

REFLECTIONS

OF





1970. 77.



Summer

Summer

S is for Summer when the singing of birds fills the green woods with ecstatic joy and the golden sunshine dapples the grey tree-trunks. Making glorious harmony with the birds, the gentle murmur of a brook is heard not rushing like the streams of Spring but passing tranquil 'neath the leafy boughs.

U is for the untold colours of a thousand flowers carpeting the countryside - Marigolds and Marguerites, many hued daisies, Crocuses and Columbine and tiny numerous violets.

M is for Meadows and fairy-rings, for mushroomy and gossamer wings. Mid-summer revels, magic and moonlight and finally for the mischievous Puck and his glow-worms gleaming in a glorious dance.



M is for Mary and the Manger and
magi and the joy and good tidings that came
to this Earth on Christmas morning when every
child hearing with wonder the tale of His birth
feels anew while his elders look on and envy.

E is for Ewes on the hillsides which
although leaping and cavorting with the joy of sum-
mer, unmindful of danger or the winter ahead are
always keeping a careful watch over their lambs.

R is for roses the ensigns of summer
which pervade the bee-loud air with a drowsy scent.
The bees industrious in their search for nectar are always
busy making that ambrosial food on which the gods de-
light. Yet the gods also love the carefree butterflies
who idly flit from flower to flower.

Cathy Oxtoby. UIV





The Water Ballet



"Inlet-house Swimming - Roll"



The Roll Swimming Team.

"Open Backstroke - Tessa Mallett"



Swimming Report

After a hard battle against Jagger and Moriman, Rolt streaked ahead and, once again, won the annual Interhouse swimming gala. Everybody in Rolt took part, in one way or another. The gala began with all three houses swimming the length of the pool, led by the respective house banners.

Mrs Gibson produced an entertaining water-ballet, performed by rather embarrassed bikini-clad Hershelians!

This year we made a breakthrough in cheering! Jill Golding proved to be an excellent cheer leader, and through her cheer leading, Rolt was inspired to victory.

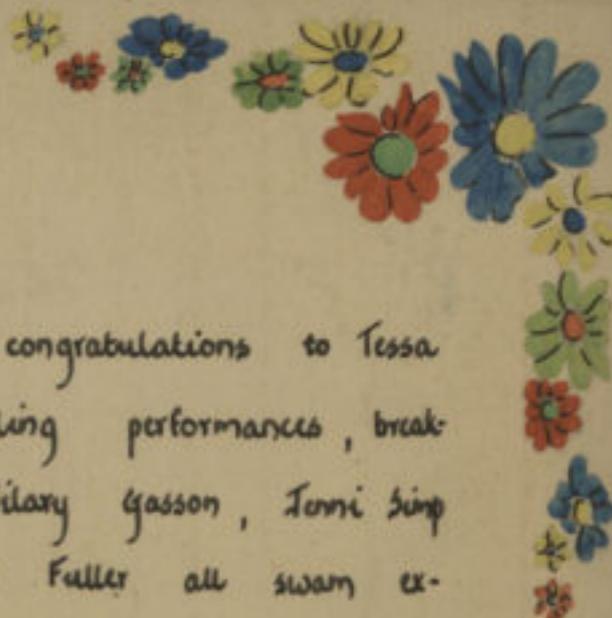
The diving competition was very exciting, ending happily with a tie in the open section between Rolt and Jagger. Hilary Gasson, our open diver, and Yolanda Labia, Jagger's open diver, both gave a magnificent performance. Jagger won the Under 15 section, and we offer them our congratulations for excellent diving.

I must offer special congratulations to Tessa Mallett for her many outstanding performances, breaking more than one record. Hilary Gasson, Terri Simpson, Elizabeth Lacey and Susan Fuller all swam extremely well.

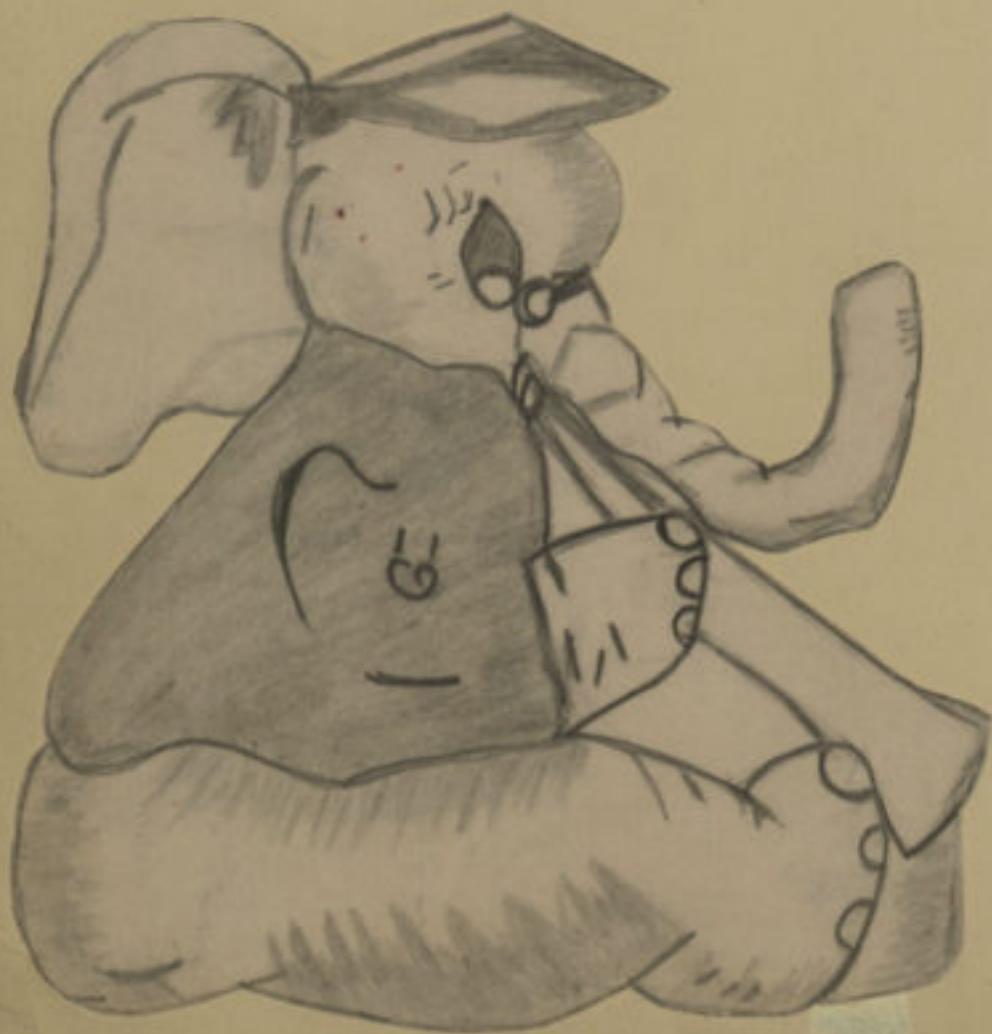
This year two Rolt girls were awarded school swimming colours for winning their races at the Inter-schools swimming gala. They were Hilary Gasson and Susan Fuller. Well done!

Thanks to Ling Weseman, Eleanor Hooper, and Fiona MacSymon, for making favours for all three houses.

Susan Jenkin
(Swimming Captain)



Cheering

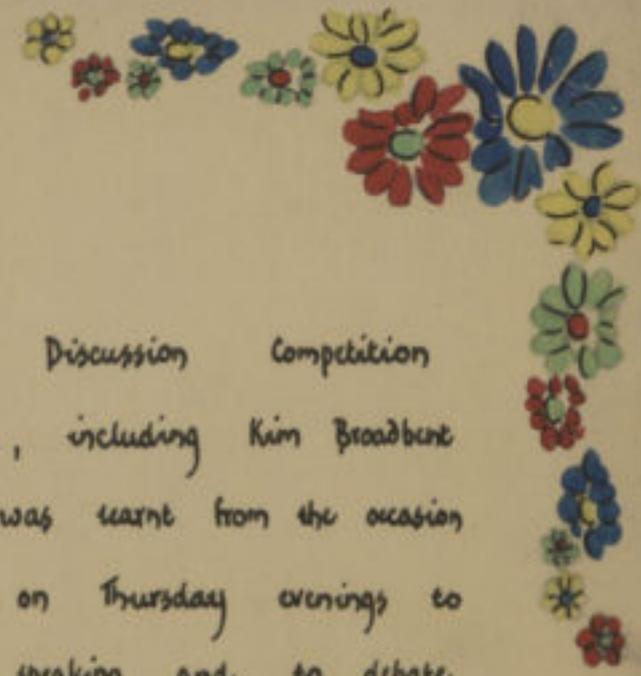


Tune: Old Macdonald had a farm
Merriman and Jagger both can sing
La - a - la - a - lo
But once again ol Roll will win
La ha ha ha ho
With a Roll girl here and a Roll girl there
Here a Roll, there a Roll, everywhere a Roll Roll
Once again ol Roll will win
Yippee yi yippee yi yo

Tune: All the nice girls love a sailor
All the nice boys love the Roll girls
Everyone knows just who we are
Cause theres something about the Roll girls
Which is known from near and far
Smart and clever, losers never
We are always at the top
When it comes to taking cups
Merriman and Jagger both have pups
Roll ahoy, Roll ahoy.



Debating Society



The two presidents of the committee are both staff members of Rolt: Miss Engels and Mrs. Peterson. Susan Jenkin and Cathy Oxoby, representatives from Upper I and Upper IV respectively, are also in Rolt.

From the first debate of the year on 28th January through to the most recent one on 30th July, over half of all the formal speakers have been Rolt girls. Keep it up, Rolt!

Carolyn Appleton and Janet Graaff represented Herschel at an evening debate against Sacs, at which the motion: "South Africa is developing in its economic sphere only" was discussed and won by a large majority.

The same two girls also spoke at the Teyate Inter Schools Debate at Rustenburg on 5th May. The motion "Permissiveness stands for freedom - not licence" was argued bilingually.

The annual SACEE Forum Discussion Competition was braved by a team of five, including Kim Broadbent and Janet Graaff. A great deal was learnt from the occasion.

The Debating Club meets on Thursday evenings to discuss the tactics of public speaking and to debate such controversial subjects as "Communism is better than Democracy." A Junior Debating Club has also been started with great success.

An Afrikaans debate was held at Herschel with speakers from Groot Schuur, Westervord, St. Cyprians and, of course, Herschel. Hanneli Muller spoke on the disadvantages of television.

All in all, the Debating Society has been a great deal more active than in the past, and, I hope, has achieved more.



Janet Graaff

(Chairman)

Choir Report

Last year it was decided that an Inter-house Music Festival should be held. This proved very enjoyable and the festival was a great success. All three houses entered every section, providing keen competition. Rolt was extremely lucky to have both school choir leaders in the house - May Simpson and Paula Cunningham.

The main house choir sang three songs, chosen by Miss Sweet, the school choir mistress. These were:

- 1) "Oh dear! what can the matter be?", a two-part song.
- 2) "The peat-fire flame": This is one of the many "songs of the Hebrides," and had a strong Scottish flavour.
- 3) "Carnival Nights," a three-part song from the "Emperor Waltz" by Strauss.

Fiona MacSymon sang a charming solo, "Rose among the Heather," and Hanneli Muller, Marilyn Simpson and Susan Jenkin sang a well-known trio, "Sweet and Low."

Jill Golding and Paula Cunningham played the accompaniment to all the songs, except "Sweet and Low," which was unaccompanied, and Paula Cunningham and Marilyn Simpson conducted the choir superbly.

Much to our pleasure, Rolt won the competition.

Susan Jenkin
(Choir Leader)



ROLT THROUGH THE SEASONS



Summer



Winter



Autumn



Spring

House Reports.
Society Reports.

Editor: Jill Golding -

Co-Editor: Jeanine Floyd

Art By: Amanda Leslie

Jenni Simpson

Eleanor Hooper

King Westmann

Ki Masbymon

Louisa Browne

Those were the Days.....



Aren't I the perfect
example of innocence? G.E.

Try to be a History teacher! -
You must be crazy! H.S.H.



Proud mother! H.S.P.



Gee I "LUV" having my photograph
taken. M.S.

House Report

Under the leadership of Moira Little and her three House prefects, Rolt ended the academic year of 1964 in triumph: we carried off the Efficiency Shield to the place where it belongs - on the Rolt shelf!

The fact that we are still in the lead with our workpoints at present, may be attributed largely to the constant high standard of work of Kate Nettlesingham (Upper V), Jill Golding (Lower V), Inig Wessermann and Eleanor Hooper (Upper IV) and Fiona MacLachlan (Lower IV). These girls are to be congratulated.

Rolt once again won the Swimming Cup at the Interhouse Gala and is very proud of Jessa Mallett who received the cup for the Open Individual medley and Hilary Gasson, who tied with a member of Tagger for the Individual Diving Cup.

Four Rolt girls - Margaret Mirogue, Erica Bull, Frances Parry and Susan Fuller - were awarded their Bronze Medallion for Life Saving this year. Congratula-

tions!

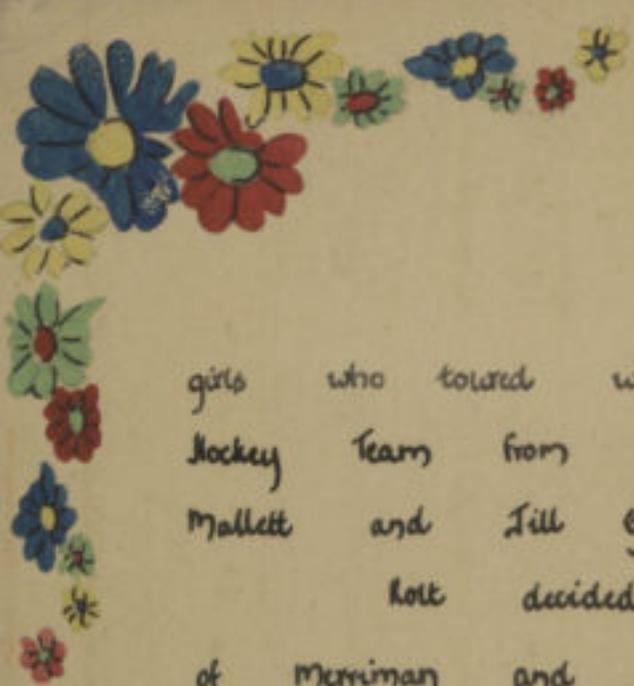
The Interhouse Tennis was an exciting event with the final scores being very close, but unfortunately with Rolt placed third! However we have in our House Jill Golding who won both the Open and U16 Singles and, with her partner, the Under 16 Doubles Tennis Championships at the end of last year.

Rolt congratulates Merriman and Tagger on their winning of the Volleyball and Squash cups. Moira Little, the previous Head of House, was awarded the Cup for the Most Improved Squash Player.

The Interhouse Athletics was another very exciting event which Rolt eventually won. We congratulate Jill Golding on being Victor Laudatum.

The three Herschel





girls who toured with the Western Province Schools Hockey Team from Rolt were: Hilary Gasson, Tessa Mallett and Jill Golding.

Rolt decided this year to follow the examples of Merriman and Tagger — and to knit for charity. We made patchwork blankets for the Janet Bourhill Institute which were received with many thanks and with the hope that we would do the same next year.

The Eisteddford was another occasion for the members of Rolt to prove their worth. Nearly a third of the House entered for different sections in Drama, Music and Solo Singing and many of them, notably Sue Jenkin, Hilary Gasson, Fiona Mac Symon and Hanneli Muller, did extremely well.

In the second term of 1970, Erica Bull represented Herschel in the Western Province Judo Championships for which she is to be congratulated.

Last year, our Upper III's and Lower IV's

won the cup for their magnificent Biology display. This year we wish them luck as they try their hand at flower-arranging. Rolt also won the cup presented at the Interhouse Music Festival last year and we hope that the hard work of Tessa Mallett, Terri Simpson and the cast of the Interhouse Plays this year will result in that cup remaining on our shelf for another year.

Finally, I should like to thank the Rolt members of staff, especially Mrs Hampson, for their encouragement and devotion, as well as the two Rolt prefects who, together with the prefects' helpers, have been willing and competent throughout the year.

And, of course, I should like to wish my house the best of luck for the future.

Janet Graaff
(Head of Rolt)

At the Docks.

It was a hot sunny day and the docks were crowded as my friend and I wove our way to the quayside where gaily-coloured streamers were linking land and vessels together. People were shouting last farewells some trying to get closer to the ship and some just standing and talking together in groups. Handkerchiefs of all sizes and descriptions were perching on top of hatless heads while the thoughtful who had brought sunhats now wore them.

Sirens boomed the ties broke and hands were raised in farewell. The ship disappeared around the bluff and the milling crowd dispersed in different directions, all following one urge, to get to their cars and drive home - but our intentions were different we were going to look over the docks.

We crossed a hot oily roadway to find a huge shed where a great deal of activity was taking place. This was the baggage shed where passengers' luggage was weighed and stacked into great piles ready to go on to ships. There were many people in there,

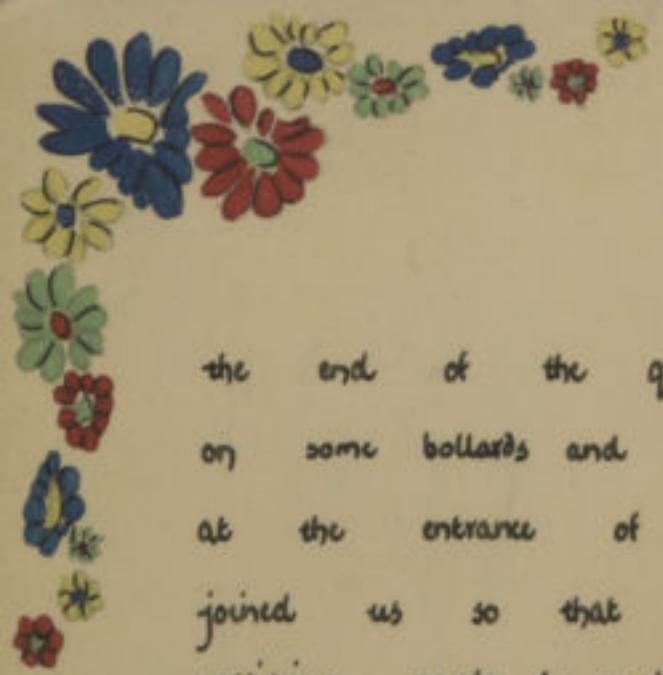
mostly porters hurrying this way and that way; some looking important, some looking unimportant and some just sheltering from the heat outside.

