen, M. Marais, S. Cowie, P. Littleford, C. Rideout, S. Durr, S. Dicey, E. Morrissey.
 Next Row: L. Beckering, M. Thomas, C. Roberts, D. Lengner, S. Lanfear, N. Gramann, T. Scott, B. Pentz, S. Fairhead, A. Meynell.
 Front Row: P. Gliemius, L. Mukheiber, S. Lloyd-Roberts, J. Dicey, M. Filmer, H. Dicey, P. Boyes, C. Newton, C. Grootendorst, L. Moore, C. Martin.

Matriculation Results, 1979

45 Candidates entered — No failures.

M denotes a matriculation pass with university entrance.

A denotes A aggregate.

M	ANDERSON, J	M	HONIG, Tanya (Distinction in Afrikaans)
	BEVAN, S		HURST, J
M	BOWLEY, A	M	JACOBSON, M (Distinction in Mathematics (S.G.))
M	BROOME, C	M	LEIGHTON DAVIES, P
M	BROSSY, K	M	LOUW, K
M	BUCKLAND, E	A M	MARR, A (Distinction in Latin, Biology and Afrikaans)
M	BUTTERS, R (Distinction in Mathematics)	M	MATHIESON, A (Distinction in Speech and Drama)
	CALLOW, C	M	MAUD, C
M	CAMPBELL, A	M	McLENNAN, F
M	CAMPBELL, T	M	MILLAR, J
	COUZENS, B		MURDOCK, L
M	CROOME, K (Distinction in English and Afrikaans)	M	NEWTON, D
	CROSS, A	M	NICHOL, S (Distinction in Typing)
	CRUTCHLEY, A	M	PARTRIDGE, D
A M	DOWDLE, C (Distinction in Latin, Mathematics and English)	M	ROBINSON, G
M	FIELD, C	M	ROWLAND, S
M	FLETCHER, R	M	SAUNDERS, J
M	FRATER, G (Distinction in Mathematics (S.G.))	M	SINGER, J
M	GLYN, S (Distinction in Mathematics (S.G.))	M	STAVROU, M
M	GRAY, L	M	STOCKWELL, Y (Distinction in Physical Science (S.G.))
	GUDEHUS, M	M	THOMPSON, R
M	HERBERT, T (Distinction in French)	A M	VAN RYNEVELD, T (Distinction in Mathematics and English)
M	HOLLINSHEAD, S	M	WOMERSLEY, J (Distinction in Speech and Drama)

Taalbond Results, 1979

HOËR AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1979

Hoër Graad

Helen Dicey, Jane Dicey, Caroline Dowdle, Lilian Dudley, Clair Grootendorst, Alison Marr, Carolyn Newton, Susan Steenkamp.

Gewone Graad

Suzanne Ackerman, Susan Burns, Diane Cameron, Anne Campbell, Theresa Campbell, Belinda Couzens, Aylex Cross, Susan Davies, Susan Eve, Ceris Field, Marjorie Filmer, Rosemary Fletcher, Monica Gudehus, Fleur Hanekom, Therese Herbert, Victoria Huxter, Michelle Jacobson, Jane Johnson, Hilary Knight, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Kristin Louw, Deirbhle Mannion, Mistene Maisel, Caroline Marten, Janet Millar, Catherine Moll, Jean Moodie, Leigh Mukheiber, Sandra Nichol, Gail Robinson, Susan Rowland, Susan Stamper, Yvette Stockwell, Meg van Niekerk, Tessa van Ryneveld, Juliette Womersley.

LAER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1979

Hoër Graad met Lof

Maryke Hommersom, Jane Yeats.

Hoër Graad

Katherine Ince, Inge Jones, Mary Jooste, Birte Olek, Chloë Ovenstone, Myrna Rabie, Karin Reitner, Alexandra Singer, Kim Westaway.

Gewone Graad

Beverly Atkinson, Toni Beck, Jill Breen, Ashley Chapman, Diana Diamond, Dorothy Douglas, Amanda de Villiers, Katherine Eve, Rowan Haden, Georgina Hart, Catherine Jackson, Lindsay Jones, Susan Lanfear, Gillian Mackenzie, Maryanne Marais, Fiona McQueen, Anne Meynell, Louise Morrissey, Monika Oelz, Toni Olivier, Jenneke Post, Amanda Rabie, Carol Roberts, Terry Roomes, Catherine Saunders, Sonja Schröder, Tracey Scott, Katherine Tripp, Karin Visser.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations Results, 1980

Grade I: 'Cello — Alexia Billings (Distinction), Piano — Jessica Ople (Distinction), Karen Snyders (Distinction).

Grade II: Piano — Lucy Burns (Distinction), Fenella Growse (Distinction), Giuliana Hunt (Merit), Camilla Kohler (Pass), Jane McKee (Merit), Sally Orren (Merit), Vanessa Sass (Merit), Mary Ann Wheeler (Merit).

Grade III: Flute — Lee Hosking (Merit), Violin — Michelle Kinlay (Distinction), Piano — Wilhelmina Bray (Merit), Alison Day (Pass), Claudia Fioravanti (Pass), Joanna Growse (Merit), Liesl Haldane (Merit), Alison Hundleby (Distinction), Nicolette Jordan (Merit), Hildegard Schubert (Pass), Caroline Tedder (Distinction).

Grade IV: 'Cello — Carole Roberts (Merit), Piano — Deborah Bell (Merit), Ilse Richter (Pass).

Grade V: Piano — Emily Morrissey (Pass).

Grade VI: Piano — Hillary Jooste (Merit), Louise Morrissey (Pass), Lynn Stamper (Merit).

Grade VII: Piano — Susan Hammond (Pass), Bridget Longmore (Merit).

Grade VIII: Piano — Helen Dicey (Merit).

Theory Grade V: Hillary Jooste, Lynn Stamper, Louise Morrissey (Pass).

Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1980

SOLO POEMS:

Preparatory School:

Pass: Nicky Lloyd-Roberts, Bronwen McKellar

Merit: Christie Peters, Stephanie Poole.

Honours: Claire Riley, Bridget Chapman.

Senior School:

Pass: Lisa Bailey, Leslie Mountain.

Merit: Catherine Shub, Hilary Marten, Birte Olek, Shelley Durr.

Honours: Joanne Hvidsten, Wendy Lhyne, Wilhelmina Bray.

PROSE SIGHTREADING:

Merit: Shelley Durr, Joanne Hvidsten.

DUOLOGUES:

Pass: Katherine Dower, Linda Merrington, Debbie Bell, Claire Hoyle.

Merit: Joanne Hvidsten, Shelley Durr.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS SOLO:

Honours: Hilary Marten.

PUBLIC SPEAKING PREPARED:

Honours: Hilary Marten.

PUBLIC SPEAKING UNPREPARED:

Merit: Hilary Marten.

EXPERIMENTS:

Merit: Standard V

GROUP SPEAKING:

The Mavis Scott Cup: Standard V

RECITAL:

Merit: Amanda de Villiers.

Cape Town Art Eisteddfod, 1980

DIPLOMA: Grace Maclean.

HONOURS: Mary Jooste, Jane Yeats, Virginia Tiffin.

MERIT: Faith Knight, Gillian Mountain, Deborah Parfiter, Oona Saunders, Christine Dunckley, Nicolette Jordan, Michelle Milner.

PASS: Sonja Schröder, Linda Bettison, Fiona Fraser, Margaret Orford, Lindy de Waal, Nina Claussen, Penelope Thesen, Susan Gatt, Julia Stallard, Margaret Malherbe, Alison MacMillan, Judith Schulman, Wendy Perold, Giuliana Hunt, Nicola Caine, Katie Christie, Stephanie Poole, Tania Hass, Larissa Peters.

Ballet Examinations

Congratulations to the following: Bronwen Geldenhuys and Georgina Rebane took the Royal Academy Dance Education Examination (Classical Level I) and were awarded Highly Commended.

Bronwen is also the first pupil who has taken all her Grade examinations through Herschel. She has now also taken her first Major (i.e. Professional) Examination, the Pre-Elementary, and gained a Pass Plus, which is a very good achievement.

Term Dates for 1981

1st Term: Wednesday 21 January — Thursday 26 March

2nd Term: Tuesday 7 April — Thursday 25 June

3rd Term: Tuesday 21 July — Thursday 24 September

4th Term: Tuesday 6 October — Friday 4 December

Charities

Worldvision, St. Anthony Nursery School, Haven Night Shelter, St. Michael's Home, African Scholars' Fund, Bruce Duncan Home, Meals on Wheels, Peninsula School Feeding, Leliebloom House, Community Chest, C.P.S.A. Mission.

Speech Examination Results

Junior B: Bridget Chapman (Hons), Nicky Lloyd-Roberts (Hons), Bronwen McKellar (Pass), Christie Peters (Pass), Stephanie Poole (Pass), Claire Risley (Merit).

Junior C: Sally Orren (Pass), Nicola Shub (Pass).

Senior 1: Wilhelmina Bray (Merit), Stephanie Dutkiewicz (Pass), Julie Postlethwaite (Merit), Catherine Shub (Pass).

Senior II: Wendy Lyhne (Pass), Hilary Marten (Merit).

Junior D: Yael Peters (Pass).

Senior IV: Amanda de Villiers (Hons).

Oral Communication Results

Junior III: Caroline Isted B-, Yael Peters B, Giuliana Hunt B+.

Intermediate I: Lisa Bailey B+, Stephanie Dutkiewicz B, Wilhelmina Bray A (Hons), Catherine Shub A (Hons).

Intermediate II: Joanne Hvidsten A- (Hons), Shelley Durr A- (Hons), Joanne Macfarlane B, Sarah Ashley B, Deborah Bell B+, Claire Hoyle B+.

Intermediate III: Katherine Smit B, Katherine Dower B, Linda Merrington A- (Hons).

Social Responsibility Club Report

It is very pleasing to report that 1980 has been an exceptionally active and rewarding year for the Social Responsibility Club. We were thrilled to find great enthusiasm as regards membership of the Club and this has really added to the success and enjoyment of our activities.

In the first term a large number of girls helped at the annual Constantia Country Fair, the funds of which were in aid of the Constantia Catholic Church. Girls worked on a variety of stalls ranging from clothes stands to the tea garden. Members of the club also helped at the Lady Buxton Fête which was a great success. Our first Saturday afternoon outing was to Hout Bay where we took 10 children from the Bruce Duncan Home on the 'Circe', a leisure boat which goes from Hout Bay to Seal Island and back. This was a very exciting experience for all the children as most of them had never been on a boat before, let alone seen a seal!

At the beginning of the second term we again took some children from the Bruce Duncan Home on an outing, this time to the World of Birds in Hout Bay. As this outing consisted chiefly of walking around with a child and looking at the birds it gave those newcomers a chance to make friends and to communicate with the children. This proved very successful and by the time we headed off for our picnic everyone was quite at home and chatting away happily. Unfortunately one of our outings had to be cancelled owing to unrest in Hanover Park.

At the start of the third term Miss Aitchison invited Mrs Elizabeth Murray, from the Voluntary Aid Bureau, to address members of the club at a meeting. Her talk which included some disturbing statistics, was very interesting and stimulating. She showed us how to make delightful toys out of what we would class as "rubbish". Who would think of cutting off the end of a Sta-Soft container and producing a spade?

We took the children from the Bruce Duncan Home out to Tygerberg Zoo where they had an exciting afternoon

looking at all the animals. The highlight of the afternoon was the chimps' tea party, after which we had a picnic tea.

Encouraged by Mrs Murray we decided to extend our activities. We re-introduced Wednesday night outings to the Eaton Convalescent Home in Plumstead. This gives girls interested in helping the old and the sick a chance to participate. We move from ward to ward chatting and singing to the people in order to cheer them up. We received an outstanding response and now many girls look forward to Wednesday nights. These outings we plan to continue throughout the fourth term.

We realized that our activities had been concentrated too much on one home so we started to visit the St. George's Home for girls in Ottery. Our first outing with them was to Rhodes Memorial where we went for a long walk and fed the buck. The afternoon ended with a picnic and ice creams and everyone found it refreshing and stimulating to deal with new people, by way of change. We ended the third term with a variety concert at the Princess Alice Home. Here I am pleased to report that many non-members gave up their time to help make the concert the great success which it was. As with the Eaton Convalescent Home we plan to continue such visits and we look forward to seeing the patients in the fourth term. We have planned two outings and several visits and we look forward to what is always the highlight of the year, our Christmas Party, on 1 December.

As one can see we have been very busy, thanks to the great interest and response we have had from a keen group of girls. One thing I must emphasize is that this club could never have become what it has without Miss Aitchison's never-tiring support, interest and enthusiasm, and on behalf of the rest of the club, I should like to say a really big thank-you to her for all that she has done.

As always, Miss Way showed great interest in our activities and we were most upset at her death. We shall

never forget her unfailing interest and support.

All that remains for me to say is that I hope that next year our membership will increase even more and that we can make 1981 as rewarding as 1980.

Nici Deal

Miss Way never saw us depart on an outing without giving us a most generous donation with which to buy

ice-creams and other refreshments. This was not made public as Miss Way did not wish to be thanked. Without her support and organisation the Christmas parties which have been held for many years, would not have been as they were. She was a marvellous, unselfish participant in the Social Responsibility Club, and we are deeply grateful to her.

E. AITCHISON

Oral Communication and Drama

To begin with, the bad news. It is a melancholy fact that in acquiring an enlarged Hall (for larger numbers in Assembly) and a fine Gymnasium, in which, particularly the girls of the Prep. School are doing some really beautiful work, we have lost a Theatre. Because the floor space of the Hall has been enlarged and the old stage removed, a substitute stage (consisting of movable boxes) has taken its place. In the very nature of things, this was bound to be an experiment; and it is, in the opinion of the Speech and Drama Department, a failed experiment.

The boxes shift under any vigorous movement, and the lightest footfalls sound like the clatter of hobnailed boots. This is the main problem, but there are others, such as bad acoustics, the positioning of the lighting box, the lack of wings or back-stage space and many more.

There is always a danger in compromise of course, and at the moment the compromise we have arrived at with regard to our Hall has been disastrous for dramatic productions. However, there may be solutions of a kind, and I hope these may be discussed at some future date. The Drama Room in the splendid Arts block is being called into service as a substitute "Little Theatre", but of course its purpose is primarily to act as a workshop. Its seating capacity is limited, and it can accommodate only a small segment of play script possibilities.

The theatrical highlight of 1980 firmly by-passed all difficulties by taking place in the Claremont Civic Centre. "Love from Judy", that charming musical from the book

Daddy Long-Legs, was a triumph for Dawn McClurg and her large cast of girls and boys. There was nothing but praise from the many hundreds who saw it.

Once again the School did very well in the Cape Town Eisteddfod this year. In group work Standard V won the coveted Mavis Scott Cup for Group Speaking. Honours in their respective sections were won by Claire Riley, Bridget Chapman, Joanne Hvidsten, Wendy Lyhne, Wilhelmina Bray and Hilary Marten. Merit rating was awarded to Christie Peters, Stephanie Poole, Cathy Shub, Shelley Durr, Amanda de Villiers, Birte Olek and Standard Va. The Eisteddfod was followed in the next term by the Inter-Schools Forum Discussions, organised yearly by S.A.C.E.E. We had a particularly strong team, which included two Matric drama pupils, Carolyn Newton and Jane Johnson. Two others were Caroline Marten and Alexa Singer. Clair Grootendorst was the Chairman. We tied for first position with Sea Point Boys' High, and Clair was awarded the prize for the best individual speaker in the entire contest.

The Speech and Oral Communication examinations were held towards the end of the third term. There were no failures though the candidates, especially in the Speech, or Interpretative section, were marked very strictly. The full list appears elsewhere in the magazine but I feel a special mention should be made of Amanda de Villiers who was given Honours in Senior IV, the last and most demanding of the examinations.

Margaret L Saffery

Choir Report

Choirmistress: Miss C. Sweet

Accompanist: Mrs Y. Dowdle

Choirleaders: Pamela Boyes and Helen Dicey

Choirmembers: Lisa Beckerling, Linda Bettison, Jill Breen, Susan Cowie, Jane Dicey, Sally Dicey, Shelley Durr, Shane Fairhead, Marjorie Filmer, Fiona Frazer, Philippa Gleimuis, Nadine Gramann, Clair Grootendorst, Hilary Jooste, Jeanette Krige, Susan Lanfear, Daniela Lengner, Page Littleford, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Bridget Longmore, Maryanne Marais, Caroline Marten, Anne Meynell, Cathy Moll, Emily Morrissey, Louise Morrissey, Leigh Mukheiber, Caro-

lyn Newton, Belinda Pentz, Jenneke Post, Lynn Stamper, Tracey Scott, Miriam Thomas, Wendy Wilson.

Passions, Madrigals, Motets, Dirges and Carols are indicative of some of the activities in which the choir has been involved.

Weddings seem to have been in short supply this year, the choir having sung at only three, two of which were at St. Saviour's and one at St. Thomas', Rondebosch. At the end of the third quarter we were privileged to sing at the Memorial Service in honour of Miss Joyce Way, our caterer.

We were very sad to learn that this year's Founders' Day and Easter service was the last at which Father Eve would officiate. He has always been a most enthusiastic supporter, and we miss his humour. Susan Eve, his daughter, was our vitally alive choirleader, full of fun and originality. We have missed her enormously and Choir is not the same without her.

A new departure for the Choir was to join with the St. George's Singers and orchestra in the performance of the St. Matthew's Passion which took place at the St. George's Cathedral under the direction of Barry Smith.

We missed Miss Sweet in the second term when she took a much-deserved break and went overseas. Thank you to Mrs Joan Hendry for kindly taking her place.

A chamber choir, consisting of nineteen members, has

been re-formed. This is a specially selected group which is more intensively trained than the choir as a whole. The Junior Choir is now under the direction of Miss Sweet and we hope they will be taking part with us in the Carol Service.

We are very thrilled to be asked by Capati to sing in their production of "Faust" by Goethe, at the Nico Malan. Unfortunately, as this production proved to be of at least four hours' duration, it was decided to omit certain scenes of which ours was one.

Finally we would like to thank Miss Sweet and Mrs Dowdle for their hard work and enthusiasm during the past year. Without them the choir would not function.

Keep up the good singing!

Pamela Boyes and Helen Dicey

Music School Report

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet

Music Staff: Mrs M. Courtis, Mrs C. Griggs, Miss S. Heathcock, Mrs J. Hagan, Mrs M. Loggie, Mrs A. Longmore, Mrs C. Popham-Smith, Miss C. Ruttle, Mrs A. Tyson.

The Music School is flourishing. We have introduced quarterly concerts for both Senior and Preparatory School students, held a recital by the Matriculation Music students (Helen Dicey, Philippa Gleimuis and Caroline Marten), and now have a Suzuki violin class.

We are desperately in need of instruments for our orchestra which is moulding itself into a viable force. This year it has increased in number and the standard

of playing greatly improved. We thank and bid farewell to both Miss Ruttle and Mrs Longmore who have contributed much to the orchestra. We are grateful to Miss Irish for having willingly taken over while some of our Music Staff were on leave.

Congratulations to those who entered the Royal Schools and Unisa Examinations and the Cape Town Eisteddfod. We were very pleased with the results.

Thank you to Mrs Sweet and the other music staff for their hard work and support in the Music School over the past year.

Helen Dicey

Head Music Student

Orchestra Report

It is not long ago that our 'orchestra' consisted of a string quartet and now, at the end of 1980, we have quadrupled into a sixteen-member orchestra with instruments ranging from an oboe and a saxophone in the wind section, to cellos and a viola in the string section. We also have a sometime "percussion" section which consists of a very bold triangle and occasionally a drum or tambourine!

This year I think we have been heard by more people outside the immediate school, since we played a programme of five pieces at two separate performances on Open Day last term. At both we had a good audience of interested parents and old-girls, some of whom enjoyed our performances so much that they later approached Miss Ruttle, our conductor, asking whether they could join us. Including as it does both junior and senior school girls and also two members of the music staff, Mrs Longmore and Miss Heathcock, the orchestra could take in a few interested old-girls.

On two other occasions, we have played to the whole school at assembly. It was very evident from the more enthusiastic response we got from our hyper-critical audience at the second performance, about six months after the first, that as a group we had made a marked improvement.

It is very sad that we are to lose our conductor, Miss Ruttle, at the end of the year, and I should like to take this opportunity to thank her for the tremendous amount of work she has put into the orchestra. At the beginning of the year we were just a group of girls each playing her own instrument regardless of anyone else, but now for the first time, thanks to Miss Ruttle, we are beginning to feel like an orchestra, and as a result, are also beginning to look and sound like an orchestra. From here we can only improve, and I know that under Miss Heathcock's leadership next year, we certainly shall!

Jane Dicey

Head of Orchestra

Historical Society

This year the Historical Society has been functioning very actively and now has a membership of over ninety girls.

An Interschool's Historical Committee, in which Herschel is represented by Caroline Marten (Std. 10) and Alexa Singer (Std. 9) was established early in the year. Its aim is to improve inter-school relations and to make History 'live'!

This movement has met with great success and several functions were organised.

There were two interesting and informal talks:-

"The Greek Contribution to Western Civilisation" by Mr de Jager of Rondebosch Boys' High School and "Iran and Afghanistan" by Dr. John Willowson, who was part of the South African mission in Iran.

A video and film on Adolf Hitler were screened and there was an Inter-schools' Quiz held at Herschel. We thank Mrs Thompson for organising the questions, which

were rather taxing. Rondebosch Boys' High School won this contest.

There have been several internal activities. Three films were shown, but attendance was poor in spite of the fact that no charge was made for Society Members. By comparison, a guided tour of the Malay Quarter, organised by Mrs Stockwell, had an excellent turn-out.

We thank Mrs Stockwell for her willing help and encouragement throughout the year and also for inviting the U.S.A. consul, Mr Lukens, to speak on the controversial American Presidential elections. She also arranged the screening of three films from 'The World at War' series.

We extend our thanks to all who have made our activities so successful, to all class-representatives and to our treasurer, Janice McMillan.

Alex Singer
(Chairman)

Environmental Science Club

The Environmental Science Club was started at the beginning of the second term of this year by Mrs Martin and Mrs Westgate.

Our meetings are held every second Monday during the lunch hour. We have had several speakers talking on a variety of subjects. Our first speaker was Mr Malan from the Department of Environmental Studies at the University of Cape Town. We were given a slide show as well as an interesting talk on our environment.

We have also had talks on Sir Isaac Newton (and we were shown a piece of his hair!) and on vegetation on the island of Mauritius.

During the third term Mrs Steytler (who taught French at Herschel for a term) talked to us on plant invaders of the Western Cape; a representative from the Beauty without Cruelty organisation came to tell us how animals were treated unnecessarily cruelly for the vanity of women and showed a film made by the organisation "Beauty without Cruelty".

Sociological Club

Every Wednesday the Standard VIII, IX and X classes enjoy an hour of entertainment in the form of mind-broadening talks presented by various people, ranging from politicians, professors and musicians to ex-pupils and parents.

We have been extremely fortunate this year to have been able to persuade many excellent speakers to come to Herschel. We have had Dr Dennis Worrall (M.P. for Gardens) and Dr Van Zyl Slabbert who both spoke on "Whither South Africa", from very different points of view. The contrast was extremely interesting. Besides

During the October holidays as a member of the committee, I went to a pollution seminar at the Caltex refinery at Milnerton. The aim of the seminar was to make the young people of the Western Cape aware of the problem of land and air pollution.

The club has become a member of the South African Wildlife Society and is receiving its magazine. We will also, whenever possible, join them in their activities here in the Western Cape.

Next year we are hoping to have outings which will make us more aware of our environment here in the Cape Peninsula, the problems that are facing us and the ways in which we can possibly help to overcome or discourage these problems. In this respect we feel that our club will not only be playing a part in our school but also in our society.

Jenneke Post
(Club Secretary)

learning something about South African politics, we have had a talk by Mr Lukens on the American Presidential Election.

The subject of careers is important to us, so we have been fortunate to have had Mr Raymond Ackerman speak to us on "Careers for Women in Business", and Mrs Krige on "Engineering for Women".

Prof. Martin West gave us a better understanding of black people and their customs when he talked on the break-away churches in Soweto. We have also had Prof. Francis Wilson speaking on "Africans in the Economy."

which opened our minds to some of our problems in South Africa.

A good way of learning more about the world is to hear people tell us about their experiences in different places. Recently Jerry Whitehead showed us his beautiful and fascinating slides taken while rounding Cape Horn in his yacht 'Bootlicker', via Tierra del Fuego. Miss Cleg-horn, who used to teach at Herschel, came twice to tell us about her travels, especially in Greece and Israel. She too illustrated her talks with beautiful slides. Jackie Dicey, an ex-Herschelian, spoke to us of Australia and her experiences there as a Rotary Scholar.

Health, and also beauty, interest us too. We had a talk by Mrs Louw from the Cancer Research Institute on cancer and the various preventative measures that can

be taken. Three 'Adèle' beauticians came and spoke on the ways and secrets of beauty. This was informally done with demonstrations, which everyone enjoyed very much.

Later this term we are having a Jazzart Dance Demonstration, and talks on Occupational Therapy, and Dieting, all of which we are looking forward to.

We do very much appreciate the time and energy given by these busy people, but above all we thank Mrs McCormick for organising these programmes. We are sure the 1981 meetings will be equally stimulating and interesting.

Kate Saunders
Secretary Sociological Club

Library Report

1980 has been a most successful year for the Duncan Baxter Library. Over 350 new books have been bought for our shelves. During the first term, these concentrated particularly on Art. This was especially useful to some Sd. 9 pupils who were doing projects on various artists at the time. Again, in the third term, many interesting books on Home Economics were bought as the Library was sadly lacking in information on this popular subject.

This term, with the passing away of our much-loved Miss Way, the Duncan Baxter Library acquired many books from her estate. Most of her books are about the Second World War in which she was actively and courageously involved.

Sd. 8 was given the interesting task of performing a Centres of Interest theme on information found in the Library. This was a worthwhile and enjoyable exercise suggested by our dedicated Librarian, Mrs Meinert, during one of the Library lessons she continues to take.

Our Jenny Torr Memorial Shelf gained eight wonderful books this year. One of these was the beautifully illustrated book by J.P. Rourke, *The Proteas of Southern Africa*. This Memorial Shelf now has a vast variety of fascinating books. We are always very grateful to those who donate books to our Library and they can be assured of our appreciation.

Certain exams are written in the Library and use is still being made of our language tapes.

Special thanks for their consistent hard work and loyalty to the Duncan Baxter Library go to Anne Abdy, Susan Burns, Wendy Lyhne and Janine Quibell.

Our most sincere thanks, not only from the Library Committee, but from the school, must go to Mrs Meinert for her dedication, enthusiasm and unfailing encouragement in making the Duncan Baxter Library the alive place it is.

Lindsay Jones

Mountain Club

Leaders: Mr and Mrs Fletcher, Mrs Banfield, Miss Aitchison

Committee: Kate Saunders, Mafy Jooste, Judith Richards.

Having completed an expedition up from Krom River Dome yesterday I am experiencing the usual ailments common to all members of Herschel's rock hopper club - stiffness in the joints.

We have had a fine number of climbs this year, travelling as far as Bainskloof and Du Toit's Kloof. Two of our outings involved a night out, one at Steenboksborg and one on the Visser's farm in the Du Toit's Kloof area. The latter was with the Bishops Mountain Club! This was a particularly heavy walk and the girls, not quite as fit as the boys, gratefully accepted assistance along the way from the Vissers. Thank you!

Besides mountain climbing and hiking, we've done some rock climbing - those with the shortest legs wishing they were otherwise! We went to Kasteelspoort (Table Mountain) where the Fletchers taught us the basics of roping up! It was a most enjoyable day.

Although we've had a good year, we have missed Miss Kable and were sad to say Goodbye to Mrs Banfield in June. We are very grateful to Mr and Mrs Fletcher, Mrs Rauch and Miss Aitchison - it's not just transport they provide; it's knowhow, first-aid, (laughs), moral support.....

I hope that next year will be as successful as this year has been. We'd like to see the clan of scratched-legged, farmer-tanned, mountain monkeys (noted for their agility!) increase. May the present enthusiasm MOUNT.

Mary Jooste

Merriman House Report

We have done it again! Merriman triumphed once more last year and won the much coveted Efficiency Shield for the sixth year in succession. A very big thank you goes to Pippa Leighton-Davies and her team of prefects for all they did for the House last year.

Under Mrs Rauch's guidance — we did miss you when you went on long leave at the beginning of the year, Mrs Rauch! — this has once again been a very happy year for Merriman. Thank you for your ever-present help and encouragement.

As usual, we all knitted jerseys for the children of the St. Michael's Home, and these were very welcome, especially since the cold weather has set in. The girls voted to send the money collected for charity each term, to the Peninsula School Feeding Association and "Meals on Wheels," both very worthwhile organisations.

The swimming gala, held during the first term, was great fun, and although we did not win, Merriman was bubbling over with life and spirit. Well done, Rolt, for winning both the swimming and diving sections.

However, with determination and enthusiasm, our hockey team was tops in the Inter-House hockey competition. Well done, and a big thank you to our captain, Fleur

Hanekom, and all you keen, hard-working hockey players.

Merriman has maintained her almost unbeaten academic record this year, scoring the highest average in all the mark readings and June exams. This outstanding result is thanks to the hard work of everyone in Merriman, especially K. Saunders, J. Yeats, G. Parker, M. Thomas, E. Baker, L. Carlyle and S. Dutkiewicz. Well done!

I'd also like to take this opportunity of congratulating Lindy de Kock on her wonderful performance as Judy in the school play, "Love from Judy."

Thanks also go to the Merriman prefects, Jenny Gray, Susan Lloyd-Roberts and Susan Eve for their help and support. We are sorry to have said good-bye to Sue Eve when she left for England, but I am sure she will be happy there.

I hope Merriman will go from strength to strength — keep up your wonderful spirit, sportsmanship and determination.

Love live Merriman!

Clair Grootendorst
Head Girl and
Head of Merriman.



Mrs N. Rauch

Jagger House Report

Jagger House has not excelled competitively this year although towards the end of last year, the cast of the Jagger House play, under the co-direction of Carolyn Newton and Suzanne Ackerman, managed to excel theatrically above Rolt and Merriman, to gain first place. The play was "Olaf and the Ogre".

The abundance of green clothing, and the cacophony of our 84 voices bellowing support in unison at both the Interhouse swimming and hockey competitions, has, this year been quite an overwhelming experience for anyone not totally involved in school traditions. I want to thank the Std. 6's and all the other new girls who have quickly caught onto the Jagger spirit and have

settled down very well. Keep it going! Unfortunately, the results for the two competitions were not quite what we wished for, but the rest of the House certainly made the teams feel that:

"It's not the winning, but the taking part, that really counts!!!"

On the sports side, we have two Western Province Junior sportswomen; Monique Biebuyck (Std. 8) in swimming and Sarah Cross (Std. 6) in squash. Well Done!! Jagger has some promising netball and tennis players to be proud of and we hope that in the matches still to be played, Rolt and Merriman will be suitable opposition.

Caroline Marten is at present preparing the House for the Inter-House Music Competition and we are sure she will do very well. Academically, Jagger has not done too badly and, although we still have to beat Merriman, in overall results, one member of the House, Linda Willis (Std. 6) has managed to obtain the highest aggregate in the school, for each mark-reading. Kerynne French (Std. 7) is also to be commended on her consistent good work. Congratulations to both.

Rolt House Report

It seems that once again, Rolt's brains lag behind its brawn, our achievements being mainly on the sporting side this year.

Where Drama is concerned, Rolt did very well last September, to come second to Jagger in the Inter-House Play Competition, presenting an interesting one-act play, *The Do-it-yourself Frankenstein Outfit*. Tony Olivier, a Rolt girl, also performed excellently in the Inter-Schools Clareon Play Festival, winning the award for best actress.

This year two of the three choir-leaders, Pam Boyes and Helen Dicey, are in Rolt, and five Rolt girls, Pam Boyes, Helen Dicey, Jane Dicey, Shane Fairhead and Maryanne Marais, received choir badges last September.

We were extremely pleased to win this year's Inter-House Music Competition for the second time running. Our Rolt choir and other individual music students put in a lot of hard work for this, which in the end "paid off".

More recently, a team of speakers won us second place in an Inter-House speaking competition, Jagger narrowly beating us.

However, it is on the sporting side that we have achieved the most this year. For the eighth year in succession, Rolt has won the Inter-House Swimming Gala. The team, captained excellently by Jane Johnson, really deserve congratulations for this victory, which the house made even greater with their spirit.

As usual Rolt dominated the diving, with Mary Jooste and Monika Oelz diving well to keep the cup in the house.

Rolt came off second in the Inter-House Hockey, Mer-

Our termly collection of charity money still continues, and last term I was happy to send off one cheque to the African Scholars' Fund and another to the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme. Both charities appreciate our consistent support.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs McCormick and the other Jagger Staff Members for their support and guidance. Oh yes, a quick welcome to Jeanie Brown, a visiting AFS student, who has wisely joined Jagger for her brief stay here. To Louise, Karen, Luanna and Dot, thank you for the hard work and effort that has gone into producing the Jagger magazine.

Keep it up Jagger — we'll give the other Houses something to feel G R E E N about!!!

Suzanne Ackerman
(Head of House)

House Prefects

Marjorie Filmer, Carolyn Newton, Lilian Dudley, Mandi Scott, Victoria Huxter and Ann Whiting.

niman only just beating us in the last couple of matches. Again the teams, captained by Susan Stamper, played their best, accompanied by some strong singing from House spectators.

Unfortunately our work is not up to the standard of our sport, and it seems that a lot of effort will be needed to improve marks. However, Rolt does have its consistent hard workers, a fact which is proved by the large number of girls who have their Academic badges and scrolls.

As usual, the house collected money and winter jerseys for the Bruce Duncan Home. This home is one which always receives Rolt's donations.

A thank-you must go to all the captains of various inter-house teams for the enormous effort they put into organizing their particular teams, and also the three house-prefects, Susan Burns, Helen Dicey and Leigh Mukheiber, who all readily supported house activities.

Thank you also to the staff in the House, and of course, to Mrs Stockwell, our House-Mistress, who often seems to be more "Rolt" than anyone else in the house. Whenever there is a need, Mrs Stockwell always comes to the rescue, and her interest in, and feeling for the house is always very evident in all she does for it. THANK YOU, Mrs Stockwell.

This has been a good year for the house, and on the whole, so far Rolt has been doing very well in most areas. If the spirit continues just the way it has been and the effort is just sustained, that Efficiency Shield may yet rest in the hands of ROLT!

Jane Dicey
Head of House

Matric Dance, 1980

Towards the beginning of April this year the conversation on the Matric lawn at lunch breaks switched from the usual frustrating subject of dieting to the even more frustrating subject of our Matric Dance. There were endless meetings to choose a theme on which everyone could agree. Several schools of very individual ideas ranged from "Cape Dutch" to "Turkish Delight". In one moment of particularly deep despondency someone suggested "Heavy" — we could paint all the walls black with a pulsating red light in one corner, a white dot in the other and grey smoke swirling around — which reflected the mood at that stage perfectly.

Finally we found a theme that everyone liked: "Ile Papeete" or "Gauguin's South Sea Islands". At this point all arguments subsided and we then made a concerted effort to produce as enjoyable an evening as possible. Everything began to run smoothly, apart from the last mad rushes finding dresses and grabbing hold of males.

In spite of the earlier difficulties, we were all thrilled with the dining hall when it was finished. The beautifully reproduced Gauguin posters lent colour and atmosphere to the hall, and the band kept this atmosphere alive throughout the evening. We had several group dances, such as the "Hokey Cokey". There was even a "Mr Sexy Legs Competition". Here the choice was so difficult that we finally chose two winners: Mr Gilbertson, who had already shown off his legs to great advantage in a Scottish dance, and, of course, Mr Cheadle. The food was outstanding, and there was even an element of drama when one of the food baskets caught fire.

We finished off the evening in high spirits by marching round the school in a long crocodile singing, "When the Saints go marching in", led by a trumpeter, and watched by rows of inquisitive boarders. A special thank-you to Mr Park, who made our ambitious decorations possible, the kitchen staff for the delicious meal, the photographers for their stunning photographs, the waitresses for attrac-

menu

paté aloha lauau
poulet tahiti
dessert aux fruits
tropicales
et mélange

café au
lait

matric 1980
herschel



tive and attentive help, the staff for joining in with such "joie de vivre", and the Ackermans and Enthovens for their hospitality at our after-party and champagne breakfast; in fact, all who helped to make "Ile Papeete" an island to remember.

Carolyn Newton

Soirée Française

On 11th September, a French evening was held in the school hall. The programme was both entertaining and varied, with scenes depicting various comical and dramatic situations. The evening began with two items from Mrs Webb's French classes in the Prep School — "Valerie fait ses courses" and "Au téléphone", followed by a song from the Std. VI's. The first play, performed by the Std. VII class, had a medieval theme concerning the famous Bayeux Tapestry and was accompanied by slides. The medieval costumes were very ingenious.

The next play was an extract from a short comedy by Molière, *M. de Porcauagnac*: Sonja Schröder was most amusing as M. Porcauagnac, a man who was being plagued by two intriguing doctors. The evening continued with two adaptations of Guy de Maupassant stories, "La

Parure" and "Les Prisonniers", by Std. VIII's — both of which were very entertaining.

