



St. John's D.S.G.



Vol. XLIV

1979

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**St. John's Diocesan School
For Girls**

MAGAZINE

Vol. XLIV

1979



Mrs Stewart

Report of the Headmistress....

October 4th, 1979

My Lord, Reverend Mother, Mr Clarke, Our Special Guests and the family of St. John's —

It gives me great pleasure to present my report for 1979. Before I do so however, I would like to welcome our Guest Speaker, Mr Clarke. He is a man dedicated to the Private School Movement and his personal kindness to me and the special regard in which I hold him, make him for me a very honoured guest and I am so grateful that he is able to be with us today.

As I look back over the last 5 or 6 years I cannot help seeing the change and development that has occurred at this school. In many ways St. John's has always been ahead of its time in its thinking and its planning. But 1979 has a special significance. This is the year in which we have opened ourselves to children of other races.

We could say that the spirit of brotherhood that this represents has always been a part of our teaching — and this would be true; that God has commanded us to love our neighbour as ourself; that if God desires to know how much I love Him, He does not ask me, He asks my neighbour! But we could also admit that to be a good neighbour is not easy, that the commitment has created a very real need for each one of us to look deeply and honestly at the subtle and complex prejudices that lurk invisibly within us all. Nowhere is this subtlety and complexity so exquisitely and ironically expressed as in the poem, 'Mending Wall' by Robert Frost. The very title 'Mending Wall' is contradictory and draws attention to the central dilemma — viz. the too simple logic and the too easy reasonableness of a wall that can protect us and heal our differences, by separating us. Man has always built walls to keep out danger, to keep his possessions safe and to himself — his wealth, his property, his physical well-being and his progress have depended on this. How eminently sensible and wise then — *obviously* good fences make good neighbours!

But gently, almost too gently. Frost reminds us in his 'spring mischief', in his puckish drive to disturb our complacency, that even *if* our fathers *taught* us that good fences make good neighbours we should 'go behind our fathers' saying', we should not accept this meaning at face value but examine the real implications and the validity of what it is saying. It is a comfortable precept but when seen *in human terms* it becomes glib and frightening. It may be wise to separate cattle and sheep, especially your cattle and mine; in this sense fences do make good neighbours, but to isolate human beings behind the artificial barriers created by law and political ideology goes against all that is natural, human and spontaneous. What then is lost to us and what then is created in us when we build walls that exclude human contact and

human understanding, that exclude all the richness and variety of individuality? Walls are the natural products of the deep primitive fears of our ancestors. We need to acknowledge these fears, but to recognise that they are not of the essence of things for strangely, despite all man's political, social and economic endeavours

“Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast”.

There is in the very nature of life itself a force, a rhythm to undermine the wall, to find the gap.

In building walls ‘we wear our fingers rough’, ‘we have to use a spell’ to keep the stones in balance. We toil with all the logic and the reason at our command to resist the very movements of the earth. ‘Stay where you are till our backs are turned’ we tell the stones —

What lovely irony — what futile superstition we employ in every effort to counteract the spiritual potentiality of all that is creative.

Frost asks, so deceptively simply,
‘Why do fences make good neighbours?’

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know what I was walling in or walling out *for*, and this is the *real* sadness in such division, ‘There where it is we do not need a wall:

He (my neighbour) is all pine and I am apple orchard.’

When we allow the contact, when we trust one another to accept our differences and our proximity, what a wonderful sense of individual unselfishness and worth results — the fruitfulness, the loveliness of the apple orchard, the scent and peace of the pine—innate values that add to one another and express the universal nature of all that lives, of all men, of all that is God-given.

Our Matriculation results for 1978 were more than satisfactory. 20 girls entered for Matriculation Exemption; 19 passed, with 1 obtaining a Senior Certificate. 9 entered for the Senior Certificate and all passed. This means that for the last 2 years we have had no failures. I would like to congratulate the senior staff on these results, because it is a clear indication of the real service they render to the pupils. It is their determination, their personal kindness and the high standards they demand that make it possible for the weak candidate to persevere and the clever pupil to extend herself. Statistics can be very misleading and it is only those who know the potential of the students admitted for the Matriculation who can gauge the success or failure of a school. Our record has been one in which girls who are weak and often lacking in confidence have consistently passed and those who are capable of doing really well have passed with distinction.

I would thank all the teaching staff and the administrative staff for their loyalty and generosity to the school; for the many hours they give so patiently and for their personal kindness to me. I would make special mention of Miss Hyman, our Vice Principal, whose meticulous attention to detail and love and concern for the girls make her invaluable to St. John's, and Mrs van Dijk and Mr Stewart who assist so competently and so willingly with the details of planning and organisation.

I must mention, too, the excellent work done in the kitchen under the able direction of Mrs Dos Santos, who received the Fedics Award for the

best caterer for 1979. Mr Young, too, must be specially remembered for the excellent maintenance of the school and the beauty of the grounds. We have been very fortunate this year to have Mrs Raab, Mrs Poole, Mrs Hurt and Mrs Nathan assist with the gardens. I do thank them sincerely and the evidence of their concern is there for all to see. Mrs Raab has worked untiringly to complete the rockery at the entrance to the school; it will set off the new buildings so beautifully. And then there is Mrs Greene, who gives so much of herself to the school and gives so much thoughtfulness and support to me personally. I thank her sincerely and deeply.

This year we are proud to announce that two of our girls have been awarded rotary scholarships. Fritha Williams, the Head Girl, is going to America and Diane Mordaunt to New Zealand. We congratulate them both and wish them a fruitful and very thought-provoking year.

We have had a much closer association with St. Charles this year, as their boys have come to us for Science, Art and French. I would like to thank Mr Bowden for his close co-operation and his kindness to us. Our association has culminated in the most vivacious and delightful production of 'The Boy Friend.' I may say, however, that when I saw so many sparkles in so many eyes I began to wonder whether we were perhaps carrying the spirit of neighbourliness a little too far!



Mrs Stewart and the Head Girls.

JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT

At a Conference of South African Private Preparatory Schools, Sir Richard Luyt, former Principal of the University of Cape Town, said that children in Junior Schools, need to learn 'how to learn' and how to think. To encourage this approach and to promote this process of enquiry and discovery, our Junior School has embarked on a series of projects constellated around a particular theme. Each project comprises carefully planned expeditions, investigations into the Geography, Science and History of the theme and further correlation in Art and Speech and Drama. Special guest speakers are invited to address the pupils to evoke personal curiosity and interest and to provoke discussion. This is all followed by teach-backs, supported by the use of overhead projectors, tape recorders and film projections. The whole process proved exciting and stimulating; and the latest theme on Japan has been accompanied by the planning and constructing of a Japanese garden in the Junior Quad.

This year greater emphasis has been placed on the idea of service to others with the result that Junior pupils are becoming very responsible and generous in their concern for the less privileged. Two most successful cake sales were arranged by the Standard 4's and a concert was given by the boarders to raise money for a feeding scheme. Many toy cupboards have been depleted in the search for Christmas gifts for disadvantaged children who would otherwise have no toys.

We are very grateful to parents and friends for their support of the Spellathon to raise funds for equipment to be used in our Junior School.

I would like to thank Miss Hyman and the Junior School Staff for their dedication and concern. There is a sense of solidarity and mutual support that creates a feeling of trust and stability which is infectious and valuable.

SPORT

Our sport this year has been of a high standard and Mrs Stevens is to be congratulated on the promptness at games, the neatness and meticulous attention to good manners and good sportsmanship that she has demanded.

Hockey:

In Hockey only one match was lost by the 1st team throughout the season and that to Ixopo — a team of Amazons!

Tennis:

Thanks to the coaching of Mrs Stevens and Mrs Cox there has been a great improvement in the standard of tennis in the Junior School and a marked increase in energy and enthusiasm. The 1st Tennis Team has done very well again this year. The Lyle League and Mixed League will only be completed next term, but we have lost no matches so far.

Swimming:

Mrs Bath has worked very hard this year to improve the quality of swimming at St. John's. As usual we came 4th in the Inter-Schools' Gala and individual swimmers were outstanding.

Many girls took the various swimming certificates this year and Mary Quicke was awarded her Junior Honours Certificate.

Gymnastics:

Mrs Taylor has worked very hard to create a more varied and interesting programme in gymnastics this year. On the 31st August we held a Gym

Display to show the nature of the work being done by individual classes: this included floor work, apparatus, country and modern dance and to my strait-laced horror, Drum Majorettes!

On the 14th September the annual Interhouse Gym Competition was held. It was judged by Mrs Waygood, who was most complimentary and congratulated Mrs Taylor and her participants on the high standard of work.

ART

At the Royal Show St. John's won the cup (Mrs Reynolds Trophy), for the girls' school with the most points, for the 7th year running. This year we also were the Senior School with the most points. (Maritzburg College came second this year!) We were delighted too that the work of five of last year's six matrics was on exhibition at Natalia, in Collection '79, a collection of the best art work in Natal schools.

Miss Wilson is to be congratulated on the consistently high standard she maintains.

SPEECH & DRAMA

This has been a very active and successful year in the Speech and Drama Department and Miss Eales is to be congratulated on the extraordinary enthusiasm she has generated amongst the girls.

Since the beginning of 1979, pupils at St. John's have been able to take Speech and Drama as a Matriculation subject. The only other schools in Natal offering this are Berea Girls' High, Mitchell Girls' High, Newcastle High, Maris Stella Convent and St. Anne's.

MUSIC

The Senior Choir sang with St. Charles boys in a combined broadcast service for Swazi radio in St. Charles' Chapel. They also led the service of Evensong at St. Peter's Cathedral, singing descant for two hymns—an anthem in two parts and a vesper in two parts. At present they are busy working on an arrangement of Hiawatha for women's voices which they hope to present next year.

The guitar group now has twenty members. Earlier in the year they combined with the Recorder Group and together provided an hour's entertainment at Cordwalles. They also gave a concert for one of the school's Friday programmes in our theatre.

The school has attended many concerts held in the city this year, including an organ recital by Jennifer Bate, a piano recital by Mark Raubenheimer, the ballet, 'Cinderella', and a piano recital given by David Ward in the school theatre, last term.

CHAPEL

The highlight of our Chapel has been the Teaching Week conducted by the Rev Peter Twycross of the Scripture Union in Private Schools. Peter was ably assisted in his leadership by Christian students and lecturers from the University. During the week Peter addressed the senior school in Chapel every day; voluntary meetings, which were well attended, were held at lunch-time and in the evening; the team assisted with the Divinity teaching in the school.

This year we have introduced a mid-week Holy Communion service for the senior school with the result that Staff and Day Girls are able to join together with the Boarders in worship. We have welcomed a number of guest preachers at these services — all of whom have witnessed to the reality of the Christian

Faith in their lives. Sunday services have been revised and the Boarders have to attend only one service, either in the Chapel or at St. Alphege's.

Last night twenty girls were presented to the Bishop for Confirmation and we pray that the 'Lord who has started this good work in them will bring it to completion'. (Phil. 1 : 8).

Fellowship for Christian girls is available at the St. Alphege's Youth Group, which both the St. Joseph's and senior boarders may attend, and also on a Wednesday evening, when a Fellowship Meeting for prayer and teaching is held at the school. We must thank Rev. Peattie and his wife for their devotion and concern.

Before I say goodbye to those senior girls who will be leaving us this year, I would like to thank the Board of Governors for their loyalty to St. John's and their constant support. Sadly 1979 has seen the resignations of Mr Hathorn, Mr Eagle and Mr Cook, all of whom have worked so untiringly for the school. In their place we welcome as new members, Professor Raab and Mr Nathan. Being parents, they are closely associated with the school and we are grateful to them for being prepared to give their services to us in this new capacity.

Finally I would like to say to those of you leaving in December what I said to the VIth Form in 1975 — I feel it is even more true now than it was then. You are going out into a world that is brash, highly competitive and militantly fighting for Women's Lib., but do not be *afraid* of being feminine! With all due respect to any Scots who may be lurking in the precincts;

'A Man's a man for a' that and a' that and a' that

But a woman's aye that Bonny!'