After leaving the shed we entered a car park. It was fascinating to see how many vehicles could squeeze into such a small space. The owners were either saying "bon voyage" to friends and relations or bound on a sight-seeing mission like ours.

After walking past great cold stores in which fruit for export was stored, grain-elevators and other storage houses providing room for exported goods, we decided to return to the quay. Consequently, we walked over railroads, oily patches, past workmen having a break, and even harbour cafés until we caught sight of the murky green water, a characteristic of the docks.

After reaching the end





the end of the quay we wearily sat down on some bollards and began to watch the activities at the entrance of the harbour. Again the crowd joined us so that we were once more surrounded by gossiping people, by people crying out in delight at the size of a ship, people looking out to sea with binoculars trying to catch a glimpse of the vessel which should be bringing their friends to them.

Suddenly an excited person cried 'A ship!' A passenger ship was entering the docks, the crowd delicious with excitement rushed to the place where the liner would dock and the cycle began all over again

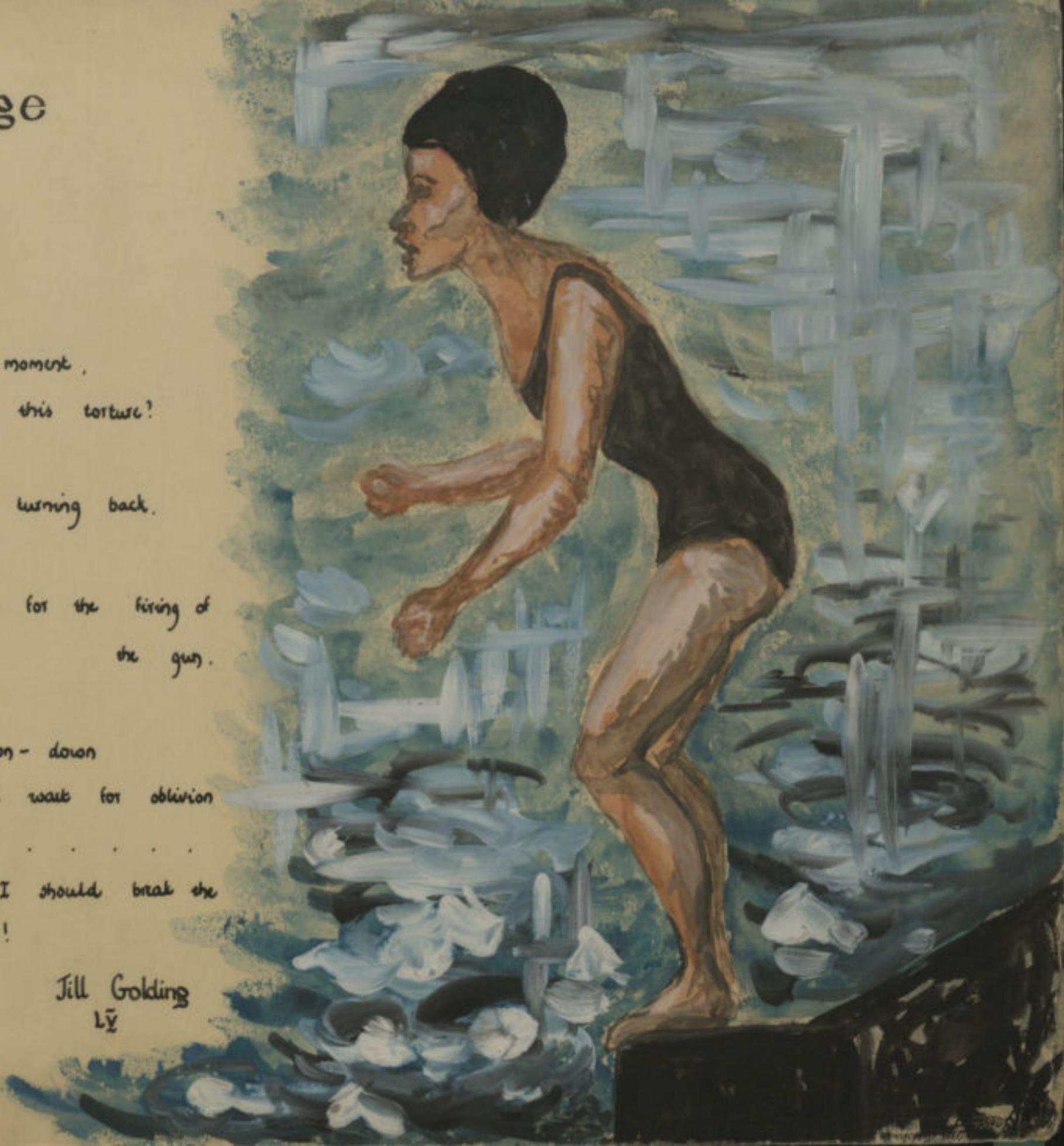
Louisa Browne UIV



Taking the Plunge

My toes grip the edge,
my heart pounds,
my hands shake.
Life isn't worth living at this moment,
How much longer must I endure this torture?
No - there is no way out
I am committed and there is no turning back.
I must take the plunge.
With fear but resignation I prepare for the firing of
the gun.
A vast explosion in my ear -
I find myself floating - down - down - down
my body hits icy water and I wait for oblivion
.....
How strange that in this race I should break the
record for the 100 metres breastroke!

Jill Golding
L̄



The Octopus

I went down to the beach one day
The hot sun and the sea
And the water was so warm
That in it jumpeth me

I dived down to the ocean bed
And many a thing did see
Coral, shells and fishes small
That stareth up at me

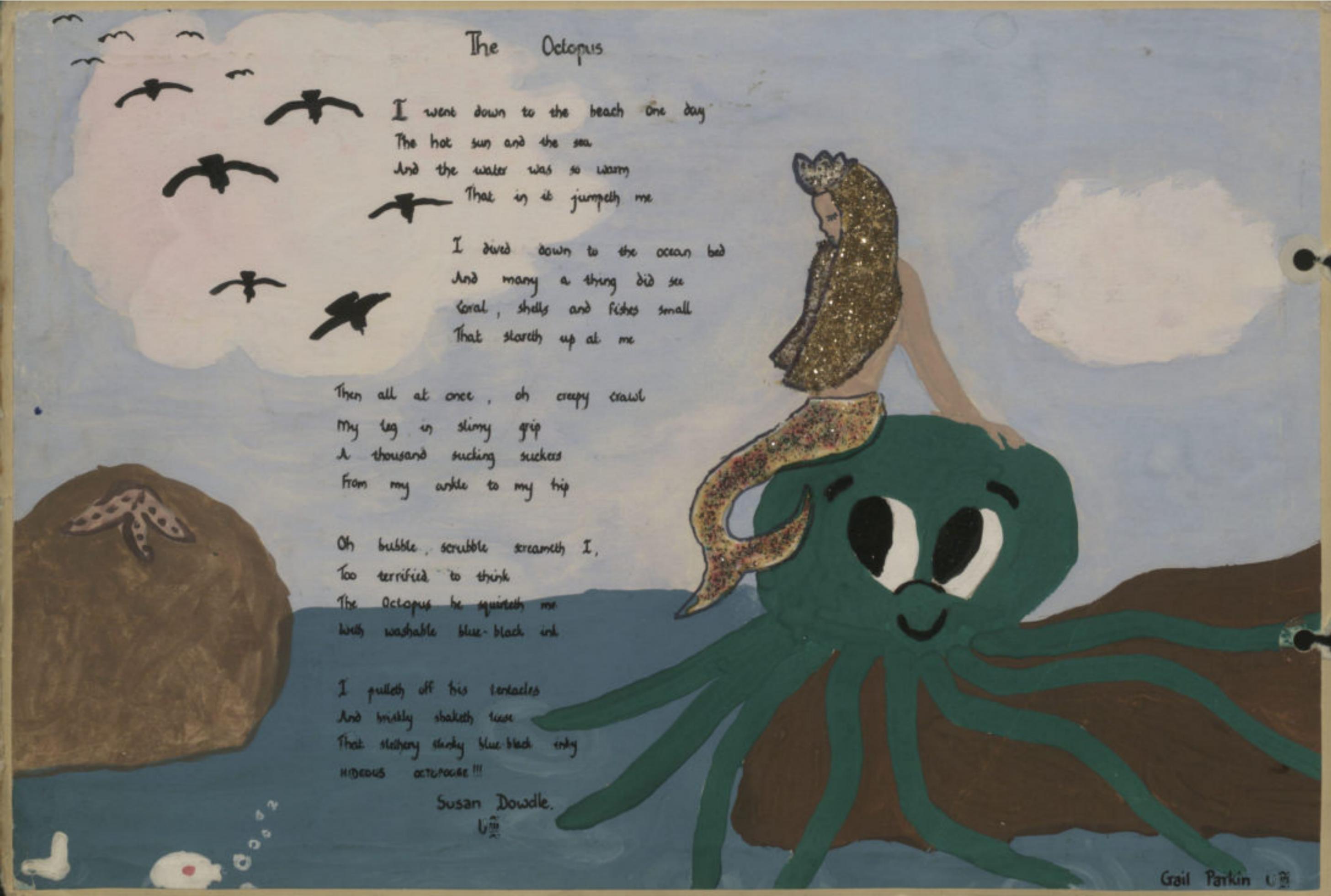
Then all at once, oh creepy crawl
My leg in slimy grip
A thousand sucking suckers
From my ankle to my hip

Oh bubble, scrubble screameth I,
Too terrified to think
The Octopus he squirteth me
With washable blue-black ink

I pulleth off his tentacles
And briskly shakeeth loose
That stinky stinky blue-black ink
HIDEOUS OCTOPOUS!!!

Susan Dowdle.

U¹¹





± A62

hilary burns LV

tailpiece

HERE IS A DELICIOUS RECIPE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb horsehair
2 ozs. tea leaves
Some powdered chalk
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. mown grass
a table tennis ball.

Remove the horsehair from a sofa or a horse when the owner of the horse isn't looking, and sieve well, taking care to remove any coloured hairs.
Stew the tea leaves for 10 minutes. Pour away the juice and sprinkle the leaves on the horse hair. Pulp the grass and stand in a warm place until partially fermented. Meanwhile, mix the chalk to a creamy consistency and beat gradually into the mixture, stirring occasionally with a cricket bat if desired.
Add the grass, wrap the whole thing in a dishcloth, place in an oven and cook rapidly, until the smell is strong enough. Turn it out on to a well greased dish, decorate with the table tennis ball and serve in generous portions to everyone who has ever said - 'I'll try anything once.'

Liz Trevor-Jones HV



The Spider.

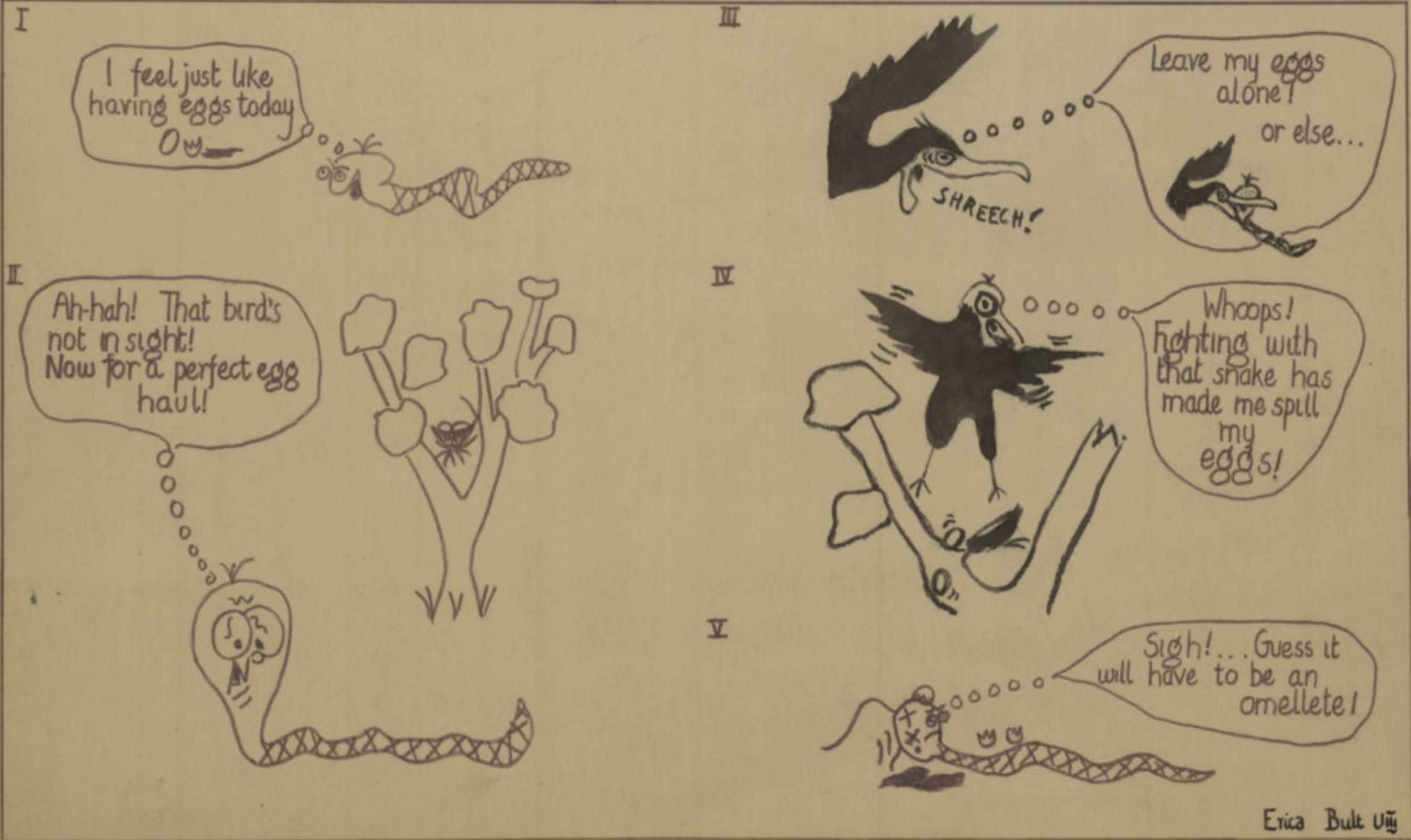
From twig to twig like delicate lace
Hung her web,
Her only fortress.
She peeped at me from a dewy leaf
With evil eye and sinister legs
A picture of foreboding,
Waiting to catch unwary fly, moth, butterfly
or bee.

Perhaps she might even leap on me!
I picked a tiny blade of grass,
And gently touched one tiny strand
Of this beautiful gossamer palace.
The evil spider, legs flying, rushed to the blade,
A picture of Fury,
Who dared attack?
Who dared to pry?
I jumped back terrified
Could a thing so small harm me?
And how, in all creation, could a thing so ugly
and fearsome,
Build a thing of such beauty?

Gaile Parkin U III

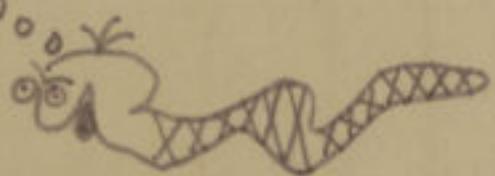


Sammy Snake



I

I feel just like having eggs today
Ow—



III



Leave my eggs alone!
or else...



II

Ah-hah! That bird's not in sight!
Now for a perfect egg haul!

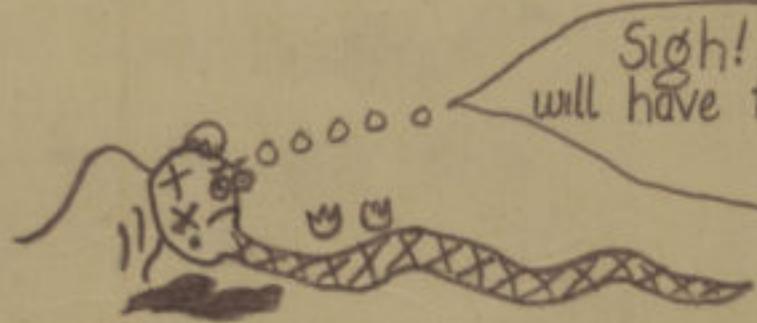


IV



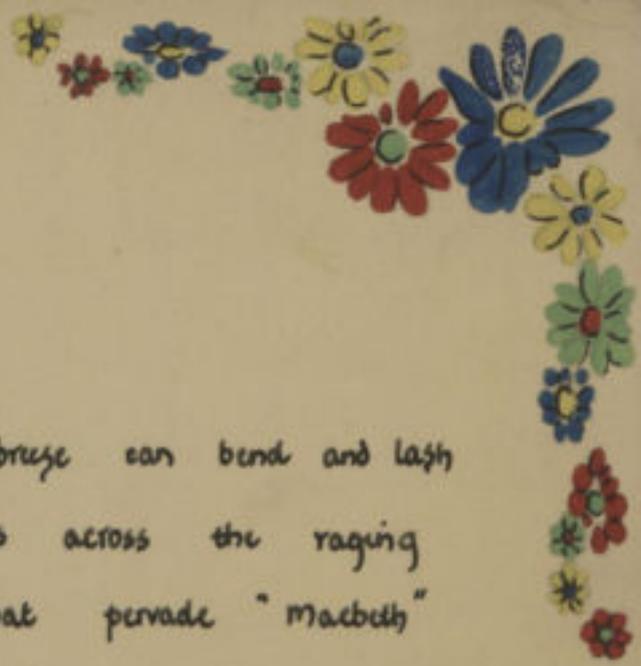
Whoops!
Fighting with that snake has made me spill my eggs!

