



THE HERSCHELIAN

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**The
HERSCHELIAN**



**Volume No. 56
1981**



STAFF

Back Row:
3rd Row:
2nd Row:
Front Row:

Mr Park, Mrs Plöner, Mr Saxby, Mrs Louw, Mrs Hall,
Mrs Wren-Sargent, Mrs Steytler, Mrs Crowther, Mrs Beames, Mrs Martin, Miss Dunleavy, Mrs Witchalls, Mrs Hudson, Mrs Crosswell,
Mrs Gower, Mrs Svingo, Mrs Feast, Mrs McClurg, Mrs Saffery, Mrs Brink, Mrs Davis, Mrs Browne, Mrs Westgate, Mrs Foster,
Mrs Marr, Miss Sweet, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Stockwell, Mrs McCormick, Miss Geldard, Mrs Gillham, Mrs Smith, Mrs Montgomery, Mrs Gilbertson,
Mrs Alves.

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Editorial

We record the activities and achievements of 1981, noting the concern of those who are leaving Herschel, that what they have loved and worked for should continue and prosper.

It is in the nature of a school that there should be constant renewal so, whilst regretting the departure of those who have enriched Herschel in their several ways, we are reassured by the

evidence of growth and powers in those who remain.

* * *

Our sincere thanks to Mrs V. Gilbertson and her team who translated imperfect manuscript into immaculate typescript so readily. Our thanks, too, to Mrs S. Hudson, Mrs M. Crowther and Mary Jooste for their efficient management of the photographic material.

Headmistress's Report Speech Day, 4 December 1981

Ladies and gentlemen, girls of Herschel,

We are once more at the end of a school year — a year which has had its full share of rewarding opportunities and challenging situations.

At the outset we were encouraged by the success of the 1980 Matriculation class in the Joint Matriculation Board examinations. All girls passed and all but two gained the full Matriculation pass, offering admission to a University degree course, while thirteen girls gained subject distinctions and two girls passed with A aggregates — last year's Head Girl, Clair Grootendorst, and Lilian Dudley who has this year been accepted as a student in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Cape Town. The subject distinctions were gained in a pleasing variety of subjects — English 3, Afrikaans 4, Mathematics 7, Biology 1, Physical Science 2, French 2, History 1, Speech and Drama 1 and Typing 2. My congratulations in all this to the teachers concerned and, of course, to the students themselves.

It has been good during this year to keep in touch with some of our recent Old Herschelians. Many have visited us on different occasions and I have had interesting letters from those who have gone abroad to England and America. Clair, writing as a Rotary Exchange student from New York State, told of her arrival in January in one of the coldest periods on record (-35°C), of her 30-day tour around the United States and of the friendliness of the small farming community in which she is staying. Leigh Mukheiber, also a Rotary student, wrote in a similar vein from Arizona, telling of her courses in American government and Arizona desert biology in addition to

French for which she was an official 'Teacher's Aid' — I quote: "This entails helping the teacher with her marking and if she is absent to sort of run the class!" Suzanne Ackerman, also in America, enthuses about Chicago as "an exciting, lively city" where she is enjoying such diverse studies as English Literature, Zionism, Politics and Symphonic Masterpieces!

Our present Matriculation class have on the whole been an exceptionally pleasant and hard-working group of girls throughout their school careers and they certainly deserve to do as well as they hope in the examinations they have just finished writing. They are planning next year to embark on a wide range of careers or courses of study — medicine, law, nursing, teaching, fashion or textile design, catering, social science, fine art, occupational therapy, computer science, architecture, archaeology and commerce. To one and all we wish you joy and enrichment in your chosen sphere. May you leave us in the knowledge firstly, that Herschel is proud of you and grateful to you for your leadership, enthusiasm and loyalty this year — I speak here to both Prefects and non-Prefects alike — and, secondly, that we have high hopes of your fulfilling in the future that for which you have been prepared at school and for which you have often shown promising potential. As I have written in several girls' testimonials, I have confidence that you will have a valuable contribution to make in whatever community you may happen to be.

In expressing gratitude to the Matrics, I do so especially to Kate Saunders, our Head Girl of 1981, and also to Chloë Ovenstone, the Head

of the Boarding House. Both these girls have won the respect and affection of us all through their gracious charm of personality, their quiet strength and dignity and their strong sense of good sportsmanship and fair play. The word "ladylike" sounds old-fashioned enough nowadays as to be almost foreign to modern ears, yet it is an adjective I would apply unhesitatingly in the highest sense to both Kate and Chloë.

To the three Heads of Houses, Toni Beck, Nicola Deal and Anne Meynell, I express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the way they have held their Houses together and been able to evoke enthusiasm and good House spirit.

The latter is of course only one aspect of something more important, namely good School spirit, and I am happy to say that this has been strong this year — perhaps partly the result of the excellent results achieved by our different sporting teams.

We are especially proud of our swimming team who won the Cup for the second consecutive year at the Inter-Schools' Gala, and of our hockey teams, all of whom did well in their respective leagues, four of them coming first. The Under 15A team won the Inter-Schools' Under 15 Tournament after a close match against Rustenburg and the 1st and 2nd teams enjoyed a successful tour, under Mrs Goosen's leadership, during the July holidays.

How sad it was that Mrs Goosen, who achieved so much during her eighteen months at the School, had to leave us at mid-year, following her husband's unexpected transfer to the Eastern Province. We have missed her very much in this half-year but are grateful to Mrs Witchalls who has filled the major part of her post in a competent way, and to Miss Dunleavy and Mrs Murray who have helped with hockey and swimming in the afternoons. A new full-time teacher has been appointed for January.

Meanwhile Mrs Hudson has as ever been a tower of strength (my apologies for the cliché but it sums her up!) in her assistance with the general organization of the Physical Education department and her responsibility for tennis and netball. Under her leadership, twelve members of our 1st, 2nd and U15 teams enjoyed a short tour in the September holidays when they went by train to the Transvaal where accommodation had been kindly arranged for them by Mrs Stamper, mother of our new Head Girl.

To complete a report on sport I must not omit to mention both squash and badminton. In squash we enjoy the services of a team of coaches headed by Mrs Jill Eckstein and we were pleased that our team reached the finals at the Inter-Schools' tournament in spite of not having been seeded for this place. In badminton the team of four, coached by Mrs S. Dunt, has done exceptionally well, winning every match they have played and fighting their way up from the bottom to the top league.

Other activities of a sporting nature — though out of school — have been riding (we were especially proud when Sarah Wynne-Edwards was chosen as Captain of a Western Province girls' equestrian team); sailing (Carolyn Mayhew came 9th out of 32 in an Inter-Schools' Optimist race where boys outnumbered girls by about 15 to 11), the Mountain Club (in which I am most grateful for the leadership of Herschel parents namely Mr and Mrs B.P.M. Fletcher) and the "Blisters for Bread" Walk in aid of the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme. In this over half our Senior School girls entered, raising a sum over R1300. In the actual walk, Jane Yeats, our top academic Matriculant, came in first of all the female participants.

Jane gained honour of a different kind when she won first prize in the Cape Province for the Argus Short Story Competition. Congratulations to her; also to Amanda de Villiers who gained a prize in the Essay Contest organized by the Fairest Cape Association, and to Luanna Shonfeld who won second prize in the Schools' Flower-arranging section at the Cape Horticultural Society Flower Show in October.

Class fund-raising or other efforts for charity have continued this year. (I use the word 'charity' with apologies for I am fully aware of the connotations it has of old-world condescension and the 'Lady Bountiful' type of attitude we need to avoid. Nevertheless I cannot seem to find a sensible equivalent.) These were as follows:

Std X — a cake sale in aid of B.A.B.S. (Build a Better Society)

IX H — a film show in aid of S.A.A.A.P.E.N. (S.A. Assoc. Against Painful Experiments on Animals)

IX L — sale of recipe books in aid of the Grass-roots Association.

IX W — regular visiting at an Old Age Home and a Children's Hospital.

VIII MR — a 'Come-as-You-Like-Day' in aid of the Umzinkulu Mission Hospital.

VIII MT — assistance with a stall at the Community Chest Carnival.

VII C — a modelling competition in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

VII W — a dance marathon in aid of the St Michael's Children's Home.

VI B — a collection of toys for the children of Leliebloem House.

VI T — a fancy dress in aid of the Cerebral Palsy Association.

Meanwhile the three Houses, Jagger, Merriman and Rolt, have kept up Herschel's long-standing tradition of collecting jerseys for people in need at the beginning of the winter. Regrettably, however, it would seem that each year fewer jerseys are actually knitted by the girls themselves, which I think was the original idea. Perhaps we can try to rectify this next year.

Our school play in April this year was produced by Mrs Saffery in the Claremont Congregational Church Hall. It is a sad fact that the alterations to our School Hall, while providing a better gymnasium and more floor space, have severely limited the effectiveness of the stage and other facilities for Dramatic productions. Fortunately last year we were able to use the Civic Centre for "*Love from Judy*", and this year the venue I have mentioned proved ideal for "*An Evening with Noel Coward*." My warmest congratulations to both producer and cast on a most polished and enjoyable production which won generous acclaim from the Argus critic.

On a lesser scale, but equally enjoyable for the audience, were the three plays enacted in the Inter-House Drama Contest in the third quarter — "*The Caucasian Chalk Circle*" (Act 1)(Jagger), "*The Crucible*" (selected scenes)(Merriman) and "*To the end of the Road*" (Rolt).

Under Miss Sweet's capable and dedicated leadership, the Choir has had a full programme this year, singing at more than the usual number of weddings, at the St Thomas' Church Patronal Festival, at a Methodist Church, at a Concert for the Elderly, at our Easter and Christmas services at St Saviour's Church and, as I hope you were aware, on a Sunday evening television programme (since when I have received countless comments about how extraordinarily *pretty* Herschel girls look!)

I do not intend this year to report in detail on all the excursions, extra-curricular activities or society meetings that have taken place this year. I invite you to read about them in the School Magazine or in the three House Magazines which are kept in the Library and always provide such a good record of school life in its varied aspects.

I have mentioned Mrs Goosen's departure. We were also sorry to lose Mrs Meinert and Mrs McGivern at the end of the third quarter and Miss Magona in August. In their places we welcomed Mrs Steytler who had endeared herself to many girls last year during Mrs McCormick's long leave, Mrs Crosswell, who was already proving invaluable in a part-time capacity in our Maths department and delighted me by agreeing to move into full-time work and Mrs Siyengo who, as our new Xhosa teacher, is already proving a real treasure. Fortunately there are to be no further changes at the end of this year.

In spite of rising fees, there has been a steady demand for places at Herschel for next year and subsequent years. We hope to keep enrolment up to a maximum without becoming any larger than we are at present. To introduce a third stream into every standard, for instance, would be to strain our present facilities to an inadvisable degree and it seems best to maintain the strength of unity and family feeling that our present number makes possible.

In much of what I have said I have perhaps emphasized aspects of school life of which we have cause to be proud. It would be dishonest to pretend that there is never anything that causes the opposite feeling of shame and it is part of my duty at School Assemblies to comment on the latter as much as to give praise or commendation. The cause may perhaps be an example of coarseness, selfishness or flippancy, sometimes simply not caring enough about the tone of the School. It would be useless to be intent on building up School spirit only to find that what we are enthusiastic about has ceased to be worth the spirit shown! Let us therefore continue to hold dear those values such as faith, integrity, loyalty, generosity, perseverance, a sense of duty and the like that have made schools — or nations — great in the past and that are needed in today's world more than ever.

I should like to end by reading some of the lines of my favourite prayer, the famous prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi.

Lord make me an instrument of your peace
Where there is hatred let me sow love.
Where there is injury pardon.
Where there is discord unity.
Where there is doubt faith.

O Divine Master grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled as to console.
To be understood as to understand.
To be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive.
It is in pardoning, that we are pardoned.
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

As we listen to these words let us make them our own and add the word 'Amen' — 'Even so be it, Lord'.

Confirmations

On Sunday 18 October the following girls were confirmed at St Saviour's, by the Most Reverend P W R Russell, Archbishop of Cape Town, and received their first Communion straight after-

wards:

Marie-Louise du Toit, Karen Kirkman, Nicky Newton-King and Ingrid Hommersom.

Chapel

Members on the Chapel Committee this year were: Miss P.A. Geldard, Mrs S. Gillham, Mrs H. Montgomery, Mrs M. Browne, Chloë Ovenstone, Marÿke Hommersom, Anne Meynell, Lynn Stamper, Kath Smit, Jane Yeats, Debbie Köster, Jackie Rathfelder, Nickie Jones and Rowena Evans.

During the first two terms this year Communion services were held on Friday mornings every second week, but in the third term it was decided that a weekly Communion service on Wednesday mornings should be held. We thank Rev Taylor and Rev Young for taking these. The attendance at Communion service has improved during the year but I hope that it will continue to improve next year. Parents and friends are always welcome to join us at Communion or at any other Chapel services.

The Committee decided to get a new song-book "Sound of Living Waters-Fresh Sounds" to use during the boarders' evening services. Mrs Browne kindly came on a few evenings to teach the girls some of the songs. The book has proved to be very popular and the girls enjoy singing from it.

I would also like to thank Mrs Browne for helping the girls when preparing the chapel for communion services and for doing the flower arrangements.

A few people from outside the school have taken some of the boarders' services, otherwise Miss Geldard, or a member of the Chapel Committee, or the girls of a particular dormitory have led our worship.

A crucifix was put in the chapel in memory of Miss Joyce Way who passed away last year. Although she is no longer with us her presence is still very much felt, especially during the boarders' evening services which she always attended.

In closing I wish to thank the committee for the time they have put into organising the services.

Marÿke Hommersom
SECRETARY

School Prefects 1981

Head Girl: Kate Saunders

Head of Boarding House: Chloë Ovenstone

Head of Jagger: Anne Meynell

Head of Merriman: Nicola Deal

Head of Rolt: Toni Beck

Additional School Prefects: Dorothy Douglas, Shane Fairhead, Maryke Hommersom, Lindsay Jones, Mary Jooste, Susan Lanfear, Monika Oelz, Luanna Shonfeld, Alexa Singer.

Additional House Prefects: Louise Morrissey (Deputy Head), Fiona McQueen, Suzanne Muir, Sonja Schröder.



PREFECTS

Back Row: M. Oelz, S. Lanfear, L. Shonfeld, M. Hommersom, A. Singer, M. Jooste, S. Fairhead, L. Jones, D. Douglas.
Front Row: A. Meynell, N. Deal, Miss Geldard, C. Saunders, Mrs Gillham, C. Ovenstone, T. Beck.

Matriculation Results, 1980

35 Candidates entered — No failures.

M denotes Matric pass with university entrance.

A denotes A aggregate.

M Ackerman, S
 M Baker, S
 M Barron, K
 M Boyes, P
 M Burns, S

M Cameron, D
 M Davies, S
 M de Kock, L
 M Dicey, H (Distinction in Afrikaans)
 (supplementary)
 M Dicey, J (Distinction in Afrikaans and
 Mathematics)
 A M Dudley L (Distinction in Afrikaans, Mathe-
 matics, Biology)

M Enthoven, M
 M Filmer, M (Distinction in French)
 M Gleimius, P
 M Gray, J (Distinction in Mathematics)
 A M Grootendorst, C (Distinction in English,
 Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science,
 History)
 M Hanekom, F
 M Huxter, V
 M Ingram, S
 M Johnson, J (Distinction in Speech and
 Drama)
 M Knight, H
 Lloyd-Roberts, S
 M Maisel, M

M Mannion, D
 M Marten, C
 M Moll, C (Distinction in Mathematics (S.G.),
 English)
 M Moodie, J
 M Mukheiber, L (Distinction in Mathematics
 (S.G.), French)
 M Newton, C (Distinction in English)
 M Scott, A (Distinction in Typing)
 Sharpley, P (Distinction in Typing)
 M Stamper, S
 M Steenkamp, S
 M van Niekerk, M (Distinction in Mathematics
 and Physical Science (S.G.))
 M Whiting, A



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS

Back Row: S. Muir, M. Hommersom, A. Singer, M. Jooste, F. McQueen.
 Front Row: L. Morrissey, Miss Geldard, C. Ovenstone, Mrs Wren-Sargent, S. Schröder.

Taalbond Results, 1980

HOËR AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1980

Hoër Graad met Lof

Jane Dicey.

Hoër Graad

Jenneke Post, Myrna Rabie, Karin Reitner.

Gewone Graad

Beverley Atkinson, Kathleen Barron, Toni Beck, Pamela Boyes, Jill Breen, Ashley Chapman, Nicola Deal, Amanda de Villiers, Dorothy Douglas, Lilian Dudley, Shane Fairhead, Marjorie Filmer, Jennifer Gray, Rowan Haden, Georgina Hart, Katherine Ince, Susan Ingram, Catherine Jackson, Lindsay Jones, Mary Jooste, Gillian Mackenzie, Mistene Maisel, Deirbhle Mannion, Maryanne Marais, Anne Meynell, Fiona McQueen, Lynne Moore, Louise Morrissey, Monika Oelz, Chloë Ovenstone, Carole Roberts, Therese Roomes, Catherine Saunders, Tracey Scott, Penelope Sharpley, Alexa Singer, Susan Stamper, Meg van Niekerk, Karren Visser, Jane Yeats.

LAER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1980

Hoër Graad

Linda Bettison, Monique Biebuyck, Diana Booth, Susan Bowley, Suzanne Bryant, Shona Commings, Katherine Dower, Maggie du Toit, Marie-Louise du Toit, Veronica Hommersom, Catherine Marr, Philippa McKee, Belinda Morris, Emily Morrissey, Gillian Parker, Wendy Sharpley, Kathryn Smit, Lynn Stamper, Natasha Theophilou, Miriam Thomas, Marie-Louise van der Hoorn.

Gewone Graad

Susan Albertyn, Jackie Batchelor, Gaydrey Browne, Robyn Cooper, Susan Cowie, Katherine Dicey, Dianne Dixon, Fiona Fraser, Katie Gottgens, Nadine Gramman, Catherine Hales, Susan Hammond, Cheryl Ann Hemingway, Hillary Jooste, Faith Knight, Conny Krauss, Karin Krone, Daniela Lenger, Rosemary Loch Davis, Bridget Longmore, Suzanne Louw, Lisa Lyhne, Moira Mannion, Linda Merrington, Margaret Orford, Deborah Pargiter, Maya Ranchod, Anne-Marie Robb, Elsa Vorster, Wendy Wilson.

Cape Town Eisteddfod 1981

SOLO WORK VERSE SPEAKING

Preparatory School:

Pass. Charmian Prescott.

Merit: Vanessa Jacobs, Peta Hosking, Larissa Peter.

Honours: Stephanie Poole.

Senior School:

Merit: Stephanie Dutkiewicz.

Prose Speaking:

Merit: Sarah Ashley.

Honours: Amanda de Villiers.

SIGHT READING

Merit: Joanne Macfarlane.

Honours: Joanne Hvidsten.

MONOLOGUE

Merit: Amanda de Villiers.

Preparatory School:

Theme Programme

Honours: Nicky Lloyd Roberts, Bridget Chapman.

GROUPWORK

Group Speaking (Std III to V)

Honours: Std IVA and Std IVX

(Stds IX and X)

Honours and winner of the Carol Iljon Trophy
Std IX Drama.

EXPERIMENTAL WORK

Junior Section

Merit: Std VX

Gold Diploma and winner of the Speech Teachers
Junior Cup Std VA.

Intermediate Section

Honours and winner of the Joy Buchanan Trophy
Std VIII Drama.

Senior Section

Gold Diploma and winner of the Irene Holloway
Trophy — Maggie du Toit, Dot Douglas, Janine
Quibell, Arabella McCallum and Rosalind Butler.

A concert including all group work and some of
the soloists was held. This was thoroughly enjoyed
by parents, pupils and friends who attended.

Ballet Results

Senior Grade: Dale Hosking (Honours), Stephanie Poole (Highly Commended), Edwina Smith (Highly Commended).

Grade IV: Alison Durr (Commended).

Grade III: Inken Haldane (Highly Commended), Jill Atwood (Highly Commended), Gabrielle Raaff (Highly Commended), Janet Wray (Commended) and Vaughneen Ricketts (Commended).

Grade II: Elena Rista (Honours), Athene Pharo (Honours), Louise Powell (Pass Plus) and Julie van Rijswijk (Pass Plus).

Grade I: Nadine Louw (Commended), Catherine Southern (Commended), Caroline Martin (Commended), Pamela Thompson (Commended), Eva Disler (Pass Plus).

Art Eisteddfod Results 1981

Std. 3: Joy Parker (Pass).

Std. 4: Caroline Symons (Merit), Christie Peters (Pass).

Std. 6: Helen Botma (Merit), Karen Dudley (Pass).

Std. 7: Wendy Perold (Pass), Susan Gatt (Pass), Stephanie Dutkiewicz (Pass), Vanessa Clark (Pass), Linda Willis (Merit), Debby Crane (Pass).

Std. 8: Penny Thesen (Pass), Elizabeth Doyle (Pass), Bridget Purcell (Merit), Britt Schrauwen (Pass), Wendy Lyhne (Pass), Michele Kinlay (Honours).

Cape Town Music Eisteddfod

PIANO:

Anne Meynell (1 Merit, 2 Passes).
Bridget Longmore (1 Honours, 2 Merits, 1 Pass).
Hillary Jooste (2 Merits, 2 Passes).
Emily Morrissey (2 Passes).

RECORDER:

Deidre Terrill and Debbie Mann: Duet (Pass).
Deidre Terrill: Solo (Pass).
Rowena Evans: Solo (Pass).
Charmian Prescott: Sonata (Pass).
Jeanette Krige: Sonata (Merit), Solo (Merit).
Natasha Theophilou: Solo (Pass), Sonata (Honours).

Speech Examination Results

Junior Speech Examination Results

Grade A: Athene Pharo (Merit).

Grade B: Joanna Wimbush (Honours), Samantha Bendzulla (Merit).

Grade C: Lesley Millar (Honours), Claire Reilly (Honours), Bridget Chapman (Honours), Miranda Mosomathane (Merit), Christie Peters (Merit), Nicola Lloyd-Roberts (Merit), Bronwen McKellar (Merit), Marie-Lou Gillespie (Pass), Alison Durr (Pass, Stephani Poole (Pass).

Grade D: Sally Orren (Merit).

Oral Communication Examination

Junior C: Edwina Smith (Merit), Tanyana Robb (Merit).

Senior Speech Examination Results

Senior II: Juliet Postlethwaite (Honours), Stephanie Dutkiewicz (Merit).

Senior III: Hilary Marten (Honours), Wendy Lyhne (Honours).

Senior IV: Shelley Durr (Honours), Joanne Hvidsten (Honours).

Oral Communication Examination

Intermediate II: Vanessa Clarke (Honours), Lisa Bailey (Merit).

Term Dates for 1982

1st Term: Wednesday 20 January – Wednesday 31 March

2nd Term: Wednesday 14 April – Thursday 24 June

3rd Term: Wednesday 21 July – Thursday 23 September

4th Term: Tuesday 5 October – Friday 3 December.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examination Results, 1981

Grade I: Violin — Sarah Joyce, Laura Summs. Piano — Gail Fitzpatrick (Pass), Kirsten Jensen, Sally Mackenzie (Distinction), Karen Preiss, Elena Rista (Merit).

Grade II: Piano — Inken Haldane (Pass), Vaughn-
een Ricketts (Pass).

Grade III: 'Cello — Alexia Billings (Distinction)
Viola — Lynn Stamper (Distinction)

Piano — Laetita Bruggmann (Merit), Lucy Burns (Distinction), Jessica Opie (Pass), Sally Orren (Merit), Lizette Preiss (Distinction), Karen Syn-
ders (Merit), Mary-Ann Wheeler (Pass).

Grade IV: Piano — Fenella Growse (Merit), Alison Hundleby (Merit), Susan Hammond (General Musicianship), Emily Morrissey (General Musicianship), Caroline Tedder (Merit)

Flute — Bridget Longmore (Distinction).

Grade V: 'Cello — Carole Roberts (Distinction)
Flute — Cecily Littleford (Pass)

Violin — Michel Kinlay (Pass)

Piano — Hilary Jooste (Distinction General Musicianship), Bridget Longmore (Distinction General Musicianship), Christina Rideout (Pass), Lynn Stamper (Merit General Musicianship).

Grade VII: Hilary Jooste (Merit), Emily Morrissey (Distinction), Louise Morrissey (Pass), Lynn Stamper (Merit).

Grade VIII: Piano — Susan Hammond (Pass), Bridget Longmore (Distinction), Anne Meynell (Merit).

Theory Grade V: Emily Morrissey.

University of South Africa Music Examination

Grade VII: Hilary Jooste (Pass).

Charities 1981

Die Burger Disaster Fund, Umzimkulu Mission Hospital, Dispensary for Sick Animals, Nyanga Welfare Centre, African Scholars' Fund, St Michael's Home, Meals on Wheels, World Vision.