The next scene was of a blind beggar on the Pont Neuf, in Paris, showing how he was given money because of a placard proclaiming his blindness. The Std. II's then presented a sketch of a soirée that was designed to provide ordinary social vocabulary. The Std. 6's concluded the evening on a humorous note with three scenes from Asterix.

The evening ran very smoothly despite one chaotic rehearsal the evening before. The props and costumes were all improvised, but turned out to be very successful.

Cathy Jackson

Std. 9 Geography Field Trip

On Friday, 2nd May, 19 Geography girls, accompanied by Mrs Westgate and Mrs Martin, went on a field trip to study the features of the False Bay coast. We used the school bus and Mrs Martin agreed to use her car to transport the rest of the girls.

We went to Muizenberg to compare the coast at St. James with the dunes behind Muizenberg. We then proceeded along Strandfontein Road on the way to Gordon's Bay where we visited the Steenbras hydro-electric power station. We found it to be a very worthwhile and enjoyable visit. We were privileged to have been shown around by senior members of the staff. We learned that this pumped storage scheme — the first of its kind in Africa — was specially commissioned by Cape Town City Council to reduce significantly its dependence on Eskom's relatively expensive peak power. The information we obtained was relevant to a particularly important part of our syllabus. We also learned that we were the first ladies to have visited the plant.

Lunch on the beachfront in Gordon's Bay was a pleasant interlude. Afterwards we went along Clarendon Drive to Pringle Bay. Our beach studies included counting waves to determine their type. We measured the distance be-

tween tide marks and found it to be rather difficult to handle the tape in very windy conditions.

Hangklip was our final stop where the biologists studied the marine life in the shallow waters while the keener geographers trekked over the rocks to the extreme point of Hangklip Beach. Once there we climbed a huge rock to watch the powerful waves pound the rocks below. This, we were told, was typical of marine erosion.

The journey home was surprisingly quiet. Everybody slept as they were so exhausted!

Jenneke Post

A TRAGIC END AT MAYNARDVILLE

It was a tragic end but excellently acted. The clapping sounded in my ears as my head swirled at the thought of my cosy bed.

We had arrived while it was still light. The girl next to me began to nibble a chocolate, trying not to be noticed as the music's sweet melody filled the air. Then a voice came booming forth. I watched attentively as swords clashed and blood was spilt. Brave Mercutio was dead. Romeo stood stunned and bewildered. His dark hair clung around his handsome face.

As Juliet entered she spoke. A harsh voice hit me, as I had expected a sweet flowing voice.

Before I could think more Tybalt entered. My blood ran cold. His eyes were cold and evil, his hair frizzed out like fire. He advanced towards Romeo and my mind repeated "Get back you wretch, get back!" Suddenly a sword flashed and plunged into Tybalt's stomach. He fell writhing in pain. "Good," I thought, "Well done, Romeo!"

Juliet lay crying on her bed for the death of Tybalt but mainly for Romeo who is banished. Soon she was drinking some strange potion given by Friar Lawrence.

The torches burned bright in the darkness as Juliet's limp body was carried towards the tomb to lie next to the rotting body of Tybalt. She lay unconscious but was thought dead.

Romeo arrives. All I can say is "Juliet, wake up, please!" but of course she doesn't and more blood is spilt between Romeo and Paris. Then the dreaded minute comes, Romeo drinks the poison and drops in pain while Juliet wakes. She plunges a dagger into her stomach. All is finished. I sink down in my chair and think "Excellent, I really enjoyed that."

Nina Claussen, Std. 7



Standard 9 expedition to Hangklip. Taken on the beach at Pringle Bay by Monika Oefz.

Open Day

On arrival at school before Open Day had even started one could feel the excitement mounting. Most of the morning was taken up by last minute preparations. A great variety of work was exhibited, most of it being work done during the year. In a corner of the hall Mrs Stockwell had collected "All kinds of Herschel Relics", ranging from builders' plans and original desks and blackboards from 1920 to plans for present-day Herschel. A scientific display organized by Mrs Beames was also exhibited in the hall and junior scientists presented fascinating working models ranging from volcanoes that erupted to pin-hole cameras and radios, all homebuilt. The junior biologists produced lovely collections of natural specimens, such as shells and butterflies. The Art Room was a mass of colour and original work including silk-screen paintings that drew admiring glances. Cathy Marr and Lisa Lythe made pots on the wheels while visitors watched. The Drama Room was in continuous motion with plays and productions throughout the day due to Mrs McClurg's hard work. The Std. 7's presented a large variety of dramatic work. For those interested in Biology and Science a visit to Mrs Rauch's, Mrs Beames', Mrs Marr's and Mrs Marten's rooms was worthwhile. Mrs Westgate's room was also open for

viewing. In Mrs Meinert's Library the House Magazines of 1980 were on display and were avidly read. Dickens projects and newspapers in Std. 8 and 9 English rooms were of a high standard thanks to Miss Aitchison's and Mrs Gilham's guidance and interest. In Mrs Gilbertson's typing room typing work that was devoid of error was displayed. Mrs Crowther's and Mrs Louw's Afrikaans rooms were also open and class-work and magazines were on display. Those mathematically-minded visitors were welcomed (by the Maths teachers) to their Maths rooms. The French, Latin and Xhosa rooms were open and work done during the year was demonstrated. Items of specific interest included the concerts our orchestra gave. The orchestra has greatly improved and the audience certainly enjoyed their performances. Choral verse and History group singing was also to be heard.

Guests, staff and Matrics had a delicious finger lunch, while girls enjoyed lunch break. Plates of exotic desserts which were provided by the Std. 9 Home Economics' class disappeared quickly. We all left at about 2.30 p.m. after a very happy and worthwhile day.

Rosemary Loch-Davis
Kath Gottgens
Std. 8B

Matric Outing to Dalebrook

Of rain, and snails, and seaweed

On a Thursday morning late last term, we courageous Matrics, together with Mrs Marr and Mrs Martin, braved the stormy elements in search of knowledge. Armed to the teeth with knives, sieves, buckets and spades, we descended upon the beach as the first stormclouds broke. Sitting on the damp sand, the raindrops trickling down my neck, I inspected a rain-drenched sheet of unintelligible technical terms. Being a non-biology student, the briefing was unfortunately lost on me. However, I gathered that the aim was to gather and identify various slugs, crabs and other creepy-crawlies. There followed a period of slipping, sliding, shrieking and silent swearing as we slithered through the rocks and seaweed gathering specimens. Naturally, I became somewhat submerged wrenching off a stubborn starfish, but the end result made up for the discomfort. We finished by drawing a variety of prickly, mottled, brightly-coloured — and unpronounceable — creatures and plants. The rain then began to look seriously menacing, so we decided to go to the station early. The hour-long wait for the train was certainly profitable for Kalk Bay's Cafés, if not for our figures! It was certainly an interesting change from double Science and double History for me, and a novel way of swotting for the other girls.

Caroline Marten

The 1980 English Olympiad

This year, ten girls were entered for the English Olympiad, though eventually only Jean Moodie, Alexa Singer, Jane Yeats, Jane Dicey, Louise Morrissey and I wrote the examination. The books to be studied were *Things Fall Apart* and *No Longer at Ease* by Chinua Achebe, and Alan Paton's famous novel, *Cry the Beloved Country*, the overall theme being The Novel in Africa. All three deal with the native of Africa's experience during the invasion of his society by Europeans. Achebe's novels are set in Nigeria, the first at the time of the early missionaries, and the second during the Westernization of that country. Paton's novel deals with the re-adjustment required of Black and White societies in South Africa.

The open-book examination questions ranged from requiring candidates to write a television script for a documentary on these novels, to commenting on the effect of the titles on the themes of each.

Although we were not as successful as Caroline Dowdle who last year came third in South Africa, Alexa and I were placed within the first hundred.

It was appropriate that we should be required to study these novels at a time of political and social re-adjustment, and I gained much insight into African situations from my participation in the examination.

Caroline Marten

WHAT'S HAPPENING?



Juliette Salamon, Luanna Shonfeld, Std 9.



Page Littleford Std 8.



Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Jane Johnson, Std 10.



Bridget Langmore, Std 8. Helen Dicey, Std 10.

Schools That Differ

School is a place where one is required to go for the purpose of acquiring an education. That main goal sounds basic enough, but the way in which it is achieved varies between schools in one's city, country and throughout the world. One system of schools is not necessarily better or worse than another simply because it is different. One usually grows up experiencing only one system of education, and since it is the only form one is exposed to, it is considered very practical and efficient. I have now experienced two totally different schools; one in the United States and one in South Africa, and this is what I've found:

I am from Oxford, a small university town in Southwest Ohio. Talawanda, the High School (grades 9-12), is the only one within fifteen miles, thus everyone must go there. It is a large public, co-educational school with decency as its only requirement for dress. I find Herschel to be a big change. Now I am in a city attending a small, private girls' school and am wearing a uniform. If only my friends could see me now!

Why is there such a difference? Both turn out well prepared, witty, young people, and the student body of both schools hate the routine necessary to accomplish this task. Tradition? American schools hold on to tradition as well, but in different areas. We have our annual Staff versus Student basketball game, Football Homecoming, Prom, Senior Pranks, Student Government, pledge to our flag and so forth. Tradition at Herschel, I have found, consists of uniform dress, prayer, Inter-House competitions, Matric dance and Staff versus Student hockey. Notice that we do have some activities

in common, yet the latter stresses a formal, more disciplined form of tradition.

Each set of rules, policies and elements of tradition that exist in a school, are designed for that school. To try and impose one particular system on a school, for which it was not made, would be ridiculous. My school, with 1,200 students, with backgrounds ranging from farmers to professors' kids, would not respond to the prefect system here. They would also definitely not give up their freedom of dress. Similarly, a more relaxed and informal system would not be tolerated here.

School in the United States is the place where the majority of one's social contacts are made. What one wears reflects, somewhat, on one's personality and, unfortunately, economic status as well. Such an assessment is not always accurate but, nevertheless, first impressions count. I'm so glad Herschel is an all-girls' school, because of the flattering uniforms we wear. They have a favourable unifying and equalizing effect, but their aesthetic beauty is limited. How many times have you been asked out socially while in your Herschel uniform?!!!

Differences have existed between schools and methods of teaching for centuries. As long as physical, mental and emotional development is being pursued, the rest is secondary. I am finding my stay at Herschel to be a fantastic learning experience. Not the learning found in books, but that gained through interaction with people and friendships. Thank you!

Jeannie Brown
AFS '80

Sasko Cookery Competition

On the 23rd April, Herschel participated in the 1980 Sasko Cookery Competition at Cavendish Square. Herschel was represented by Victoria Huxter and Philippa Gleimius.

After the initial shocks of discovering that we were supposed to supply our own equipment, (we were told otherwise) and of running backwards and forwards collecting all the necessary utensils from school, we were ready just in time to start at 1 p.m. We had been given our menus previously and had three hours in which to prepare: a fish mould, whole wheat brown bread, roast chicken with liver stuffing, aniseed carrots, garlic potatoes, mixed salad with dressing and apple-crumble with cream.

We finished well within the time limit despite frequent interruptions from an admiring public (an old lady even wanted to buy our table cloth!) Although we were not amongst the top prize-winners, we both received a basket filled with Epic products, a Sasko cookery book, an apron and oven gloves.

Victoria Huxter
Philippa Gleimius

La Malade Imaginaire

Early this year a group of Standard IX and X French pupils went to see "La Malade Imaginaire" performed in French at the Little Theatre in Cape Town. This amusing play by Molière is a satire on the doctors of the seventeenth century.

Although the language of the play was quite difficult all the girls managed to catch the gist of the story, which dealt with two doctors, father and son, who pandered to every whim of a rich hypochondriac, Argan, in order to curry favour with him. Their aim in doing so was that the son should marry Argan's daughter, who had other ideas. Argan simply loves being ill all the time. The doctors' plot has amusing results, which Molière manages to portray with great finesse and wit.

"La Malade Imaginaire" was very enjoyable and we hope that Robin Lake will produce another French play for us to see next year.

Alexa Singer



"Love from Judy" – from My Point of View

*****When I first heard that Herschel was presenting a play I didn't think it would be a great production, now my only regret is that I didn't join the cast.

*****Nervous whispers and messages were being exchanged, reminding everyone to smile and to pronounce our vowels.

*****Before the curtain rose I was full of apprehension. Was something going to go wrong? Was Herschel going to make a fool of itself? I was sitting in the back row behind a sea of heads when suddenly I felt cold with fright as the warmth of the cast encircled my body. Then came a loud, booming chorus of singing which filled my ears with joy. I began to smile.

*****I was quite speechless while watching "Love from Judy". The cast, while acting their separate rôles really seemed to enjoy themselves and it was delightful to notice the happiness and enjoyment engraved on their faces.

*****This was the first real play that I have acted in. It was the most marvellous experience that anyone of my age could have. We all worked as a team and the age-gaps just seemed to dissolve.

*****Judy was performed by Lindy de Kock and Sally by Jane Johnson. I think it was very brave of both girls to sing those solos whereas I would have come to a halt, either forgetting my words or just scared stiff.

*****The costumes had vitality and humour. The dress-makers worked their fingers to stumps.

*****The sets gave life to this dull, old Civic Centre stage and well, Mrs Montgomery, you are a star. Without those fabulous sets I don't think the play would have been half as successful.

*****At interval I sat glued to my seat waiting for the lights to die and for that music and for that play to re-

awaken. Very soon the play was in full swing with the familiar cast with their same faces but different accents. The play rolled on as if it were a dream.

***** After "Ain't Gonna Marry" comes the finale. My emotions rise up inside of me as I sing "Love from Judy" and by looking at the faces of the audience, glowing with pleasure I can tell all those rehearsals, fittings and fights were worth it to make "Love from Judy" a hit!

*****I must say Mrs McClurg must have put many hours of thought and care producing such a play.

*****The last performance was the saddest in the 'finale' and many people left the stage crying. It was such a beautiful play to act in, and I am proud to have been a member of the cast.

*****Apart from being a marvellous success it taught many of us plenty of things we were never aware of before. We worked together as a team, we all were striving for the same thing and altogether everyone, including members of staff helped make this something we will never forget.

*****My father who normally hates going to plays enjoyed it thoroughly.

***** The after-party was a "wow!" as Jimmy would say. The presentations went off well. When it was over I had a lump in my throat.

*****The girls in my class who took part, came to school with big black rings around their eyes. They practically fell asleep in a few of the lessons. At break, they used to lie on the grass and go to sleep, even though there was so much noise around them. As the days went on, the rings around their eyes got bigger and their yawning increased 80 percent. I am sure that they were glad about not having school on Wednesday!

On Thursday, when they came back to school, they looked brand new.

St. Cyprian's Art Tour of Europe — June/July, 1980

Nineteen of us left Cape Town on the evening of June 18th. We soon arrived at Jan Smuts Airport, where we boarded the plane for a long, tedious flight, eventually arriving in Athens.

We arrived in Athens at 3 p.m., feeling clammy and hot, but that did not matter, because it was exciting to realise that we were actually in Greece! We set off for our hotel, where we made ourselves comfortable. About an hour later, we felt that the Art Tour had really begun, when we visited our first museum.

We walked to the National Archeological Museum, where we saw old Greek vases such as a Greek Amphora vase and many other interesting ancient Greek Archeological finds.

The following morning we set off by bus for Delphi. The Greek countryside was very pretty, but a little dry in some places. We saw many shrines along the road, where the Greek women place little offerings, such as bottles of oil and other objects.

We arrived at the Monastery of Ossiou Loukos before lunch. This is an old stone monastery, situated high up in the mountains. The buildings are built in a yellowish brown stone, with red roofs. Inside the church, there are decorative mosaic works on the ceiling.

After visiting the stone-built monastery, we left for Arakhova, which is a little town near Delphi, famous for its woven mats and bags. It was here that we all tried bargaining!

We drove on to the Museum at Delphi, where the famous 'Charioteer of Delphi' can be seen and very old Archaic sculptures, such as the Kouros and Kore. (Kouros means "boy" and Kore "girl".) Next destination was the nearby Temple of Athena, which is situated below Delphi; then on to the Cassava Springs where we drank water that would ensure us a youthful life. I think we drank from it because we were just plain thirsty!

Presently we arrived at our little hotel, where we were given the afternoon to do as we wished. We met again for supper at the local Taverna, which happened to overlook the Bay of Corinth. It was interesting sampling real Greek food, such as feta cheese and black olives.

Leaving Delphi next morning, we were fortunate enough to witness the runners carrying the Olympic Flame from village to village. Some of us were even able to hold the torch for a moment. The runners each complete a distance of one kilometer, before handing the flame over to the next runner.

Athens appeared again after a long bus ride, and we visited the Acropolis for the Sound and Light display, which depicts the history of the Acropolis over the centuries. We were lucky enough to be able to listen to the English version of the story, because the following night it was told in French.

The next day, we left Athens for the harbour and a ferry

trip, that would take us on a one-day tour of three nearby islands, Hydra, Poros and Aegina. It was a lovely day with the sun shining, but I felt disappointed to see that these islands were mainly tourist resorts and that they did not have any of the little white-washed buildings that one reads about. All the girls swam and enjoyed the cool water.

The evening was spent walking around the Plaka District, which is just below the Acropolis, where we sat in a Taverna and watched Greek dancing and listened to the singing. This was our last day and evening in Greece before leaving for Italy.

Arriving in Rome, the very first thing we did was to buy a Pizza and an Italian ice cream! Then we visited the Spanish Steps in the evening, where we all had caricatures done of ourselves. This did cause a giggle or two! We then walked to the Trevi Fountains, which were buzzing with life at this time of the evening. We all threw coins into the fountain to ensure our return to Rome. The following morning, we walked to the Colosseum and saw many interesting buildings on the way, such as the Column of Trajan, the beautiful monument to Victor Emmanuel II which we named the 'wedding cake', because it resembles one! We passed the little statues of Romulus and Remus, before viewing the old Roman Forum from the top of the Capitoline Hill. Later we tried to see the Borghese Museum, which happened to be closed, being Tuesday, when most buildings in Italy are shut. We then hired rowing boats and had a lovely time on the lake in the park nearby. The Tivoli Fountains were our evening entertainment and what a lovely experience that was, seeing the water spurting out from beautifully carved fountains.

The next morning we visited the Vatican City. Fortunately we were early and were able to see the Sistine Chapel before all the crowds of tourists arrived. This enabled us to view the ceiling of the Chapel in peace and quiet. We then toured St. Peter's Basilica which is a spectacular sight. We caught a bus to the Pantheon and then saw the Piazza Navonna, which is frequented by 'drop-outs'.

We left Rome for Assisi and Siena the following day. At Assisi, we walked up to the monastery. We saw beautiful frescoes on the walls and we were even lucky enough to see a wedding taking place in the crypt.

Siena was preparing for the annual horse race which takes place there. Evidently all the participants dress up in mediaeval costume, carrying the banners of all the surrounding dukedoms of old, but unfortunately we had arrived too soon to see this event.

At last we arrived in Florence. Taking a walk along the Arno river and onto the Ponte Vecchio as soon as we arrived, we soon found our way around this city. We stayed for four days, visiting the Uffizi Gallery and the Church of Santa Croce where we saw the Tomb of Michelangelo. We went to the straw market, where

we bought some most interesting bits and pieces, and we generally became part of the city — even if only for a few days.

We were all looking forward to seeing Venice, and as we arrived, we stepped into a water taxi, which took us to our hotel. St. Mark's Square and the Doge's Palace were the first places we visited and in the latter, we saw the cells below the water-line, where criminals were once kept. The island of Murano was interesting, where we were able to watch glass ornaments, vases and objects d'art being handmade. The highlight of our last evening in Venice, was a gondola ride through the little canals, spoilt only by the fact that our gondolier couldn't sing! However, it was a lovely experience which I shall never forget.

We travelled by train to Munich when we left Venice. This was an exhilarating ride that took us through the Dolomite mountains and the Brenner Pass. It was freezing cold and there were touches of snow on the peaks. We arrived at our destination in pouring rain.

Our day in Munich was spent walking around a section of the city, with an afternoon visit to the Lenbach Haus, which is a gallery of modern art. We saw works by Kandinsky and Klee.

The following day we arrived in Zurich, taking a cable car up the Felsenegg, to see a spectacular view of the city. The afternoon was spent visiting the Kunst Haus, which houses a superb collection of modern art and others. The building is extremely up-to-date and we were told that the rooms are all kept at a certain temperature and humidity, to protect the paintings. We also went for

a pleasant boatripe on Lake Zurich in the early evening.

Next day we left for Paris and fortunately the weather seemed to improve. Our first outing was to Notre Dame and it was followed by an evening boatripe on the Seine. We found the Latin Quarter to be an exciting place, so it was here that we decided to have supper.

The remainder of our visit to Paris was spent going to the Jeu de Pomme Art Gallery, which is a minor gallery to the Louvre. We walked through the Tuilleries Gardens and then on to the Louvre, where famous pieces of art may be seen, such as the Mona Lisa. We also took the Metro to the Avenue Champs Elysées, where we saw the Arc de Triomphe. Some of us even braved the Eiffel Tower, by travelling right to the top, where we were able to see all around the city. The crazy Pompidou Centre is also in Paris. This was an afternoon's entertainment in itself, with its ultra-modern construction, as well as the side shows going on in the square outside the centre.

Our last stop was London, where we were greeted by rain which unfortunately fell throughout our stay. Here we were also allowed to do as we wished, so most people went to their families or on optional tours into the country. The two most popular tours were to Windsor and to Stratford-upon-Avon. I think that most of us will remember the green countryside and the quaint stone houses and villages that we passed along the way. At night we were able to visit the current shows.

The Art Tour was certainly a holiday well spent!

Juliette Salamon, Std. 9

Christian Union Report

Teachers-in-Charge: Mrs Marr and Mrs Martin
Chairman: Jill Breen
Secretary: Rowan Haden
Vice-Chairman: Sue Hammond
Committee: Lisa Lyhne, Gill Parker, Jane Yeats

This year regular meetings have been held on Wednesdays during lunch break. We have shown films and slides on very controversial subjects, and have asked people to come and sing or speak to us. They have talked on subjects ranging from those affecting girls closely, such as boy-girl relationships and attitudes towards pop music, to more universal topics such as "Miracle". We have also heard about the speaker's own experiences as Christians and the Rev. Eve told us about his work, before he left for England.

The new committee was elected at the end of the second term. We should like to thank Mrs Marr, Mrs Martin and Mrs Wood for their support and guidance. Miss Way, who gave us invaluable and very necessary help by supplying the packed lunches, will be remembered with affection.

Rowan Haden

THE MISSION WEEK AT HERSCHEL

On Monday, 5th May, Rev. Peter Twycross and his team arrived. We were introduced to them and after they had led our assembly, Juliette, one of the group, summed up their aim for the week by singing "Do you know where you're going to?" This immediately started people thinking.

During the week they held meetings at lunch break for the day girls and meetings in the evening for the boarders. We saw a film called "Yonko" which is the true story of a Japanese teenager who tried to commit suicide by jumping in front of a train because of the meaninglessness she faced. They portrayed parts of the Bible, for example "The Prodigal Son", through plays and readings, and at the end of each meeting Rev. Twycross talked to us and expanded on what we had just seen and heard. He also spoke to the whole school during Sociological Club on the Wednesday of that week, on certain aspects of relationships. Many people bought extremely interesting books and pamphlets which were on sale at every meeting.

People were very interested throughout the week and the attendances were good. Their week was certainly successful and at the end of their stay many were able, through their guidance, to answer the team's opening question.

Jill Breen

Debating Society Report

This has been the most exciting year for our Debating Society in a long time. For the first time the Herschel team won the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion competition, tied with Sea Point Boys' High! Our varied and lively team consisted of: Carolyn Newton, Jane Johnson, Clair Grootendorst (Chairman), Caroline Marten and Alexa Singer.

We could never have done as well as we did without our ever-faithful boarders. It was a great help to us, feeling a little "detached" up on the stage, to know that we had such strong support. Not only was ours one of the winning teams, but Clair was awarded the much-deserved prize for being the best speaker of the contest, and Carolyn and Jane were highly commended.

We have also held one evening of informal forum discussions involving the three sister-schools, St. Cyprian's, Bishop's and Herschel. We each provided four speakers and a chairman, and three teams of five were made up of speakers from each school. Without the sense of competition usually found in formal debates, there was a wonderfully relaxed atmosphere — and some surprising ideas arose from the discussions!

We have limited our external debates this year, to concentrate on internal ones, so that we could give opportunities to our less experienced speakers.

The most memorable debate, against Westerford, was certainly very interesting, even if a little control was needed! Our debates have been very successful, thanks

to the many enthusiastic members of this society.

Clair Grootendorst (Chairman)
and Carolyn Newton (Secretary)



THE WINNING TEAM

Inter-Schools Forum Discussion competition.

Herschel at U.C.T.

Somehow Herschel girls just can't help meeting one another, especially since a good many are at UCT. Clare Gawith, Ingeborg Maier, Camilla Swiel and I have just about all our lectures and many of our practicals together. Clare, Inge and Camilla are all majoring in Microbiology and/or Biochemistry, and I am majoring in Microbiology and Chemistry. Clare teaches primary school children for Shawco (Students Health and Welfare Centres Organisation) some evenings during the week. Inge is still as conscientious as ever. Baxter Residence has had its fair share of Herschelians. Even the warden is an Old-Herschelian! Suzanne Naude, Marilyn Knudsen, Julianne Allsop, Tania Braun, Cathy Baker, Karen Corder, Ruth Butters, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Sandy Nichol, Maria Stavron, myself The list is endless. Marilyn and Karen are both doing Business Science, Marilyn having completed first year B.Sc. decided it just wasn't for her. Karen featured on the centre page of Sax Appeal as a Rag Finalist. I also saw her leaping up Jammie Steps, taking part in the "Step Races". Ruth Butters is taking UCT teams by storm — she's in the squash, tennis and hockey teams! Julianne is doing Social Science, and Suzanne B.A. Geography. Marilyn, Karen, Julianne and Siobhan Mannion play Rugby(!) for Baxter Residence.

Med. School also has its share of Herschelians. Cathy

Pikholz is wading her way through the ever-increasing load of second year medicine. She loves her course, though, even the dissections! Liz Meynell is doing B.Sc. Nursing, and despite having to wake up at 6.00 a.m. to nurse in the hospital, and having to spend her vacs doing Nursing Practice, she wouldn't dream of changing courses. As for her studies, well, Liz has discovered that hard work pays off. She sailed through her June tests with top marks. She has just received her first stripe — one of the four girls who achieved this!

I believe Vivien Visser is excelling in her field of B.A., Law—who would expect else? Siobhan Mannion came to her senses and left Stellenbosch to join our ranks at UCT. She's another lawyer-to-be.

I seldom see Jane Coombe or Andy Olivier. Jane changed to B.A. (Languages) and Andy is doing Drama. Andy is in Fuller Residence, and Jane, having been there for one and a half years, has now moved out.

I know I've excluded many people, but it's not because I've forgotten them, rather because I haven't seen them, and don't know what they are up to — UCT is a very big place. But Herschel definitely has quite a stake in UCT. Hopefully we'll see more Herschelians soon!

Kathy Ketelbey

MATRICES LAST DAY



Lilian Dudley — we think!



Staff?



Matrics?

Vaccine Station at Pinelands

Mrs Marr, Mrs Martin, Kate Saunders, Ashley Chapman, Tracey Scott and I went on a biology expedition to the vaccine station in Pinelands on 28 August.

First of all, the director tried to explain all the innovations in the field of D.N.A. research, which is furthest advanced in America. I did not grasp all of this as we have not yet studied D.N.A., but he said some very interesting things.

Then we looked around in the outbuildings where they keep many animals for research in pathology and for making vaccine: rabbits, mice, guinea pigs, different strains of rats (such as low resistance rats, obese rats), chickens, ducks, horses, sheep and a cantankerous goat. These are bred for different purposes. e.g. Horses are good blood donors and can give five pints per week. Guinea pigs are extra susceptible to tuberculosis and can be used to test for the presence of the virus in a blood sample. Fowls have red blood cells that contain a nucleus and the chick embryos are used to produce vaccine.

However, these animals are not used for mindless psychological or cosmetic experiments. One thing that they had to do at the institute fairly recently, was toxin testing on West Coast mussels infected by red tide. When 1ml of 'mussel solution' was injected into a rat, the rat died three seconds later. The mussels were quite poisonous enough to kill a man and a warning was issued.

The sheep are used to make smallpox vaccine. Smallpox has been wiped out almost everywhere in the world, but the S.A. army doctors still inoculate soldiers going up to the border because it is not certain whether the African fighters are free of the disease. It is not a very pleasant process for the sheep to have poxes grown on him. On one side he is shorn right down to the skin, and this patch is then lightly sanded. Some sheepox virus is rubbed into the skin. After two to three weeks, the blisters have developed and the sheep is slaughtered and skinned. The contents of the blisters is purified to make the vaccine which is injected into a man. This is actually inducing a milder form of smallpox so that

the man's blood will make antibodies to fight the real disease if he happens to contract it.

In one laboratory the scientist had photographs laid out to show how one makes tuberculosis (B.C.G.) vaccine, since it was not being made at the time. Most of this is still imported from Japan and England but the scientist can now grow the special cultures on potatoes in bottles from seeds bought from the World Health Organisation.

Another scientist showed us rather gory slides and explained how the new rabies vaccine is grown from a culture of human lung cells. (The laboratories are isolated, so again we could not see the actual process). This new vaccine is safer, far more effective and less painful than the old preparation produced in the brains of suckling rats and duck eggs by Pasteur's method. Twenty-three injections in the abdomen were required to administer this vaccine to a person bitten by a rabid animal. The new vaccine is an important advance in view of the rabies epidemic in Natal.

An unusual and very expensive product of the institute is human growth hormone which is extracted from ground-up pituitary glands. (The pituitaries are taken from people who die a violent death e.g. car accident). A bottle containing about 500 ml of the substance is worth R90 000. It is injected into dwarf children. (Only about a dozen are being treated with the South African product, but this saves the tax-payer half a million rands per year).

Now scientists are hoping to use ordinary bacteria to make hormones and such things (insulin for diabetics). They can take harmless and easily available bacteria, such as those living in the human gut, and by genetic engineering programme them to make the substance efficiently and at minimal expense. This is a very interesting and advanced field of biological research, but it takes many years of university study before one is qualified for an opportunity to work in such a research programme.

Jane Yeats, Std. 9

Blisters for Bread

After watching the Kindergarten trudging round Claremont Park all morning as their contribution to Blisters for Bread, the rest of the School was all geared to go by 1 p.m. on Wednesday, 17 September, the day of Herschel's Big Walk.

The first lap of 5 km took us from the hockey pitch at the Junior School to Kirstenbosch, where our sponsor cards were stamped and refreshments were served in the form of Oros and glucose sweets. For the following 10 km we walked twice round Kirstenbosch, following a scenic and well-marked route. Our cards were stamped every 5 km. Although there were several "gradual"

inclines followed by steep drops, the walk was made interesting by the beautiful landscapes surrounding us. The final 5 km was the walk back to school to the last check-point on the hockey pitch.

Prizes were awarded in certain categories, such as the person who completed the course first, the most money collected and the most sponsors. We aim to make R6 000, and up to date we have already collected R5 821.36. The proceeds will go to the Peninsula School Feeding Association. The Walk was very successful and enjoyed by everyone, and we hope it will be repeated in the future.

Cathy Moll

BLISTERS FOR BREAD WALK



Samantha Bendzulla, Peta Hosking, Tania Hass.



Kate Saunders and Anne Meynell



Susan Lanfear — Oh, those sore feet!



Lisa Beckerling and Susan Stamper.

The Tsitsikama Trail

On Thursday 27 March, thirteen girls namely: Fleur, Deirbhle, Sue, Nici, Anne, Toni, Chloe, Mary, Jane, Ashley, Jackie, Emily, Kathy and three staff, Miss Kable, Mrs Banfield and Miss Aitchison left for the Tsitsikama Hiking Trail which runs inland from Nature's Valley to Storms River.

Thursday 27 March

After assembly, our packs were loaded onto the bus and we eventually set off from school at about 11.30 a.m. After a lunch stop at Riviersonderend, we drove on to Mossel Bay where we made enquiries as to how to get to Eight Bells Hotel. Everyone being in high spirits, the staff were fortunate enough to have a Top 20 sung to them all the way from Mossel Bay to Eight Bells. Why they did not consider themselves fortunate is still a mystery to the "tuneful" singers!

Our rooms at Eight Bells proved very suitable and a hearty, but rather noisy supper was enjoyed by all that night. Supper was followed by ping-pong matches and piano recitals, or attempts, and then everyone went off to bed.

Friday 28 March

Everyone was up at 7.00 a.m. to eat a breakfast of eggs and bacon, the last for some time. We stopped at Plettenberg Bay for lunch and shopped, and then set off for Nature's Valley. Here was our first hut, Kalandar, and we were welcomed by Godfrey, one of the forest rangers. Miss Aitchison and Mrs Banfield then set off with the bus to Storms River, left it there and returned to Nature's Valley.

That night the cooks braised the meat. We were treated to guavas for pudding accompanied by coffee and then all packed off to bed.

Saturday 29 March

Up and awake at 6.00 a.m. We had some tea and then, packs on backs, we set off on our first day's hiking. Unfortunately we encountered some stiff climbing at the beginning and after what seemed ages (one and a half hours) we had our first breakfast stop. After breakfast we did some pleasant walking through forests and eventually arrived at Staircase Falls. Everyone took the plunge and then tucked into the lunch which they were going to eat for the next four days: 7 provitas, 2 cheeses, 2 jams, 2 nougats and an apple.

Later we set off, some feet showing signs of being sore, and eventually we arrived at the hut, Blaauwkrantz. There was a beautiful river below so all went for a dip where a good joke was shared with four Grey High School boys also doing the trail. A good meal of toppers, smash and dehydrated carrots was cooked by the staff, and then off to bed.

Sunday 30 March

We set off even earlier and had breakfast in the forest after which we found the most beautiful pool possible.

What a spot! A lovely swim was enjoyed by all and then we set off again up a steepish hill. This time lunch took place at a trickling "river" where the chatting never stopped and many a hilarious and gory story was exchanged.

We reached the hut, Keurbos, early but there was no pool nearby so some enthusiasts set off for a pool twenty minutes away! Here unfortunately, Miss Kable was attacked by a tick and Fleur left the head embedded in her tummy. On returning, this was painfully removed by the doctor and her assistant, Nici and Jackie.

The cooks served braised steak and vegetables that night and although its appearance was criticized, once tasted, it was quickly devoured. Blisters were dealt with and then off we went to bed.

Monday 31 March

We started the day with a wakening walk to the nearest pool. Here we had breakfast and then some, with feet enveloped in plastic bags (to stop blisters getting wet), took the plunge. "Plunge" is definitely an appropriate word as we were wet from head to toe, despite the plastic bags!

We then set off up "Rushes Pass" which was quite a climb, with a steep downhill stretch. By now some toes were screaming and a swim was a light relief.

We had lunch in a forest, lying back on pine-needles. And then the food bargaining began. "Who'll swap my apple for a nougat?" That afternoon's walking separated the group drastically as some were really suffering, so those at the back struggled slowly along while the others marched ahead.

The cooks that night served tuna, rice and peas, and managed to wash up in excellent spirit. What a team! Some went to bed and others for night time dips (with those gorgeous boys)!

Tuesday 1 April - April Fool

We woke up to the sound of Em falling off her bunk. She had dreamt that she was at a party and rushed off to dance! Fleur unsuccessfully tried an April Fool joke on Miss Kable, who was not fooled.

We had another early start as we had "Splendid Pass" to climb. A well-earned breakfast was eaten by all, while our garglers (Toni, Anne and Deirbhle), otherwise known as the tuneful trio, did their bit. We set off once again, love stories from the rear keeping the morale high, so much so that we reached the top of a steep pass quite easily. The view of Plettenberg Bay, Robberg and Storms River bridge was terrific and after a rest we trudged down into a forest where we had lunch. Lunch was enjoyed by all despite the fact that Anne's nougat supply had dried up!

It was not too far to the hut, Sleepkloof, but unfortunately we were in two rooms on our last night, much to the disappointment of all. We found a stream which

TSITSIKAMMA TRAIL



To think we went all that way . . .

MOUNTAIN CLUB



Definitely time for a little break!



Our star washers-up!



Round the campfire

some braved, but this being unsatisfactory, some enthusiasts followed Miss Aitchison to a pool. Here she spoke unforgettable words: "Well girls, I think I'll go for a slide," and I can assure you, a slide it was! We left the pool with the addition of an egg on Miss Aitchison's head.

Supper consisted of toppers, rice and mixed vegetables. Before going off to bed the girls joined the boys. Was it for chocolate or company? A bit of both, we hope.

Wednesday 2 April

After breakfast at Sleepkloof, we set off minus Mrs Banfield, who had gone ahead. We managed to miss the path thus ending up doing an extra three kilometres along the National Road.

The hiking over, our packs were piled onto the bus and we headed for the Storms River mouth. Here we had a beautiful view from the suspension bridge, of the river meeting the sea. We then walked a little way along the Otter Trail to find a lunch spot. After lunch, the weary group climbed back into the bus.

The action soon started again on the Bloukrans Pass where a wood-carrying pantechnicon, tried to pass a Stuttards removal pantechnicon, on a hairpin bend. We were held up for over half an hour — most of the

group trooped off to see what was going on. A select few stayed at the bus, where to the amazement of everyone around us, we turned up the tape and danced on the pass. We felt like celebrities for a moment as passers-by took cinés of the "dancing dames."