V



Sigh!... Guess it will have to be an omelette!

Shakespeare in the Open Air.



A small, self-contained world of love and intrigue: a world of warmth and sadness, of tears and laughter: a world of crimson velvet and emerald satin, white silk stockings and buckled shoes: a world of doublets, swords; Roman togas; a world of black Scottish castles and epicurean Venetian palaces; a world of sprites, fairies, ghosts, apparitions and a world of death and battle fields - a Shakespeare world.

This is Maynardville: This is our Shakespeare.

The branches of the usually staid oak trees toss coquettishly, like old maids on the first day of spring, against a sky across which Diana moves in triumph. And even the most down-to-earth of us is transported to the real, yet fantastical world of the ingenious, but always feminine Titania and her jealous Oberon, with their train of gossamer vassals. The breeze mocks the bungling inanities of the simple craftsman, modes the ineffectual, piping Thisbe, the chirp in the wall and Bottom, poor, ludicrous Bottoms. It chuckles at Puck, the eternal sprite, as he pulls the stool from

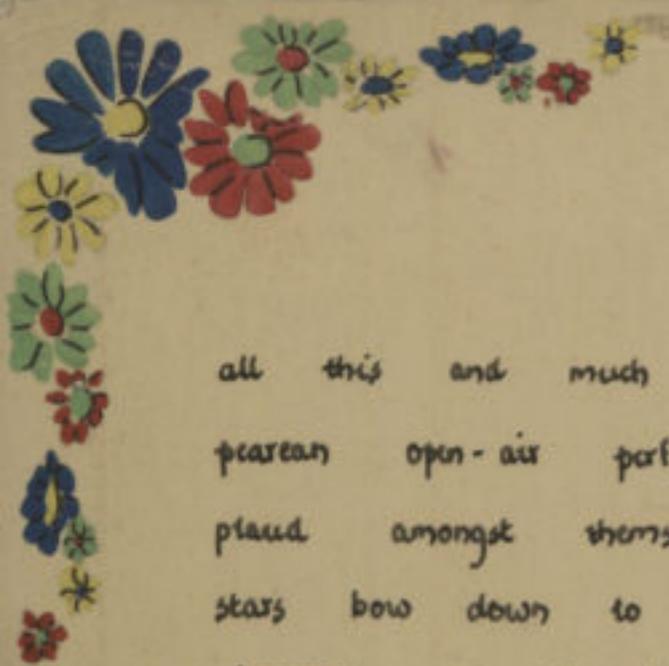
beneath the unsuspecting.

And yet, this same breeze can bend and lash the treetops, and whip clouds across the raging sky as the port-up evils that pervade "Macbeth" threaten to unleash themselves and crash down upon the mesmerised audience.

But when one day, Romeo and Juliet is performed at Maynardville, the hushed multitude will suffer for one evening the hopes and fears of this classical pair of lovers, rejoice in their happiness and die at their deaths - the willows themselves will weep, the oaks stand subdued, silhouetted against a dark sober sky and the stars and moon will main the frail tips of mankind.

The ethereality of the brooding jealousy of Othello, the ridiculous conceit of Falstaff-





all this and much more is created at a Shakespearean open-air performance. The trees whisper and applaud amongst themselves, and it is as if the very stars bow down to acknowledge the works of one as immortal as themselves. Here, language is at one with nature. A complete, entire whole. Primitive, awe-inspiring and sometimes terrifyingly cruel but often caressingly gentle.

Because the Elizabethan theatre, for which Shakespeare wrote his plays, was only partially roofed, it is but logical to assume that these works were written with this fact in mind. The great declamatory speeches and soliloquy were written for a theatre which had none of the acoustic properties of today, and for an audience which semi-circled the stage. There are, of course, drawbacks to an open-air performance of any play, the most obvious being, I suppose, the unpredictability of the weather. This is not, perhaps, a major problem in a country such as South Africa, but many a performance has

had to be hastily postponed at London's Regent Park because of a sudden shower or drop in temperature. There is too, the problem of the scenery, which must of necessity, be kept to the bare minimum in an outdoor set. Being rather unimaginative, I personally have difficulty in envisaging a storm at sea or an intimate bed-chamber when the characters are surrounded by oak trees and have their feet firmly planted on lush verdure.

However, from what I have seen at Maynardville, these problems are not insurmountable to a producer blessed with imagination and an equal amount of vigour and I shall therefore continue to join countless other enthralled devotees of open-air Shakespearean plays and pay my humble homage at this shrine of the immortal Bard of Avon - Maynardville.

Jeanine Floyd LV

Adventure into Leadership.

In February, 1970, forty delegates from English- and Afrikaans-medium Government and Private schools, attended a weekend congress at Glencairn which was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Cape Town.

The delegates arrived without knowing what to expect - or what was expected of them - but with a complete willingness to listen and discuss and suggest. The result was that the Congress was marked with an intimate and friendly atmosphere - an atmosphere which stimulated sincere and open discussion and led to a common desire amongst the delegates for positive action.

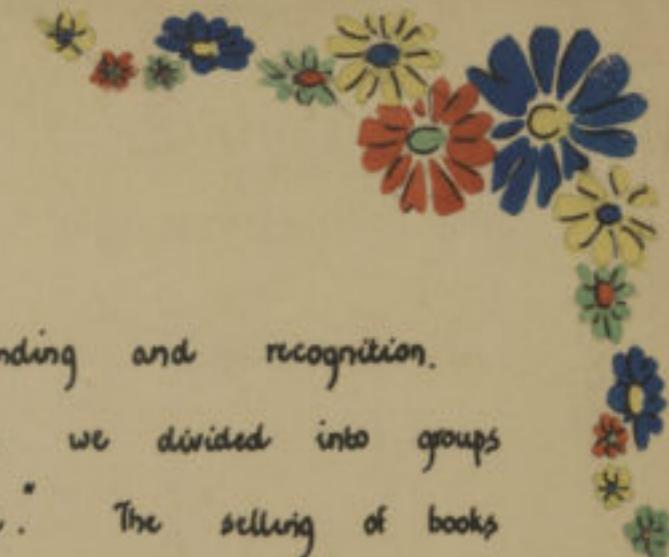
On the whole, the Congress had little connection with "leadership" as its name might lead one to presume. The two days were divided into four sessions. From the first session on "Our Use of Leisure-time" arose the fact that young people are willing to serve but that they need an aim

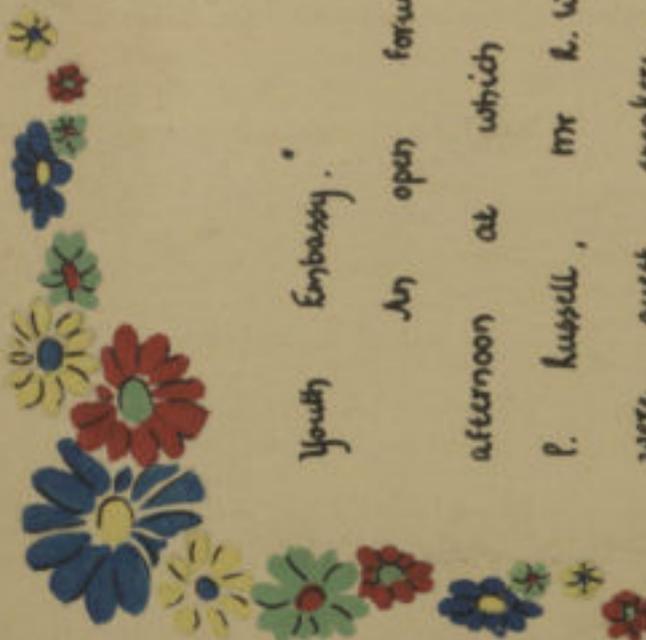
and are looking for understanding and recognition.

During the next session we divided into groups to discuss "Community Service". The selling of books to assist organizations providing welfare services for the African was a project which appealed to many.

The third session was hindered by a lack of time, for the subject "my God" is an infinite one. We concentrated, however, on the importance of a belief and the development of childhood faith to help bring a person to full maturity.

The role of the adult and his or her failure to fulfil expectations was heartily discussed in the fourth session! But this was followed by constructive suggestions to form "action groups" within all schools and maybe even a "Cape Town





Youth Embassy.

An open forum was held on the Sunday afternoon at which Dr. Jan Dommissie, the Rt. Rev. P. Russell, Mr R. W. A. Yebol and Mr I. A. Currie were guest speakers. They dealt especially with our educational system and the role of a young person in the community. Frequently the speakers disagreed in their opinions.

The evaluation sheets which were filled in at the end of the congress showed without doubt that the weekend had been a success, and that there were some young people who wanted to serve their community.

For this reason, several meetings were held after the congress at which we tried to find a way in which we, as a group, could help our fellow young people.

Eventually, after discussions, enquiries and one or two small projects, we decided to concentrate on

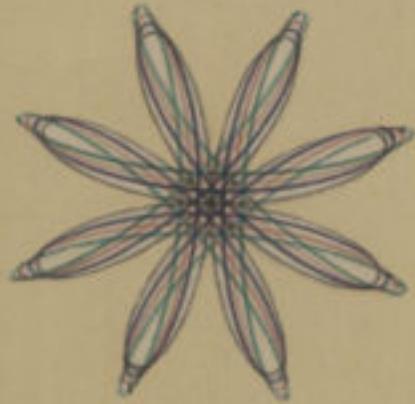
one vital issue African education while and Coloured Government school pupils receive free books, African scholars do not. We feel that we, as fellow - pupils, should do what we can about this vigily and so, due to the enthusiasm shown by the audience at a public meeting organised and addressed by Cape Town pupils, we have started the African Scholars Education Fund (ASEF) which is proving to be a success. What started as a week - end Congress will I hope turn out to be a permanent organisation.

Janet Graaff

Uÿ



Die Somer



Die droogte kners in sy tande
en laat sy oë water.

Flittewalms stoot om hom,

droog uit en

put uit.

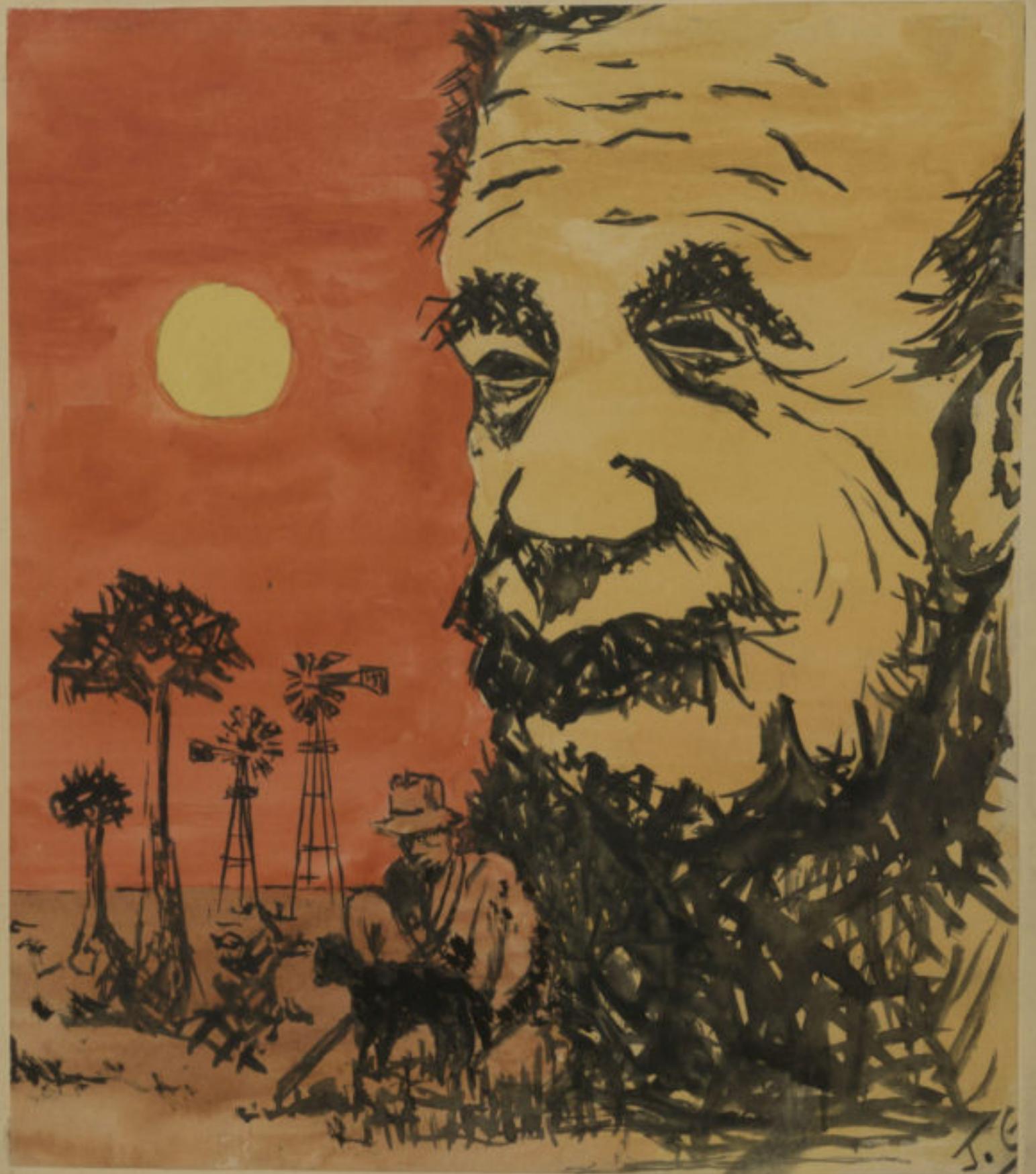
'n Lammetye bly verlore

Oral te poeierige rooi-bruin stof.

En die reën!

'n Wolke op die kim bring lewe terug.

Hanneli Muller Uiv



La Mont de Roland

Roland et Olivier étaient les chevaliers les plus courageux de Charlemagne, qui battait les Maures en Espagne, au 8^e siècle.

Roland et ses chevaliers gardaient les monts, les Pyrénées, pour que le reste de l'armée de Charlemagne pussent passer sans danger. Mais, malheureusement, ils étaient entourés des Maures dans la sombre vallée de Roncevaux, et tous les chevaliers de Roland, après avoir battu de tout leur force, étaient montés, sauf Roland et Olivier, qui seul, restait debout.

Le chef des Maures ordonna à Roland de se rendre, ou mourir. Mais Roland se vanta qu'il ne se rendrait pas et ne serait pas défait, jusqu'à ce que les Pyrénées roulassent dans les laux des torrents. Ainsi, les Maures poussèrent un grand rocher du plus haut des monts qui roula jusqu'au fond de la vallée, en brisant la cime et le Mont ordonna à Roland de se rendre, encore. Mais

Roland, uninstimidé, roula la roche immense, d'une main, à travers la terreur, en criant que le Mont lui avait fait un chemin, et il s'élança sur la roche affermie. Les Maures étaient si impressionnés par cette action presque surnaturelle, qu'ils étaient prêts à fuir.

Pendant, Charlemagne et ses peux, qui se reposaient tranquilles, entendirent soudain, le son lointain du cor, qui éclatait et mourut deux fois. Charlemagne, saisi d'horreur, se rendit compte que c'était le cor de Roland, son neveu, qui devait être mourant, car il était si courageux qu'il n'appellerait pas autrement à son secours.

Quand Charlemagne et ses peux gagnèrent le plus haut des monts, il virent l'étendard du Mont qui fuyait à l'horizon, lointain, et au couché du soleil, ils pourraient voir, dans la vallée de Roncevaux les deux chevaliers, Roland et Olivier, l'un mont, l'autre expirant, tous les deux écrasés sous une roche noire, et le plus fort, en tenant le cor d'ivoire dans la main, les avait appelés deux fois:



Hooper

Autumn

Autumn

A is for Autumn, my favourite season, with its beautifully muted colours and its rich feeling of repose. The roaring fires which are needed more for their comforting glow than to dispel biting cold, as are the fires of Winter; the close earthy smell of the country after rain; and the anthem of wind and water at night, while one lies warm in bed, belong to Autumn and I love them all. Every letter of the word holds a new facet of loveliness or content.

U for umbrellas and the cheerful hustle of people hurrying along pavements in long coats and boots, some shrinking from the rain, others rejoicing in it and going forward to meet it with glowing cheeks and eyes.

T for the trees with their glorious copper leaves and for all the tints of Autumn. From the earliest cheerful crows to the last leaf on the oak, standing against the wind until one



day it too falls and leaves the tree to its long winter sleep.

U for the little tame sparrow, Ursula, who, as Winter approaches and food becomes scarce, grows bolder, tapping an anxious reminder on the window should I forget her morning crumbs.

M for the mists and the haunting, fair beauty of the mountain, the wildness unmolested and the perfect drops of rain shining in every rygie, on every blade of grass, its path unfrequented save by an occasional deer or zebra, wandering spirit-like out of the mist and then being once more consumed in its swirling whiteness.

N for nuts - and squirrels. Everywhere in Cape Town, the squirrels are gathering in their winter stores. As I look out of the window now, a squirrel leaps off the oak tree, grasps a nut in its forepaws, then glancing round, with its treasure hugged to its

grey chest, sees me watching, and in a second cheeks bulging with the hastily stored nut, it flies up the tree, its tail billowing behind it - one remembers that when the Greeks named it "squirrel" they meant "shadow-tail".