Reports

Social Responsibility Club

The Social Responsibility Club of 1981 unfortunately got off to a slow start with the loss of Miss Aitchison who backed the club up and with dedication kept it running smoothly and successfully. It was necessary for the members to realize that a club such as this depends upon their support and their dedication to make it worthwhile and fruitful. Nevertheless, our club has become more active as the year has progressed and various projects have been tackled.

We appealed to the school to support us in a collection for the St Michael's Childrens Home, Plumstead and got a fairly good response which we will donate to the Home's Principal. Other projects such as the collection of empty cartons, bottles, etc., for a handicapped handicraft centre; and the making of quilts for old-age homes were carried out with enthusiasm.

We visited the Eaton Convalescent Home, Plumstead every Tuesday evening and took the Bruce Duncan Home out on Saturday afternoons. We visited places such as the beach, Constantia Nek and Rhodes Memorial which put smiles on all the children's faces. At the end of the term we hope to have a Christmas party for the Sarah Fox Home and BABS, which should be a great success.

I appeal to all members of the school to support our club and realize that underprivileged and handicapped people of our society are crying out for our help and attention.

Cathy Marr
CHAIRMAN



CHOIR

Back Row: L. de Waal, A. Robins, C. Mannion, S. Lanfear, T. Scott, B. Morris, M. Jooste, S. Murray, M. Thomas, D. Booth.
 3rd Row: H. Jooste, S. Cowie, A. Meynell, L. Stamper, C. Roberts, J. Post, M. Kinlay, W. Wilson, L. Bettison, S. Newton-Thompson, M.A. Marais.
 2nd Row: E. Morrissey, S. Dicey, J. Krige, J. McMillan, M. Ross, S. Hammond, B. Longmore, B. Pentz, S. Durr, C. Tripp, C. Pelt, J. Breen.
 Front Row: L. Hosking, M. Marr, S. Rogers, A. Hundleby, L. Morrissey, C. Rideout, S. Fairhead, K. Dudley, L. Alves, J. McKee, F. Knight.

Choirmistress: Miss C. Sweet

Accompanist: Mrs Y. Dowdle

Choir Leader: Christina Rideout

Choir Members: L. Alves, L. Bettison, J. Breen, D. Booth, S. Cowie, L. de Waal, S. Dicey, K. Dudley, S. Durr, S. Fairhead, S. Hammond, A. Hundleby, H. Jooste, M. Jooste, M. Kinlay, F. Knight, J. Krige, S. Lanfear,

D. Lengner, B. Longmore, C. Mannion, M. Marais, M. Marr, J. McKee, J. McMillan, A. Meynell, B. Morris, E. Morrissey, L. Morrissey, S. Murray, S. Newton-Thompson, C. Pelt, B. Pentz, J. Post, C. Rideout, C. Roberts, A. Robins, S. Rogers, M. Ross, T. Scott, L. Stamper, M. Thomas, K. Tripp, W. Wilson.

During the past year the choir has taken part in a variety of events, both lighthearted and serious. The highlight of the first term was, of course, the Founders' Day service, which was enjoyed by all and the first conducted by our new school chaplain, Rev R. Taylor. However, I think that the second term was by far the most exciting and rewarding for the choir.

Shortly after term started we sang at the Plumstead Methodist Church to celebrate Palm Sunday. Towards the middle of the term we recorded a television service conducted by Canon Hodson, for SATV. We sang two hymns, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind", and "O Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness", the anthem, "All in an April Evening" and "God be in My Head". Towards the end of this term we were thrilled to join the Philharmonic and St Cyprian's Choirs in the performance of the "Te Deum" by Berlioz, conducted by Brian Priestman in the City Hall.

Several exciting events are due to take place next term, along with our traditional Carol Service to which we are all looking forward. During this past year we have sung at a large number of weddings, including one on the morning after our Matric Dance! Also as a choir, we have attended recitals given by the Drakensberg Boys' Choir and the Vienna Boys' Choir, both of which were very inspiring.

Finally I would like to express our sincere thanks to Miss Sweet for all the hard work and enthusiasm that she has put into the Choir. However, we were very sad to say goodbye to Mrs Dowdle, who has been our accompanist for several years. We are exceedingly grateful to her for all the time and help that she has given to the choir and shall miss her.

Sing well next year.

Christina Rideout
HEAD OF CHOIR

Music School

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet

Music Staff: Mrs C. Popham-Smith, Mrs J. Hagen, Miss S. Heathcock, Mrs C. Griggs, Mrs M. Coutts, Mrs M. Loggie, Mrs A. Tyson, Mr C. Gibbins, Mr R. Wright, Miss K. Irish, Mrs P. Weir, Mr D. Walters, Mr T. Hanslo, Miss E. Garnett.

There is never a dull moment in the Music Department. Music students always seem to be working towards some event — whether it is a concert or workshop held at the end of each term, an eisteddfod or examinations.

The quarterly workshops and the concert held during the third term were extremely beneficial as they gave all pupils the opportunity of playing in front of others and gaining confidence before their Royal School examinations. We were gratified to have so many parents at the concert but were disappointed that so few attended the workshops.

It has been most encouraging to watch the enthusiastic progress of the orchestra. Its members have performed at two Junior School music evenings and the Senior School concert. More and more girls are wanting to learn an instrument

in order to join the orchestra. Our thanks to Miss Heathcock for her invaluable guidance and to Mrs Longmore for her continued support.

Of the girls who entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod, Bridget Longmore and Natasha Theophilou are to be especially congratulated for obtaining Honours for piano and recorder respectively.

Miss Heathcock has also continued her Suzuki violin classes throughout the year. Both mother and pupil learn together and the idea is for them to help each other or to try and outdo each other! These classes are great fun.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations were held on the last two days of the third term — the 23rd and 24th September. This was a time of nail-biting for both pupils and staff, but we have survived, and will no doubt go through it all again next year.

From the above it can be seen that the music department has entered an interesting epoch. We hope that this will continue from strength to strength in the future.

Jill Breen
HEAD MUSIC STUDENT



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: R. George, S. Joyce, L. Summs.

Middle Row: L. Hosking, A. Meynell, R. Karjeiker, L. Stamper, S. Hammond, C. Littleford, C. Roberts, B. Longmore.

Front Row: M. Kinlay, Miss Heathcock, B. Morris.

The orchestra was started three years ago by Miss Harman with only a handful of players, but now there are sixteen of us with the addition of three third violins who joined the ranks early this year.

A programme has been started with the aim of increasing the number of pupils learning orchestral instruments by encouraging them to play a string or woodwind instrument rather than the piano. A number of Preparatory pupils have already started to do so and will probably join the orchestra next year. We will, alas, be losing both our 'cellists at the end of the year and if there is anyone wishing to learn to play the 'cello, we hope they will come forward, 'presto!'

We have had a busy year as we have played in two school assemblies and also given demon-

stration talks to the Preparatory and Senior school in which various members of the orchestra spoke about their instruments and played examples, individually and in ensemble. The orchestra was involved for the first time in two Preparatory school concerts and as usual, played several items at the Senior music concert. All these concerts, which took place mainly during the third term, entailed a lot of rehearsing which sometimes took place at 7.30 a.m.! The hard work was rewarded, however, by a great improvement in the technical and musical performance of the orchestra.

Thanks to Miss Heathcock's dedication and the enthusiasm of its members the overall standard of the orchestra has improved during the past year and we know it will continue doing so!

Historical Society

We have been invited during the year by organisations and societies such as the S.A. Foundation, The Institute of Race Relations and The Rondebosch and Rustenberg Historical Societies to attend various films and lectures. It is alarming to find a generally apathetic attitude pervading the school. Many of these activities had to be cancelled due to lack of support. One feels that girls should be interested in the history around them and especially in the political situation, as it may directly affect them in the near future.

The activities that were well attended were the slideshow on "Roman Britain Through the eyes of a Tourist" and a historical tour of Simonstown.

The Interschools History Quiz held in June pro-

vided an entertaining evening. Mrs Thompson, our well-informed Latin teacher was the "quiz-master", asking questions on history dating from the Bible up to the 20 Century. Eight schools participated and eventually Settlers won. Shell sponsored the evening, presenting each school with a colourful set of posters.

Next term we are arranging a walking tour of Wynberg, a lecture on William Harvey and a visit to Simonstown Dockyard. We hope that more girls will be interested enough to support us.

Hilary Marten
SECRETARY

Oral Communication

Debate

On the 19th August 1981 the titles "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" and "Life today is better for girls than it was in the Victorian Era", were debated by the Std VIII and IX classes. Std IX won the first and Std VIII the second with the best speaker award going to Shelley Durr. There have been other debates against schools — Bishops and Sacs — which were enjoyed by both participants and spectators.

Forum Discussion

At the beginning of the third term Herschel sent a Forum Discussion team to take part in the annual schools' competition. The team consisted of Alexa Singer, Toni Olivier, Toni Beck, Susan Hammond and Amanda de Villiers in the Chair.

Unfortunately we lost to Rustenberg in the preliminary round.

Centre of Interest

On Wednesday 14th October we sent a team to Pinelands High to represent us in the Std 8 Centre of Interest contest. Our members were Rosalind Butler, Joanne Hvidsten, Shelley Durr, Sandra Newton-Thompson, Wendy Lyhne, Britt Schrauwen and the team was technically assisted by Susan Bell. The topic given was "The Importance of Idealism". Our team gave a very well-spoken and polished performance but their theme tended to centre around "Idealism" rather than the importance of it and they lost valuable points and the award, which went to Rhenish of Stellenbosch.

Mountain Club

Leaders: Mr and Mrs Fletcher

Committee: Kate Saunders, Mary Jooste, Judy Richards.

We began the year enthusiastically with an adventurous weekend in Hermanus. Mr and Mrs Aitchison kindly lent us their house to stay in. The extra route finding in Fernkloof had not been anticipated but nevertheless we had a super weekend!

During the second term we returned to Kasteelspoort, on Table Mountain, where we introduced new members to some real climbing with ropes.

Mrs Fletcher spent a holiday in Norway during the winter, much of it bicycling through mountainous terrain, hard on the legs, but magnificent scenery.

Unfortunately, rain and alternative weekend activities meant that no further hikes could take place in the third term. We hope with the coming of the summer weather to have further interesting outings guided by our capable and enthusiastic leaders, Mr and Mrs Fletcher.

Judy Richards
SECRETARY

Library

1981 has seen the Duncan Baxter Library expanding with new and exciting books. A library is one of the most important rooms in a school because it is the source of so much knowledge and discovery. The Duncan Baxter Library is able to provide this to every pupil at Herschel.

Our sincere thanks must go to Mrs Meinert whose outstanding and efficient running of the library transformed it to what it is today. Mrs Meinert always had a smile for everyone who entered, and took a keen interest in the girls. It was with sadness and regret that we said goodbye to her when she left at the end of the second term. We hope that she is happy in her new position.

With the departure of Mrs Meinert, we welcome Mrs Steytler as our new Librarian and English teacher. In her care, the Duncan Baxter Library remains in good hands.

Thanks, too, to all our Library Prefects for their consistent interest, enthusiasm and loyalty. Without their hard work, the library would be unable to run smoothly or successfully. Particular thanks to Anne Abdy and Wendy Perold.

The Duncan Baxter Library holds a special place in many people's hearts. May it continue to grow from strength to strength in the years ahead.

Lindsay Jones

SENIOR LIBRARY PREFECT

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY 1979/1980

February 1979. The country diary of an Edwardian Library
Suzanne Ackerman

1979. Understanding Astrology
Erica Perry

October 1979. A new book of South African verse in English

Centre of Interest Group Prize Winners 1979

June 1980. The Proteas of Southern Africa
Mr and Mrs J.B. Visser and Karen

August 1980. Photographing America
Jeanie Brown Oxford, Ohio A.F.S. Student

September 1980. R21 in memory of Jenny Torr
Mr and Mrs J. Torr

October 1980. 33 books
Estate Miss Joyce Way

December 1980. 3 sets of Encyclopaedias Time/Life series
Gaydrey Browne

1980. Fitzpatrick — South African Politician
The Percy Fitzpatrick Memorial Trust

1980. Oscar Wilde and his world
**Forum Discussion Contest Winners. Chairwoman
Clair Grootendorst**

1980. Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci
Jane Yeats

January 1981. The Olympic Book of Squash
Jill Eckstein



Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Std 7W

Sociological Club

This year, the Sociological Club has seen a large variety of speakers coming to Herschel. Most of the programmes have been extremely interesting and I should like to highlight some of the most enjoyable.

Professor Martin West gave two very interesting talks — one on 'Migrant Labour in the Western Cape' and another on 'The Bushmen!' Both his talks were fascinating and most of us enjoyed them. Dr Hall, an archaeologist, came to talk to us on 'South Africa: 1500 years ago.' This was made an enjoyable talk by the inclusion of some of his own experiences. These were amusing but they also made us realize just how much work has to go into the diggings. On a

lighter note, Sue Parker and her dancers gave us a Jazz dancing Display. Quite a few girls were involved in the dances and this helped to add amusement to an afternoon of real fun. We also had the Inter-House music competition, Inter-Form Debate, and even an afternoon of orchestral music presented by the school orchestra.

All in all, I feel this year has offered a full, varied and very enjoyable programme. Thank-you very much to Mrs McCormick for all her continued hard work to make these afternoons so successful.

Janice McMillan
SECRETARY

Christian Union

Teachers in Charge: Mrs Martin and Mrs Marr

Committee: 1st half of year 2nd half of year

Chairman: Jill Breen Lisa Lyhne

Secretary: Rowan Haden Sue Hammond

Vice-Chairman: Sue Hammond Cheryl

Hemingway

Treasurer: Lisa Lyhne Diana Booth

Other Members: Gillian Parker Daniela Lenger
Jane Yeats Gail Socikwa.

This year regular meetings have been held during Wednesday lunch times. We have had speakers, singers and films on a wide range of controversial

topics. As the number of truly "born-again" Christians is not high at Herschel, our main emphasis has been on outreach. We know that the Lord will use our C.U. as an instrument for fulfilling His plan.

A new committee was chosen half way through the year. We are all getting to know one another and beginning to work together as a team. Our sincere thanks go to last year's committee and to Mrs Martin, Mrs Marr and Mrs Wood for their continuing support and encouragement.

Lisa Lyhne

Jagger House

This year has been full of "green" activities. Although we have not achieved many 1st places, we did win Interhouse Squash. Once again the tremendous Jagger spirit still lives on, and, with a little more determination and commitment, we could still win the Efficiency Shield.

In netball we came a close second. The U15 team swept all their opponents off their feet but, unfortunately, the open team lost marginally to Rolt, therefore, the overall winner was Rolt. We were, nevertheless, pleased with our efforts.

As well as coming second in netball, we also came second in the Interhouse Swimming. We are proud that Mónica Biebuyck is in our house because she is a Western Province swimmer and was selected for S.A. Schools Swimming. Congratulations to Cecily Littleford who holds the Breastroke Cup.

Tisa van der Hoorn and Anne Meynell were selected for the final Western Province hockey trials, but unfortunately were not selected for the team. The Interhouse Hockey though not



HEAD GIRL AND HEADS OF HOUSES

N. Deal, C. Saunders, T. Beck, A. Meynell.

entirely successful, was enjoyed by all and there was a good house spirit.

Jagger, however, excelled at Badminton, a relatively new sport at Herschel. Hilary Marten is the Badminton Captain. Sarah Cross was selected to represent Western Province in badminton and squash in the U19 Section.

On the cultural side, Jagger is pulling its weight. Of the five girls who received choir badges this year, four were from Jagger. The leader and vice-leader of the choir, Christina Rideout and Louise Morrissey are both members of Jagger.

Ashley Chapman is to be commended on her outstanding efforts as an impromptu speaker. She was selected to speak in the Interschools Public Speaking Competition and did very well.

On behalf of the house, I would like to thank Mrs Gillham for her unflagging interest in the House's activities and for always being available when crises develop. The magazine committee deserve a pat on the back for all the time, effort and work they have put into the House magazine.

Thank you to the Jagger prefects who have always given their full support and have been reliable working companions.

Finally, a big thank you to Mrs McCormick for all her enthusiasm and her unfailing help throughout the year. Without her Jagger would not be the same.

Anne Meynell
HEAD OF JAGGER

Merriman House

At the start of the New Year we were pleased to welcome Mrs Thompson as our new House Mistress. Once again this has been a very happy year for Merriman, thanks to Mrs Thompson's untiring support and encouragement.

As usual jerseys were donated to the children of St Michael's Home, something which was most welcome since the cold weather had set in. It was decided to send our charity money to "Meals on Wheels", a very worthwhile organisation.

On the sporting scene I am sad to say that this has not been a very successful year for Merriman, with Rolt winning almost all the Inter-House events. Despite this I am proud to say that Merriman now has three Western Province sports-women: Chloë Ovenstone in Hockey; Jenny Foster in Gymnastics and Diane Hathaway in Squash. Well done! The Inter-House Swimming Gala held at the beginning of the year was a very colourful and exciting event with Merriman coming third by just one point in the swimming and second in the diving. Congratulations to Rolt for winning both these events. For Merriman the hockey was the highlight of the Inter-House sporting events as we once again managed to walk away with the cup! The Inter-House Netball and Squash were won by Rolt and Jagger respectively with Merriman coming third in both

these events.

Academically Merriman has done very well and the following are to be commended on their excellent achievements: J. Yeats, K. Saunders, M. Hommersom, C. Hemingway, N. Theophilou, E. Baker, R. Evans, W. Perold, S. Dutkiewicz and L. Carlyle. Culturally Merriman has done fairly well, coming a very close second to Rolt in the Inter-House Public Speaking, Centres of Interest and Junior Music competitions. A special thank you to Maggie, Cheryl and Sue for their hard work and effort in producing the Merriman magazine and yet another special thank you to Maggie for her efforts in organising and directing the Merriman play which won the Inter-House Drama Cup.

I should like to thank our Head Girl, Kate, for her tremendous support as well as the other Merriman prefects: Chloë, Lindsay, Alexa and Marÿke, without whom the smooth running of the House would not have been possible.

Keep up the spirit and determination and may Merriman go from strength to strength.

Long Live Merriman!

Nici Deal

HEAD OF MERRIMAN

Rolt House

At long last we've done it! The long-awaited announcement was made at the Prize Giving — the Efficiency Shield to be awarded to . . . Rolt! Jubilant Rolts rose joyfully from their seats, having realised that Rolt had at last been awarded the much-desired shield.

The Efficiency Shield seems to have spurred Rolts on to determined and successful attempts in all the interhouse competitions this year.

On the sporting field, Rolt has excelled, winning the Netball, Swimming and Diving. In the hockey and squash Rolt was narrowly beaten into second place by Merriman and Jagger respectively, but Rolt provided stiff opposition in both events.

Rolt has been well represented in all school teams. The two tennis whizz-kids — Janice and Alison

McMillan — have been valuable assets to Rolt tennis and hockey, Janice being chosen for the Peninsula Schools tennis team, and Alison — although only in Std 7 — being selected as one of the W.P. hockey trialists.

As far as swimming and diving are concerned, special congratulations must go to a newly "acquired" Rolt, Nikki Caine, who was chosen for the W.P. Schools swimming team. Congratulations, Nikki! With your participation, the Interhouse Swimming Cup is sure to remain on Rolt's shelf for a few more years.

Honours in the Diving Championship must surely go to Rolt's Clodagh Mannion, in Std 7, who won the school Diving Championship. Mary Jooste, Rolt and school Netball Captain was selected

for the Western Province Netball side — it is an exhilarating experience to see our very own 'springkaan' jumping around that netball court.

Last, but not least, our sincere congratulations to Jaqui Rathfelder, chosen as Reserve for the U18 Western Province Squash Squad. All in all, Rolts have proven themselves to be the best in sport, both inside Herschel's gates and beyond. Keep it up all you sport-fanatics!!

Rolt has not only excelled on the sporting field, but also in the Arts, bringing home the Public Speaking Cup, Std 6 Centres of Interest, and Std 6 Singing Competition. In regard to Public Speaking and Debating, my sincere thanks and gratitude go to both Mandy de Villiers and Toni Olivier who so willingly handled the organisation of the Contest.

Academically Rolt has yet to beat Merriman's brains, but with contributions from Alison

Hundleby, Christine Dunckley and Sandy Newton Thompson, Rolt's academic record can only improve.

This year Rolt's support in charity goes to the Nyanga welfare by donations and jerseys.

Thank you also to all those Std 9's who have so readily assisted in the Interhouse competitions, especially Lynn Stamper whose assistance in my year in office has been greatly appreciated.

Last but not least the BIGGEST thank you of all must go to Mrs Stockwell, who, as Rolt's "mum" has been tremendous. Thank you, Mrs Stockwell, for making my year as head of Rolt, so enjoyable. To all the present Rolts, keep that spirit glowing and to my successor as head of Rolt — the best of luck.

Toni Beck
HEAD OF ROLT

Report on French Evening

A lot of hard work and hours of practice culminated in the roaring success of our third annual French Evening which was held early this term. The programme, which lasted approximately an hour and a half, consisted of a variety of plays and poetry performed by the French pupils from Std 5-9 and directed by Mrs McCormick and Mrs Webb.

The Std 6's especially should be commended on their quickly acquired French accents which were, although by no means perfect, certainly most convincing to the majority of untrained ears. Their programme included three poems by Jacques Prévert, which were recited by Jackie Kolbe, Bennita Oswell and Niki Caine. Mrs Westgate's daughter, only 4 years old, who was recruited to be the little dog in "Le Sac Rouge", stole the show as she darted on to the stage on all fours to do her bit.

The Std 7's bravely tackled "Le Petit Prince" and together with excellent lighting effects and occasional surreptitious glances at pieces of script attached to the back of props in a last minute panic, were able to successfully recreate

life on the planet.

In "La Femme Moderne?" the Std 8's showed tremendous acting ability as well as an obvious mastery of the French language.

The climax of the evening, however, was the Std 9 production of a scene from "La Pucelle" Jean Anouilh's play on St Joan. Hilary Marten played the demanding part of Charles while Lisa Beckerling, Bella McCallum, Claudia Moni and Connie Krauss tackled the roles of Queen, mistress, Queen Mother and Joan respectively.

Those of us who had glimpsed what went on behind the scenes held our breath in anticipation of the dreaded collapse into uncontrollable laughter which had very much been part of the rehearsals, triggered off by seeing one's friends in the outrageous costumes of medieval times.

Nevertheless it all contributed to what was obviously a most varied and thoroughly entertaining evening for everyone.

Miriam Thomas

The Interhouse Drama Festival

Wednesday 23rd September, the last night of the third term saw the culmination of the tremendous effort and endeavour put into each of the three House plays. The experiment of staging the festival in the evening and so permitting families and friends to attend proved highly successful. The hall was packed to capacity with people crowded even in the standing-room only area.



S. Newton-Thompson — Rolt

The choice of plays was ambitious. Rolt had the difficulty of adapting the South African radio play *The End of the Road* by John Cundill into a stage play. Director Zan Louw re-wrote the entire script. This production achieved some excellent crowd effects and many amusing cameo performances with Susan Cowie sustaining the long and difficult role of Laura, the lady in the wheelchair who pushed herself 10 000 kilometres.

The second play on the bill was *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller, presented by Merriman and directed by Maggie du Toit. Here the Director condensed the early part of the play into a dramatised synopsis with clever use of spotlights followed by the trial scene, the climax of the play. Here, as in the



Rosalind Butler — Merriman

case of Jagger, the director had the advantage of a splendid script but all the difficulties of a complex full length production. All Maggie's carefully rehearsed lighting effects were wiped out by a member of the audience inadvertently putting a foot against a low wall switch which controlled all the spotlights! Only another director can fully appreciate the feeling of utter frustration that such an event can cause! This production's merit lay in excellent casting and great strength of performance from the entire cast, even the minor roles.



Janine Quibell — Best Actress
Bella McCallum — both Merriman

Jagger's offering gave complete contrast in style with the opening scene of Bertold Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* directed by Margie Orford. Again technical catastrophies were experienced, this time in the sound department where, in the most delicate scene, the tape-deck turned vicious and the taped music whined and squawked like a goon show special. The actors Margie Orford, Peta Tanfield and Diane Dixon sustained their roles with great presence during this episode!

The standard of performance and direction varied,

having great promise in some sections but falling short in the revolution sequences.

The adjudicator was Neil McCarthy, last year's winner of the Fleur de Cap award for the most promising student. His comments were both sympathetic and instructive. His decision to award the cup to Merriman was a popular one. Well done, Merriman, and in fact well done to all three houses for achieving such a high standard and providing a most enjoyable evening of theatre.

Dawn McClurg

Drama and Oral Communication Reports

An Evening with Noel Coward

Our drama year started with auditions for the school play which took the form of a programme devised by Margaret Saffery of the works of that brilliant British humourist, songwriter and playwright, Noel Coward.

Mrs Saffery chose two one act plays, *Hands Across the Sea*, a delightful comedy about a sophisticated English couple who cannot remember the names of the people they'd entertained while living abroad and *Weatherwise*, a zany little farce concerning the younger members of a family experimenting with spiritualism, with alarming results.