To be feminine will not affect your right to strive and succeed in any field in which you may choose to excel, in the Arts, Science, Politics or any field of human endeavour. But it will enable you to retain those qualities that are your birthright — qualities by which you can preserve your natural identity. And those qualities that I believe will create in you the serenity and the strength that are essentially feminine, are gentleness and *charm*. These are not artificial or superficial values. They have a deeper moral sense to them. 'Gentleness' is forgiveness; it is to have the courage to show generosity; it involves humility, unselfishness and implies understanding and concern for others. To have 'charm' is to show 'a glad kindness', to give lovingly and to care spontaneously — in other words to have the power to share gentleness. And for me, to have gentleness and charm is to have beauty. I would therefore leave you with part of a prayer Yeats wrote for his daughter —

"May she be granted beauty and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness, and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

...
In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful."

A TRIBUTE TO SHEILA STEWART

I first met Sheila Stewart at the end of 1972, when she was invited to become the Headmistress of St. John's School. She had, in fact, been invited to take up this post a few years previously but had refused on account of ill-health. It was a cause of great rejoicing when she accepted the post, and it also marked the beginning of a new era for the School.

For a few years St. John's had been 'in the doldrums' and was not prospering. Sheila Stewart brought with her a new vision and imagination; and many gifts, the effect of which were soon visible. First was her genuine care for people. Both staff and girls knew that they could approach her and speak to her, and be understood. Very quickly, under this kind of leadership, St. John's became a happy family. At the same time discipline was not relaxed — she maintained a discipline that was firm but not punitive; a discipline that was understanding and compassionate, but yet strong. She would far sooner talk to a girl and help her to change her attitudes and behaviour rather than bludgeon her into submission through severe punishment. Both staff and pupils responded to this, and the result was a loyal staff, and a good group of prefects.

Secondly, Sheila Stewart brought with her a vision of education which to some extent is embodied in the new resource centre. It is a vision shared by many I am sure; a vision which is centred on the growth of the person as a whole, and which is not blinkered by the need to cram in a great deal of knowledge for the sake of passing exams, important though they may be; a vision that draws out of the individual the potential that is there, and helps that person to grow and to blossom.

To this task Sheila brought two particular gifts; her demand for excellence, and her own academic qualifications; in particular, her great love and appreciation of English literature, a love shown by her ability to make time for continued reading. She had a great interest in drama and, with her encouragement, St. John's produced some stimulating plays, and some acting which to my 'layman's' mind was outstanding. African Schools from Edendale were encouraged by her in dramatic productions, and were also encouraged to use the facilities of the school hall and assisted in training for and producing their plays.

One of Sheila's greatest gifts was her ability to meet a crisis calmly and reasonably, and she was therefore able to 'cool' the situation when girls became upset and hysterical. She never 'over-reacted' to any crisis or misbehaviour which occurred and this was, to a large extent, the foundation for the smooth running of the school.

Sheila has left us with two legacies for which we are deeply grateful. She has built up a staff of which today we can all be proud and to which we owe so much — a staff which is both competent and loyal. Surely the Matric results of the last two years are a tribute to the hard work of the staff, and it was Sheila Stewart who chose them so wisely.

The other legacy is the new buildings — the new classrooms, resource centre, and hall. Sheila very soon saw that the school, as it was, could not compete with the other girls' schools in Pietermaritzburg, all of which had recently completed new building programmes. Our old buildings with their attractive architecture needed a face-lift on the outside and a great deal of renovation within. For various reasons, on which I shall not elaborate here, the Board of Governors was shown that we had to build a new block of class-

rooms, a resource centre and a hall, if we were to survive. Sheila persuaded us to start planning the new buildings, and she and the Vice-Chairman, Mr Tony Eagle, were chosen to liaise with the Architects, Messrs Hallen and Theron. It was their continued vision which produced the unique resource centre which we have today, together with our lovely modern hall, far from the 'madding' noises of New England road. Simultaneously, the fund-raising campaign, 'Venture V', started with the help of the National Fund-raising Council. Some members of the Board of Governors were opposed to the scheme and eventually resigned. Again it was Sheila Stewart who had to bear the heaviest load in the fund-raising campaign; and her energy, backed by her attractive appearance and personality, had a great deal to do with the success with which we met.

Many of the things which Sheila Stewart built up at St. John's could easily disappear, or at least her stamp upon them might no longer be recognised, but the new buildings will remain, to remind us of her and of her contribution to St. John's as one of our greater headmistresses.

+ *Kenneth B. Hallows*



Mrs Stewart and the Prefects.



SWIMMING REPORT

Coach: Jill Bath

Captain: Deborah Leo-Smith

Vice-Captain: Susan Gurney

The season opened on 11th February with the Midmar Mile. Many girls took part in this gruelling race and they are all to be congratulated for finishing, and within the time-limit. Special congratulations to Jill Quicke, who came twenty-first.

The St. John's and St. Charles Interhouse Gala, held on 15th February, turned out to be a great success. The St. John's Matric girls swam against the St. Charles Matrics and had the embarrassing experience of being lapped! Congratulations to Liverpool (red) on their combined effort in winning the gala.

The Interhouse Gala was held on 22nd February, when we saw a great competition between Athlone and Connaught, the latter eventually coming out the winners. Congratulations to Jill Quicke for putting up such a tremendous show: she won and broke records in nearly every race she took part in. Cups were awarded as follows:

Henwood Cup: Progress — D. Prichard

Doule Cup: Style — M. Hart

Maxwell Cup: Diving — D. Hurt

McLeod Cup: Most Able Swimmer — J. Quicke

Senior Individual Medley — D. Leo-Smith

Junior Individual Medley — J. Quicke

Lambert Cup: Gala Winners — Connaught



The Swimming Team

The Senior Girls' Inter-Schools Gala was held on 14th March. St. John's shocked everyone else by winning the first race. After that, G.H.S. took over but we did not give up. We held on to second place for quite a long time, but then Epworth caught us up and forged ahead. We stayed third until the virtual end of the Gala, when St. Anne's pipped us and we were left in fourth place — and proud of the effort our swimmers had made. Congratulations to the Under 13's who won a number of races — as well as the Under 13 Freestyle Cup. The girls who swam in that were, J. Quicke, D. Prichard, T. Moore, K. Tyson. A special thanks to Mrs Bath for training the team so well.

Only three girls swam in the Pietermaritzburg and District Trials this year: Jill Quicke, Dominique Prichard and Tessa Moore, Jill being selected for the backstroke.

GYMNASTIC REPORT

On August 24th, Parents were invited to a Gymnastics display which was held in the School gym. Every class in the School was involved and the programme was very varied, consisting of Drum Majorettes, a dance drama (Orpheus in the Underworld), folk and modern dance, floor and apparatus work.

On September 24th, the annual Inter-house Gym Competition was held in the Theatre. Mrs Waygood judged the competition, which was narrowly won by Athlone from Connaught.

Cups for Gymnastics were awarded to, K. Street, M. Hart and L. Hall.



TENNIS REPORT

St. John's has had pleasing results again this year.

We won the Smythe Trophy for the second year in succession, our representatives being Dael Cox and Debbie Gilson, who played Girls' High in the final.

On Wednesday afternoons five girls went to Kershaw Park to play in the Winnie Lowe Trophy competition, eventually coming second. Our team was: Debbie Gilson, Dael Cox, Sarah Swan, Elizabeth Hurly and Sybil Linda Stretton-Barry.

On Monday afternoons the Under 14 team played at Kershaw Park in the Emily Howard Trophy competition. Our representatives here were: Belinda McDonald, Meryl Culverwell, Jill Quicke and Janelle Dixon.

Our 1st and 2nd teams played matches every Saturday morning, the 1st team coming second in the Lyle League.

The Inter-districts Tournament was held in Durban and we should like to congratulate: Debbie Gilson for being chosen to play for the Southern Counties A Team; Dael Cox and Sarah Swan for being chosen for the Pietermaritzburg A Team; and Dione Cairns for being chosen for the Pietermaritzburg B Team (Sarah was unable to play owing to ill health — bad luck, Sarah!). Congratulations must go to Debbie Gilson again for being chosen to play for Natal and for playing Junior Inter-Provincial tennis. We are very proud of the girls who have been selected for these various teams.

In the second term, St. John's 1st and 2nd Teams played Salisbury High, who were on tour from Rhodesia.

In the third term, we were represented in the mixed league by Debbie, Dael, Sarah and Dione, who teamed up with Alexandra II to win this League.

Unfortunately the Appletiser Bowl competition has not taken place this year, as the Appletiser people have withdrawn their sponsorship. A few friendly matches were played, both in the Senior School and in the Junior School, and were enjoyed by everyone who took part.

A special thanks must go to Mrs Stevens and to Mrs Cox for the time they have spent coaching pupils and for all the help they have given the School.

Congratulations, 1st Team! we have had a successful and a most enjoyable year's tennis. All the best for next year — and keep up the spirit.

HOCKEY REPORT

This has, once again, been a very successful and happy season, our 1st XI losing only one match, that against Ixopo.

Debbie Gilson was chosen to play for the P.M.B. B team and Sharon Starr for the A team and the South Natal Schools team.

The annual fixture against Durban Girls' College was, as usual, the highlight of the season. Our 1st team drew 1—1, and so did our Under 14A.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr Derek Starr for all his help in umpiring and in helping with transport; also to Mrs Edwards for coaching the 1st and 2nd teams.

Our Junior Teams played in the A Junior League and we are anticipating great things from them next year.

* * *



1st Hockey Team

INTERACT CLUB REPORT

Committee:

President: D. Curtis-Setchell

Vice-President: G. Delpont

Secretary: C. Joyner

Treasurer: S. Gurney

International Director: K. Rattray

Community Director: K.L. Witherspoon

Club Director: J. Tweedie

The annual Interact Induction Dinner Dance was held at the 'Pearl Room' in the Capital Towers Hotel, on 22nd March. Mr Tony Brown, a member of the Rotary Youth Council, inducted Debbie Curtiss-Setchell, the incoming President of the Interact Club and she, in turn, introduced her committee during her initiation speech.

Throughout the year, the Club organised various films for boarders' entertainment every alternate Saturday evening and ran the tuck shop, the profits from which went towards our funds. In response to pleas from other charitable organisations such as Life Line, members gave up their Saturday mornings to street-collect in town.

During the first week-end of the second term, the President and four of the Committee attended an inter-district 'Intercon' Conference at the Athlone Hotel in Durban. Apart from having a highly entertaining week-end, the girls found the close contact with other clubs to be an inspiring experience.

and they came back refreshed and full of new ideas. Subsequent to this Conference, an Australian Field Scholar was invited to give an address on 'A Taste of Australia'.

As the main community project to promote interaction, it was decided that the Club would plant trees at the African School, Mcane Secondary School, in KwaZulu. In order to raise money to buy the trees, an evening's lesson in disco dancing, under the instruction of Anne Thompson, was held at the school one Friday. Mrs Thompson very kindly charged only half-price for the lessons and refreshments were 'on the house'. With the money, thirty-six fast-growing trees were bought from Cedara. The Headmaster was delighted with the contribution and organised a formal tree-planting ceremony and tea party at the School. His pupils had co-operated by digging holes in strategic positions on their play-grounds. Prior to the occasion, he had visited St. John's for a press photograph: 'Handing over the first tree.'

Debbie Curtis-Setchell, Susan Gurney and Linda Seggie were chosen to represent St. John's at a Rotary Leadership Course held at the University during the July holidays. Some of the speakers were well-known personalities, such as Kim Shippey and Peter Becket; that the course was an invaluable experience goes without saying.

Interact frequently receives invitations to visit various institutions. Unfortunately two of these — one to visit Life Line and another to visit an orphanage — coincided with long week-ends.

Towards the end of the year, a special invitation was received from the New Estcourt Interact Club to attend their very first Induction Dinner, with Mr Bolleurs from the Pietermaritzburg East Rotary Club. Having especially arranged a get-together in March, to encourage Estcourt to start an Interact Club, we found this a particularly rewarding event.