Cathy Oxtoby Uiv





AUTUMN

TINTS



Tennis Report

The tennis this year was of a very high standard and although Roll was placed third in the final result, the teams played well and provided strong opposition in many cases. We had four couples playing in each age group so that altogether twenty four of the Roll girls were playing.

The tennis of the Under 15 and Under 14 groups was strong in the first two couples and as a result they won most of their matches. The other couples did their best and although their tennis could be stronger, they were still difficult teams to beat.

The final result of this enjoyable competition was that Merriman came first with twenty-six points, Jagger second with twenty four points and Roll third with twenty two points. These results reflect the intense competition.

Jill Golding must be congratulated once again

on her magnificent performance not only in the Inter-House Tennis but also in the School Tennis Championships when she won the Senior Singles and Doubles Championships. She also became the Western Province Under 16 Champion.

We had a highly successful morning at the Inter schools Tennis tournament this year when Merschel was placed first in the Senior section. This excellent result was due mainly to the inspiring example set by Janet Burns (School Captain) and Janis Farley.

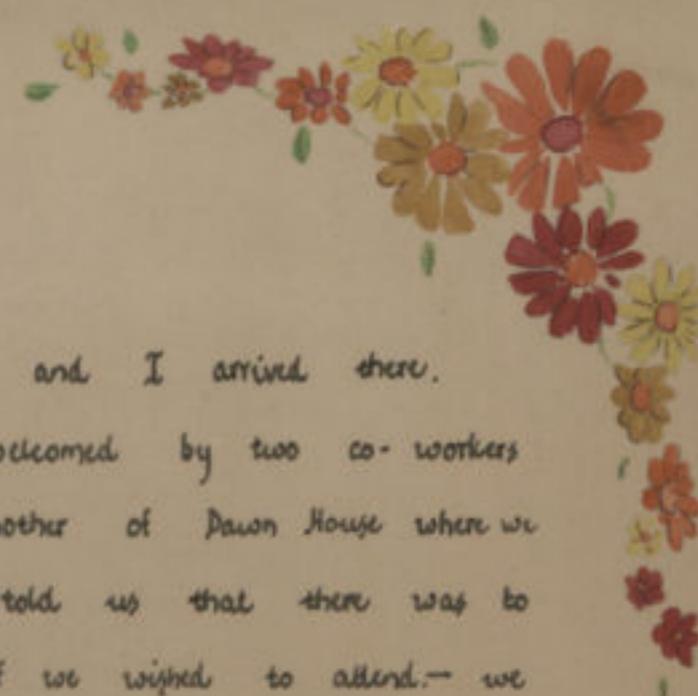
In conclusion, on behalf of the Roll matrix, I should like to wish the Roll tennis team the best of luck for next year.

Hilary Grasson
(Tennis Captain)





Visit to Camphill School ~ Hermanus



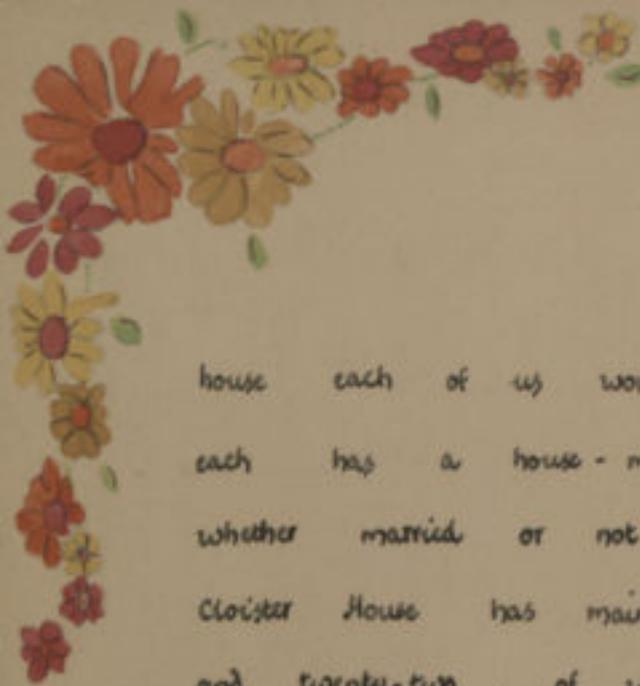
I find it very difficult to begin to write this essay for to endeavour to convey the warm, peaceful homely atmosphere of the Camphill School in words is no easy task. This atmosphere encompassed me from the very first moment I visited the school and even more forcibly the second time, when I stayed for a longer period of five days. Immediately I felt quite at home, as though I had never departed, and it is not only the place but the people too. The co-workers are wonderful people; dedicated to their work, calm amidst the many problems which crop up daily, always loving towards and patient with the children who at times can be most trying. But these little people, with children's minds and very often adult's bodies, are truly wonderful in their way too, and there is a lesson which each one of us may learn from them. The Mongloid child for instance — their chief characteristic is their hunger for affection, and the love they give to one is returned twice over. But before I go further let me start from the very beginning, from the minute

that Sally, Carolyn, Lesley and I arrived there.

We were warmly welcomed by two co-workers Irma, who is the house-mother of Dawn House where we stayed, and Marilyn. Irma told us that there was to be a meeting that evening if we wished to attend. — we later found out that it had been especially arranged for our benefit. The co-workers from the other houses all met at Dawn House where Margaret gave us a talk on Hydrocephalic and Microcephalic children. We were invited to ask questions and we ended up having a very interesting discussion on the various kinds of mentally handicapped children, including the Mongloid child. We were also told that no-one ever discusses the child in front of him, for are they not human too?

We then decided to visit





house each of us would go. There are six houses in all, each has a house-mother and house-father at the head, whether married or not, with the children varying in age. Cloister House has mainly the eldest boys, between seventeen and twenty-two, of which there are fifteen, and then two girls. Dawn House has both boys and girls of varying ages, the youngest being ten and the eldest, twenty. Attached to Dawn House is Oak Tree which houses five girls. Then there is one large house divided into Ibis and Roberts housing children up to the age of sixteen. The last is a dear little cottage, St Martins, which only has about six children as Freddie, the vice-principal and his wife Suzanne, and their young family of four boys live here.

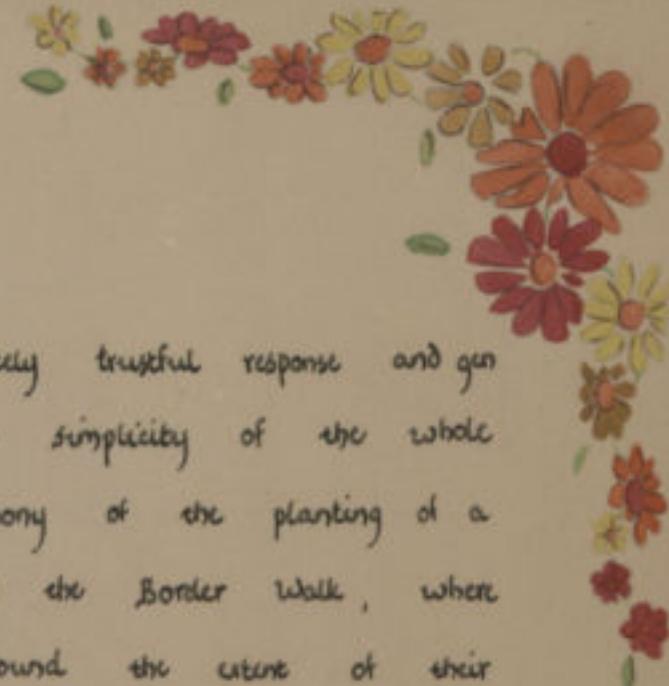
It was decided that Sally go to Ibis, where she would have to do a lot of running to keep up with all the young ones, Carolyn to Roberts, Lesley to stay at Dawn House and I returned to Cloister House, the house which I had visited with two Canadian friends for a short fifteen minutes which sparked off this present

adventure. It was then that the house-mother, Ingrid, told us of the sad lack of young people coming to work at the Camphill school.

Perhaps here I should explain that there are fourteen German co-workers and only six South Africans. All the house-mothers and fathers are called by their Christian names by the children. There are fifty children in all at the school ranging from the age of six to twenty-two. The children are from all over the country as it is the only Camphill school for children in South Africa. After twenty-two they go to a village for adults called "Alka" near Malmesbury, the only other village in South Africa being in Johannesburg.

The first school was founded by a German, Dr. Kónicke when he fled from Germany during the 1939-45 World War, and he called it "Camphill" basing it on the theory of the Austrian, Rudolf Steiner, for defective and maladjusted children. And from this one school, Camphill schools have sprung up all over the world.

Our first encounter with any of the children was



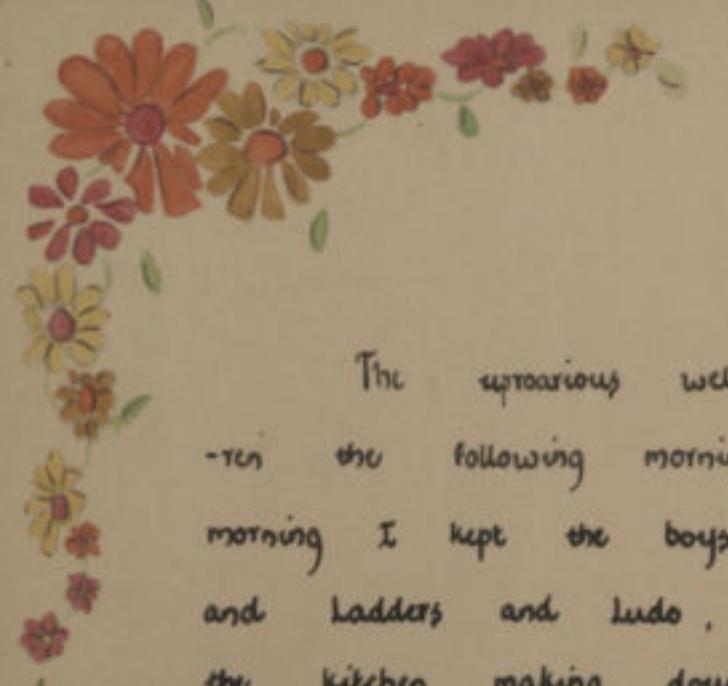
with Sandra, a Mongol. She came up to Carolyn and started to play with her hair, then she put her arm around her and insisted that Carolyn do the same. After Carolyn complied she was happy and walked gaily away. At first this simple action surprised us, but we soon happily accepted it and knew that if Sandra saw any of us we could expect an affectionate hug or a kiss.

The following day was Palm Sunday and we were invited to attend the children's service. The room where it was held was dimly lit by six candles, lighting up only the face of Christ [from da Vinci's "Last Supper"] surrounded by a simple wood-carved frame, at the altar. Before the service we had all sat in another room in complete silence for fifteen minutes, thus preparing ourselves in a quiet, spiritual frame of mind. The service was very simple. Then Irma went to each child individually, who stood up, and clasped their hand and spoke to them about seeking the Lord during their day to day living. Each child responded "I will seek Him." I know that each one of us was moved

to tears by this simple, completely trustful response and generally by the beautifully stark simplicity of the whole service. That afternoon the ceremony of the planting of a palm tree took place, followed by the Border Walk, where the whole school walks right around the extent of their property following the border. I received a deeper insight into the work of the Camphill schools and realised more and more the deep and urgent need of young co-workers.

My second visit to this wonderful school, was for five days over the Easter vacation. I arrived in the evening and was soon drinking a cup of tea — a characteristic of this school, everyone drinks gallons of tea! — chatting to one of the co-workers, Marilyn, and feeling quite at home. I think that that night I must have slept with a permanent grin on my face; never had I felt so happy, so at peace and so accepted.





The uproarious welcome I received from the children the following morning was really heart-warming. That morning I kept the boys and girls occupied with snakes and ladders and ludo, while Irma busied herself in the kitchen making dough for the hot-cross buns. The previous evening a student from Wellington University had arrived. She was in her second year of Social Science and had chosen to come to the school to do her Practical work.

That afternoon we all went out to do land work. The girls attended to the garden, while the boys did the heavier work of carrying loads, pushing and emptying wheel-barrow and clearing rubble.

When we came in again, Elsbeth and I went to the kitchen where we made the dough that Irma had prepared into buns, and baked them. When they were still unbaked a very charming ceremony took place. All the children from Dawn House and Oak Tree gathered in the kitchen where Irma told them the story and significance of the cross on top

of the buns. Then each child solemnly took a knife and made a depression in the shape of a cross on a bun.

After sorting out the school's laundry we returned to Dawn House and back to the Easter preparations. Easter here is quite an occasion and celebrated in the German tradition. The next day was Easter - an Easter I will never forget. After a beautiful simple service for the co-workers only, we progressed to each house singing Easter hymns for the children to awaken to. Once all were dressed a children's service was held where all sang lustily.

Enormous excitement accompanied the searching for Easter eggs after lunch and "look what I've found" was heard repeatedly. Luckily Monday was a holiday, a well-earned rest for the co-workers, during which they could recuperate from all the hectic Easter preparations.

After lunch I bade everyone a sad farewell but felt very much happier when they told me that I could return at any time. As we drove off I felt as though I had left home, but was happy knowing that I had left behind a bit of myself.

Kim Broadbent UY

Memories

Sounds of shimmering questions unknown
to other people,
ripples of a love you once wanted and lost,
and the water carries him away again.
You must smile because the people of
the water make a laughing music.

Chords mistily shift with the sun
and the moon
And people who listlessly wait for other
people to do the other thing

And the crying sands fall away, away
forever

You must take
But flowingly it all turns with mystic grace,
soundlessly conveying its message to you —
you'll remember.



... when you could see them all,
and darkness would steal a sprawling
spark from the sun
and hide it,
while you relentlessly searched —
but you had to lose — or pretended you
had to.

With the water you drifted to the edge
of the sea,
to more memories coming in with the
tide

you were old
but you are young, there,
with the music of the water and memories
sifting about you.

Tessa Mallett
L̄Y



The Egg Collector

Whipped by an icy breeze, I sat upon a windswept and desolate shore, listening to the screaming and squawking of the white seagulls, and the dull menacing roar of the waves pounding on the rocks.

Suddenly I heard a faint voice calling out to me above the monotonous tone of the waves. 'Hey you, boy! Come over here, won't you. I want to talk to you.' I ran quickly over the crisp, white sand towards a bald-headed man with sea-green eyes and a long white beard, caked with salt. His clothes were tattered and torn, and he was barefooted.

In a quiet gentle voice he asked me where I lived, what my name was, and how old I was. I told him that I was twelve years old and lived in a little fisherman's cottage above the cliffs. I pointed to the little white-washed cottage out to him and to my astonishment he told me that he too had lived there many, many years ago.

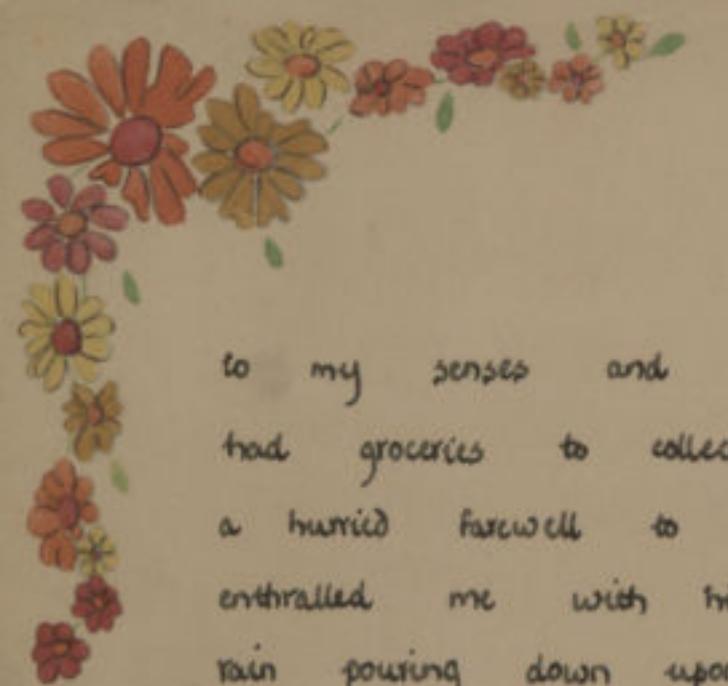
The old man, whose name was Richard, sat down upon the sunless strand and beckoned me to

sit beside him. He then proceeded to tell me stories, fascinating stories about ships and shipwrecks, pirates and smugglers, and exciting events which had occurred when he was young.

With the smell of the salt in my nostrils, I listened spell-bound to the talkative bald-headed man. He told me that his favourite hobby was collecting birds' eggs and when he was my age he had explored every crevice along the coast near the little Cornish village, and knew where every bird's nest was.

Watching the wild white horses champing and chafing I listened, fascinated by the seemingly endless stream of tales that flowed from this kind old man. Throughout the afternoon black clouds had been gathering and suddenly it began to rain. Ice cold drops of rain stinging my face brought me back





to my senses and I realized that I still had groceries to collect from the village. After saying a hurried farewell to the dear old man who had enthralled me with his endless tales, I ran with the rain pouring down upon me to the village.

Saturated, I arrived at the grocer's five minutes later. Uncle Jim, noticing how wet I was, told me to sit in front of the blazing fire and dry out. Over steaming hot cocoa I told him about my fascinating afternoon at the shore.

While I described the old man in great detail Uncle Jim's eyes grew bigger and bigger until he finally said, "My lad, I know you have a vivid imagination but this time I think it has gone a bit too far. Do you realize that the man you have just described was old Richard, who did live in your house, and died on this day fifty years ago when he fell from a cliff while pursuing his favourite hobby? He fell to his death on the rocks below when the cliff on which he was standing crumbled."