Between these two were three short scenes from *Cavalcade*, a dramatic saga of the twentieth century and linking the whole was a skilful narration and some of Coward's most delightful songs and lyrics. The show was staged at the end of April in the Arderne Centre, Claremont after all efforts failed to make our unfortunate "Hall" more accommodating.

Joanne Hvidsten excelled herself as the extrovert Piggy in *Hands Across the Sea* and Shelley Durr provided just the right contrast as the self-conscious Mrs Wadhurst, while Rosalind Butler also drew laughs as the dry Clair. The boys, mainly from Bishops and Sacs, did well with vigorous performances from Peter Cladingbowl, Nicholas Webb, Jannie de Kock, Paul Hughs and Patrick Norman.



L. Willis, C. Marr, J. Postlethwaite



J. Hvidsten

Sensitive playing came from Toni Olivier, Suzi Muir, Beverley Atkinson, Wendy Lynne and Jannie de Kock in the poignant scenes from *Cavalcade*. In *Weatherwise* Sandy Newton-Thompson was impressive as the staid Monica, Britt Schrauwen and Peta Tanfield were lively as Cynthia and Violet. I was amused by Reverend Harold Basset (Charles Carter) and Reggie Whistler (Peter Cladingbowl) and Wayne Robin's rendering of Twickenham, a psychiatrist, was a delightful cameo. As the mother, Lady Warple, who became possessed by the spirit of a dog, Catherine



Britt Schrauwen, Std 8

Stub gave quite an extraordinary canine performance!

The songs were expertly sung by a choir of twelve girls dressed in the style of the 'twenties. They were trained by Susan Heathcock, accompanied on the piano by Alison Tyson and choreographed by Martine Saffery.

In the role of narrator, linking the whole, Amanda de Villiers spoke with pleasing poise and clarity.

Fine work behind the scenes was done by Heather Montgomery (set design and decor), Brian Park (construction and prop making), Alan Saffery (lighting), Lorraine Gower (costume design and supervision), Harold Scott (sound), Mary Brown (booking and front of house management), while the onerous job of stage manager was handled with dedication by Hilary Marten. I busied myself each evening aging young faces with wrinkles and fashioning the crepe hair moustache on the Colonel (Nigel Collard).

Mrs Saffery is to be congratulated for her fine direction of this entertaining presentation which won high praise from both public and press.

Matric Visit to Genetics Department

In September, a group of Matric Biology Students went with Mrs Marr to a lecture at the Department of Human Genetics at the University of Cape Town. The lecture was given by Mr Smart, and it concerned mainly the abnormalities which can arise in the children of parents with chromosome disorders. Included were references to such incidences as Down's Syndrome (mongolism), haemophilia, spina bifida (failure of spine to close, leaving membranes and sometimes nerves protruding), and S.A. Genetic porphyria (blood disorder causing severe crisis if common drugs such as anaesthetic Pentothal are used). Also mentioned was the process of amniocentesis, costly, but a new method of detecting genetic disorders in the developing foetus. The lecture was very informative, giving further insight into a section of work covered rather briefly in Matric Biology.

Carole Roberts, Std 10



Linda Lashbrooke, Std 8

Environmental Science Club Outing to Cape Point on 14th and 15th February 1981

With the bus packed, we left school at 8.45 a.m. Mrs Martin and Helen Robertson drove us to Cape Point Nature Reserve, where we had arranged to stay at the S.H. Skaife Environmental Studies Hut at Olifantsbos. We arrived and unpacked before a Ranger came to give us a talk about the animals and vegetation that could be found in the Reserve. It was very interesting and gave us an idea of what to look for, including food-searching baboons — of which we saw plenty.



Cheryl Hemingway, Kathy Dower, Kathy Smit, Marie-Louise du Toit and Leader Helen.

After a lunch of hot-dogs we set off on a walk to observe the vegetation. We marked out areas of ground near the sea, inland and up on a hill, where we collected small samples of plants. On returning we filled in worksheets and some brave girls went for a swim in the cold sea.

We braaied that night and then talked to an American Ranger, Jim, and Helen about their jobs. Helen works for the Wildlife Society.

The following morning we studied the life in the inter-tidal zones. We had to collect different types of seaweeds and many species of tiny animals, from the rockpools. A delicious breakfast was cooked by Hilary and Karin.

Mr and Mrs Hall and Mrs Feast arrived in time to join us for a long, windy walk along the coast and then inland to Sirkelsvlei. This is one of the major water sources in the Reserve on which the animals rely. We saw a herd of Red Hartebeest

and some Bontebok on our way. The majority of us swam, in spite of false warnings about carnivorous turtles!

We returned to the hut in time for yet another chilly swim in the sea and arrived back at school at about 4.30 p.m. on Sunday afternoon having had an enjoyable weekend.

Thank you to Mrs Martin and Helen Robertson who organised it all.

Lisa Beckerling, Nadine Gramman, Lisa Lyhn, Susan Cowie, Cheryl Hemingway, Cathy Marr, Hilary Jooste, Emily Morrissey, Kathy Dicey, Debbie Koster, Judy Richards, Kathy Dower, Karin Krone, Kathy Smit, Marie-Louise du Toit.

Charity Efforts

STD 6T

On the last Monday of the third term we had a fancy dress parade. There were two categories: history and literature. Refreshments were sold to the audience and the judges. Mrs Hall, Mrs McCormick, Mrs Thompson and Mrs Stockwell had a very difficult task trying to choose the winner of each category. After each contestant or group of contestants had paraded twice, they finally chose the winners. Five matrics entered as "The Big Five" from World War II and were the easy winners of history. The winner of literature were a group of Standard sixes who dressed up as "The Three Musketeers." The money raised was for children suffering from Cerebral Palsy.



HISTORICAL — THE BIG FIVE
C. Saunders, T. Beck, N. Deal, A. Meynell, C. Ovenstone

STD 6B

This year our charity work has a Christmas message and the Std 6B class has organized a collection of new and used toys that will be distributed to less privileged children during early December. In order to provide money to enable the Orphanage of our choice to provide Christmas fare for the children, a Christmas hamper will be raffled. The lucky winner will have to correctly gauge the total number of toys collected. We hope to be able to make Christmas an exciting time for at least three hundred Peninsula Orphans.

STD 7W

This year the Std 7W class decided to do a dance marathon to raise money for the St Michael's Childrens Home.

We started at four o'clock on the dot on a Saturday afternoon. We were allowed a five minute break each hour and we danced till eight o'clock in the evening. We enjoyed the dance marathon very much and we were thrilled that we raised R400 in just four hours.

We were pleased that we had donated such a large amount to a worthwhile cause.

STD 7C

On the last day of the second term, the Standard Seven Class held a fashion show. There were four categories into which each class entered one model. The models dressed up in nightwear, sportswear, casualwear and formalwear. Surprisingly, many daring teachers took part in the competition and this proved a great success. The show stealer was the school dog "Freda" – what would a function be without her? We raised R62.00 and it was donated to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

STD 8 MR

This year we decided to hold a "Civvies Day" to raise funds for our chosen charity. For the privilege of coming to school out of uniform and wearing whatever we pleased each girl paid 40c.

Certain members of staff sportingly appeared in Herschel blue dresses, which added to the fun of the day.

A cheque for R104.20 was sent to the Umzimkulu Mission Hospital in the Transkei.

STD 8 MT

During the first term the Std 8 Martin Class took up the task of collecting bottles filled with a variety of sweets, toys, etc., which were placed on the Tombola stall at the Community Chest Carnival. A few of our girls willingly volunteered to help out at the stall and we all had much pleasure in contributing towards such a worthy cause.

STD 9L

For our charity the 9L's are going to produce recipe books which we will sell, and we will also be baking a Christmas cake and raffling it. The money will go towards The Grass Roots Association.

The raffle for the Christmas cake will be drawn on the last day of the term. We hope for full support as it is going towards a good cause.

STD 9 H

During October the Std 9H Class showed the film 'Ice Castles' to raise money for SAAPEA, an organisation which tries to prevent the use of animals for experiments. It was an enjoyable film and well supported. We intend to hold a cake sale shortly to increase our donation to our target of R100.

STD 9W

We decided to do something more direct than merely raise money and so decided to visit the elderly in an Old Age Home, Huis Luckhoff, and a Children's Home, Maitland Home for Crippled Children.

Twice a week two groups of six girls visit each home for about three-quarters of an hour.

We found visits to the Old Age Home very interesting, but sometimes very depressing. It was very upsetting for us all to see how the old people just sit all day doing absolutely nothing. It was very rewarding for us to know that they look forward to our visits twice a week.

The children enjoyed the visits and looked forward to being read to every week. We entertained them by reading and playing different games and it was very rewarding to see them smile each time we arrived for our visit twice a week.

MATRIC DANCE PREPARATIONS



I. Jones, L. Shonfeld



Lindsay Jones

We are still visiting the Homes and enjoying it very much.

STD 10

Both the Matric classes decided to support the same charity, and we held a Cake Sale on August 17. It was very successful and we made R82,00 which was sent to BABS — Build a Better Society. Most of the money went towards providing a nursery school with books and stationery; the rest helped to pay for someone to undergo surgery.

TOP CLASS OF THE YEAR!



Back Row: Mrs Louw, Mrs Martin, Mrs Beames, Miss Wood, Mrs McGivern
Front Row: Mrs Foster, Mrs Crowther.

Sports Activities

Hockey

The hockey this season has been extremely successful. Last season, the 1st Team was dropped from the A to the B section. At the time, this was disappointing, but we soon realised that it was for the best, as during the first half of this season, we played against weaker schools than we had met previously. This gave the team much encouragement and confidence. The team did not lose a match, therefore, during the second half of the season we were back in the A section.



HOCKEY TOUR DEPARTURE

A. Meynell (Vice-captain), Gloria, 'Gloria', C. Saunders (Captain)

During the June/July holidays, both 1st and 2nd Teams toured to Durban. We stayed at the Umhlanga Rocks Hotel and played against six schools. Both teams played extremely well, and the spirit was fantastic. After a successful week, we returned to Cape Town by train. When we arrived back, we were all terribly sorry to have to say goodbye to Mr and Mrs Goosen and their children. Mrs Goosen had put so much into our hockey, and it was due to her effort and organisation that the tour was so successful, and our hockey so much improved.



EXERCISING THEIR LUNGS

Back Row: K. Krone, L. Jones (hidden), F. McQueen (hidden), S. Muir, N. Deal.

Front Row: M. du Toit, C. Ovenstone, C. Saunders, A. Meynell, J. McMillan.

The 1st and 2nd Teams began the third term with renewed confidence, and a binding spirit. The 1sts came second in the A section, and the 2nds, who have played very good hockey this year, came top of their section, and were therefore chosen to play in the Inter-schools tournament. Unfortunately, the Inter-Schools tournament was cancelled due to rain. Both teams were extremely disappointed, especially the 2nds, as they were out to beat the 1sts.

The U15A team has played well this season, and although they were erratic at times, they surprised everyone by playing extremely well during the Inter-Schools tournament. They got through to the finals, where they played against Rustenburg. At the end of the game the score was one all and, therefore, the two teams had to face each other for another ten minutes. During this time Herschel scored, and thus won the tournament. Congratulations U15A's.

We have been very fortunate to have had Miss Dun-Levy as our temporary coach. She has given us encouragement and kept up the good standard of hockey. I do hope that all the teams will keep up the good hockey and enjoy their games.

Kate Saunders
CAPTAIN



**U15A CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY AT
INTERSCHOOLS**

Back Row: S. Ashley, C. Hudson, Miss Dunleavy,
M. Malherbe.
Middle Row: L. Willis, J. Saunders, D. Crane, I. Köster,
A. Abdy.
Front Row: J. Postlethwaite, 'kiss-me', Kissme, S. Bell
holding 'Gloria'.



INTERSCHOOLS SWIMMING
Monika Oelz (Captain) having received the Shield.



U15A HOCKEY

Back Row: C. Fioravanti, I. Köster, M. Malherbe, S. Ashley, J. Saunders, L. Willis, A. Abdy.
Middle Row: C. Hudson, S. Bell, Miss Dunleavy, L. Richards, D. Crane.
In Front: J. Postlethwaite.



1ST HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. McMillan, N. Jones, M. du Toit, M-L. van der Hoorn, A. McMillan, H. Jooste.
 Middle Row: C. Ovenstone, C. Saunders, Miss Dunleavy, A. Meynell, M. Oelz.
 In Front: C. Littleford.

Netball

The standard of netball this year has improved markedly, probably due to the enthusiasm of team members. The Under 15A team has done well in their League and shows great potential — a possible victory at the Inter-Schools tournament next year?

The Inter-House competition was very exciting, with Rolt winning the cup for the first time in many years.

Herschel has many good players, and this advantage combined with the team spirit of the past year should carry us to an even more enjoyable season. Monique Biebuyck was selected for the second round of the WP trials and Mary Jooste was awarded her WP school colours.

Mary Jooste
CAPTAIN



1ST NETBALL TEAM

L. Merrington, J. Batchelor, M. Biebuyck, R. Cooper,
 M. Jooste, S. Commins.

Swimming

This year proved to be successful for the swimming team.

In the Interschools Swimming Gala Herschel came first in the U14 and U16 sections. In the Open section they came second. Overall Herschel came first.

In the Interschools Diving Competition Herschel came second overall.

Once again Rolt managed to win the Interhouse swimming gala, with Jagger and Merriman second and third respectively. Rolt also won the Diving, with Merriman coming second and Jagger third.

The best of luck to all next year's swimmers and to my successor, Monique Biebuyck, and make sure, girls, that the Interschools swimming cups remain at Herschel.

Monika Oelz
CAPTAIN

INTERSCHOOLS SWIMMING



Monique Biebuyck practising hard for Inter-Schools.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: N. Deal, C. Mannion, M. Mannion, J. Clark, N. Gramann, T. Landless, J. Rathfelder,

Middle Row: L. Challis, M.L. van der Hoorn, C. Saunders, J. Saunders, C. Littleford, C. Lanfear, A. Hundleby, L. Beckerling, R. Cooper.

Front Row: M. Marr, N. Hanekom, A. Abdy, M. Biebuyck, M. Oelz, M. Jooste, N. Caine, C. Hudson, F. Gilliland.



DIVING TEAM

J. Saunders, C. Mannion, S. Newton-Thompson, T. Landless, M. Oelz, M. Jooste.



1ST SQUASH TEAM

M-L van der Hoorn, N. Newton-King, S. Cross, N. Deal, J. Rathfelder.



1ST BADMINTON TEAM

S. Cross, B. Morris, N. Newton-King, H. Marten.

Badminton

This year, for the first time, a team was entered into the Interschool's Badminton League. The members of the team were S. Cross, H. Marten, B. Morris and N. Newton-King. In the second term we started off by playing in the C League against schools such as Fish Hoek, Rustenburg and Plumstead. By the end of this term we had lost no matches and were promoted into the B League, where we had the same success. We have just heard that next year we will be playing in the A League!

We have been very lucky to have Mrs Dunt, a Western Province player as our coach. She has helped us very much and has entered the team into other competitions to improve our play.

Sarah Cross is to be congratulated on being chosen as the reserve for the Western Province team on their recent tour to Pretoria. Next year we are going to enter a second team in the League and wish both teams the very best of luck.

Hilary Marten
CAPTAIN



SENIOR INTERPROVINCIAL

Back Row: J-A. Sedgewick (horse riding), J. Foster (gym), C. Ovenstone (hockey), N. Caine (swimming), D. Hathaway (squash).

Front Row: M. Jooste (netball), M. Biebuyck (swimming), S. Cross (squash).

Squash

Mid-way through the squash season a Mini Inter-Schools tournament was held and Herschel entered an A and a B side. The A team unfortunately did not fare too well, but the B team lost by only one point in the final, coming second in the B section. In the main Inter-Schools tournament, the A side was unseeded but playing with much determination and enthusiasm managed to cause an upset and reach the finals against Ellerslie. After a hard fought fight Elleslie beat us 3-2, but it was Herschel who walked away with most of the praise!

A number of girls were chosen for W.P. Squash trials and two of them were chosen for the W.P. team. Diane Hathaway was chosen for the Under 15B side, while Sarah Cross was chosen for the Under 15A side. Sarah is to be further commended

on being chosen as reserve for the Under 15 South African Schools side. Well done!

This season Sarah Cross was awarded her full squash colours, while Nici Deal and Jackie Rathfelder were awarded half-colours. Both the Under 16 and Open School Squash Championships were won by Sarah Cross, and Nicky Newton-King was awarded the cup for the most improved Squash player.

On behalf of the squash teams I should like to thank Julie Smith-Chandler and Mrs Hudson for their great encouragement and enthusiasm throughout the season. I hope that the teams will keep up the spirit and I wish them everything of the best in the future.

Nici Deal
CAPTAIN

Tennis

The 1981 tennis season has been one of tension, enjoyment and reward, with the 1st team determined to remain in the 1st League. This determination and the hovering threat of the "relegation" spurred us on to play very rewarding and tense tennis. The U15 tennis team claim the honours in winning the Interschools Tennis Tournament held at Rondebosch. Congratulations to all those who played under the able captaining of Jackie Kilcullen.

Due to an unfortunate injury Jackie Rathfelder was unable to play for much of the 1st team's season but we are looking forward to seeing her back on those tennis courts.

Congratulations to all those U15's who deservedly obtained their badges and to Janice McMillan,

Jackie Batchelor and Toni Beck who were awarded their colours.

A special thank you must go to Mrs Hudson who has been behind us in all our matches and whose support has been greatly appreciated by all tennis players — Thank you very much, Mrs Hudson!

To all those up and coming "Wimbledon" stars, keep up the enthusiasm and practice — it can only pay in the end.

My last words go to the two McMillans — Janice and Alison — who have strengthened Herschel's tennis considerably, and to my successor as tennis captain, Jackie Batchelor, I wish you the best of tennis seasons with both success and enjoyment.

Toni Beck
CAPTAIN



1ST TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: S. Commins, A. de Villiers, N. Deal, J. Rathfelder, L. Jones, J. Batchelor.
Front Row: R. Cooper, T. Beck, Mrs Hudson, A. Meynell, J. McMillan.



U15A TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: R. Evans, N. Newton-King, S. Cross, S. Ashley.
Front Row: C. Hudson, J. Kilcullen, Mrs Hudson, A. McMillan, L. Richards.

Tennis Tour

During the September holidays the tennis team went to Johannesburg on tour where we played against four of the top schools, namely Bryanston, Parktown Girls High, Hyde Park and Linden.

The first team lost all their matches but the second team, being more successful, won three out of six.

Playing at clubs in the mornings where we played against the mothers and the old girls of the schools, gave us better results.

Apart from the high standard of tennis in the Transvaal we also found playing in the high altitude very different. The team played well together with good spirit.

During our tour we were taken to the Stock Exchange and also down a gold mine which we found very interesting. We are very grateful to all those that made this tour possible, especially the Stampers, who did so much for us. We would

also like to thank Mrs Hudson very much for organizing such an enjoyable tour.

Jackie Batchelor
CAPTAIN



Hungry Tennis girls waiting to be served breakfast on the train

J. Batchelor, J. McMillan, J. Rathfelder, R. Cooper.

Original Work

A SATURDAY MORNING IN THE MAIN ROAD

I usually walk in Claremont Main Road on a Saturday morning before my guitar lesson.

Cars of all different shapes and sizes search for empty parking lots, tooting frustratingly their loud hooters. Impatiently, they stop at robots waiting for the many pedestrians to cross and for the light to turn green.

Shopping housewives with nagging children tugging at their skirts can be seen everywhere. Giggling girls in pretty pastels peep eagerly through shop windows, pointing and laughing. I notice a girl with her boyfriend looking at the jewellery counter with glowing eyes. Young boys dash in and out of the crowd, chasing each other. Some businessmen stride along with briefcases in hands and dressed smartly in suits with collar and tie while others walk past dressed casually in squash togs, holding rackets.

Metermaids are having a field day and go about busily putting tickets on cars while dapper cops observantly watch passing vehicles. An overweight lady hurries along to her "Weight Watchers" class while a tall thin man with his trolley buys his weekly Turf Guide. Two old ladies shake their heads and moan about "the prices of today!" Through the window of a popular restaurant I see people chatting over lunch and through the shop window of a well-known fashion store a lady, satisfied with a dress, admires herself in the mirror.

The smell of cigarettes, perfume, perspiration and car exhausts mingles with the click-clack of heels, the rustle of plastic packets, the hubbub of traffic and the hum of the busy throng.

With time running out, I reluctantly leave the colourful scene, and taking a quiet side road, I hurry to my music lesson.

Karen Dudley, Std. 6

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

The people started coming out of crushed doorways and split walls. Like moles, emerging from their burrows, they blinked once and stared in horror at what lay before them. It was as if a giant foot had just crushed the city to rubble.

A thick red dust hung heavy over the ruins, and for a while there was silence. Then, before long, the screams of anguish and physical pain challenged the sound of the wind. In every flattened building lay a trapped person, wounded, terrified and unable to move.

In the gutter lay a beggar woman with both her arms trapped under an overturned car. Every bone in her arms was crushed to powder, and the flesh was rubbed from the bone. Her eyes were huge, mad and staring. She was silent, but the pain showed in every muscle of her face.

Everywhere there was a sign of disaster, but the people who had lived were helping the trapped and helpless. Mutilated bodies and screaming children were brought out and laid in lines on the grass. The dead were covered in blankets, while the wounded were tended to.

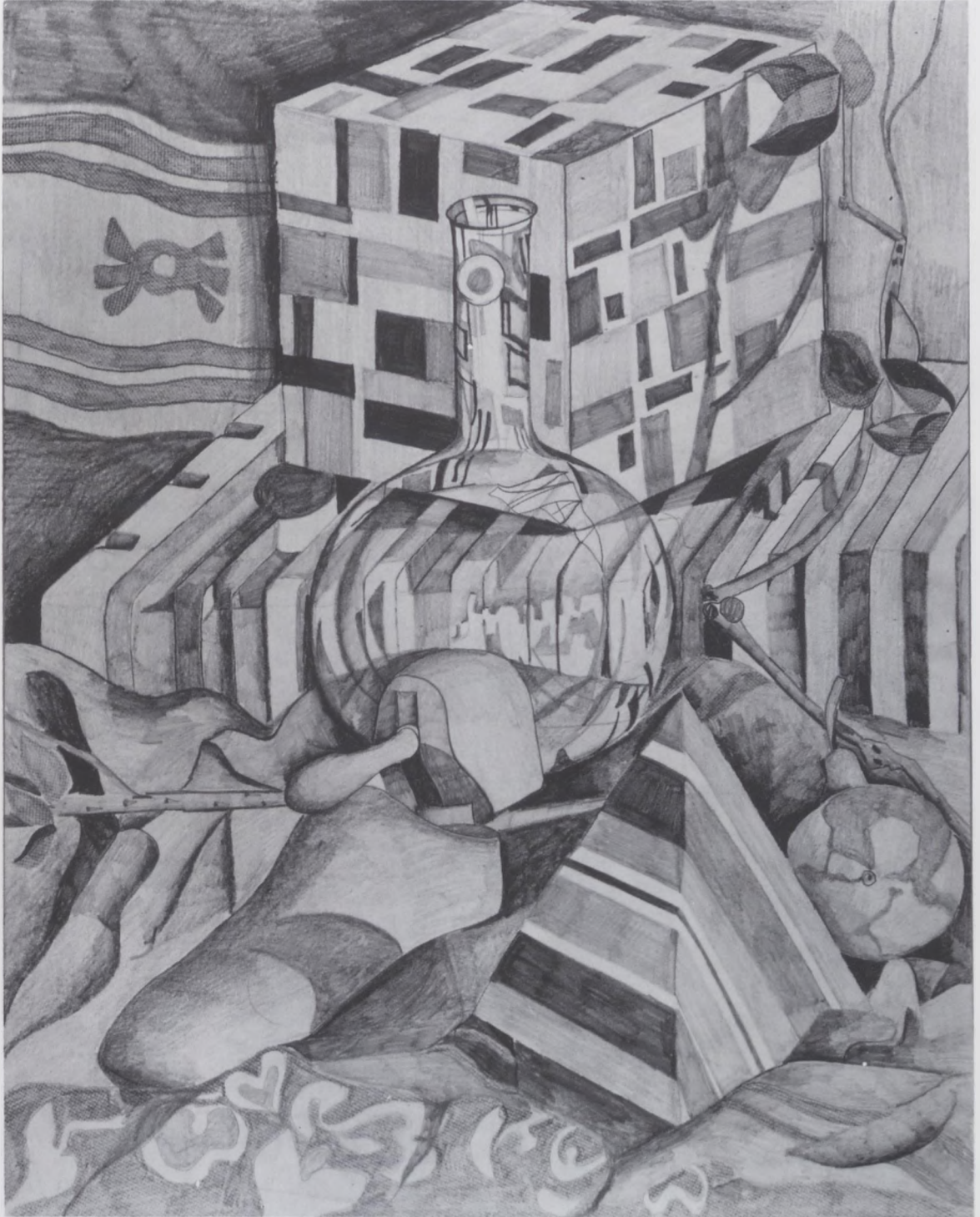
In a small property, an old woman was tending her small seedlings, quite oblivious of the earthquake. The old woman's wrinkled face and the green shoots, pushing through the damp soil into freedom, were signs of hope, courage, and possible prosperity.