Other fund-raising projects included a make-up demonstration by Neil Dean of Arlane Cosmetics.

All in all, 1979 was a happy and constructive year for Interact members and we wish the Club all success for 1980.

MUSIC REPORT

Recorder Examinations: Trinity College London.

Results:

Grade I	—	S. Prichard	Distinction
Grade II	—	S. Butler	Distinction
		J. Hesp	Distinction
		C. Little	Distinction
		M. Heinze	Merit
		A. Walker	Merit
		S. Davis	Merit
		C. Horton	Merit
Grade IV	—	J. Thompson	Distinction
		P. von Ziegenweidt	Distinction
		C. Raab	Distinction
		L. Hall	Distinction
		T. Neve	Merit

Piano Examinations: Royal Schools London.

Results:

Grade I	—	J. Hagen	Distinction
		M. Woolridge	Merit
Grade II	—	M. Heinze	Merit
		N. Meiring	Merit
		M. Walker	Merit
		J. Hesp	Merit
		S. Butler	Pass
Grade III	—	C. Little	Merit
		D. Stubbs	Pass
Grade V	—	L. Brown	Pass
		K. Strachan	Pass

Natal Eisteddfod: Durban.

Treble Recorder: (16 years and under) J. Thompson First

Recorder Group: (16 years and under) St. John's First

The S.A.S.M.T. (Pietermaritzburg) awarded J. Thompson the prize for obtaining the highest marks in Pietermaritzburg, playing an instrument other than piano. The School awarded Jessica her music colours.

GEOGRAPHY

The Standard 8 geography class visited the Umgeni Ranch in July and studied much of the geomorphology of the area under the expert guidance of two officers of the Natal Parks Board.

The Standard 9 class benefited greatly from the annual ecology trip, as topics of geographical interest were also studied.

AFRIKAANS

Vivienne Macadam and Fritha Williams gained distinctions in the Laer Taalbond Examination.

Linda Seggie and Leanne van der Leeuw represented St. John's in the E.G. Jansen Speech Contest and acquitted themselves very well.

ART

St. John's girls once again swept the board at the Royal Show, thereby winning the Reynolds Trophy for the seventh year in succession, as well as the Shuter Special Prize for the Senior School with the most points.

St. Charles boys joined our Matric Class in 1979 and, after an initial period of adjustment, settled down very well. Every single member of our Matric Class had work selected for 'Collection '79' — an annual exhibition of the best Standard 10 Art work in the Province. Katherine Stückenburg's entire collection of work was chosen for this exhibition. Her main medium was watercolour, a technique which seems to be gaining favour in the Art classes.

PINSSA

Groups of girls from Standards 8, 9 and 10 attended the four quarterly meetings of the Pietermaritzburg and Inland Schools Science Association.

At these meetings we heard lectures by Professor Hugh Helm from Rhodes on 'Harmony and Hot Air'; Dr Tim Maggs of the Natal Museum on 'Iron Age

Research South of the Vaal'; Dr C. Breen on 'The Ecology of the Pongola Flood Plain'; and Professor R.J. Haines of the University of Natal on 'Catalysing Chemistry'. St. John's was the host for Dr Maggs' talk on archaeology.

About twenty girls from Standard 8 and 9 attended the Annual PINSSA Conference at the University, hearing papers on subjects ranging from the behaviour of lions to solar stills.

SPEECH AND DRAMA

The highlight of our dramatic year was a production of 'Miranda and the Magic Sponge', which was performed by pupils from Standards 4, 5 and 6. Miss Harland directed the singing; the energetic choreography was created by Mrs Taylor and the sets were done by Miss Wilson. Mirelle Penny and Susan Colvin operated the lighting efficiently and the costumes were designed by girls in the standard 8 Speech and Drama Class. On the opening night, we were honoured to have the author of the play, Professor Pieter Scholtz, in the audience and he commended the performers on their freshness and spontaneity.

The other highlight of the year occurred when, after five months of intensive rehearsing under the direction of Murray McGibbon, students from St. Johns, St. Charles and G.H.S. presented Sandy Wilson's 'The Boyfriend', a musical comedy set on the French Riviera in the 1920's. The cast was supplemented by a number of more experienced adults: Lilius Duffin, Phil Jones, John Wright and Betty Richards. They added authenticity to the performance as they were certainly closer to that period than our girls were! However, a great effort was made to ensure that all members of the cast really 'felt' the period. The girls, especially, achieved this and even now sometimes find themselves affecting the mannerisms from the play – much to their embarrassment! The show was a great success and played to a full house every night of its run.

This year, for the first time, we hosted an inter-schools' Play and Theme Festival in which pupils from G.H.S., Maritzburg College and St. John's provided a varied, stimulating evening's entertainment. We hope that more schools will participate next year and that this will become an annual event in Pietermaritzburg.

The Junior Speech Festival consisted of individual items, choral verse, theme programmes and plays. The adjudicators commented that 'the general standard was very high and it was extremely pleasing to see so much group work'.

The Theatre Workshop Company visited our theatre with productions of 'Julius Caesar', 'Hamlet' and 'A Tale of Two Cities', which were staged simply and inventively, and provided much discussion.

During the year we have visited a variety of productions – 'Ring around the Moon' at St. Anne's; 'Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat' at Maritzburg College; 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' at Epworth; 'You're a good man, Charlie Brown' at the Hexagon Theatre; Herald Players' 'The King and I'; and Napac's production of 'The Merchant of Venice'. We also attended a fascinating exhibition on the life and times of Shakespeare at the Durban campus; and an all-day workshop, exploring stage make-up, set, lighting and costume design at the Hexagon Theatre.

During the first quarter we held an inter-house Speech Contest in which Debbie Curtiss-Setchell was chosen to represent St. John's in the Jan

Hofmeyr Speech Contest. She fared extremely well and was promoted to the second round, only to be narrowly defeated there by Pat Brennan from Girls' High, who subsequently won the contest.

We have participated in several stimulating forum discussions and debates with Cordwalles, Maritzburg College, Epworth and Howick High School.

Sixteen candidates entered the S.A. Guild Oral Communication Examination. Eight passed with Honours and eight with Merit. One candidate passed the Individual Examination with Merit.



The Chaplain and the Servers

CHAPEL REPORT

1979 saw the Inauguration of a regular Wednesday morning Eucharist, in which the whole school – boarders and day scholars – could share. I believe this has been a valuable addition to the Christian witness of the School and it is being continued into 1980. Many guest preachers came to share with us in these services, including Bishop Russell and Bishop Hallowes.

The Spiritual life of the school was helped considerably at the Mission Week at the beginning of the third term, conducted by the Rev Peter Twycross and his helpers from the Scripture Union. Also, during the term, two A.E. Ambassadors, Pinky Moabi and Peter Moodie, assisted at St. John's with the Divinity teaching, and did much to 'earth' the faith into the lives of the girls. We are grateful to both teams for all that they did for the girls.

The following girls were confirmed on October, 3, 1979 in the School Chapel by the Bishop-Suffragan of Natal:

Debra Anderson; Philippa Burger; Sharon Calverley; Joanne Cornell; Sally

Delpert; Janelle Dixon; Mary-Anne Harker; Rosaline Harris; Deborah Hunt; Mandv Hutchinson; Margaret Macfarlane; Jacqueline Modaunt; Leigh Phipson; Jill Quicke; Elizabeth Raab; Diane Schroeder; Jennifer Stainbank; Kathryn Strachan; Sarah Swan and Belinda McDonald.

My thanks to Rob Taylor and Beryl Carter who assisted me with classes. We pray that the Lord will bless them and keep them in His Love.

Throughout the year Rob Taylor and Lindy Saulez led the Bible study and Prayer group on Wednesday evenings. It is encouraging to see so many girls desiring to be grounded in the Christian Faith, for we all know that Jesus Christ is the only answer to the world's problems and needs.

My care and concern in the school is to lead the girls to a living Faith in Jesus Christ; that they may be committed to Him as Lord and Saviour and may go out from this school equipped to serve Him in the world.

My thanks to all who have ensured the smooth running of the Chapel services — the Music Department; Choir; the Sacristans and Servers, especially Cindy Stretton-Barry and also to Mrs Sadie Shepherd for supervising the laundering of the Altar linen and attending to the flowers in the Chapel.

The Chaplain

LATE FLASH

The result of St. John's competition for school funds:

Winner: Mrs. J. Stretton Barry
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THE RESOURCE CENTRE

Our Resource Centre is an extremely important part of the School, serving both staff and girls.

Our aim is to assist the staff in the use of our audio-visual equipment, to make transparencies for the overhead projectors, to assist in any way to save their valuable teaching time with our new, modern equipment, and to provide all the necessary books for their requirements.

For the girls, we hope to provide a central laboratory for reading and research. We hope to cultivate a desire for reading, both for enjoyment and for furthering their knowledge.

Mr Young made us an excellent newspaper stand so that we have been able to provide newspapers which the girls can read in comfort in the library. These, with the magazines to which we subscribe, have helped to widen their general knowledge.

We have been fortunate in being able to buy a new slide projector and a rear projector Day Light Screen, which enables us to show slides in the classrooms without blackout curtains. We have continued to build up our colour slide library with the aid of the Electro-graphic visual machine which enables us to make slides from books.

Our Thermal Copier is still being used extensively to provide excellent transparencies for the overhead projectors which are permanently in many of the classrooms. These have proved to be a marvellous teaching aid in the Infant Classes and in the Geography and Science Departments. They have opened up new dimensions in the presentation of lessons and are labour-saving for the staff.

The library staff have attended several library conferences on audio-visual work, and these have been very rewarding.

We have encouraged the girls to use the available equipment whenever possible for their projects and their oral work, and I feel that St. John's girls are extremely fortunate in that the library is always open during the day with staff in attendance.

FRIDAY LUNCH-HOUR ENTERTAINMENTS

This year, as in previous years, the Friday lunch-hour slot was filled by a programme that was both wide and varied. A large number of people were kind (and brave) enough to attempt to increase our often too meagre knowledge.

The subjects of these talks ranged from South Sotho Art to patchwork quilting; from dinghying down the Colorado to a very amusing talk by Miss Tshabalala on Zulu customs.

There was also an effort to make us more aware of our community. We had talks on Child Welfare in Pietermaritzburg, Edendale Welfare Work, the S.P.C.A., and the Cancer Association.

These talks are both educational and enjoyable and sometimes have a beneficial practical effect too. For example, out of an entertainment on Fencing arose a St. John's fencing team!

The thanks of all go to those people who have given up their time for our benefit — and to Mrs Green, who spends many frustrating hours organising and arranging the entertainments.

* * *

ATHLONE HOUSE REPORT

During 1979, although Athlone did not win any of the sports contests, it was not through lack of effort. The House Hockey team, though sadly without many experienced players, managed to hold off defeat. In tennis and swimming the competitors did their best – but to no avail: we were pipped at the post in the swimming gala and lost the tennis. With some new talent, we should succeed next year, and in the future.

In the academic world, however, Athlone has been rewarded. The Speech contest was won by Gill Delpont and Cynthia Joyner, who had put in many hours of hard work preparing their speeches. Unfortunately, owing to the large number of black marks obtained by members, we did not win the credit contest. Hopefully, next year, girls will be more careful not to cancel out the hard-earned credits of their fellows. Although we were not placed first in the inter-house play competition, all the girls involved seemed to enjoy the production immensely.

Throughout another year, Mrs Theron has encouraged, scolded and spurred the House on. Her interest and her unflagging hard work for the House are most valuable – and are deeply appreciated. My sincere thanks go to her and to Dael for their help and support. Dael, in her active participation in house sport and in the direction of the play, is a most deserving House Captain for next year. Congratulations, Dael, on this – amongst your many other achievements. Mirelle, good luck as Vice-Captain – and well done!

My best wishes for a happy and successful 1980. TRY HARD.