The problem sorted out, we set off for Keurboomstrand. Here we stayed in a very nice hotel where the Matrics and staff were given a flat. The meal that night had to be seen to be believed. Being off rations was a great relief! Feeling under-exercised, all set off on an after-dinner walk, and then flopped into bed that night.

Thursday 3 April

After breakfast we set off, sadly for the last time, to the Formosa Inn where we said goodbye to Miss Kable before the long slog home. Unfortunately a good thing always has to come to an end, but the togetherness which we learnt is still with us, as are many happy and unforgettable memories.

All that remains for me to say is a big thank you to everyone, especially our organisers, Miss Kable, Mrs Banfield and Miss Aitchison. Thank you, we shall never forget it!!

Nici Deal, Std. 9

Composite Report on Std. 10 Visit to Mitchell's Plain

On the 7th May the Standard 10 pupils visited Mitchell's Plain, as part of their study of Current Affairs.

The bus journey showed quite clearly that the Plain is too far away from competitive shopping areas and other facilities.

Our enthusiastic guide, Mrs Hajel Gohl, of the City Engineer's Department, showed us a scale model of the full development and then we toured two completed sections, one semi-completed and one 'just-starting' section.

The housing units vary considerably and are adaptable to internal changes, so that each family can enjoy a minor measure of individuality. The completed sections are landscaped and this enhances some very beautiful and well-kept gardens.

The Plan is divided into several areas and each of these has or will have a civic centre, a library, a clinic and a multi-purpose hall.

Adjacent to each centre there is a shopping complex, a garage and a cinema.

At present there are eight primary schools and three

high schools, but at the time of our visit, the school-boycott was in progress, so we were not able to see the facilities offered.

Future plans include three more high schools, three swimming pools, and a large station-complex.

The completed Westridge Centre was very interesting, especially the library, the clinic, the multi-purpose hall and crèche.

When the rail-link with Nyanga Station is complete, the cost of transport should decrease together with the time presently needed to travel by bus from the Plain to Nyanga.

These are the positive aspects of the scheme and we all felt a real effort was being made to provide housing and community opportunities for Coloured people.

Unfortunately the negative aspects of crowded areas, costly transport and segregation are inevitably perpetuated by the scheme, but this is not the fault of the Cape Town City Council, which is forced to abide by the central government's iniquitous Group Areas Act.

(The Composite Views of Several Girls)

Charity Efforts

STD. 6 STOCKWELL

During the second quarter we organized a collection of clothing for children and were able to deliver 400 articles to 'Save The Children Fund'.

In the third quarter we continued our collection and this resulted in a further 200 articles, which we gave to the Tokai Lions Organization, for inclusion in their Rummage Sale.

Alison McMillan, Kathryn Jurgens (Form Leaders)

STANDARD 6 MONTGOMERY

For the past year the Standard 6M class have gone on a series of visits to the Arcadia Old Age Home in Cape Town. We decided on this for our class charity because we realized just how many elderly people there are in South Africa who have no family and live lonely lives in old age homes. We thought that if we were to visit them even for only two hours on a Saturday morning, we could hope to bring some interest and joy into their lives. Our object over the past year was to think about lonely, elderly people. We would arrive at the Arcadia Home with our plates of eats for their morning tea. Of course this was a great treat for them and they simply loved to talk to us, to ask us where we lived and all about our family. We were interested to learn about their past lives. We were enchanted to meet a wonderful old lady of one hundred and one years old.

We feel that we have been successful in bringing some happiness to the elderly people in the Arcadia Old Age Home.

Linda Willis

STANDARD 7CH

At the beginning of this year we were told we had to raise money for charity.

We were allowed to choose our own charity and our own way of raising it. At first many ideas were put forward such as having a variety concert and other ideas of a similar sort.

We finally got down to it in the third term when we decided to have a cake sale. It was to be held on Open Day. The night before everyone put an effort into making sweets and cakes. The next day they were brought to school and altogether we had obtained a large collection. Various parents and girls bought the cakes and altogether we made R25.

This term we are hoping to hold a film after the exams. It will be held in the hall and entrance fee will be 30c. We are trying to get a good film so it will be a popular event.

We are donating the proceeds of these efforts to Cross-roads.

Elizabeth Doyle (Form Captain)

STANDARD VII M/T

For their form charity the VII M/T's decided to help the Social Responsibility Club with their Christmas Party by collecting toys. The collection was made by means of an inter-class competition, and a prize was awarded to the class which collected the most toys.

On Tuesday November 25, during the lunch hour, each class laid out its collection on the Cabbage Patch and the Standard VII M/T's themselves sold refreshments to raise a little extra money for the party.

Nicolette Jones (Form Captain)

TWIN DAY

On Friday, 10th June, Herschel was besieged by Mexicans, Clowns, Bishops Boys and Siamese Twins. Only after close inspection they were found to be Herschel girls. It was Twin Day. Every girl paid a fee of 30c to come dressed up with other girls as twins. A Std. 9 class made its theme black and white, and a few of the staff surprised us by coming as rugby players. Miss Geldard and Mrs Gillham had a difficult time judging the girls who looked most alike. Finally five prizes were given out. It was a very enjoyable day and we finally gave to the St. Michael's Home a cheque of forty seven rand. We received a note from the Home thanking us for the gift.

Susan Hammond, Std. 8B

STANDARD 8 MARTIN

The Std. 8M class started off the year by teaching Africans to read and write. Unfortunately this fell through, but the class did not give up. We decided to help Zolani, a Pre-Primary School for Africans. We are making money by selling tickets for a raffle of a mother-of-pearl bracelet. We also had a very successful cake sale which raised about R60,00. With the additional money that we hope to collect we will buy a Jungle Jim and toys for the toy library.

Lisa Beckerling

STD. 8 CROWTHER

On Wednesday, 11 June, this year, the Std. Eight Crowther class held a sponsored 'big knit'. It was held from 3 o'clock to 6 o'clock in our classroom. The Cape Times came along and the next day our photograph was in the paper, with Francie Lukens (who has since left Herschel), learning to knit - her first great attempt.

Out of hundreds of squares, Gillian Parker and I each sewed up two blankets, with the help of family and friends. These four have been given to a needy home.

We raised R133,50 from our sponsors. Zan Louw brought in the greatest amount of money - almost R23! It was sent to the South African National Foundation for the

Conservation of Coastal Birds. We have since received a letter of thanks from Mrs. A. Westphal, the vice-chairman.

Lisa Lyhne

STANDARD 9L

For our class charity, Std. 9L decided to have a ten cent morning. It was held on 29 November on the Herschel cabbage patch.

In a way it was like a fête or a Boeresport morning.

There were skittles, digging for money, tug-o'-war, darts, pillow jostling, a raffle, just to name a few. For each stall that you tried your hand at, you paid ten cents. The favourite and most often frequented stall was the refreshment stall where sweets, cakes and beverages were sold.

The money we raised has been sent off to aid Tolani Creche.

Beverley Atkinson (Form Captain)

Pet Show

Streams of dogs, 112 of them, queued at the Herschel entrance, each one of their owners convinced that theirs was the dog to win. That was the beginning of our (Std. 9G and form mistress, Mrs Gilbertson) Pet Show.

There were six events catering for even the ugliest dog, and one for the most original pet — a goat won this! Husky pet food producers kindly supplied us with 144 tins of dog food whilst Mrs McKenzie, Mrs Jones and Mrs Marais assisted with prizes.

With a sale of cakes, tea and cooldrinks as well as the pony rides and all the competitors entrance money, a total of R300 was raised. With this we bought a Com-mando tower, an interesting combination of rope ladders, jungle jim and a slide, for St. Anthony's Nursery School in Athlone.

Our thanks go to Mrs Whitsen and Mr Kim Meyer who successfully (although some losers might not think so) judged the animals, and Mrs Hudson for registering 130 entrants.

My special thanks, however, go to the Std. 9G's.

Mary Jooste



Joanna Wimbush, Debbie Crane, Suzanne Pfeiffer,



The 9G's see their Com-mando Tower fully operational at St Anthony's Nursery School, Langa.

Sports Activities

Netball Report

1980 has been a very enjoyable netball season, although some of the results were rather disappointing. The spirit to be found in the netball players this year has increased tremendously and this was the main factor behind the few individual successes gained.

At the beginning of the season, a coaching session, held by Provincial coaches, was held at Rustenburg Girls' High School and all four teams attended. We benefitted tremendously from this. The central and defence players learnt new tactics for passing and defending. The shooters were advised on a new style, and after much practising the first team shooters, Jackie Batchelor and Linda Merrington, received their half-colours. Mary Jooste and Robyn Cooper also received their half-colours and full colours were awarded to Deirbhle Mannion. Shona Commins, who already has her half-colours, has played a very good season. Chloë Ovenstone has also played well, having been moved around in position rather often and we are sorry that she is not continuing her netball next year.

For the first year, a netball cup, donated by Jewel Gem, was awarded. It was awarded for the greatest improvement during the season, and Robyn Cooper received it. Congratulations to all those who received awards.

Two very promising U15 players who deserve special mention, are Alison McMillan and Linda Willis.

In the Western Province Trials, the seven first team players and the abovementioned U15 players played. Mary Jooste, Linda Merrington and Deirbhle Mannion got through the first round. Deirbhle Mannion then followed through to the final team round, but did not make the team!

Unfortunately the inter-schools tournament for the open teams was cancelled because of the rain. The U15 tournament was won by Wynberg Girls' High School.

On the whole, I feel that this season has improved the standard and spirit of our netball excellently, and we would all like to thank Mrs Hudson very much for her consistent support and encouragement throughout the season. Good Luck to all of you next year!

Captain: Deirbhle Mannion



OPEN 1ST NETBALL TEAM

Back: J. Batchelor, L. Merrington, C. Ovenstone, R. Cooper.
Front: S. Commins, D. Mannion (Captain), M. Jooste.



U.15A NETBALL TEAM

Back: L. Richards, O. Saunders, L. Willis, M. Ovenstone.
 Front: A. McMillan, S. Seymour, M. Beibuyck.



U.15B NETBALL TEAM

Back: C. Mannion, N. Ihle, J. Mannion, S. Ashley.
 Front: T. Barronblatt, J. Kilcullen, C. Dunkley.



U.15A HOCKEY TEAM

Back: L. Rowland, L. Beckerling, C. Hoyle, D. Crane, N. Jones, L. Richards.
 Front: A. McMillan, M. Biebuyck, T. Landless, S. Seymour, A. Abdy.

Hockey Report

We have had an enjoyable and worthwhile hockey season this year and, although the 1st team did not manage to feature in the Inter-Schools Tournament, everyone played with determination and enthusiasm. Unfortunately the U15 Inter-Schools Tournament was cancelled, as a result of rain.

Special congratulations go to the 2nd team who played good hockey and who remained unbeaten the entire season. Well done!

Congratulations go to Mandi Scott, Chloë Owenstone, Anne Meynell and Kate Saunders, who were chosen to play in the Western Province Trials. Well done to Mandi Scott who was made a non-travelling reserve for Western Province. This season new badges were awarded to: Chloë Owenstone, Kate Saunders and Anne Meynell. Full Colours went to Mandi Scott and Fleur Hanekom. The cup for the most promising hockey player was awarded to Marie-Louise van der Hoorn. Well done to all!

The annual parents' hockey matches were held on a hot Sunday morning. There was much laughter and some parents exhibited an entertaining display of so-called hockey. The morning was a tremendous success and was enjoyed by spectators and players.

The teams have worked hard and with determination. Our thanks we extend to our coach, Mrs S. Goosen, who instilled a positive spirit into each team. I wish all the hockey players the best of luck for next year and hope they enjoy their hockey as much as we have.

Captain: Mandi Scott



Miss Geldard putting Kate Saunders, Jenny Gray and Toni Beck through their paces.



HOUSE PREFECTS

S. Ackerman, C. Grootendorst, J. Dicey.



OPEN 2ND NETBALL TEAM

Back: W. Sharpley, G. Parker, T. Roomes.

Front: V. Clarke, L. Dudley (Vice-Captain), P.J. Tanfield.

Absent: C. Fletcher, N. Newton King.



OPEN 1ST HOCKEY TEAM

Back: H. Jooste, M.L. van der Hoon, J. McMillan.

Middle: C. Littleford, K. Krone, M. Oelz, N. Deal.

Front: K. Saunders, F. Hanekom (Vice-Captain), A. Scott (Captain), A. Meynell, C. Ovenstone.

Swimming Report 1980

Captain: Jane Johnson

1980 was a most successful year as far as the swimming team was concerned. On the 15th March at the Interschools' Gala, Herschel finally achieved the goal it had aimed for for so long. We won the Senior Gala for the first time in 10 years. The team which Mrs Goosen finally chose to train for Inter-schools' deserves to be commended for their co-operation and willingness to train in the early mornings in a very cold Herschel pool.

As a team we were lucky, in that, not only were we finally successful at the Interschools' Gala, but in the weekly galas on Friday afternoon, we achieved good results and also had great fun. Herschel won all the afternoon galas in which we participated and the yearly Rhenish gala also proved a success, although Rhenish made things very difficult for us and put up a good fight.

In no way, however, did this make us feel overconfident

for Interschools' because all the galas were close and the competition was strong. Interschools' was fiercely competitive and great fun. The braai held at Deirbhle Mannion's house for the whole team after the gala was an opportunity to relax and celebrate!

Throughout the season there was a great feeling of team spirit among the members of the team. Mrs Goosen was remarkable. She was instrumental in achieving this tremendous spirit and high standard of training. We all felt as if we had known her for years.

This season half colours were awarded to Anne Abdy, Caroline Lanfear, Cate Hudson and Fleur Hanekom. Deirbhle Mannion was awarded full colours. Monique Biebuyck was once again chosen to represent Western Province in the Currie Cup gala. Well done!

All in all, it was a great Season!



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: S. Dicey, C. Littleford, M. Scott, I. Hommerson.

Next Row: K. Hudson, L. Beckerling, C. Mannion, D. Crane, R. Cooper, M. Marr.

Next Row: F. Hanekom, M. Smith, T. Landless, N. Gramann, M. Mannion, J. Rathfelder, J. Dicey.

Front Row: S. Lanfear, M. Oelf, D. Mannion (Vice-Captain), J. Johnson (Captain), M. Biebuyck, A. Abdy, S. Stamper.

Squash Report 1980

Captain: Meg van Niekirk

Squash at Herschel in 1980 has been marked by four main events: It was the first year Herschel played in the W.P. Schools' Squash Leagues. A team of four members (all matrics) was entered in the D-League of which the Herschel side, other than Ellerslie, was the only all girls-side out of seven sides. The overall result was Herschel tying for third position with Wynberg Boys' High School.

The Interhouse Squash matches, unlike previous years, were held at the Link Squash Centre. This made the event very much more successful than usual, as all matches were played in one afternoon (where previously three afternoons were required), and more supporters were able to watch their respective houses, than had only the single school squash-court been used.

Two girls were representatives of the W.P. U-13 and Open sides which played at the inter-provincial tournaments held at Pietermaritzburg and Durban during the July holidays, respectively. They were Sarah Cross (Std. 6) and Meg van Niekirk (Matric).

The Herschel A-side comprising Meg van Niekirk, Fleur Hanekom, Jackie Rathfelder, Susan Davies and Sarah Cross respectively won the Interschools Spencer Hey Squash tournament for the second year running. This was held at the Goodwood Squash Centre early in September.

Jackie Rathfelder and Sarah Cross were re-elected to take part in Jill Eckstein's W.P. squad training while Cathy Marr and Nici Deal were invited to join the squads.

Tennis Report

Captain: Susan Davies

We have had an enjoyable and profitable tennis season. Unfortunately the first team did not fare too well in the first league, but a great deal of experience was gained which bodes well for next year. In the U-15 and Open inter-schools tennis tournaments Herschel managed to come fourth and fifth respectively. Congratulations go to the U-15's who had an exceptionally good season.

Congratulations to Janice McMillan, Jackie Batchelor, Susan Davies, Shona Commins, Jackie Rathfelder, Anne Meynell, Lindsay Jones and Niki Deal who were awarded tennis badges at the end of the first term. A tennis braai was held at the end of the term which was enjoyed by all.

Inter-house tennis last year was won by Jagger. We give special thanks to Mrs Hudson for her unfailing enthusiasm and endless patience with us all. I wish all teams good luck for next year and hope that they have an enjoyable season.

**U.15A TENNIS TEAM**

Back: S. Seymour, K. Dower, G. Parker, J. Kilcullen.
Front: M. du Toit, S. Bowley, A. McMillan.



OPEN 1ST TENNIS TEAM

Back: L. Jones, T. Beck, J. Rathfelder, N. Deal, A. Meynell, S. Commins.
 Front: J. McMillan, S. Davies (Captain), J. Batchelor.



1ST SQUASH TEAM

Back: S. Cross, J. Rathfelder
 Front: F. Hanekom (Vice-Captain), M. van Niekerk (Captain), S. Davies.



2ND SQUASH TEAM

Back: M.L. van der Hooft, N. Deal.
 Front: A. Scott, S. Burns, J. Kilcullen.



DIVING TEAM

Back: C. Mannion, S. Newton Thompson, V. Green,
Front: M. Jooste, M. Oelz, T. Landless.



DAMPENED HOPES?

Cross-country Phase — water after jump No. 15 — Western Province Trials Championship held at Kenilworth Race Course, 24 October 1980. Christina Rideout, Std. 9.



ORCHESTRA

Back: A. Billings, J. Dacey, Miss Heathcock, C. Littleford, B. Longmore, C. Roberts.
Middle: S. Hammond, M. Kinley, B. Morris, L. Hosking, D. Hathaway.
Front: Miss Ruttle, R. Karjeker, L. Peter, E. Morrissey, A. Meynell.
Absent: L. Stamper viola, L. Bailey violin.



Grace MacLean Std 9.

Original Work

LADY OF THE ICE

Everything was white. There was no other colour anywhere. Suddenly something moved. A woman turned to face him, she stood there, and held out her arms to him. He moved forward. She was dressed in a long white dress and her arms, which were uncovered, were as white as the snow that lay around them. Her deathly white face was surrounded by a mass of black hair, and her eyes were as black as the night. Her lips were as red as blood. They opened and called his name. Her voice was like the bell his mother rang when it was dinner time, sweet and rippling. He came to her; she was cold and suddenly her sweetness fell away and she was laughing, a cold, cruel laugh.

The little boy screamed. The darkness of his room was suddenly pierced by a gleam of light. His mother was holding him in her loving arms, and telling him that everything was safe now, and that it was just a nasty nightmare. Soon he was asleep again, cuddling his teddy bear.

John stood on the edge of the lake, his ice-skates over his shoulder. What on earth was he afraid of? He had skated on this same lake with his friends only yesterday, and Mrs Nowl, his landlady, knew where he was. Anyway, he was not a little boy any more, he was twenty-three, old enough surely to look after himself. He sat down on a log and put on his ice-skates.

The sun was beginning to go down. He had better start to go back. He turned and looked across the lake. He had never realized how white everything was here in Alaska.

He pushed hard on his skates and flew easily across the ice. A sudden movement caught the corner of his eye and made him stop. He turned and faced it. To his amazement, he saw a tall woman standing on the edge of the lake. He moved towards her. "What on earth is a woman doing here?" he thought. He stopped again and stared at the woman. There was something familiar about her. She was incredibly beautiful with dark hair, dark eyes and a deathly white skin. To top it all, she wore a strange long dress without sleeves. She beckoned to him. He moved towards her again. He stopped suddenly, as he had been warned not to go to that part of the lake. It was dangerous. But she beckoned to him again, and a force stronger than anything he had known before, pulled him towards her.

There was a loud crack under his feet. He was falling, falling into the freezing water below him. Before he went under, he caught a glimpse of her. She was laughing, a cold cruel laugh, and he remembered a dream he had had, almost twenty years before.

The old man shook his head as the body was pulled from the water. "He was a fool, that one, he should not have gone skating alone for the Lady of the Ice punishes those who enter her kingdom alone."

Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Std. 6

"KERSPRESENTE"

"Verskoon my . . . Verskoon my . . . Dankie, Mevrou . . . Asklies? . . ."

Vanmôre gaan ek Kerspresente vir my gesin koop, maar eers moet ek van die trein afklim. Op so 'n besige dag is dit vreeslik moeilik, veral noudat die skole gesluit is. Gister het my pa vir my R10 gegee om my Kerspresente mee te koop. Gewoonlik moet ek self my geld spaar, maar ek het hierdie jaar baie goeie skoolresultate gekry; daarom het Pa gesê dat ek 'n paar oorbeltjies met my spaargeld kan koop.

Ek moet ses presente koop: een elk vir Ouma, Oupa, Ma, Pa, Ouboot en Kleinsus. Sjou . . . amper vergeet ek vir Saleena. Sy is ons bediende en sy help my ma vreeslik baie, aangesien sy so fluks in die kombuis werk.

Ek weet nog nie presies wat ek wil koop nie, maar ek het min of meer 'n idee wat ek vir Ma wil koop: iets nuttigs en dienlik. Verder het ek geen idee wat om te koop nie. Ek het besluit om na "Clicks" toe te gaan en rond te stap totdat ek iets passieks sien. Al hier is ek by die speelgoedtoonbank. Kleinsus sal seker van so 'n poppie hou. Die prys . . . waar is dit . . . R4,00!

Ag, nee wat, dit kan ek glad nie bekostig nie. Nee, sulke goed is nie passiek vir 'n dogtertjie van agt nie. Haai, Ouboot sal mos van hierdie pen hou. Dit het sy voorletters daarop geplaak en dit kos net R1,00.

"Ja, ek sal hierdie een probeer, asseblief, Juffrou. Hmmm, dit ruik lekker."

"Hoeveel kos die een, Juffrou? Net R1,60. Dis mos nie te veel nie en Kleinsus sal dit geniet om 'grootmens' te speel. 'n Sout-en-peperstelletjie sal 'n goeie geskenkie vir Ma wees, aangesien sy hare vanoggend gebreek het.

"Kan ek hierdie kry, asseblief, Mevrou?" Nou het ek nog ses rand oor.

Pa geniet die ou sigarette en dit is my werk om te sien dat hy altyd een of twee érens het. Wat van so 'n vet Havana-sigare? Hy sal dit geniet, al kry hy elke jaar sigare.

Saleena sal 'n bont serpie waardeur. Ek sien sy dra altyd 'n bypassende serpie met elke oorbaadjie en ek weet dat Ma 'n blou jas vir haar gekoop het. Sy sal seker van die ene hou. So ja. Dit het net R1,75 gekos en dit beteken ek het R3,75 vir Ouma en Oupa. Ag, kyk na daardie ou skryfboekie. Is hy nie te fraai nie? Ek sal hom vir Ouma koop . . . En so 'n klein houtpypie vir Oupa.

Tyd om huis toe te gaan. Nou het ek twee sent oor. My geskenkkopery het glad nie lank geduur nie. Nou terug na die stasie toe . . . maar eers moet ek deur al hierdie mense stoot . . . "Verskoon my . . . Ag, verskoon tog . . . Jammer, Mevrou, jammer . . . Asklies tog . . ."

Wendy Perold, Std. 6

HOME SWEET HOME

It all began one afternoon, when my mistress and I were having a quiet stroll in the woods. There were so many squirrels of all shapes and sizes scuttling about, each one doing its own thing. The temptation was too great, I just couldn't resist joining in the fun, chasing squirrels.

I ran ahead, I ran and ran, chasing squirrels up the trees, mice to the nearest holes they could find, and disturbing the birds while they were trying to enjoy the last bit of daylight. Suddenly I found I was all alone. Dusk was falling and I could see no sign of my little madam. I started to search for her: I knew she would be somewhere but alas, she was nowhere to be seen. I searched and searched, I didn't stop until I found I could see no more.

Now I had to learn to look after myself so I curled up beside a tree and prepared for what was still to come. The morning was misty and cold and there was a strong wind blowing through the trees. I was lost and I was also cold and miserable. I had a last look to see if I could perhaps find my mistress and then I decided that I had better find somebody who could help me.

At last, after a very long, tiresome journey, I came across a house in the woods. It was a very small house, but the size didn't matter to me.

After scratching several times on the little wooden door, I waited and was surprised to see an old man a while later asking me what I wanted but, when seeing how cold I was, he pitied me and I was invited to go inside. There were no second thoughts about that!

A few days later, when the weather had cleared up, he and I went for a walk and to my astonishment, we walked to the village. A little boy ran up to us and said, "Oh! You've brought Penny's puppy back. I'll take him for her, shall I?" The man was overjoyed and most of all to was I.

At home, everybody praised me and they were all so happy to see that I was safe! A bowl of warm milk was placed before me, which I must admit didn't taste as good as the goat's milk which the old man had given me, but the chocolates and cookies that came after the milk were really something! The biggest treat of all was to be back home, with my little mistress, Penny!

I had learnt my lesson, never to wander off without Penny, but she had also learnt that if I wanted to run, she had to run too. After all, I am only a little puppy!

Margie Marr, Std. 6

THE DEVIL

An old, bent man shuffled slowly down the endless, dry road that led from town. Everything around him lay in awesome silence. The whole Karoo waited in expectation. The only sound was of his feet, being painfully lifted up, one after the other. As he put one foot down a cloud of swirling dust surrounded it. The hot sun baked his old, worn and tatty felt hat and beads of sweat ran down his wrinkled forehead. Two buttons were missing from his once white shirt, which was now a stained and rumpled grey. A thin claw-like hand, stained with nicotine clutched a thin, grey jersey at his side. The other hand held tightly onto the bag containing his precious food for the month. The space between his shoes and trouser leg revealed a thin, brown ankle in which his only shoes clung. The shoes were a well-worn black colour and a cracked pair of toes peered out of a hole in one of them. As he felt stones creeping through these holes, he cursed, wishing he could afford a new pair. He walked through the white, chipped gates and up the path. Thorn trees, with their piercing white thorns, lined the side of the road. He walked up to his cottage on the deserted farm and went through the open front door. He didn't bother to lock it as no-one knew he lived there and it had been three years since someone had come to look at the farm, in order to buy it. He was as safe as solitude.

He sat down in the only room and rested, listening to the sound of the Pepper Tree, that had drooped itself across the roof, swishing in the slight breeze. He looked up at the wooden beams that held the thatch of his roof, wondering when he could afford to replace the dry, grey thatch that was a fire hazard. He reached for the oil lamp and struck a match in order to light it. His hand jerked and the match fell into the newspaper that covered the wooden table. The flame began to grow wickedly and little flames jumped into the roof. The dry thatch caught the flames and burned merrily. The old man sat, dumb-struck, unable to move as the flames danced an evil dance of the devil around him.

Outside, the Pepper Tree burst into flame and the thorn trees became little crackling devils spreading the master's work.

The Devil eventually enveloped the whole cottage in his red cloak of fire. The Karoo's expectation was fulfilled.

Wilhelmina Bray, Std. 6

NIGHT

Night swept over the sky
Her cloak flying in the wind
Enveloping all in darkness

Wilhelmina Bray, Std. 6

SMOG

The grey old devil
spreading out wide like a mist
conquering the earth.

Margaret Mailherbe, Std. 6

A DESCRIPTION OF MR VARNEOT

Mr Varneot walked slowly down the dark alley alone. His collar was pulled up tightly around his neck and his brown, tattered coat pulled around him; Auburn hair was blown about from the unruly mop that was his. His eyes were a hazy blue and seemed to say "I need a friend". He had thin, red lips which could barely be seen from under a bush of beard around his chin. His face was full of wrinkles and lines. Cheek bones stood out; no flesh hid the skeleton.

A hand peeked to pull the coat closer to the frail body. The hand shook and the skin hung. Veins, blue, stuck out like a cat in between two dogs. His nails were full of dirt and his hand was black as coal. Brown trousers clung to his long, thin legs and the boots did not seem to fit the thin body as they were big and clumsy. His bony hand then crept back into the torn pocket. His weak legs trudged on down the endless alley. They curled up beneath him and his thin lips mumbled a word. The frail man, Mr Varneot, whom no-one cared about, died out there in the dark mysterious alley, alone.

Vanessa Clark, Std. 6

COOKING

Baking cakes is so much fun
Mixing ingredients all in one,
Whisking the eggs till they're frothy and light
It looks so good so let's have a bite.
Tasting is the best part of all
My cake must rise and please not fall,
Now into the oven it must go
Cooking, not fast but not too slow.
Oh what a sight! Oh what a mess!
I've spilt all over my brand new dress.
Look at the cake it's rising high
Up, up into the sky.
It tastes so good, it's fluffy and light
I just can't wait to have a bite.

Malu Overstone, Std. 6

LIMERICKS

There was a young man from Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball.
He thought he would risk it
And go as a biscuit,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

Catherine Shub, Std. 6

There once was a girl from Bulgaria
Who wished that her head could be hairier
As she ranted and raved —
By mistake her head shaved
And she found it to be much, much airier.

Carole Roberts, Std. 9

PROMENADE EN AUTO

A huit heures et demie la mère met en marche l'auto, Alain et Chantal ouvrent la porte. Ils ferment la porte et Maman démarre. Nous passons les champs et la ville d'Auxerre. Maman s'arrête devant une grande maison. La maison a un toit rouge et des volets. Les volets sont rouges. Maman klaxonne.

Une petite enfant ouvre la porte de la maison. Maman crie "Zazou, Zazou c'est ta grand'mère!" Zazou sourit et il dit "Maman, c'est Claudia." La mère de Zazou regarde par la porte. Maman ouvre la porte et elle marche à la mère de Zazou. Maman entre dans la maison. Zazou dit, "Descendez de l'auto." Chantal et Alain descendent de l'auto et entrent dans la maison avec Zazou.

Après deux heures ils quittent la famille Bernard. Maman sourit et elle met en marche l'auto. Ils passent le champ et s'arrêtent devant leur maison. Les enfants quittent l'auto et entrent dans la maison. Ils sont chez eux.

Nicola Newton-King, Standard 6

A GOLDFISH

Innocent beauty,
Gliding forever
through a transparent world.

Alison McMillan, Std. 6

TRANQUILLITY

And this is tranquillity
Peace
of both body and mind.
A feeling of complete
Satisfaction
With no vexations
To the spirit

Kerynne French, Std. 7

LOVE

And they call this love
That feeling of total joy
When your heart reaches up
And touches the heavens
And swings on the stars
And dances on the moon
Making the whole of you
Come alive
And savour the beauty of life.

Kerynne French, Std. 7

FRIENDS

Friends are the essence of life.
With friends,
Nothing becomes everything.
Hate becomes love,
War becomes peace,
A spark becomes a flame
Which not even the strongest wind
Can cause to flicker.

Kerynne French, Std. 7

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the eighth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "and the" are written below the staff.

MY ISLAND

Somewhere up in the vast and everlasting space of my mind, is an island. I was born with this island in my head and am doomed, while I am still in this physical state, to search for it *always*. I have a feeling that others too have islands, and that they too are doomed to search for them. I think this because everybody seems to be searching for something, and that something may well be an island like mine. Although I am doomed to search for my island, there are very few definite, foolproof, stress-resistant signposts or guidelines which help me in my search.

I have never experienced my island, but I know that there is a long white beach of calmness there, stretching forever. There are rippling and bubbling rivers and splashing waterfalls of pure joy. Cool lush forests of contentment and fulfilment grow near golden wheat fields of satisfaction. On one side of the island are gently rolling hills of friendship and good humour, which are covered in every sort of flower. Regularly, there are soft rain showers of inspiration and up in the sky, clouds of gentleness and meekness float about; blushing pink and peach in the morning, while during the day, they are pure and white and at night, red and radiant. There are also the huge glittering stars and mysterious moon in the unknown night sky of adventure. Towering above, like hills and plains, are the purple snow-capped mountains of hope and optimism. The island is surrounded by a long and precious reef of security and all day long the huge sun of love beams down.

This is my island, the island I know is there. If it were not there and I had never experienced it, how could I know of it, unless the thought was pumped into my mind by an outside force? However, although I know it is there, I have not found it yet. So I, and I think many others in the vast space of their minds, swim through the sea of thoughts and emotions and get caught up by cold and strong currents, like that of self-centredness, which looks far away, but is actually menacingly close. The currents which flow towards this structure, are violent and treacherous. Anger and hate throw you about furiously, making you exhausted. Yet you must swim on, for you cannot stop or get out of the waters of the mind that flow cold and roughly or warm and gently. The warm currents seem to flow in the opposite direction to the cold currents. When you get pulled along in the warm currents, you seem to move further and further away from the dark structure, which I suppose is another island, and in the distance, there seems to be warmth and a glow. It is then that the dark current grabs you and, because the warm currents do not claim you, you get pulled away. I wonder if that glow is my island? I wonder if I shall ever find my island? Or am I, along with others, doomed to toss about in the sea of the mind, instead of standing on the firm ground of an island such as mine.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std. 7

THE BEST HOUR OF THE DAY

The best hour of the day, without doubt, is just before the sun goes down — from 5.00 p.m., preferably on a Friday. I have chosen this particular hour and day for many reasons.

This is the time of the day when all the long hours of homework are eventually over: sitting over a Physics problem for half an hour, and then having to wind my brain out of a virtually impossible Maths exercise, after an hour of hopeless struggles. And what is more, I do not have to worry about going through the whole painful process the next day! It is an absolutely thrilling feeling!

Seeing that homework is over, and it is the end of the week, I always go outside and have a walk in the garden, which is something I do not do from Monday to Friday. I usually let the cat accompany me. This, and the first hour of the day, is definitely the very best time to be outside, because everything has such a sleepy, quiet atmosphere. The sky starts to turn pale grey, and the first glimmering stars start appearing. The mountain gets darker and darker, and all its daytime shades of green and brown blend into one colour. It gets its usual clear, cut-out silhouette after a cloudless day, and looks like a big monster looming in the distance.

The first drops of dew form, sending all ants and insects underground, for fear of being drowned. The only sounds are the neighbourhood children's dying laughter as they return indoors. Hardly any birds can be seen, except for the odd few returning home from a day of food searching, so as usual, the cat is very disappointed.

The entrancing sound of the humming birds makes me feel sleepy, and the cat stands poised, examining them attentively in great detail. Just before the sun disappears, the bees emerge from the roses and daisies and let the remaining dying light guide them to their hive. The flowers, limp and exhausted from holding bees all day, and being deprived of their pollen, silently and gradually close their scented petals, as if they were shutting out the world for the night. Tiny, teardrop-like droplets of dew form on them, giving them a silvery appearance.

Suddenly everything is eerily still as the sun sinks a few centimetres, till it is completely behind the mountain. It is as though the moment everything in nature has been waiting for — a chance to rest.

The cat rubs against my legs, trying to guide me into the house. It is his favourite time of the day too — feeding time — so we both disappear indoors, leaving the cool night air to wrap itself around the earth.

Elizabeth Baker, Std. 7

'N BEROEMDE AKTRISE VERTEL VAN HAAR LEWE

Ek, die beroemde Tessie Peterson, is nou baie ryk, maar ek het in 'n arm gesin met sewe ander kinders grootgeword. My pa was altyd dronk en my moeder moes hard werk om vir ons kos te koop. Toe ek dertien jaar oud was, het my ouers geskei en my moeder het met 'n ander man getrou. Ons kinders het by ons pa bly woon en ek en die vier oudste kinders het die skool verlaat om te gaan werk.

Ek het op sestienjarige ouderdom weggehardloop en by my ma gaan woon. Natuurlik was ek 'n pragtige meisie, al was ek baie skraal. As gevolg van my skoonheid het Ma se nuwe man, 'n fotograaf, foto's van my geneem en hy het hulle na 'n tydskrif gestuur. Dit was in 1920 en die tydskrif het baie van die foto's gehou omdat dit die mode was om skraal te lyk. Toe het my loopbaan as model begin. Ek was die tydskrif se beste en enigste model. Daarom was ek die enigste persoon wie se gesig in die tydskrif verskyn het. Die tydskrif, *Vogue*; het my toe gevra om by hulle te werk en ek het vinnig ryk geword. Toe ek genoeg geld gehad het, het ek natuurlik meer geëet en daarom het ek 'n bietjie vetter geword. Ek het gou moeg geword van *Vogue* en die hele besigheid en ek het besluit om 'n aktrise te word — jy moenie daardie gerug dat ek te vet vir *Vogue* geword het, glo nie.

Omdat ek 'n aktrise wou word, het ek met 'n rolprent-agent getrou en toe ek 'n kontrak by Universalrolprente gekry het, het ek in 1930 van hom geskei. Die volgende jaar, 1952, het ek in die beroemdste rolprent waarvan ek nog ooit-gehoor het, die hoofrol gespeel. Daardie rolprent was "Kougom". Jy het seker daarvan gehoor. In 1953 het ek vyf-en-twintig rolprente gemaak. Hulle was so goed dat ek amper 'n Oscar gewen het — dit was in die kategorie van "die aktrise wat die meeste probeer". As gevolg daarvan het my derde man, die akteur Eddie "Sourdough" Smith, vir my lesse gegee hoe om toneel te speel. Ek was natuurlik nie baie bly nie, want ek het nie lesse nodig gehad nie en ek het van Eddie geskei. Ek het toe in Hollywood met my twee oudste kinders gewoon. In die volgende twintig jaar het ek vier keer geskei, maar in 1972 het ek met Ben Abdul Hamid getrou en saam met sy ander dertig vroue in Saoedi-Arabië gewoon.

Ek het in 1973 van hom geskei en weer met ses van my kinders in Beverley Hills in Hollywood gewoon. Toe het ek in "Jaws" die haai gespeel en ek het twee miljoen rand daarvoor gekry.