Jennifer Saunders, Std. 6B

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

"Friday the Thirteenth" is lucky for some and unlucky for others. I believe it is just a case of mind over matter. If you are superstitious you will convince yourself weeks or months beforehand that this is your unlucky day. Most Americans are superstitious and I had the misfortune to be in America on Friday the Thirteenth.

At about ten o'clock I received a 'phone call from my friend who asked me to do some shopping for her, because she never went outside on Friday the Thirteenth. She also told me not to buy artificial flowers or wear anything green, or else I would be unlucky. After lunch I decided to go for a walk. I was walking along the main road, minding my own business, when all of a sudden someone shouted, "Look out! If you walk under that ladder you will be doomed."



Sonia Schröder, Std 10

All sorts of shouts penetrated the air. "Watch out for the black cat, don't walk under that ladder, and never look at a one-legged man from the back."

Superstitious people hate the number thirteen because they believe it is very unlucky. Instead of delivering thirteen loaves of bread they will deliver fourteen or twelve. In America there are very few buildings with a thirteenth floor, the floors are numbered twelve, fourteen, fifteen. Houses are also never numbered thirteen. I am glad that I am not superstitious, it is ridiculous.

Bennita Oswell, Std. 6

INSTANT EGG POWDER

7 o'clock . . . 7 o'clock . . . 7 o'clock . . . 7 o'clock . . . 7 o'clock . . . 7 . . . The message finally got through to me. I groped about wildly, but the insistent alarm clock eluded my frenzied attack. Ah! I pounced on it, clutched at it and silenced it. After three months I should have learned . . .

There was no hot water, a not unusual occurrence in these "First Class" hotels. I braved the horrors of the shower for thirty seconds, and then, as refreshed as I was ever likely to feel, retreated with towel and washbag across the passage. The water on the camping Gaz was boiling. I poured in a packet of instant egg powder and some evaporated milk. After some energetic stirring the mixture at least resembled scrambled eggs.

By half past eight I was on my way with John Lennon and "We All Live in a Yellow Submarine". I live alone, in a battered old Ford.

I hit Winkelplaas on the Touws Rivier at ten. Luckily, I didn't sneeze, or I might have missed it altogether. After the guineafowls had crossed the road I pulled up at the petrol pump, straightened my tie, put my comb firmly in my sock and entered "Jacob's Allerhande."

A woman lounged behind the counter with last week's Die Burger. She surveyed me with supreme lack of interest.

"Good Morning, Madam . . ." I began "Would . . ."

She turned round and bellowed into the depths of the shop, "Jacob!" With a wave of her hand, she then intimated that I should make myself at home and turned the page.

Jacob emerged.

"Good Morning, Sir, I'm a traveller in buttons. Would you care to look at my samples?"

He eventually picked three varieties. Large, medium and small. I informed him that his order would be mailed to him.

There was only Ladismith, Amalienstion and Calitzdorp to go.

I drove into Vanwyksdorp at seven, feeling exhausted. After cold sausage, cold peas and cold Smash I fell asleep in my cold, hard, solitary bed.

Alison Moultrie, Std. 6

HARRY'S DREAMS

"Ahoy there! You villain! I shall avenge this poor damsel in distress. Make way, Coward!" His spurs pressed into his horse's sides, he waved his arms, and as the bold horse went thundering towards his opponent, he grabbed his sword and prepared to kill the villainous knight . . .

"Harry! Harry! Where are you, you silly man? What trouble you cause me. Ah, here you are! What are you doing? Don't you realise that I've been calling you for the last half hour? Stop staring at me with that half-doped grin on your face, do you understand me? Harry!"

Harry started. Oh no! Failed again! Couldn't he ever finish his dreams? Every time he started one, he was rudely interrupted by his wife, Martha. Funny how she always appeared at the most interesting and exciting parts. "Yes, dear I . . . I . . . I'm sorry. I didn't hear you calling. I was just dreaming."

"Oh, Harry! Stop going on like a nervous hen. Really, one would think that you were terrified of me. I just came to tell you that tea's on the table. Do you know that Mrs Wilson phoned to say"

Before brushing his teeth, Harry stood and looked critically at himself in the mirror. Oh, why did his ears have to be so big? And as for the mousey brown hair and bristly beard; red would have been more dashing. And blond, well the ladies seemed to like blond. When he looked at his narrow shoulders and thin arms and legs, he felt overwhelmingly depressed, especially when he'd spent forty-three pounds on buying "Charles Atlas" super body-building machines. He'd bought them secretly and had worked on them during his lunch breaks at the office, but they had obviously not been successful.

He climbed into the bed and within minutes was dreaming of being awarded the V.C. for his gallant action in the First World War. His dreams seemed to jump from one subject to another. Now he was dancing with a beautiful lady covered in diamonds and furs. She was gazing up at his tall muscular frame in admiration and her heart missed a beat when she looked into his dark blue eyes and perfectly featured face, surrounded by curly blond hair.

He woke up with a jolt, when Martha climbed into the bed, her hair covered in curlers. With a shock he realised that he was in actual fact lying next to a plump, broad woman who loved nagging, and not a beautiful, vivacious redhead who whispered words of love and admiration into his ear.

"Good night Harry. Sleep well and please don't snore!" "Goodnight, Martha dear," he whispered, already in another world of dreams. Now he was lying on a tropical island with four lovely girls next to him

Leanne Carlyle, Std. 7

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

Ants, that's what they look like, ants — up and down, rushing around in pointless directions, some faster than others, bumping, pushing, running, strolling. They line the pavements, some bravely skip into the lines of temperamental traffic to make their journeys shorter, gambling with life, too busy to wait for the green light and the zebra stripes that would lead them in safety to their destinations. It's strange how one small figure can almost take the breath out of me when he foolishly attempts to dash behind that red bus. Does he see the flashy silver sports model about to charge at him, and show him into another world he doesn't know? He's out of my sight, but suddenly the red shirt catches my eye and disappears into the dark hole of a building. I shall not see him again, and he will not know that I walked that journey in my heart for him.

If only I could tell them how foolish they are, how irresponsible, that I too used to dice with death until that day, that flash of red and screaming noise and then the silent hospital ward for so long.

My window is my life, so many floors up high above the reality of what the man in the street feels. Please be careful, I watch from my wheelchair and my legs cannot run for you. I see so much more than you do.

Debbie Tanner, Std. 7

PICTURES

Peter slammed the door shut and stormed down the road. He was infuriated that anyone should talk to him the way his ex-boss had just done . . . "Good for nothing young boy . . . pigheaded, idle, slob, . . . You never do a decent day's work." The words flashed through his brain and as he marched through the back garden and slumped down on his bed, he tried to convince himself that it was not the truth, that he was a normal man, but he was scared; for the first time in his life he was really and truly scared. The pictures of football heroes and popstars that as a teenager had meant so much to him now aggravated him, and in a flash of blind fury he tore them from the walls. Those smiling faces seemed to taunt him, reminding him of the easy, comfortable life he had led before THEY got him.

He had left school at the age of seventeen and joined a technical college to do a crash course in book-keeping. He did not have high ambitions for himself and was pushed into doing the course by a new friend. He had met the friend whilst waiting for a train and was told that after completing the course, good money could be made without even trying. This pleased him and, as he had no other interests, he decided that, seeing as his new friend liked it, he might as well join up. One day in the cloakrooms at the tech, five or so men came up to him and asked him what the time was. He said that he didn't know, but would go and find out if it was important. (He was not sure whether they could find out for themselves as they looked rather . . . easy, he would say). They assured him that it wasn't but they would like to chat.

It had all been so innocent, so friendly, he had had no cause to suspect anything.

They soon became his soul mates, especially when he found out that his friend also belonged to this group. They drank together, smoked together, rumbled together, stole together and got high together. He found it to be a pleasant sensation, isolated and yet one of being part of a happy laughing crowd. At times they all became serious, then violent, running around, smashing up cars and looting vacant houses. That was the life, as far as they were concerned.

Then one day his mother found him, after searching for six months, lying between two garbage bins in a back alley. His friends, being old hands, had fallen into the bins so remained undiscovered.

When she tried to wake him, he groaned, then thrashed till she gave up and ran home, sobs wracking her body in a helpless way. He was arrested a few days later for being in the possession of L.S.D. It was then that the real terror began. They sent him to a special rehabilitation hospital where he was never at peace with himself. The effects of the drugs took hold on him, and he fought day and night with awesome visions — his friends, now warped and terrifying — God and the Devil fighting, the Devil with more strength eventually overpowering God; but worst of all were the idols of his teenage days, laughing mocking, jeering at him.

Since then he had tried three times to hold a job, but it was always the same story, the faces came back and stopped him. He tried to concentrate on his work, but his mind was always otherwise occupied, and his eyes only saw the pictures of the faces.

Sandra Newton-Thompson, Std. 8

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN

Dear Mom,

I booked my airline ticket and checked my seat. Everything was ready. I must have got on to the wrong plane because when I had just fastened my seatbelt the stewardess warmly greeted us over the inter-com, announcing that we were on the 2.40 flight to Purgatory and hoping we would have a pleasant flight. It was too late to disembark as we had just taken off to Purgatory with no stops in between. When we did land we were met at the airport by the most macabre looking man. He welcomed us pleasantly enough as we all piled into the 'hotel' bus, hoping that we would all enjoy our stay.

As I had always made a point of being such a good girl, I wondered what I was doing here instead of in Heaven where I thought I should rightfully be. I went along to see the courier in his plush office about my situation, saying that I had expected to go straight to Heaven without stopping off in Purgatory. In a very cool controlled way he explained to me that it was essential to stop off at Purgatory to see if I could make the grade and graduate into Heaven. I argued with him stating in a very self-assured way that it wasn't necessary. I walked off in a huff to go and

let off my steam somewhere. I walked to the end of the 'hotel' drive right up to the rusty entrance gates and saw a tall sallow youth leaning against one of the marble pillars, reading a thin paperback book. I blurted out my dilemma to him so he wisely advised me just to swot up the Bible and write the next entrance exam into Heaven as he had done a few days previously. He was now just loafing around, waiting for his exam results to come through to see if he would be accepted into Heaven or not. I took his sound advice, wrote the entrance exam, and got an M.A. Purgatory which was my ticket to Heaven.

It's super up here, much better than school, as I never have to practise or do my homework. Everybody is so charming and kind towards each other. A far cry from what's in that turmoil down there! Looking forward to seeing you!

Your loving daughter,

Ann

Michele Kinlay, Std. 8



Bridget Purcell, Std 8

CENTRE COURT

Steep banks of expectant spectators in print dresses with flowered hats surround the closely-cropped grass court. The precise, white lines stand out against the green. Smart ball-boys poised at the ready at each corner of the wide, open expanse of space. The umpire waits patiently, his mouth poised above the microphone while his eyes gaze indifferently at the temperamental mass crowding him like a huge army. The score-board stands empty but within a few hours, it will hold the results of the match.

The umpire's deep, piercing voice strikes through the spectators. "Miss . . . to serve." Whereas before I was watching the crowd, now the crowd is watching me. My hand feels the rough leather handle. I stare at my opponent, crouching like a leopard about to leap on its prey. Crack. The ball is a shock of light, like the sun's rays on a moving aeroplane, controlling the attention of 1400 people as it hurtles across the net. A straight ace.

"Fault," asserts the umpire. I serve again, the ball curls and hooks just over the net near the side-line. My rival reaches out and returns it, but it has pulled her off the court. I run to the net and volley down the line. 15-0.

The tension has begun to rise. A man waits to light a cigar, not wanting the strike of the match to be heard below and upset the rhythm of a stroke. Between points spectators speak, cough, breathe easily once more.

Then the ball is in play again and the sharp twang of the tight gut strings is the only sound heard in the large stadium. The first game is over. 1-0 is the outcome. Two hours later the white letters on the black board read "6-3, 2-6, 6-6." A tie-breaker is to be played. There is a hushed silence. The climax of the match has been reached.

Within the next half hour there will be a winner and a loser. I must be the winner. We both play with equal power and precision, the rallies seeming like infinity yet even so, my mind is at the height of its concentration. We struggle to disclose each others weaknesses and flaws, which at our level are scarce. Psychologically, we play on each other's thoughts, equally determined to hold out longer than the other. The points are long, the tension is nerve-tearing, for one mistake could lose me this hard-earned game — Six all. I win the next point. Match point. A gasp is released from the anxious crowd.

An ace. I have won. The tension is broken, like an elastic having been stretched too far. My body has been used to its absolute ability. I feel like a bird, uncaged and soaring into the sky.

Sarah Ashley, Std. 8

THOUGHTS

i wish i were upandaway
from here,
— and dashing,
childhappy and chewinggumfree
into the sea.

i wish i were walking
in earth's wild wisdom,
calling to the birds, and them calling to me
childlike, lookalike,
all the same to me.

far, far away
with the wind straying from here to next year,
gorgeously moving me, going without fear,
to these, and all other secrets,
an echo of spring,
and me, and ME and ME,
going along
eternally.

Alexa Singer, Std. 10

THE TRAP

Quietly the animals graze,
Lifting their heads to sniff
the fresh morning air.
A rabbit scuttles by,
the others start,
And a shrill scream
penetrates the morning air.
The animal struggles madly,
Clawing the ground in a desparate
attempt to free itself.
Turning,
Twisting,
Fighting the steel jaws
that imprison its leg.
Teeth gnaw,
Blood spills,
the rabbit hobbles away
into the darkness of the undergrowth.

Christina Rideout, Std. 10

AN UNINVITED GUEST

Mrs Fenton was not expecting any visitors that afternoon, but when she opened the door to observe a little green gentleman tearing little metal slips out of her doormat, she was not in the least surprised. She naturally presumed that he was one of her husband's friends. Bending down to stop this destructive practice, she inquired with polite menace, "Harry expecting you? All right, come in!"

She led him down the passage with a carpet chosen for its hard-wearing qualities. "In here," she directed, giving the diminutive man an unnecessarily vicious jab to show the way into the sitting-room for tea. Once in there, the sight of her laden tea-table with her favourite granadilla cake dominating all the lesser edibles mollified her slightly.

She lowered herself into a Victorian armchair to preside over the tea.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked in a bullying manner. Her visitor's search light eyes focused on her in an unnerving gaze while he articulated "Neither" with painstaking care.

"Granadilla cake? Scones?" she pressed in a more peaceable manner, possibly taken aback by the metallic quality of his voice . . . It sounded remarkably like a tape-recording on the other side of a telephone.

"No."

Nonplussed by his insubordination, she was now at a loss as to how to manage him. Before she had time to recover herself, he stretched out his three-fingered left hand, and remarking "I am hungry", helped himself to a cake fork. She watched first in amazement, then in admiration, as he chewed and swallowed it. Mrs Fenton did not approve of her husband's circus connections, but she knew talent when she saw it.

"Another?" she pressed on him eagerly, delighted at his free performance. Four electro-plated nickel silver cake forks followed the first, but after the fifth one, his accurate chomping began to annoy her, especially as she realised he was fast becoming a threat to her household economy. When he reached out politely for the sixth and last fork, clasped in her hand, she deftly withdrew it from his grasp, and reproved him strictly. "That's enough. You've almost eaten up the whole set. Now, I am going to fetch you some plain food from the kitchen." She sailed out not forgetting to take the last fork with her.

Five efficient minutes later, she returned with the neat plate of sandwiches. Her guest examined them with curiosity. He passed his fingers over them in a peculiar gesture and turned a slightly paler, more delicate shade of green.

"Take one," Mrs Fenton ordered. His only reply was to rise hastily and start moving for the door.

"No thank you." he turned and with a thump on his stomach that reverberated strangely round the room intoned "I have had enough".

"I suppose the five forks filled you up," she said sarcastically.

"No, I did not only eat them."

She then remembered her shredded doormat. She reminded herself that, strange as he was, he was a member of Harry's circus. Harry would deduct the cost of the forks and doormat from his pay.

"I must go now."

This rudeness irritated her immensely. "Haven't you forgotten something? That you came to see Harry, perhaps?"

"No," he replied emphatically. "Goodbye".

He stepped unconcernedly over the mangled doormat. His hostess, with a commendable show of restraint, stopped herself from throwing a pot-plant at his retreating back, and withdrew into her insulted house.

She went straight to her sitting-room where, she was sure, the influence of her surroundings and restorative effect of her granadilla cake would calm her. She stood in the doorway and let her eyes travel from the forkless tea-table to the chair which her iron-teethed visitor had polluted with his presence. Then more tranquilly, she let them pass over her familiar ornaments. Her china shepherdess, her collection of cut-glass which she had received for her wedding, her — silver plates!

She stared in disbelief at the empty space where they had been. Her first reaction was to scream "Thief!" but she was arrested by the sight of her teapot. The spout was missing. She harshly inspected it more closely. It had strange teeth-marks, — realization hit her!

She rushed outside and down the neat path. Then she stopped. Her eyes fixed on a point above the trees on the opposite side of the road.

Then she watched the spaceship, glowing with a shimmering orange light, rise slowly into the sky and fade noiselessly into the distance, carrying away her visitor, the spaceman — and her five spoons, silver plates and spout.

Natasha Theophilou, Std. 9

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

Two storks descended gracefully onto a rooftop, exhausted from their long and treacherous flight. They had migrated from the south and had flown in a perfect formation for the whole journey. At landing, the whole flock had separated, each pair selecting a different place to rest, in the county of Wiltshire in England.

"Do you think he'll ever recover from his disease?" asked Mrs Southey anxiously. Dr Whyte did not reply immediately but she knew what the answer would be. Yet, she was certain that her autistic son would one day, as if by some miracle, break out of the subdued and withdrawn enclosure that was preventing him from being a normal child.

Dominic Southey sat motionless under a tree in the garden, his eyes never betraying his emotions or feelings. It seemed as if he was unaware of the beauty around him and yet no one knew what he was thinking as he lived in a world which was completely his own.

The two storks started to build their nest on the top of the chimney of the Southey's house, they had adopted it as their breeding place for that summer and on the first day they had already placed a few branches as the framework of the nest. It would serve as their new home for the following six months.

It was a fresh, summer morning. Mrs Southey carried Dominic outside and placed him under his tree. She sat with him for a while, trying to determine what he was thinking.

Suddenly, a new light came into his eyes. It was the first time that he had ever shown any sign of recognition of his environment. She moved forward and searched his eyes, but the flicker of emotion had gone. Slowly she turned, trying to see what had caught his attention and saw the two storks busily building their nest. She felt that somehow it was the beginning of something wonderful and her belief that her son would get better was renewed.

The birds continued to build their nest and it grew in size and splendour. Each day they added new twigs and branches. It was not long before the female bird laid three eggs, on which she sat every day to keep them warm whilst the male continued collecting different materials to enlarge the nest.

Every morning Mrs Southey would take Dominic outside so that he could watch the storks. After a few weeks she noticed that he would suddenly smile and then he would make flapping movements with his arms. Sometimes he would clap his hands together or stamp his feet on the ground. She could not believe that he had become so responsive in such a short time, but knew it was some miracle that the Lord had performed. He started to crawl around the garden and his contented gaze was always in the direction of the two storks.

Three fluffy chicks hatched out of the eggs one sunny morning. The adult storks moved around excitedly fixing the nest and preening their newborn. Soon they began to fly back and forth, collecting food for their babies. They fed them through their long, slender beaks and whilst one was being fed, the other two would chirp anxiously, waiting their turn.

Dominic's lips quivered and his face contorted in determination but then suddenly he sat back quietly once again, happily watching the baby chicks being fed. It was as if he wanted to say something. Mrs Southey urged him on and sat talking to him the whole day. Sometimes she would even jump around and pull faces, trying desperately to communicate with him. One day, all her incredible perseverance and patience were rewarded. Dominic was sitting very still, watching the birds. Suddenly, he turned his face towards her and said, "Mama! Mama!" Mrs Southey could not believe her ears! She picked him up and hugged him, tears streaming down her face. It was the most wonderful and fulfilling day that he had ever had.

Autumn leaves floated weightlessly to the ground adding to the carpet of leaves that had already fallen. It was the day that the baby chicks were learning to fly. The adults seemed to be very impatient and urged their young ones on. An uneasy feeling hung in the air. There was a different expression on Dominic's face. It was as if he sensed that something unusual and unexpected was going to happen.

"A miracle has happened, Dr Whyte," said Mrs Southey. "My son is almost like a normal child. It is as if he has slowly been chipping away at the abnormal barrier that surrounded him. He is starting to respond to things I do and . . ." "Mrs Southey, when was it that Dominic started to show any sign of emotion?" enquired Dr Whyte gently.

"Yes, I distinctly remember the day," she replied. "It was when the two storks arrived and started to build their nest on our chimney. That was the first time that Dominic ever showed any sign of being aware of his environment. Why do you ask, Dr Whyte?"

"I'm sorry that I have to be the one to tell you this, Mrs Southey, but it seems that your son's progress is largely due to the storks. They seem to have set off something deep down inside him. Mrs Southey, it is now nearing winter and the storks will soon migrate back to the south. I'm sorry, Mrs Southey, but they could not have stayed forever."

Dominic was sitting quietly under his tree when Mrs Southey returned. No emotion showed on his face or in his eyes. He had gone back into his own reserved world. Mrs Southey followed his gaze and saw the empty nest. Wearily, she looked up into the sky, which was filled with a huge formation of storks, all migrating back to the south.

Tisa van der Hoorn, Std. 9

'THE MAN HE KILLED'

I was oddly excited, my long-dormant senses suddenly wildly alert. I lay and sweltered along with the rest of my division. The jungle smell of old sweat and crushed foliage and heat filled my nostrils. The chirrup of insects sounded like the roar of a waterfall. I was a simple boy and had enlisted to relieve the boredom of my happy life. My mother had cried and pleaded while my father tried to explain the spiritual desolation which war leaves. A crippled friend gave me a volume of poetry which described wars filled with sorrow and dirt. Those weren't my wars. Mine was to be a hero's war.

A whispered command brought my musing to an abrupt halt. One of the scouts had returned. There was enemy near. My rifle was slippery in my sweaty hands. Now for action. The killer-urge pierced the thin veneer of civilisation and made me blind. Years of propaganda whirled through my head. They had done their duty well: I hated those little yellow men so near to me now and yet so alien. I hated their "cruelty", their size, their smell. They were not like me so I hated them. Hate breeds fear and I wished to crush them so I could annihilate my fear.

As we edged forward an indescribable tension mounted. The backs of my hands prickled with the anticipation of shooting yellow bodies instead of yellow boards. Then my forearm brushed against something limp and warm. I started, just managing to suppress a cry. I looked down. There, in a careless heap of death, was the other scout. His body was bloody and his contorted face seemed to scream to me to still his agony and repay the ancient debt of a life lost. My disgust and loathing welled up within me and spewed out to mingle with his blood. Eventually I was spent but the previous exhilaration had left me and a cold numbness pervaded my spirit, making me icy in the head. I felt as much a corpse as the one beside me.

I must have been longer than I thought for when I looked up I could no longer see the men who had been crawling beside me. I scurried forward with my head down. I felt so furtive; it was like the day I had stolen a biscuit. As I had crept out of the kitchen I had had some inexplicable urge to turn round. My mother had been sitting in the rocking chair, watching me. I had that same feeling now. I turned and almost dropped



Gillian Mountain, Std 9

my rifle in fright. A little yellow face was grinning at me from a clump of ferns. He seemed as amazed as I. We raised our guns simultaneously. A split second before I fired I looked straight into his almond eyes and it seemed to me that time and colour and war were stripped away. Was it not me who was standing there and him who was standing here? I pulled the trigger and the thought was gone.

The excitement returned and our sergeant's motto came back to me: "Get the enemy before he gets you", and I had got him! I stepped over to the crumpled form. I was another David! I had conquered the evil Philistine! I reached into his breast pocket and drew out his identity papers. A photograph fluttered down. I picked it up and looked at it. It was of a woman. She was of my own mother's age and the same feeling of safety and love and sorrow which emanated from her precious being seemed to come from the little image in my palm. Did you have to kill him? She seemed to be asking gently. I looked down into the broad, yellow face, so placid in death. I turned over the photograph and took out my pen. I was simply educated and did not possess great eloquence but a snippet of poetry from my friend's volume suddenly came to me:

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn
We should have sat us down and wet
Right many a nipperkin.

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place."

Unconscious tears blurred the words as I replaced it reverently and walked silently away into the solitude of shattered illusion.

Margaret Orford, Std. 9



Zan Louw, Std 9

SHOULD THE PASS LAWS BE ABOLISHED?

The Pass Laws have caused pain and degradation to many millions of people, so why do they still exist?

Pass Laws for Blacks existed when the Cape was still part of Britain's colonies and were used, even then, to keep the majority of people under White domination, politically and economically. The Prime Minister has recently expressed a desire to make South Africa a more capitalistic country but has decided to keep laws that force people to stay where they are born unless they can get permission to leave. This cuts directly across the Free Market system, which is based on people being free to sell their labour to the highest bidder. The Pass Laws hit the Black man even harder economically these days with the forced removal of millions of people into homelands. These laws help to keep the people in places where they are not able to earn a living wage. The result is migrant labour that causes more trouble.