A little doubt crept into my mind. Was it possible that I had imagined the whole thing? Could that sweet voice have been a trick of the imagination? But suddenly I remembered something which swept all the doubt out of my mind. Old Richard had given me a speckled egg to begin my collection. I thrust my hand into my pocket and to my relief, my shaking fingers clasped around a little egg. I gave the egg to Uncle Jim.

After studying the egg for some minutes he realized that only one person could have obtained it. His eyes opened wider and wider, and after looking at me in the strangest way, he shook his head and turned. The silence was intense as I watched him walk away.

Jill Golding
L.V.

The Parental Group

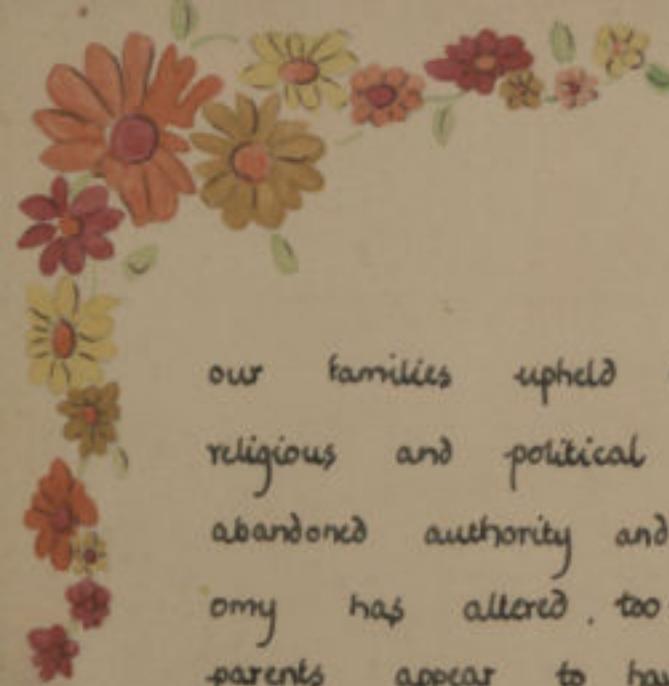
Modern philosophers predict the dissolution of the parental group and the idyllic institution of test-tube babies, state nurseries --- they seem to omit "robots", for that is what we should all become - impersonal, man-made structures. Is this the result of the disillusionment that parents have caused among today's youth?

Although the parental group literally applies to the father and mother, in life itself, it must naturally include the whole family. The mother supplies the child's basic needs - from food to love; the father, together with the mother, influences tremendously the mental and emotional state of their child. It is therefore obvious that a child who is born to parents who are in constant and bitter conflict with each other, is bound to become insecure because he would be innocently sensitive to the tension, however silent it might be. His own resultant unbalanced nature may result in juvenile delinquency, in which he could unconsciously try to punish the parents for what they have done to him.

Marriage, even if not an absolute unity of husband and wife "to become one flesh", should definitely be an intimate partnership of love and understanding so that it may result in the satisfaction of parental life. But today's parents, and yesterday's too, have fallen sadly short of the mark. Patriarchal parents may have, too, but only to a certain degree because they never caused such terrible disillusionment and instability in their children - and themselves. I think I am right in saying that one-third of South Africa's married couples sooner or later become divorced, and that South Africa is not the only country which is facing this dilemma.

The best reason for this sudden shocking change of ideals and values that I can grasp is that the parental group is rapidly changing. No longer are





our families upheld by authority and fortified by the religious and political traditions of the age. They have abandoned authority and spurned tradition, and their economy has altered, too: But most important of all, our parents appear to have lost the power to create the family as a unit which is able to stand united through both happiness and suffering.

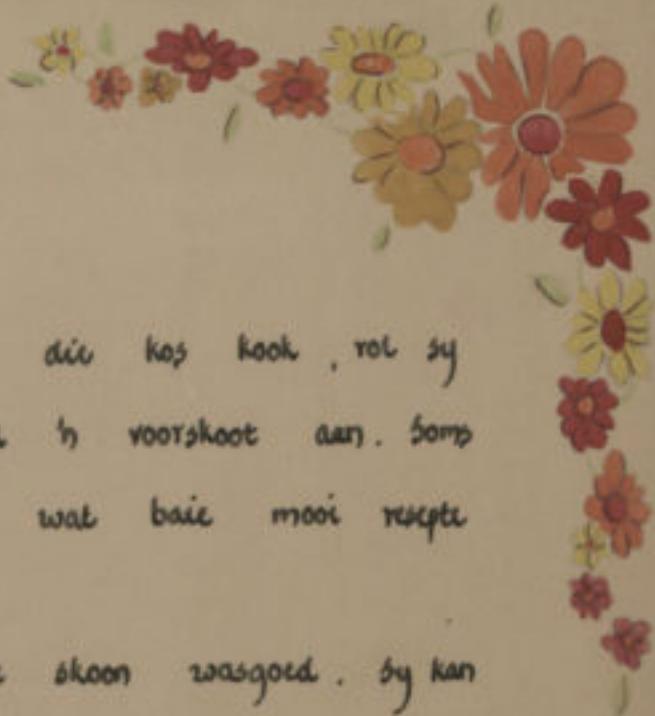
Why has this change taken place? Basically, society has changed, and I feel that the greatest cause of this has been the open demand of women to be equal to men. It has resulted in women becoming more and more independent and men less authoritative and this have made them more ambitious.

When do you suppose we shall realize that our God, whom we are trying so hard to deny that atheism in itself has become a religion, is but thinking of the welfare of our degenerate society when He says "the husband is the head of the wife"? For the parental group is undoubtedly the main group in our society and I can only hope that men will not be so blind as to destroy it.

Janet Graff



Ons Bediende



Ons het een bediende om die werk in ons huis te doen. Sy het spesiale werke om daaglik te doen. Sy moet die huis mooi en skoon hou.

Smorens om sewe-uur kom sy werk toe. Eers maak sy die ontbyt. Terwyl ons die ontbyt eet maak sy toebroodjies vir my broertjie om skool toe te neem. Toe ons klaar geet het, was sy die vuil skottelgoed op. Daarna moet sy die beddens netjies opmaak. Sy moet ook al die vuil wasgoed was en die kamers aan die kant maak.

Daarna smeer sy politoer aan die vloere en dan gebruik sy 'n stofsuier om die vloere blink te kry. Al die meubels moet afgestof word en die kombuis moet uitgene word.

As die hele huis skoon is, maak sy die eetkamer reg vir middagete. Eers dek sy die tafel. In die middel van die tafel sit sy 'n bak vars vrugte. Daarna skil sy 'n paar groente soos boontjies, aartappels en tamaties. Sy maak baie goeie slaai. Sy het die vorige dag die kruideniersware

en boud vleis bestel. Voor sy die kos kook, rol sy haar lang moue op en trek 'n voorskoot aan. Soms gebruik sy Ma se kookboek wat baie mooi resepte het.

Smiddags stryk sy die skoon wasgoed. Sy kan baie goed stryk. Daarna vou sy al die klere op en sit dit in die slaapkamers. Later as sy huis toe gaan is sy baie moeg.

Fiona Macdichlan
LIV





oh dear - I lost one glove and my little

Anyone for a paddle?

Roll's greatest Supporters.

How dare you wake me up!



I may look it, but I'm no 67. variety

A puzzling situation!





Winter



Winter

W is for Winter — cold, bleak, windy, cruel and comfortless to the homeless tramp. To his luckier fellows a time of cosy evenings spent by the fireside with a dog and a book, and some hot buttered toast. Harsh and cheerless — we have softened and brightened it — not so the wanderer.

I is for Ice — its fragile flawless beauty locked within the microscopic kingdom of a crystal world. Yet cold as charity.

N is for night-lights in the nursery when the bed-time stories are told, their glow dispelling Winter's gloom. They bring comfort to the happy ones within, hopeless longing to the one without, who, buffeted by icy blasts, lingers yet a while.

T is for trees locked in a deep, enchanted wintry slumber from which only the sunshine of spring like the kiss bestowed on the sleeping Beauty by her prince, may rouse. Meanwhile they dream of the leafy days of summer.

E is for evening - long, dark and cold. Firelight on old silver, grotesque shadows dancing on panelled walls and merry laughter ringing to the rafters

R is for rain drumming relentlessly against the shutters to create a monotonous melody of rise and fall. For tasting cold faces to rosy redness and hands to an unbecoming blue!

Cathy Oxtoby
Uiv



Foraging For Fodder.



Hockey Report.



Roller girls on tour



"Oh you shouldn't have"

This year there have been very few hockey matches for the second, third and under 15 teams while the first team has played nearly every week. Up to date we have been as successful as we were last year and have an unbroken record. This has been the result of Mrs. Gibson's ceaselessly keen help and valuable coaching. Our toughest match was against Rustenburg which ended in a draw, each having one goal. This was a hard match with plenty of fighting spirit and I hope that we will beat them next time.

We were very sad to have to say goodbye to Mrs Gibson at the end of the second term but we welcome Miss Storey and hope that she will be very happy with us.

The hockey tour to Pietermaritzburg was a great success and Jill Golding, Tessa Mallett, Deborah Turner Smith, Helen Brauer and Hilary Gasson thoroughly enjoyed playing in the Interprovincial Schools Tournament in Bloemfontein.

Hilary Gasson
Hockey Captain





Meet our mascot!



The magnificent three.



Worry, determination or is it concentration?

But where is Winnie-the-Pooh?



The ballfield.

Ansonia Hotel, here we come!



Hockey Tour.

After much practise and perseverance the first and second hockey teams, together with Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Cove-Jones, left Cape Town on 20th June, 1970, by train for Pietermaritzburg. Great excitement reigned, and as the train pulled out of the station we sang our war cry. Everyone was very excited and for some it was their first train journey.

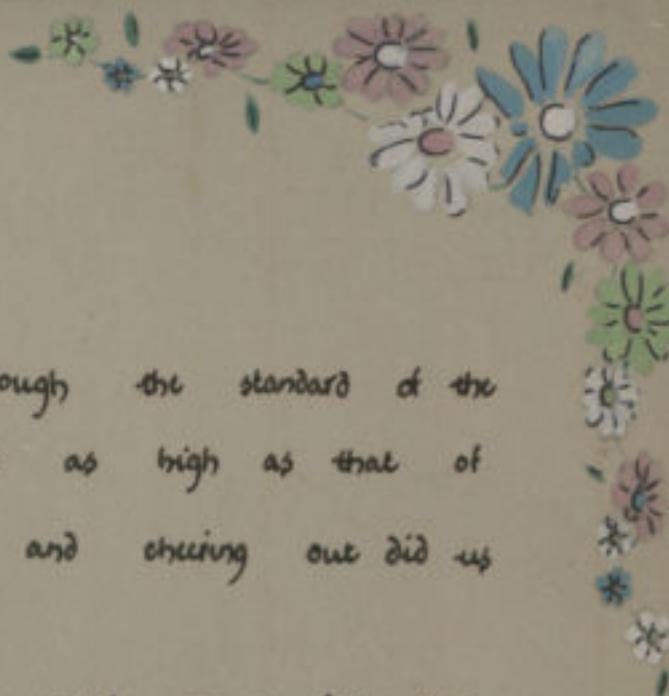
On Monday morning we reached Pietermaritzburg and were met by Mrs Macleod who directed us to our hotel, the Arsonia. After settling in to our luxurious double rooms we had a hockey practice. That afternoon we played Wickham School. The Wickham girls were terribly friendly and after two exciting matches they gave us a delicious tea.

All in all, we played five matches, the first team winning three and drawing two; the second team winning one, drawing one and losing three. The competition was always keen and all the matches were

tough and exciting. Even though the standard of the second team hockey was not as high as that of the firsts, their singing and cheering out did us completely.

On the Wednesday we went on a bus tour to the beautiful Howick Falls and the Valley of a Thousand Hills, both of which were magnificent sights. We then had lunch at Kloof School and, to end off a wonderful day, both teams won their matches that afternoon. That evening Epworth School took us all to see the Beatles film "Let it be" and although there were some who enjoyed it, many fell asleep.

Mrs Gibson was her usual tower of strength, always giving us confidence



using us on. "Gibby" was also as fabulous off the field as on it, doing everything with us. Mrs Cove-Jones was always there whenever needed and was a fabulous person to have with us.

In appreciation for a wonderful tour, both teams thoroughly enjoyed Mrs Gibson's farewell dinner at the Hilton Hotel which Mrs Markass and Mrs Wintig so kindly organised. After speeches, presents and a delicious supper we were joined by the Bishop's First Rugby team.

It was a very sad Merschel hockey team which left Pietermaritzburg on the Friday evening. After another amusing train journey we arrived in Cape Town on Sunday morning.

Our hockey tour was great fun and such a success that everyone seems determined to return to Pietermaritzburg at some time in the future.

Hilary Gasson
(Hockey Captain)

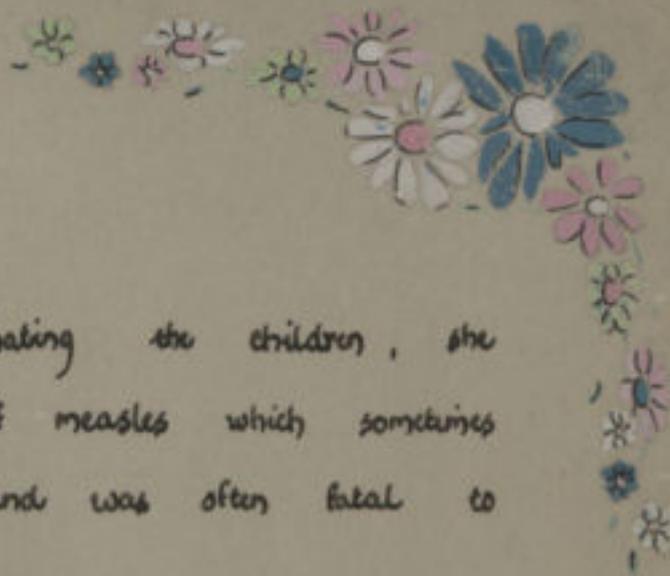


Twigg



bottoms up

Visit to Janet Bourhill Institute.



On the 16th June Rolt had the pleasure of visiting the Janet Bourhill Institute which has recently moved from Rosmead Avenue to Bonteheuwel. We travelled by bus through the heart of this town - ship for coloured people, witnessing the low standard of living these people are forced to maintain.

The Janet Bourhill building is very impressive, modern and, above all, clean. After being warmly welcomed by Mrs Harrison, the Lady Warden, we split up into groups to tour the Institute. The children are placed in rooms according to their age. They arrive at 7.30 in the morning and leave at 5.30 or later. The youngest children of approximately six months appeared to spend most of their time crying and sleeping but the older children sang, played with toys or drew to the best of their ability.

After playing with the children in their playground during their break, we were given a wonderful tea and a talk by Mrs Harrison. It was also very interesting to hear from the doctor for the Institute

that, as a result of vaccinating the children, she had prevented any cases of measles which sometimes reached epidemic proportions and was often fatal to these children.

Mrs Harrison and her staff were thrilled to receive the beautifully made blankets and jumpers which the Rolt girls had knitted. Finally she encouraged us to return to her institute and to continue making our blankets.

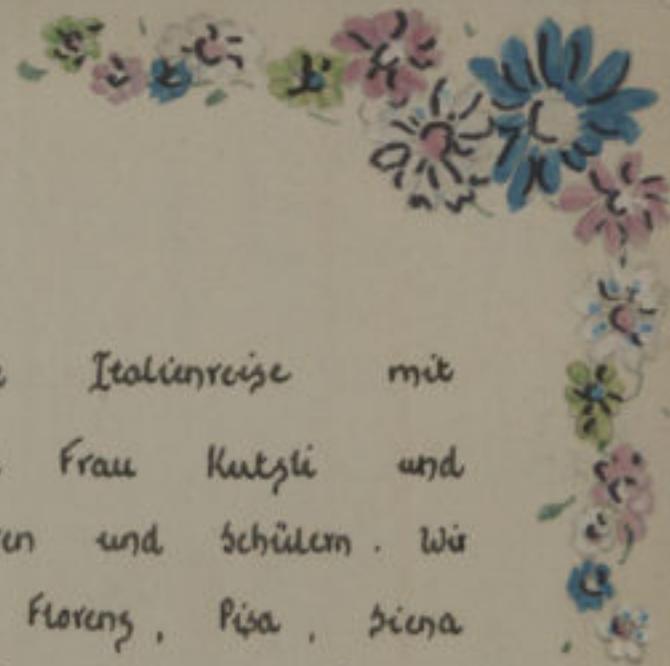
Caroline Appleton
U5



A Swiss Scene.



Das Leben in 'Montolieu'.



Mein Bruder und ich gingen für ein Jahr in der Schweiz in die Schule. Wir waren in Montolieu, ein altes Hotel, welches jetzt als Internat eingerichtet ist. "Montolieu" liegt oberhalb Montreux am Cully Berg. Die wunderbare Aussicht! Ach ja, sie war prachtvoll. Wir sahen die Dent du Midi Berge, die Berge in Frankreich am gegenüberliegenden Ufer und auch die vielen Dörferchen und Städte.

Wir wurden sofort in das Familien Leben von "Montolieu" aufgenommen und fanden auch bald Freunde. Es waren Livillinge, ein Junge Stephen und ein Mädchen Jane, aus Australien.

Sonntags machten wir Spaziergänge durch die Wiesen und Wälder und manchmal gingen wir nach Les Avants um Narzissen zu pflücken die in grosser Menge auf den Wiesen zu finden waren.

In dieser traumhaften Art verging das erste Trimester unheimlich schnell.