Nou in 1980, woon ek by my dogter wat twee-en-dertig is. Ek is net nege-en-twintig (dis die waarheid) en ek is so ryk dat ek nou skraal kan word, sodat ek weer soos die pragtige sewentienjarige model kan lyk.

Katherine Dacey, Std. 8

'N KOERANTVERSLAG

VROU Vlieg

Mevrou Viljoen van Vishoek het vanmôre uit haar woonstel naby die hoofweg gevlieg. Motors het stilgehou en toeters geblaas toe die mense die vlieënde vrou sien. Sy het aan die geute van A.P. Jones se winkel probeer vasvlieg, maar die wind het haar weggewaai. 'n Ander keer het sy amper bo-op die verbaasde skare geval. Gelukkig het hul betyds weggeduik.

'n Seun het 'n tou by die venster van dr. Harris se wagkamer uitgegooi. Mev. Viljoen het dit gegryp, maar die wind het haar teen die gebou geslaan en sy moes dit laat gaan. Mev. Viljoen het gesê dat sy doodbang was en dat sy gedink het dat niemand haar kon red nie. Toe sy heeltemal hoop verloor het, het 'n helikopter in sig gekom om haar te red. Hulle het 'n tou na haar gegooi.

Nadat sy dit 'n paar keer misgegryp het, het sy dit gevang en vasgegryp. Hulle het haar stadig oor Vishoek getrek terwyl die skare agter haar aan gevolg het. Hulle het op die sportvelde beland, maar die arme vrou het nog in die lug gebly.

Sy het nog 'n tou aan haar voet vasgebind. (As sy net een in haar hand gehad het, dan sou haar bene opgelig het en sy sou onderstebo geraak het as hul haar grond toe trek). Hulle het haar stadig grond toe getrek en toe sy op die aarde geland het, het hul gewigte aan haar vasgemaak sodat sy daar kon bly.

Mev. Viljoen se avonture het begin toe sy 'n ou blik sardiens oopgesny het. Hulle het 'n snaakse reuk gehad en sy het diep geruik. Die gas het haar 'n geheimsinnige gevoel gegee — asof sy ligger was. Sy het 'n bietjie gedans. "So lig," sê sy "het ek nie in my jongdae gevoel nie. Ek het in die lug gespring en daar gebly!" Sy het by die venster uitgevlieg om hulp te soek.

Dr. Pienaar, 'n wetenskaplike, is besig om die sardiengas te ondersoek.

Natasha Theophilou, Std. 8

DOLICHOCEPHALIC HEAD

He had a supercilious smile
On his silly, stupid face,
And his eyes sank back most horribly
And his chin stuck out like a promontory
Around which grew prolifically
A beard as fine as lace.

A beak-like nose of ghostly hue
Featured sharp on his long, drawn head.
His prow-like forehead protruded yet,
With furrows abominably deeply set,
And his close-knit brows were crossly met,
On his dolichocephalic head.

Judith Richards, Std. 8

HIJACK

I sat in a dark, stuffy cupboard, chewing a splintered matchstick. I was stiff from sitting in an awkward position for such a long time and had unfortunately stubbed out my last cigarette. Agitated that I had ever got myself into the whole business of hijacking the super tanker, "The Horizon", I nervously looked at my watch, waiting for the moment of attack.

My twin brother had come to me one night, confused and frightened. When I asked him what was troubling him — something which I now regret doing — he poured out the whole story of being involved in this hi-jacking and he told me that he just could not go through with it anymore. He said that if he pulled out he would be in serious trouble with the rest of the gang. He was in such a state of panic and pleaded with me so persuasively, that I finally gave in, agreeing to take his place.

The super tanker sailed on through the night, the crew unaware of what was about to happen. I shifted in my position and checked my watch again. It was 9.45 p.m., and the plan was to be set into motion at 10 p.m. I pushed the door of the cupboard open and glanced around, my eyes used to the dark by now. My role in the hi-jacking was to knock the guy at the steering, on the bridge, unconscious. Everything was dark except for the lights on the bridge. Vaguely I saw the skipper, relaxing in a chair, smoking a cigar. A radio was blaring and he was thoroughly engrossed in a pornographic magazine, not in the least concerned about steering the tanker, which made my task easier for me.

The "Horizon" had set out from Saudi Arabia, filled with oil to be transported to the U.S.A. The gang of hi-jackers were Argentinians but were a tough, ruthless bunch. They had set out to hi-jack the super tanker and then would secretly sail it to Buenos Aires.

I crept stealthily towards the bridge, hidden by the shadows. I glanced at my watch again — it was 9.58 p.m. Slowly I climbed the ladder leading up to the bridge. I waited.

It was 10 p.m. I started to move forward with a baton tightly gripped in my hand. Suddenly the skipper turned around towards the radio to change it to another station. I slunk back into the shadows and cursed my luck. I waited nervously till he had settled down once more. Then I crept up behind him and hit him hard on the back of his bald head. It lolled back and he slumped to the floor, unconscious. I felt I was going to be sick, so I sat down in the chair to steady myself. Suddenly it dawned on me — who would steer the tanker now? I relaxed, reassuring myself that everything was well organised.

I was thrown forward, striking my head against the controlboard. I lay stunned for a moment, unaware of what had happened. Then I realised; we had hit a rock! It was the worst thing that could ever have happened during an operation such as this. I started to weep softly, knowing that this was the end, the whole plan had misfired!

I woke up, suddenly, and sat up in my bed. The day of

the hi-jacking had eventually drawn to a close. I had had a nightmare about it — a nightmare which was only beginning!

Tiss van der Hoorn, Std. 8

DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

Op die hoek van 'n woelige straat, sit 'n ou man. Hy het 'n paar grys haartjies wat onder sy laphoed uitsteek. Sy vaal oë kyk jou vraend aan terwyl hy saggies prewel. Om die dun skouers is maar net 'n slordige kombens van toeka se dae en sy broek is ook lankal net 'n stuk geskeurde lap. Sy voete is kaal, vuil en effens blou om sy tone en sy hande is maar net 'n paar beentjies met 'n stuk vel daaroor getrek. Die man is 'n bedelaar en dag vir dag sit hy teen die muur van 'n winkel op die hoek van 'n woelige straat, heeltemal alleen, verlate in 'n wêreld wat nie meer vir hom tyd het nie, wat nie meer vir hom omgee nie. Nou was hy besig om in hierdie wêreld te vergaan.

Op 'n warm somersdag, in 'n klein dorpie lewers in Engeland, het daar 'n jong kereel van omtrent drie-en-twintig langs die pragtige blomme en bome van die veld verbygeleef. Hy het vrolik gevoel en het af en toegegaan om met 'n diertjie te gesels of maar net om die uitsig te bewonder. Vir hom was die lewe iets wonderliks, iets wat uit 'n sprokiesverhaal gekom het, iets waarvan hy nooit sou moeg raak nie. Sy gesin was welgestelde boere in hierdie omgewing, en hy en sy broers was almal baie trots op hulle plaas. Hy was 'n uitstekende leerling in die skool en het naderhand universiteit toe gegaan om hom as 'n advokaat te bekwaam. Nou was hy 'n beroemde regsgeleerde en daarby was hy so pas verloor aan 'n ryk stadsmeisie. Nou ja, dis geen wonder dat hy so vrolik gevoel het nie. Maar ongelukkig was daar lewers in sy vrolikheid iets wat nie heeltemal plus was nie. Hy was 'n gulsigse man. Hy wou alles hê wat hy kon kry, en nog meer. Hy was glad nie tevrede om net so te bly lewe nie. Vir hom was daar geen hoogtepunt wat buite sy bereik was nie, en daarom het sy gelukkige, gesellige lewe stadig verander. Oor die jare het hy sluur geword, bitter teenoor sy medemensse en suinig soos die duivel self. Hy het sy vrou en kinders verlaat, sy familie verlaat en sy vriende verlaat. Al wat hy wou hê was geld, nog meer geld en nog meer. Skielik was dit asof die Here self sy vuil op hierdie man afgebring het en elke sent wat hy ooit gehad het van hom af weggevat het. Oornag was hy 'n arm ou man wat by elke ou vriend om hulp gevra het, wat by sy familie simpatie gesoek het en toe eindelijk op 'n straathoek gaan sit en bedel het terwyl die wêreld verby gegaan het.

Tot vandag nog is die tragedie van hierdie man se lewe nie heeltemal te verstaan nie. As jy eendag so 'n grysaard langs die straat sien sit, dink eers aan hierdie verhaal voor jy hom jammer kry. Miskien is dit maar ook sy straf om dag vir dag op 'n straathoek te sit terwyl sy lewe verbygaan. Miskien sit jy ook eendag daar. 'n Simbool van die gulsigse geaardheid van die mensdom.

Miriam Houghton-Thomas, Std. 8

EAGLE

Wheeling,
Soaring high on the streams of the air
The eagle spreads his wings
And freezes, motionless,
A small-scale hang-glider.

A wind current bears him for a while,
Teasing his fluttering wingtip feathers,

Then

d
r
o
p
s
him

The eagle swoops,
Holds,
And swoops again,
Spiralling closer to the world
Spread beneath him in a map.

Again he checks,
Eyes focus,
And out of the sky he plummets,
(A bomber now),
lets down strong clawed wheels
And grabs a meal.

He clambers up into the sky again,
Slowly,
And flies himself home, satisfied
Free.

Katherine Dicey, Std. 8

'N KOERANTVERSLAG

NOG
MEER
BONATUURLIKE
ERVARINGE!!

Daar word gewonder of die V.S.A. werklik die liggame van die insittendes in die neergestorte vlieënde pierings gehou het.

Len Stringfield beweer dat die eerste vlieënde piering-ongelukke in die vyftigerjare in Amerika voorgekom het. Destyds was die vreemde besoekers nog nie vertrouwd met die toestande op aarde nie. Heel moontlik is die geval nou anders, want daar is geen onlangse ongelukke op rekord nie.

In 1977 het Len Stringfield gesê dat hy die liggame van die pierings se insittendes gesien het. Toe hy by die Wright Patterson-lugmagbasis was, het hy vier kratte gesien wat die liggame van vier klein mense bevat het. Die mense was omtrent 1,2 meters lank, met oop oë, klein neuses en mondjies en heeltemal kaalkop. Hulle klere drag het bestaan uit noudluitende donker pakke. In ander verslae word gemeld dat die vreemde uiters groot, peervormige koppe en baie lang arms met slegs vier vingers aan elke hand het.

Dit word beweer dat die liggame in 'n ondergrondse vrieskamer by die lugmagbasis gehou word.

In 'n onlangse ondersoek in Amerika word gemeld dat 73 percent van die bevolking beslis glo dat ons gereeld besoek ontvang van wesens uit die buitenste lugruim.

Susan Bowley, Std. 8



Debby Pargiter Std 8

GLOBULES

thousands of uniform globules
wallow wearily,
swirl lazily,
aimlessly
around in the same contented way
until

pop! one bursts out:
a bubble of air and life,
it dances and dives
and gurgles and spurts,
forgetting itself,
forgetting the globules
but

the globules will not allow it!
up they surge to bring it down,
upon it they pounce to suppress its energy,
to deaden its hope
to retain their power.

Toni Olivier, Std. 9

ISIXHOSA

MNA

NdinguMargie. Ndihlala eBishopsCourt. Yonke imihla kusasa nditya isonka, amaganda, nesidudu. Ndiphunga iti. Ndihamba isikolo yonke imihla evekini. Ndithanda isikolo. Ndinezinja. Izinja zam nguShandy, noCyndy, noPunchy. Ikati yam nguSmokey. Ndithanda izinja nekati kakhulu.

I am Margie. I live in BishopsCourt. Every day in the morning I eat bread, eggs and porridge. I drink tea. I go to school every day. I like school. I have dogs. My dogs are Shandy, Cyndy and Punchy. My cat is Smokey. I like the dogs and the cat very much.

Margie Matherbe, Std. 6

IHOLIDE YAM

Ngeholide ndihlala eTulbagh eplasini. Kusasa nditya iblekfesti. Ndiphunga ubisi kuba ndithanda iinkomo kuba zinika ubisi.

Ndithanda ukukhwela amahashe. Ihashe lam lintsundu. Eminin ndisebenza egadini. Ndidada njalo-njalo emanzini. kuba kushushu yonke imihla. Evekini ndidlala imidlalo. Ndithanda ukudlala intentya.

Imini yonke nditya iziqhamo. Ndiya edolophini notata. Ndithenga iilekese.

Ebusuku ndibona iT.V. Ngesidlo sasemini sitya inyama, iertjies, neetapile. Umama upheka ukutya Kamnandi.

MY HOLIDAY

During the holiday I stay on a farm near Tulbagh. In the morning I eat breakfast. I drink milk, because I like cows, because they give milk.

I like to ride horses. My horse is brown. During the day I work in the garden. I also swim in the water, because it is hot every day. During the week I play games, I like to play tennis.

Every day I eat fruit. I go to town with father. I buy sweets.

At night I watch T.V. At supper we eat meat, peas and potatoes. Mother cooks lovely food.

Karin Krone, Std. 8

IZINTO EZINDENZA NDONWABE

Ndicinga ukuba into endiyithandayo kakhulu kukutya. Ewe, ndithanda ama-apile nesidlo sam sakusasa nefanga likhanya phezu kwentloko yam. Ihlobo limesha elindinika uvuyo okukhulu, ngakumbi ukuba ndiselwandile. Ndiphila ukuze ndiye elwandile. Ngeli xesha ndihamba enxwemeni nejezi yam eshushu. Kukho enye intondithanda ejezi eshushu eyenziwe ngoboya. Kukho izinto ezininzi endiyithandayo. Ndithanda lo mntu othi, "kulungile ke, ndazi ukuba ndenze impazamo." Akathi, "kodwa andenzanga into emtji." Ndithanda incindi endi-yisela kwintya-tyambo entabeni xa ndihamba yonke impelaveki. Ndipha umbulelo kwindalo nemvula. Ndamkela abantu ababoleka

izinto kum, bazibuyise.

Kodwa andithandi ukuba abantu batshaye bazize umsi ebusweni bam. Ndithanda izinto ezingsaqhelekanga:—ndithanda imingathe engaphekanga, kodwa into enye endiyithandayo eghelekileyo nguMzantsi Afrika.

Mary Jooste, Std. 9



Kerynne French
Std. 7

IPLASI

Ndihlala endlwini edolophini kodwa ndithanda ukuhlala eplasini. Ubhuti wam ngumfama. Ngacawa, siya ecaweni kusasa kodwa kufuneka sondle zonke izilo. Kukho iinkuku, iinkomo, neehagu kanti kukho idiliya emasimini.

NgomVulo siqokelela amaganda ehokini, sihlambe amaganda siwapakisha. Sivala iibhokisi sibhale idilesi ngaphandle. NgelwesiBini, sithena idiliya siame amasimi kufuneka sihlambe idiliya ukunganda isifo. Sipakisha idiliya ebhokisini.

NgolwesiThathu, abasebenzi basenga iimazi zenkomo kuba kufuneka kwenziwe ibhotolo. Ubhuti wam uza kuthengisa ibhotolo ngoMgqibelo kodwa uza kuthengisa amaganda nediliya ngolwesiNe.

Kusasa ngolwesiNe, amajoyini alayisha ilori. Ubhuti wam uqhube ilori aye edolophini ukuthengisa imveliso. Ubhuti wam ufumana imali ukuthenga ukutya neempahla, kodwa kufuneka ahlawule nabasebenzi.

G. Parker, Std. 8C

ABAFASI

Abafazi ngabantu ababuleleke kakhulu emhlabeni lo ngokuba banomsebenzi. Ewe, sithi bafazi abaphekayo, nabasebenza ekhaya. Kufuneka sipheke, sihlambe, sitshayele; okanye sixhome iimpahla. Kukho izinto ezininzi ezenziwa ngabafazi.

Abafazi abaninzi bahlala yonke imihla ekhaya apha bacoca khona. Abanye abanako ukusebenza nokufunda kuba bachitha ixesha begcina amadoda nabantwana. Baqeqesha abantwana bondle abatsha.

Abafazi ngabantu bobubele bodwa. Basichola sakuwa, basinyange intlungu yethu. Bakwangabantu bobuhle. Bathanda ukubonakala befanelekile. Ewe, ngakumbi, bathanda iifashini ngefashini kakhulu. Amadoda akufuneki akhalaze ngemali echithwayo ngabafazi kuba bafanelekile, bahlle.

Ngaphandle kwabafazi soze sibelapha.

Kate Saunders, Std. 9

khala
 sizwe sam
 intliziyo yakho yaphuliwe
 ngokulwa kwabantu bakho
 ikrazuka igazi limpompoza
 inene sizwe
 khala

cry
 my country
 your heart has been broken
 by a conflict of your peoples
 as it tears blood flow
 indeed country
 cry!

Chloë Ovenstone, Std. 9



Nicolette Jones, Std. 7

ONE ANOTHER

Running aimlessly up the days and down the days,
 we seek
 (one another)
 A goal to quench our thirst for an understanding of
 (one another)
 Where we are going.
 Stumbling hopelessly, blindly reaching out for
 (one another)
 A purpose.
 We wonder what is being lost and what will be gained
 by touching
 (one another)
 Our ultimate fantasy which forever is floating away,
 Causing us to leave
 (one another)
 Our dreams behind us.

Bridget Doyle, Std. 9

VACANCES

Pendant mes vacances je suis allée en France pour deux semaines. J'ai aimé beaucoup tous les endroits que nous avons visités mais il y avait deux endroits que j'ai aimé plus que les autres.

Carcassonne est une ville qui était bâtie à l'époque romaine. La ville est entourée d'une forêt magnifique. Le fort a deux murs et cinquante tourelles. C'est comme une trappe d'homme. La ville avec beaucoup de maisons, boutiques, restaurants et de rues étroites et des galettes appartient à un autre monde, un monde unique et intéressant. Nous y sommes allés pendant la soirée. Au centre de la ville il y avait des hommes qui jouaient de la guitare. Au centre de la ville aussi il y avait beaucoup de restaurants dont l'atmosphère était très jolie. Il n'y a pas de voitures entre les deux murs, des piétons seuls. Mon frère, qui a huit ans veut habiter Carcassonne parce qu'il aimait le fort. Il a acheté beaucoup de soldats d'enfant. Quand nous sommes partis de Carcassonne le soleil se couchait et nous avons vu une vue très spectaculaire de ce vieux fort sur la colline au coucher du soleil. Je ne l'oublierai jamais.

L'île de Porquerolles était mon endroit préféré. Nous sommes allés à l'île en bateau pendant l'après-midi. Il n'y a pas de voitures sur l'île, seulement des bicyclettes. Ceci donne à cette petite île beaucoup de caractère. L'île est couverte de bois très beaux. La mer entourant l'île est d'un bleu très clair. Au centre de cette île il y a un endroit où des hommes jouent aux boules. J'ai aimé beaucoup cette île.

Georgina Hart, Standard 9

TANKA

Oh
 What joy
 peacock's tails
 eyes on feathers
 fan.

Ann Whiting, Std. 10

RUST

Vermilion ravager
 Destroyer, disintegrator,
 A cancerous growth that creeps and spreads
 Nibbling and consuming bit by bit
 A corrosive force that attacks and dissolves
 Leaving nothingness

Leigh Mukheiber, Std. 10

Erratic slip-thoughts
 shimmer in mind's far recess.
 Amoeba-like darts
 whose tentative, thought-fingers
 dissolve at one conscious touch.

Jane Dicey, Std. 10

MA VISITE À PARIS

Nous sommes arrivés à Orly dans l'après-midi. Notre hôtel n'était pas loin du centre de la ville et les chambres étaient très plaisantes. Après s'être reposés nous sommes allés au tabac pour acheter chacun un carnet pour le Métro. La station la plus près était Rue Montmartre. Aller dans les trains m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir. Il y a de grandes affiches sur les murs des longs tunnels. En arrivant nous avons regardé Notre Dame, l'intérieur et l'extérieure. Puis dans un petit restaurant à la rive gauche, nous avons diné (les fromages sont très bons). Il y avait beaucoup d'étudiants et beaucoup de Tunisiens et de Chinois. Les musiciens jouaient aux coins des rues. Un peu plus tard nous sommes montés dans un bateau au Pont Neuf pour une excursion à la Seine et pour voir les bâtiments illuminés à chaque côté de la rivière. Nous sommes rentrés très tard et le lendemain matin je ne suis pas levée de bonne heure. Il y a toujours des croissants et du café pour le petit déjeuner. A toute vitesse nous sommes allés au Jeu de Paume dans les jardins des Tuilleries où il y avait déjà une queue pour entrer. C'est un musée tout à fait merveilleux. Dedans il y a des peintures des Impressionnistes — Monet, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Renoir et beaucoup d'autres. Un peu plus tard nous sommes allés au Centre Pompidou qui est une structure moderne étonnante. Il pleuvait quand je suis tombée dans mon lit cette nuit-là. Le lendemain nous nous sommes promenés dans le Louvre (qui est si grand que c'est ridicule) et dans les Champs Élysées à l'Arc de Triomphe. L'après-midi nous sommes arrêtés au Tour Eiffel en route pour le Musée Rodin où on peut voir "Le Penseur". Nous sommes partis le lendemain après une excursion par train à Chartres dans la campagne. Je voudrais retourner en France un jour pour explorer le reste du pays.

Jane Yeats, Standard 9



Roxie Carney, Std. 7

SILENT DEATH

I lie strapped to the cold hard table,
my paws stretched out before and behind me,
The steel rods and straps that imprison me,
hold me down so that I cannot get free.
My jaws parted and stretched wide open,
held by steel vices so that I cannot utter a sound,
He stands like a judge about to pass a sentence
Yet, it is a sentence.
A sentence of long unimaginable pain, that I have to endure.

What have I ever done to deserve it?
Will I ever run free and wild again — unscarred,
with no knowledge of the evils of man?

The knife I like that of a butcher, long, thin and sharp.
He comes towards me.
My eyes grow wide with fear,
but I cannot utter a sound of protest.
With slow methodical precision,
He starts to cut off my hind paws.
Pain shoots through my body like electric shocks.
I cannot howl for my jaws are fastened.
Neither can I move to run away for I am a prisoner.
What right has he to take away my life?
To inflict on me the most unbearable pain.
All for his knowledge
the knowledge of my reaction to his action.

My blood flows freely like a river in flood,
over the cold hard table,
He stands in his bloodstained coat,
the knife gleaming in his hand.
Has he finished? I do not know.

He is smiling as he comes towards me,
Is there hope?
Do I have some small chance?
Then still smiling, he plunges the knife deep into my heart.

My death is as silent as my torture before,
But only my terror-stricken eyes,
now like glassy marbles
Tell the true tale of what I really feel.

Inge Jones, Std. 9

TO A CAT WHO DIED

When my cat was brought home,
Eyes staring
and gasping and choking,
I remember thinking of writing
poetry,
Of crying and of comforting.
Yet I remember those eyes
and that terrified gasp,
Gurgling of blood
and my mother's crying.

Alexa Singer, Std. 9

ALLEEN IN DIE WRELD

Ek is 'n weeskind, my ouers is 'n jaar na my geboorte in 'n motorongeluk oordede. Omdat ek nie familie het nie, het ek in 'n weeshuis grootgeword. Op my veertiende verjaarsdag het ek die weeshuis verlaat om 'n skool in Amersfoort by te woon. Ek was ontsetend bly gewees, uiteindelik kon ek soos 'n normale kind leef en nie net 'n nommer in 'n uniform wees nie. Maar ek het nie besef dat dit 'n swaar stryd sou wees nie.

Die eerste dag het almal baie tyd aan my bestee, ek was vir hulle iets buitengewoons. Ek was bang, ek het soos 'n rots wat uit die see gesteeke het gevoel, dit was asof die swerm kinders branders was wat my probeer omte trek het of wou gebreek het. Ek het my tranes terug gehou, dit het die weeshuis my geleer. Na die lesure verby was en almal huis toe gegaan het, het ek alleen na die koshuis gestap. Al die kinders het in motors geklim op pad na hulle warm huise en ouers wat hulle liefhet. Ek het niemand gehad nie, my lewe was leeg.

In die klas, as iets verkeerd geloop het, het die kinders onmiddellik gesê: "Ek sal my ouers hiervan laat weet!"

Wie kon ek vertel? Wie kon ek vertrou? Wie het my lief? Niemand nie.

Ek het my skoolmaats lekker laat lag, maar niemand het in 'n intieme vriendskap belanggestel nie. Niemand wou 'n weeskind as 'n beste maat hê nie. As iemand tog belanggestel het, het die ouers die vriendskap gou-gou ontmoedig, almal was agterdogtig oor my.

Vandag, na jare van treur, besef ek dat almal net in my belangstel as ek hulle kan laat lag, maar sodra ek stil raak of probleme het, verdwyn hulle soos die oggendmis in die son.

Maryke Hommersom, Std. 9

DIE STEM VAN DIE SEE

Toe ek nog jonk was, het ons gesin en die bergagtige binneland van Lesotho gewoon. Ek het eers die see ontdek toe ons met vakansie in Oos-Afrika was. Ek en my oupa en oma het Kerstees naby Mombasa deurgebring.

Dit is 'n tropiese hawestad langs die Indiese Oseaan waar bote heeldag in- en uitvaar, en die strate wemel van bruingebrande vissermanne en duikers. Daar is heerlike, lang stroke wit sand en die blou-groen water is amper loutwarm. Ek het elke dag op die strand langs die oerwoud geboljaar en het kastajngbruin van die son geword. Daar het ek geleer swem en ons moes altyd sandskoene in die water dra, want onder was daar skerp rotte.

Een geval wat ek duidelik onthou, is die dag toe twee duikers voor ons deur kom staan het. Voor my oë het hulle die grootste rooskleurige skulpe vertoon! In 'n ander mandjie was daar ses yslike krewes wat later in 'n bad water gekook is.

Die volgende jaar het die see my ouers na Mosselbaai gelok. Dit was my gelukkigste dag; ons het ver op die see uitgevaar om vis te vang. Van die boot af kon ons klompe

robbe op die eiland beskou, en die wonderlikste seediene was die dolfyne wat deur die branders geduik het.

Ek het ook dae op Umklotstrand in Natal saam met my pa deurgebring, by 'n ander geleentheid het ons in Engeland kus toe gegaan. Daar het ek nie die see gesien nie, want dit was laaggety en die water was drie-myl ver!

Vandag is ek die gelukkigste wanneer ek huis toe kan gaan. Snags, as ek aan die slaap raak, kan ek die see hoor tuimel en die soutlug ruik. Soms as ek die kans kry, haal ek die trein wat langs Valsbaai, St. James en Kalkbaai tot by Simonstad ry. Maar ek hou nie van die Kaapse waters nie, hulle is koud en onvriendelik en ek verlang maar net meer na die van my tuisgebied.

Jane Yeats, Std. 9



Margie Malherbe, Std. 6

EK HOU VAN DIE HERFS

Die herfs is die rykste seisoen van die jaar. Dis die tyd wanneer jou beloning kom; vir 'n somer se harde werk of luiheid. Elkeen kry wat hom toekom!

Dis oestyd, met groot masjiene wat oor die veld ry om die koring te oes, die ryk goudgeel koring met 'n hele somer se son daarin. Kraakvare groente en vrugte word gepluk en verpak. Dis die tyd wanneer dieselreuk saam met die vogtige grondreuk meng en in 'n mens se keel bly haak.

Dis tog te mooi as 'n mens dan deur die veld stap en die blare en stokkies deur die wind sien tuimel. Rooies en bloodrooies, goudgeles en geles, oranje blare, bruin blare en somtyds groen blare. Wanneer 'n mens in so 'n kort verfrissende herfsneentjie deur die woud stap, lyk dit asof die hele wêreld met diamante wat in die sonskyn vonkel, bedek is.

Dis die tyd wanneer dit buite nog taamlik warm is, maar binne brand daar al 'n vriendelike vuur in die kaggel.

En as jy dan so deur die veld te perd ry en die son skyn in jou oë en die wind ruk en pluk jou hare en die hele wêreld lyk so rustig en versadig, kan jy dit maar nie help nie — jy raak verlief op die herfs.

Birte Olek, Std. 9

DAAR IS MAAR MIN TYD OOR

Daar is maar min tyd oor, hulle sou hom vang en dan sou hy vir sy misdade moes boet.

Hy het in sy kelin, vuil kamertjie gestaan en wag totdat dit donker word. Hy het nooit gedurende die dag buitentoe gegaan nie, omdat al die vrouens vir hom gelag het omdat hy so klein en lelik was. Hy was eintlik baie sterk en dit was hoekom die nagmotte wat hy vermoor het, nie 'n kans gehad het nie. Hy het hulle geëet, hulle almal. Dit was ook so maklik om hulle na hom te lok om dood te maak, omdat hulle nie omgee het hoe hy gelyk het nie, hulle wou net geld maak.

Hy het buitentoe gesluip. Op die hoek het 'n nagmot gestaan en wag vir iemand wat haar dienste wou hê. Hy het haar van agter af gegryp, in die donker bos ingesleep en toe begin om haar te martel.

Toe hy klaar was, het sy nie meer soos 'n mens gelyk nie, maar soos 'n groot stuk rooi vleis. Sy hande en klere was met bloed besmeur, maar hy het daarvan gehou. Hy het opgewonde geraak toe hy die bloed, wat soos rooi strome gehardloop het, sien. Hy het amper mal geraak en die vrou gekap en gesny met sy lang mes.

Uiteindelik was dit klaar en hy het van haar bloed in 'n botteltjie gesit om 'n tergende brief aan die polisie te skryf. Hulle was so simpel, hy het aanhoudend vir hulle leidrade gegee, maar hulle het hom nooit gevang nie. Hy het van sy speletjie gehou en het al twintig nagmotte doodgemaak.

Daar was maar min tyd oor, omdat geen speletjie vir ewig aanhou nie.

Inge Jones, Std. 9

TANKA MORNING

Sparkling diamonds
hang goblet-like on green spears,
Fine lace-work glistens,
Delicate, spidery art
Suspended in frosty air.

Cathy Moll, Std. 10

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

My earliest memories are of crossword puzzles and, to be quite honest, they aren't very happy ones. My whole family, with the exception of me, is crossword-puzzle-crazy. Over the past few years I've come to the conclusion that my family aren't the only crossword-fiends but so are four-fifths of the world's population.

In our house Sunday is crossword puzzle day, so of all the days of the week I hate Sundays the most. Just the thought of Monday is a happy one. All the newspapers published in Cape Town, be they English, Afrikaans or French, are delivered to our house. Nobody ever reads them, but the crosswords are cut out and stored for Sunday. One thing that really annoys me is that aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents and friends the world over, send us their crossword puzzles. With the enormous pile of crosswords that have arrived by Sunday, there is never a chance to go out. If I even suggest going out, a look of horror springs onto everyone's face — in fact they would look less horrified if I suggested we go and rob a bank!

If a crossword puzzle appears to be impossible, my family will search for the solution until it is found. It has been known for the search to continue until one o'clock on Monday morning.

My family, as I mentioned before, aren't the only crossword puzzlers in the world. If I travel by public transport I can be assured of a seat next to a crossword fiend. They will get onto the aeroplane, train or bus and turn immediately to the crossword puzzles spreading the rest of the newspaper all over me or any other non-puzzler sitting next to them. A bit of advice that could come in handy is never disturb a puzzler. You will get dirty looks for the rest of the journey, get more newspaper thrust on you and they will annoy you for the rest of the journey. If I'm lucky enough to wangle my way out of the newspaper I can read, my enjoyment will be short-lived. If the fiend can't work out a clue, he will start sighing. The sighs gradually grow louder and the crossword fiend starts muttering at very regular intervals. They are very annoying.

Ah well, seeing that I am part of the minority, I had better not complain too much or too loudly, as the superior breed could take offence and then the entire week-end will be devoted to crossword puzzles and the inferior breed will be banned from public transport. I guess I'll just have to grin and bear with it and marry a non-crossword puzzler.

Beverly Atkinson, Std. 9

A FOOL

I feel like being a fool
Feel like being a benevolent clown
Feel like smiling at people I don't know at all —
But I won't —
I'm not that much of a fool!

Alexa Singer, Std. 9

MY NUWE LEWENSRICTING

Dis ongelooflik! Oor drie maande sal my skooljare eendelik ten einde kom. Twaalf lang jare het ek amper elke dag in my skooluniform en met my tas in my hand skool toe geloop. Nou is dit alles amper verby.

Ek dink nie eens aan die groot eksamen wat soos 'n aaklige monster voorlê nie. Al waaraan ek dink, is vryheid. Vryheid om te gaan waarheen ek wil en te doen wat ek wil. Om huiswerk te doen net as ek daarvoor lus het en om my lewe self te reël. Die lewe wat voorlê, het nou somer 'n wonderlike ding geword.

Soms as ek so tussen my boeke sit dan wonder ek of die loopbaan wat ek gekies het my werklik gelukkig sal maak. Ek wil 'n dokter word omdat ek vir die mense in Suid-Afrika wat so baie ly, iets wil doen. Dit sal maklik wees om 'n ryk stadsdokter te word en elke maand 'n bedraggie aan 'n welsynsorganisasie te gee, maar dit is nie wat ek wil doen nie. Ek wil direk met die mense wat dokters werklik nodig het, werk.

Dit klink alles so wonderlik, maar soms het ek ook ander gedagtes. Sewe jaar is 'n baie lang tyd om vir iets te studeer waaruit jy self min voordele sal kry. Allerhande gedagtes oor my eie plezier oorreed my byna om 'n ander loopbaan te kies. Wat sal gebeur as ek trou en kinders wil hê? Dis al klaar swaar vir die manlike dokters; hoeveel waarde sal dit nie vir 'n vrou wees nie?

My keuse is tussen my eie rykdom en geluk en 'n lewe waarin ek ander help. Een dag het dit my bygeval dat dit een en dieselfde ding is: ek sal gelukkig en ryk wees as ek die lyding van andere kan verminder. Geldelike rykdom en geluk is tog iets wat oppervlakkig is en gou suur word. Al twyfel ek oor ander dinge in my toekoms, het ek nou darem een seker ding waarna ek sal streef.

Lilian Dudley, Std. 10

A STOAT HUNTING AT NIGHT

Shy
Silent
Silver-shot shape
Slinking spectre
Stoat

Jean Moodie, Std. 10

THE ROSE

fragrant sweetness
warmly perfuming the air
with beauty and love.

Jean Moodie, Std. 10

SEPTEMBER

rain
falling
dripping wet.
Rainbow colours
arching bright,
dropping
light.

Ann Whiting, Std. 10

LINES ON AN ISLAMIC ART WORK

This ancient pageant:
Following the battle (to us long since fought)
By quaint jointed warrior figures in
embroidered linear robes,
(Porcelain moon doll faces and oriental eyes
ensconced in balaclava helmets),
Grasping long spears, flags and ribbon reins,
Astride the wooden rocking-horse ponies,

What richness in this tapestry of pattern,
Reds, oranges, white, black and gold,
Detail recorded in a cobweb
beard, a strip of braid, a knotted tail;
And the the shaggy, doughnut-ring
trunked elephant,
Guided by a dark Numidian behind the
belled ears,
(Slave to the Emperor, resplendent
in the ebony box chair),
Each odd foot in profile with four egg
toes,
A needled tusk prods forward the star-
shielded mediator.

All this captured, but distantly, on the
fading manuscript,
By a master.

Jane Yeats, Std. 9

VIOLIN FOR SALE

The little girl stopped in the street and looked up at the yellow piece of cardboard that had the words "Violin for Sale", printed in heavy black ink on it. The girl smiled, a smile of delighted expectancy. She stood for a while letting the last warmth of the afternoon sun run down her neck and shoulder, and then with a last look at the sign, continued along the road, dragging her satchel behind her. This was the scene every afternoon, when Liza returned home from school. It was her dream, and had been ever since she had seen the sign in the old back-street shop, to own her own precious violin.

That evening Liza raced up the flat stairs, through the kitchen, past her surprised mother, into her bedroom, where she began scrabbling in the corner of her closet. She emerged holding up an old coffee tin which she emptied on to the bed and eagerly began sorting the contents. Dimes, cents, occasionally a lucky quarter. They were stacked in heaps amongst the worn-out counterpane. Her mother entered the room smiling and bent over her shoulder and whispered into her ear.

"You won't have enough yet, darling. You didn't, two days ago."

"I will, I must, Mr Larry's lowered the price, it said so on his windows; it said he was lowering it to ten dollars!"

"Oh, that's good news. Do you have enough then?"

Liza's fingers sped over the piles, calculating their vast amount, her fingers slowed and dropped.

of beautiful plants and animals, while water is the home of seaweeds and fish.

Undecided people often hover worriedly together, in the same way that mud's occupants are undecided. Ugly wriggling mudprawns cannot decide between being useful earthworms or tasty shrimps. Mudweed, which is stringy and slimy, cannot decide between grass or seaweed. So mud just fumes in its uncertainty.

Mud acts as cats do. It makes straight for the people who hate it most and sticks to them, and it always manages to get into the boat with me. Once it's in the boat, it ignores the glares of others and manages to slide and splat all over the beautifully packed picnic baskets. I always get the blame.