The Pass Laws enable the Government to regulate the flow of labour to the businessman's advantage and also, supposedly, to prevent large sprawling slums outside the big cities as happens in most of the large cities in South America. What the Government does not seem to think important is the break-up of family life. This lack of parental discipline and security leads frequently to criminal activity, especially the formation of gangs that are able to give the child the feeling of belonging that the parents are not able to provide. It also leads to women having to enter South Africa illegally to look for either a job to support the children or to try and find their husbands who no longer send money home to their families. Another problem is that men need female company and the result is fighting between men as there are not enough women to satisfy their needs. Many men have two families; one in the homeland and another in the city. This obviously does not solve the Black slum problem; in fact it increases it.

Most Whites, while thinking it morally wrong, are still content to leave the system as it is, as their profits relate directly to the cheap labour which the system provides. In many homelands there is no free job choice as Blacks must take whatever job the Bantu Administration has to offer them. If, for instance, a man has had to return to the Transkei after working on a construction site, he cannot try to get back his job in which he has acquired a semi-skilled knowledge, but has to,

say, work in the fishing industry which offers much lower pay. This will affect his family's social situation and often forces women to seek illegal employment outside the homeland. To date, twelve million people have been detained as a result of not having the correct passes. It also makes a mockery of other legislation which says that if a Black man stays with one employer for ten years, he can become a resident of the place in which his work is situated. This is, of course, impossible for the migrant labourer, as he is forced by law to return to his homeland at least once a year.

Morally the system is iniquitous as it goes against Christianity, which the government loves to remind us that we are supposed to be defending against hordes of Black Communists who want to destroy this beautiful country which God has given us, and even against law itself.

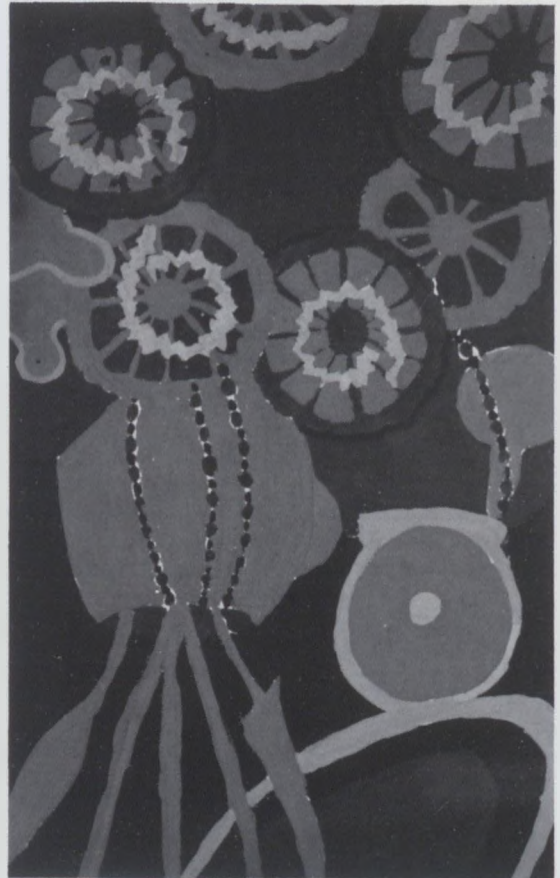
The whole basis of law is to give the man-in-the-street, whatever his station in life, an equal right and chance to defend himself. In South Africa this is not the case as people have to prove themselves to be innocent instead of the law proving that they are guilty. This makes a mockery of law in South Africa as many people feel that something is not law unless it has some moral content in it. Just because the government is able to get legislation passed, does not mean that it has passed justice.

The result of the Pass Law system is degradation, and with it, anger. People drink more — the same thing happened in Ireland when the people were oppressed by the English — to make life bearable and this has an effect on family life. It is frightening to think that women especially, should live in fear, in case they are sent back to the homelands where people are starving and three out of every five children die before the age of two. Despair results in people becoming reckless, and Communism has a strong breeding ground as people feel that nothing can be worse than their present situation. While Communism can offer only temporary happiness and Capitalism is not allowed to grow up as profit for Whites would fall.

It can be seen that the Pass Laws are a way of keeping the Black man poor and at an economic, and therefore social, disadvantage to the Whites. It is also obvious that the so-called reasons for the Pass Laws, such as, fewer slums, are nonsensical as there are many areas such as Cross-roads in the Western Cape area. These Laws cause more crime, they lead to degradation and

unhappiness as well as increasing the threat of Communism. It is obvious that this sort of legislation can only bring law itself into disrepute and when people see law being used to political advantage, it makes the likelihood of a new government abusing the law, more probable. These laws have been forced onto helpless people for too long and everyone should join together in an effort to have them removed from the Statute books.

Maureen Louw, Std. 9



Esme de Wet, Std 6B

SOUNDS AT NIGHT

Day is gone. The strange, rhythmical clatter-clack of a night train seems to be passing the doorstep of a shuttered house although it is just a glow worm moving over the tracks some dark kilometers away.

In the sleeping house itself the clock is the only waking thing with its persistent tick-tacking occasionally interrupted by a whirr and the chiming of the hour. The pattern is immediately resumed, broken only by a soft shuffle as the dying fire embers settle. The clock marches on alone until the pit-pat of feline feet sounds through the hollow hall to a window where the cat sniffs softly, scratches tentatively on the unseen glass, emits a low miaow in conversation with itself and starts its automatic cleaning. Something in another room clangs to the floor and the rasping of the cat's tongue halts. The house listens, someone shifts in bed on creaking springs, sighs and with a sleepy murmur falls back to soundless reveries; the cat curls up and the clock measures solitary time.

Outside a dog awakens and growls throatily at an imaginary intruder. Guests leave a nearby house and throw laughter at the lamp-posts standing sentry in icy pools of light. Car doors creak and thump and the engine roars into life. The sound is swallowed with the chatter of an old motorbike into the cool, deep bowels of the night.

Silence. A warm wind rises, teasing leaves into squeaking on window panes, shuffling and slapping papers like a card-player and whispering into dim corners. It strengthens and its voice spirals up and down the scale, gusting, grumbling, petulantly clanging dustbin-lids and wandering whistling through the corridors of night. The trees whoosh like the waves of the sea. Then the wind ceases. Everything is warm, motionless, waiting. Thunder rumbles and bangs in great fits of temper and a raindrop taps. Three more fall with a splat. Then the rain increases to a steady splatter and splash. The light fall deepens to a soothing lullaby of drums before stopping abruptly. As the last lights disappear, the last sounds fade.

Only the rhythm of the clock, train and rain-drops sliding glistening to splash on the ground are reminders that in the cool, all-engulfing blackness, life stirs, waiting only for the dawn which comes with the end of the symphony of night.

Katherine Dicey, Std. 9

"YES," HE REPLIED SADLY, "HE MADE GOOD BOOTS"

As a child, I would frequently accompany my mother to the shoemaker in the town, on account of my feet growing so quickly. Much as I hated the consequences, that of having new, creaky boots and no excuse for not wearing them, I felt that the means compensated the end.

Firstly, there was the ride into town on Saturday morning, on top of the pumpkins and mielies and fruit, on top of the wagon. The horse clip-clopped along the early-morning road and he snorted and tossed his head in the cold, clear air with its promise of a fine, dry winter day. When we reached the town, Ma would go to visit Tant Nolsie or Tant Mynie, the dominee's wife, for the local news along with her coffee and melktert, and she would send me off to see Oom Stewels about my new boots.

I ducked into his dim, leathery, cool workshop out of the rattling streets, and Oom Stewels would always say, "My hemel, Janie, but you have grown!" as though it were something quite out of the ordinary, and he had not seen me only a month or two before. He would take his pencil out of his hat and a straight piece of wood, to measure my bare feet all dusty from the road. But it was not Oom Stewels in whom I was interested, but his handlanger, Jack. Jack was an old Basotho and he was both deaf and dumb. He did the unskilled work in the back of the shop, cutting and working the leather for boots and making riempies for chairs and long stock-whips. His peppercorns on his head were grey, and his frame shrunken, but he always smiled, and his eyes shone, and he would gesture happily when I went into the back to see him. I would nod and smile back at him and watch him at his work, which he did with a slow skill that I wondered at. I wanted to talk to him and ask him about his life and where he lived, and if he had any children and grandchildren, but he would only nod and laugh in a funny way because he could not hear himself. Some people said he had been one of Moshesh's mountain kingdom, and had been taken captive by the Boers, but no-one could explain his handicap. When Oom Stewels came he would frown to see me talking to the native, and I hated to see Jack awkward and ashamed, so I would leave.

The last time that I went to have my boots made by Oom Stewels was a week before my departure to a new school in Cape Town. I was so excited and in a hurry that I almost forgot to go to the

back to see Jack. I felt a sharp remorse when I did remember, and immediately turned to the door while Oom Stewels wrote down the measurements. When I looked in, there was a surly, young coloured man at the bench. I asked where Jack was, and he said, "Dead, missies," in a stubborn way. I turned back to Oom Stewels in desperation and pain inside me, and asked if it were true.

"Yes," he replied sadly, "he made good boots."

After that I bought my shoes from one of the big stores in Cape Town.

Jane Yeats, Std. 10



Karen Dudley

WHAT WE CAN DO TO KEEP "OUR FAIREST CAPE" CLEAN

I consider myself very fortunate to have lived in Cape Town all my life. It is true that Capetonians are reluctant to venture outside their surrounding mountains, but who would want to when one sees their majestic beauty.

Sailing into Table Bay, one immediately feels the warmth with which the city nestles into the mountain. Your first reaction is to want to get to the top, by climbing up the many ravines or by the cable car. Either way the view is breath-taking. Unfortunately, this one of Cape Town's major attractions is marred by the presence of litter especially on the top of the mountain, but also on the slopes. The beauty of our beaches, some of the best in the world, is also destroyed by the rubbish which people leave behind them. There can hardly be anything worse than strolling along the water's edge at sunset and finding yourself tripping over empty beer cans or hearing the sound of cigarette packets being trodden underfoot. All the serene beauty of the burning gold sun dipping into the ocean, casting shimmering light on the waves and leaving the sky muted shades of orange, yellow, pink and blue, is broken.

There is no shortage of rubbish bins, so it is just laziness on the part of the public. Campaigns have alleviated this problem by increasing the public's awareness, but I feel that stronger measures should be taken against 'litterbugs'. Perhaps imposing a spot fine on offenders would help.

Another problem which detracts from the beauty of our mountains, is fires which are not properly extinguished and cause full-scale forest fires. This usually occurs when day-hikers go up the mountain for lunch and either make their fires in heavily wooded areas or do not cover them with sand and leave while the coals are still hot. It would be impossible to cover all the routes taken in order to ensure that fires are properly destroyed, so I see the only solution as setting out certain areas in which fires can be built and prohibiting them in others. To keep our mountain luscious and green, precautions must be taken. A charred mountain slope is ugly and gives an unclean and uncared for impression.

Air pollution in and around the city is something which I feel should be cleared up. Capetonians like to pride themselves on a fairly pollution-free city, claiming that the south-east wind for which

Cape Town is well known, cleans up the air, blowing all the smoke and fumes away. The pollution may not be visible from three hundred kilometres away as in the case of Johannesburg and its surrounding industrial and mining areas, but it is nevertheless around. The radioactivity in the air caused by the nuclear power station at Koeberg affects the purity of the air and makes it dangerous to our health. I feel that this station should never have been allowed to be built so near to our city, but rather in a more deserted area. If we are to keep the Cape clean, projects like this must be stopped.

As most tourists arrive in Cape Town from the airport, and because first impressions are very important, I think that something should be done about the sewerage farm which is situated near the road and whose foul smell is the first thing to reach the visitor's nose as he is about to enter the city. In front of him he sees Table Mountain in all its beauty, but is immediately confronted with a penetrating odour which, along with the power station belching out black smoke, detracts from the beauty which awaits him.

On either side of the national road are the squalid African townships. The conditions in which the Africans live are perhaps what needs the most attention in the cleaning-up process in the Cape. If people are not properly housed and are fighting for survival, they cannot be expected to care for the natural beauty around them. Their problem is greater than the others which I have already mentioned, and is the most urgent. The Cape will never be clean until the people are happy and want to co-operate in protecting our worthwhile heritage.

Amanda de Villiers, Std. 10

A CRESCENDO

A spiral of sound
Rising in volume.
A moment suspended
In immobility,
Imprinted on the mind,
An unforgotten eternity

Then an anticlimax
of descending notes
A rush of movement
Ending in silence.

Ailsa Leith, Std. 7

(LIFE CYCLE OF A) BLACK BUTTERFLY

Born to be a butterfly,
A lowly worm
Stretching and reaching out,
Aiming far above himself,
Frozen in his ebony armour.
A trapped chrysalis,
Trapped by iron of oppression.
Desperately trying to be
A true butterfly
With outstretched wings
Pulsing with life and strength
Crushed

This was a man
A Black man, my brother
Born to be a butterfly,
Died a captive creature
In his and our strange land.

Rosemary Loch Davis, Std. 9



Tisa van der Hoorn, Std 9

DANS QUEL SIECLE AURIEZ-VOUS AIMÉ VIVRE SI VOUS AVIEZ PU CHOISIR

Si j'avais pu choisir, je crois que j'aimerais vivre au dernier siècle. Ça me paraît un temps romantique, héroïque, gai et surtout bienveillant, avant les guerres mondiales, la dépression, la destruction de toutes les régions sauvages. Ce n'était pas un temps superficiel ou ennuyeux parce que c'était un temps changeant: des découvertes scientifiques passionnantes, les premiers avions, la photographie, et aussi les gens qui trouvaient la joie de vivre.

J'imagine la vie à une petite ville anglaise en Afrique du Sud. Le cricket et le croquet sur les pelouses vertes le canotage sur la rivière en été. Je me vois jouant au tennis habillée d'une robe longue en dentelle et mousseline. Après, nous nous assierions à l'ombre des arbres pour boire du thé et manger les sandwiches au concombre. Quelques fois nous ferions du vélo à la campagne, où il y aurait des soirées douces sous des chandeliers.

Ce qui m'amuserait le plus serait d'aller au bord de la mer en vacances. On se deshabillerait (si on osait!) dans les cabines près de la mer, et puis on pataugerait et se baignerait dans les petites vagues. Portant des maillots longues et inoffensifs, on bâtirait des châteaux de sable ou monterait en amazone sur les mules sur la plage. Le soir il y aurait la foire et les promenades sur la jetée.

Je crois que ce que je trouve beau est qu'on avait du temps pour faire les choses aventureuses comme de longs voyages marins aux Indes, et les plus simples choses comme lire au jardin parmi les fleurs. Aujourd'hui il faut travailler et se hâter toute la journée pour maintenir le pas du temps.

Jane Yeats, Std. 10

LA MAISON DE MA GRAND'MERE

Il y a sept ans je suis allée à la maison de ma grand'mère qui s'appelle 'Wind-song'. Elle se situe loin de la ville en pleine campagne, et je m'amusais à faire des promenades partout.

Bien que j'étais encore petite fille, je me souviens de la maison de ma grand'mère. Comme grand'mère elle-même, la maison était très âgée et mystérieuse. J'ai passé plusieurs heures de mon séjour à essayer de trouver toutes les chambres, mais sans succès. Elle était trop grande, et j'étais tellement petite fille, âgée de neuf ans.

Ma grand'mère était bonne cuisinière. Je m'en souviens bien. Elle passait tout son temps à faire de petites choses délicieuses, et sa cuisine exquise était bien connue. Elle partageait souvent la nourriture avec les pauvres et les voisins, et elle employait un aveugle comme jardinier. Il s'appelait François et j'ai passé une ou deux heures chaque jour à jouer avec lui. Malheureusement il a dû retourner à sa ville natale à cause de la mort de ses parents. Je me rappelle que ma grand'mère était très triste, et je sentais à la fois qu'elle l'aimait beaucoup. Peut-être je me suis trompée — je ne sais pas encore.

Après le départ de François la maison semblait triste. Les environs eux-mêmes semblaient tristes, et le soleil ne brillait pas si fort. J'ai essayé d'échapper à cette tristesse en me reposant dans ma grande chambre. Il y avait une bibliothèque énorme et je lisais beaucoup. Cependant j'étais heureuse quand je suis retournée chez moi.

Un temps après mon petit séjour j'ai entendu dire que ma grand'mère était malade. Je suis retournée à la hâte à la grande maison au bon milieu de la campagne, mais j'étais trop tard. Ma vieille amie était morte.

Après sa mort la maison n'était qu'un bâtiment. Mes parents l'ont vendue et nous sommes rentrés chez nous après notre dernière visite à la maison de ma grand'mère.

Alexa Singer, Std. 10



Debbie Pargiter, Std 9

LA SOIRÉE AU THÉÂTRE

Jeanne est mon amie. Elle m'a demandé de vous raconter l'histoire d'une soirée au théâtre. Alors, je vais vous parler au sujet de la pièce qui s'appelle "La cimetière des voitures" dont l'écrivain est Fernando Arrabal.

Lundi ma famille et moi sont venus au Théâtre du Cloître où nous avons vu "La Cimetière des voitures". Nous sommes arrivés au Théâtre à huit heures. En entrant, nous avons donné de l'argent à l'ouvreuse parce que c'est poli en France de lui donner quelque chose.

Le Théâtre est en plein air. Il n'y a pas de rideau et quand on cherche les places, on doit traverser la scène. Le décor était magnifique et les lumières étaient blanches pour créer l'image de la nuit. La pièce était montée par "La Troupe Molière".

Alors, à huit heures et quart, "le rideau" s'est levé. La pièce était au sujet de la mort de Jésus-Christ. L'homme qui a représenté Jésus-Christ s'appelle Emmanou. Il y avait une prostituée qui s'appelait Dila. Elle a représenté Mary Magdalene. Elle était amoureuse d'Emmanou. Emmanou avait deux amis qui sont appelés Jopé et Fodère. La pièce est montée dans une cimetière de voitures, et il y avait des gens dans la pièce qui sont tous enfermés dans les voitures. Ils ont représenté les gens qui ne veulent pas accepter Jésus-Christ, mais qui rient quand ils avaient peur. Il y avait deux personnages qui représentaient la police. Ils étaient très aptes, mais très militaires à la fin.

Les policiers cherchaient Emmanou, et Jopé leur a dit qu'il sait où était Emmanon. Jopé a représenté Judas. Quand ils ont trouvé Emmanon, Jopé est devenu presque fou parce que les policiers ne pouvaient pas trouver l'argent que Jopé a demandé. Enfin, ils le trouvaient mais Emmanon était livré par Jopé, et cela était très triste. Il y avait aussi un bébé dans cette pièce qui a représenté l'espoir. Puis les policiers avaient demandé à Fodère s'il connaissait Emmanon et ils le lui ont demandé trois fois. Fodère a représenté Peter.

Emmanon était fouetté et puis il est mort, mais il y avait deux personnages qui l'aidaient à porter sa croix. Ils étaient le concierge du cimetière des voitures, et Dila. C'est une pièce assez moderne, et intéressante, mais très émouvante.

Jeanne m'a dit aussi que vous devriez venir au Théâtre lundi. Alors, n'oubliez pas de donner quelque chose à l'ouvreuse. En bien maintenant je dois partir.

Au revoir.

Louise Morrissey, Std. 10

LA TEMPÊTE

Le pêcheur s'est levé de bonne heure ce matin. Il voulait être bien installé déjà quand les autres pêcheurs n'étaient pas très confortables, parce que tout dépendait sur les courants qui emmenaient des poissons. Mais, pour les pêcheurs, c'était que le premier aurait l'avantage.

Alors le pêcheur a quitté sa maison pauvre et il est allé vers son bateau de pêche dans le havre. Au bout d'une heure, il était bien installé dans son petit bateau sur la mer avec ses deux lignes de pêche attachées à côté, mangeant son petit-déjeuner. Tout était paisible. La mer était calme et, avec joie, le pêcheur regardait le soleil qui se levait pour suivre sa route dans le ciel pendant le jour. Après quelques minutes, il a enlevé son chandail qu'il portait depuis son départ. Il regardait la côte, où les autres portaient, mais ils resteraient loin à côté — le pêcheur serait seul.

Qu'est ce qu'on fait quand on pêche? On pense, naturellement. Un pêcheur est un rêveur aussi, parce qu'il est longtemps tout seul sur la mer. Voilà ce que faisait le pêcheur. Il n'a pas observé que le temps changeait, et le vent emportait son petit bateau de plus en plus loin des autres et de la côte. Il devenait froid et puis le pêcheur a compris qu'il était en danger. Les vagues devenaient plus hautes et l'embrun lui est arrivé dans la figure. Ses lignes de pêche se sont perdues et quand il essayait de gagner la côte lointaine, il a compris que ce serait impossible, car il y avait tout à coup la brume. La boussole dans son bateau ne marchait pas. Le pêcheur était seul et perdu dans la tempête qui se levait, mais il n'a pas eu peur, parce qu'il était pêcheur sur la mer depuis longtemps, et il avait vu beaucoup de tempêtes.

Pour quelques heures il essayait seulement de rester dans le bateau, froid et perdu. Il s'est senti misérable car, au début de la tempête il a plu très fort. Enfin, il est tombé dans l'eau froide. Heureusement il portait sa ceinture de sauvetage, et il a réussi à rester sur l'eau. Il ne savait pas où était son bateau, et il était vraiment seul. Il a bu beaucoup d'eau salée de la mer, et enfin il s'est évanoui. Beaucoup plus tard, les autres pêcheurs ont découvert l'épave du petit bateau du pêcheur perdu. On ne savait pas ce qui est devenu de ce pêcheur. Peut-être il est mort dans la tempête, mais peut-être un autre bateau l'a vu et l'a sauvé. On ne sait pas, parce qu'il n'est jamais retourné à son petit village et maintenant sa maison humble est vide.

Karin Reitner, Std. 10

GUILT

It touches
 then retreats
 hesitatingly it approaches again
 It touches
 then cringes back
 it moves boldly forward
 It touches
 and clings.

Kerynne French, Std. 8

UNTITLED

She was outspoken
 I was shy
 She was experienced
 I was innocent
 She was confident
 I was unsure
 She had a perfect smile
 Mine went unnoticed
 But you reached out to me.

Kathy Smit, Std. 9

LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow called Dick
 Who pretended one day to be sick.
 The doctor found nothing
 And said, "You are bluffing,
 So get back to school double quick!"

Alison Hundleby, Std. 6

A certain old lady loved tea
 No matter where she might be.
 She'd have inclinations
 In all situations —
 It was her great weakness, you see.

Karen Dudley, Std. 6

There once was a girl of New York
 Whose body was lighter than cork;
 She had to be fed
 for six weeks upon lead
 Before she went out for a walk.

Lucinda Richards, Std. 8

HAPPINESS

Happiness is my horse —
 Her shining coat as she
 dances in the sunlight,
 Her soft, velvety muzzle
 as she rests her nose on
 my cheek.

Her gentle, dark brown eyes
 as she watches me pass her stable
 And the smell of new leather,
 the creaking of the saddle
 as we gallop across the
 field.

Diana Symonds, Std. 6



C. Dunckley, Std 7

A FAWN IS BORN

My mother's gentle lick
 touched my face;
 I opened my eyes and
 all I could see was silhouettes
 of trees and everything else was white;
 My mother smiled at me,
 and beckoned me to stand
 I tried,
 back legs first, but failed.
 I tried many times but fell hopelessly
 to the ground:
 My mother's nose gently nudged me from behind,
 I finally stood.
 We walked side by side into the
 horizon!

Vanessa Clark, Std. 7

ABANTU BASEDOLOPHINI NABANTU BASEMAPHANDLENI

Intlalo edolophini lukhuphiswano. Abantu ngabantu bangxamile ezitratweni, bayaphephana. Ingxolo inkulu, kukho umsi owambathise abantu. Yonke into edolophini imdaka, inebala elingwevu. Amadoda angwevo ayabaleka, esuka kwesi sakhiwo esiya kwesiya. Abanye abantu bayaxomoloza, bezimisele ukufumana iziqhamo ezihle, into leyo ifuna bekhuthele. Kodwa Kukho abantu abancamileyo kuba bengafikanga encotsheni yabo. Bathe tyibilili, baya Kufika ebunzulusini beenkxwaleko Badanile, ithemba labo lifile. Ababantu balahle ithemba ingenxa yeengxaki azigheleleyo. Ngenxa yoko kukho abantu abaphangayo, abaqhangayo, abaqhathayo bagqibe bone kuba behendekile. Abantu basemaphandleni bashiye amakhaya abo neentsapho zabo baya (beza) edolophini ukuya (ukuza) kufuna umsebenzi. Ngelishawa apho (apha) kukho ukhuphiswano olukhulu. Ababantu abazi kusinda. Akukho bantu.