Captain: Fritha Williams

Vice-Captain: Dael Cox

House Mistress: Mrs Theron

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CONNAUGHT HOUSE REPORT

The Swimming Gala was held on 25th February, a week late owing to heavy rain on the scheduled date. Connaught was led this year by Libby Hurly and her 'Follies'; from the beginning to the end, their tremendous spirit gave the swimmers all the encouragement they needed — Congratulations, Connaught, for walking away with the cup. Congratulations go, also, to Jill Quicke, who was outstanding in swimming this year, winning three cups. She and Susie Prichard both made Pietermaritzburg Schools. Well done, both of you!

The Inter-house hockey matches were once again very exciting and most enjoyable. Both matches were very tough, with Connaught eventually coming third. We drew with Athlone and lost to Rhodes 3—5.

The Inter-house Tennis we found more rewarding, Connaught coming first. The spirit — and the tennis — were tremendous.

The Gym display was held in the Gym Hall during lunch hour entertainment. The girls who represented Connaught all did very well and are to be congratulated on the hard work which went into preparing for the display. Special mention must be made of Tinky Rattray and Barbs Renyard who gave superb performances. In the end we came second by half a point.

Once again we did very well in the House Plays and congratulations go to Libby Hurly who directed and acted in our play. Well done, Libby and cast!

I should like to thank the Connaught Staff, and especially the House Mistress, Mrs Niven, who gave up their time to help and support us. Mrs Niven came to every one of our functions and was always right there to encourage us. I should also like to thank Libby for being such a brilliant vice-captain, standing alongside me all the way.

Good luck, Connaught, for the future and don't forget to keep our flag flying high.

Best of luck to all, and especially to Libby and Sharon, for 1980.

Captain: Sharon Starr

Vice-Captain: Libby Hurly

House Mistress: Mrs Niven

RHODES HOUSE REPORT

As usual, the Swimming Gala was the first Inter-house event of the year. A great deal of excitement — and House spirit — was evident as the three houses led across from the buildings to the pool, our cheer-leaders encouraging us with their singing and our House spirit being tremendous. The atmosphere throughout the evening was vibrant with excitement, and the gala ended with Connaught first, Athlone second and Rhodes third. Congratulations Connaught.

The Rhodes tennis team consisted of Debbie Gilson, Di Stanford, Cindy Barry, Bronwyn Watson, Megs Miller and Julie Tweedie. Well done, Debbie and Di, for not losing a match. After many very close, tense matches, Rhodes came second by only one set. Congratulations once again, Connaught, for winning yet another competition!

The Inter-House Hockey is always the most exciting competition of the year, and it is here that the most house spirit is evident. Our team was Cindy Barry, Debbie Gilson, Janet Driemeyer, Cathy O'Keeffe, Megs Miller, Julie Tweedie, Bronwyn Watson, Meryl Culverwell, Bronwen Reid, Megan Taylor

and Linda Seggie. Connaught, who were thought to be our strongest opposition, did not put up as hard a fight as we expected. Debbie was not able to play in the match against Athlone and we drew with them. Congratulations, Rhodes, for deservedly taking away the cup; the team-play was fantastic! Keep it up next year.

The Inter-house Gym competition was included in the Gym display which was held in the Gym Hall. A lot of hard work was put into the practising and there were some good items produced by Rhodes. Congratulations to Athlone for coming first; and better luck next year, Rhodes.

Another contest was the Inter-house Play Competition, and the Rhodes entry, 'From Five to Five-thirty', was responsible for much enjoyment and laughter for both cast and audience. Congratulations, Connaught, for producing the winning play.

I should like to thank Debbie Gilson for all her hard work during the year and a special thank-you to Mrs Jackson for her valuable encouragement and support.

Best of luck, Rhodes, for the most successful and happy 1980. Keep the flag flying high!

Captain: Cindy Barry

Vice-Captain: Debbie Gilson

House Mistress: Mrs Jackson

* * *

JUST THE WAY YOU ARE — LEAVERS 1979

Haley Brittain — Ride a wild Horse

Cathy Burger — My Life

Janet Driemeyer — I was made for loving you

Sharon Starr — The Name of the Game

Tracy Evennett — Blondes have more fun

Janine Fisher — Oceans of Fantasy

Hannah Gouweloos — Earth, wind and Fire

Aisling Gunthorp — The Logical Song

Di Hewitt — Night Fever

Debbie Leo-Smith — I'm in Love with my Car

Sharna Loffler — Long-legged woman dressed in Black

Vivienne Macadam — Three Times a Lady

Margie Macfarlane — Go Your Own Way

Sarah Mackenzie — Longfellow Serenade

Kim Mcleish — The Part of me that needs you most

Di Mordaunt — One Man, One Woman

Sue Murray — There's a kind of Hush

Gail O'Maker — Dancing Queen

Janet Rice — Piano Woman

Cindy Barry — I have a dream

Kathy Stuckenberg — The Painting

Angela Wallis — Keep on Smiling

Fritha Williams — Breakfast in America

Collette Winnicott — There's something about you

STD. 9's ECOLOGY TRIP TO THE UMGENI VALLEY RANCH — SOME IMPRESSIONS

Eight o'clock on a Thursday morning!

A strange and motley mob clambers onto the bus, blinking drearily in what many of them regard as the early morning light. The bus driver is patient and waits amicably, as individuals scurry backwards and forwards like ants between the boarding block and the bus, collecting things forgotten, leaving last-minute messages, looking for spare pencils, worksheets, hats, socks and food.

Food holds a prominent position in many minds already and, as the bus grinds noxiously up the escarpment, wrappers and tongues crackle with equal intensity. Maybe it is the fascination to the driver of all these unseen conversations but, for the first time in four years, we are late.

The minibuses are waiting and, on the ground, is a daunting pile of worksheets.

Another pause is made for last-minute trips to the loo, a quick round of suckers and fizz-pops and jelly-babies, and a handing-out of worksheets littered with unpleasant dots to fill in. Who would have thought that there could be so many dots? 'Dots' equal 'work' in our vocabulary!

Someone starts loading, and we help. Surely nothing more can fit in behind the seat of the combi? Four people are sat on the seat to stop it from collapsing forwards, and more rucksacks are crammed in behind. The rest go on top. Where is mine? Probably my soon-to-be-prized-above-anything-else Liqui-Fruit has become Leaqui-fruit by now! Legs, arms, hats, foodbags and rucksacks festoon the combi, pushing out of every crevice, and heaped with abandon on the roof. The rest of us are poked experimentally, first one way, then the other, into another combi and are juggled around until we all fit in. A little picannin opens the gate into the reserve for us, and we wave. Big dark eyes gaze unsmilingly. No one thinks to offer him some sweets. He watches after us for a long time.

Dust rises all around us as we rattle along the track and, through the haze, Howick Falls spill endlessly into the river valley. Further on we see another waterfall, high up and far away, like a slender chain joining the heights to the forest below. Our guide tells us, with a certain amount of controlled glee, that we shall have closer acquaintance with those waters later. As we watch kilometers of dirt track unfolding before us, we chew over this statement with some horror. It looks like a very long walk.

Later, slipping and sliding along a cliff path, we realise that this is not the only long walk before us. We left our rucksacks at the top of the cliff and have been going now for two hours — two hours of spectacular views, steep drops, steps of logs and roots, jutting rocks, and the heat and the smell of leaf-mould and dassie droppings all around us. Every now and then, with much groaning, we all stop and fill in some of the dots, and we all get our cameras out: and a glance of wonder, a dirty face, a moment of exhaustion, is frozen for all time. We wait constantly for the ones at the back, who slip and slide and wail. Fortunately they are not often lost. Eventually we come down the steep side of the valley, through the cycads that fringe the slopes, and there, among the huge boulders and the cool prehistoric gloom of the cycads and the dragon trees, we sit and rest awhile. One gets here a sense of timelessness that could never be held by any camera. Eyes other than those of Man saw these trees — these same trees — aeons ago. The coats of animals long extinct

brushed against the very bark on which I lean, and their owners left ancient footprints between the rocks. For a moment, in the haunted gloom, I feel very alone and insignificant — and then we move on and this moment, too, has become a part of the past.

The bottom of the valley is very different — hot and airless, areas of acacia bush interspersed with grassland — and many are the horrified cries as hordes of tiny pepper-ticks, attracted by the warmth of our bodies, leave their grassy stems and move in floods up legs and socks and jeans. We have lunch at a stream and are invited to drink the somewhat turgid waters. Everyone does, because there is nothing else, but with due caution, else the unwary will swallow leaves and insects — to say nothing of the teeming microscopic life therein. The flavour is disguised by large spoonfuls of orange-flavoured Clifton, and we happily make bets on who will survive the rest of the course. In spite of the almost constant flow of sweets from hand to mouth, everyone is hungry — and peanuts, raisins, cheese and dry biscuits vanish with astonishing rapidity. After a rest, occupied mainly in pulling off ticks, we walk again — back in the direction from which we came, but this time along the bottom of the valley. We sweat and gasp, and we see dassie and impala, and we wonder at the mid-morning silence. If only we were as quiet, maybe the unseen eyes, wondering at our passing, would emerge from their tracery of light and shadow, a faint movement would break the secrecy of camouflage. There is so much to see, so much logic to wonder at — the neatness of succession, the pattern of adaptation, the common sense of symbiosis.

We come to a huge rock, one face leaning at an angle up to the sky, and we are invited to climb it. Some people run up like agile spiders, clinging to the rock face with sticky hands and feet. Others creep cautiously, like snails, keeping as much of their bodies as possible in contact with the rock. Cries from the ones at the top encourage those below and, when the summit is eventually achieved, the few faint-hearts can be seen staring up in envy, and a warm sense of something overcome pervades our being. The journey down is somewhat more hazardous, for a bed of nettles waits to give the unwary a stinging reminder of their status here.

Later, dusty, hot, tired and thirsty, we come to another stream. Inhibitions are forgotten, and we drink the water without pause for thought — this day has given water a value hitherto undreamt of in our cosseted lives. Further along the path, we find our rucksacks and we shoulder them with much groaning for the last hike down to the camp.

Two wooden A-frames and a cooking fire blend politely with the surrounding acacia scrub, which flows out into a glorious view down the valley. It comes as something of a shock to find a flushing loo and a shower stall discretely hidden in the bush. Most of us, however, now picking up the first reverberations from the pioneering spirit of our forefathers, choose to bathe in the river, whilst the cooks get on with the business of preparing supper. Later, clean, tingling, pleasantly exhausted and replete, we sit around the camp fire and toast marshmallows while someone gently plays the guitar. We go to bed early, still excited, but too tired to do anything about it. Some time during the night, each one will be woken for her stint at the fire — keeping night watch over the silent camp. The fire is small now and there are only two logs per person to keep it going. A kettle steams gently, and there is Milo to bring a comforting sense of domesticity for those who are afraid.

There is fear, certainly, but it is tempered with awe. I look up at the stars and I marvel at the light I see — light which left that star at the same time as those cycads first pushed through the soil two thousand or more years ago. And I see it now. I think of stars beyond stars, of galaxies beyond galaxies and, for the first time, my mind tests the concept of infinity. I feel very mortal, and very small. My only companions move soft-footed through the bush, betrayed only by a breath, a rustle, a small crack as a dry stick breaks. From the cliffs comes an eerie cry which sets my heart thumping, but there is no answering bustle in the undergrowth and I realize that here I am the only one afraid, because I do not understand. It is a humbling sensation and I begin to see that there is more to this field trip than meets the eye.

The following morning, very early, we wade through the long, dew-drenched grasses to Sunrise Rock, and climb a narrow swaying steel ladder to the top, some forty feet above us. The last scramble, from ladder to rock, is unnerving, but everyone goes up and sits facing the sunrise, flushed with self-achievement. Only later do we realize that we have to get down. This is not managed so easily and there is no one to help us; only our own senses and strengths and co-ordination and, when there is no alternative, we manage somehow. Perched on the rock, overlooking the valley, we watch the light flooding across the sky and each of us is wrapped in a cocoon of her own thoughts. Here one seems to be in touch with the natural pattern of things and there is an ancient stirring, a desire to be part of it. For this short time the trappings of civilisation are forgotten and I see that the eland is my brother.