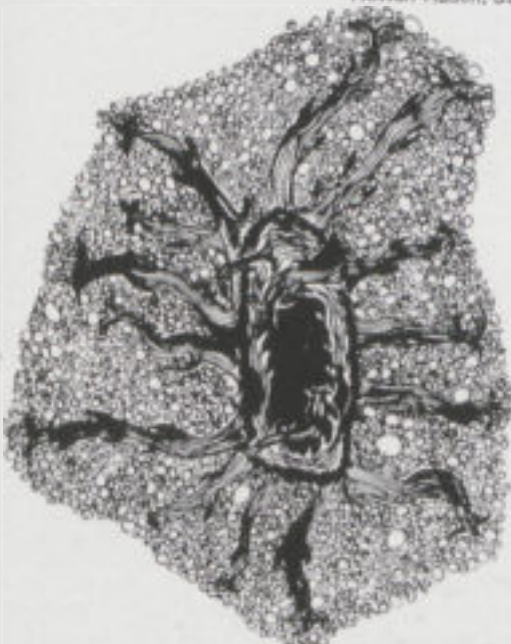
However, I used to adore mud and would spend endless hours decorating myself with it. I was a pretty professional body painter, although I never experimented with any colour other than brown. Perhaps it influenced my body, because although I was born with blue eyes and black hair, they have since become brown and the majority of my clothes have brown in them.

Occasionally I get nostalgic and slip into my old mud-madness. The proverb that says that the young keep the old young at heart applies in these cases. It takes my young cousins to get me mud-splating again, and on these occasions, I only lose my enjoyment of it when faced with my aunt and uncle.

All that remains to be said is that my relationship with mud is neither undecided nor uncertain:

Either I love mud, or I hate it.

Rowan Haden, Std. 9



Hildegard Schubert, Std. 6

NEW WAVE

"You beserk? Naught, I'm no punk, I'm into New Wave. Like mush man! You wanna know why I'm no punk? 'Cos punk's a phase an' it dyin', yeah dead. An' another thing, I don't dig to stick safety pins in no nose of mine. Naught man."

Hy Matt! (You guys heard of Matt?). He's the cat in 'Big Wednesday', the movie. A very mellow surfer, like hits the wave pretty radical, cuts back sharp and tubes so smooth it's like busting pipe. Like way out man. Well, we call this cat Matt, his real name's Harry, but we call him Matt, 'cos he's got a two fin point five board. Hey Matt, you check these cats? Well, they tune we're punks. Too much man jus' like too much. Hey kid, you spy the cat decorating the boney, the one with the spikey hair — yeah, that's the one — you sus the red marks on his neck? No joke man, he dropped outta punk and that's from wearing his dog collar — see, he's pretty freaked out and skimmed it more punkish to wear the studs inside out. Life's a bummer man.

Jo's quite a cool chick cat — he grabs them pretty neat. Like way out man, them chicks skim he's pretty far spaced — like way out — you twig? My little brain tunes me I should grab a pair of them platform sneakers he wears too — like walk tall, y'know? Well that's all of us gang, let's go get"

"Edgar, will you please come and eat your dinner and don't forget to wash your hands."

"Yes Mommy, I'm coming right now. Hey you cats, go squawk some other place."

Mary Jooste, Std. 9

BOYFRIENDS

It is extremely difficult to come by a boy who has maturity, transport and an acne-free skin. This means that the ideal catch must be eighteen years or above, and when you are only in Standard Six, you find that they hardly look at you twice. So when you start going out with boys, you usually end up with a spotty, immature boy with a bicycle and no money. The resulting few weeks or months are spent travelling everywhere by train or bus, and paying your own way into revolting discotheques that only cost fifty cents.

These boys, aged about fifteen years, usually fail the test when confronted by two nervous parents who want their daughter back by half past ten. The parents also want to know how many escorts are accompanying them through the dark streets at that late hour. The flustered teenager is then forced into lying about this, giving a string of boys' names. The parents also need the 'phone numbers of any possible place where the couple may be reached in case of emergency. The boy usually succeeds in giving one number, and having failed the test, is made to bring the daughter home half an hour earlier. The evening, now not long enough to go to see a film, is spent drinking coffee and saying very important things at the house of some spotty friend of the boy.

This pattern is followed for about the first year or more, until the next stage is reached. This is the sixteen-to-seventeen year old who is able to get hold of a boy with a car, but who has no licence. On these dates, the time is spent hopping as much as possible from place to place in the car, and not much time at a film or discotheque. The driving is usually rather reckless, and at some time or other the car is stopped by a policeman who gives the boy a warning or suspends his chance of receiving a licence at eighteen.

The last stage is the best. It is spent with an eighteen-to twenty-five-year-old with a car, clear skin and money. The girl, now being older and more attractive, has a strong chance of attracting one of these well-equipped males. The places frequented by the couple have a relaxed atmosphere and they may stay in the same place until the early hours of the morning. This last stage, however, also has its disadvantages, because, as a boy grows older, so his desires become more apparent. Unfortunately there is now no excuse that "Mum will be expecting us home soon" or "Mum and Dad will be home soon", so this problem has to sort itself out somehow.

My conclusion is that whatever age you and your boyfriend are at, there will always be some complication!

Toni Olivier, Std. 9



Sonja Schröder, Std. 9

TOOTHACHE

I have the most dreadful toothache imaginable. There is a distinct pain in the second last tooth on my upper jaw which is sending distress signals all over my head. The pain is slowly creeping up towards my ear like a cat stalking a mouse. Suddenly, as though a dart has just been thrust into my left eardrum, I feel a terrible stab of pain in my ear. Alas, the pain has captured my eardrum and is now stealthily advancing towards my left temple, its next victim. The pain is acute; it is as though a witch has made a wax model of my head and is sticking pins into the left side of it. I am afraid I will have to go and see my worst enemy, the dentist.

I reluctantly go and phone the dentist and make an appointment for this afternoon for five o'clock. At five to five I leave home and walk to the dentist. It is as though I have sticky toffee on my feet, judging by the incredibly slow pace at which I walk. I am now in the lift going up to his rooms. I can already smell a bad smell, that of disinfectant and I hate it! Then I hear a drill, I begin to perspire and fear takes control of my body. My knees knock, my lips tremble and I start to shiver. I am a complete nervous wreck by the time I reach the big brown oak door with a black and white sign on it saying, 'Waiting room for Dr. van Drill'. I wipe the sweat from my hands, legs and face, take a deep breath and walk in.

To my horror the room is packed like a slave ship. I try to walk boldly across the room to the receptionist and in a quivering voice give her my name and particulars. As I walk across the room my skin is penetrated by at least forty eyes all staring hard at me. I try to ignore them so I start reading a magazine. I must have read the same lines at least three times before my eyes peer discreetly over the top of my magazine to look at all the victims of the dreaded toothache.

There is a large family who cannot stop eating, sitting opposite me. They must have an expensive dentist's bill! Every now and then the silence is broken by the dreaded sound of 'Next'. An old man hobbles slowly into the waiting room. His face is badly swollen and had a faint blue tint to it. As he enters, heads suddenly appear from behind newspapers and magazines to watch the newcomer. After going and talking to the receptionist he sits down and once again one only sees tops of heads. A little girl with red hair and a sprinkle of ginger freckles on her nose comes out of Doctor van Drill's room grinning like a Cheshire cat. She has just been shown how to use a pink fluoride pill. Her teeth are shocking pink, her hands are pink and her dress looks like a patchwork dress. All forty eyes once again look up but this time the victim is the little red-haired girl.

The girl leaves and once again there is a deathly hush as people try to read their magazines. No more people arrive and the crowd in the waiting room slowly diminishes until only a lady and I are left. I look at her, smile meekly and hope that she goes in before me. She looks at me and smiles back and then continues to read her newspaper. I read my magazine, I wriggle a bit and I

see her moving her foot around. I peer over my magazine. She peers over her magazine. Our eyes meet. We smile. I wriggle again. Her face twitches. We hear the drill. I begin to sweat. She wipes her face and I can hear her breathing heavily. The drill stops. Doctor van Drill's door opens. My heart stops. I look at her. She looks nervous. There is silence, a deadly hush. Suddenly the silence is shattered by a penetrating voice saying, "Miss Roomes, please."

Terry Roomes, Std. 9

ON BEING LATE!

My mother has a policy, which used to upset me when I was younger; she never dashes for anything. Let me give an example which caused me great embarrassment at the time.

Having checked in at Jan Smuts Airport, we were waiting in the lounge with some friends for our flight to Heathrow. I was in the cloakroom when the first call for boarding passes was broadcast in the usual sing-song voice, so I rushed out to gather up my goods and chattels and join the queue. However, there sat my mother, calmly ordering another whisky and soda, "just for the meantime."

"Oh," she said, "They'll be hours sending that lot through customs," motioning to a crowd of about four hundred disappearing through the doors.

I clung to the edge of my seat in consternation and jerked up on hearing, "This is the final call for all passengers travelling on flight BA 307 to London, etc."

At this my mother drifted along to have a look at the duty-free shop, and having told me to stop whining, firmly ignored all further pleas of "Let's get on now, ma."

The final straw was the announcement.

"Will the last two passengers for flight BA 307 please board immediately through exit 3."

At this my somewhat surprised mother completed her transactions and we were rushed through a superficial baggage check by several harassed guards. I was acutely aware of the rows of indignant faces as we were led to our seats by a politely restrained steward. My mother seemed immune.

However, the engines of the Boeing had not been running for longer than three minutes when they wound down to a halt. The take-off was delayed for an hour while a technical hitch was sorted out.

Although my mother proved her theory, the episode left me quite unnerved and the effects have lasted to this day. I make sure that I am always inconspicuously in the middle of any queue for transport, except that I will be first into a lift — for horror of the doors squashing me as I jump in late.

Jane Yeats, Std. 9

I'VE LOST TIME

I've lost time to enjoy the sunshine and the grass at home. Whenever I'm there, I'm dashing hectically here and there, "doing things". I've lost time to read good books from beginning to end, in an afternoon. Most of all, I've lost time to dream. I've lived in many worlds and done many fantastic (in the literative sense) things, but for the last couple of years, I've basically only had time for one world, this one. It might be a good thing eventually to have to face up to reality, but it is certainly not relaxing.

I have also lost my chief, childhood dream. This weekend it's going to become a reality. I'm going to turn sixteen. Sixteen has always been my magical age. I was going to be a ballerina, a film star and a wife, all at sixteen. I was going to live in a "Snow White" type castle, in the middle of the misty woods with all my animal friends. If you laugh, I'll warn you that I seriously believed that I was going to do this. It looks as though I'll only have time to spend one day celebrating the romantic age of sixteen.

I'm actually quite excited about it, which is unusual, as I haven't felt this way about a birthday or Christmas for a long time. I have simply lost that tense excitement which causes running stomachs and sleepless nights before a great occasion. Christmas used to be "the" occasion of the year. The presents were heaven, even little things were enormous. As I grew older, although growing, they seemed instead to dwindle in size. I



Karren Visser, Std. 9

stopped getting surprise presents and instead got something I'd decided on. I also started getting presents before the special day.

I'm also, in a way, sorry that I'm not ever again going to go to one of those awful parties, where you hog chips and sickly sweet birthday cake, then proceed to squabble over prizes for the egg and spoon race.

When I was small, I used to ask "brilliant" questions like "Why don't aeroplanes flap their wings?" People used to say, "Isn't she a clever little girl." Now I'm considered stupid if I don't know the answers.

It was also very easy to do well at school. I went to a homely little private school, where exams consisted of twenty-word spelling tests.

Perhaps the most embarrassing, but most practical problem, that I have, in a sense, actually gained with age. Most children are greedy, but grow out of it. I used to be totally indifferent towards food. I have since grown out of that, and am now quite a pig as far as food is concerned.

Most of my problems, with the exception of the greediness, are doubtful. They basically boil down to the fact that I have been forced to come out of my mind and, practically and methodically, set my feet on the ground. This actual action is a good thing, and is essential if I am eventually going to have to make my own life. It is the situation which forces me to do this, that I consider a pity. It is a pity to have to rush into life, and suddenly find that you simply can't cope with more than one world.

Rowan Haden, Std. 9

UN ACCIDENT

C'était vendredi et Papa avait acheté une nouvelle voiture. Elle était grande et bleue et les sièges étaient très confortables. Papa a décidé de nous montrer la vitesse de l'auto et il a donc mis le moteur en marche.

Nous étions sur la route nationale avec Papa au volant. Il a commencé à pleuvoir et l'eau gouttait sur le pare-brise et Papa a donc utilisé son essuie-glace. Tout à coup il y avait un grand fracas. Une autre voiture a fait une embardée et elle est entrée en collision avec nous. Papa a essayé de virer mais il ne pouvait pas. L'autre voiture a capoté et il semblait que le chauffeur et les passagers étaient blessés. Mes parents avaient de la chance parce qu'ils avaient utilisé les ceintures de sécurité. Toutes les portes étaient fermées et nous ne pouvions pas sortir de la voiture. Les poignées étaient coincées. Notre voiture était extraordinaire parce qu'elle avait un toit ouvrant, donc nous pouvions sortir.

Heureusement personne n'était blessé, mais la nouvelle voiture de Papa était terriblement abîmée. On ne pouvait pas reconnaître le pare-choc de devant et le retroviseur était cassé. La peinture du devant de la voiture était terriblement égratignée. Le moteur ne pouvait pas marcher parce que l'embroyage et le radiateur étaient cassés.

Les personnes dans l'autre voiture n'étaient pas gravement blessées. Un des passagers s'est frappé contre le pare-brise qui était terriblement brisé. Il y avait de l'essence sur la route. Nous avons aidé les personnes à sortir de leur voiture et puis nous avons trouvé que le chauffeur n'avait pas de permis de conduire. Par-dessus le marché il était ivre. Un motard est venu et de toute évidence a infligé une amende au chauffeur. Un autre motard nous a déposés chez nous. Quand nous sommes arrivés à la maison nous étions encore choqués.

Je n'oublierai jamais cet accident. J'espère que je ne serai pas de nouveau en collision. C'était une expérience très terrifiante.

Mistine Maisel, Standard 10



Penelope Thesen, Std. 7

UN JOUR DANS LA VIE D'UNE DOMESTIQUE AFRICAINE

Le réveille — matin sonne à six heures. Je me traîne du lit chaud et vais me laver. Quand je suis habillée de mon uniforme je fais le thé et l'apporte à mon cher docteur et la belle madame. Comme je les aime, ils sont gentils, généreux et affectueux. J'ai une chambre confortable et ma propre salle de bains. J'ai de la chance!

Je prépare le petit-déjeuner — nous mangeons habituellement les oeufs et la céréale. Tandis que Paul et Hélène (mes petits choux) déjeunent je cise leurs souliers et je fais leurs petits repas — je leur donne toujours un petit extra, par exemple, une tranche de gâteau ou une crotte de chocolat. Puis je sers au docteur et à madame leur

petit déjeuner au lit pour qu'ils puissent écouter "Radio Today." Je donne à Johannes, le jardinier, son oeuf, son pain et son café et après ça je mange. J'ai de grandes tartines avec beaucoup de confiture et une tasse de café bien sucré. Je mets la cuisine en ordre et puis je fais la lessive essentiel et le repassage jusqu'à ce que la belle madame soit finie en haut. D'habitude elle fait les lits et je dois seulement nettoyer les salles de bains et les tapis. En bas je fais le nettoyage avec l'aspirateur et l'époussetage tandis que je parle à mes amis au téléphone.

Juste avant le déjeuner je lave le reste du linge et puis Johannes et moi mangeons. Je suis libre jusqu'à quatre heures et pendant ce temps j'écoute la radio et mes amis me visitent. Nous causons et rions — nous sommes tous heureux. Puis je nourris les chiens, prépare le thé et repasse.

Vers cinq heures je commence à cuire le repas avec l'aide de Madame. Nous dînons à sept heures, et une demi-heure plus tard je suis dans ma chambre. Je regarde la télévision fatiguée après la journée longue, mais contente.

Leigh Mukheiber, Std. 10

UN JOUR DANS LA VIE D'UNE DOMESTIQUE AFRICAINE

El est cinq heures du matin et il faut que je me lève pour faire le petit déjeuner. Un oeuf à la coque pour Jean, un oeuf sur le plat pour Paul et les oeufs brouillés pour Michelle et, ah, j'ai oublié ce que voulait monsieur. Il fait froid et tout est encore noir, ma chambre semble enchantée par la lumière de la lampe ou bouge sur les meubles. Je me lève; l'eau est vraiment froide mais ça me réveille vite.

Les reveille-matin commencent à sonner, la maison est chaotique, tout le monde crie, et personne n'est satisfait.

"Où sont mes chaussures, Miriam?"

"Mais je vous ai dit de cirer mes chaussures!"

Rien que je viens de faire n'est juste et personne n'a envie de manger. Les morceaux de pain moitié mangés et les oeufs restent sur la table après le départ de la famille. Je fais la vaisselle et commence à nettoyer la maison — les cendriers pleins de mégots dégoûtants, les trognons de pomme — ça ne s'arrête pas. Les blancs ne me déplaisent pas mais ils m'énervent avec leurs petits conneries.

Madame est déjà partie pour faire l'essayage d'une robe donc il n'y a personne pour le déjeuner. J'aime bien ça parce que maintenant je peux faire tout quand je veux. Aujourd'hui il faut faire la lessive; c'est incroyable combien de chaussettes Jean porte pendant une journée; j'espère que tout va bien avec lui.

Je suis complètement épuisée après l'après-midi de travail, mais j'ai le sentiment d'avoir vraiment fait quelque chose. La famille aime la bonne cuisine et au dîner tout le monde est plein de joie. La nuit est très sombre quand je couche dans mon petit lit; j'éteins la lumière, je n'entends et je ne vois rien, je ne pense à rien, je dors.

Marjorie Filmer, Standard X.

A PIECE OF STRING

A study of strength and unity lies before me, while cleanliness stretches out towards infinity.

It is abruptly cut off. It ends in a jagged, frayed edge which jars on consciousness, reminding one of poetry. A poem beautiful, yet stopped abruptly before the climax is reached. One feels rather than notices the potential it carries and one imagines the ending to be something magnificent.

Coiled upon itself, it symbolises many things. One thinks of people, united by a common bond of strength among them. The bond grows as each potential idea is realised, yet the people fall apart where the coil of unity ends and winds back upon itself, a failure, rejected.

The white coiled bond then symbolises a couple. Two people bound together by any interest shared. The coil moves on, the relationship intensifies, then abruptly falls away and frays like the edges which are no longer infinite.

Life itself seems to lie before me. It begins with force and continues, becoming more complex as it coils down the years. Death, an ugly jarring note with frayed edges suddenly strikes. The coil is broken. Infinity is no more.

Time passes. The ticking of a wristwatch interrupts my philosophy and brings me back to the examination room. I look at my paper. Empty. I look at the objects on the desk and wonder at my ignorance. I silently curse the piece of string before me, and the power of the imagination.

Jane Johnson, Std. 10



Mary Jooste, Std. 9

SILENT ANGER

He slouched in his habitual armchair, legs sprawled, reading his newspaper. Now and then his right hand made return-trips to the beer can. The can was perched among its fellows on the armrest, adding just another ring to the circular stains superimposed on the faded floral design of the material. His head tilted as he drank, resting against the well-greased headrest. His throat contracted and relaxed as he swallowed. He replaced the can with a satisfied belch and folded the newspaper with a neatness and precision that belied his appearance. Placing his hands carefully between the beer cans, he heaved himself up. His buttocks left an imprint that had long since ceased to indent itself.

He sniffed appreciatively the warm aromatic smell of cooking, which pervaded the room. He loosened his belt a notch in expectation — Thursday night was 'meat-night'.

His wife and son faced him across the table. The boy's knuckles whitened as he gripped the back of the chair. "For what we are about to receive . . ." the familiar pattern rumbled heavily in the boy's ears.

The steaming dishes and hot plates were ferried busily by the woman to the table. She laid them gently on the mats in front of her husband as if they were sacrificial offerings for a deity. Her eyes glanced furtively from the dishes to the brooding eyes of her husband, begging to be praised. The 'Buddha' said not a word.

The lid of the dish was lifted. "Not boiled tripe again!" rebuked the husband. His wife cowered back in her chair, struck by the verbal blow. "It was a special offer at the supermarket, so I thought I might as well . . ." her voice trailed off and she uncertainly cleared her throat. Nervousness made her clumsy, she accidentally knocked over the salt-cellar. Her hand crept timidly across the table and uprighted it and then, quickly, withdrew to the refuge of her lap.

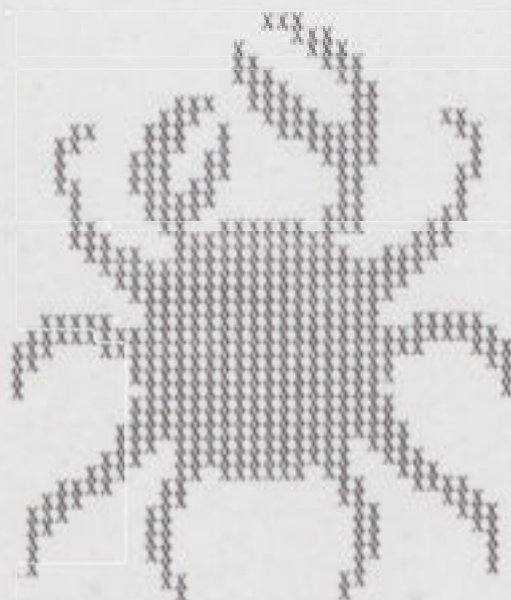
The man only raised his head once he had finished eating. His eyes rested meditatively on his son — as a cat watches its maimed prey flounder — while his tongue reflectively probed the corners of his mouth for hidden food. The boy stared back with festering hatred, his fork piercing a piece of tripe. The predator bored, rose from the table and with a sneer, went back to the comfort of his chair.

Later that night, the thin partition shuddered inducing the boy's form involuntarily to hunch and curl, foetus-like. He burrowed his head into the bedding, trying to extricate himself from what he was hearing — dull smacks of iron fist hitting soft, defenceless flesh. He mouthed a soundless cry of sympathetic agony into the yielding mass of wet pillow. He clutched the umbilical cord of twisted sheet. To him, his eternal silence not only handicapped his life but above all, rendered him impotent to protect his mother. He could not express his hatred for his father. The very word conjured up an image similar to King Kong. His father, the brute that broke, abused and shattered all he held sacred and cherished, his mother. Yes, his mother — delicate, gilt bone-china being stamped, crushed and pulverized by an enraged

psychopathic monster.

Purposefully, the boy unfolded himself from his curled position and released his desperate clutch of the sheet. The man, his hand raised like a viper about to strike, whipped around as the door burst open. He froze in this pose, disbelief smudging the expression of murderous rage. His mouth worked soundlessly, goldfish-like, as his gaze rested on the breadknife held in the small, white, clenched fist. The tension was as tight as the fist, the man's heavy breathing as ragged as the serrated edge of the knife.

Jean Moodie, Std. 10



Judy Richards, Std. 8

LES FLEURS MANIFIQUES

Où sont les fleurs
Les fleurs du printemps?
Je les ai cherchées -
Partout,
Mais la terre est nue,
Et le ciel est sombre
(Comme un bâtiment),
Et je suis désolée
Parce que les fleurs sont magnifiques,
Et elles me manquent
Comme à un vieillard manque sa jeunesse.

Alexa Singer, Standard IX

LIFE IN A DAY OF A DAY-LILY

The morning showed signs of the day becoming one of those special, beautiful kinds of days when the dew still lay in heavenly clusters, sparkling in the early morning sunshine. The fairies hitched rides on passing toads to return to their boudoirs to recline for the day. The earth-worms were surfacing briefly before returning for more feasting on the underworld. The soil was rich and chestnut-coloured as eight-legged monsters tracked across the land tripping and hustling about their business. The cat, putting a sudden end to any such creature in her path, sauntered on home after a long, well-fed night!

Still, it was the kind of day when one can forgive the evening crickets for working over-time or the moon retiring rather late, for the sun was glorious, and it seemed to be that someone should softly whisper to the clusters of flowers that their days had begun. And this somebody did — although theroretically speaking, it was, what one would call mid-winter.

Now, the first to receive the message was the day-lily who got it from the sweet peas who got it from the lemons who . . . and she was not going to present herself to anyone just as she was, and, therefore, spent three hours preparing herself.

It was her day and she was going to make the very best of it! For hours she had organised the exact shade of the petals — dark at the centre radiating to almost flesh-coloured on the edges. Every single freckle of colour was, in itself, a masterpiece. Neither too small or too large, they imprinted themselves in the perfect colouring. Life had been easy up to now but the time had arrived for the formation of each individual stamen. Heavens! Did they only get in the way! Leaving their pollen prints all over the perfect petals. Finally she felt she was ready.

After all the rearranging inside, the covering petals were gaping slightly, just enough so that no one could look in but enough for her to bend her dignified stem to allow for a glance in the murky puddle next to her.

"Ooh, it looks simply marvellous!" she exclaimed in an untrained voice reaching four octaves up the scale.

With controlled dignity she upheld herself, and the outer petals slowly began to fall. By this time she felt sure that the whole universe must be waiting for her. So carefully they started coming, the flaming freckled orange petals rolled themselves down, and one by one she straightened them out, taking care to iron every crease out of her newly tailored frock.

"Oh, do hurry up!" bellowed the impatient ranunculi in unison surrounding her. She was completely unperturbed and carried on in her own way. Now all that was left to do was to ensure that all the tips were down and then the awful overpollinated stamens could spring up.

She coughed a bit, straightened the stem, and with a loud yawn screeched: "Good morning, world!" and when she looked around, not a single eye was focused on her, even the impatient ranunculi had given up their waiting — she wasn't one of them.

This did not worry her, this was her day and she was

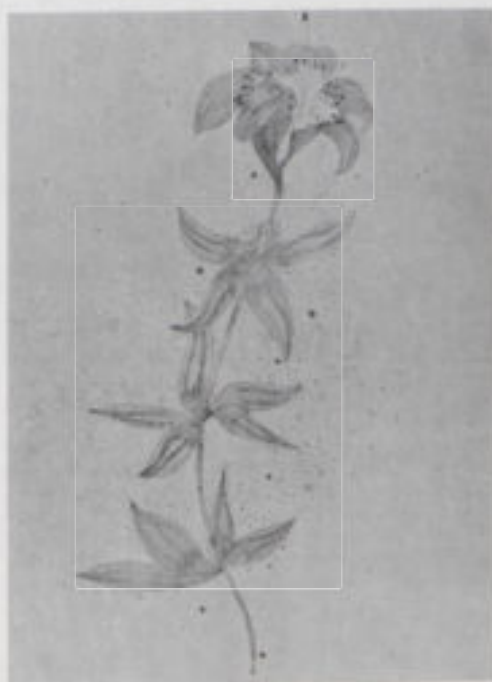
going to enjoy and remember every single moment of it.

"Oh Jeremy, do hurry up. You'll miss your bus!" With bounding leaps, he flew out of the house, cap here, bag there and toast in his mouth.

Jumping over the grass and rocks, he made an abortive attempt to jump into the puddle, he tripped, fell, got up and caught his bus.

There was not a single breeze all that special beautiful day, and the sun kept casting shadows on clusters of impatient ranunculi and half-eaten pieces of toast.

Suzanne Ackerman, Std. 10



Nina Claussen, Std. 7

FUNGUS

The sea of lush green rippled as the gentle summer breeze disturbed the leaves. The previous year I had walked through that same field. The birds, perched in the cool shade of the nearby trees, were singing. The sun was blazing down on my head from the clear blue sky. Nothing seemed to have changed since the year before. However, there was a difference. A great difference. Then, every single plant had been shrivelled and had a sickly green and black colour. The whole crop had been infected by the fungus *Phytophthora*. It had embedded itself in every plant, living off the lifeblood of the plant and was slowly but surely destroying it.

As I thought of the destruction caused by the fungus, the field of the previous year seemed to represent our world today, and the fungi seemed to represent man's greed for supremacy over his fellow man, contaminating the world.

In South Africa we have one type of this fungus. It is something that is slowly sucking the lifeblood of the people in this country. It has infected the whole of the land and the symptoms are clearly seen in the bitterness and fear spread amongst the people. It is thriving on the greed and selfishness in our rotting society. The greed for supreme power of one group over another group to ensure its own welfare. This fungus has a name, Apartheid.

There is another fungus found beyond South Africa's borders. Perhaps a far more dangerous one. In the east the Soviet Union has recently invaded Afghanistan and is entering Iran in order to further Russia's plans for world supremacy. This step has been treated with great resentment by most other nations, particularly America. However their feeble attempts thus far to stem the spread of this fungus, communism, can be compared to someone spraying poisonous substances on the surface of the leaves of a plant when the fungus has already spread down to the roots.

In many African nations the Soviet Union has instigated violent revolutions to overthrow the governments, and then after much bloodshed, has helped to establish a new communistic state. Communism is most certainly the fastest spreading fungus of the world and the one that has had the worst symptoms thus far.

The sun was setting and, as I began to walk off through the field, I bent down and picked one of the healthy green leaves. Last year's crop had been completely destroyed by the fungus, but this year Mother Nature had seen to it that a fresh new life had come forth, do we too have a Mother Nature who will destroy the fungi and give us a fresh new world, or is it being left to us to use what we have to fight the fungus?

Lilian Dudley, Std. 10

JOURNEY

"Sorry!"

"Excuse me, is this your bag?"

"Geroworthway!"

"Clément Kennulwerth Waanberg Plumstet to Saamonstewnl Kaarthies esseblief - tickets pleez."

The claustrophobic smell of stale smoke teased my nostrils. I was squashed into the corner as a huge female specimen oozed onto the seat beside me. She had dark black circles of make-up around her rat's eyes and her mouth was too red against the powdered, ploughed, white backdrop of her face. She wedged herself against me and the seat, and sat, vibrating slightly, staring straight ahead.

"Look at that fat lady," remarked a little wide-eyed boy opposite me. Red-faced, his mother nudged him to "Shh!" "But look," he persisted, "she wobbles!" Little giggles followed, while "that fat lady" stared stonily ahead - only her chin wobbled more.

The strong stench of wine wafted over to me. The baby across the aisle yelled, and yowled, and howled . . . while her white-faced mother tried unsuccessfully to calm her.

"But you know, Irma, you should never have let her go. Irene was such a decent girl until she met Chris."

My ears pricked up.

"Yes, but what could I do? Irene has always accused me of being too conservative. She said I was the reason for her having no boyfriends. When she met Christopher at the party, she went wild - and now? She'll never be able to get an abortion. A daughter of mine!"

"Do you mind if I open the window?" I asked.

An icy wind blew in, so I shut it again hurriedly, but some of the smells had gone. The little boy and his mother had left the train at the previous station, and there were now new people to study. A model-type woman filed her nails to further perfection, but the



Wendy Sharpley



Susan Steenkamp, Std. 10

incessant rasping noise sent shivers up and down my spine. Next to her was an oniony man who hid behind his sports pages. He kept making munching and slobbering noises from behind the newspaper. His short, fat legs beat time, keeping the rhythm of the wheels.

A young, studious-looking man squeezed onto the opposite seat, lugging a huge instrument with him — probably a cello.

The light gleamed on his Brylcreem. A tall, imposing woman towered above the musician, glowering at him, until he shamefacedly stood up for her. The Lady swirled into her seat, followed by an aura of heady perfume. Her fingers were heavy with rings, and her vast bosom was also well covered with gold. She made her presence known to everyone in the carriage by snorting haughtily every few minutes, and staring at all the people round her in turn. When she turned to me, I boldly returned her gaze — but it was only a few seconds before I glanced down again, only to see a large hole in my skirt. No wonder she had looked so horrified!

The fat lady was still safely wedged in her seat, and she sniffed periodically in my ear. The train ground to a halt again, setting all her chins a-quiver. I squeezed myself out of my place and my blood started flowing in my freed limbs again.

I joined the shoving throng of nameless faces which the train disgorged, each of us going on a nameless journey to a nameless destination — nonentities, yet individuals.

Clair Grootendorst, Std. 10



Connie Krauss, Std. 8

"ALL STATIONS TO CAPE TOWN!"

The busily knitting woman did not even glance up as the train groaned to a halt in Claremont Station, and another loadful of commuters bustled into the compartment. She was totally absorbed in her world of knit two, purl two. I wondered for whom she was knitting. Her rapidly clicking needles signified a sense of urgency. Perhaps she had a brood of children that all needed jerseys for the approaching winter. She looked harassed and care-worn. Although she was neatly dressed and clean, there was a definite air of shabbiness about her. Her shoes needed new heels; there was a ladder in her stockings and the skirt was shiny with constant sponging and pressing. Her hair looked lustreless and needed a cut; her face showed tired lines, and the skin looked pasty and uncared for. I gathered from her appearance that she had a struggle to make ends meet, and that her life was dull and monotonous. There was no sparkle or zest for living in her face — it looked worn away by the cares of survival.

By contrast, on the other side of the compartment, were three young working girls. They giggled and chatted animatedly. They were all fashionably dressed, with the very latest in shoes and make-up. Their hair was shiny

and beautifully cut, and they discussed the newest range of face preparations that one of them had just purchased. From this they progressed to their social escapades. One had spent the week-end at a "posh" hotel on the coast. Another had been to a "fabulous" party, while the third had seen the most riotously funny movie. All were filled with "joie de vivre" — life was for living.

The knitter did not look up once — it was as if she heard none of this — as if she did not wish to know that such pleasures existed. There was no curiosity to discover what the chatterers looked like. As I gazed from her to the others, I pondered on the contrast. Perhaps the knitter had once been like the others, perhaps she too had sported smart clothes, and done exciting things, but now her world had become grey and uninteresting.

The compartment darkened, and we drew into Cape Town. For a short time a variety of people had been brought together with one purpose in common — that of reaching a destination. As I left the train, I wondered from where the knitter had come, and for where the chatterers were bound.

Leigh Mukheiber, Std. 10

THE CHEWING GUM MATINÉE

After half an hour we are almost at the front of the queue. The five boys in front of us, all dressed in black, sleeveless shirts and denim jeans, and all furiously chewing gum, are still arguing as to whether the 'chick' they met yesterday was called Hilda or Martha. The young couple behind us have progressed from Jan's marriage to Mona's divorce. At last the five boys are at the ticket office, and they spend five minutes settling their finances. At last they buy their tickets and go inside. The woman behind the glass stares vacantly at us as we give her the money, and hands us the tickets and the change without a word.

"You haven't given me enough change," I say, showing her how much she has given me.

Suddenly she comes to life, and through a mouthful of chewing gum, protests and argues, until defeated, she gives us the right change and relapses into a vacant stare. The only sign that she is still living is the mechanical rotating of her jaw.

Inside, all fresh air has long since been vanquished and taken refuge outside. The stale smell of smoke envelopes us, in harmony with the stale smell of people. The original colour of the carpet is almost invisible under the burnt

cigarette holes and squashed, abandoned gum.

"Tickets, please," says the lady at the door, blowing an uninterested bubble.

She tears our tickets and we go into the auditorium.

"Tickets, please," says the usherette, unwrapping a used piece of gum and putting it in her mouth. She shows us to our seats shining the torch in everyone else's eyes, but carefully avoiding our feet. She indicates vaguely with her torch where the seats are and leaves us to stumble over legs and shoes and empty packets until, exhausted, we sit down in our places.

The film is "The Deerhunter", an anguished protest against the futility of war. During one of its most poignant moments, I am trying to keep back my tears, while around me all that can be heard are stifled giggles and the occasional popping of bubble gum.

We come out afterwards, emotionally drained. Outside the five boys from the queue are standing on the steps. One of them takes a wad from his cheek, inspects it, and says, "I swear her name is Hilda, man — she told me herself!" as he flicks his gum casually into the gutter.

Carolyn Newton, Std. 10

SAWDUST

"Loop, man!"

Rifleman Reyneke ran. He scaled the wall, slithered under the beam, and ran a hundred meters to the dummy, piercing it with his bayonet as he dashed towards the nets. But the dummy's side was slit, and slowly the sawdust began to slide out. Slowly at first, piece by piece, sprinkling on the grass, until a little pile had formed, a little pile like the sand in the bottom of an hourglass

As the time went by, the sawdust pile grew bigger, like the piles of raw sugar at the Durban Mills, where Patience Mkala drove a bulldozer. For years, he had used all his power to push around the endless piles of sugar, this way and that, taking care that the pile did not collapse. And for years, the Government had been pushing him around, this way and that, provoking him, but never enough to make him collapse, never enough to cause an avalanche. But he was coming closer, the men were growing wilder, and the sawdust was steadily, slowly, sliding out onto the grass

More time passed, and the sawdust pile increased, like the pyramids of oranges and apples lying on Wagter Jacobs' stall. He gazed over the Parade, at the City Hall with its huge clock ticking on. He was twenty, and he had only passed Standard Three. His thoughts were bitter as he gazed at the laughing white school children heading for the station. A child snatched at the oranges, and slowly the pile collapsed, as Wagter's anger erupted, and the sawdust was slowly, steadily sliding onto the grass

The pile was now the size of a molehill, like the moun-

tains of the gold-dumps, where Waiting-Boy Umbangeni was picking out the mountain of ore, to make a new mountain above ground. He shovelled rhythmically as the second-hand of a clock moves inexorably forward. But his brain was making progress, despite all his setbacks. His brain was moving towards the danger level, the final point before complete loss of control. Behind him, a shower of small stones slithered towards him, and still the sawdust was silently slipping onto the grass

The pile had grown bigger, the sawdust was now a mini-mountain, but yellow, not black, like the mountains of coal that slid along the railway, coach by coach, from the mines to the Sasol plants. Happy Mzile watched as the little mountains on wheels slid by, one by one, towards an unknown goal. The might and power of it awed him, he felt inadequate in the face of all this knowledge and skill. But he also felt jealousy, which grew and engulfed him, as he watched a few cool black coals slide off the final truck and clatter onto the rails. The end was drawing near, and still the sawdust slid out, onto the yellowing grass

The dummy was sagging; its heart had trickled out and lay in a yellow pile at its feet. The blank face, fallen forward, gazed at the growing heap. The sawdust was falling in jerks now, little groups at a time, just two or three pieces; and then one by one, the final few. The Waiting-Boys would no longer wait. The hourglass was full, the Hour of Patience was up. The sawdust stopped sliding slowly, steadily onto the dried-up grass

Caroline Marten, Std. 10



TEMPUS FUGIT

Sally Gray, Std. 6

QUAESTIO: Quid est optimum in crustum ponere?
 Responsum: Dentes tui.