Kufuneka bahlale emaphandleni, apho ilanga liphuma litshone nobuhle obukhulu. Isibhakabhaka siccekile. Umntu unakho ukuva inkululeko. Amadoda alima ecula ngovuyo. Abazingeli baphala endle. Amakhwenkwe ayabhuqa-bhuqa efekethela amantombazana. Abantwana nezilo kudlawa (kuqujwa) kunye. Izilo azibotshelwa konke. Iintaka ziphazela zicula (ziyaphaphazela, ziyacula). Abafazi bancedisa amadoda ukutyala umbona nokugxotha iintaka ezitya imbewu. Kubethwa amagubu, isandi sivakala kude, kamnandi. Abantu bagcinene ngokuphana nangokucebisana. Abantu basedolophini bayababuka ubomi baba bantu bakufuphi nendalo. Inkosi yawudala lo mhlaba sihleli kuwo. Masingawujiki. Ulunge unje.

Kate Saunders, Std. 10



TRANSLATION PEOPLE OF THE CITY AND OF THE COUNTRY

Life in the city is competition. Many people hurry in the streets, dodging each other as they pass. There is much noise, and thick smoke which envelops the people. Everything is dirty and the colour is grey. Grey men move from building to building. Some people strive hard to achieve results, but there are others who have given up hope, as they haven't reached their peak. They have fallen to the depths of depression. They have been disappointed, and all hope has been extinguished as many problems have fallen on them. As a result of this, there are people who steal, cheat and sin as they have been led into temptation. People of the country have left their homes and families to come to the cities to look for work, but here there is only competition. These people will not be able to escape. There is no humanity in the cities.

They must stay in the country. There the sun rises and shines on all the beauty, and the sky is clear. One can feel the freedom. The men plough, singing with joy, the hunters gallop in the veld, and the young boys follow behind them. The children and animals play together. The animals are not tied up, and the birds fly freely, singing in the trees. The women help the men pick the mielies and chase the birds from the corn. The drums are beat and the sound is heard far away. People care about each other, giving each other support and advice. The city people admire the lives of these people who are so near to nature. The Lord created this earth in which we live, so let us not change it.

Michele Kinlay, Std 8

Little girl,
 nose pressed to steamy window-pane,
 gazes solemnly out at the once
 gold, rust, brown fields,
 stretching out endlessly,
 as far as her blue-grey
 thickly-lashed eyes can see.
 Now the fields are covered by a groping, greedy,
 grey,
 thick,
 murky fog,
 its octopus-like steamy fingers stretching,
 grasping for invisible temptations.
 Through this impenetrable mass a yellow, bright
 sunray peeps,
 begging for a chance to show her face.
 But —
 the slate-grey-black-dirty smothering fog rears
 its ugly head
 once again.

Little girl
 sighs sadly,
 departs unwillingly
 from the window-frame
 and leaves her own (very own) imprint
 of her own (very own) nose
 steamed onto the transparent glass miracle-pane.

Sally Dicey, Std. 7



Penny Thesen, Std 8

CHILDHOOD DREAM COME TRUE

She flings the cupboard door open,
 searches, and finds
 Nothing appropriate.
 She shakes her empty piggy-bank,
 Phones up her friends
 And endures hours of indecision
 Until the right dress
 Is found.

She peers into the mirror,
 Studying her face,
 And groans as her fingers run
 Over bumpy skin.
 She unscrews the top,
 Removes the brush
 And shakily applies mascara
 To stumpy lashes.

It smudges
 And she tries again
 And again.
 Her lips blossom into colour,
 The flush on her cheeks is exaggerated.

A last glance
 And she sees a miraculous change.
 Then, nervous, tense
 And strangely excited,
 She calls goodbye and departs.

One more childhood dream has come true —
 She is on her way
 To her first dance.

Nicola Ince, Std. 6

Preparatory School Report

For some time we have been aware that we were not giving our Std V's sufficient experience in leadership, and with the assistance of Mrs Davies in the Kindergarten we worked out a structured system whereby the girls could take a more active part in helping the staff with the day to day running of the school.

We appointed seventeen school prefects who were headed by the three House Captains and three Vice-Captains. The prefects have been given a wide range of duties, many of which had previously been the responsibility of the Staff. In addition to the prefects, monitors have been appointed each term to help in other fields. A prefects' meeting has been held each week when ideas have been exchanged with staff and difficulties sorted out. In return for all their hard work, the Standard Fives have been granted certain privileges. They have shown a fine sense of responsibility and have been reliable in carrying out their duties, thus lightening the load of the Staff.

Linked to the Prefect System has been the House List, which is pinned to the Notice Board. Each House starts the week with twenty points. Any girls whose names appear on the list, lose a House point. This has given the prefects some authority over the girls as they are able to report transgressors to the Staff who then, after careful investigation, write the offender's name on the list. There has been great competition between the Houses as these marks go towards the House Cup at the end of the term.

We have had several Staff changes this year. We welcomed Mrs Osborne, Mrs Sneddon, Mrs Bosser and Mrs Carr in January and Miss Hay and Mrs Moser in April. Mrs Olivier who had given such loyal service left in March, and Mrs Pryde in September. Mrs Pryde has taken a post on the Greek island of Samos, where she is teaching English. She has settled happily and is finding the customs interesting. Miss Hay leaves us in December to go overseas and Mrs Carr's husband has a post in Botswana, so she must "pack and follow". Mrs Sneddon will also be leaving us at the end of term in order to spend more time with her family. We said goodbye to Mrs Wimbush, our secretary/librarian, in September. She has run both these departments efficiently and always

gave freely of her time. Mrs Brathwaite has taken over the library and Mrs Eve is our new secretary. Both of these positions are new part-time appointments.

As the nerve centre of the School, the library must be both attractive, to encourage young minds to spend time browsing and working therein, and functional, to allow for the speedy retrieval of information both for the girls and the staff. To this end we hope to better the existing furniture, making facilities for storage of media centre equipment such as record-players, tape-recorders and slide-projectors. We hope to add to our picture/map collection and these will be classified and stored (hopefully) in a hanging type cabinet. A teachers' reference section will be housed in the library and from January 1982, book education will be introduced to all classes from Std I-V.

In the second term, the Std IV and V classes took part in the Speech Eisteddfod and all did justice to the excellent training by Mrs McClurg. The Std Va's brought home the Mavis Scott Floating Trophy obtaining 99 percent, and they also took part in the Prize Winners' Concert. They are to be congratulated on their sensitive interpretation of the aftermath of the Atomic Bomb, which the adjudicator and many in the audience found very moving. A programme of Speech and Drama Work was presented for the parents in the Senior School Hall in June, and this provided a most entertaining evening and gave everyone an opportunity to see the outstanding work done by the Speech Department.

In the Royal Schools of Music examinations the Preparatory girls all did well. Sally MacKenzie — Grade I, Lucy Burns — Grade III and Lizette Preiss — Grade III all gained Distinctions. We congratulate them and thank their teachers who worked hard to help their pupils achieve so well. Several Music Workshops have been held during the year and all pupils have had an opportunity to play for an audience which gives valuable experience. Parents were invited to attend two evenings of Music in September, as audience space does not permit us to present all our classes on one evening. Both the class singing and individual items were enjoyed by all, and the School Orchestra gave us a glimpse of the satisfaction of making music together. The Junior Choir,

trained by the Head of the Music Department, Miss Sweet, gave a lively performance. The Choir is made up of girls from Std I - Std V and it was interesting to see how much the younger members were able to contribute.

The highlight of our 1981 Ballet year was the Production of a three-act Ballet "The Bronze Ring" by the Joan Raath Ballet School. This meant months of extra rehearsals every Saturday afternoon which the pupils attended very conscientiously. Had this not been the case, they would never have reached the high standard attained. This discipline is a very essential facet of ballet training and the pupils all felt it was worthwhile when they had the excitement and feeling of achievement of the two full dress-rehearsals with all the scenery and lighting, and finally the three public performances in the Memorial Hall of the Rondebosch Boys' High School. We combined with the Jennifer Lamb Studio who produced "To Catch an Eagle" and together we chose the two charities to benefit from our efforts. The National Sea Rescue Institute and The Wild Life Society of Southern Africa each received a cheque for R608, and our charity, the N.S.R.I., bought a badly-needed Very High Frequency Two-Way Radio with aerial, for the Three Anchor Bay Rescue Craft. Our thanks go to all parents and pupils for their hard work. The girls all passed in their Royal Academy of Dancing Examinations and our congratulations go to the girls who obtained Honours, Dale Hosking - Senior Grade, Elena Rista and Athene Pharo - Grade II. Our sincere thanks to Mrs Raath, our ballet teacher, who trains the girls and gives so much of herself and her time to ensure their success.

The Swimming Gala in the first term, and Sports Day in October were both delightful occasions. We are always grateful to our parents who are such enthusiastic spectators and support us so well. The staff and parent participation gives the girls tremendous pleasure and excitement and adds to the zest of the day. We thank Mrs Gray who organises the Gala and Sports Day with such efficiency and trains the girls. One of the features that stands out as being of great value here, is that all the girls take part and not just the team swimmers and athletes. So each one has a contribution to make to her House. An innovation this year was the Inter-House Gym Competition. With the growing popularity of the Gym Clubs, each House was able to provide enough gymnasts for a team and it was good to see how much progress the girls have

made in this field.

School in the Wilds presented a completely different approach this year with less emphasis on the academic side and far more pupil activity and involvement. The night hike ended with a 'sleep out' in a hut built in the mountains. The teachers surely wondered how they would survive the night with 80 excited pupils, but survive they did, even if they didn't manage very much sleep! Another highlight was that of canoeing on the Theewaterskloof Dam. For many of the girls this was particularly interesting as, over the years, they had been able to watch the dam developing. The girls first received a certain amount of instruction on the camp swimming pool so they were not quite novices when they paddled off up the dam. The last day brought further excitement when the girls had their first archery lessons and it was amazing how many of them managed to hit the target. The teachers there were surprised to see how well our pupils coped when making their own fires and cooking their own lunch - certainly no-one went hungry! As usual, throughout the programme, the girls were constantly made aware of their surroundings and of their duty to preserve the beauty of our country.

I feel a very real responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the children and I have been much encouraged by the occasional remarks of appreciation from parents who feel that I am helping the girls to understand more of what the Christian life entails. But be assured that I am unable to do this in my own strength and I rely utterly on the Lord. My ladies who run the Scripture Union Group, Mrs Hammond and Mrs Snyders, have given much prayer, time, thought and energy to the organisation of meetings every Wednesday during the lunch hour, and we thank them for their dedication. We are planning an Evening Carol Service with parents and friends and we shall be presenting tableaux and singing carols to re-tell the story of the birth of our Lord Jesus.

I should like to thank Miss Geldard and the Staff, especially Mrs Davies and Mrs Bray for their support. This year has had its ups and downs but I have been able to carry on in the knowledge that the Staff has been so whole-heartedly behind me. My thanks too to the Office and Catering Staff at the Senior School and to the Domestic Staff who are always so willing to go the extra mile.

Ad Dei Gloriam

P.R. BROWN

Games Report

Since the last annual report on sport we have been extremely fortunate in having a number of improvements made on existing facilities. The girls have been thrilled with the changes and settled down well to improving and strengthening their play in all areas.



TENNIS — A TEAM

A. Bareiter, C. Simonis, C. McGhie (seated) K. Porter (captain), Mrs V. Gray, F. Growse

TENNIS

It was with great excitement that we loaded the tennis balls into the tennis ball machine and watched as the balls were ejected across the court to astounded pupils. This fantastic machine was a gift from the 1980 Std V's. Many of the beginner players have difficulty in adjusting to the force with which the ball comes to them but it is ideal for the more advanced player. Our A and B teams had a very successful first term of tennis without losing a match, playing in the tenth and fourteenth leagues respectively.

We could not believe our eyes when we returned to school at the beginning of this term to see that both the tennis courts had been rewired

and resurfaced. It is a pleasure for us all to use the clearly marked courts with a smooth top. For the last quarter we have entered teams into the eighth, eleventh and thirteenth leagues. We have had two Std III players in the B team and it is pleasing to see that the standard has improved throughout the school. The existence of a functioning tennis ladder has promoted keen competition and positions are constantly being challenged and changed.

The Inter-House commences once the final examinations are over. It has been a pleasure to work with a group of such enthusiastic team players.



Sandy Smuts winning the Under 12 butterfly stroke event.

SWIMMING

Our pool has been extended to 25 metres and this has enabled the girls to benefit from training in a pool of the correct length. It was decided to have one venue for the Saturday morning galas, so Herschel was chosen as it is the only girls' school pool of the correct size in the Southern Suburbs. The mornings were successful and showed the swimmers and coach where the faults lay. For the first time the girls' schools entered into the Western Province Swimming Association A League gala where we competed against co-educational

schools. This was a beneficial event as it let us compare our strengths and weaknesses with a cross-section of talent. We also swam Under 8 swimmers for the first time and they coped admirably in front of a large crowd. Inter-Schools was once again a memorable occasion with our swimmers all giving of their best. We took fourth position. The highlight of the season was the Inter-House gala where every girl seemed to cheer and swim her best. Merriman won the cup, followed by Jagger and Rolt. At present the Std V's are preparing for their first Life Saving test which will be completed at the end of November.



A diver at the Inter-House gala.

DIVING

This is a sport which takes place in two elements, air and water and unfortunately many of our potential divers have given up coaching because they become too cold during training sessions. This problem can be helped by using plastic instead of towels to protect one between dives. We hope we shall be able to coax a few younger girls to resume diving so that next year we can enter in the Inter-Schools Diving. The Inter-House competition was won by Rolt with Jagger second and Merriman third.



The Dad's Race, with Washington in the lead.

SPORTS DAY

This event had to be postponed for a week and we could not have asked for better weather. All pupils participated in a number of events with some achieving outstanding results. A happy morning was enjoyed by all, watching races for the Pre-Prep, mothers, fathers, teachers and of course, the girls. Merriman was the victor with Jagger second and Rolt third.

HOCKEY

We spent the first half of the season concentrating on stick work, slowly building up to a game of 4 versus 4 and so increasing the number of players until a full game could be played. At the crucial time the winter wet set in and we lost many vital practices so only managed to host two schools with no return games played. The girls were keen and it was disappointing that they had to end off hockey after so short a playing season. The Inter-House cup went to Jagger, Rolt was second and Merriman third.

A number of mums under the guidance of Mrs Janet Christie coached a group of enthusiastic Std IV's and we look forward to seeing them playing next year.



Lynne Bird on the balancing beam.



Tessa Mills on the uneven bars at last House gym competition.

GYMNASTICS CLUB

We have four ability groups at the club and our gymnasts continue to flourish under the careful coaching of Alison Behr, Jenny Lielcock, Jenny Le Roux and Karolyn Van Zyl. The Inter-House competition was held at the beginning of the third term with sixty girls participating. Each was required to do a floor routine, a vault and a choice of beam or uneven bars. It was a first time for many of the girls performing on their own in front

of the whole school plus parents. Jagger gained the cup with Rolt and Merriman following closely behind. At present all the gymnasts are preparing set exercises in order to obtain a proficiency badge which is given to the competitor who attains a certain average mark. We hope that many girls will be successful. Our congratulations go to Susan Snyders and Natasha Van Zyl for being selected to represent Western Province.

NETBALL

A very happy season was had by all seven teams with matches being played each week. We improved during the first half of the season but with all the rain later on we missed many practices and unfortunately this affected our netball adversely. The shooters in all the teams need to practise more often on their own but there was good combination and team spirit amongst the girls. We were knocked out in the Inter-Schools in the first round. Our Under 11A team is to be congratulated on their speed, team co-operation and good sportsmanship. The Inter-House was won by Rolt with Merriman and Jagger tying for second position.

SQUASH

Greater interest has been shown in squash this year with the captain, Nicola Eckstein, organising the Inter-House and Round-Robins to encourage the girls to play. At Inter-Schools our team got through to the finals, losing to Camps Bay. Nicola Eckstein is to be congratulated on being selected to represent Western Province in the B Team in Durban.

Finally I would like to extend a very sincere word of thanks to all those wonderful "Mums" who have so willingly given up their time to help with the coaching of girls and transporting the team players to and from matches.

V. GRAY



UNDER 11A NETBALL TEAM

K. Donnelly, L. Kode, J. Opie, V. Ricketts, D. Carson. (Seated) M. van Assen (Captain), Mrs V. Gray (Coach), L. Freeman.



JUNIOR INTERPROVINCIAL

S. Snyders, N. Eckstein, N. van Zyl.

Junior Choir Report

Members of the Choir: E. Bowey, L. Burns, A. Day, E. Disler, K. Donnelly, L. Eichler, N. Ekolein, J. Grouse, L. Haldane, S. le Féure, A. Mallet, C. Martin, C. Southern, D. Tyson, A. Gersch, M. Hendry, V. Lengner, G. Raaff, S. Hardy, N. Lloyd-Roberts, M. Monanothane, T. Pelt, C. Reilly, K. Snyders, V. Thekells, J. Opie, M. Gillespie, L. Newton-Thompson, C. Saunders, N. Jordan, J. Hundry, C. Mibcarthy, C. Meridith, L. Dumny.

Last year marked the beginning of the Prep. School choir. They sang with the Senior Choir in last year's carol service and we hope they will participate again this year. During this past year the Junior Choir has taken part in a number of school concerts and has gained much in experience. The Choir together with the Senior Choir was fortunate to hear the Vienna Boy's Choir at the Nico Malan, this provided not only entertainment but also a valuable lesson on technique and vocal styles.

Christina Rideout
CHOIR LEADER



JUNIOR SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: K. Porter, A. Bergman, C. Simonis, J. Hardy, L. Newton-Thompson.

2nd Row: H. Wood, C. Saunders, Mrs Bray, C. Kohler, F. Growse.

Front Row: N. Jordan, T. Elvin-Jensen, S. Orren, Mrs Brown, C. McGhie, L. Haldane, R. Horn, A. Day.

Kindergarten News

1981 has been a year of steady growth and, as we near the end of it, I am aware of the Kindergarten Staff making remarks about their pupils such as:-

"A more independent attitude has developed"

"I'm so pleased with her progress"

"She's really growing up"

"At last her sums have clicked"

"Mrs . . . says she has trouble getting . . . to stop reading at home"

Observing and sharing in this growth is one of the rewards of teaching this age group.

The concert is also an area which helps the children to mature. Every child in the Kindergarten takes part, and appearing before a large mass of parents is a real experience and not easy for some. That teamwork is vital if the concert is to succeed, is also a good lesson to learn. The Pre-Prep put on a delightful item about the circus, telling the story through movement and song. The Sub A and Sub B girls became familiar with Tchaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite as they presented the story of the Nutcracker and the Mouse King. My thanks to Mrs Tyson at the piano whose playing throughout was superb, also to Mrs Butler, Mrs Cobern, Mrs Beck and Mrs Gray for all their help in making

this concert both a happy and successful occasion.

We have had two changes of staff this year. Mrs Potter took over the Pre-Prep which was made into one class using two rooms. She was given an assistant, Mrs Shirley Bosser, who has proved to be very hard-working and an able help in all spheres of the Pre-Prep. The children in this department went into the official Herschel school uniform this year and this has served to strengthen their feeling of belonging to the "Big School". The Pre-Prep also come to the Sub A and Sub B morning assembly once a week and this has helped them to become familiar with the staff and so they will not feel strange when they arrive in Sub A next year.

Mrs Cobern came to Sub B from the Pre-Prep and we were amused to hear from a parent of her daughter's reaction to this. She felt that Mrs Cobern, who had taught her in Pre-Prep could not possibly know how to teach her in Sub B! My thanks to Mrs Cobern for the way she has fitted into our department and for her sound teaching in Sub B.

M.C. DAVIES

Original Work

MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend is Gregory. He is a boy. I love him and he loves me. Gregory has short hair. Sometimes we go riding the horses together and sometimes I go to his home and we play together and we bring guns and we go to the forest and we shoot the birds and after we have had a hard day I go home. When I'm at home I think what it will be like tomorrow with Gregory.

Jeanine Bendzulla, Sub. A

THE ROYAL WEDDING

Lady Diana got married to Prince Charles yesterday. I watched it on T.V. There were lots of people. They had the wedding in St Paul's Church. She had a very long veil. I like the guards. Last of all they went on their honeymoon. They went in a coach to the station. She did not have her wedding dress on. She had a short dress on. She had pink shoes on.

Ayesha van Graan, Sub. A

BAKING

I bake with my mom. I like baking. We get the recipe. I share the recipe with my mom. We bake a cake. I get the ingredients. We get the wooden spoon and we mix the cake. We put the cake in the oven. When the cake is ready we decorate. We put flowers around the cake. I put icing on the cake. Now the cake is ready. We have a piece. We keep some cake and we put the cake in the fridge.

Jennifer Ovenstone, Sub. A

I am Tyrannosaurus. I am carnivorous. I lived long long ago even before man. I loved to eat Brontosaurus. Sometimes four or five of us would go down to the edge of the water to catch Brontosaurus. Brontosaurus are 25 metres long. I am only 12 metres long. I am very fierce and have very sharp teeth, because Brontosaurus is so heavy he stands in the water to help him keep up.

Emma O'Hanlon, Sub. B

I am a dinosaur my name is Brontosaurus. I am herbivorous. I like to go into the water it holds me up so I feel lite. Tyrannosaurus is my enemy I do not like him. If he comes neare I go into the water. He is not bigger than me but I can not scare him. I am very hevy I can not run very fast. I have fat legs and a thin neck it is very long. I have to eat all day for my big tummy. I eat green leaves and big trees but I eat fresh food. I have hevy bones and small jaws. I will wonday die and people will dig up my bones and take them to a museum and school children will look at me.

Hazel Sparks, Sub. B

I WISH I COULD GO TO . . .

space in Columbia with John Young and Robert Cripin and I would take off my heavy boots and float when I was on the telephone. I will wear my space suit and space helmet and I would make the teal!

Catriona Ross, Sub. B

THE HIDING I RECEIVED

There is this very special McWilliam's recipe for making chutney. My mother made it for the Constantia Fair. When she had finished and put the bottles on the table to cool she took the babies to the shop by car to buy more ingredients for some more chutney. When she had gone I took a little table down to the gate. I went back to the house and I took the chutney. I put up a sign saying *Chutney for Sale* 30c a bottle. Lots of cars stopped and looked at the sign and bought the chutney.

When my mother came home I had sold all the chutney. She was very, very cross with me and she gave me a good hiding with a wooden spoon. I had to give all the money to the fair and stay at home to make a new batch of chutney.

Alexandra Mallet, Std. 1

UNDER THE SEA

One day I was diving with my family and I got lost. I was scared then I saw two mermaids on a rock, they had lovely tails. I swam to them and made friends with them. Suddenly one asked me if I would like to see their sea palace. I said yes I would love to go. One was holding an oyster shell. She pressed it and a coach of shells came and took us to the palace. I saw the Merking and Merqueen who showed me the seaweed gardens and stables with sea horses inside. They also showed me their jewels. It was lovely to be under the sea. There was coral of all colours. When it was time for me to go, the Merking and Merqueen gave me some gold and the coach came and took me to the surface.

Taryn McLullich, Std. 1

THE HORSES OF MEXICO

Gliding through the air like rainbows,
With their manes flapping in the breeze
Yes, those are the horses of Mexico,
Yes, those are the horses of Mexico.

Their grey hair standing up,
And their legs springing in the air,
It msut be paradise for them.
Yes, those are the horses of Mexico,
Yes, those are the horses of Mexico.

Keelyn Maisel, Std. 2

THE WORLD IS FLAT

Did you know that the world is flat? No? Well, I'll explain more about it to you.

Before Christopher Columbus discovered that the world is round, everybody thought the world was flat. Now who says that Christopher Columbus didn't just say that the world was round to make himself famous? He might have found it fun to say such a ridiculous thing like that. If, for example, you travel wide distances like going by car from South Africa to Egypt you won't feel yourself going round will you? This proves that the world is flat. If the world were round we would fall off but because it is flat, we don't. You might wonder why ships don't fall off the world as it is flat. Well, it is beyond man's comprehension but I'm sure that in a few years someone will find out. Nobody has ever dug a hole in the earth and come out the other end because it is flat. People claim that when you look far out to sea, you only see the top of the sailing boat that is there because it is already going around the globe. I think people who say this should go to the oculist to have their eyes examined because as I have already mentioned the world is flat!