Breakfast is a companionable affair as we share our experiences of the night watch, trips to the loo, noises heard, the snores, the sleep-talkers, and the various discomforts we have proudly suffered. Later, the field officer shows us an assortment of skulls and, using the evidence of bone and tooth structure, we make guesses at what they are. We have a lot of fun with this and there is much hilarity as we start off through the bush on our way to the Reitspruit. The company falls quieter as the distance unfolds and, every now and then, we gather round the field officer as he points out something that our untrained eyes would not have seen. We sniff dung; we examine termitories, and we hear the fascinating story of the spear grass. Suddenly we come to the river bank. It is in full flood and the waters are thickly brown and swirling. It looks very wide. We stand around, scratching tick bites and gazing with some horror at a thin wire rope which sags right across the river from a tall platform on our side to something indistinguishable in the thick bush that fringes the far bank. Attached to the platform is a flimsy-looking swing seat made from a plank of wood and a piece of rope. The journey across lives up to all our imaginings, and tick bites are totally forgotten as, one by one, we swoop giddily down towards the swiftly-moving waters, only to be brought up at the last moment by the tension of the wire, legs dangling within inches of the greasy current. There we sway until someone manages to haul us across the rest of the way. The weightier amongst us look for big friends on the other side. One girl loses her hat and, for a moment, I think she is going after it. Another loses her nerve and comes down the slide with a screech like an express train, eyes tightly shut. We laugh — but think privately that she, of all of us, probably had the most courage.

We climb up-river to the Reitspruit, stopping for a skinny dip in a deep

pool bounded by ruler-straight cliffs, canopied overhead by huge fig trees. It is cool, dim and echoing in this place, and we leave with regret. The regret intensifies tenfold when we see the vertical cliff up which we must climb, helped only by the gnarled roots of a rock-splitting fig. Somehow everyone clambers up and we follow the river along the prettiest trail I have yet walked, lacy trees dropping edible fruits on to the great flat grey stones in the chuckling river, ferns and fronds and wildflowers — I could stay here all day, I muse. Then, suddenly, the trees open out and before us is the water fall that we last glimpsed as a fine silver thread — was it only yesterday? It falls vertically down a rock face encrusted with mosses and liverworts and ferns into a wide pool surrounded by grasses and flat, warm boulders. Everyone rushes into the water and we stay there for a long time, basking in the sun, wishing that we had not eaten all our lunch earlier. The walk back is long, hot and tiring but the slide is much easier now — for everyone except me. I foolishly go first and have a long haul across the river, hand over hand along a mud-slicked rope, sliding back one metre for every two gained — and then a heart-stopping moment when I can find no way of getting off at the other end — I sag below the platform; one hand is burdened with holding me in position and the other hand holds the rope suspending my seat which is in front of me, blocking my way. I think of the ignominy of going back; then I wriggle out from under the rope, let go, and leap for one of the upright poles on the platform. From the other side of the river a ragged cheer arises as I slide down the pole, picking up several splinters and landing in a bed of nettles. Covering my stinging legs in spit, I climb wearily up onto the platform and start hauling the first one across, hoping that she will be a suitably flattering recipient of my story.

Tinned meat and pearl barley have taken on a new aura down here — nothing could be more delicious than this huge steaming pot-luck stew — except, perhaps, the fire-baked potatoes — but this we will never know as, owing to various miscalculations, they have become fireburnt instead. The marshmallow toasters are in a minority tonight — probably partly owing to a shortage of marshmallows — but also a tiredness. Silence falls swiftly, but only the night-watcher hears it as she quietly munches one of the better potatoes.

The third day is hot and sunny. After breakfast we regretfully pack up the camp and take our rucksacks up to the road. Relieved of their many emergency rations, they seem a little lighter. We leave them by the woodpile and walk along the track to a specially chosen area where we are to make our own intensive studies. The area ranges from sub-canopy forest through bracken to grassland and vleis, and there are many dots to fill in. It is a long, hot, hard-working morning, filled with small triumphs as we successfully decipher a piece of evidence or come across something new. Much later, we walk back along the road to a small stream. We go upstream a little way under the cool shade of the fig trees until we come to a rippling waterfall which feeds a wide, dark pool where inhibitions and clothing are quickly shed and everyone hurtles into the water. We have lunch here — extra rations to finish everything up — and we lie and rest for some time before the last long walk, a torture that must have been devised by some malevolent field officer after a particularly hideous night. The rucksacks get heavier, the road gets steeper, and round every corner there is another. At one point, the road dips spitefully downhill, only to rear up once more. Our hearts and

heads are pounding, our breath comes in great gasps as we struggle on, up and round, up and round. Maybe there isn't a top to this cliff; maybe we are condemned to struggle up here for eternity . . . A red mist rises before our eyes and, through it, we see grass – wonderful flat grass. We've made it! We sink to the ground, delirious with joy, loving the earth and the prickly soil, quite happy to sit and pick off the endless ticks until it is time to leave.

My mother
my mother likes
to smoke but
my father doesn't
let her my mother
works at university
and she has curly
hair she usually
wears her new
suit, and she drives
a Fiat and she
buys us ice lollies
and we eat them all up
her car is white
and she is quite small
and her hair is
black and gets
cross with us when

we are naughty and
she is lazy she
always stays in bed
and she picks us
up from school
and she works
hard and she is
taking us to a
party this afternoon
and it is my cousin
party and she is
18 two and her
name is Gillian
and my mother
is going to buy
her present this
morning and I
want to see it.

Lindsay Haines Class i

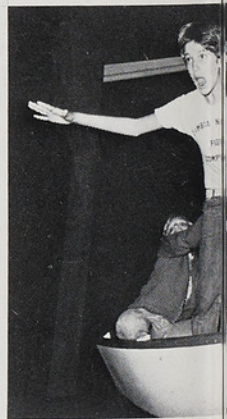


SCENES

THE
FROM



MIRANDA AND





FRIEND



TWO PLAYS

MAGIC SPONGE



My mother like
Too have
holidays at
Durban



Kathryn Pickers Class ii



My Mother and Father

My Father MAKES the
coffee in morning

My Mother does not
like to work in

the garden. my Mother
likes chocolates My

Father likes those
coloured milks. my

Mother likes swimming
in the Pool.

Lorna Davie Class ii

My mother
 She is tall and
 she likes wearing
 Jewellrys and
 She wears
 glasses my
 mother duzint
 like SWimming
 my mom
 has black hair
 mom likes
 Paddling and
 She likes
 cookies making
 that's all. Janet

Janet Peattie Class i



Samantha Pettifer Class ii

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN — by Class II

I Wish that Heaven was full of flowers and sunshine (Lesley Clarke)

The sun is very hot and you have to take your clovers off. (J. Haines)

I would like Heaven full of magic. I would like it to be good magic. (Rebecca Clarke)

I would not like to see the devil in Heaven (Candice Beckwith)

- i. Heaven is a very beautiful place and kind
- ii. Heaven, I would like to find my Grandfather.
- iii. I would like to find gold and silver and cats.
I hope it is very beautiful in Gods Chapel. (Vivi Duane)

THE ACCIDENT

One day I was playing in my fathers car — I had got the keys off the dressing table and put them in the keyhole. I turned it on by mistake. I put the gear in reverse and turned the steering wheel. I went crashing through the fence and into the road. I put the gear into drive. Then I came to a stop street and I didn't know how to stop, so I went straight through, but before I got to the other side lots of cars were banging into me. My mother was looking for me and as she went past the garage she saw the car had gone. Then she saw the broken fence. She looked down the road and saw the crash. She ran

inside and phoned the police and the hospital. The police came with sirens going and an ambulance came with sirens going as well. Then they took me to hospital.

Deri Jager, Standard 2

THE PICNIC

It was one Autumn morning when Ann woke up. She jumped out of bed and brushed her teeth and washed her face and dressed. She looked so nice. She had a yellow dress with white frills, and some pretty little sandals. When she brushed her hair she put a yellow ribbon in. Then she raced downstairs. Her Mother and her Father and her brother were all getting ready for a picnic. Her Mother was making a salad and her Father was wrapping a small chicken in some tin foil. Her brother of course was eating all the left overs. Ann went over to help her Mother and then her Father. They had packed a lot of food, they also packed a rug. They all jumped into the car and were ready to go. They set off. Eventually they found a lovely place in a little forest. Mother thought it was the best place because sometimes she was a bit scared in a big forest. Dad helped Ann take the food out. They spread the big rug on the grass and laid out the food. When her brother helped he took an apple. 'Greedy!' thought Ann. When all the food was laid out, they sat down and began to eat. Ann ate an apple, a roll and some chicken and salad and drank some juice. Her brother just about ate all the food. Her Mum and Dad didn't eat much. After the meal her Mother and Father had a rest while the children packed up. Soon after that it was time to go. They all felt very tired and were glad to get home to bed.

Sara Ratray, Standard 2

THE TOM-CAT

The tom-cat prowls
In the alley at night
Searching for food —
Avoiding the light.

A noise — a rat!
The tom-cat crouches;
The rat freezes
The tom-cat pounces.

The satisfied Tom
Licks his lips,
Washes himself —
And away he slips.

Mandy Walker, Standard 4

A NIGHT OF FEAR,

A NIGHT OF PEACE

A night in the town,
Afraid; of what?
of man!

A night in the bush
Afraid? No!
Nothing will harm you;
Nothing will kill you.

Animals are friends,
But man is not.

Kerri Street, Standard 4

CHAMELEON

Old Mrs Chameleon,
With round swivelling eyes,
Stares . . .
Aware of every move around her,
Her whip-like tail curls round the branch.

Angered by our constant teasing,
Her swelling belly turns a yellow
and her jowls stretch out in anger.
Her darting, sticky tongue too quick for insects,
She daintily steps her way through leaves.
What a strange, prehistoric creature she is!

Suzy Prichard, Standard 4

AUTUMN

Red, orange, yellow, brown and russet.
A smoky smell in the air — a street piled with leaves.
The dry grass, bleached like bones.

A hayfield with piled bales — an oak without a leaf.
No sound — only the dry grass crackling beneath our feet
And the low bellows of cows.

Joanne Kennedy, Standard 5

THE SEA-HORSES

They canter across the blue-green sea.
Their whinnies echo against the treacherous cliffs.
We think it is the roar of the sea
But it is the sea-horses neighing in delight.
Their white, flowing manes and tails
Are whipped up by the wind.
The great white stallion
Savagely plunges down on the white-grey shore —
Churns up the sand with his huge white hooves.
Time and again he renews his attacks
Till his mares call him back
And together they gallop home to their kingdom.

Sharon Beazley, Standard 5

AUTUMN OPPOSITES

The oak is a proud king
Decked in his summer green leaves.
But now,
No more a king;
His once green leaves have
Whithered,

Died
and
gone.

And he is left, desolate and bare.

His neighbour, the mighty plane,
Decked in his gown of gold, russet, red,
And orange leaves,
Sparkles like fireworks
In the brilliant sun.

Jealousy and envy have crept
Slowly into the oak's
Gnarled, tattered branches —
And now he's
FORGOTTEN!
And Autumn has arrived.

Caroline Beaufils, Standard 5

MOTHERS

How many Mothers
Fetch you on time;
Occasionally bring you breakfast in bed;
Are calm when the rains come down
When there are carpets to dry and the sun won't shine;.

When the dog scatters paper on the garden lawn?
Only one Mum —
Mine.

Lyn Cotton, Standard 7

WITHIN THESE FOUR WALLS

Within these four walls, all equal in size and length, people sit in a 'horse-shoe' as they ask questions and answer them. They look, wear and feel the same. In the centre stands a desk, different from their tables, and the person who sits at it is different and stands out from the rest. It is almost like a communist state — the leader and his people.

He commands and they obey and do his will. He laughs and they laugh along with him. He gets cross and they cower. He teaches them and fills their minds with what he is supposed to fill them with. Some listen and some do not — it depends upon their frame of mind.

As the holidays come closer, the people cannot listen any longer; all they want is freedom.