QUAESTIO: Quid est semper ad tuam januam sed numquam intrat?

Responsum: Gradus.

QUAESTIO: Cui homini debes petasum semper tollere?
 Responsum: Tonsor.

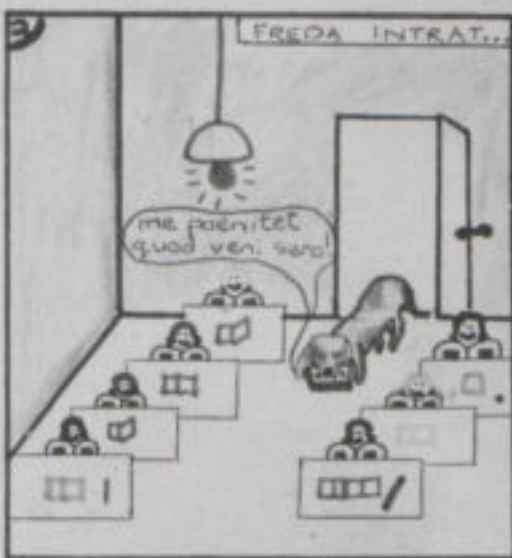
Linda Fioravanti, Std. 6M

FREDa, NOVA DISCIPULA

Freda in tablinum linguae Latinae cotidie ambulat. Consedit et aures erigit ad verba et nomina. Lingua Latina eam maxime delectat. Semper latrat ubi magistra eam extra relinquit. Saepe dormit atque lingua Latina eam non turbat. Interdum extra ambulat, nam declinati eam vexant. Amamus Fredam. De hoc pro certo habeo: magnam copiam Latinorum verborum habet. Semper sedet et magistram spectat. Freda est fidissima canis. Freda est canis fusca et alba, cum auribus magnis. Freda est bona canis atque nova discipula in ludo.

Linda Willis, Std. 6

FREDa, LINGUAE LATINAE DISCIPULA FIDA!



Morgan Marr, Std. 6

Preparatory School Report

This year has been productive in many senses of the word. The children have developed — as one expects — physically, mentally and spiritually. This growth has been stimulated by the challenges presented by a caring, concerned and lively Staff.

Physically, the programme is geared to the mastering of skills in a relaxed yet disciplined atmosphere. Co-ordination, balance, awareness of the body in space, symmetry and asymmetry are all taken into consideration when preparing lessons. As the child's body matures, more difficult projects are presented and because of the basic foundation and on-going nature of the tasks, each new movement is a completion of the overall pattern.

The Gym Clubs have played an important part towards the physical aspect of education. The very successful display put on in October by Mrs Gray, Miss Lubbe and the other coaches serves to highlight gymnastics as a progression of skills. All who attended will agree that we saw, and no doubt the children themselves were able to see, where they were heading. At School the initial skills are taught during lessons and those who wish to are given the opportunity to join a Club and forge forward.

Each sport — tennis, netball, swimming, hockey, squash and ballet presents its own challenge and plays its part in physical development.

Our activities have spread far beyond the classroom and many talks, outings and expeditions relating to the learning situation have made school an exciting experience. Naturally there must be times of consolidation but these also become easier as a "carry-over" from participating in excursions or listening to a talk.

Our health programme in Std V has provided many topics for discussion and debate. Three speakers were invited to address the girls in connection with the abuse of drugs and smoking. A representative of the Cancer Association who spoke about the dangers of smoking, concentrating particularly on its effect on women; Mr Parkhurst, a victim of throat cancer, who has now learnt to speak again, and Mr Smuts, from the Narcotics Bureau, who addressed us on drugs. He highlighted his facts with stories of cases of drug addiction he has dealt with in his work.

In Std III the topic dealt with was the mouth with particular emphasis on the teeth. It seems quite incredible that there is enough subject matter here to keep the children busy for a whole year on meaningful themes and projects. The whole school has been drawn into one of their projects where they have conducted a survey on toothpaste, toothbrushes and dental floss. Dr Donnelly, one of our dentist dads, has assisted us by bringing along all his paraphernalia for the girls to examine.

During the Second Quarter the Std IV health project was an assessment of the nutritional values of different kinds of food. Arrangements were made for the classes

to visit the Van Riebeeck Dairy in Parow to see the pasteurising and bottling processes and also to see how milk can be processed to produce a wide variety of dairy derivatives.

Mrs Purcell reports:

"We started off at the Visitor's Centre by seeing a film on the story of milk from the cow to the bottle and were then conducted around the factory. The noise was unbelievable — who would have thought that glass was so resilient? — but the tour was very systematic and most of the processes were self-evident. There is always something mesmerising about repetitive mechanical activities and we stood in hypnotised groups, watching rows of iron hands pick up rows of empty bottles and drop them into rows of little compartments on an endless conveyor belt. The highlight of the outing was at the end, when we returned to the Visitors' Centre and forty pairs of eyes bulged at the sight of a long table laden with cartons of fruit yoghurt and bottles of flavoured milk. We were invited to help ourselves and forty hands reached out instantly. As our tour guide insisted that everything had to go, it was with clear consciences that we swept the boards.

All in all, the outing was most successful and, in terms of seeing the number of guises in which milk, our most basic food, can appear, very revealing."

The Std I's visited the Butt-Trim factory in Epping this term where they were made very welcome by the Staff. They were introduced to all the processes of button making from the raw plastic through to the packing of the finished product. Each child was provided with a plastic bag in which to collect samples of the various processes. The experiences of the morning were crystallised as the children were given opportunities to express themselves orally and through their art.

Homes through the Ages, homes typical of various countries and important homes in Cape Town were studied by the Std I's. These lessons culminated in a visit to Groot Constantia and the children produced a very successful drawing of Cape Dutch architecture after their most enjoyable outing.

At School in the Wilds in November, the different forms of energy will be discussed and it was with this in mind that the Std III teachers arranged a visit to Mostert's Mill, where they discovered that wind could be used as a source of energy. The girls then went on to Long Street in Cape Town to see Morris the Weaver. This outing was arranged as an extension of the work done in Geography on Sheep Farming. The girls were shown how new raw wool is carded and then spun on a spinning wheel. The different kinds of looms and how weaving is done were explained. Both these visits were most interesting and informative.

Mrs Purcell reports on the Std IV outing to the Boulders: "Often one's observation of one's surroundings is blunted by their familiarity. One perceives in generalisations, seeing only what one expects to see. This can happen with children when they are accustomed to a routine — their perceptions and, consequently, their descriptions of what they are seeing or experiencing can also become routine and, perhaps inevitably, dull.

We arranged the outing to The Boulders to provide a stimulus for descriptive writing. The girls were each given a worksheet to complete, made up of questions and projects requiring brief appropriately-worded descriptions as answers. The beach is very familiar ground, but on a beautiful day (we were lucky!), in a magnificent setting and on a Monday morning with the whole class in mufti, the atmosphere almost forces one to view everything afresh.

We travelled by train from Harfield Road and walked from Simonstown station, negotiating the road repairs where necessary. After that, a swim was definitely essential. The few other inhabitants of the beach looked mildly surprised to see the well-laden hordes descending two by two on to the beach, but maintained a brave front. The boulders themselves cried out for exploration, as did the rock pools. Collecting minute pink shells was another very popular and competitive occupation. With all the activity, most people were ravenous and surreptitiously finished their lunch well before half-past eleven!

Walking back to Simonstown station, in a rather straggly and unburned line, seemed to take forever, but we did not miss the train or lose anyone en route. The outing triggered off enough ideas for several days of English work and its purpose was more than fulfilled."

These extracts give an idea of the wide variety of experiences the girls have enjoyed. Nevertheless, you will appreciate that the aim is not pleasure for pleasure's sake, but using the commonplace to enrich our teaching.

How does one evaluate spiritual growth? Perhaps this is the most difficult quality to assess, and who are we to try to judge success or failure? Nevertheless, this is an important aspect of education and if we neglect it, we are the poorer. It takes courage in this day and age to stand firm for the principles one tries to live by. As a Christian School we try to help the girls to follow Christian standards. To "love your neighbour as yourself", should be such a natural path to follow yet, as they grow older, the girls seem to find this very difficult. It is not made any easier for them either, by the materialistic outlook they encounter on all sides. However, in our prayers before school every day, we try to point to the love God bears for each of us and we try to carry out in practice, "Love one another as I have loved you." Sportsmanship is a quality which we try to inculcate. It is surely embodied in the Seventh Commandment. To be able to congratulate another on her success when you have failed yourself, is a hard lesson to learn.

Our Scripture classes cover the better-known stories of both the Old and the New Testament, the life of Jesus and the teachings of St Paul. If we are faithful in the

teaching of the Scriptures the girls should have a solid foundation on which to build. Mrs Hammond and Mrs Snyders continue to run the Scripture Union Group on Wednesdays at lunch time. Those who attend have been made aware of the deeper implications of "being a Christian". We thank these ladies for all the time and effort they put into this work. We thank Mrs Hammond too for taking prayers on Tuesday evenings with the Junior Boarders.

The full responsibility of Christian teaching does not fall on the School alone and here we plead for your co-operation. An excuse note written for a child who has no valid reason for such a note causes a conflict in the child's mind — there are now two sets of standards. The children look to us, and it is the grave responsibility of both parents and teachers to set a worthy example for them to follow. There should be no doubt in their minds as to whether an action is honest or dishonest, right or wrong. The adults in their lives, are there to guide and point the way and we should not hesitate to stand firm when our children try to get away with half-truths.

On the cultural side we have had many successes and we are proud of the music, ballet and speech pupils who did so well in their examinations. In the Royal Schools of Music examinations, Alexia Billings, Jessica Opie, Karen Snyders, Lucy Burns, Fenella Growse and Alison Hundleby received distinction. In the Royal Academy of Dancing Examinations Catherine Southern (Primary) and Dale Hosking (Grade IV) were awarded Honours; Bennita Oswell gained Commended in her Performers Examination Level I. For this examination, the girls are trained not only in technique but also dance quality and awareness of other performers. In the Speech examination Nicola Lloyd-Roberts and Bridget Chapman obtained Honours. In congratulating the pupils, we should not forget the many hours of preparation put in by the teachers and we thank them for their dedication. The Std V Class is specially mentioned for their winning of the Mavis Scott Floating Trophy for Choral Verse Speaking in the Eisteddfod.

Mrs Bray reports on the Std V visit to the Malay Quarter and the Book Fair:

"In April the Std V's went on an outing to the Malay Quarter. This visit was a prelude to the History to be covered in the second term — the study of the Muslim Religion and of the Cape Malays.

Our outing started at one of the Mosques where Mr Schroeder gave a most interesting talk about the Cape Malays, their religion and their customs. From there we visited a Malay café where the girls were able to buy Samosas. Then we took time to wander through the Quarter looking at the old cobbled streets and the houses, many of which were in the process of being restored. Our wanderings led us to the old graveyard at the top of Longmarket Street which, unfortunately, has been

badly neglected. From there we visited the Bo-Kaap Museum which we all found most interesting. Then it was into the cars and off to Signal Hill to have a picnic lunch and to visit the shrine there. This outing proved to be a good foundation for the work which was to follow and made it all so much more 'alive' for the girls.

"The Book Fair was held at the Civic Centre as part of the Cape Town Festival. It was interesting for the girls to browse around and see the wide choice of books on show, but the highlight of the outing was when we all sat down to listen to a most interesting talk by a Publisher. The number of questions the girls asked afterwards was indicative of the interest with which they had listened. Then followed a talk by a "real live poet" who spoke to the girls about writing poetry and then read them some of his poems. We had been writing poetry in class so this made his talk doubly interesting. We bought a book of his poems which he autographed for us and it is now in the School Library."

Mrs Hanekom describes the Std IV visit to Hirt & Carter the Lithographers. "At the beginning of the second term Std IV visited Hirt & Carter as we had studied ancient writing and the history of print. Mr Hirt explained the process of transferring accurate colour into print and then escorted us around the works. He explained and answered the many questions as we went from the Typesetting to the Photography and Art Sections and then finally to the press. It was interesting for the girls to see that PRINT is not just the PRESS and they were fascinated by the many processes. On our return the classes discussed what they had seen and learnt and then wrote about the process of Colour Print in their books. Mr Hirt was amazed to see how accurately some of the girls had managed to assess the difficult process."

Mrs Roberts tells of the Std I visit to the World of Birds: "As an introductory study of birds is part of the Std II Science syllabus, it seemed appropriate to take the children to the "World of Birds" in Hout Bay. Here over 2000 birds can be seen in relatively natural surroundings, especially the smaller birds which are housed in large aviaries permitting more freedom of movement. An interconnected system of aviaries allows one to walk among the birds and observe them at very close range.

In two science lessons prior to the visit we had discussed the integral relationship between body structure, especially feet, legs and beaks and adaptation to habitat and diet.

The children were instructed to choose five birds which particularly interested them and to note shape of beak and other defining characteristics. These details were recorded on separate questionnaires as the children walked around and hence they took clipboards and pencils with them. As four mothers accompanied the three teachers, we were able to split into groups of eight: seven children to one adult. (There is a strict ruling that children be accompanied by an adult and supervised closely). I encouraged my group to make

their choice of birds after they had seen quite a number. As we had time to walk through the complex twice, many chose their birds on the second trip. We were fortunate to be able to see many birds sitting on clutches of eggs. The spotted eagle owls are inclined to be vicious when brooding so their aviary was partly shut off but we could observe them through the netting. Of particular interest to us were the birds of prey, kestrels, kites and eagles, especially a beautiful Martial eagle, which we had discussed in the previous lesson. The children were highly amused by the antics of the red-winged starlings which are quite exceptionally tame and try to steal any novel bright object which attracts their attention.

We spent an hour and a half observing the birds and then returned to School. The children were given short additional roneoed notes on the birds they had selected and a start was made on a project in their Science books.

The excursion was a valuable lesson in observing, recording, identifying and classifying, skills indispensable to the scientific method."

This year Mrs Saffery has tried a new idea with the Std V's - a Play Festival. Instead of producing a play herself, she chose 3 plays and divided the girls into groups. Each group has chosen a producer who has produced the play, with help from Mrs Saffery. The plays will be performed for the parents at the end of the term and an adjudicator will award a prize to the winner. It has been interesting to watch from the sidelines and see what the girls have been able to do on their own.

We are delighted with Amelia Opie's success in being awarded first prize in her section in the International Children's Art Exhibition in Savona in Italy earlier this year. Alison Hundley did extremely well to be awarded second place in the Skaife Competition for Junior Biologists, and we are very proud of her achievement.

The Preparatory School Music Concert forms one of the highlights of the year's musical activities and the Concert this June proved to be no exception. Primarily organised by Miss Ruttle, the entire music staff was involved in the preparation and presentation of just over an hour's music. Featuring both solo items and group activities, the programme ranged from flute and piano solos, to the performance of an operetta by the Std II's. Watched by what can only be described as a capacity audience, the children performed with an infectious zest, delight and no mean professionalism, all of which contributed to an evening thoroughly enjoyed by audience and performers alike. Another equally enjoyable and furthermore, educational, undertaking was the attendance of two of the annual "Music is Fun" concerts at the Baxter Theatre during the second term. Children from Stds I-V were introduced to the worlds of wind instruments and opera under the expert and witty guidance of Mr Jimmy Reinders and Assoc. Prof. Desiree Talbot of the College of Music, U.C.T., both of whom were ably assisted by a willing group of student supporters. A great deal was learnt from the expeditions and it is hoped to continue them next year.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL HAPPENINGS



The girls look on with interest at a sheep being shorn.



The Sub A's and B's pose with the fireman on a fire engine.

MODELS



Roshan-Ara Karjeikar and Caroline Tedder pose beside the Std. V "Spider Models".

Two music workshops have been held where the girls have gained valuable experience in playing to each other and their parents. Several Prep music pupils play in the School orchestra. They have played several times to the Senior School and once at the Preparatory School.

A new venture this year has been the fortnightly display of work in the vestibule. Each class has had its turn to show its creative writing, art or project work. I think everyone, parents, staff and girls have been amazed by the variety, quality and amount of work produced. It has served as a stimulus and point of interest, and it has not been unusual to see groups of girls before and after school and at break times quietly digesting the material.

This year we decided to have our own Blisters for Bread Walk and although we had a few headaches with the route and the crossings, it turned out to be a great success. We more than doubled the amount collected in the Preparatory School — R4256 as against R1508 last year. Girls brought roses on Rose Day to be sold in aid of Child Welfare and we have donated our charity money to the Nighthaven Shelter in Greenpoint and St Michael's Home. We also supported the Tombola Stall at the Community Carnival — girls brought bottles filled or empty and this took the form of an Inter-House Competition.

Thank you for all your hard work in collecting newspapers for us. We have raised R280 so far and this money is to be used on Overhead Projector Sheets and film strips. The portion that was left over from last year was used on new Library books which were set out for the girls to see.

We were pleased to welcome Mrs J. Purcell, Mrs L. Hanekom and Mrs S. Carstens to the Preparatory School at the beginning of the year. Owing to ill-health, Mrs Carstens left us and her place was ably filled in a temporary capacity by Mrs J. Roberts.

After five years at Herschel Miss Cohen leaves us in December to get married. She has been a most loyal member of Staff; she has taken on any extra duties with a smile, and has given herself whole-heartedly to her teaching. We wish her well in her new life.

Mrs L. Hanekom will also be leaving us at the end of the year and we thank her for her genuine interest in the girls and for the way she fostered a family spirit in her classroom. We hope that she will be happy in her new sphere of work.

Regretfully, we are also losing Miss Ruttie, who has taught singing in the lower part of the School and been responsible for the formation of the orchestra — no mean feat! Although she has enjoyed being here, she has decided to return to England and our good wishes go with her.

We are sorry to be saying goodbye to Mrs Longmore who has taught music and recorder here for many years. She will be missed both by her pupils and in the Staffroom.

My thanks go to Miss Geldard, Mrs Gillham, Mrs Davies and the Staff who in various ways have contributed so

much to the fullness of life in the Preparatory School. My thanks also to the Office, Catering and Domestic Staff who quietly and efficiently go about their duties, leaving me to mine, with a quiet and easy mind.

Ad Dei Gloriam

P.R. BROWN

Kindergarten News

Staff

We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to three teachers in June this year. Mrs Howson in the Pre-Prep left to have a baby. We congratulate her and her husband on the safe arrival of their son. Mrs Ball's husband was transferred to Kimberley and Mrs Spiro is now teaching at Lansdowne Preparatory. We welcomed Mrs Potter to the Pre-Prep, Mrs Butler to Sub A and Mrs Verdelli to Sub B. These teachers settled down quickly and have proved to be most valuable new members of the Staff.

Outings

We have been on some very interesting and rewarding outings. At St James, with Mrs Martin's help, we learned all about the creatures in the rock pools. We have seen Coca-Cola being bottled, bread being baked at Attwell's Bakery, fish being processed at Irvin and Johnson and eggs hatching at Grove Poultry Farm. The Fire Brigade at Bellville gave us a most exciting display, putting out real fires, climbing up the outside of the Training Tower and allowing the girls to clamber all over the fire engines. Mr Pentz saved us a long journey by bringing a sheep to School to be sheared. My thanks to all the mothers who helped with transport and so made these outings possible and easy to organise.

Mini Walk

When we heard that the "big girls" were going on a sponsored walk to Kirstenbosch to raise money for the Peninsula School Feeding, the K.G. decided to have their own Mini-Walk round the outside of the school and through the Park. The Pre-Prep, Sub A and Sub B girls nearly all managed to walk round six times and we raised R1229.94. Our thanks to all the mothers who watched and walked the route, gave and served cool drink and helped to make this such a fun time.

Pre-Prep Library

At a parents meeting a suggestion was made that the Pre-Prep Library had a "birthday" and that each child in the class would give it a new book as a present. This suggestion was carried out, parents choosing a book from a display at School and the Library has proved to be a great success. We hope that the Pre-Prep Library will have a birthday every year.

I would like to thank Mrs Mills and Mrs Burgoyne who have helped with needlework this term, Mrs Brown for her ready advice and the K.G. Staff for their hard work and support this year.

MARGUERITE DAVIES (Head of Kindergarten).

Games Report

This year there has been a welcome increase in the number of girls making use of the extra coaching offered in tennis, diving, squash and gymnastics. It is encouraging

to see the interest shown, particularly by the younger girls. Hopefully this will increase the strength and determination of our teams.



SWIMMING TEAM

4th Row Standing: J. Opie, V. Sass, H. Botma, C. Tedder, A. Bergman, K. Christie.

3rd Row Standing: C. McGhie, J. Hardy, Y. Peters, M. Honig, J. Saunders, L. Challis, C. Christie.

Seated: C. Symons, L. Haldane, N. Caine (Captain), Mrs V. Gray, J. Clark, F. Gilliland, S. Smuts.

Front: N. van Zyl, D. Hosking, S. Mayer, K. Donnelly.

Swimming

A few galas were held on Saturday mornings as a build up to the Inter-Schools Gala which was held at Newlands. Competition was keen and after an enjoyable afternoon of swimming we took third position with our open team doing exceptionally well. Each pupil participated in the Inter-House Gala, either in a championship event or a fun race. The finale was the teachers' race and none of us will forget Mrs Timoney, looking like Mary Poppins, disappearing through the rubber tubel Merriman was the victor followed by Jagger and Rolt. Nicola Caine is to be congratulated on once again being selected to represent Western Province Schools.

Diving

A tremendous amount of enthusiasm was shown by all those taking diving and it is pleasing to see how many girls are participating in this sport. The Inter-House Cup

was won by Jagger with Merriman second and Rolt third. We tied for second position at Inter-Schools and would like to thank the coach, Mrs Whitson, for her patience and the extra time she put in to help the divers.

Tennis

This year we have had as many as 80 girls receiving tennis coaching. As we participate in the Primary Schools Tennis League it is disappointing that we only manage to get teams into the thirteenth and fourteenth leagues with mediocre results. There has, however, been an improvement in the standard of tennis since the first term so hopefully we shall be able to enter teams into higher leagues next year. The Inter-Schools was held at the Rondebosch Courts and we were knocked out in the first round. The Inter-House matches will begin after the final examinations are over.

Sports Day

Sports Day turned out to be a happy occasion with every girl participating. Some of the girls excelled in the athletic events while the fun races were done with equal determination. Merriman was victorious with Jagger and Roit following.

Netball

Six teams participated in the weekly matches and as

we had a dry winter we played many games, gaining much experience. The Open B team did extremely well this season by winning all their matches. All players need to learn the importance of playing together as a team. The Inter-House Cup was won by Jagger, with Roit second and Merriman third. Inter-Schools was held at Sans Souci and proved to be an exciting afternoon of netball.



OPEN B NETBALL

Standing: L. Challis, C. Isted, S. Murray, J. Growse, C. Tedder.
Seated: K. Pratt (Captain), Mrs V. Gray, G. Hunt.

Hockey

Towards the end of the winter season we managed to field three teams and a number of matches were played with relative success and much enjoyment. Many Std IV's are also learning the game which has proved to be popular. The cup for the Inter-House Event was won by Merriman.

Gymnastics Club

A serious attempt has been made to give the pupils an opportunity to learn gymnastics. A committee has been formed and new equipment purchased. We have been fortunate enough to obtain the services of three coaches to assist with the coaching. A display was held in the fourth term with pupils from Pre-Prep to Std V

involved. We were privileged to have a few elite gymnasts and a Springbok participating in the display. It proved to be a most successful evening and we hope that the club will go from strength to strength. Deborah Bonner represented Western Province again this year.

Squash

We have had a handful of very enthusiastic girls receiving coaching and we hope to increase the numbers in the future. We were beaten at the Inter-Schools held at Goodwood. By the end of the year there was a great improvement in squash, especially among the younger players. Inter-House results were very close with Jagger the winner, followed closely by Merriman and Roit.

V. GRAY



GYMNASTICS CLUB

5th Row: M. Godson, C. Glover, V. Ricketts, M. Milner, A. Baker, K. Donnelly.
 4th Row: W. de Gruchy, S. Woode, J. Hendry, Y. Peters, L. Horn, C. Symons, D. Carson.
 3rd Row: R. Leith, K. Jensen, L. Haldane, T. Coleman, L. Freeman, S. Hardy, M. Hendry, J. Wimbush.
 2nd Row: B. Godson, B. Sherrard, L. Glover, Mrs V. Gray, S. Jaffe, J. Malan, C. Kohler.
 Front: J. Foster.

Original Work

MY MAGIC FINGER

One bright summer's day I took my cat outside to play with the flowers. She was just going to dab a flower when up the road came that naughty little Tom Brown. He tried not to let me see him pick up some stones and throw them at my cat. I started to see red. I pointed the magic finger at him. At once he turned into a mouse and my cat started to chase him around the garden. Just as my cat was going to eat Tom I pointed the magic finger at him. At once he changed into a normal boy.

Jeanne Malherbe, Std. I

I AM A RAINDROP

I am a raindrop and my name Patter. I live in a cloud. The cloud I live in is very bouncy. I love to slide down the rainbow and climb up half way. But one day I could not stop myself. I went sliding down to the earth. I fell into a gutter. I began to swim. I thought it was fun, but just then I saw a big fish. I got scared. I began to cry. Father Sun heard me cry and sent a star to come and fetch me.

Amelia Opie, Std. I

A MAGIC BIRD

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little bird who wanted to cross the ocean. On its way it saw beneath it a ship. It was in trouble. The bird flew down to help the people. There was a terrible hurricane. The bird started singing the most beautiful magic song and made the hurricane disappear.

Beatriz Villegas, Std. I

A STORM

One evening when I was sitting in front of the fire drinking hot cocoa, there was a huge wind that suddenly came up. Clouds were rushing across the sky and a storm was brewing. I was glad to be inside. I heard a knock at the door. When I opened it a fairy with wet wings was standing in the wind and rain. Her toadstool house had been blown down. I offered to let her sleep by the fire and in the morning the storm had gone and so had the fairy. On the table was a golden necklace and when I wear it I think of the stormy night long ago.

Joanna Bell, Std. I

THE MAGIC BIRD

Once there was a little grey bird. He did not have colourful feathers, he was only grey, so no one liked him very much at all. He could not even sing nicely. All the other birds teased him. Then one day, when the weather was cloudy and the little grey bird was in his nest, he wished that he could sing beautifully. Just then he began to sing, he sang and he sang. He remembered that he was ugly and he began to cry. All the tears ran over his grey feathers and washed them. He was not grey any more, he was colourful and all the birds loved him.

Sandra van Hoogstraten, Std. I

MY MAGIC HAT

One day I was in my garden looking at the flowers, when a pretty hat flew into the garden. I picked it up and put it on my head. Suddenly I became a tiny little bee. I had yellow hair and black feelers. I looked down at the rest of my body. I am Maja, I said I am really Maja. I went to the water to feel how cold it was. Shoo, it's so cold. I went to the barn house. Everything was so big for me. Daddy came into the barnhouse. It looked as if a giant was coming into the barnhouse. I was so scared I flew out of the barnhouse and found the hat. There was a little gap. I crawled under the hat and became myself again.

Karlyn Hebin, Std. I

A MAGIC BIRD

Once there was a little blackbird, his name was Radiant. Oh how I wish I was beautiful, said Radiant. The moment that Radiant wished was a magic moment and in all magic moments all wishes come true, so he turned a beautiful golden hue. Now I am lovely, he thought, and he strutted around. While he was strutting he fell into a pot of black paint left by a human and got back his old colour and one day he'll be glad of it.

Elisabeth Mallet, Std. I

THE COUNTRYSIDE

A wonderful place to play
Is the countryside ever so gay.
One of the things I love to see
Is a vast gigantic coconut tree.
The bees like the pollen from flowers
They fly down in tremendous showers.
When I take my dog for walks
We walk among the flower stalks.
So if you want to go and play
Remember what I told you today.

Claire Howse, Std. I

CHARN

They walked through the deserted courtyard. It was very depressing to be in a place like it. The sun hung low and didn't give much heat. It was so dreary and silent that you could hear your own heart beat and footfalls. The two children walked and walked. They saw shops and buildings that people had bought from but now everything was dead.

Vanessa Jacobs, Std. II

"Hocus Focus whirl and blow,
I want the nails of the people I know.
I want the eyes of a green-spotted frog,
The one that lives in that muddy bog.
I will need the tears of a crocodile
The one who's almost as long as a mile.
I will search this world far and wide
For all these things and some elephant hide.
I will get all these things to make a spell
I will mix all these things in the cave where I dwell."

Janet Howse, Std. II

SOUNDS I LIKE

The hollow sound of horses trotting on a far road.
The drawn out, bold sound of the cock.
The quiet purr of the sewing machine.
The echoing song of the birds in a wood.
The high, piercing sound of a cricket.
The sharp, cold rattle of hail on a roof.

Karen Preiss, Std. II

THE WOOD BETWEEN THE WORLDS

It was a warm, quiet place where a dim, green light fell upon the bed of dead leaves. It had a kind of spell that made you sleepy and forgetful. There were pools of water lying about and each one took you to another world. It was a rather extraordinarily fertile place. Polly and Digory noticed that the sun there must be very young and hot to shine through all those leaves and still be warm.

Virginia Tiffin, Std. II

FLOWER SHOES

There was a little rabbit whose name was Floppy. One day Floppy went into the wood where he saw a butterfly, and chased it till he was lost. He saw an elf sitting under a toadstool. So Floppy said "I am lost will you help me". "Yes" said the elf and told some fairies to go and fetch petals from the flowers.

So when the fairies gave them to him he started to sew them together till he made some shoes. Then he touched them with his magic wand. He said, "Go and put them on" and suddenly Floppy lifted off the ground and started flying. He said, "Thank you very much" and he flew up into the sky and all the way home. At night when he is in bed, he leaves them on the mat.

Kirsten Jensen, Std. II

A BUSY BEACH

Shouts from the people —
Screams of delight
At the old ice-cream man,
Yum-Yum for the sausage —
Roar of the fire
As the young couple braai.
Clank of the shells —
Reflection of the sun
From the bright, red bucket.
Tip-Tap go the hooves —
The joy of the children
At the ponies on the beach.
The bang of the bat —
The gliding of the ball
From the game of bat 'n ball.

Charmian Prescott, Std. II

THE SEA

The sea has a whirl and a swirl;
It dives and dodges,
It reaches for the sky,
And who knows why? Not I!
Sometimes it bubbles
Sometimes it's trouble
For the men at sea.
The waves are shaking
They're suddenly waking
And then they're breaking
On the golden sand.

Tessa Mills, Std. II

AT THE SEASIDE

When I go to the seaside
I hear a wet ball squish against a dry bat.
The children splashing about in the water
And grownups talking to one another.
The cry of a seagull overhead as he wheels around our lunch,
As I lie on my towel,
I hear the sand go crunch under their feet.
In a quieter part of the beach
Small children sit round a pool looking for little fish
and crabs.

Fiona Sass, Std. II

STARS

Silently the stars go by
'Tis a beautiful night to go by, to go by
Across the sky to East from West
Round the sun they go they go
So like diamonds in the sky.

Christie Peters, Std. III

WINTER

To me winter means cold, wet rain, slimy leaves, warm
fluffy blankets tightly wrapped around me.
It also means smelling potato soup on the stove and
smelling supper, coffee and tea. In the afternoon you
smell the warm, crackling fire and in the morning you
smell a lovely fresh smell of the grass.
You see the cars skidding down the slippery streets and
you see wet people walking in the streets. In your garden
you sometimes see red berry trees and in summer they
all fall off.
When it is windy the branches sway and everybody's
nose is red.
There are waterfalls on the mountains and cloudy skies.
It is sometimes very nice in winter.

Karen Snyders, Std. III

THE BIG BLACK SPIDER

I feel that if I saw it I would shiver and shake and I would
be so scared that I would burst like a plastic bag.
It looks so scary, the big black spider.
The spider has a big black oval shaped body and the
feelers scared me.
They looked as if he was just trying to step a little nearer
every time I looked more scared.
Its big red bright eyes look like lights flashing at me.
Its legs are bent, spiky and hairy.
It scuttles along quite quickly and it makes a noise like,
dada da die di.
The web is big and strong and in the morning the dew
on it looks beautiful.
At the end I screamed and ran out of the room.

Diana Carson, Std. III

THE BITTER WELL OF MARAH

The Israelites were tired by now, and even Moses, their
leader, was worried, but did not show it. They had
walked a long way, and were fed up. Eventually one
of the crowd asked Moses when they would get a drink.
Moses assured them it was just a little way ahead. He
was right! Ahead of them there was a big well. Every-
one ran to get water, but it was bitter! They said to
Moses, "Why did you let us drink this?" Everyone was
arguing with him. Moses calmed them and left them,
to pray to the Lord. When he returned he told them
to cut down a certain tree. They did so. It fell into
the water. "Drink," he said. Eventually everyone was
drinking. To their surprise the water was fresh. After-
wards they continued on their way.

Bridget Chapman, Std. III

WAVES

White waves wash the shore,
And sometimes waves are wicked, for
Very often they pull back the weak.
Every time this happens lifesavers' boats will
leak.
So mind the waves next time you swim.

Debbie Bonner, Std. III

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

Once there was a witch called Randa the Terrible. Well, she lived in a little house in the woods. If you go into her house you will see cobwebs and hear wailing sounds. If you have a dress on she will kill you. But if you have dark hair she will lock you up in a cupboard. Her house is very bare. It has a kitchen and a funny little room with pictures of a wizard all over. Under the pictures it says "I love you" or "Missing you disgustingly" and so on. She has a big pointed hat and a long black cloak with black socks and big black wellingtons. In the morning she goes and finds little children and eats their noses and their eyes. But sometimes she only eats frogs and their eggs. She also eats rats hearts. She lives in a wood called Disaster Hill Wood. In the night she tries to make the wind blow so that there will be a storm. She has a room with a sign on the door saying "Please do not come in!!!" She is about seventy-five years old and has wrinkles all over her face. She is so fat that you can see that her dress is splitting at the seams.

Claire Sneddon, Std. III

IN THE COUNTRY

In the holidays we went to stay on a farm in the country. The name of the farm was Sweet Valley. In the country there were rivers with tiny ripples. Around the rivers were bulrushes and in the bulrushes lived the frogs. The sky was blue and I could see some faint clouds in the sky. I sometimes saw animals. In the fields there were workers that worked lazily in the hot sun. There were flowers with insects sitting in them and flying round them.

I smell lovely smells in the morning. I could smell the dew and the fresh pine needles. There were chestnuts scattered around and they smell lovely.

I could hear the rustle of leaves and the frogs croaking loudly. I could hear the soft noises of the animals. I also heard carts going by.

Alison MacNab, Std. III

A DESCRIPTION OF A BABY

A baby is sometimes naughty. Most are fat, sweet, funny, greedy and usually wet. They are always born with blue eyes and pink wrinkled skin. By the time they leave the hospital they are far prettier to look at.

I remember the first day my brother came home from hospital he was hardly any trouble, he just slept and drank.

One day I came home and found all my papers torn up and my pencils on the floor. That was when the trouble started. He threw all the things he could find on the floor, and I had to do all the packing away again.

Although babies make a lot of work they can also be great fun, because they learn so many new things every day. By the time they are one, most babies can walk and even say a few words. I think my baby brother must be one of the naughtiest, but I would not swap him for anything in the world.

Natasha van Zyl, Std. III

EK BESOEK DIE TANDARTS

My tandarts se naam is dr. Grobler. Vandag gaan ek hom besoek. Gister het ek wakker geword met 'n baie seer tandpyn. My ma het die tandarts se sekretaresse gebel om 'n afspraak te maak.

Ek is nou in die wagkamer. Daar is baie tydskrifte. Ek het twee tydskrifte gelees en toe het die verpleegster vir my geroep.

Ek is nou in die tandarts se spreekkamer. Ek sit op die groot stoel. Hy sit die borslappie om my nek. Hy het in my mond gekyk en in een van my tande was daar 'n klein gaatjie. Die tand was baie sleg. Hy het vir my 'n inspruiting gegee en toe het hy die tand uitgetrek. Dit was baie seer en ek het gehuil, maar ek is bly want dit het gou beter geword.

Samantha Bailey, Std. 3A

EK WAS VIR PA DIE MOTOR

Ek wou na die bioskoop gaan maar ek het al my sakgeld gebruik. Toe het ek vir my pa gaan vra of ek die motor kan was. My pa sê ja, en ek is bly. Toe trek Pa die motor uit die motorhuis en sit dit op die grasperk.

Ek gaan in die huis en neem 'n emmer en sit 'n bietjie waspoeder daarin. Dan gaan ek na die kraan en tap water daarin. Ek het 'n paar lappies en een spons geneem. Ek neem alles na die grasperk en sit dit op die grond. Die water skuim lekker. Ek sit my spons in die water en vee die vensters. Dan neem ek 'n lappie omdat die spons vuil is. Ek vee die deure en die kap. Ek gaan weer na die huis en haal die stofsuier. Ek het dit by die prop ingesteek. Ek maak die binnekant van die motor skoon.