Laetitia Bruggmann, Std. 4

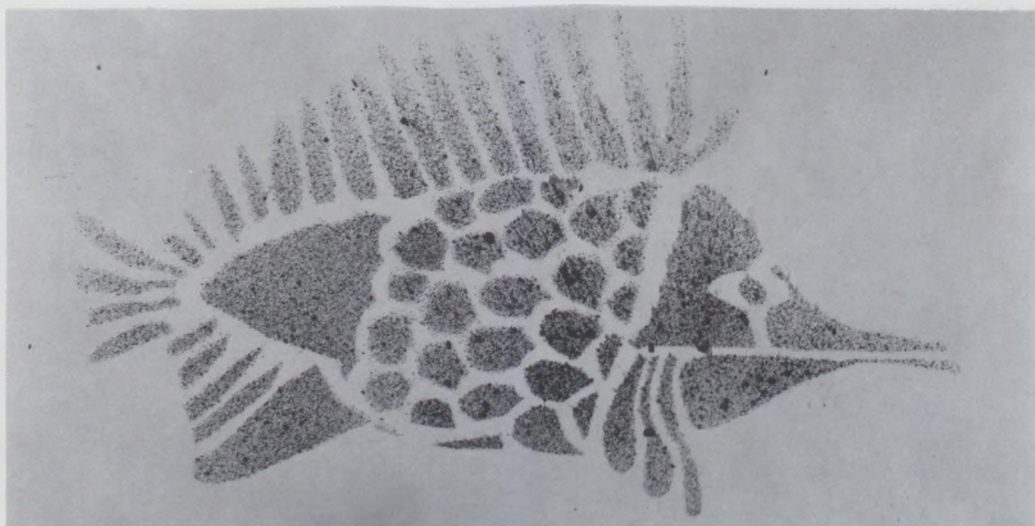
THE STORM

The sun was blocked by dark threatening clouds looming ever closer in the grey, misty sky. The chilled wind hammering at the doors and windows, forcing itself through cracks and slits, seemed only to add to the fierce clouds by setting a frigid, stiffening feeling throughout our protecting haven.

The thunder rumbled and the lightning bolted out of the heavens, piercing the saturated clouds. The flood gates of heaven burst open and sheets of rain came shattering down. It poured and poured until streets were rivers, fields were faces of water, and gutters were streams where anxious ants floated away on wind swept leaves and collecting rubble.

The rain slowly stopped, the clouds floated silently away, and all that was left of that terrible afternoon was the mud packed streets, the vast puddles of water and the cool breeze.

Nicola Baillie, Std. 5



L. Eickles, Std 5

OLD MAN BOB AND THE FAIRY

Old man Bob, as everyone called him, lived in rather a poor part of town. His real name was only Bob so let's call him that. Bob was a brave, gentle and kind man.

To earn his living he fished. Every day he went down to the sea shore to collect bait. At the sea he would sit down, after laying a plastic bag down to prevent his trousers getting wet. He dug in front of him with his knobbly gnarled knees high. He sunk his brown heels into the sand with his bent toes in the air and his bunions sticking out.

One day Bob came down to the beach and started to dig, he dug and dug but he could not find any bait. He dug his hands into the sand for the last time, his fingers struck something hard; it was an oyster shell. He cracked it in the hope of bait, but instead a fairy stepped out.

She had dainty little shoes on her feet; they were the size of peanuts, she said thank you. You have freed me from my shell, what can I do for you? Bob said you can make me rich. The fairy said, it will be done. And it was.

Elizabeth Mallet, Std. 2

THE ATTACK

We were nearing a mountain. The sun was setting and we did not know what lay ahead of us. The dust flew up behind us and the mountain was silhouetted against the sky. I knew we would start up the mountain while it was still light. Dirk and Pa got out of the wagon and helped to pull the oxen up by their yokes. We all hated going up mountains. We climbed out of the wagon and helped to pull the oxen up through the thorny bushveld but we were safe because Pa had his gun. I had to hold the water bucket because the water was lapping over the side. Then eventually we stopped.

We set up camp and had supper and went to bed. In the night I woke. It was dark, I could see Marie and Dirk sleeping. Their faces were lit up by the moonlight. Suddenly I heard the cattle moving restlessly. They did not normally move around when they were outspanned. I clambered down the steps of the wagon only to find Pa lying wounded, his gun by his side. I ran up the steps of the wagon and woke up Dirk and Ma. All Ma could say was "Emma my child", I hugged her. Marie woke up and I told them

I had heard the Xhosas' war cries in the distance when I had found Pa. We ran outside and carried Pa into the wagon. Ma and Marie attended to him while Dirk and I went in search of the cattle. We found the Xhosas' camp and hid in the bushes, Dirk and I got off the horses and tied them to a tree then we made our way to the kraal. I had to climb over the fence to let Dirk in. The fence had spears sticking out of the top. The spears dug into me. I could feel the blood trickling down my leg as we led the cattle out of the kraal.

We had to be quick because we did not want the Xhosas to wake up. When we got back to the horses I was bruised all over and I swung myself into the saddle. We herded the cattle back to the camp. We then fed them and yoked the oxen onto the wagon. Then we packed up our camp quickly and were on our way before daylight. When we made our new camp Pa said, his eyes twinkling, "What would I do without my children?"

Suki Jaffe, Std. 3

A MINIATURE CHILD

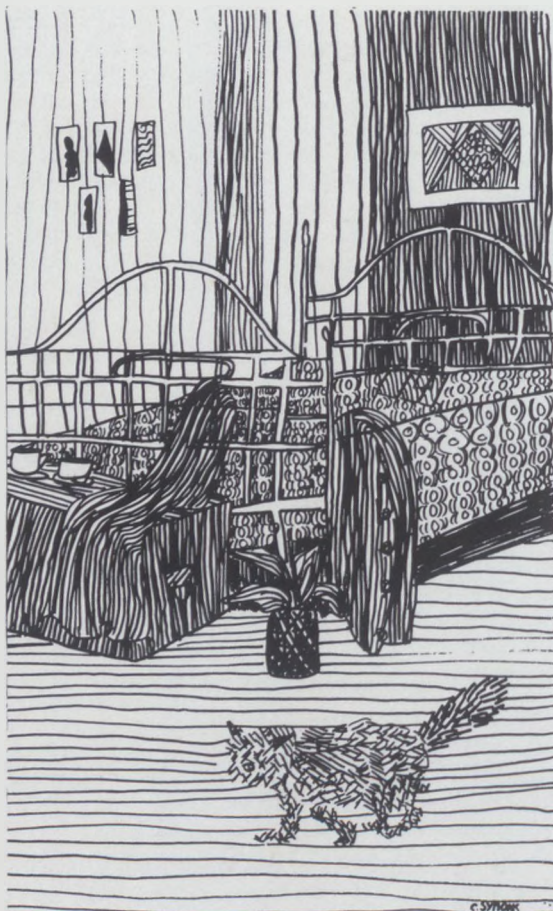
I was walking through the wood on a summer's day to cool off. I heard a voice crying near my foot. It sounded quite far off. I bent down to have a look — and there was a miniature child, dressed in woven grass (dead of course).

I later found out that he had fallen from a daffodil near my foot. He had been born as a fairy but without wings, so he was not allowed to join them. So he was sent away. He had been away for about a year and was just going to have a ride on a butterfly to another forest when I picked him up. He told me that his name was Jack.

We were very friendly together at home and played a lot together until school began and holidays ended. Then he got lonely while I was away at school and very mischievous. He spilt his milk and when Mummy saw the trickle of milk from under my very big sea-shell which was his home, she soon discovered my secret.

When I came home I was told to set him down in the wood where I found him and say good-bye forever. I told him how naughty he was and put him down in the woods, but everyday I put breadcrumbs down plus my second biggest sea-shell, a blanket and a thimble full of milk. I haven't said goodbye yet but little goodbyes have been said.

Charmian Prescott, Std. 3



Caroline Symons, Std 4

WINTER

The earth was covered in a glittering white blanket, dazzling to behold. Everything was still and deathly silence ruled. Not a bird twittered, not a leaf stirred. It was as if the world had gone to sleep, only to wake when Spring came dancing in. I stood on the bridge, the trail of my dirty black footprints spoiling the cleanness of the pure snow behind me, but before me it was still unbroken. The stream was covered, too, with the white blanket and the singing waterfall of Spring was stilled. The very trees were sleeping, donned with their glittering shroud. The huge expanse of sky above me was cloudless and cold.

The earth felt so enormous I felt like a mere speck crawling around on its huge surface. The silence and the stillness felt ominous, as the silence was too loud and the stillness was too still. Other humans just did not seem to exist on this planet, they were billions of light-years away, unknown in the cold unfamiliar yet familiar place. If I thought about myself I might feel warmer, but I could not. The cold was like a knife, it cut, and it cut deeply. It cut cruelly into the hearts of onlookers. I was an onlooker, and it cut me. This world would be shattered at the sound of a human voice. It was. My mother called me. For the first time I felt that she was a traitor.

Sally Orren, Std. 5

THE FASHION PARADE

Gay music hums above the hubbub of excited voices. Gradually the sound decreases and everyone is silent. "Ladies and Gentlemen", crackles a voice over the loudspeaker. "We are here today to see the fabulous range of women's clothes from Truworths. Thank-you." Loud applause fills the room as the first model steps onto the ramp, her tweed skirt softly swaying about her legs. Auburn hair, tied up in a bun, glistens as a ray of sunlight falls upon it. Smiling happily, the girl ends her display and gracefully descends from the ramp.

"Model No 2," blares the loudspeaker. A tall girl with dark hair and complexion enters the room. She is wearing a fur coat which ends just below her knees. A knee-length brown skirt engulfs her stocking-clad legs and a white silk blouse, polka-dotted with splashes of a mellow brown colour, shimmers as she turns and twists this way and that. A bell rings to announce interval and everyone drifts towards the tables laden with scones and other sweet goodies. Back in the changing rooms, the models prepare for the next half of the parade. They take exquisite pieces of clothing to try on, and when each one is satisfied, they flow to the door like a stream of mercury, and wait for their turn to take the ramp.

Chantal Simonis, Std. 5

FEAR

Fear
 The engulfing force
 that paralyses
 you
 Destroyer of
 nerves
 Upholder of
 terror
 Clutching you with
 its clinging
 tentacles
 Never letting
 go.

Fenella Growse, Std. 5

THE MIST

He stalks stealthily
 over the mountain,
 and then creeps,
 slowly down the valley
 enfolding it,
 in a dark grey cloak.

He spreads
 his straying fingers
 into every nook
 and corner,
 settling a cold,
 damp gloom,
 over the city.

Carolynne McGhie, Std. 5

THE BOMB

A moving masterpiece
 A tomorrow invention
 An end to the
 hustle
 and
 bustle
 of
 our
 daily lives

A metallic ball
 Powerful in its mighty magnitude
 And lethal in its air
 of
 finality

Shelley Woode, Std. 5

NIGHT NOISES

The mysterious meow
 of the carnivorous cats
 Sends a shiver down the back
 of the minute mice.

The laughing leaves
 are suddenly silenced
 by the haunting hoot
 of the old barn owl.

Liesl Haldane, Std. 5

Old Herschelians' Association

MINUTES OF THE 53RD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION HELD AT HERSCHEL ON FRIDAY 20TH FEBRUARY, 1981.

PRESENT. Miss Geldard (President), Fenella Doublas (Vice-President), Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Chair), Diana Burns (Secretary and Treasurer), Ann Snyders (Committee Member), Staff Members and Old Herschelians.

WELCOME: Brenda-Lynne Hoffman welcomed Old Herschelians to the meeting. We also welcomed Miss Sweet, Mrs McCormick and Mrs Popham Smith as Honorary Life Members.

The meeting stood in silence in memory of Miss Way, Mrs Johnson and Kathy Barron.

MINUTES As these were published in the 1980 magazine, they were duly signed as correct.

TREASURER'S REPORT: Cash in hand R593,64. The greatest expense is the magazine. The 1980 edition cost R4,22 per copy, a considerable increase over the cost of R2,69 in 1979.

DEDICATION OF ROOMS AND/OR BUILDINGS. Mary Loggie explained the situation to the meeting. The Council had received a letter from the 1940 Old Herschelians suggesting that particular rooms be dedicated to the memory of Lillian Willis and Harriet Robinson in recognition of their high respect for scholarship. The Council postponed a decision as it felt that the form of recognition required further thought and discussion. Mary explained that there were many outstanding teachers and other people who had given time and money to the school. The proposals open to discussion were:

- (i) That there should be some form of honouring past teachers.
- (ii) The form that this recognition should take.

After lengthy and lively discussion it was agreed that some form of recognition should be made and three proposals were put to the meeting as to the form that this should take:

- A. A plaque erected in the relevant room.
- B. A room named after a particular person.
- C. A Wall of merit.

Proposal A was carried unanimously. Nominations for people to be commemorated in this way must be made by a member of the O.H.A. and submitted at the A.G.M.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

1. Clair Grootendorst was congratulated on receiving the Old Herschelians Prize.
2. Twenty-four new members were welcomed to the Association.
3. Functions: A cookery demonstration by Alicia Wilkinson (Faull) is planned for the 2nd term.
4. Miss Geldard plans to visit London in July. The London branch will be approached with a view to postponing their annual meeting to coincide with Miss Geldard's visit. It was agreed that a donation of 50 pounds be sent to London to assist with the reunion.
5. Archives: Mrs Stockwell has been appointed by the Council to take over the archives started by Marion Robertson in 1972. She appealed for missing magazines, and said that any old photographs, programmes, etc. would be most welcome.
6. Mrs Mary Browne is arranging the sale of spring bulbs in aid of the school. Old Girls will each be given three order forms.
7. Government Representation on the Council: Miss Geldard said that at present there is no representation on the Council, but if the necessity should arise, a member of the present Council, will be invited to represent the government. The grant of R100 per child has helped to raise the staff salaries to a comparable level with government schools. There is no likelihood of free books.
8. Old Herschelian of the Year Award: This proposal was scrapped in view of the attendant difficulties of selection, qualifications, panel of judges, etc.
9. Annual Dinner: Mary Loggie suggested that a 5-year period be covered at one function, that could be either a lunch or dinner. Ruth Butters said it was interesting to see what had happened

to one's contemporaries, not just those members of one's matric year.

10. 60th Anniversary: This takes place in 1982, and it was felt that a special celebration should be arranged.

11. Diana Burns thanked Mandy van Dugteren, her magazine committee and the circle secretaries for the tremendous response to the appeal for news. Mandy said it was the best response she had ever had.

12. Diana Burns explained that individual invitations had not been sent out for Old Girls Day this year in view of the high cost of printing and the very poor response in previous years.

Brenda-Lynne thanked the committee and the meeting closed at 2.55 p.m.

THOSE PRESENT AT THE 53RD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 20TH FEB. 1981.

Miss Geldard, F. Douglas, J. Connor, S. Burns, R. Fletcher, D. Cameron, M. Maisel, Mrs Stockwell, N. Morris, Mrs Brown, Jackie Dicey, C. Symons, A. Wilkinson, Mrs McCormick, L. Ramsden, S. Sturgeon, J. Hartz, B. Thompson, S. Baker, D. Brooke Muzik, M. van Reenen, T. Robins, M. Loggie, Dr Silberbauer, N. Hopkins, C. Opie, R. Butters, J. Eckstein, M. Browne, A. Gilmour, M. van Dugteren, B.-L. Hoffman, D. Burns, A. Snyders, Y. Stockwell, Miss Sweet, Mrs Popham Smith.

THE OLD HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

To circle SS: C. Dowdle, T. Campbell.

To circle TT: S. Benson, L. de Kock, M. Filmer, P. Sharpley, S. Stamper.

To circle UU: J. Breen, A. de Villiers, P. Hill, C. Saunders, A. Singer, K. Tripp.

PLEASE NOTE:

FOUNDER'S DAY AND OLD GIRLS DAY WILL BE HELD ON FRIDAY, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1982. ALL OLD HERSCHELIANS ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND THE SERVICE AT ST SAVIOURS, TEA ON THE LAWNS AND LUNCH. PLEASE DIARISE THIS DATE AS INDIVIDUAL INVITATIONS WILL NOT BE SENT. FOR DETAILS PLEASE TELEPHONE DIANA BURNS (64-1647) OR THE SCHOOL (64-4010).

London Report — 1981

On the 16th July, 1981, the London Branch of the Old Herschelians held its Annual Reunion. Organized primarily by Karen Cooper, the London Secretary of the Old Herschelians Association, the event was held in the beautiful home of Diana Yassukovich (nee Townsend) in West Eaton Place. We were very grateful to Diane Marshall for providing delicious canapés.

This was a most exciting evening as it was unique to have Miss Geldard with us in London. She was introduced by Mrs Payne who also expressed sincere appreciation of the R50 that Herschel contributed towards the Reunion. Miss Geldard gave the old girls a chance to reminisce on their school days, as she recounted with enthusiasm the present achievements of Herschel. We were able to hear the first-hand news of the improvements and developments of Herschel during the last few years.

All the Old Herschelians present were delighted to see Miss McLean after having courageously undergone surgery to her hip. The Reunion was characterized by a wonderful spirit of camaraderie as the younger and older generations exchanged news and enthused together on the values that Herschel inculcated in the girls.

Girls coming over to London will be very welcome, if they would like to get in touch with Karen.

As a result of a majority vote of those canvassed and responses received, it has been thought better to hold meetings bi-annually so that the next meeting will be in May 1983, not 1982.

1957 OLD GIRLS MEETING

In April 1981 the 1957 Old Girls met at Judy Corder's (Smuts) home in Constantia for a luncheon to coincide with Sue MacGregor's visit to South Africa. Much fun and reminiscing was had by all, and out of a class of sixteen there were nine who were able to attend. Naomi Groves flew down from Durban for the occasion. Those who attended were Judy Corder (Smuts), Barbara Wiltshire (Mrs Beck), Caroline Syfret (Mrs Kingdom), June Jeffrey (Mrs Guerini), Naomi Groves, Ann Kipps (Mrs Templeton), Francis Small (Mrs Bertish), Robud Robb (Mrs de Waal), and of course Sue MacGregor.

Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER 1981

EXPENDITURE

School Magazine — 1980	1 194,26	
Add Postage	<u>33,37</u>	1 227,63
Contribution — Old		
Herschelians Union, London	89,68	
Catering — Gratuities	10,00	
Gift Vouchers — Staff	45,00	
Press Notices	9,40	
Matric Luncheon	10,40	
Bank Charges	12,41	
Stamps and Petties	6,35	

R1 410,87

INCOME

Membership Subscriptions — Life	550,00
Donations	27,00
Sale of Bridge Scorers	13,00
Proceeds from Cookery	
Demonstration	349,50

EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE

OVER INCOME 471,37

R1 410,87

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1981

ACCOUNT PAYABLE

School Magazine — Balance of Account	344,26
--------------------------------------	--------

R 344,26

CASH AT BANK

121,94

DEFICIT

Excess of Expenditure over	
Income for the year ended	
30 September 1981	471,37
Less Accumulated Funds	
at 30 September 1980	249,05 222,32

R 344,26

I have prepared the above Accounts from the books of account and information received. To the best of my knowledge and belief they are a true record.

16 October 1981
MUIZENBERG

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

1981 COMMITTEE

President: Miss P. Geldard
Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas
Chairman: Mrs Brendalynne Hoffman (Tyers)
Hon. Sec./Treas.: Mrs Diana Burns (Dicey)
Committee Member: Mrs Anne Snyders (Steens)
Games Secretary: Miss Ruth Butters
Directory: Mrs A. Fouche (Jooste).

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A-H)
Miss Fenella Douglas, 1, The Albany, Oak Avenue,
Kenilworth. (77-4631).
Group 2 (I-Q)
Mrs Adele Fouche (Jooste), 23 Lovers Walk,
Kenilworth. (71-5374)

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

Groups 3 & 4 (R-Z)

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

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

Mrs Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 113 Sandown Rd., Rondebosch. (66-8158).

Group 5 (AA-EE)

Mrs Janeen Keyser (Kipps), 12 Irene Road, Newlands. (65-2447).

Mrs Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes), 3 Alphonse Close, Constantia. (74-1237).

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

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

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

Group 7 (KK-OO)

Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer (Wells), Apple Garth Farm, Main Road, Hout Bay. (70-7126).

Mrs Terry Morrison (Lloyd-Roberts), 19 Norwich Ave., Bishopscourt. (71-3049).

Mrs Sally Ann Brown (Brimble), c/o 113 Sandown Road, Rondebosch. (66-8158).

Group 8 (PP-TT)

Mrs Judy van Aswegen (Wilson), 8 Woodland Road, Rondebosch. (69-5726).

Miss Yvette Stockwell, 8 Ceres Road, Bergvliet. (72-1806).

Miss Susan Burns, 6 Rose Street, Newlands. (64-1647).

MARRIAGES

CAMPBELL-ROSS — MORSHEAD. On 23rd May 1981, at Hampton Court Palace, Fiona, daughter of Mr and Mrs Clavil Campbell-Ross of Isle of Man, to Hugh, son of Mr and Mrs Ian Morshead of Surrey, England.

BETTISON — SILBERBAUER. On 28th February, 1981, Mary, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Bettison, of Constantia to Clive, son of Dr and Mrs John Silberbauer of Constantia.

DOUGLAS-HAMILTON — GROUWSTRA. On 8th August, 1981, Debbie, twin daughter of Mrs J Douglas-Hamilton and Mr John Douglas Hamilton of Kenilworth, to Chris, son of the late Mr and Mrs J Grouwstra of Claremont.

DOVETON KAY — BEAMISH. On 13th May, 1981 in London, Diana, daughter of the late Captain David Doveton Kay and Mr and Mrs Ian Friedlander, of Claremont, to Richard,

son of Mr and Mrs R. Beamish of Castle Lyons, County Cork, Ireland.

HERBERT — FOWLER. On 6th June, 1981 in Salisbury, Serena, daughter of Mrs Emma Herbert, to Robert, son of Mr and Mrs Derek Fowler of Salisbury.

ISTED — SINCLAIR THOMSON. In July 1981, Deanne, daughter of Mr and Mrs T.C. Isted of Tsumeb, South West Africa, to Nigel, son of Mr and Mrs W. Sinclair Thomson of Johannesburg.

KING — HERBERT. On 25th April, 1981, Pamela, daughter of Mr and Mrs King of Plumstead to Jeremy, son of Mr and Mrs Spencer Herbert of Tokai.

LANDSBERG — COYLE. On 16th July, 1981, Astrid, to Kevin, son of Mr and Mrs M.H. Coyle of Somerset West.

MAGGS — TURNER. On 4th April 1981, in London, Susan, daughter of Dr and Mrs Maggs to Christopher Turner of London.

MATHIAS — DEVITO. In October, 1980, in Dyford, Wales, Iona to Tony.

PEEL — MILLER. On 16th July, 1981 in Montreal, Jasmine, daughter of Gabrielle Peel and Rodney Peel of Cape Town, to Basil, son of Sam and Paula Miller.

PELT — LONG. On 12th September, 1981, Jeanne-Andree, daughter of Mr and Mrs M.A. Pelt of Constantia, to Douglas, son of Mr C. Long of Berlin, West Germany, and Mrs D.B. Warman of Gillingham, England.

ROBINSON — FOULSER. In August, 1981 in London, Clemmie, daughter of Sir Wilfred and Lady Robinson of London, to Jeffrey, son of Mr and Mrs G.W. Foulser of London.

TEMPLER — ROSS. On 27th June, 1981, Nicolette, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. Templer of Claremont, to Peter, son of Mr and Mrs R. Ross of Kenilworth.

VAN ALPHEN-STAHN — GIBSON. On 28th February, 1981, Barbara, daughter of Mr and Mrs F. van Alphen-Stahl, of Claremont, to William, son of Mr and Mrs R. Gibson, of Plumstead.

VELDHUIZEN — SLOAN. On 25th April, 1981, Carolyn, daughter of Mr and Mrs Veldhuizen of Bishopscourt, to Bruce Sloan of Camps Bay.

WHITE — TWIGG. In July, 1981, in Johannesburg, Camilla, daughter of Mr and Mrs Hugh White of Johannesburg to Garnet.

WILSON — VAN ASWEGEN. On 28th February, 1981, Judy, daughter of Mr and Mrs Boon Wilson of Rondebosch, to Pieter, son of Mr and Mrs W.G. van Aswegen of Johannesburg.

BIRTHS

AZZOLINI — To Julia (Mortera) and Roberto, a daughter, Valeria, in May 1980, in Ancona, Italy.

BAUMAN — To Libby (Burns) and Mike, a second daughter, May Louise on 18th December, 1980.

BIERMAN — To Hilary (Gasson) and Robert, a daughter on the 18th September, 1981, in London.

CHAMBERS — To Fiona (macSimon) and husband a son, Timothy on 4th October, 1980, in Australia.

EDWARDS — To Suzanne (Nosworthy) and Bryce, a daughter on the 2nd November, 1981, in Cape Town.

GARLICK — To Pauline (Pringle) and Alan, a son, on 25th April, 1981.

GRUBB — To Georgina (Stuttaford) and Christopher, a daughter, on 23rd October, 1981, in Hong Kong.

KOHLER — To Gina (Thom) and Derek, a son, in November, 1981.

MANSON — To Lesley (Stubbs) and David a son in June, 1981, in Johannesburg.

MILLMAN — To Devon (Lees) and Paul, a son in November, 1981 in London.

NICHOL — To Susan (Harvey-Kelly) and husband, a daughter on 25th March, 1981, in Carlisle.

OLDS — To Patsy (Thom) and Mike, a son, on 19th April, 1981.

REVELAS — To Mary (Messaris) and Babi, a son on 10th June, 1981, in Johannesburg.