Sonya Myers, Standard 7

SILENCE IS A SOUND

Two old sweethearts met at a party. No seductive glances across a crowded room — just a twist of a head and then again; just a slightly furrowed brow, a puzzled blinking of the eyes, a furtive whisper to the hostess; and then a shrill, half hysterical tapping of high heels across the floor lured the slightly embarrassed suede lace-ups to the centre of the square room.

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Their hands — his smooth, money-padded; hers roughened from dishes and gardening — met, fumbled and clutched, as at straws. They smiled — hesitantly, probing into the other's reaction, embarrassed by memories of long ago. And then the smile reached their eyes and they laughed — he, a rich executive baritone showing nicotine-stained teeth; and hers, crinkling up her eyes and mouth, deepening the laugh-lines already there. They then began to talk.

She talked of her husband and her three children — one just about to start school. He said he had never married — 'Just didn't have the time.' She twittered and giggled and unconsciously put her hand protectively on her already rounded belly. He boomed congratulations and placed his own hand on his overflowing belly. She told of her pottery and bridge classes and of how happy she was; and he told of his overseas visits on business and of how successful he was. And then, suddenly, they were silent.

And the silence welled up and formed a great crystal bubble that blotted out all the other talk, and whispered of sandy white beaches and long kisses amongst the frothing, loving waves. It murmured of dreams and visions and secret confessions in the night. It spoke of impassioned political arguments, of philosophising and theorising that encompassed the whole world. It screamed of beliefs and truths and . . . And it sobbed quietly of unfulfilled promises and of the grey desolation of boredom stretching out ahead forever. And then the crystal bubble shattered and fell in broken pieces into the mud.

Two people — a man and a woman — stood in the centre of a square room. They blinked once or twice, smiled hesitatingly at each other and then, in their own loud silence, walked back to where they had stood before.

Leanne van der Leeuw, Standard 8

ISOLATION: Journey on the Subway — 7.45 a.m.

I want to ask that man —
horn-rimmed glasses,
London Express (or is it Times?),
grey pin-stripe suit —
if he saw the match on telly
and wasn't it a pity that
the referee was bought?

I long to lean across to that secretary —
Permanently frizzed,
(Natural Honey Blond?)
Knees kept tight together below her miniskirt —
to enquire how her love-life is
and ask advice for mine.

Screeching brakes,
Swishing doors —
People (are they?) sweeping out
Only to be replaced by
More.

Why can't I ask that, er, Black man —
Bush-doctor hair-style,
One (and only one) ear-ringed ear,

pot-dilated pupils —
When the end of the world is due
and please to let me know too.

Why can't I?
Why can't I
ask,
probe,
plead?

Am I too afraid of a
Quickly-lifted eyebrow,
A sharply-indrawn breath,
A blank, uncaring stare?

And so I sit,
In my own little square,
Safe within my fortress
I touch no-one
And no-one touches me.

Screeching brakes
Swishing doors —
I get off
And a thousand me's move in.

Leanne van der Leeuw.



Leanne van der Leeuw Standard 8



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WHAT IS SCHOOL

What is School?

Is it a place where you learn about the outside world?

It is, because we learn about photosynthesis, mathematics in the commercial world, glacial erosion and countries around us.

Is it a place where you learn about yourself?

Yes, maybe it is. We learn about mitotic division, our bone structure and our digestive system.

Is it a place where you get prepared for the outside world?

Yes. We could help solve some mathematical problems – but the political problems we'll have to leave for the real big-shots.

How we fit into the world, we'll have to wait till we have finished School.

S. Gurney, Standard 9



Rosanne Brown Standard 9

THE DARE

'I dare you'. It was owing to these three words that I was sitting in a deserted, rumoured-to-be-haunted house at half past ten on the very night that the ghost was supposed to appear.

It was Jeff's big mouth that had started it all. The village had been buzzing with rumours about the ghost which supposedly appeared on the night of Manuel's death. Jeff, of course, had to voice an opinion: 'Ghosts,' he said, 'are merely a figment of the imagination'. (Jeff had a passion for long words). 'All right', Craig was quick to reply, 'if you're so sure, prove it. I dare you . . .' and there we were. I, not being quite as sure as Jeff, had had to

be bribed to accompany him. As we sat on a pile of coal sacks under the kitchen table in the old house, talking and eating chocolate, I reflected on how lucky I was. All I had to do was to keep it up for a couple of hours and I would have a brand new 14 escudo penknife to call my own. 14 escudos was a lot in those days; even to Jeff, who was nearly twelve, it was more than a week's pocket money.

Towards half past eleven we began to feel sleepy and gradually we dozed off. I awoke to hear the church clock striking midnight. Everything seemed different — quiet and eerie. I was just beginning to wonder whether or not a penknife was worth the trouble, when I heard the noise. Unmistakeably, someone was coming down the stairs. Jeff's iron grip on my arm stopped my natural instinct to run. The figure came into the room — a man about four feet tall. One thing I was sure of: it was not Manuel's ghost. He did not seem to see Jeff and me, for he knelt on the floor quite close to us and began to pray. 'Hail Mary full of grace . . . ' Jeff and I sat and listened as he went through the rosary; there were tears streaming down his face and several times he interrupted his praying with pleas to Manuel for forgiveness. It was about ten minutes before he stood up and ascended the stairs.

The goat-shed was warm, a comforting animal warmth. Jeff and I were silent for a while as we caught our breath. Finally Jeff asked, 'Do you know who that was?'

'No.'

'It was Pepe, Manuel's brother; the one who murdered him.'

'But he's in . . . '

'Prison in Porto, I know.'

'Are you sure it was him?'

'Positive. He must have escaped . . . ' We talked until daybreak and then went to the police station.

The constable was at first inclined to laugh at our story. Knowing Jeff, he suspected a trick, but we finally managed to see his superior officer. He listened with a grave face to all we had to say and then asked, 'Are you sure it was Pepe?' Jeff nodded. 'That's strange, very strange! This morning my brother-in-law, who is a prison-warder in Oporto, phoned me. Pepe Loretto died last night, at approximately ten past twelve, while saying the rosary in his cell in Oporto'.

Linda Seggie, Standard 9

THE ART OF BABY-SITTING

Position in life, they say, is everything! And when one's position happens to be a full ten years above one's baby sister, it is (as the American say) 'certainly sumpin' . . . Permanent resident baby-sitter, in fact!

Having spent seven years in the occupation foisted upon me by an act of nature and two parents, I feel superciliously professional by now and, consequently, fully capable of writing 'The Compleat Baby-sitter'!

Infants come in various sizes: small, large, fat, tiny, light-haired, dark-haired and hairless. They may be: sleepy, active, sanguine or verbose. They all, have two things in common: an orifice at the top end of their bodies for the constant imbibing of nutriments, and an orifice at the opposite end, joined by an alimentary canal, for the excretion (ungrateful things) of the no-longer-required remnants of one's constant efforts to silence orifice 'A'.

Orifice A: Feeding breast-fed babies does not concern the Professional Baby-sitter, except when boiled water or vitamin syrup is administered – (preferably not forcibly in the presence of the family). However, these little monsters do need an incredible amount of shushing and rocking until Mother comes home.

Bottle-fed babies are a different matter: I suggest to all would-be ‘P.B.S.’s that they specialise in the type of infant whose formula is made up once a day, necessitating only the warming of the liquid – preferably in one of those dinky little thermostatic appliances now available. The formula is administered three-hourly, four-hourly or, horror of horrors, On Demand. This requires differentiating its ‘Hungry Cry’ from its ‘Demented Howl’. This one learns from experience.

Orifice X: The less said about this the better. We experienced ‘P.B.S.’s go for the disposable napkins. The others have to be rinsed, then soaked – also, one has Pin Problems. As for infants with Diarrhoea – I’ll leave it to you!

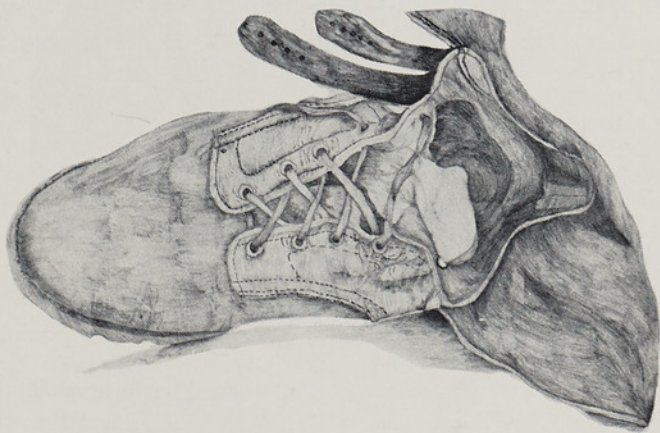
Section-In-Between: Since no infant ever sleeps peaceably, as claimed by its fond parent, All ‘P.B.S.’s first test for Wind-Which-Is-Difficult-to-Get-Rid-Of. First hurl the infant over your left shoulder, holding firmly on to the feet in case it accidentally hits the opposite wall, and then pat it on the back, cooing sweetly (for the sake of listening relatives). Dangling the infant over one’s knee is also worth a try, but balancing it with its ‘tum-tum’ squarely on the palm of one’s hand is only for Very Experienced ‘P.B.S.’s’. If all fails, even after standing said infant on its head, try standing on yours!

Personally I have found, over the years, that the Best Advice comes from the Duchess (in Alice in Wonderland):

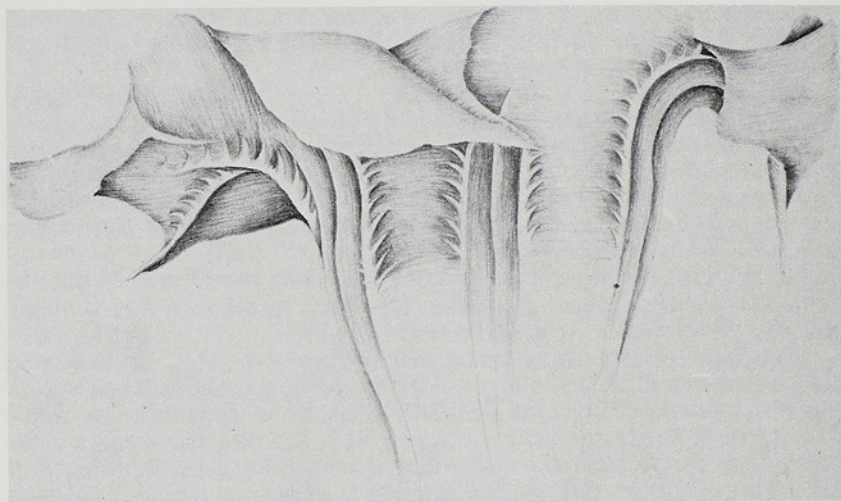
‘Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes.
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases.’

In any case, it does no harm and I have a living example to prove it.