Nach fünf wachen Ferien gingen wir wieder in die Schule und kaum waren wir an-

gekommen, ging es auf die Italienreise mit den Prinzipalen Herrn und Frau Kutzli und natürlich auch anderen Lehren und Schülern. Wir waren in Assisi, Spoleto, Florenz, Pisa, Siena und Ravenna. Es war eine aufregende Reise und wir lernten viel über die italienische Kunst.

Wir werden die herrliche Zeit in "Montolieu" und Umgebung nie vergessen.

Ling Wesemann Uiv



Who am I?

i

A capital letter

or a small one?

Am I just a letter in the alphabet?

Am I

I

(After H, before J)

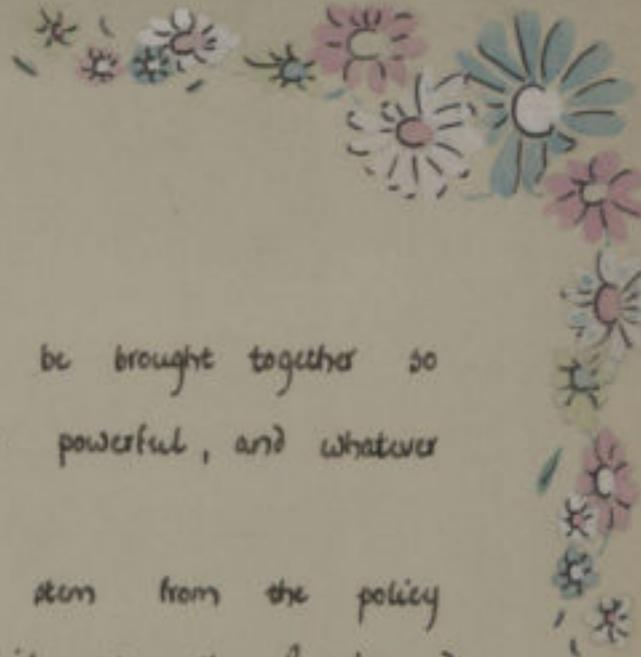
just like

everyone

else?



Rotary League Essay.



The destiny of any nation, at any given time, depends on the opinions of its young men and women under twenty-five. This is because youth offers the opportunity to do something and to become somebody. It is a season of hope, enterprise and energy to a nation as well as an individual. Burke once said, "Tell me what are the prevailing sentiments that occupy the minds of your young men, and I will tell you what is to the character of the next generation." There are a few reasons why the youth, particularly of South Africa, could contribute to the improvement of international understanding.

But why is there no international understanding?

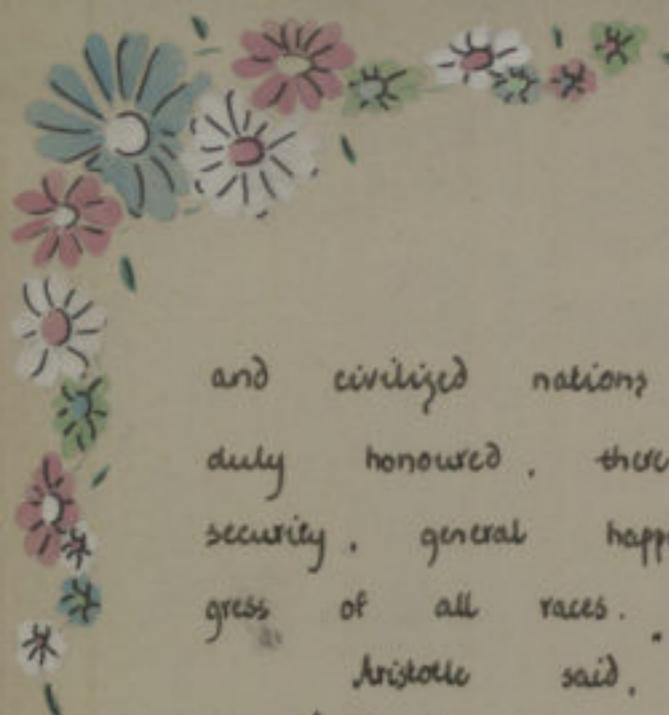
South Africa and its population is resented and rejected by other countries in the world because of her racial policy of apartheid which is considered unjust. These countries believe that justice is the great policy of civilized society; and any departure from it in any circumstances is suspected of being a policy of tyranny. As Pascal said, "Justice without power is ineffective; power without justice is tyranny. Justice without power is opposed, because there are always wicked men. Power without justice is soon questioned."

Justice and power must therefore be brought together so that whatever is just may be powerful, and whatever is powerful may be just.

All revolutions in history stem from the policy of tyranny, prime examples of which are the Russian and French Revolutions, and lately the revolt of the Hungarian states. However, revolutions are not simply the "haves not" turning against the "haves". There is one further vital factor and that is, as Voltaire said, "No people have revolted or ever will revolt, with full stomachs." Therefore revolutions which have tyranny as a starting point will nevertheless never occur unless the poverty-stricken community are hungry as well as being down-trodden and unjustly treated.

For the youth of today justice is the greatest interest on earth. They have realized that it is the ligament which holds civilized beings





and civilized nations together, and so long as it is duly honoured, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of all races. But what is justice?

Aristotle said, "Justice is to give every man his own." Therefore the world believes that the South African Government, in order to be just should give the vote to the black man as well as the white man. However, the Nigerian Civil War has proved that when the responsibility of ruling a country is handed over to a people whose lives are focused on tribal laws, customs and superstitions, savagery results.

Therefore while Aristotle's definition of justice is easily understood, perhaps there is more than one way of meeting his requirements. In the case of South Africa there are four political parties, each with their own answers to this problem of justice for all. Each policy justifies itself with words but it is a fact that the political machinations of our elders are not entirely sincere, as they are often motivated by matters other than pure idealism and a desire only for

the good of all.

Power, ambition and even financial gain all play their part in influencing the actions and decisions of politicians. This is where the youth of a country, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, can play a vital and highly influential role in the future of their country. Youth is generally highly idealistic and is rarely influenced by the more sordid motives which often direct the actions of their jaded elders.

The youth of today has great potential so that if each individual should endeavour to act only with honesty and sincerity, truth and compassion, the whole tone of the world could change, and in particular the world press. Today, the world press is nearly always governed by factors other than truth and compassion. This is because the main object in its life is to make money for its owners and shareholders so that if, in the opinion of the newspaper management, a political or international line of action is going to promote this for them, they will pursue their own ends to the utmost.

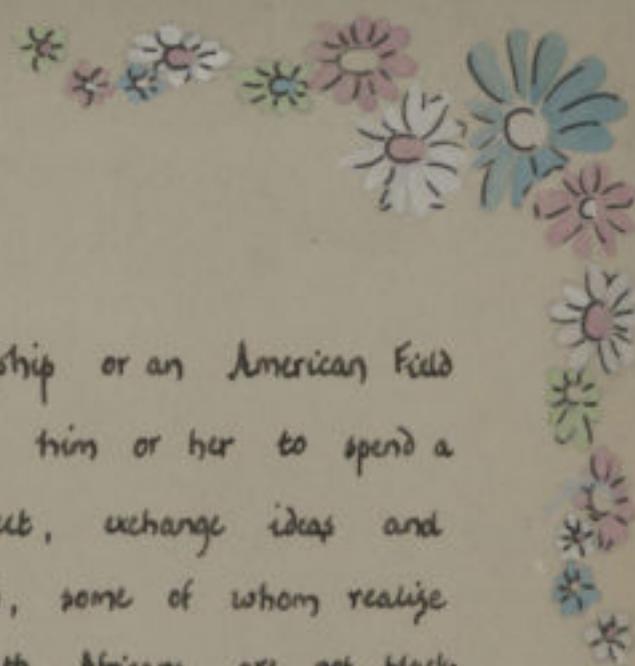
The days of great newspaper editors are no longer with us and nearly all editorial comment is governed by managerial instructions. Nevertheless, the concerted actions by the youth of today forces news media, be it press, television or radio to take note and report, - so that it may even happen that the youth will obtain support from these media for their self-seeking reasons. If this occurs, it will be the greatest contribution youth could give to the improvement of international understanding.

It would appear superficially that, as an individual, the South African youth's contribution to the improvement of international understanding must be nil. But this is actually not so because, in the same way as he is influenced by others of his own generation who, like him are buoyant, confident and strong in hope, others are affected by what he is, what he says and what he does. And these others have also their spheres of influence so that a single act of his may spread in a widening circle through a nation of humanity.

This is what occurs when a South African youth

receives either a Rotary Scholarship or an American Field Service Scholarship which enables him or her to spend a year in America. Here they meet, exchange ideas and opinions with the American youth, some of whom realize for the first time that all South Africans are not black-skinned, uncivilized and uneducated. In fact, they find that they both have something in common - their policy of justice.

As a result of his year in America, the South African youth would have succeeded in establishing a small world of friendly relations which, like a seedling, will grow and grow. Similarly, the American youth who has spent some time in this country also would have succeeded in establishing his small world of friendly relations, so that already international understanding would have improved, amongst the youth, at least.



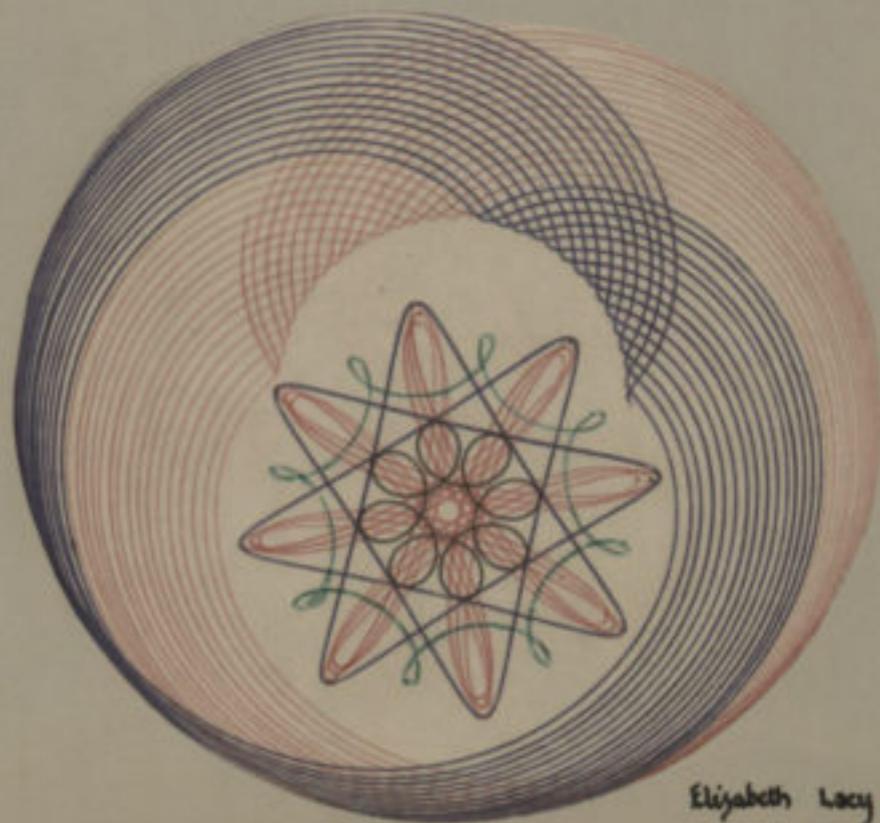


International sport has also played its part in the improvement of South Africa's relationship with other countries. In this sphere the South African youth has set an example to the rest of the world with his tremendous spirit, determination and will not to be affected by the gangs of youths or "demos" which are probably paid by Communists to cause an upheaval in their country by leading riots and carrying anti-apartheid slogans. This strength of character is a very common trait amongst South African youth and I am sure it will help in their contribution to the improvement of international understanding.

The youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow. Therefore their actions and reactions, their knowledge of one another, their ideas and opinions, may be a great help in the future to produce governments which are wiser and more sincere, and without the self-seeking hypocrisy of the present-day governments throughout the world. The hypocritical decisions and rules that these establish are governed by political gain whether the politics are national or international, logical or

illogical. Of course there is no guarantee what the present day youth will be like when power is placed in their hands, - but there is a chance of their carrying their idealism forward into adulthood, so that there may be a better understanding in the future. This is the aim of Rotary: the establishment of better relationships between individuals and peoples in the world.

Jill Golding
LV



Winter Chestnuts.

A man told his wife to go and park the car, while he went into a shop. About five minutes later the wife returned looking very pleased with herself. The husband asked her if she had found a parking place. The wife replied that she had found a very nice place where it had said "fine for parking."

A hen was walking along the road when she saw a sign saying "Brick layer wanted."

What did the vet give to the bird?

"treatment"

What did the vet give to the cow?

"mooi"



What did the vet give to the pig?
"oinkment."

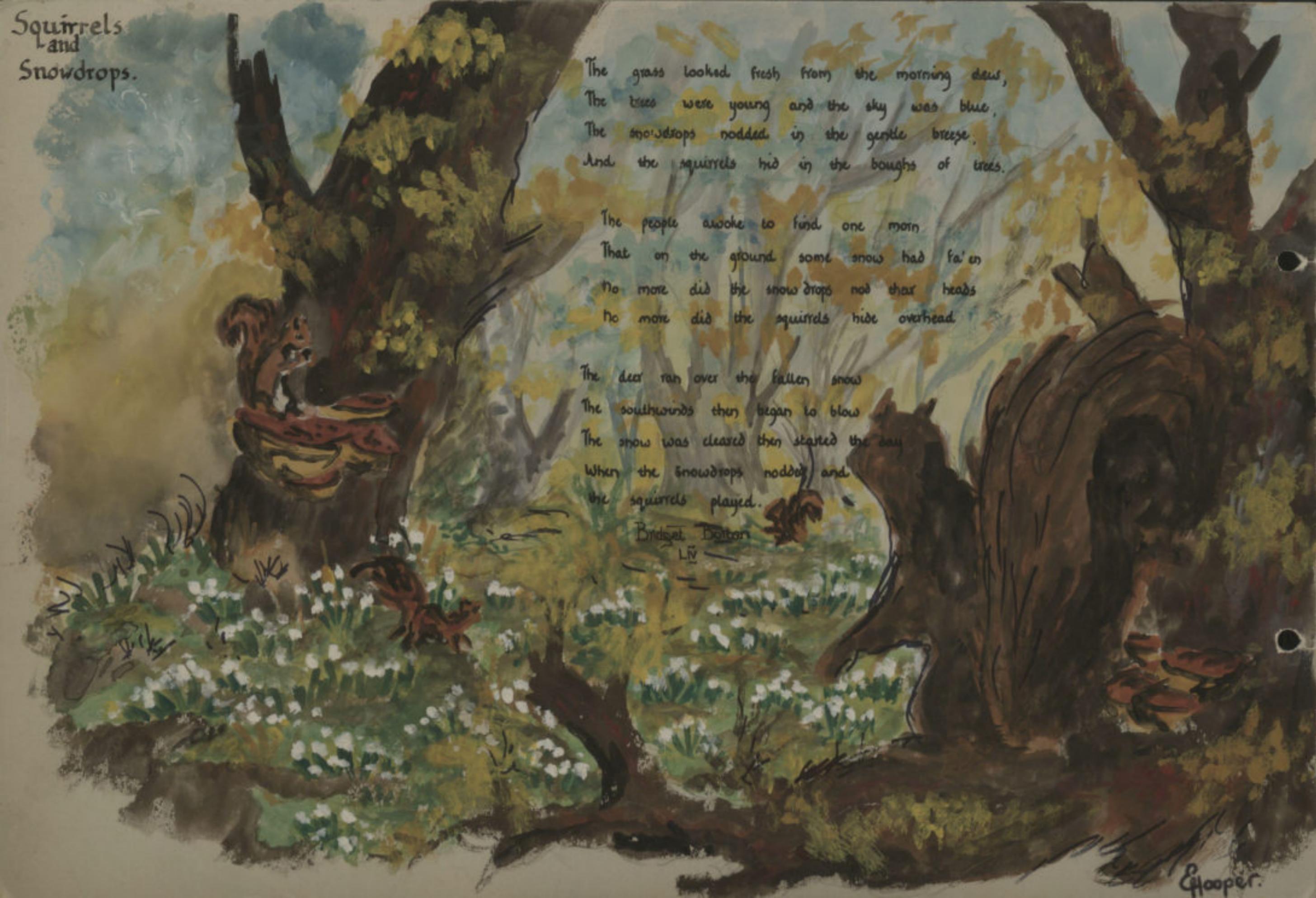
Father: Oh dear this match won't light
Daughter: That's funny it lit a few moments ago when I used it.

A little ant found its friend running across the top of a cornflake packet. So he said "Why are you running so fast?" So the other replied "It says tear along top to open"

What did the dog say when he sat on some sand paper - "Ruff!"

Phillipa Gough

U iv



Squirrels
and
Snowdrops.

The grass looked fresh from the morning dew,
The trees were young and the sky was blue,
The snowdrops nodded in the gentle breeze,
And the squirrels hid in the boughs of trees.

The people awoke to find one morn
That on the ground some snow had fa'en
No more did the snowdrops nod their heads
No more did the squirrels hide overhead

The deer ran over the fallen snow
The southwinds then began to blow
The snow was cleared then started the sun
When the snowdrops nodded and
the squirrels played.

Bridget Dolton
LIV

Wizard's

- 2 tins assorted ant eggs
- 16 red dragons scales
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs Ox-fat
- 1 small bottle green poison
- 1 pinch purple pepper
- 7 bottles Great Bat blood.
- 2 toad skins
- 8 snakes eyeballs
- 2 leopard whiskers
- 1 cup early morning dew.

Take the seven bottles of Great Bat blood and pour into large glass container. Then sprinkle in 8 red dragon scales

In another container mix two tins of ants eggs with the $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of Ox-fat, leave



Spell.

in dark room for about one hour. Add the other eight red-dragon scales to the main mixture.