Toe gaan haal ek my moeder en vader om hulle te wys en hulle gee vir my R2,50.

Jessica Opie, Std. 3A

MY VERJAARDAG

Ek is baie opgewonde want môre is dit my verjaarsdag en ek sal 'n partytjie hou. Eers het ek uitnodigings aan vyf van my maats op my nuwe skryfpapier geskryf en dit na die poskantoor geneem. Toe het ek die kaftjies vir die bioskoop en ook koeldrank, 'n koek, skyfies en lekkers gekoop.

Die volgende dag toe ek wakker geword het, het Ma my kamer binne gestap en vir my gesê: "Veels geluk met jou verjaarsdag". Toe het sy vir my 'n radio gegee. Ek was baie bly oor my present en het vir Ma dankie gesê en vir haar en Pa gesoen.

Ek het my radio op my bed gesit, opgestaan en my klere aangetrek. Toe het ek Ma gehelp om die kos en lekkers op die tafel te sit. Daar was die koek, sjokolade, skyfies, koeldrank, lekkers en hoendervleis om te eet.

Om elfuur het my maats opgedaag en ons het die lekker-nye geniet. Toe ons klaar was, het ons na die bioskoop toe gegaan om na die film te kyk. Die film was baie interessant en ek het baie daarvan gebou. Toe het almal huis toe gegaan. Dit was 'n heerlike dag.

Natasha van Zyl, Std. III

'N MOTORONGELUK

Op 'n dag het ek en my ma in die motor gery om ons inkopies by die naburige winkel te doen.

Skielik het 'n groot rooi motor dwars deur die rooi verkeerslig gery en met ons gebots. Vir vyf minute het ek net gelê; ek het groot geskrik, en my arm was baie seer. Toe het my been 'n bietjie seer begin voel. Toe het ek opgekyk. Daar was my ma; haar been het gelyk asof sy dit gebreek het en haar gesig was net glas en bloed. Toe ek opkyk, het ek die sitplekke gesien. Ons was onderstebo. Daar was skielik 'n geraas en baie arms het my uitgetrek. Toe is ek in 'n bed gesit en ons het wegger. Langs my was my ma. Haar oë was toe en sy het gelyk asof sy aan die slaap is. Toe is ons na die hospitaal toe geneem en in beddens gesit.

'n Paar dae later het ek wakker geword en my ma se oë, wat al die dae toe was, was nou oop. Ek was so bly dat ek uit die bed gespring het en vir haar 'n soentjie gegee het. My arm was gebreek maar my ma het 'n arm gebreek, haar baie seer gekrap en haar voet was in 'n gips.

Binne 'n paar dae het ons weer huis toe gegaan.

L. Haldane, Std. IVA

ONS STAD, KAAPSTAD

Die Stad waar ek woon is baie mooi. Dit het baie mooi strate soos Adderleystraat en Pleinstraat. Daar is ook winkels soos die Goue Akker, Stuttafords, Edgars, Garlicks en Woolworths. Ons het ook 'n kasteel. Dit is meer as drie honderd jaar oud. Daar is vyf bastions. Een van die name is Buren.

Ons het ook 'n universiteit in Kaapstad. Baie mense gaan daar om te leer. Daar is die Kaapstadse Biblioteek. Dit is 'n baie groot en mooi biblioteek.

Daar is ook berge. Ons het Tafelberg, Duiwelspiek, Leeukop en die Twaalf Apostels. Wanneer die wind in die somer waai en die wolke oor die berg kom sal ons dit lyk soos 'n tafeldoek.

Nazeema Ahmed, Std. 3A

EK WAS VIR PA DIE MOTOR

Eendag het ek vir Pa die motor gewas. Hy het die motor op die grasperk geparkeer terwyl ek die lappe, waspoeier, 'n emmer, die tuinslang, politoer en 'n stofsuier gekry het.

Ek het die emmer vol water getap en die waspoeier bygesit. Ek het 'n lap in die emmer gesit en die hele motor met seepwater gewas. Toe het ek die tuinslang gebruik om die seep af te kry.

Ek het nog 'n lap geneem om die motor droog te maak. Toe het ek die binnekant met die stofsuier skoongekry. Ek het ook die lekkergoed papiere ensovoorts uitgeneem. Ek het die politoer aangesmeer en 'n minuut later afgevee. Pa het vir my drie rand gegee.

Bridget Chapman, Std. III

'N DAG OP DIE PLAAS

Eendag het my vriendin Natasha my na haar pa se plaas uitgenooi. Toe ek op die plaas aankom groet Natasha vir my. Sy neem my kombuis toe en kry vir ons in koppie koeldrank en 'n beskuitjie.

Toe wys Natasha my hulle tuin. Die tuin is baie mooi. Natasha se ma kweek baie blomme in die blomtuin. Toe loop ons werf toe. Haar vader boer met koeie, perde, varke en hoenders. Die hoenders loop net op die werf rond, die koeie woon in die koeistal, die perde in die perdestal en die varke in die varkhok.

Natasha se vader kweek ook koring op die plaas. Die koring word in sakke gesit en die strooi word in bale gebind en dit is in die skuur gehou. Nou sê ek dankie vir Natasha en loop huis toe.

Debbie Bonner, Std. III

WINTER

Winter is a cold season. It might be raining, Pit-Pat, Pit-Pat. It might be snowing, Plop-Plop. It might even be windy, Whee-ee-ee, or a gale Whoo-oo-oo. In the sitting rooms there are crackling fires and lights shining through the curtains. People are sitting with hot drinks and soup. The smoke is curling up the chimneys. The people are probably talking about food and the cold. There are hardly any birds except for some seagulls. After breakfast I love to run around in the fresh air. The branches crackle as they fall.

Gail Fitzpatrick, Std. III

THE FAMILY NEXT DOOR

I think our neighbours are rather noisy, especially at night when they have music blaring until about 11 o'clock. Every morning all the Medediths' alarm clocks go off and carry on for about 2 minutes to inform the family to wake up. Then, when everybody wakes up, the dog barks to say good morning.

About ten o'clock in the morning the dog barks at the postman six houses away. Their son, when he brings his friends around, talks as loudly as he can with the pop-music deafening me. Every Sunday morning the father mows the lawn and then they have a braai and the smoke comes right into my house.

Their dog tears open all my rubbish bags and leaves tins, bones etc., lying in the road. At night, the lights are all on until about 11.30 so I can't get to sleep. Their father is always using a drill and hammering. Actually they aren't so bad they are quite kind and helpful.

Clare Meredith, Std. IV

POOKISNOOK

A Pookisnook is very kind and tame when it has been tamed. Males are more popular because females breed very quickly, even if they are on their own! You can teach them to sit on their back legs and even to do gymnastics. They live in clothes cupboards and in flowerbeds when they're kept outside.

They eat greens such as carrots, cabbage, lettuce, beans and peas. The young are called snooksters. They are born yellow with black stripes. They then turn brown, orange and red. These pets can help your parents a great deal. They can clean the carpet for Mum and wash the car for Dad. I have two Pookisnook adults and twenty-two babies. The mother can have up to seven babies at once!

Chantal Simonis, Std. IV

AN UNUSUAL PET

My Grandmother had an unusual pet. It was a crow. A black cheeky crow, that kept the farm in order. Any-one that the crow disliked would receive short but painful pecks. Its name was Jafda.

Jafda was feared and disliked by all the farm animals. He could imitate almost anything. One afternoon we were roused from tea by a commotion in the chicken run. There was clucking and squawking, so we all rushed out, to find a lone crow balancing on a pole entertaining itself. Jafda would sit on my grandmother's shoulder and eat tidbits during supper. He was the source of great amusement until the dreadful day when he drowned in the farm dam.

Lizette Preiss, Std. IV

SPRING IN CLAREMONT GARDENS

Spring has started at last. All the buds and shoots have popped their heads out of the dark black soil into the bright warm sunshine. The little birds are singing happily in the fresh green trees. If you look at some bees you will see lingering memories of winter. There are old brown leaves clinging stubbornly to some of the trees, while fresh young shoots are sprouting on the same branches.

Little Butterflies are slowly eating their way out of their chrysalis and fluttering about the many coloured flowers. The bees are humming about the flowers looking for pollen. Although they do not know it they are causing cross-pollination of the flowers. The smells of spring are everywhere, it smells of the sweet perfumes of the many different kinds of flowers.

Vanessa Sess, Std. IV

YELLOW

Yellow the colour of autumn
The fruit on the trees
The radiant sun beams
Spring clothes
Singing birds
Waving flowers
Shining gold
Peace and Happiness
My hair
Julie's lunch box on the window sill
The classroom door
Chalk on the board and parts of the map of Africa.

Kerry Hoffman, Std. IV

ME

Now I have peace
In the house
Cause my sister is going
Out
Late tonight.
Also my mother and father are going out,
So Tanya is coming to my
House tonight.
Unluckily my
Brother is going to be home.

Nicola Shub, Std. IV

THE MEANDERING RIVER

Marshy, swampy, reedy, slimy
Flowing sluggishly all the time
Horses and cows rest in the shade
Of the beautiful willows that were made
By your flowing river that dampens your bank
Where the little seed into the ground sweetly sank.

The meandering river peaceful and quiet
Out of noisy towns and peoples riot
Twisting turning to the sea
The water flows by quietly.

Michelle Milner, Std. IV

THOUGHTS ON THE STEEPLE

See the steeple on the church,
Up upon it the birds do perch,
Up, up high upon the steeple,
Looking down on tiny people,
So very small that they're like toys,
The mums and dads and girls and boys.

Pointing away up to the sky,
Higher, Higher, Higher, high!
The little village seems so small
Against the steeple, proud and tall
The weathercock sits up on top,
We look to see if the wind does drop.

In every town or village we go,
The line of steeple's sure to show.

Sally Orren, Std. IV

COLOURS

White is soft
White is gentle and kind
It is the colour of ice and snow
It is silent and unmoving
It wraps itself in a white cloud
And disappears.

Black is terrifying
Black is evil
It is full of nastiness
And hate
It has power over all
And is always to be obeyed.

Fran Knight, Std. V

MY FAVOURITE PART OF THE HOUSE

My favourite part of the house is the patio. Sitting there on the bench, I can see the brightly coloured garden with the orange Bougainvillea above my head. Farther away the beautiful view of a few suburbs is breathtaking. False Bay, decorated with white streaks and colourful sails, is enough to tell you that the wind is blowing in the favour of yachtsmen. Watching the sunset over the Hottentots Holland sweeps a veil of peace over you as you watch the delicate pink and orange colours fade away into the night sky. The twinkling lights go on, resembling a delightful diamond necklace. The moon makes an added attraction by spreading its glossy coat over the still, quiet waters.

Alison Hundleby, Std. V

A LIMERICK

There was a young man of U'castle
Who wrapped up a corpse in a parcel.
He sent it to Spain
With a note to explain
It was right from the knife of a rascal.

Jenny Saunders, Std. V

FIRE!

As it crackles and roars
The trees groan in agony
Creaking, slowly swaying
Then crashing down to earth.

The Fire gallops through the burning forest
Collecting the unscarred trees
And leaving heaps of ash.

It hisses at the stampede of animals
And reaches out to grab them
As it wooshes forward
The frantic flap of the fleeing birds
Imitates the fire
His victims have escaped.

The monster leaves behind burnt trees
And fleeing animals
Its anger subsides
Its job is done
So with one last satisfied sizzle
It dies.

Jane McKee, Std. V

"NIGHTMARE"

It was a hot summer's evening when I first saw her. Her glossy black coat mingled with the orange sunset. The white star on her forehead glistened with the evening dew, and her mane flew out behind her in a mass of knotted tangles. Her strong graceful legs galloped along bringing up handfuls of earth as she brought the pack of horses to a standstill with a neigh. Suddenly the trees seemed to part as if in answer, as a horse, his mane flying, came galloping down the hill towards the pack.

The mare threw back her head and snorted as she pawed the ground fiercely. Then I knew what was happening. The mare would fight the newcomer. The two horses snorted and the ground trembled as their hooves came down with a great force. Then came the sound of snorting and neighing as the two horses closed in. The pack of horses separated, their tails and manes flying, as they moved to have a closer look at the fight.

The sun had gone down between the mountains and the moon shone with great force down on a horse that galloped away, his tail between his legs, towards the trees in the distance.

I opened my eyes and saw the mare with her pack. She stood poised with her right foot raised. How gallant she looked silhouetted against the dark sky. And then the name came to me, "Nightmare". The mare threw up her head as if in answer, then galloped away leading her pack behind her. Her neighing made me turn around and I saw her mane fly along with those graceful legs as I whispered, "Nightmare", to nothing except silent darkness.

Joanne Clark, Std. VA

VASGEKEER IN 'N MYN

Toe ek verlede vakansie in Kimberley was, het my oom my na die diamantmyn geneem. Hy is 'n ingenieur van een van die grootste departemente in die myn. Ek was baie opgewonde want dit was die eerste keer wat ek in so 'n plek was. Ons het in 'n hyser, saam met baie ander nuuskierige mense soos ek, afgedaal. Onder in die myn was dit taamlik benoud en drukkend en ek het baie ongerieflik gevoel. Ons het my oom deur baie gange gevolg, terwyl hy ons verskillende pompe en rotse gewys het. Ek het baie moeg geraak want ons het vir omtrent twee ure geloop en net so af en toe gerus.

'n Paar minute later het ons deur 'n vreeslike koel gang geloop, want koele lug word van buite af daar ingepomp. Ek het op 'n klein dosie gesit terwyl die ander na 'n ander gang geloop het en vir 'n paar sekondes die koel lug probeer geniet. Skielik begin die dosie, waarop ek gesit het, beweeg. Toe sien ek dat die dosie op 'n elektriese trein vasgesit is. Ek het nie betyds afgeklim nie en moes my voete van die grond afhaal want die gang het sommer baie vinnig smal geword. Die trein het vinniger en vinniger oor die spoorlyn gegaan en ek moes aan die dosie vashou om daarop te bly. Uiteindelik het dit by 'n skag stilgehou maar ek kon niemand sien nie. Ek het glad nie gewet of ek af moes klim nie of net daar moes bly. Ek was doodbang.

Die minute het verbygegaan maar skielik het die trein weer begin beweeg. Dit het in die rigting van die koele gange gery en gebekking vir my, was dit die trein se bestemming. Toe ons weer daar gekom het, het ek afgeklim en deur die gange vir die ander begin soek. Meteen sien ek my oom en ek het vinnig na hom toe gehardloop. Die ander mense was ook daar, maar gelukkig was hulle almal te geïnteresseerd in my oom se toespraak om my te sien aankom.

Niki Caine, Std. VA

'N SPOOKVERHAAL

Een stormagtige nag, toe ek lekker lê en slaap, het 'n snaakse ding gebeur.

Terryl ek daar slaap, het die wind skielik so hard gewaai dat die ruite gebreek het en 'n groot haelkorrel het my getref. Natuurlik het ek wakker geword. Die volgende oomblik het 'n groot wit gedaante wat soos 'n laken gelyk het, by die venster ingekom. Skielik het dit soos 'n Rooihuid om sy tent begin dans. Ek was nou doodbang en, as die ruite nie reeds stukkend was nie, sou ek hulle gebreek het met my geskreue.

Skielik het die "spook" teen iets gebots en in 'n baie menslike stem uitgeskree. Toe het ek na my sinne gekom en die lig aangeskakel. Daar was niks daar nie, maar ek het opgelet dat my bloer se skoene skielik by die stoel verskyn het en ek weet geen spook dra skoene nie!

Robyn George, Std. VA

DIE LEEUMEISIE

Eendag het die vader van Elaine in die bos gaan jag, toe hy 'n klein leutjie in die bos sien lê. Hy begin ook sommer te huil. Die jagter het so jammer vir die leutjie gevoel dat hy hom opgetel en huis toe geneem het. Elaine het so lief vir die leutjie geword dat sy sommer elke dag met hom gespeel het. Toe Elaine siek was, het die leutjie niks geëet nie, totdat sy heeltemal beter was.

Een oggend kom die kok uitaasem by die jagter aangehardloop, "Meneer, die leeu het al die hoenders opgevreel! Ons moet hom wegjaag bos toe!" Die jagter het besluit om die leeu weg te jaag. Elaine was baie kwaad en hartseer.

Die leeu het die lewe in die bos geniet, maar na 'n paar dae wou hy weer by Elaine wees. Toe het hy besluit om elke aand by haar te gaan kuier. Hy het so dikwels kom kuier dat die jagter vir hom 'n hok gebou het, Elaine was so bly dat sy gehuil het.

Helen Botma, Std. VA

'N HUWELIKSVERHAAL

Saterdagoggend het Annelie en Pieter getrou. Annelie was baie senuweeagtig, want haar kelin susie, Sarie het die sleep van die vloer afgehou. Sarie was baie vol spreke daardie oggend. Annelie het met haar Pa nie die kansel gegaan, en toe het dit gebeur.

Sarie het die sleep aan die vloer laat val en daarop gestaan. Haar suster se hooftooisel het afgeval en haar hare is krom getrek. Die gaste het geskud soos hulle lag. En dit nogal in die kerk! Annelie was woedend. Sy het gedink dat haar huwelik 'n ramp geword het. Arme Annelie! Sy en Pieter het getrou en daarna het die gaste na hul huis vir die verversings gegaan.

Almal het die verversings geniet, Sarie ook. Annelie het Sarie vergewe en almal was gelukkig. Die aanwesiges het gesê dat dié die aangenaamste huwelik was dat hulle ooit bygewoon het.

Deur C. Simonis, Std. IV

'N HUWELIK

Bijenborgh
Torquaylaan
Claremont
7700
1 Augustus 1980

Beste Tessa

Baie dankie vir jou lang brief. Het jy al 'n bietjie in jou nuwe omgewing gewoon geraak? Dit moes 'n hele verhuising gewees het! Ek het van baie mense gehoor hoe mooi Suid-Frankryk is. Ek dink dat ons oor twee jaar na Europa kom en dan sal ek jou beslis besoek!

Verlede Saterdag het ons diensmeisie haar huwelik gehad. Omdat sy Mohammedaans is, het sy, en haar blom-menseisies en stroomeisies die mense uitgevoer. Daar was baie om te eet by die huwelik want die gaste het almal iets (bv. koek of koeldrank) saamgebring. Gedurende die troue, is die bruid en bruidegom in aparte kamers met hul eie gaste! Die bruid het 'n pragtige spierwitte rok gedra met 'n lang sleep. Dit het so mooi gelyk op haar bruijn vel. Soos jy waarskynlik weet, mag die Mohammedane heeltemal geen sterk drank of alkohol drink nie, daarom was daar net koeldrank.

Hierna het die bruidegom en sy vader na die moskee vir die seremonie gegaan. Hulle moes verse uit die Koran sê. Die hele huwelik was interessant en ek het baie daarvan gehou.

Gee groete aan jou gesin,

Marijke.

N.S. Jy moet gou terug skryf hoor!

Marijke Honig, Std. VA

'N INTERESSANTE BERIG

My magtie, ek het darem 'n interessante berig oor die Eiffel Toring gelees. Kan julle glo dat hierdie gebou vir 'n wêreld skou gebou was en dat dit net gebou was om vir 'n jaar te hou? Ek kan dit byna nie glo nie. Weet julle dat ek dink die m'n wat die Eiffel Toring gebou het, nie heeltemal reg was nie, want hy het die hele ding van soliede yster gebou. Hy kan mos geweet het dit sou verroes. Nou wel die gebou het vir meer as 'n jaar gehou, maar dit word elke derde jaar geverf en dit word plek-plek gelas, want anders sal dit verkrummel.

So 'n paar jaar gelede het 'n persoon probeer om selfmoord te pleeg. Ongelukkig was hy suksevol, daar was 'n gat van twee duim diep waar hy geval het. Die owerhede het toe 'n traliereeling op elke vloer en om die trappe gespan om te verhoed dat dit weer sal gebeur.

deur Lydea Horn, Std. 5

BLACK

Black is a deep, dark chasm
Enticing objects to fall to a bottomless infinity.
Considered harmless, it sways the mind of men.
Abstract, but yet so real.

Alison Moultrie, Std. V

THOSE WERE THE DAYS (the story of an old, much-loved blanket)

"Darkness, only darkness, that's all I ever see. Only when the cupboard door opens do I get a glance at the outside world. It never used to be like this. No, it was different in the old days. I'm a stranger in this home. They don't love me, not as Niki used to. She said I'd be her veil when she got married, but not anymore. She left me here, she didn't mean to, but she did. You see, we spent the weekend here, in this strange house. She had to swim in some gala. It took us eight hours to get here by bus and it was hot and boring inside her suitcase. Mind you, at least I had friends. We arrived at this house and were given the spare room, a rather drab one too. I didn't have much in the way of company, apart from Niki.

Oh yes, we've a lot in common, she and I. Although I'm only a blanket and a rather ragged one at that, I'm still loved. When she was still very young she named me Hardy, which was her equivalent to eiderdown. Each night I would be waiting for her on her pillow and we would cuddle up together and go to sleep. During the course of the night I was often slept on and sometimes I would wake up and find myself on the floor or right down at her feet.

I was always a sympathetic shoulder to cry on and a most thoughtful and understanding friend. Don't misunderstand me though, she was very kind. Whenever she went to sleep the night with a friend, she always took me, though I know she was sometimes a little embarrassed. I hope you don't think me an ignorant blanket, for in actual fact I'm pretty smart and very well travelled indeed. I've been to several different places in South Africa and to Europe and Mauritius. The latter was my favourite. I spent endless hours stretched out on the bed, watching the world go by, through the window. Fascinating people there were. Oh yes, I'll never forget those days with Niki.

I remember the morning so clearly when we were meant to leave here. Niki was up early for the bus was leaving at six. She had packed the night before so all that was left to be packed were her pyjamas and me. Well, she remembered them, but not me. I was left, half covered by blankets, where I suppose she couldn't see me. She just walked out with her suitcase in one arm, not even checking to see whether she'd left anything. I cried out to her, but she never heard me, she just disappeared behind the door. I've never seen her since, but one day I will.

Niki Caine, Std. V

Kindergarten

MY MUM

I love my mum because she helps me when I need her. She looks after me when I am sick. She kisses me at night.

Hazel Sparks, Sub A

PIET EN BLAFFIE

Piet het elke dag na skool 'n suinige ou vrou se agterwerf verbygehoop. Daarin staan 'n klein hondjie, wat aan 'n paal met 'n ketting vasgemaak is. Hy het net 'n kom water gehad en geen kos nie. Hy het so moeg en treurig gelyk. Elke dag toe Piet daar aankom, het hy opgestaan en vriendelik geblaaf.

Piet was baie hartseer en die hondjie jammer gekry. Hy het 'n goeie plan gemaak. Hy sou die hondjie red en dit vir homself neem. Hy het baie oor sy plan gedink en gou 'n oplossing bygekom. Hy sou elke dag 'n bietjie met die hondjie speel of net daarlengs sit, om 'n goeie vriend te word, dan sal hy een nag na die werf toe gaan en die ketting losmaak; hy sal die hondjie oor die muur optel en huis toe loop; hy sal vir sy ma sê dat die hondjie 'n verdwaalde dier is en haar mooi vra of hy die hondjie as sy troeteldier kan hou.

Een nag het hy sy plan uitgevoer. Dit het goed gewerk en sy ma het saamgestem, maar hy het baie skuldig gevoel. Daarom het hy al sy sakgeld gespaar en dit in 'n klein dosie gesit. Op die dosie het hy in groot letters geskryf: "VIR DIE HONDJIE, BLAFFIE, DANKIE". Die volgende dag het hy dit in die werf gesit en weggehardloop. Blaffie was syne.

Caroline Tedder, Std. VA

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The lighthouse stands erect
Amidst the lapping waves
The sentry stands straight and tall
White starched uniform gleaming
Shiny sword flashing
Through inky darkness,
All senses alert
Guarding, guiding, watching...

Karen Dudley, Std. V

HAPPINESS

Happiness is,
having an ice-cold bath
after a long endless day
relaxing, having your troubles
just washed away.

Happiness is,
swinging on a high swing
feeling the cold air all
around you
and seeing the world just
float by.

Joanna Growse, Std. V

MY MOM

I love mommy because she loves me. my mommy is very pretty. I love to kiss her and cuddle her. She is very nice to me. I don't like her to cry because I love her.

Janine Milne, Sub A

MY BEST FRIEND

My daddy has black hair and brown eyes I love my daddy because he plays with me my daddy is handsome, my daddy takes me out, my daddy sometimes scares me but I love it.

Melissa Golding, Sub A

MY DADDY

my daddy wakes me up in the morning my daddy is tall and he is fat, my daddy's name is Russell, when I hurt myself he comforts me but when I am naughty he gives me a smack.

Justine Peters, Sub A

FIRE

Fire scares my sisters and it scares me because it is dangerous and it can melt you, Fire sizzles and it crackles too, Fire can be good too because it warms you in winter.

Catriona Ross, Sub A

A VISIT TO THE FIRE STATION

We saw lots of interesting things, We saw fire engines and people sliding down poles and they set a car on light and they put it out in a minute with the hoses. They uses hoses for puting fire out. They showed us how big the ladders were.

Juliette Sturrock, Sub A

FIRE

Fire is scary. Sometimes I run away. Sometimes fire is good because it warms you. I like to watch the flames. I like to see them sparks fly.

Pene Frith, Sub A

I am a snake. I sleep all winter time. Oh dear when is it going to be spring? then I can go out in the sun.

Tzara Dumelow, Sub A

I am a squirrel. I like to sleep in winter time, when I am asleep I cannot feel the cold wind.

Nicola Malherbe, Sub A

SPRING

In spring my mummy picks pretty flowers and puts them in the house.

Carolyn Lander, Sub A

SPRING

Spring is fields filled with flowers and lambs.

Qáuita Lilla, Sub A

I have two dogs and their nams are wolf and haggerty, haggerty is a good dog and wolf is rough.

Kim Prescott, Sub A

My sister and I like to watch television, we like to watch in my grandma's room, at my friends birthday party we saw a story on the television, it was lovely.

Susan Tyson, Sub A

my dad goes to work and walks with me, my dad loves me very very much and he is happy.

Meegan Carelse, Sub A

On tuesday we went to visit the firestation, we saw a fire engine and fireman, they had silver suits on, they put a car on fire and slid down the pole.

Natalie Jackson, Sub A

I am good and my mother never shouts at me because I always listen to her.

Nina Gobat, Sub A

WHAT AM I?

I have a black pointed hat, I wear a black cloak, I eat snakes and spiders, My name is Madam Medusa, I have a broomstick and I live in a cave, I have holes in my teeth, I have a friend that lives with me, He is a cat.

Debbie Chandler, Sub B

WHAT ARE FEET?

Feet are made of skin and bones. Shoes protect our feet. Our feet are joined to our legs. Feet are all different sizes. There are five toes on a foot. Your feet can run and walk and kick and point and dance.

Suzanne Louw, Sub B

WHAT AM I?

I have 'gogos' and flies in my ears, My nails are very long, My teeth are rotten and they have got big holes in them, I have got a very very long nose, I eat children, They are juicy, My hair is black and long, I fly in the sky on my broomstick, I have a big pointed hat.

Suzanne Louw, Sub B

MY MUMMY

My mommy's best drink is diet sprite. She is 56 I think. She is a housewife and she is pretty and she is young and my mommy loves me.

Dianne Pentz, Sub B

I BECAME A HORSE

Once upon a time there lived a fairy. Her name was Justabelle, I asked the fairy to turn me in to a horse. And she made me jump everyday. She was very kind, and she groomed me every day. She brought me apples and carrots to eat, I can run very fast, I can trot too, I am brown and white, I have a very nice saddle and reins.

Nadine Louw, Sub B

WHAT AM I?

I have chewing gum and mosquitoes in my ears. My nails are long and twist round and round. I eat snails, mosquitoes, snakes, girls and little boys. I have a long black dress and long green pointed shoes and a long long nose that reaches to the sky.

Ayesha Ariefden, Sub B

I AM A RAINDROP

I am a tiny raindrop. My name is pitter-patter. One day I followed my brothers and sisters to the earth. All my brothers and sisters soaked into the ground. And very soon I soaked into the ground too.

Ayesha Ariefden, Sub B

THE PIED PIPER

I am a big brown rat. I killed the cat and I scratched the dogs and bit the babies. Then we heard the sound of the Piper's pipe. We imagined cheese, jam, toffee apples, pies and biscuits. The piper took us to the river and drowned us.

Pamela Thompson, Sub B

I AM A SQUIRREL

I am a squirrel. I scrawl about in the leaves. I find acorns and nuts I store them in winter then in spring I collect again. I have a bushy tail. I have sharp teeth and live in a drey. My name is Frisky squirrel. I like pine trees best because they have pine-cones and they have nuts in them, but I also like oak trees. I jump from tree to tree like tarzan can. My children are very obedient.

Linda Wilson, Sub B

The Man of Mars
went to the stars.
He had some lunch.
They gave him a punch.
His nose went red and
he went to bed.

Sarah McCarthy, Sub B

NEWS

In two weeks it will be my birthday and I will invite the hole class except Sarah. Becose she is gowing away. On Sauterday I went to Philippa's birthday and we played moosicel bump's and on Sunday we went to the beach. Daddy said I cold not take my coqchum but I played in my top and shorts and got soping wet.

Simone le Fevré, Sub B

I went to Saldamer-bay. I went to my cousins there father drives a tug and pulls great big ships into the haber, becose it is to shallo for them. We went for a drive on the mountain and looked down on the beati-fulle view, looked at the gleaming sea, there was a white sail on the sea.

Lauren Kellner, Sub B

I WISH

I wish the whole world was made of sweets then I could eat all of them up. I wish I was magck then when I wanted something it was there, for example if I wanted a horse it was there and a love doll or a pacit of chips I wish I could fly over the world and see wut it was like and I could fly over the sea and see the dolphins and the sharks. I wish it was holidays all the time then I could go to lots of birthdays I wish I had pop-biscuits gogglebuns and toffeeshocks.

Alexandra Mallet, Sub B

I wish I could live in a flat because flats are little.
(excerpt)

Philippa Kohler, Sub B

I would love to be a flower and sit in a vase in a house with some other flowers. I would love to be the number 10 he is such a imprtind man (excerpt)

Catherine Southern, Sub. B

OVERHEARD IN THE KINDERGARTEN

I know a word beginning with f — firstly.

My jolly stupid mother forgot to give me my swimbag.

We found some "enemies" in the rock pools.

We went to Hermanus and I swam in the galeon.

I'm going to get "bracelets" for my teeth cause they're skew.

She is doing "curfis" writing.

Yesterday was a terrible night cause our bath overfloated.

"I went to hospital".

"What was wrong with you?"

"I was in-a-monia."

"My old Granny came from England."

"How old do you think she is?"

"Oh she is very old. I think she's in her thirties."

"Jesus' father was a carpenter. What do carpenters do?"

"Carpenters lay carpets."

"When are we going to work in our Gin and Tonic books?"

(Ginn Phonic Workbooks)

Riddle: I grow on a tree

I grow in hot lands

I have milk inside me

I am hairy outside.

-Sub B answer: A cow.

Old Herschelians' Association

THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Circle N, M. van Reenen; Circle RR, J. Dicey; Circle SS, J. Anderson, C. Broome, R. Butters, K. Croome, G. Frater, M. Gudehus, P. Leighton-Davies, S. Leslie, A. Marr, L. Murdock, D. Newton, J. Saunders; Circle TT, S. Burns, D. Cameron, H. Dicey, J. Dicey, J. Gray, C. Grootendorst, V. Huxter, J. Johnson, S. Lloyd-Roberts, M. Maisel, L. Mukheiber, L. Moore, C. Newton, A. Scott, M. van Niekerk, K. Hutchinson, C. Hutchinson.

MINUTES OF THE 52ND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION HELD IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL ON THURSDAY 21ST FEBRUARY, 1980.

PRESENT Miss Geldard (President), Fenella Douglas (Vice-President), Brenda Lynne Hoffman (Chair), Mary Loggie (Secretary and Treasurer), Ann Snyders (Committee Member) and Old Herschelians.

WELCOME: Brenda Lynne Hoffman welcomed Old Herschelians to the Meeting.

MINUTES: As these were published in the 1979 magazine, they were duly signed as being correct.

FINANCES: Mary Loggie reported that we have R683.15 cash in hand.

OFFICE BEARERS: It was with regret that Mary Loggie resigned from her position of Secretary/Treasurer. Brenda Lynne thanked her for her invaluable and efficient contribution to the O.H.A. New Office bearers elected were:

Secretary/Treasurer: Diana Burns (Dicey)

Sports Secretary: Ruth Butters

Magazine Committee: Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes)

Diana Muzik (Brooke), Sally Brown (Brimble), Everyl Kelsen (Fisher).

GENERAL: The Chairman welcomed the new Office Bearers. She commented on the 'new look' for Old Girls Day. Previously it has been held on a Saturday, but recently meetings had been poorly attended. By combining Old Girls Day with Founders Day, we feel more involved as part of the 'Herschel Family'.

Twenty-two 1979 matrics were welcomed to the Association.

Ruth Butters was congratulated on being awarded the Old Herschelians Prize.

The highlight of 1979 was the fashion show 'Younger than Springtime', which raised sufficient funds for the O.H.A. to purchase new curtains for the hall. The organiser, Ann Snyders (Steens), reported on the function and thanked her team of helpers. She called for more fund-raising suggestions.

The Chairman asked Miss Geldard to comment on 'Herschel Today'. Miss Geldard said the emphasis was on the scope and variety of activities available. Pupil participation is encouraged. There is a sense of pride in the school fostered by school spirit and morale. The reputation of Herschel being a friendly school, free from prejudice and snobbery, should be fostered. The size of the school (248 seniors and 350 juniors) makes it difficult to encourage a 'family' feeling, but with activities such as school plays it is possible to weld the senior and junior schools. The staff are fortunate to have motivated pupils. Herschel works on a basis of trust, to which people respond well.

Mrs Hoffman thanked Miss Geldard for her most informative speech.

FURTHER BUSINESS:

1. Everyl Kelsen congratulated the matrics on their good results, which she said was a personal tribute to Miss Geldard. She suggested an annual dinner.

2. Diana Muzik suggested that some recognition should be made of the contribution to the school's music department by Miss Willis, e.g. The Lilian Willis Music Centre. This suggestion was supported by Adele Fouché and Everyl Kelsen.

Fenella Douglas proposed a vote of thanks to the committee and the meeting adjourned at 2.30 p.m.

MARRIAGES

BAIGRIE — DONNELLY. On 26th January, 1980, Fiona, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs R.D.H. Baigrie, of Newlands to Michael, son of Mr and Mrs Jim Donnelly of Vereeniging.

BOSMA — DONALDSON. On 22nd March, 1980 Tanya Bosma to Jan Donaldson.

FOOT — HUMPHRIES. In March, 1980, Mary, daughter of Mr H.N. Foot and the late Mrs G. Foot of Kenilworth to Michael, son of Mr and Mrs N.C. Humphries, of Rondebosch.

GOLDING — DRUMMOND. Gill Golding married Rob Drummond in July 1980.

FLOYD — WREN-SARGENT. Jeanine Floyd married Christopher Wren-Sargent in London in December, 1979.

LLOYD-ROBERTS — MORRISON. On 26th April, 1980, Terry, daughter of Mr and Mrs Evan Lloyd-Roberts of Bishopscourt, married Alistair, son of Mr and Mrs Ken Morrison of Zimbabwe.

SIMPSON — SNYMAN. Jenny Simpson married Denis Snyman on the 12th April, 1980.

BIRTHS

- BEELE — To Tobi and Tessa (Inge), a daughter, in June 1980.
- BAUMAN — To Mike and Libby (Burns), a daughter, Robin in April 1979.
- BROWN — To Kelvin and Sally (Brimble), a daughter in May 1980.
- CATTELL — To David and Hilary (Dempers), a son on 6th August, 1980 in Johannesburg.
- CORNISH-BOWDEN — To Martin and Janet (Gant), a son on 11th December, 1979, in Johannesburg.
- DIEMONT — To Marius and Paddy (Mannion), a daughter on 22nd March, 1980.
- GRUBB — To Chris and Georgina (Stuttaford), a daughter, on 10th May, 1980, in Hong Kong.
- HEWIT — To Rob and Pam (Dryke-Poynter), a daughter on 21st March, 1980, in Salisbury, Zimbabwe.
- KOHLER — To Derek and Gina (Thom), a daughter on 22nd February, 1980.
- KRASS DE KRASSNOKUTSKI — To Leo and Ling (Wesemann), a son on 31st July, 1980 in Johannesburg.
- MAGNUS — To Justin and Maz (Simpson), a son on 9th May, 1980.
- MAY — To Barry and Lucinda (Abbott), a son on 4th August, 1980 in Johannesburg.
- MCDONALD — To Michael and Shona (Milton), a daughter on 29th February, 1980.
- SILBERBAUER — To Frank and Sally-Anne (Wells), a daughter Bronwyn Barbara, on 1st October, 1980.
- WATERMEYER — To Andrew and Shelley (Stevens), a son in June, 1980.

CHRISTENING IN THE CHAPEL



Jennifer and Anthony Wynne with their daughter, Michaela, and sons, James and Justin.