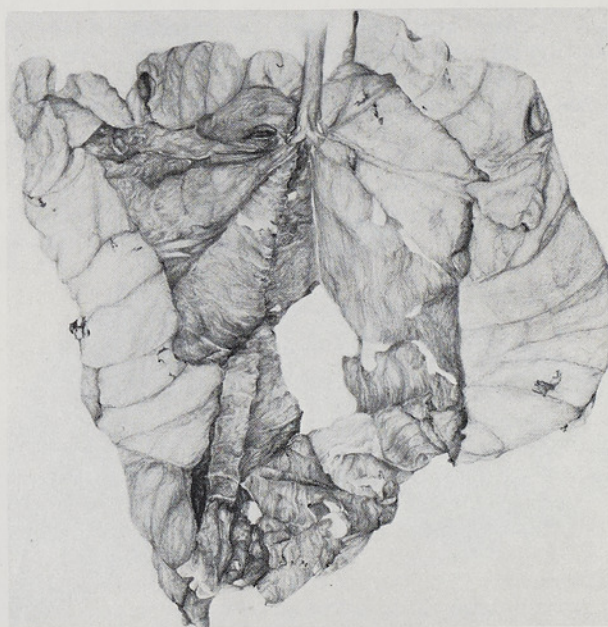
Kerry Allan, Standard 9



Megan Miller Standard 8



K. Stuckenberg Standard 10



K.L. Witherspoon Standard 8

MATRICULATION RESULTS

24 Entries

14 Senior Certificates with Matriculation Exemption

10 Senior Certificates

PRIZE LIST, 1979

TOKENS OF APPRECIATION

Head Day Girl's Cup	Deborah Leo-Smith
Head Girl's Cup	Fritha Williams
Chief Sacristan	Sybil Stretton-Barry
Long attendance (K.G. — Matriculation)	Janet Driemeyer

SPORTS CUPS

Swimming:

Maxwell Cup for Most Able	Jill Quicke
Diving	Deborah Hurt

Gymnastics:

Juniors	Kim Street
Middle School	Amanda Hart
Seniors	Lesley Hall

Tennis:

Greer Stevens Trophy (open to girls not in 1st or 2nd Teams)	Jill Quicke
Senior Champion	Deborah Gilson
Smythe Trophy	St John's: D. Gilson & D. Cox

Inter-House Trophies:

Hockey	Rhodes
Swimming (Lambert Cup)	Connaught
Tennis	Connaught
Gymnastics	Athlone
Goodman Cup (All-round)	D. Gilson

CLASS PRIZES

Class i	Merit Certificates
Class ii	Merit Certificates
Std. 1	Merit Certificates
Std. 2 1st	Andrea Malherbe
Merit Certificates	Nicola Harris and Levern Engel
Std. 3 1st	Polly van Selm and Catherine Peattie (tie)
Merit Certificates	Shelly Kretzschmar, Patricia Taylor, Alison Hobson and Nicola Meinesz
Std. 4 1st	Shereen Butler
Merit Certificates	Malindi Heinze, Charene Tilley and Amanda Walker
Std. 5 1st	Caroline Raab
Merit Certificates	Tandi Neve and Camilla Little
Std. 6 1st	Janelle Dixon
Merit Certificates	Sandra Gurney, Panayiota Kranidiotis, Ruth Levine and Jennifer Vynne

Std. 7	1st	Megan Levine
	Merit Certificates	Philippa von Ziegenweidt and Kathryn Strachan
Std. 8	1st	Leanne van der Leeuw
Std. 9	1st	Linda Seggie

SPECIAL PRIZES

English	Vivienne Macadam
History	Vivienne Macadam
Bilinguality	Vivienne Macadam and Fritha Williams
Art History	Katherine Stuckenberg
Geography	Colette Winnicott
Home Economics	Angela Wallis
Typewriting	Sharna Loffler and Sharon Dundas Starr
Speech & Drama	Deborah Curtis Setchell
Music (Seniors)	Kathryn Strachan
(Juniors)	Jacqueline Hesp and Malindi Heinze
Afrikaans	Fritha Williams
French	Fritha Williams
Mathematics	Fritha Williams
Biology	Fritha Williams
Physical Science	Fritha Williams
Dux	Fritha Williams

ST. JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

47th ANNUAL REPORT

Office bearers for the year were:—

Chairman: A Steer

Vice-Chairman: C. Quicke

Secretary/Treasurer: M. Shepherd

Pietermaritzburg representatives: R. Evans, R. Godden and R. Cairns.

Durban representatives: Y. Armstrong, J. Hamilton and P. Bazley.

I would like to thank the Committee and members for their support and help during the past year and mention especially our vice-chairman Christine Quicke who is a valuable link between us and the School and our Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret Shepherd, who devotes a great deal of time and attention to carrying out her tasks so efficiently. Her husband Dennis has once again audited our books and prepared the Balance Sheet and we are most grateful to him.

The St. John's weekend in May was well attended and we were pleased to see so many younger Old Girls at the Supper Party. There was a change in the arrangements as the Service on Sunday was held later and instead of the usual breakfast the school provided us with morning tea. This seems to be a more suitable arrangement for all concerned.

A Boarder Bursary for R500 a year for two years was awarded to Laurie Evenett. We try to provide a quarter's fees and so must continually work to increase our Bursary capital in order to keep up with the rising fees.

Congratulations to Fritha Williams, the previous bursary holder, on her outstanding Matriculation results.

It was decided at the last Annual General Meeting to do away with Annual Membership and have only Life Membership, the subscription of which is R6,50.

The response to the appeal for old magazines has resulted in our now having a complete set of magazines from the first one in 1926. Our thanks to all those who sent their copies.

In September the VIth form and two Pietermaritzburg members spent a morning with the Sisters at the Convent. As usual the Durban Old Girls provided a delicious tea, after which the girls were shown round and the morning ended with prayers in the Chapel.

Last May, Sister Mary Evelyn was elected Mother Superior and we were pleased to welcome her as our new President when she took the Chair at the last Annual General Meeting. Her association with St. John's goes back to the 'forties when she was Games Mistress there. I find myself waiting for her to produce a whistle and blow it for some infringement!

We thank Sister Pauline for her interest and support during the ten years she held office as Mother Superior.

At the end of the year Mrs Stewart resigned her position as Headmistress. We thank her for all she did for the School during her term of office and for her co-operation and interest in the Association. We of St. John's are indebted to Miss Hyman, the acting Headmistress, for all she is doing to ensure that the School carries on in the traditions and standards we all value so highly.

Once again we are organising a Fête to be held in the City Hall on June 7th. Parents, Staff, Pupils and Old Girls are all involved and working enthusiastically and we appeal to all of you to help us make this a most successful

fund raising effort.

Next May the Association will be celebrating its 50th Anniversary. From the small group that first met in the Library on 10th May 1931 it has grown steadily, mainly due to the loyalty and devotion of its older members. I would like to mention particularly our Honorary Vice-President, Myrle Simkins, who was a foundation member, Secretary for eight years and Chairman for eight years and who continues to play an active part.

We do however make a special appeal for younger members to come forward now, as we need your vitality and new ideas.

The Constitution states that the Association has for its objects the development of friendship amongst past students and the encouragement of interest between them, the Sisters, the Teaching Staff and scholars of the School. Let us go forward with the School as it continues to flourish and expand, bearing these aims in mind and using the links of the past to forge the future.

A. Steer (Chairman)

PIETERMARITZBURG BRANCH REPORT

Office bearers for the year were:—

Chairman: A. Steer

Vice-Chairman: C. Quicke

Secretary/Treasurer: G. Stevens

We have continued to meet in the evening on the third Monday of each month and, although meetings have been fairly well attended, it has been noticed that numbers have dropped in the latter half of the year. We have therefore decided to hold morning meetings in alternate months during the coming year, which we hope will suit more people.

In March we invited Mrs Jackson, Lady Warden of St. Cross' Home, to be our guest speaker. As a result of her very interesting and thought provoking talk, various members donated items of clothing and sports equipment to the Home and a donation of R10 was sent for their Morning Market.

Instead of our usual meeting in November, we met at School for a talk and film on Civil Defence given by Mr D. White, the Town Clerk. We learnt what to do in an emergency and how to prepare our homes to cope in such an event.

I am sad to report that Alison Hammon, one of our members who attended meetings regularly and supported all our fundraising efforts, passed away suddenly in January. We shall all miss her very much.

We have held two successful cake sales and a jumble sale and have continued to take orders from the girls at School for birthday cakes. I would like to thank all who have baked, donated and helped, and especially Christine Quicke for organising the birthday cakes, and Royce Godden for her needlework.

Five members visited the Convent in April to congratulate Sister Mary Richmal on her 80th birthday and take her our good wishes, and two members accompanied the VIth Form on their visit to the Convent in September.

After it had been decided at the Association's Annual General Meeting to hold a Fête in the City Hall on 7th June, 1980, we invited parents to our June Branch Meeting to discuss plans and arrange convenors. We are most

grateful to the Parents, Staff and Old Girls who have undertaken to convene stalls, the Durban Old Girls who are organising the Teas, the girls and all who have offered to help.

I would like to thank you all for your support during the year and especially Christine Quicke and Gill Stevens, both of whom work, and yet still find time to carry out their tasks so willingly and efficiently.

A. Steer (Chairman)

DURBAN BRANCH OF ST. JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The Durban Branch has been functioning well this past year, and on the whole our monthly meetings have been well attended. We really do have lots of fun and there is a warm feeling of fellowship amongst us.

With the date of the fête drawing closer, we are all working hard in various ways to help make it the big success we hope it will be.

We would like to thank the Pietermaritzburg Old Girls for the hospitality they afford us when we attend the quarterly meetings of the Association in Pietermaritzburg.

Our congratulations go to last year's matrics on their excellent results and we wish the present prefects and girls a happy and successful year.

The visit to the Convent by the matrics last year was enjoyable and it does help Rev. Mother, the Sisters and ourselves to keep in close contact with the girls and, indirectly, the School.

We would like to thank Mrs Stewart for all the hard work and wonderful foresight she had in keeping abreast of the times in education and facilities and thereby making St. John's one of the best girls' schools in Pietermaritzburg. We wish her well.

In conclusion, the love and devotion of our Rev. Mother and Sisters are a continual source of inspiration to us all.

P.I. Burns (Durban Chairman of the Old Girls' Association)

NEWS OF ST. JOHN'S OLD GIRLS

ADENDORFF, Shirley (Griffin) — Living in Pietermaritzburg and very happy to be back. Daughters Catherina and Rosemary are both at Clarendon School.

ALERS, Vivyan (Armstrong) — Her son Luke is 18 months old.

BARTLEET, Jane (Eweg) — Living in Linden, Johannesburg. Sharon, her eldest, is 14 years old.

BAZLEY, Phyllis (Baatvedt) — Had three glorious months in Australia with her daughter and family. Keeps busy with O.G.A. and many other activities.

BEEVERS, Denise (Medway) — Lives near Plymouth, U.K. Simon 11 years, Nicholas 9 years and Michelle 5 years are all at school.

BOSWORTH SMITH, Gwen — Working as personal secretary for firm of attorneys in Durban. Have been in contact with Sandie Jordan who is back in Kenya. Also Blair du Plessis (O'Farrell) who is living in Eshowe and has a son, Gregg.

BOSWORTH SMITH, Jean (Peerman) — Dairy farming at Nottingham Road, Had a wonderful trip overseas last May attending World Jersey Conference on Jersey Island. Pre-conference tour of Ireland, Scotland and England. Daughter Gwen in Durban, and son Mervyn completed second year Civil Engineering at Durban Varsity.

BOWES, Elizabeth (Lyle) — Living in Surrey — has three children, Sarah, Katherine and Caspar. They hope to visit South Africa in April.

BRAY, Rozanne (Wallis) — My youngest son started school this year, whilst Graham is now in Std. V and Roger in Std. III.

BROWN, Jean (Bruce) — Has four children. Husband Hugh is principal of St. Mary's D.S.G., Pretoria.

BROWN, Susanne (Eweg) — Still teaching at Salon Sue in 320 West Street, Durban. Rosanne is now in Matric and is a prefect and Lorraine is in Std. 9.

BURNS, Amanda — Is secretary to the accountant at Unilever and very happy in her job. Going to Cape Town for her annual leave in March.

BURNS, Peggie (Mossop) — Leading a very full and happy life. Am now a grandmother to four grandchildren. Am so happy to have Mandy living at home with me. We are off to Cape Town for a holiday in March.

BURTON, Barbara (Cook) — Now has four children. Belinda is in Class i at Collegiate and Neville is at nursery school. Brian and Steven are still at home.

BUTTON, Sylvia (Clarke) — Was Headmistress of Settlers Park Pre-Primary School in Pietermaritzburg before leaving for Ceres, Cape.

CHAUNDY, Betty (Wood) — We have another St. John's pupil in the family. Roy Wood aged four years, at the St. John's Pre-Primary School, succeeds me and his sisters, June, Denise and Jennifer. June teaches hard-of-hearing pupils at a school in Durban. Denise, wife of Thomas Robinson, runs the office of his Electrical Contracting Business at Westville and they have three daughters, Tracy, Kim and Nicola at school there. Jennifer married to Ronald Roff, lives at Durban North and has a two year old daughter, Deborah. I greatly enjoyed being with them all when I spent a brief holiday in Natal in January. I also was delighted to see MOLLY TODD (nee Talbot), my cousin PAMELA HENWOOD whose sister MONAFAY PRITCHARD was on a visit from Sao Paulo, Brazil where her husband works with the Leverhulme Company, and BARBARA GRIEVE (nee Adnams) who gave news that her sister JOAN'S husband, Desmond Butler, is MP for Umtali, Rhodesia. They are hoping to visit Durban where their daughter Shelley and her husband Barry Roberts of Court Helicopters and two children are now living after having spent two years in South America, at bases ranging from Bahia Blanca to the Magellan Straits.