Slice the two toads skins and add slice by slice. Mash eye-balls of snakes and season with early morning dew. (Here curried and peppered 90 year old elk billong grated very finely may also be used.)

Now add one bottle of green poison and one pinch of purple pepper. Stir for half an hour. The spell is now ready.

Janet Hanson

U III

Lucy.



E. Hooper.

Lucy.

The storm came up before its time,
She wandered up and down,
But many hills did Lucy climb,
She never did reach the town.

The lightning flashed and it grew dark,
The thunder gave a roar,
She heard somewhere a watchdog bark,
And before her saw a door.

The door was opening bit by bit,
And Lucy peeped inside.
The room she saw was dimly lit,
The fire had almost died.

And by the fire a figure stood,
Its face was turned from view,
Its head was shrouded in a hood,

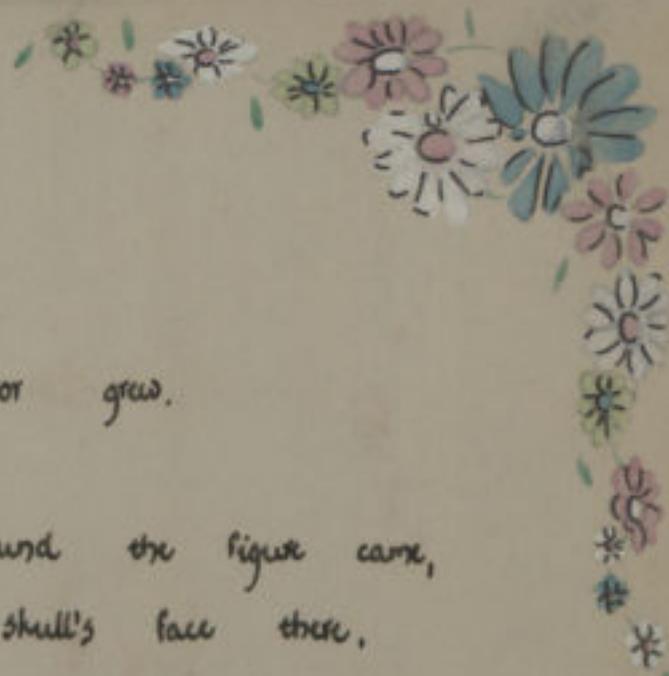


And Lucy's terror grew.

And slowly round the figure came,
She saw a skull's face there,
And huskily it called her name,
And she was filled with fear.

With hand outstretched it clutched her hair,
She tried to reach the door,
But you can be well aware,
That she was seen no more.

Phillipa Gough
lliv



Escape



Escape

Escape - from what? From rushing and working and tiring a city life, escape from boredom, isolation or fear: these are possible. But what of escape from oneself? A man may escape from everything but himself - and God.

Obsessed with an overpowering need to rise above sordid, squalid lives, to leave drunken parents, fighting brothers and sisters and the stench of bad food and unwashed bodies, how easy it is to take off to drugs or drink, feeling lonely and unwanted, forgetting the truth expressed by Donne: "No man is an island, entire of itself... Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind: and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls: it tolls for thee."

How easy, knowing the futility of one's vague social life, to seek oblivion in a frenzy of gaiety, a bubble of champagne. And every time he emerges from his stupor and realizes what he is, the drug addict, or the pathetic social butterfly sinks to a yet lower plane of misery. With Francis Thompson he might say,

"Up vista'd hopes I speed;

And shot precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chastened fears.

He swears to reform, but the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, and the tempting mirage of Escape has lured another victim into its snare.

In the end, death approaches. This is escape from life and its problems. The hopeless prisoner goes to meet it with relief, welcoming oblivion. And then, in one terrifying moment of clarity before the curtain falls and closes the sordid tragedy of his life, he sees and knows that this is not escape. His life on Earth is played out, but what of that to follow? Can any man escape the presence of God?

Cathy Oxtoby
U17





Don't .

Don't take off your jumper when you're
dripping hot with sweat,
And never please put on your
shoes when wet
Don't go swimming in the lake
in case you catch a cold
And always be a good girl and
do as you are told
Don't forget to take your pills
the pink and red ones too
And comb your hair before breakfast
whatever you may do
Be nice to all the other girls
don't ever hit your friends,
Say sorry if you do that once
and quickly make amends.
I'm tired of being fussed about
I hate these endless don'ts
Why can't I have the courage
to snap back as many "Won'ts"





Matric Dance

The Theme. Naturally this is the most important thing to be decided upon before any dance. Well the usual arguing controversy and differing of opinion accompanied this decision until we eventually decided upon the theme: "The Moulin Rouge." Then we got down to work. It was decided that the murals be based on the paintings of Toulouse Lautrec, who haunted the Moulin Rouge in its heyday.

Two of the large walls would be painted with figures standing and dancing, and the third wall would be a bar scene. This was a big undertaking as two walls were thirty-six feet in length. With this fact in mind we began to work either in the Farley's playroom or in the Broadbent's loft.

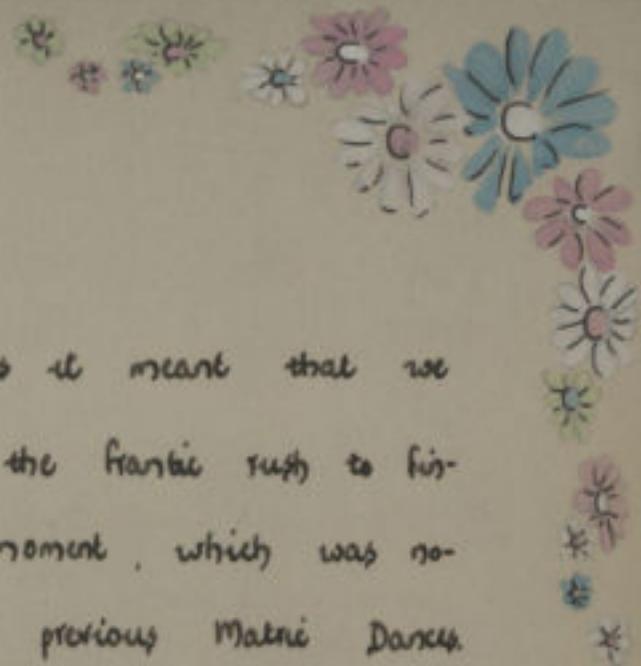
We worked throughout the entire June and July vacation and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. To our surprise, we had finished all the major painting on the Thursday night before the dance. This

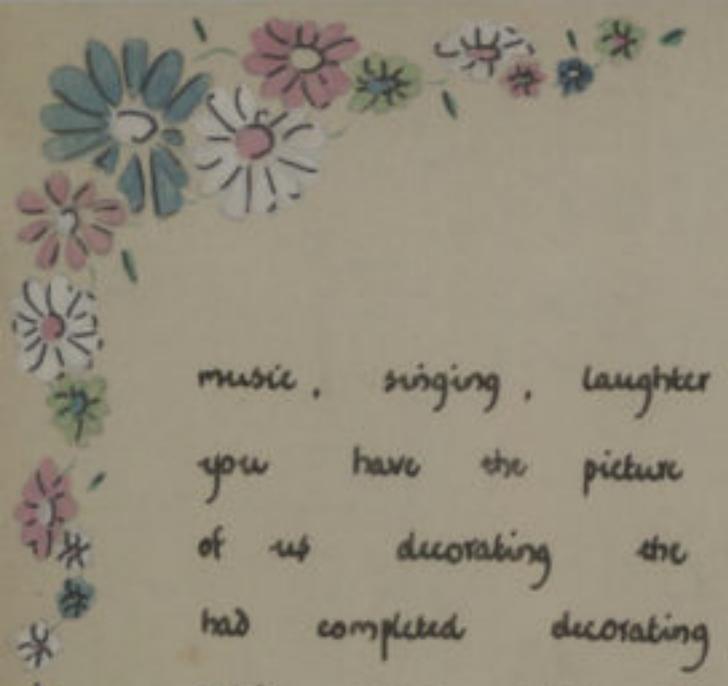
was a great relief to all as it meant that we would not be faced with the frantic rush to finish everything at the last moment, which was notorious for preceding so many previous Matric Dances.

We were given permission to start decorating at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, by which time the dining room would be cleared. Needless to say all lessons that day had been impossible to teach

above all the chatter and excitement, and consequently most teachers graciously gave in and allowed us to continue sticking silver stars onto our red crepe paper ceiling.

Imagine seven ladders, thirty two girls, countless boxes of drawing pins, reinforcements and staples, rolls and rolls of paper,





music, singing, laughter, dancing and chatter and you have the picture of Friday evening and all of us decorating the dining room. By ten thirty we had completed decorating the major part of the hall which meant that there were only a few things to be completed on Saturday morning. Thirty two very self satisfied Matrics wearily returned home that unforgettable Friday evening. And we had a right to be self-satisfied as Mrs Withers, the school secretary, who has been to twenty one Matric Dances at Herschel complimented us by saying that never before had she seen such a well organised and efficiently directed dance.

That evening we spent a very pleasant hour at the Nettie's beautiful home before the dance. After a delicious supper we set off for our one and only Matric dance. The majority of us arrived at school on time and were received by Mr and Mrs Brownell as well as one of the head girls and her partner. The

school dining room had been quite transformed.— to our delight we entered the Moulin Rouge. The band began playing as soon as we arrived and soon everything was in full swing. Suddenly all the staff mysteriously disappeared [I believe they could not bear the loud vibrations of the band] but soon we heard party in progress in the staff room! However every now and then a member of staff and her partner would appear, dutifully do a fox trot around the perimeter of the room and then return to the staff room where the music could still be heard, but was more bearable.

Suddenly it was twelve o'clock. One of the head girls made a short speech thanking all who had been involved in making our dance such a success and then the band played its last song. Sadly we bid Mrs Brownell goodnight realising that one of the culminations of our whole school career was over.

Kim Broadbent.



Spring

Spring

S is for Spring, when Nature, which had seemed so dead, returns to life. Persephone, released from the underworld bestows fresh hope up on the Earth, and green sap rises in the trees to burst the tender buds and so unfurl the verdent banners of the leafy woods. It is a season of young things, of reaping lambs and fresh young plants.

P is for Primroses, the advance guard of summer flowers marching in yellow phalanxes over the meadows. Surely, a welcome sight to greet the swallows, returning once more from their sojourn in foreign lands.

R is for rainbows, signs of promise after rain, for the showers of Spring are not the pouring furies of Winter, but gentle cleansings of the world to make it fresh and clean and beautiful, before the clear spring sunshine bathes it in glory.



Rainbows are like all of Spring, delicate and lovely, partially shaded, yet sparkling and bright.

I is for idyllic days spent beside a rushing stream in a bedafforded glade, listening to the songs of birds and dreaming the dreams of youth.

N is for newness for newborn lambs, for tender plants, for fresh green leaves. And since Spring is a time of hope, N is for New resolutions, new determination and renewed endeavour.

G is for green, not the dark green of summer but the light forest green of Spring, the green of newly opened buds and sweet-scented meadow-grasses.



Cathy Oxtoby
uiv



From — "The Wild Swans at Coole" — Yeats



*Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold,
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away? *



Squash Report



How to play squash,
by
Tessa Mallett.



There has been a very great improvement in the standard of Rolt squash this year. The addition of the standard 1's to the game provides more incentive for the senior classes as well as providing much needed experience for the younger players.

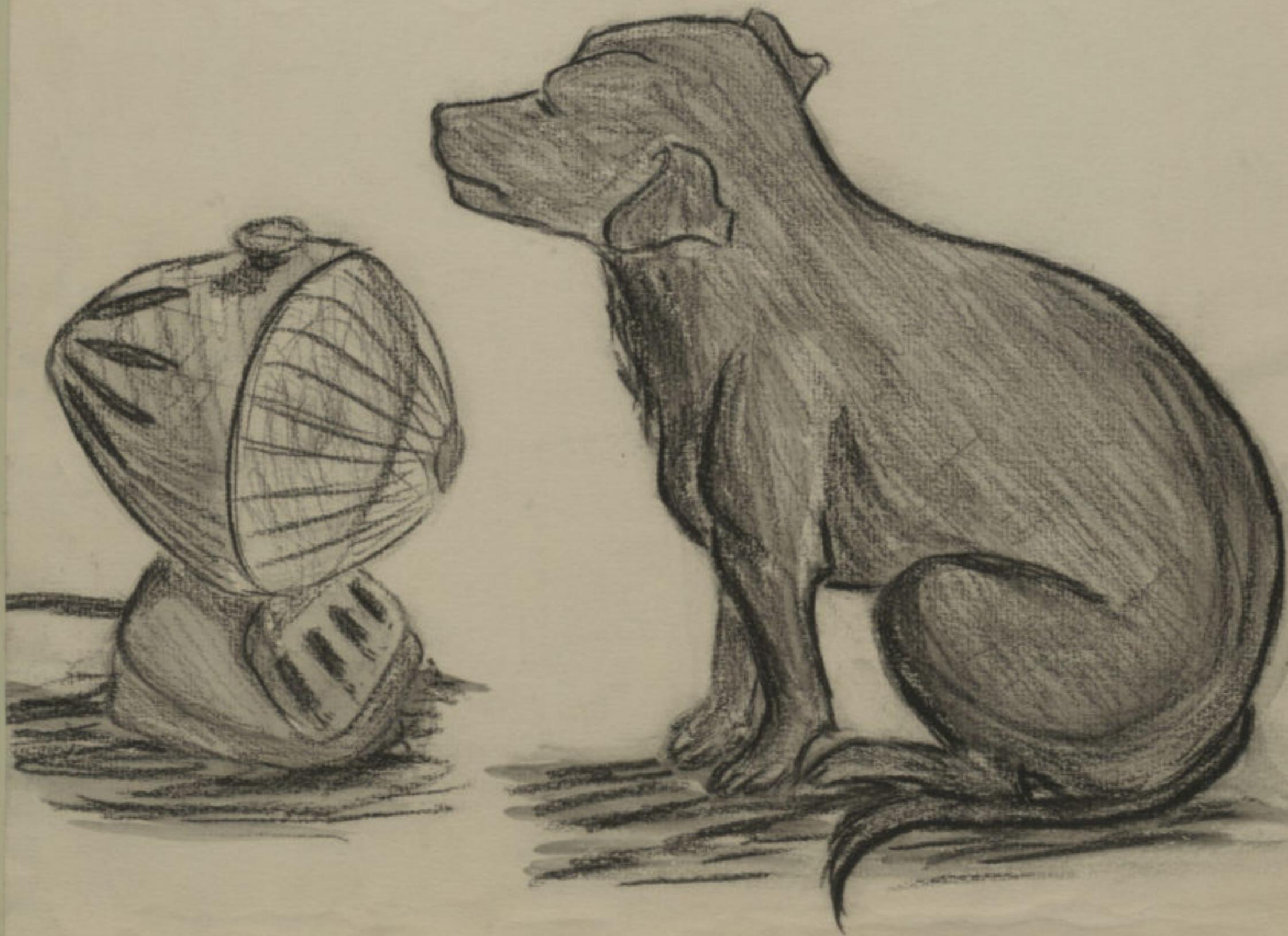
Rolt is very proud to have had Hilary Gasson, Jill Golding and Tessa Mallett enter the Western Province Squash Championships. Tessa Mallett must be congratulated on her magnificent performance, not only in the Western Province Squash Championships where she reached the semi-finals, but also for winning the majority of her matches in the Second Squash League.

Although we did not win the Inter-House Squash last year it is very clear that Rolt will prove a very formidable opponent this year. Good luck to all who play.

Caroline Appleton
(Squash Captain)



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Josie

Significant Things

Primarily, on sitting down to write this essay, my teenage mind, regulated along the channels of fun, parties, freedom, and food, thought only along materialistic lines. It was only when forced to think more deeply that I began to appreciate the truly significant facets of life.

To have the opportunity of being brought up to appreciate the beauty of nature, the importance of honesty, a sense of decency, and high principles is imperative. Material wants are only a very temporary part of existence; above all, to have a happy home is nine-tenths of life, the epitome of significance to a child.

One is inclined to take parents for granted, disregarding their intense significance in one's life. They always seem to "be there" when needed, someone to turn to in moments of disillusionment, sadness, and other mundane problems; and always in the way and "a problem" when they will not give permission to one's latest "hair-brained" scheme. Yet one's spoiled mind cannot conceive of their absence - no one to make provision, impart a sense of right and wrong, morals, and religion; most of all, no security to make for a well-

balanced and adjusted mind.

One accepts a warm bed, three meals a day, and a roof over one's head without notice. It seems an insignificant part of daily life that has always been present, and can be relied upon to be so, continually. Insignificant - until one is deprived of these privileges.

Education is another privilege shared by all, and seems to be the most abused. Recalcitrant children constantly abuse the privilege, not realising the importance of education in this modern world, where one can get nowhere without it.

In this egalitarian society, where, ostensibly, there is no class distinction, for the competitive socialite, social status is a very significant thing. It becomes imperative for him to live in a good area, trade in his car for a newer model every year and become a member of every



"High class" club in town.

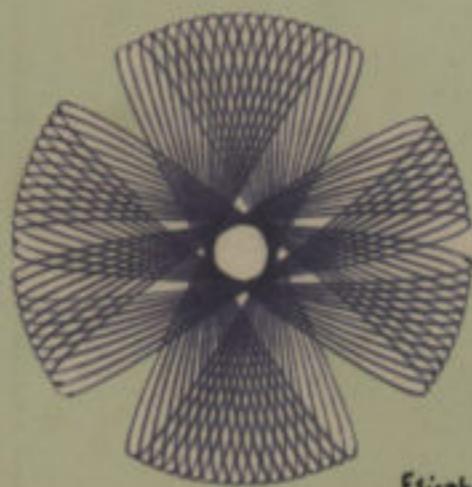
In a place like Cape Town, where funds are either vastly abundant or completely lacking, goods reach an exorbitant price. This may be a small "burr" in the flesh of an opulent^o housewife, endeavouring to balance her monthly budget, but for the "below the breadline" worker, it spells ruin. Suddenly, the most significant thing in his life is survival - hunger pangs, where the next meal is coming from, where to sleep, the nagging problem of how to provide for a family, pay rent, and somehow remain solvent on a pitifully meagre salary. Thoughts such as these never enter the head of a privileged being.