RUSSELL — To Elaine (Charnock) and James Alain a son, Alexander, on the 2nd July, 1981, in Cape Town.

RYAN — To Sally (Abbott) and Ben, a daughter, on 12th February, 1981, in Umtata.

SNYMAN — To Jenny (Simpson) and Denis, a daughter Marie Jane, in March, 1981.

CHRISTENING IN HERSCHEL CHAPEL

On a sunny Saturday in March, 1981, Dr Barbara Silberbauer's granddaughter — Bronwyn Barbara, daughter of Sally-Anne (Wells) and Frank was Christened in the Herschel Chapel. One of her Godmothers is Kim Broadbent.

News Round-up

News Editor: Mandy van Dugteren

ABBOTT (1968) (Mrs Ryan) Sally and Ben are living in Umtata, and spend most of their spare time at Coffee Bay on the Transkei coast, where they have their own holiday cottage. They have a three year old son and a daughter who was born this year.

ACKERMAN (1980) Suzanne spent the first six months of the year attending the Hotel School in Switzerland and is now at university in Chicago.

ADAMS (1973) Alex has recently accepted a post at U.C.T. to lecture to final year Accounting students.

ANDERSON (1975) Suzette is due to be married to Adrian Pelt in the Herschel Chapel on December 5th. They will have a sailing honeymoon before Adrian returns to Holland to complete his military service and then Suzette will join her new parents-in-law on their yacht for the Cape-Uruguay race in January. They have been touring the U.S.A. visiting all the many friends they made whilst running a boat charter service from Martinique in the West Indies. Next year Suzette hopes to complete her Music Licentiate in Holland.

APPLEYARD (1941) (Mrs Coward) Elizabeth continues to travel to exotic places and earlier in the year gave a lecture on the Incas for the S.A. Natural History Society at the Museum in town. Her lecture was accompanied by slides and an exquisite exhibition mounted by Elizabeth herself. She plans a third Himilayan trip next year.

BAIGRIE (1971) (Mrs Donnelly) Fiona and husband, Mike, are living in Cape Town. They have a son, born this year, and prior to his arrival Fiona was still much involved in modelling.

BAKER (1980) Susan has spent this year at U.C.T. but is hoping to move to the Technikon next year to do Graphic Art.

BECK (1968) (Mrs Charton) Delia, her husband and two sons live in a charming cottage in Diep River. They continue to do quite a lot of travelling and in June spent a holiday in the U.K.

- BEVAN** (1979) Sarah has finished a Cordon Bleu Course and is remaining in London to become a beautician.
- BLAINE** (1971) Belinda graduated in June this year with an LLB. from U.C.T.
- BORTON** (1973) Bridget has spent the last two years working at Valkenberg in the top security ward as an Occupational Therapist. She will be leaving at the end of the year in order to do a course in Computer Science.
- BORTON** (1971) Susan has just received her Private Pilots licence and is busy preparing herself for a Commercial Pilots licence, with the idea of working as a flying instructor.
- BORTON** (1969) (Mrs Orpen) Jane is having to give up her busy Orthoptic practice for the time being as she is expecting her first baby in March next year. She and her husband have their home in Claremont.
- BORTON** (1968) (Mrs Crawley) Pru, her husband, and daughter Vicky moved recently to Stellenbosch where they are living temporarily in a beautiful old farmhouse.
- BRAILEY** (1973) Lynne has recently been appointed the Home Economist for Tupperware at Nova Constantia. Her job is to relate food to Tupperware to show all its advantages. She travels a fair amount to most of the country's main centres giving demonstrations. Lynne recently attended the National Conference at Sun City.
- BRAILEY** (1969) (Mrs Stephens) Louise, her husband and two daughters have recently moved into their new home in Kenilworth which was designed for them by another Old Herschelian — Moira Serritslev (Little). Louise has also found time to accept a temporary post, teaching at the Claremont Public School for the latter half of the year, and was responsible for launching their Nursery School with the help of students from Barkly House.
- BRAILEY** (1967) (Mrs Louw) Pat and David returned to Cape Town from Johannesburg last year and have bought a house in Kenilworth which they hope to alter before moving in.
- BROADBENT** (1969) (Mrs Goring) Pip, Harry and their four children are still in the U.K. but manage to visit Cape Town and her family regularly.
- BROADBENT** (1970) Kim has returned to Cape Town from London and is working locally.
- BROOKE** (1940) (Mrs Muzik) Diana continues to be very busy accompanying singers as their répétiteur. She takes a great interest in concerts for the Blind and Aged, organising and performing in these programmes. She hopes next year to start working for her B.A. (Hons.) in Italian through UNISA, and is busy studying Czech in anticipation of the imminent arrival of her Czech sister-in-law from Prague.
- BROOKE** (1939) (Mrs Elahi) Alice is exploring S.W.A. (Namibia) paint-wise at the moment, and will no doubt show work based on this trip in her next Transvaal exhibition. Her daughter Nushin is doing her B.A. (Hons.) Drama at U.C.T. and is one of Jasmine Honore's students for Movement.
- BURNS** (1971) (Mrs Bauman) Libby and Mike have returned to Cape Town to live and have bought a house in Claremont.
- CHARNOCK** (1970) (Mrs Russell) Elaine is living in Kenilworth and is fully occupied looking after a small son who was born this year.
- COOKE** (1968) (Mrs Karemacher) Elizabeth, now living in Australia is working as a social worker at the Royal North Shore Hospital in Sydney.
- COOPER** (1973) Karen, after three months in Kenya on a special assignment, is now working in advertising for the Reader's Digest in London. Her sister, Tana-Marie has completed her B.A. Honours, and has been elected as an A.K.C. (Associate of King's College), and a member of Convocation and is now hoping to become a Barrister. She has specialised in Islam in the Modern World.
- CORDER** (1956 and 1957) (Mrs Smuts) Judy and (Mrs Schreuder) Tessa have recently returned from a four week holiday to the Far East. They visited Hong Kong where they had dinner with Georgina Stuttaford (Mrs Grubb) who lives at Stanley Bay outside Hong Kong. They also went to Thailand, Bangkok, Japan and Taiwan. On their return flight they met Maryvonne Borden (Mrs Crie) who has an interesting job with the Kimberley Mine Museum.
- CRITCHLEY** (1979) Mandy is busy doing P.R.O. work in Cape Town.
- CROUDACE** (1973) Claire, a nursing sister, works at Johannesburg's Brenthurst Clinic as assistant to the Plastic Surgeons and finds her work most satisfying and absorbing.

COUZENS (1979) Belinda has recently completed a course in Textiles and Design at the Leicester Polytechnicon in the U.K.

DOWDLE (1979) Caroline is in her second year B.Music at U.C.T. During the year she played in two concerts in Cape Town. The first in March when she made her debut as a harpsichordist in Bach's concerto for three harpsichords, one of the other harpsichordists was her mother Yvonne Roux (1949), who now plays in a number of chamber music ensembles. Caroline was also the soloist in Mozart's Piano Concerto in F major, for the U.C.T. orchestra at the Baxter, in March.

ELLIOTT (1958) (Mrs Wray) Suzanne and her two sons spent the month of August visiting her mother in Cape Town. They spent some time in the Transvaal with Sally Pyott (Mrs Celliers). Suzanne enjoys living in Houston, Texas and often accompanies her husband on his business trips around the States.

FARLEY (1970) (Mrs Cockett) Janis and her husband farm at Franschoek. They have two sons.

FAULDS (1968) (Mrs Michie) Jo and her husband live in a lovely terraced house in London. They are still in the process of redecorating and have bravely tackled the entire job themselves — from rewiring to putting in the central heating. They have a three year old son and in April had a daughter.

FERGUSON (1961) Pamela visited Cape Town for the first time in ten years early in the year. Her visit coincided with the publication of her latest novel "The Sacrifice". It is sixteen years since Pam left South Africa as a financial journalist to widen her experience overseas. Since working as an industrial and business writer in London and the Middle East, where she collected material for her first book, "The Palestinian Problem", and Canada, she has made her base in New York and turned to writing fulltime. She is strongly involved in Shiatsu (a traditional Zen method of treatment with the hands). Pam made her first contact with Shiatsu through her interest in Eastern philosophy. A three-year period of study and strict examinations has qualified her to teach and practise it and her long term ambition is to study further in Japan. Pam has written seven books and is working on the next. She hopes to return annually to Cape Town.

FISHER (1958) Marguerite has a small nursery in Claremont and is one of the best herb producers in the Cape.

FISHER (1942) (Mrs Kelsen) Evryl lives with her devoted lawyer daughter Lucy in Sea Point. She conducts her active professional life as a consultant psychologist specialising in vocational guidance from her home.

FOOT (1971) (Mrs Humphries) Mary lives in Windhoek where she is doing secretarial work although she is a qualified sister. She and her husband are moving to Swakopmund next year.

GAIN (1971) (Mrs Gant) Gill and David and their two daughters live on their farm in Somerset West.

GASSON (1970) (Mrs Bierman) Hilary has a baby daughter, born on her birthday this year. Hilary's mother is presently visiting the family in London.

GASSON (1968) Lindsay has returned from a lengthy visit to the U.S.A. and is working as a radiographer in Cape Town.

GOBLE (1959) (Mrs Howes) Paddy and her family live on a lovely farm in Fransch Hoek. She is extremely interested in art and pottery, and, until recently was the Chairman of a group of ten people running a craft shop in Fransch Hoek. She is now working on an exciting new project due to open next year in a new shopping centre which has been converted from old stables. Paddy plans to have an exclusive art and pottery shop with continually changing exhibitions.

GOLDING (1971) (Mrs Drummond) Gill married this year and she and her husband have moved to Natal where she is studying for a B.A. LL.B. at the University in Pietermaritzburg.

GUICHERIT (1953) (Mrs Lindsay) Valma undertook an exciting trip this year, walking to the foothills of the Himalayas and a visit to Katmandu. She and her husband Don have also recently returned from a trip to Canada and the Bahamas where they stayed on a yacht searching for treasure.

HARTFORD (1954) (Mrs Hofmeyr) Wendy had to make an unexpected visit to South America in April to help her mother who had broken a leg in Rio. En route she visited her brother, David who now works in Lima, Peru.

HERBERT (1975) Lynne went to England with her Grandmother at the end of May. She hopes to stay for about a year, and has an exciting sounding job, as P.R.O. with a London Travel Agent.

- HENDERSON** (1967) Helen recently gave up her job as an Occupational Therapist at Groote Schuur in order to travel and work in Austria for six months.
- HOLMES** (1953) (Mrs Marklew) Lyn and her family are enjoying life on a wine farm near Stellenbosch. They have a two hundred year old homestead and Lyn is busy renovating it in the Cape Georgian style.
- HONORE** (1940) (Mrs Herbert) Jasmine, who has been connected with the Little Theatre and U.C.T. Ballet School for many years, was responsible for the choreography for the production of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" which was presented at the Little Theatre in August and September. Her work is also featured prominently in "The History of Ballet in South Africa" — published recently. The book also pays tribute to one of our most prominent Old Herschelians — Dulcie Howes (Mrs Cronwright), who has been responsible for the new professional status and the development of Ballet in South Africa.
- JACOBSON** (1979) Michele took part in the U.C.T. Ballet production of "Peter Pan" at the Baxter Theatre in September — she was a mermaid.
- JOOSTE** (1948) (Mrs Fouche) The Old Herschelians would like to extend their sympathies to Adele who lost her husband earlier this year. Adele does so much work for our Association, keeping records up to date, keeping in touch with everyone, and making sure we all get our copies of the magazine.
- JOOSTE** (1940) (Mrs Croudace) Lynette's son, Jeremy held an exhibition of his jewellery at Maudie Thompson's in Kenilworth in August. His work is inspired by Egyptian art and he works in silver and an unusual shell known as arikreukel.
- KIPPS** (1957) (Mrs Templeton) Ann and her husband Peter have returned to Cape Town after living for a number of years in England. They are running the Catholic Welfare Bureau in Green Point.
- KNIGHT** (1968) (Mrs Drysdale) Chloë and Gavin emigrated to Canada in April where they have settled down happily. They have a three year old daughter.
- LEES** (1968) (Mrs Millman) Devon and her husband are living in London. Devon has had to give up her squash playing for the time being as she is expecting her second baby shortly.
- LESLIE** (1969) Sarah recently bought a house outside London, and is busy doing an interior decorating course.
- LITTLE** (1969) (Mrs Serritslev) Moira is working for a firm of Architects in Cape Town who are mostly concerned with the restoration and preservation of historical monuments.
- LLOYD-ROBERTS** (1980) Susan is in London auditioning in company with Marie Enthoven. Together they have been travelling round Europe on a Eurail Pass and managed to get to Greece where they visited the Islands and in Athens they worked in a boarding house making beds and washing dishes.
- McCARTHY** (1953) (Mrs Reid) Patricia and her husband Ron enjoyed a holiday this year to England and the States. They went to Denver, Colorado, to stay with Diana McGaffin (Mrs Carter) and her family. Di's husband Jack works for an international bank, they have three children and Di plays a lot of tennis. They also have a lovely home in Vale which is a ski resort in the Rockies and Di still finds time to coach soccer at her children's school.
- MAGGS** (1971) (Mrs Turner) Susan is still living in London and is the Assistant Cookery Editor of "Woman and Home". She does a great deal of travelling, gives demonstrations, teaches and answers readers' queries.
- MATHIAS** (1958) (Mrs Devito) Iona and her husband Tony live in Dyford, Wales, where they are both involved in Social Work. During July of this year they visited Cape Town, staying with Iona's mother and giving Tony a chance to see some of South Africa.
- MATHIESON** (1979) Abigail completed a book, described by her as being 'a narrative of ideas'. At the moment it is called "Mathew Hepta-teuch" — look out for it, she hopes it will be published, so do we, good luck.
- MINOGUE** (1973) Margie is temporarily working as a Quality Controller for Woolworths and plans to study Computers next year.
- MOORE** (1980) Lynne has joined the S.A. Air-force.
- MORTERA** (1966) Carroll, after a year's experience of teaching Italian at Chesham High School in England, is now teaching English in an Experimental High School in Rome. Her sister, Julia (1969), is married to Roberto Azzolini and they are both involved in research at the C.N.R. (Conseil National des Recherches) in Ancona — their baby daughter, Valeria, was born in May 1980.

- MURDOCK** (1979) Louise is learning to train race horses at Philippi.
- MUKHEIBER** (1980) Leigh is on a Rotary Exchange Scholarship in the States and hopes next year to go to U.C.T.
- MURRAY** (1973) Christine, a law graduate of Stellenbosch and Stanford (U.S.A.) has returned to South Africa and her former position as Public Prosecutor in Parow. She intends settling in Durban.
- MURRAY** (1973) Elizabeth is a medical student at U.C.T.
- NAUDE** (1975) Fiona announced her engagement to Lauron Buys in August and is getting married on December 12th.
- NEWMAN** (1969) (Mrs Du Plessis) Jenny and Morné are still in Cape Town with their son Jeanne Pierre. Since Morné resigned his captaincy of the Springboks they are hoping to live a more settled family life.
- MAC PEACE** (1973) Gwen gave up her job as Personnel Manager at the Colonial Mutual, she has been travelling for the past year and is now selling Health Foods.
- MacGREGOR** (1957) Sue was in Cape Town visiting her parents in April. It wasn't all holiday though as she spent some time interviewing Chris Barnard for a new radio series she will be doing. Sue was one of the team of BBC Radio's commentators to cover the Royal Wedding in July, that event which kept us all glued to our TV sets all day and the streets of Cape Town virtually deserted. Sue was positioned in an office high above the Strand along with a television set, a picnic lunch and a half-bottle of champagne. Apart from her continued involvement with Woman's Hour Sue gets abroad once a year or so, she went to China with Maggie Thatcher, and had also been to Japan, the Gulf States and America.
- MacSIMON** (1972) (Mrs Chambers) Fiona has continued her singing career in Australia, and has obtained many 1sts and 2nds in Eisteddfods in the Melbourne and Sydney areas. In Wagga she received the cup for the best all round singer. She and her husband farm cattle and sheep in New South Wales.
- PHILIP** (1977) Kate was unanimously elected as a vice president of the U.C.T. Students Representative Council earlier in the year.
- PICTON-SEYMOUR** (1941) (Mrs Duckham) Désirée had a very successful art exhibition at Paarl recently. She is a popular lecturer, both in U.C.T. Architectural Faculty, and on extension courses — she has just done a series on "Victoriana".
- RESNEKOV** (1971) Karin, having completed her midwifery training in South Africa has now returned to London and is working in the Intensive Care Unit at Guy's Hospital.
- RESNEKOV** (1971) (Mrs Conitsiotis) Michele is still living in Corfu. She loves the lifestyle there and writes that she would always like to see old Herschel friends, should they be passing through. She has a son, Marko, born in June, 1980.
- ROBB** (1957) (Mrs de Waal) Robud and her family live in Cape Town and she works at the Child Information Centre at the Red Cross Children's Hospital. She recently took time off to join her husband Louie on a quick but stimulating trip to the States.
- ROBB** (1961) (Mrs Power) Suzie is living in East London and has recently set up an enterprising project for retarded people called a Protective Workshop.
- ROLAND** (1979) Sue is enjoying working for an advertising agency in Cape Town.
- SMITH** (1976) (Mrs Evans) Julia received her small-craft "mate's ticket" in September from the S.A. Merchant Navy Academy, General Botha. The ticket will enable her to help her husband Ken to operate their two commercial charter boats, the Circe and R9, both former air-sea rescue craft, from Hout Bay. Earlier this year Julia became the first full-time woman student to be examined for a mate's certificate for commercial fishing vessels under 100 tons. After logging a year's sea-time as mate she intends returning to the General Botha to do a further five-week course for a skipper's ticket for small-craft. Well done Julia and good luck.
- SPILHAUS** (1937) (Mrs Robertson) Marian can often be relied on for some stimulating "letter to the editor" tossed off in between her historian and archival research work. She composed a moving and vivid tribute to the late Mrs Margaret Appleyard (mother of Elizabeth) which was read at a recent memorial service in Kenilworth's Christ Church. Many Old Herschelians will remember with affection

and gratitude Mrs Appleyard's warm hospitality when châtelaine of the historic 'Good Hope' farmstead at Groot Drakenstein.

STORCH-NIELSEN (1973) Linda was very much involved with the exhibition of Peruvian Golden Treasure which was shown at the S.A. National Gallery in March. The privately-owned collection, representing the goldsmith's art in Peru from the third century BC to the Spanish Conquest was flown from Lima to Cape Town. Linda's father is the Peruvian Consul in Cape Town.

SUSMAN (1968) Jennie lives in a flat in Central London and is successfully running her own computer business, which involves her in much trans-Atlantic and European travel.

TEMLER (1971) (Mrs Ross) Nicky returned to Cape Town in September 1980 after a year and a half spent working in London and travelling extensively all over the Continent and the United States. Whilst in London Nicky visited Lynda Paterson (Mrs Cary) who lives in Basingstoke and works in London. Nicky married her accountant husband Mike in June of this year and they are living in Wynberg. Nicky is working at Truworthe Head Office as a secretary.

NEWMAN (1971) Binky's Rosemary Shop is still flourishing and Dita (1972) is travelling and working overseas.

NOBLE (1960) (Mrs Redmond) Fiona and her family moved from Melbourne to Geelong in February. Her husband is the local Anglican Minister in Newcomb, and they are enjoying their new home. In September they visited Canberra and saw Mrs Sachs (Herschel Domestic Science teacher for many years), enjoying a good chat and reminisce together.

PARRY (1970) Mary-Anne is still living in England and currently working on an Energy Journal.

PAGE WOOD (1947) (Mrs Brooks) Marygold visited Cape Town in October. She is now living in Pietermaritzburg, after many years spent in Umzimkulu where her husband was in general practice. He is now Chief District Surgeon for Natal. Marygold has a married daughter, a journalist son, a daughter who is travelling and her younger son is still at school at Michaelhouse.

PETER (1978) La completed a diploma course at a Riding School in Buckinghamshire and then went to Hartwell House. She has since returned to South Africa and is giving lessons in Philippi.

PETRIE (1941) (Mrs Melck) Wenda is Chairman of the newly formed West Coast branch of the Simon van der Stel Foundation. The area under her care stretches between Mamre and the Orange River — a vast area over which to keep a preserving eye. It is an area rich in history and includes Gansekraal, built in 1694 and the oldest farm out of Cape Town, and Buck Bay farm near Darling.

PETERSEN (1946) (Mrs Brandolini d'Adda) Yasmin made her Paris debut in May with an art exhibition at the Galerie Claude Aubry in Rue des Beaux-Arts. She and her husband, a poet live in Milan.

TE WATER (1947) June held an exhibition of sculpture by her students in Claremont in February. This was work done by students all of whom were over 35 and up to 65 plus, emphasising the fact that it is never too late to put your hand to any form of creative activity.

TORR (1973) Lindsay left South Africa at the end of 1980 to go on a working holiday in Europe. After travelling around Europe for a few months she accepted a post as information officer with the S. African Embassy in London which has proved interesting and varied work. She had to cope with friends and relations of people involved in the Laingsburg floods. Her work also involves telling prospective immigrants about life in this country. Probably her biggest bonus was being in an excellent 'position' for the Royal Wedding. She has just left for the States for a few months, but plans to return to the Embassy.

VAN EEDEN (1977) Tracey has just started a two year course at the White House School of interior design in Rondebosch.

VERSTER (1968) (Mrs Norgarb) Gill lives in Swakopmund where she is studying draughtsmanship part time. She, her husband and two sons spend their holidays at Plettenberg Bay where they own a plot and hope to build their own home next year.

WALKER (1941) (Mrs Kraft) Kathleen lives in Somerset West. She is painting a lot at the moment, and will be exhibiting soon. We hope to see her work in town.

WOMERSLEY (1979) Juliet is back in Cape Town after a year in the U.K. where she attended Haileybury School in Hertford. She is now studying Speech Therapy.

The matrics of 1979 would like to extend their sincere sympathies to Pippa Leighton Davies and Celia Maud, whose mothers passed away earlier this year.

We welcome the following 1981 Matrics to the Old Herschelians Association:

Jill Breen who intends to train as an Occupational Therapist at U.C.T.

Amanda de Villiers who will be going to Vide-manette School in Switzerland for two terms, and then perhaps a term at Hartwell House in the U.K. In 1983 she plans studying Business Science at U.C.T.

Priscilla Hill who will be doing a National Diploma course for private secretaries at the Cape Technikon.

Catherine Saunders who intends studying Occupational Therapy at U.C.T.

Alexa Singer who will be going to U.C.T. — probably a B.A. in French, English Drama and Psychology.

Katherine Tripp who would like to do a year's Secretarial Course and then perhaps go into travel.

Good luck to you all in your new chosen fields. Please keep in touch with Herschel through us, sending any news to your Circle Secretary.

VARSITY ROUND-UP

U.C.T. — FIRST YEAR: Julia Singer (Sociology), Juliet Womersley (Speech Therapy), Tessa van Ryneveld (B.A.), Susan Burns (B.Soc.Sci.), Diane Cameron (B.Sc. Computer Science), Lindy de Kock (B.A. Drama), Jane Dicey (M.B.Ch.B.), Lilian Dudley (M.B.Ch.B.), Marjorie Filmer (B.Bus.Sci.), Jenny Gray (B.Comm.), Susan Ingram (B.A.), Jane Johnson (B.A.), Mistene Maisel (B.Comm.), Caroline Marten (B.A.), Cathy Moll (B.Sc.), Caroline Newton (B.A. Drama), Susan Stamper (B.Bus.Sci.).

SECOND YEAR: Katy Brossy (B.A.Art), Abigail Mathieson (Fine Art), Celia Maud (B.A.), Pippa Leighton-Davies (B.A.), Therese Herbert (B.A.), Fiona McLennon (B.A.), Maria Stavrou (B.A.), Karen Croombe (B.A.), Ruth Butters (B.Sc.), Caroline Dowdle (B.Mus.), Yvette Stockwell (B.Mus.), Michele Jacobson (Ballet), Alison Marr (M.B.Ch.B.), Ceris Field (B.A.L.L.B.), Sandi Nichol (Sociology), Shirley Glyn (Nursing), Tina Louw (Architecture), Siobhan Mannion (B.A.).

STELLENBOSCH — FIRST YEAR: Pamela Boyes (B.Sc.), Fleur Hanekom (B.A. Fine Arts), Tanya Honig (Art), Hilary Knight (B.A.).

RHODES — FIRST YEAR: Susan Davies (Journalism).

TECH.: Helen Dicey (Travel Consultancy), Susan Steenkamp (Graphic Art).

BARKLY HOUSE — FIRST YEAR: Deirbhle Mannion, Vicky Huxter. SECOND YEAR: Theresa Campbell.

NURSING: Jean Moodie at Groote Schuur Hospital, Philippa Gleimius at Groote Schuur Hospital.

ROTARY EXCHANGE STUDENTS: Leigh Mukheiber in Arizona, U.S.A., Claire Grootendorst in New York State, U.S.A.

TYPING COURSE: Mandy Scott and Penny Sharpley is doing a Beauticians Course.

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