On a beautiful day in May, the baby-daughter of Anthony and Jennifer Wynne (Brimble) was christened in the School Chapel. The Chapel looked very charming with fresh white flowers and tall candles on the altar. A short simple service was conducted by Father Abby from St Saviours, and a small group of family and god-parents were present to enjoy the happy occasion, among them Sally Brimble (Mrs Brown); one godmother was unable to attend — she is also an Old Herschelian — Lynn Parker (Mrs Rowand).

DEATHS

- GRAHAM — Erica, on 30th November, 1979.
- WILLIAMS — Betty, on 6th April, 1980, at Hermanus.

The Sixth Form of 1940 records with regret the death of their dear schoolmate, PHILIPPA GIBSON, at her cottage in Oxford after a long and tragic illness. Philippa much-loved by her numerous nieces and nephews, had had a fine career in New York and Europe with the World Food Organisation.

The Sixth Form of 1942 note with sadness the death of SONJA MALCOMESS, well remembered for her warmth of personality.

The late SONJA SHAPIRO was a poet and doctor (her great interest being in remedial work for dyslexia), and her book of poems "I'll Make Me a World" has been donated to the Herschel Library by Diana Muzik.

London Old Herschelians Meeting

The London Gathering of Old Girls was again held at the Ladies V.A.D. Club in Great Cumberland Place, S.W.1, this year on 21st May. Thanks go to Oswynne Jordan (Buchanan) for arranging this, to Claire Russell for the invitations and to Claire, Oswynne and Jean van den Berg (Stoddart) for organising the refreshments. Mrs Payne (Miss Elcome), London President, welcomed all to the



Miss McLean and Miss Elcome at the Reunion.

afternoon and spoke of the value of Old Girls Associations to Schools, be they near or far. Margaret Regnier (Geber) was there and this time Jackie Raubaut (Regnier) too, and as her son is coming to school in England she will hopefully be able to attend more often. Sue Forbes-Jones (Rich) came all the way from Scotland and Sue

MacGregor was able to be with us. Miss McLean recalled how fortunate we had been since 1963 when the first meeting was held at the Guide Club in Belgrave Square, meetings were held at the Guide Club until it was closed after which we were hospitably welcomed at Nicky's McPherson (van der Bijl) flat for some years, then were able to use, through Oswynne, the English Speaking Union in Charles Street, and now still through Oswynne, this club. Miss McLean thanked all those people who had worked so hard during these 18 years — particularly Claire, printing, posting and arranging flowers, but said she felt it was time for others to come forward to help.

The very pleasant afternoon had to end but much talk continued before reluctant farewells were said and all cleared away. The date for next year has not been settled, but it is sure to be early in May and it is hoped that all Herschelians in Europe will try to be in London then.

ATTENTION ALL 1971 MATRICS

1981 is our 10th year out of school! Before the time flies right away we thought it would be fun to arrange some kind of get together with the class and our families or boyfriends. In order to organise something we would like to hear from you all — so let us know if and when you will be in Cape Town, suggest how we should meet and give us your present address.

Hoping to hear from you all.

Belinda Blaine, Bowwood Cottage, Bowwood Road, Claremont 7700. Tel. 61-8184.
Sally-Ann Silberbauer, The Lodge, Applegarth Farm, Hout Bay 7800. Tel. 70-7126.

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER 1980

EXPENDITURE

School Magazine — 1979	618,70	
Add Postage	<u>17,80</u>	636,50
Hall Curtains		1 000,00
Bank Charges		11,80
Presentation		7,25
Stamps and Petties		20,75

EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE 181,69

R 1 857,99

INCOME

Membership Subscriptions —		
Annual	4,00	
Life	<u>825,00</u>	829,00
Donations		11,00
Proceeds from Fashion Show		1 017,99

R 1 857,99

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1980

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Balance at 1 October 1979	67,36	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 30 September 1980	<u>181,69</u>	249,05

R 249,05

CASH AT BANK

249,05

R 249,05

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.

15 October 1980
MUIZENBERG

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

VINO PASTA LUNCHEON HELD FOR OLD GIRLS OF THE EARLY 1940's ON JUNE 10TH, 1980.

Following the success of a similar function organised by Diana Muzik (Brooke) last year, a nostalgic vino-pasta luncheon was organised at the Sea Point flat of Evryl Kelsen (Fisher) on June 10th. Some had maintained friendships through the sadness and joys, struggles and achievements of the years, for others it was a reunion of forty years past – from teenage girlhood to middle-age. The fact of instant recognition – well almost – shows we are not doing too badly.

We slipped so easily into shared memories – horrible memories of frugal food and freezing balconies – happy ones of laughter, games well played, songs heartily sung – and Miss Hill's plays – Philip the King, St. Joan, Caesar and Cleopatra. We shared the thought that the mutual effort, supportive involvement and confidence in public speaking experienced in these plays constituted amongst the most precious learning experiences of our years at Herschel. And there amongst us was Miss Hill, our Maths teacher and school play producer. She said we made her feel like the grandmother of Europe. She gave us a fleeting moment of recaptured youth. We refused to call her Mrs Wood, for she is still the vigorous, involved sharp-minded and somewhat awesome Miss Hill! The invitation had said she would be a "sobering influence and guardian of the ponsassinorum". She objected and happily provided no sobering influence at all.

Apologies and sincere regrets were received from Marian Robertson (Spilhaus), Hilary Freeman (Watson), Barbara Veraveld (Barry), Sylvia White (Sandes), all of whom joined in the hope that this function would be repeated and the idea spread to Old Herschelians of other eras.



Mrs E.K. Wood (Hill), Wenda Melck (Petrie), Averill Grant (Howell).



L to R: Lynette Reid (Ekriksen), Lynette Croudace (Jooste), Elizabeth Coward (Appleyard), Mrs E.K. Wood (Hill), Wenda Melck (Petrie), Averill Grant (Howell)



L to R: Lynette Croudace (Jooste), Elizabeth Coward (Appleyard), Mrs E. K. Wood (Hill), Wenda Melck

AN URGENT APPEAL

THIS IS AN APPEAL TO ANY EX-MEMBER OF THE CHOIR WHO MAY HAVE A GOWN IN HER POSSESSION TO RETURN IT IMMEDIATELY. THE MATERIAL IS NOW UNAVAILABLE AND WE ARE DESPERATELY SHORT OF GOWNS. IF YOU HAVE ONE OF OUR MEDALS AS WELL, WE WOULD LOVE TO HAVE IT BACK.

News Round-up

Editor: Mandy van Dugteren

ABBOTT (1965) (Mrs May) Lucinda and her husband live in Johannesburg. They have recently had a son, Patrick.

ABBOTT (1968) (Mrs Ryan) Sally and Edwina (Mrs Landman) (1970) are both living in Umtata where their husbands lecture at the University.

ABRAHAMSE (Mrs Holcroft) Sue is living in Constantia, she has a daughter, Joanna, now a year old, and intends studying for a B.A. at U.C.T. next year.

AITCHISON (1974) Libby has spent two years at Herschel teaching English to Stds. 6, 8 and 9. She leaves at the end of the year and plans to go overseas early in 1981 to work and travel.

AITCHISON (1968) (Mrs Wilson) Marjorie, her husband and two sons are in Norwich where Kevin teaches. They will be coming to Cape Town for the Christmas holidays, staying with her parents.

ALLEN (1975) Congratulations to Suzanne on completing her B.Sc. Civil Engineering at U.C.T. We wish her luck as she takes a giant leap for womankind, and takes up an appointment with an Engineering firm in Johannesburg.

ANDERSON (1979) Jennifer is at Barkly House this year.

APPLEYARD (1941) (Mrs Coward) Many visits to India have inspired Elizabeth to become an authority and popular lecturer on the history and traditions of this part of the world.

AUSTIN (1974) Gill is in her final year of Medicine at U.C.T. Next year she will be going to East London where she will be doing her internship at Frere Hospital.

BAIGRIE (1967) (Mrs Best) Gill is expecting her first baby early next year. She and her husband live in London where they extend marvellous hospitality to many visiting Old Herschelians.

BARNET (1971) Penny left South Africa over a year ago to travel through Africa. She encountered problems in Zambia, and when last heard of was in Nairobi teaching 5 and 6 year olds, whom she says are nearly all illiterate.

BARRY (1941) (Mrs Versfeld) Barbara continues in devoted service to the Black Sash. Her rôle of chairman has recently been relinquished to Joan Frost (Mrs Grover) with whom she has shared many years of faithful and dedicated community service.

BECK (1968) (Mrs Charlton) Delia and her husband are once again on their travels, this time to the Tupperware annual conference in Bermuda.

BEUKES (1974) (Mrs MacGinty) Several Old Herschelians met at Dorothy's wedding earlier this year. She and her husband have settled in Cape Town.

BORTON (1968) (Mrs Crawley) Pru produced a long awaited baby in November, a daughter, who was christened in the Herschel Chapel. Pru and her family visited the U.K. in June and saw quite a few Old

Herschelians whilst there. They are now living on the mushroom farm in Durbanville which is proving an interesting experience.

BORTON (1969) (Mrs Orpen) Jane is kept increasingly busy in her ever growing orthoptic practice. She frequently finds Old Herschelians popping up with their offspring unexpectedly, as she doesn't always recognize their married names.

BORTON (1971) Sue is still working in the building world. Her responsibilities now also include tendering and buying. She has been sharing a house this past year with Jennie Pentz in Lansdowne.

BORTON (1973) Bridgit was home for Christmas but has been on her travels ever since. She lived on a Kibbutz in Israel for three months, then worked in a London hospital as an O.T. in the psychiatric section. She is at the moment visiting her American family in Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

BLAINE (1971) Belinda has been working as a Fashion Secretary for Fiona Baigrie (Mrs Donnelly), and in addition will be writing her Law finals in November and February. In July of this year Belinda was unexpectedly invited by an Aunt in Britain to go sailing with her round the Greek Islands. Being her first trip overseas it was an incredible experience; she also spent some weeks in London where she saw Kim Broadbent, Mary-Anne Parry, Helen Henderson, Bridgit Borton and many others.

BRAILEY (1967) (Mrs Louw) Patricia is still smocking and supplies the Rosemary Shop in Claremont with delightful dresses.

BRAILEY (1973) (Mrs Stephens) Binnie and her husband now have two daughters and are about to build a home in Kenilworth.

BRAILEY (1973) Lynne works at Nova Constantia for Tupperware — an interesting job involving a lot of P.R. work.

BROADBENT (1969) (Mrs Goring) Pip, her husband and four children visited Cape Town earlier in the year. They live in a converted cottage in West Sussex surrounded by glorious rolling hills.

BROADBENT (1970) Kim is still working for Sotheby's, having been promoted yet again. It sounds to be a unique job, and although Kim would love to return to S.A. but is so much involved in her job and unlikely to find similar work here.

BROOKE (1941) (Mrs Muzik) Diana has returned to Cape Town where she is once again active in the musical sphere as an accompanist and répétiteur. In October she was accompanist at a Song Recital given at the S.A. Merchant Navy Academy to raise funds for the N.S.R.J.

BROOKE (1939) (Mrs Elahi) Alice held a very successful art exhibition in June at the Gallery International, Cape Town, and many of her spectacular oils, water colours and charcoals are now in private and business collections throughout South Africa.

BROOME (1979) Camilla has spent this year doing a varied course at U.C.T., including Archaeology, Geography, and she plans to go on to Rhodes next year where her older sister is carrying on her studies.

- BAKER** (1961) (Mrs Opie) Carol continues with her lecturing in Italian at U.C.T. Carol's daughter, Amelia, aged 7 won an International Art Competition held in Savona, Italy earlier this year. Her entry entitled "Mister Scorpion and his Friends" was a felt drawing all about the insect life found under a rock. There were many thousands of entries in 6 sections and Amelia won her section.
- BROWN** (1951) (Mrs Bicker-Caarten) Rosanne regularly visits her mother in Cape Town from Johannesburg where she lives.
- BROWNLIE** (1974) Susie is working in Environmental Studies at U.C.T. while doing her Masters degree in Zoology.
- BURNS** (1971) (Mrs Bauman) Libby and Mike have yet again been transferred and are now in Durban. They are expecting their second child soon.
- BUTTERS** (1979) Ruth, after spending the Christmas holidays in Australia is now at U.C.T. doing a B.Sc. and very much involved in sport.
- CAMPBELL** (1950) Jean has recently returned from a visit to the U.S.A. and the U.K. to the cottage she is renovating in Muizenberg. She recently sold her very successful carpet weaving concern in Hilton, Natal.
- CHARNOCK** (1970) (Mrs Russell) Elaine and her husband have recently been overseas and she is now back at her teaching post in Bonteheuwel.
- COOKE** (1968) (Mrs Karamacher) Elizabeth and her husband are living in Sydney, Australia and not in the U.K. as we erroneously stated last year.
- COOPER** (1973) Karin is still in London, but hoping to return to S.A. soon. Her sister, Tana-Marie, graduated in June of this year from King's College with a B.A. Honours Degree in Philosophy.
- CROOME** (1979) Karen is at U.C.T. doing a B.A. Languages.
- CROUDACE** (1973) Clare is a qualified nursing sister, living in Johannesburg and working for a Consultant Physician.
- CUNNINGHAM** Lynne (1967) and Paula (1969) are still settled in Seattle. Suzie visited them this year and travelled to the U.K.
- DEAL** (1977) Georgi is in her final year at the Technikon, doing Graphic Design, after which she plans to get a job in this field.
- DE BEER** (1972) (Mrs McFarlane) Gail after her recent marriage spent her honeymoon in Mauritius. She is in her final year at the Teacher's Training College.
- DEAN** (1963) (Mrs Slater) Josephine, with her two little boys now at nursery school, has started teaching at the Dominican School for the Deaf in Cape Town. She finds it very challenging work.
- DELAHUNT** (1975) Sue is thoroughly enjoying teaching nursery school classes at St. Cyprians.
- DENNISTON** (1941) (Mrs Martin) Pat was here recently on a visit from Canada. She and her husband will be moving to a new house near Waterloo where her husband is Professor of English at the University.
- DICEY** (1978) Jackie spent 1979 in Australia as a Rotary Exchange Student and is now at Barkly House.
- DICEY** (1964) Sue is living in Rondebosch and teaching at Greenfields.
- DOWDLE** (1974) Susan is in her fourth year of Medicine at U.C.T.
- DUNCAN** (1944) (Mrs Greenwood) Sheila, with her husband, visited the Cape in November last year, and during that time spent a week with Marjorie Harbottle (Mrs Cloete) at Stellenbosch. Sheila lives at Whitsbury House, Fordingbridge, near Salisbury, U.K. She sees a lot of Susan Ethelston (Mrs Abby) who lives in the same village.
- EGELAND** (1941) (Mrs Bjorn) Maureen, who spent two years at Herschel from 1939-40, when her father, who was a civil engineer was assigned to build a cement factory on the Cape Flats, has recently renewed her contact with the O.H.A. She writes of her years as a journalist with United Press, her marriage to a Danish architect and her work with the World Health Organisation. Maureen, her husband and two sons live in Copenhagen.
- ELLIOTT** (1958) (Mrs Wray) Suzanne writes that she still loves living in Texas and spending vacations in Mexico, especially Puerto Vallarta. In March, when she wrote, she said that later on in the year she was expecting to spend some time travelling around with Sally Pyott (Mrs Colliers) and her husband, and they planned to go to Las Vegas and New Mexico.
- ERIKSEN** (1939) (Mrs Reid) Lynette has returned to live in the Cape, settling in Hermanus where she is gaining recognition as an expert exponent of the traditional art of découpage.
- FIELD** (1979) Ceris is studying Law at U.C.T.
- FINCHAM** (1963) Gail took up a post at Wits earlier this year, lecturing in English Literature, she regularly visits her parents in Cape Town.
- FISHER** (1951) (Mrs Brownlie) Sandra lives in Rondebosch with her three children - Peta who works for Elzbieta Rosenwerth, Susie who is studying for her Masters degree in Zoology at U.C.T., and Simon who is in his first year B.A., LL.B.
- FISHER** (1942) (Mrs Kelsen) Eryl continues in private practice as a vocational counsellor. Her book "Psychology for Nurses and the Hospital Team", now in its third edition, is a standard textbook.
- FLETCHER** (1979) Rosemary is studying at the Institut Alpin Videmanette in Rougemont, near Gstaad, in Switzerland.
- FOUCHE** Nicky (1975) and Chloe (1977) are both working in London. They are hoping to get cooking chalet girl jobs in Switzerland during the winter sports period. At one stage while doing courses in London and staying at the Victoria League Students Hostel, they were joined by a number of Old Herschel girls, namely, Suzanne Allen (1975), Caroline Parker (1976), Fiona Naude (1975) and Rosemarie Webber (1975).

FRANCK (1975) Martine is in her final year of Law at Stellenbosch.

FRANCIS (1952) (Mrs Singer) Wendy lives in London with her family and is presently studying Homeopathy.

FRATER (1975) Josie completed her Honours in Latin and was due to leave in October for Cambridge where she will be studying for a further two years.

FULLER (1974) Shushy is working in Cape Town. She is engaged to Chris Hugo-Hamman who was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, and she plans to join him in England next year.

GALBRAITH (1967) (Mrs Jackson) Ginger, her husband and two children are now living in Nigeria.

GASSON (1968) Lindsay is still working as a radio-grapher in Town and Sea Point. She has recently spent six weeks in America in a dormobile, visiting Hilary in London en route.

GARISCH (1975) Dawn is in her final year of Medicine at U.C.T. She will be leaving shortly for Oxford, where she will be doing her elective.

GBER (1934) (Mrs Regnier) Margaret writes from her home in Ghent, Belgium, that she would be delighted to see any O.H.A. who should happen to be in her part of the world. Her telephone number is in the local book.

GILBERT (1965) Angela is working as an architect in the Planning Unit at U.C.T. She is also very much involved in pottery, having set up her own studio.

GORDON-BAGNALL (1974) Barbara has been nursing in Pietermaritzburg.

GROVE (1952) (Mrs Weeks) Jenny lives in the U.K. Her daughter Judy has been in Cape Town visiting her grandmother, Joy Stuttaford.

GUICHERIT (1951) (Mrs Robins) Tania has two sons — Paul who is at Stellenbosch doing a B.Comm., and Graham who is in the Navy with the Strike Craft Flotilla in Durban. Her daughter Amanda is at Herschel.

GUICHERIT (1953) (Mrs Lindsay) Valena spends the week in Johannesburg where her children Russell and Camilla are at school, but weekends are spent at their farm on the banks of the Vaal River.

GURNEY (1941) (Mrs Bradburn) The recent visit to S.A. of the Founder and World President of Lifeline reminds us of the decade of trained counselling (telephone and "live") devoted to Lifeline by our own Ruth, who has found this form of community service demanding but very satisfying. Ruth and her husband Stan are at the moment of going to press delighting in the arrival of their second grandchild.

HALL (1947) (Mrs Chappel) Anne is still living in Zimbabwe. She has two grown-up daughters — Sharon (23) is working at a jewellers in Johannesburg, and at the same time doing gemmology and hoping to go to the U.S.A. on a course for six months, and Julie (18) who is at a secretarial college. Anne's sister, Honor, is living in Aldershot, Hants and has three

grown-up sons; she occasionally sees Mary Elliott (Mrs Cox) who lives near Amersham.

HAMMOND (1977) Janet is in her third year of Medicine at U.C.T.

HARRIS (1963) (Mrs Wingfield) Diana is working in the Transvaal as a School Psychologist with handicapped children. She has three sons.

HAWSON (1961) (Mrs Godfrey) Christine writes from East London that she seems to live a 26 hour day. She has a full time accounting job, recent directorship for a manufacturing company, a full commitment to her daughter's school, and is also the Hon. Sec. to the local voluntary Tea Garden in East London which raises funds for S.A.N.T.A. on a 7-day week basis. She would love to make contact with any O.H.'s in East London.

HEDDEN (1951) (Mrs Brink) Angela and her husband have a fruit farm in Franschoek where they are very happy. Their eldest daughter Lynn is at the Submarine Base in Simonstown, Nikki is a third year medical student at Stellenbosch while Anne writes her Matric at Rhenish this year.

HENDERSON (1967) Helen has given up her lotus eating life of six months in Corsica and six months skiing working as a P.R.O. for a travel bureau, and has returned to studying.

HENDERSON (1964) (Mrs Le Roux) Elspeth has three children, 3 boys and a girl and is now teaching at St. George's.

HENNESSY (1964) (Mrs Furter) Moira, Derik and their two sons have now been transferred back to the Cape and are living in Constantia.

HOLMES (1958) (Mrs McCarthy) Elizabeth and her family have recently returned from a four week holiday to the U.S.A. They went via Rio to Florida where they spent an enchanted few days exploring Disneyworld, from there to New Orleans and Las Vegas, then they travelled round California by car going down to Mexico, thence San Diego and Anaheim where their hotel overlooked the Disneyland Park, to the Yosemite National Park, Lake Tahoe and San Francisco which they thought to be the prettiest city. They then flew to Boston and visited Cape Cod and New York. Quite a mileage for 4 weeks, but a most glorious and exciting holiday for them all.

HONIG (1979) Tanya has been in France this year, learning French and she plans to go to university next year.

HONORE (1940) (Mrs Herbert) Jasmine is a distinguished and popular lecturer at the U.C.T. Ballet School. Her Spanish ballet "Amor Eterno" is currently enjoying a successful revival at the Little Theatre. Her daughter Thérèse is in her first year at U.C.T. taking a B.A. degree with English, French and Italian. Jasmine's husband Allan is a keen yachtsman, having built his own boat.

HOWELL (1976) Rosemary, for the second year running is the S.A. Windsurfing Champion. Last year she

- represented S.A. in Florida, and right now (October) is on her way to Bermuda to take part in this year's International Championships. Last Christmas vacation she taught windsurfing at Sandvlei.
- HURST** (1979) Janice is at secretarial college, after which she plans to do drama.
- HUTCHINSON** (1980) Christa and Kirsten left Herschel during the year and are now at Greenacre School in Banstead, Surrey.
- JACKSON** (1961) (Mrs Sturgeon) Shona is lecturing part-time in Social work at U.C.T. She is also on the committee of the Cape Mental Health Society. She has two children — Robin who started at Herschel in Sub A. this year and Alison who is at nursery school.
- JACOBSON** (1979) Michele is doing a Performer's Diploma in Ballet at U.C.T.
- JEAREY** (1977) Barbara is working for Mobil Oil and studying part-time through UNISA for a B.Com.
- JOOSTE** (1974) Gayle is still living in London.
- KELLY** Harvey (1970) (Mrs. Nicol) Susan is working for a computer firm in Carlisle; in her spare time she repairs china.
- KELLEY** (1969) (Mrs Ridge) Gael is still in England. She and her husband spent their annual holiday in the U.S.A. and Canada this year and plan a trip to S.A. early next year.
- KILPIN** (1942) (Mrs Forrester) Our sympathies to Barbara who was recently widowed. She now manages a well-known suburban bookshop.
- KIPPS** (1957) (Mrs Hennessy) Deborah and her family have been living in Alverstoke, U.K. where she has been doing health visiting. She is starting a Ph.D. on Post Natal Depression and has been given a Research Grant — the first nurse who has been awarded this.
- KNIGHT** (1974) Sara is working overseas.
- KNUTZEN** (1975) Judy left for Europe armed with a secretarial diploma. She plans to visit the U.S.A. among other exciting countries. Judy met up with Rosemarie Webber and Nicky Fouché in Europe.
- LABIA** (1974) Alida has had some very good write-ups; as the "leggy blonde" in "Uproar in the House" at the Hofmeyr Theatre, she was hilarious! Alida is thinking of going to Johannesburg, which definitely offers more scope to those in the Acting profession.
- LE ROUX** (1974) Susie recently spent a month in Greece and now works for the S.A. Embassy in London. She is living in Putney with several other South Africans.
- LITTLE** (1969) (Mrs Serritslev) Moira is working as an architect for Gabriel Fagan in Cape Town.
- LLOYD-ROBERTS** (1975) (Mrs Morrison) Terry spent 7 months of last year in Zimbabwe, where she worked as a Production Assistant in Z.T.V., and herself appeared on television in various variety shows. Terry and her husband have now settled in Cape Town where she plans to take up teaching.
- LOGGIE** (1974) Lindsay is working at Phil Morkels.
- LOUW** (1979) Tina has started Architecture at U.C.T.
- MACGREGOR** (1976) Juliet is in her third year of Occupational Therapy at Stellenbosch.
- MACGREGOR** (1957) Susan is still presenting the BBC's Woman's Hour Programme. In April of this year she won the prestigious critics' award in England. She was singled out by the Broadcasting Press Guild for her "outstanding contribution to radio". Susan visited her mother in Cape Town in March and said she felt the award was not just for presenting the programme but for a series of interviews she did with such people as Hermione Gingold, Alistair Cooke, Trevor Nunn of the Royal Shakespeare Company and Lord Weidenfeld, the publisher.
- MAGGS** (1971) Susan is now Deputy Cookery Editor of "Woman and Home" in London. She began her career with a cookery course at Winkfield Place and then worked as a freelance cook, following this she taught at the Cordon Bleu School in London and Winkfield. She then took a job cooking for a director's dining room in London, combining it with catering for weddings and anniversaries. Before taking up her job with "Woman and Home" she worked in a pub in Henley.
- MANNING** (1977) Helen is at Silwood Kitchen doing a Cordon Bleu Cookery Course.
- MANNION** (1978) Soibhan is in her second year at Stellenbosch doing Physical Education.
- MARR** (1979) In keeping with the family tradition Alison is doing Medicine at U.C.T.
- MATHIESON** (1979) Abigail is in her first year of Art at U.C.T.
- MAUD** (1979) Celia is doing first year B.A. at U.C.T.
- MAYDON** (1951) (Mrs Campbell) Sarah lives at Somerset West with her husband Robin and daughters Lindsay and Theresa. Sarah is very interested in spinning and weaving.
- MCLENNAN** (1979) Fiona is at U.C.T. doing a B.A.
- MCLACHLAN** (1975) Margot will complete her H.D.E. at U.C.T. at the end of this year, she plans to continue with her studies next year. Margot has done extremely well in Hockey; she was chosen as vice-captain for the Western Province A Team.
- MCLEAN** (ex Head) Miss McLean writes of her busy and interesting life. She continues to work for the Bishop of Edmonton, but is also now working at repairing tapestries from the National Trust Centres. During the summer she spent a delightful holiday in Sorrento, also visiting Pompeii. In July she attended an exhibition of Pastels by Judith Makin (Mrs Hodgson) (1948) held at the King Street Galleries in St James. At the time of her writing she was off to spend a week on the Rhine and thence two weeks in her beloved Scotland.
- METCALFE** (1978) Amanda is at U.C.T. doing a B. Comm.
- MILLAR** (1979) Janet is working at W.P. Blood Transfusion Service as a medical technologist, specialising in blood technology.

- MURDOCK** (1979) Louise spent the first half of the year doing Social Science at U.C.T., but is now working as a secretary at the Vineyard Hotel.
- MURRAY** (1973) Christine will be in the U.S.A. from August 1980 until mid 1981 studying at the University of Michigan.
- MALLET** (1971) (Mrs Fenton-Wells) Tessa and her husband were transferred to Johannesburg. They have a lovely home in Parkwood and Tizzie has a very dynamic job with Fair Lady doing promotions.
- MACSYMOM** (1972) Fiona is living in Australia with her farming husband. She was in S.A. for Christmas last year and is currently singing folksongs on Australian T.V.
- NEWMAN** (1971) Binky has bought Chloë's shop in Claremont and called it Rosemary's Shop which is most appropriate because, besides being her name, the shop sells herbs in all sorts of forms and many other beautiful handmade things. Binky loves to see old faces so do pop in.
- NEWMAN** (1972) Dita is currently working for CAFDA.
- NICHOL** (1979) Sandi is at U.C.T. doing a B.Soc.Sci.
- NOBLE** (1960) (Mrs Redmond) Fiona lives in Victoria, Australia, where her husband is an assistant priest. They have 3 sons.
- NOSWORTHY** (1968) (Mrs Edwards) Suzanne, her daughter, Camilla, and husband, Bryce, have given up farming in Modder River and are now living a far less isolated life in Walvis Bay.
- NOSWORTHY** (1972) Diane is now working for Tupperware at Nova Constantia.
- NEWTON-THOMPSON** (1968) (Mrs Denoon-Stevens) Carol and her family are living in Johannesburg where she is doing remedial teaching.
- OSLER** (1946) (Mrs Luyt) Joy last year visited Israel and Greece and was so fascinated that she can't wait to return.
- OWEN-SMITH** (1955) (Mrs Lester) Virginia is living in Australia. Her daughter, Alex (18) is now back from the U.S.A. where she was an A.F.S. Scholar.
- PALEY** (1974) Julia is doing medical technology at U.C.T.'s Medical School.
- PARKER** (1976) Caroline is now back in Cape Town after having an 8 month working holiday in Britain and on the Continent.
- PARKER** (1960) (Mrs Rowand) Lynn has had a busy year at Wits., where she is studying art, as well as enjoying a trip to America in June, followed by a holiday in Italy in September.
- PARTRIDGE** (1979) Debbie is doing a secretarial course in Hampstead, England.
- PENTZ** (1974) Jennie has a very interesting job with an advertising agency.
- PETTIGREW** (1974) Gail has now completed her midwifery training and is travelling overseas.
- PETTIGREW** (1972) (Mrs Hall) Janet completed her B.A. at U.C.T. in 1976, majoring in Archaeology and African History. The following year she returned to U.C.T. to do honours in Archaeology. During that year she married a fellow student and they now live in Grahamstown where her husband is Curator of Archaeology at the Albany Museum. They have a small son, and as soon as he is old enough Janet hopes to get back into the Archaeology world.
- PULSFORD** (1974) (Mrs Booth Mason) Joanne and her husband live just outside London.
- PICTON-SEYMOUR** (Mrs Duckham) Désirée is kept very busy in the artistic-architectural field. Her book "Victorian Architecture in South Africa" is now the standard textbook on the subject. She is a member of the Heritage Committee of the Cape Institute of Architects.
- PEEL** (1971) Jasmine received a medical research grant and was working in London but now is at Concordia University in Montreal Canada reading B.A. Economics.
- PETRIE** (1941) (Mrs Melick) Wenda has been commended for motivating and bringing to fruition a long term study of West Coast communities, sponsored by the Women's Agricultural Association. (This body conducts its business solely in Afrikaans.) Wenda has been chairlady of the Hopefield branch of the W.A.A.
- PHILLIPS** (1971) (Mrs Toerien) Jane and her husband have packed their bags and set off to tour the world for the next two years.
- POST** (1975) Tjitske was recently promoted to Manageress of the Kimberley branch of Avis Rent a Car.
- REGNIER** (1959) (Mrs Rambaut) Jacqueline lives in Belgium, and, like her mother, Margaret Geber (Mrs Regnier) hopes to see any Old Herschelians visiting Belgium. Although she misses her S.A. friends, she says she finds Belgium a very exciting place in which to be living. She has two children.
- RHODES** (1964) (Mrs Naysmith) Jennie has two children and she and her husband have been living in the United Arab States but have now moved to Kuwait.
- ROBB** (1964) (Mrs Pooler) Hellie has been working at the Red Cross but is now giving it up to look after her triplets.
- ROBINSON** (1974) Clemmie has been living in London for a year. She and Andrea Williams spent a month together in Greece.
- ROBINSON** (1979) Gail is doing a B.A. at U.C.T. and then plans to teach.
- ROBINS** (1950) (Mrs Reeves) Lorna works for a legal firm in Cape Town and is moving to a new cottage in Harfield Village with her husband and stepson.
- ROWLAND** (1979) Sue is doing a Secretarial Course at Tech. in Cape Town.
- SAUNDERS** (1979) Joan is nursing at Grey's Hospital, Pietermaritzburg.
- SCHUMER** (1952) (Mrs McCaskill) Ingrid lives in Pretoria with her family.
- SERRITSLEV** (1974) After qualifying in jewelry design at Stellenbosch University, Anne-Marie went to a Design School outside Copenhagen. Her design of a brooch won the top jewelry design in Denmark! The Prize was presented by the Queen of Denmark and the brooch was exhibited in the Den Permanent, the arts and craft exhibition centre in Denmark.

- SIMPSON** (1960) (Mrs Hansen) Hilary and her husband spent a holiday in Peru during May. Hilary's parents looked after their two sons while they were away. Ann Rough (1959) was expected as a guest during the year.
- SEYMOUR** (1968) (Mrs Buckland) Jane has a daughter, Chloë, now at nursery school so Jane is currently working as a carpet consultant and shortly will be going to work for an architect.
- SMIT** (1978) Isabel is nursing in Windhoek.
- SMITH** (1978) Rose-Anne is in her 2nd year B.A. at U.C.T.
- SPILHAUS** (1937) (Mrs Robertson) Marian continues her work as a distinguished historical researcher. She has been instrumental in establishing the authenticity of "Stegmen's Rust" at Muizenberg as the first officially recorded dwelling of the early Cape settlement.
- STAVROU** (1979) Maria is taking up B.A. Languages at U.C.T.
- STEPHENS** (1963) (Mrs Turnbull) Jasmine and Stuart's daughter, Nicola won the under 14 event at the National Gymnastic Championships held in Bloemfontein in September. She received gold medals for both bars and beams and a bronze medal for her vaulting.
- STENT** (1968) (Mrs Sonnenburg) Sue has given her art a rest for a while in order to redecorate her new home in Clifton. Her husband presents his thesis in clinical psychology this year.
- STEVENS** (1968) (Mrs Watermeyer) Shelley has just had a son, Patrick, and is managing to continue her work at home. She analyses current research in Paediatric nutrition.
- STOCKWELL** (1979) Yvette is doing B.Mus. at U.C.T. her instruments being piano and flute. She is also studying History.
- STUBBS** (1975) Jane is in her third year B.A. at U.C.T.
- SUCKLING** (1971) Lucinda has spent most of this year locked in her studio painting; she is hoping to build up a number of really good paintings so that she can hold an exhibition. Money doesn't grow on a tree, so Lulu does commissions and works for Capab from time to time.
- STORCH-NIELSEN** (1973) Linda is in Australia on the first leg of a Round the World Trip - lucky girl.
- SUSMAN** (1968) Jennie was in South Africa on holiday in March. She continues to run her own computer business in London.
- SUSMAN** (1972) Daphne is living in Port Elizabeth where she works as a nursery school teacher.
- TAYLOR** (1967) (Mrs Quinan) Rosemary is now working full-time for Foschini's.
- THOM** (1974) (Mrs Oids) Patsy and Mike are living in Johannesburg. Patsy works for a Personnel Consultancy.
- VAN ALPHEN STAHL** (1975) After graduating with a B.A. (Latin and Geography) Barbie enjoyed a marvellous ski-ing holiday in Europe and has returned to take up an interesting teaching post at Hoerskool Groote Schuur.
- VAN DER BYL** (1928) (Mrs Martino) Betty writes from England that she is very proud to see that her drawing is still used on the cover of the magazine.
- VAN DER BIJL** (1964) Geraldine and her husband were out here on holiday from New Zealand where they live.
- WARD-ABLE** (1974) Barbara is still keeping house at the President Hotel.
- WARES** (1960) (Mrs Burns) Lesley completed a two year diploma course through UNISA last December - Diploma for Therapists in Special Education. Lesley is a physiotherapist at the Eros Cerebral Palsy School in Athlone.
- WARREN** (1943) (Mrs Berry) Dew writes that she is now a grandmother. Her elder daughter, Susan, had a daughter in September 1979 in London.
- WATSON** (1942) (Mrs Ross) Hilary is now living in Fish Hoek and has renewed her girlhood friendship with Moira Mills (1942), (Mrs Towers).
- WEINLIG** (1971) Vanessa was one of the eight glamour girls chosen to be Public Relations Officers for Sun City. She worked hard and met a number of fascinating people. Vee left, went to Canada for a month and is now back in Johannesburg.
- WHITE** (1963) Annette is still in Oakland California where she runs her own company called ECHO Consulting Group. She has recently become an investment analyst for a firm of stockbrokers. Her speciality is medical companies involved in medical technology and in her latest project she got a listing on the Stock Exchange for a company, "Genentech", manufacturing Interferon - this is an exciting new drug used in the field of cancer research, and I'm sure we all wish her a great deal of luck in this new venture.
- WHITE** (1975) Camilla is now living in Johannesburg, where she is working as a trainee buyer for Edgars, having successfully completed a Cordon Bleu course earlier this year.
- WEBBER** (1975) Rosemarie, having graduated from U.C.T. last year, is now overseas. At one stage she had a temporary job as a chambermaid in one of the London Hotels. She writes about her "high powered executive job", saying she set off for the "office" every morning at 7.45 a.m. and then changed into a classy brown and beige uniform, complete with master key on belt and list of 12 rooms to be cleaned. She found it all lots of fun, although not exactly what she had been at University for. In October she went grape picking in France and towards the end of this year she plans to visit the families she stayed with in America when she was a Rotary Exchange student.
- WELBORE KER** (1974) Francesca has a flat in Wimbledon and she works at the Bank of International Credit and Commerce in Berkeley Square. Jane is studying languages at Exeter University and is off to France for a year to teach English and speak French.
- WILLIAMS** (1974) Andrea spent three months overseas, working and travelling. She returned early in

October and shortly afterwards became engaged to Chris Knudsen.

WOOLFORD (1953) (Mrs Crookes) Moira writes from

Natal that Rosamund Goddard (Mrs Coom) visited her last year from Zimbabwe. Rosamund recently held a one-woman art exhibition in Salisbury and all being well hopes to exhibit in the U.K.

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