To the modern teenager, the material wants of pretty clothes, parties etc., are all-important. Yet as one matures, the criterion in life becomes independence; to break away from restricting ties; become self supporting, earn a salary and spend it as one pleases, - the complete antithesis of a young child's point of view. To a baby, life centres round the home, the most significant figure being its mother, on whom it is entirely dependent, yet, to the Junior School pupil,

the most significant factor is having as many peanut-butter and jam sandwiches as the next child for tea-break and a Coca-Cola instead of milk.

It seems to me that material wealth and comforts are all too significant in our daily lives. Therefore, significant things mean different things to different people, and as man supposedly goes through seven ages in his life-span, so does his conception of significant things change. Therefore, a developing child reaps the benefit of his parents' fourth or fifth "age", and thus is set on a path of appreciation of the real values and significant things in life.

Kate Nettlingham
Uy



Elizabeth Lucy

Who Knows.



How long must we wait
for peace on earth?

How far must we seek
Happiness?

What must we strive for -
Life ??

How far must we run
from evil?

How close can we get
to goodness?

What do we fear -
God ??

How high must we climb
to greatness?

How distant is the end -
Death?

When will we know
The answers ??



Amanda Leslie L.V.

The Waterfall



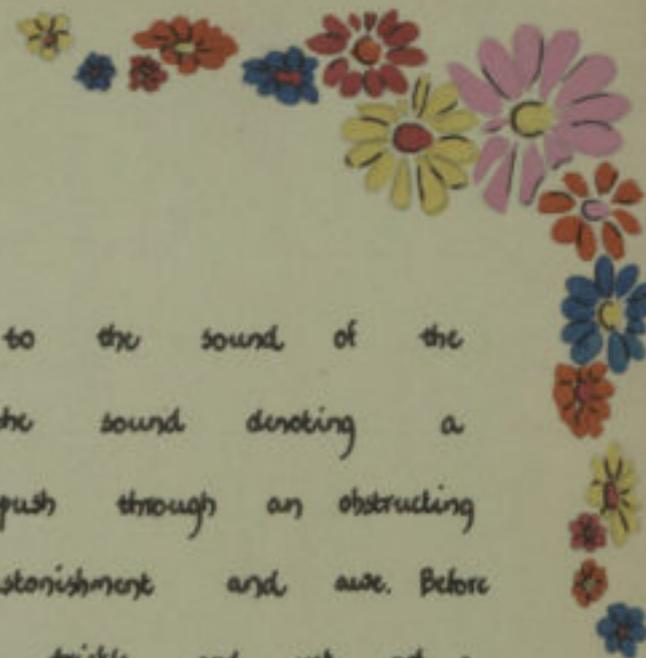
Eggooper.

A walk across the Veld

My parents and I set off across the veld sprinkled with Everlastings, knowing which direction to take, but, as yet, unsure what to expect when we arrived at our destination. We crossed a dried-up river bed, then followed a narrow pathway through the lucas-speriums growing thickly on either side. It was hot walking in the sun and we were grateful when we reached the cool moist shade provided by the overhanging mountain, though now the climb became steeper. We climbed up through a damp, lichen-laden forest avoiding or climbing over curiously twisted limbs of trees and occasionally crossing a stream flowing brownly through the thick undergrowth; all this was in startling contrast to the dry, brown, water-lacking veld we had only a few minutes previously walked across.

Up, up and over boulders disguised under a mantle of moss and lichen, clinging on to "monkey ropes" for occasional support. I rushed on ahead excited

and eager, coming ever closer to the sound of the flow and drop of water, the sound denoting a waterfall — our destination. A push through an obstructing bush and then a gasp of astonishment and awe. Before me was the waterfall, not a trickle and yet not a torrent, but falling softly between the steep slopes on either side into a deep, seemingly bottomless, brown-black pool, I cautiously walked along a boulder to the base of a slope to get closer to this intangible beauty. It was not so much the waterfall which held my attention so completely, but the thing which we had come to see — the diasp, the red diasp growing high up, clinging precariously all the way down, following the pathway of the waterfall. They were of unbelievable size and their petals were



laden with pearl drops of water, blowing it out in a veil of spray.

The immediate thought which would pass through any beholder's mind, the first emotion felt, the first impression experienced, is the fact that this beautiful sight is completely untouched by human hands. No person has stretched out his greedy hands to snatch away the unique beauty and perfection of the red disa growing peacefully and tangibly alongside the waterfall.

"Nature takes care of her own." This is an unique example, for she has made it impossible for the disas to be reached without tremendous risk to such foolhardiness. So here they grow, proudly, for as yet no man has plucked them from their unattainable thrones of moss and over-flowing water.

Kim Broadbent Uŷ



Bekoring

Die dou het nog skitterend op die aarde gele toe ek my hortjies oopgestoot het om die skoon vars oggendlug in te laat. Daardie dag was nog een van die wonderlike dae wat Sicilië aan haar besoekers bied.

In die verte het ek alreeds die plaaslike inwoners op die tande onderskei. Hul helder klere, veral die vroue s'n, en hul buigsame bewegings het my aandag so bevestig ghou dat ek skoon vergeet het waarom ek so ongewoon vroeg opgestaan het! Skielik het die gebulk van 'n donkie vlak onder my venster my tot my verstand teruggekeer. Vyf minute later was ek bereid om die dier se teuels van Pedro, ons staljong, te neem en die volgende oomblik het ek die donkie en die karretjie die kiezelsteenpad afgerammel.

Deur die rye platanebome aan weerskante van die straat het ek flitsende blikke op die koringvelde en wingerde gekry. Olyfbome was ook hier en daar te sien; en oor alles het die stralende son geskyn. Miskien is daar niks wat my so heeltemaal bekoor as die soort blou-

en-geel siciliaanse oggend as ek mark toe ry nie.

'n Woelende rumoer het my ore begin bereik en binnekort was ek tussen die bedrywigheid van die weeklikse mark. Ek het van my karretjie afgesprong en die dorrie aan 'n dwarshout vasgemaak.

Alhoewel daar min goed was wat ek beslis moes koop, het die mark my so aangeklok dat ek ure lank daar gebly het om tussen die veelkleurige stalletjies en inwoners te wandel. Daar is iets in die siciliaanse mense wat my soveel meer bekoor as die onpersoonlikheid van die Amerikaners of Engelse. Die mense is eenvoudig en nie skaam om te wys en se wat hulle werklik voel nie, en dus is hul ieters meer ryk as die van die „mense van die wêreld“ wat maskers om hulle skep.

Die tandelose ou vrouens wat enigiets van pasgebakee brood tot gering verkoop, het aanhoudend





met mekaar gebabbel. Die jong meisies in hul klappende rompe het met die bruin gebrande suurs gekoketteer, en orals deur die skare het kinders gedartel. Alles was vir my so lewendig en so wesentlik.

Toe ek weer op die pad gekom het, en alles weer stil was, het ek verwonderd oor die omliggende natuurskoon gestaar. Van die skaduwee van 'n boom het 'n swerm bye onverwags na 'n klomp blomme gegons. Het u al ooit gewaar hoe bye altyd op dieselfde soort blomme werk, alhoewel hulle nie eers die verskillende kleure kan onderskei nie? Dit is waarom ons nog altyd dieselfde verskeidenheid blomme het en nie 'n verwarde mengsel nie.

Ja, dit is ongetwyfeld die natuurlike lewens van menze en diere, saam met die klein, amper onmerkbaar wonderwerke van die natuur wat my waarlik en innerlik bekoor.

Janet Graaff
Uÿ



What is Love ?



"Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, and it is the greatest we can give God."

Jeremy Taylor.



What is a Mother.



What is a mother?

She is someone who loves,
who cares,

she gives and expects
nothing in return.

Throughout the life-long night

she waits, she listens

for the cry of her baby

who may be ill.

No-one can express

A mother's love for her child,

the child she brought

into this cruel world.

She watches it grow

through the adolescent stage —

then it leaves home

or gets married

and sometimes forgets its old mum.

But she doesn't forget —

her love is forever

Francis Parry III

One Night Stand

When you held me close
my face cupped in your hands
your eyes looking into mine
And made all those promises
Did you mean them?

You said that I was a bright light
in your darkness,
that I was the first ray of sunlight
at dawn
golden and pink
reaching out to you
touching you, warming you
comforting you strengthening you.

The moonlight played on your hair
I could not see your face
but your aura of silver was so bright
that you were the moon to me.



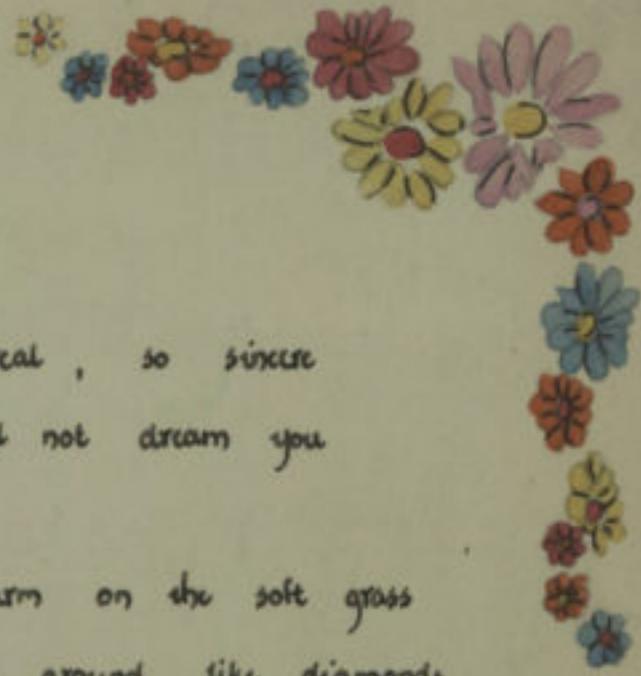
You were so real, so sincere
I know I did not dream you

Walking arm-in-arm on the soft grass
dew shining all around like diamonds
or teardrops
A swirl of silver all around
cool, tingling
we were the only people in the universe,
The only thing breaking the silver silence
yet in harmony with it,
your voice - music in my ears
"I love you".

Do you say that every night
to someone different?
It's been three weeks now

Do you remember my name?

Susan Jenkin



A Great Actress.

"... played at every well known theatre imaginable, just adores the theatre, blah-blah" — that is a great actress. Much talk, a sweet smile for everyone. Well, maybe she is happy while she is acting but when it comes to facing reality, she feels depressed.

When she comes home to an empty apartment, everything is an anti-climax. She suffers from one of the saddest things in life — loneliness. Would you believe it, a world-famous actress, lonely? But it is true, nevertheless. Pictures of the beautiful blonde bombshell are seen in nearly every magazine and signed photographs of her fetch quite a price. A heart-throb all over the world, but how many people really truly love her? How many people dare even to approach her? Lovers come and go, fans say they love her, but how many people honestly do? It is sad for the woman who has everything but the one necessity in love — life — love. Who could believe that she really needs to be looked after?

Now she has a steady income, a beautiful diamond necklace and a mink coat that has become part of her character. One day she will find a person who loves her not for her charm, money or social position, but for her true self. They will reach behind the barrier and fall in love, maybe

Susan Harvey Kelly
Uv



Things I Love

All my life I have been fascinated by the sea - anything which is in the sea, anything on the sea, and anything surrounding the sea.

In the early mornings, when the sun is rising and the air is crisp, I love running across the snow-white beach to welcome the fishermen in their wet clothes, pulling their boats up on to the beach. I think fishermen are among the happiest people in the world. They are never rich and, in fact, they are usually very poor! They often get caught by bad weather and have gigantic battles against huge waves and dangerous currents. Every now and then a boat is lost with all hands. Yet they are very friendly and gay, and are always telling the strangest yarns which are very hard to believe, but fascinating to listen to.

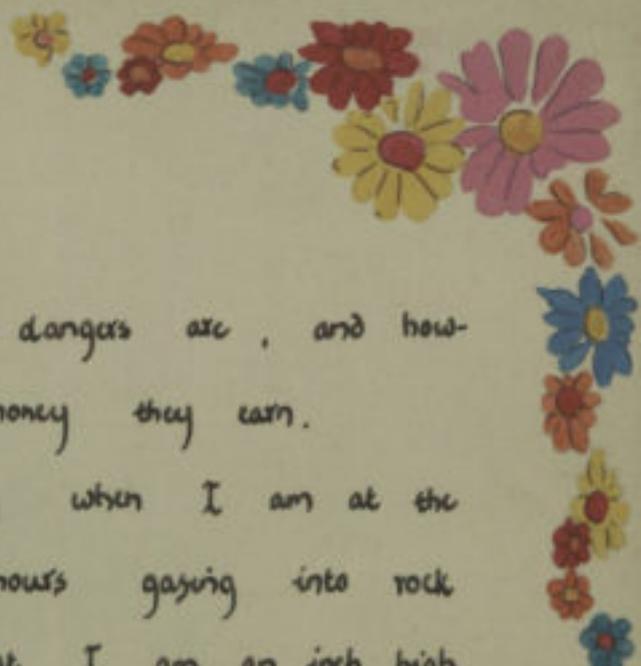
How lucky they are to spend their days and nights on the sea with the smell of the salt in their nostrils and with spray on their faces. I am sure that they would not change their lives for

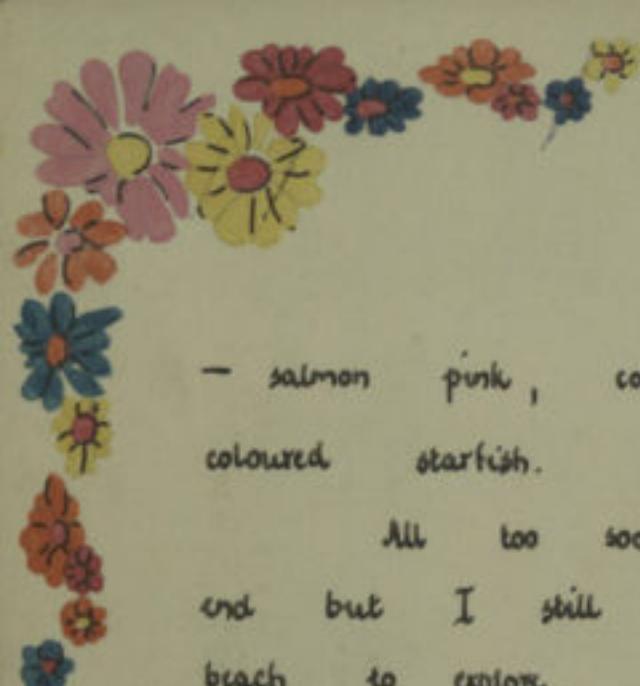
any other, however great the dangers are, and however small the amount of money they earn.

I can never be lonely when I am at the sea because I can spend hours gazing into rock pools. Sometimes I imagine that I am an inch high and going for a ride on the back of a striped zebra-fish, round and round a pool, exploring the dark caves underneath the rocks.

A lazy rock cod peeps around the corner of a rock, stares at me and then swims idly on. Shoals of little silver-fish swim past me and a crab glides sideways along the sandy bottom of the pool.

On our journey round the pool, we pass through forests of sea-weed, gently swaying in the current. All colours of the rainbow are found in these pools





- salmon pink, corals, purple anemones and brightly coloured starfish.

All too soon my day-dream comes to an end but I still have many other parts of the beach to explore.

My favourite hobby is collecting shells, and I have a cabinet filled with a tremendous variety of shells. These do not come from only the beaches in our country, as I have written to people all over the world who have exchanged shells with me. I can spend hours sifting on the sand, looking for a new shell to add to my collection.

I love eating, and nothing can be more delicious than freshly-caught sea food - an oyster, straight off the rocks, cracked open and swallowed on the spot, or crayfish, with their horny backs and long antennae, still pink from the sea - above all catching a fish off the rocks, cleaning it, cooking it on the spot and eating it there and then. Perhaps the thrill of hooking

the fish makes a difference, but no other food can ever taste quite as good to me.

Most of all, I love swimming in the sea: diving under a wave, swimming out to the next one, diving over that one and eventually choosing the right one to surf back to the shore. Yet I have learnt to respect the sea as well as to love it, as while it cools me, refreshes me, feeds me and thrills me, I have come to realise how mighty is its strength and power, and how weak I am in comparison.

Jill Golding
L.V.



True Love Survives All.

I believe that in years to come when the mountains have crumbled to dust, and all the oceans have run dry and the cars in the street burn to rust, love will still be there.

I believe that love is caused by dust particles. The dust particle settles on the tongue and goes down the trachea to the heart where it sits. When a person has love sickness I believe that the dust particle is having a good time in the stomach. When the heart is broken, it has slid down the main artery to the heart and has started chopping at the heart.

If another man comes along then another dust particle settles and goes down to the heart and there is a fight to see who will be worthy of that heart.

When a person goes boy-mad! then the particle goes to the brain.

Jenni Simpson



The End
but
The Beginning



Laura



Farewell to Mrs. Kittow.

In March, 1970, a special period in the life of Herschel came to an end: Mrs. Kittow, who had been Headmistress since 1962, left us. During those seven years she dedicated herself to the school and the result was that Herschel prospered in every way. Mrs. Kittow has always been intensely interested in the academic field and this was reflected in the improvement in our academic results; at the same time our success at sport, debating, and human relationships owed much to her enthusiasm and inspiration.

And so it was with great sadness that we said good-bye to Mrs. Kittow at the end of the first term this year.



7/2/3/10