For my own part my husband Maurice of Shell South Africa, and I enjoy our cottage at Diep River in the Constantia Valley and I continue as Library Officer at the Western Cape Regional Office of the South African Bureau of Standards. We will be visiting England this year, and hope to see TAFFY SMITH (nee Rhind) if she is not accompanying her husband Geoffrey Smith, director of the London Conference Bureau, to foreign parts in the promotion of London as a Conference Centre. Geoffrey has been made a Freeman of the City of London in recognition of the value of his work in this connection. Their elder daughter Sally works with the Penguin Publishing Company in London and the younger, Louise is at the University of East Anglia at Norwich where she is reading American Literature and Russian.

Christmas cards that gave pleasure were from the NORTON sisters IONA, wife of Peter Wyn Hall of Salisbury, Rhodesia, sent a photo of quicksilver three year-old Jane; and SANDRA, married to Clive Nel in Johannesburg,

a snap of bonny bouncing Jennifer Ann, aged nine months. I enclose an excerpt from the Natal University Convocation News on CYNTHIA STANFORD'S very successful exhibition of her sculpture held in a Cape Town Gallery, last year. The panel on Nonqwaze is to be incorporated in a house that daughter, Judy is building at Hout Bay. Cynthia and Gerald Payne's other daughter has returned from Canada and lives in Rondebosch. Her sister MARGARET HEMSTED, whose husband is on the staff of University of Cape Town, lives in Rondebosch and SHEILA KILPIN has returned to Claremont after having spent some months with their father, Colonel Elliott Stanford, in East Griqualand. We often play bridge with NORMA TWEEDIE who works at the University of Cape Town and has an enchanting Chelsea-type cottage at Newlands.

Excerpt from the Natal University Convocation News:—

A Cape Town art gallery recently featured an exhibition of sculpture by Cynthia Stanford (Mrs Cynthia Payne) B.A.F.A. 1938. In 1936, the year Cynthia enrolled as a student, the Natal University Fine Arts Department was in Durban and run by Professor Oxley, Eric Bird and Rosa Hope. Other exhibitions that have featured Cynthia's sculpture have been the van Riebeeck Festival Exhibition 1952, the First South African Quadrennial 1956, the Venice Biennale 1964, South African Women Artists, S.A. National Gallery, Cape Town 1965 and the Republic Festival, Pretoria 1966. She has held two combined exhibitions, the first with painter Hannes Meiring in 1958 and the second with painter Dean Anderson in 1960. In 1963 she won the competition for sculpture sponsored by the Rex Trueform Factory.

Her recent exhibition featured a bold innovation of painting on carved panels that depicted various incidents in the history of the Xhosa people, whose customs and traditions Cynthia knows so well. It also featured a powerful group of carvings from sandstone depicting cosmic force. When asked where she found her sandstone, she said that road builders were useful turners-up of rock pieces, and that the mountain was another useful source. The mind boggled at this small statured woman manhandling these enormous rock forms until she admitted that husband Gerald was a very willing and energetic ally.

CLARK, Gillian (Schouten) — My husband, four young sons and I have recently moved back to Natal from Cape Town and are now living in Westville.

CLOSE, Hazel (Rawlins) — Still living in Nairobi. Helen is coming up for a safari in February.

COLMAN, Sue (McClelland) — She and her husband, James, are happily settled at Didcot, Oxfordshire.

CRUIKSHANKS, Susan (Butcher) — She and Phoebe lost their father, J.N.R. Butcher in 1979. J.N.R. Butcher was on the Board.

CURRIE, Julia — Has recently returned from a year in Geelong, Australia as a Rotary Exchange Student. Had a wonderful time and even met up with Karen Simpson over there. Now in Johannesburg, staying in a flat and studying at Technikon.

DALE, Lalage — I am going into my third and final year of my B.A. degree at Pietermaritzburg University. Am majoring in Psychology and Speech and Drama.

DE BELLELAY-BOURQUIN, Lynn (Marlton) — Very happily settled in

- Westville and would love to hear from other old girls in the area.
- DICK, Judy (Ranking) — Living in Cape Town where she lectures at the University. Her husband, Tony, is hoping to climb Mount Everest in the near future.
- FREDERICK, Wendy (Henwood) — Eldest daughter Linda (Holley) has a one year old son, Oliver. Robyn back from overseas doing Radiography in Durban. Son Roger is to join the Air Force. Youngest daughter Angela is in Std. 9.
- HAINES, Jean (Galliers) — We still live in Purley, Surrey. I am planning a month's visit to South Africa, March/April 1980. Our elder daughter Jessica married in May 1979. Our younger daughter, Helena takes her State Finals this year at Westminster Hospital, London.
- HALL, Sally — I have finished second year B.A. at University of Cape Town and hope to qualify at the end of 1980.
- HAMILTON, Jean (Catherine) — Enjoying her retirement and playing lots of bridge. Has a flat built on to Margaret's husband's house.
- HANSMEYER, Dawn (Jacobsen) — Has one son and one daughter and they are living in Calgary, Canada.
- HARDING, Gail — Just completed my B.Sc. in Pietermaritzburg University and am going to Cape Town University to do my H.D.E. Spent three wonderful months in America.
- HAY, Miriam (England) — Richard has a new job on the permanent staff of the Common Market and we have now bought a house here. When on holiday in Britain, Richard spends a lot of time explaining facts about the E.E.C. which the press never tell you. Brussels is not to blame for everything the politicians accuse us of! We hope to be in South Africa in August this year.
- HORNBY, Dorianne (Coubrough) — Recently moved to Howick. Enjoying being a homemaker and having the freedom to travel with her husband to the various Natal Parks Board Resorts of which he is in charge.
- HOYTE, Margaret (Hamilton) — Has a daughter, Catherine, two-and-a-half and a beautiful new baby, Belinda, born on 4th January.
- INGLE, Marcia (Bullough) — Has two sons — Andrew nearly six and Rory just turned two.
- JAMES, Jenny (Murray-Rogers) — Married, has two sons, two years and three-and-a-half years. Is completing her Midwifery course at Grey's Hospital.
- JANZ, Marianne (Coubrough) — Moved to Vancouver in September last year and is nursing at a local hospital, the Grace Kelly. Her husband is to begin a degree in Architecture in August this year.
- JENKINS, Margie — Had a wonderful year as Secretary to the Director of Agriculture, based at Cedara College. Now the Editor's Secretary at the Natal Witness.
- JENNINGS, Evelyn — Still living and running my own design studio business in Pinetown. Recently visited Sal Harris (Titren) in Cape Town and see Lynn Bourquin (Marlton) periodically.
- JOYNER, Brigid (Train) — Got married last year to a farmer of Matatiele. Part time nursing at the local little hospital.
- KELLEHER, Alison (Lyle) — With her husband, Vic, son Jason and baby Leila, is spending a year's leave from Australia with her sister, Elizabeth.
- KELLY, Vera (Mundey) — Living in Durban. Has an only son Michael who

- is married and was living at Gillitts, but recently transferred to Johannesburg to Head Office of Esso Standard S.A. Ltd. He has two small sons, Sean 2 years and Graeme 2 months.
- KIRKPATRIC, Anne (Molony) — Third son, Ian, was born in June. Still living in Pietersburg. My sister Heather, who lives in Paris, recently came home for a three week holiday.
- KNIGHT, Cisly and Ruth HARMAN — Both in East London. Ruth is in an old age home and is very happy there. I myself, Marygold HARMAN, transferred to Harding hostel.
- LE ROUX, Sue (Medway) — Lives in 'Maritzburg. Hein, eight years at school, Matthew, five years at pre-primary and Lisa, two-and-a-half years is still at home.
- LINDSAY, Jean — I am now teaching at the Open Air School for Physically Handicapped children, and have just completed a Unisa Diploma in Special Education for Aurally Handicapped Children. This teaching requires a great deal of patience and understanding, but is so very worthwhile and rewarding.
- LUSSO, Francine — Engaged to Gary Schulz — getting married towards the middle of this year and will become a farmer's wife on a cane farm at Fawnleas.
- MAGGS, Barbara (Biff Hallowes) — Now living in Pietermaritzburg, with husband and two children — Rowlev aged four and Colin aged one year.
- MANN, Sheena (Inglis) — Kept busy with two young sons, Stuart three, and Alistair six months, and working part-time at Groote Schuur Hospital.
- MEDWAY, Lyn (Strachan) — Lives in Durban where she is an active old girl.
- MILLER, Jean (Rattray) — Living in Zululand. Eldest son is in second year in the army. Second son is in matric at Kearsney. Has a daughter at St. John's.
- MILLS, Lyn (Porrill) — Has three daughters. Runs the off-course tote in Estcourt.
- NATHAN, Tish (Wheeler) — Eldest son is in first year varsity in Cape Town. Has two daughters at St. John's, and is living in Pietermaritzburg.
- POCKET, Gail (Harper) — Living at Kearsney. Daughter Wendy is in Std. I, and Justin in Class i.
- QUICKE, Christine (Jamieson) — Teaching Std. 2 at St. John's. Daughters Jill (Std. 7) and Mary (Std. 5) loving it at St. John's.
- RADLEY, Jean (Midgley) — Living in Salisbury still with faith of success in Rhodesia. Has a son and daughter now living in R.S.A. Judy is still in Rhodesia. Sees Lesley Coutts (Sutherland) regularly. Mary and Anne also live in Salisbury.
- REID, Denise (Perks) — Still living in Mooi River. Bronwen is in matric at St. John's and Michael doing his National Service.
- ROBERTS, Theo (Harman) — Living in the Fort Beaufort district. Has three lovely grandchildren. Eldest starts school this year.
- ROBSON, Merneen (Scott) — Has two daughters and is living in Kloof.
- ROSE, Margaret — Working in Pinetown.
- SCHOEMAN, Shauneen — Completed a fashion designing course in Johannesburg, and now started a drama course in the same city. Sees a lot of Julia Currie.

- SCOTT, Jean — Married Chris Fey in November, 1979 and they are farming in Kokstad.
- SEYMOUR, Tina (Van Ysendyk) — Now has two grandchildren. Daughter Jane living in Johannesburg. Tina now running her own laundry and needs customers! !
- SHEPHERD, Margaret (Peacock) — Living in Pietermaritzburg. Son Mark is in Std. 1 at Merchiston and Linda is in Class i at Ridge.
- SIMPSON, Karen — I have recently returned from Australia where I spent a year as a Rotary exchange student. I was hosted in Moe, Victoria. Moe is a small industrial town, most of its 15 600 inhabitants work for the State Electricity Commission in the open coal mines or in the power stations. I attended the local high school. Schools in Australia seem to be far more lax in their approach than South African schools. I found that there was very little discipline; we were required to wear a uniform, but this was not enforced. Sports were not compulsory, so as a result very few students played sport. During the year I stayed with four host families, and fitted in well with them all. I was very fortunate to have the opportunity to travel while I was away. I did a trip up to the centre and one up the East coast to Queensland. Generally I found the people friendly and hospitable. This year was a great success and very beneficial.
- SMIT, Brenda (Reid) — Have been transferred to Mtubatuba and both are working at Barclays Bank. Hoping to go overseas later in the year.
- STEER, Ann (Gregory) — Moved to a new home in August last year, and is now happily settled there. Jennifer is planning a trip overseas in July and Lynne is doing Chemistry Honours at Pietermaritzburg University, having been granted a B.Sc. Degree on the strength of her excellent results at the end of the third year of her B.Sc. Agriculture course.
- STEVENS, Gillian (McKenzie) — Given up work at the end of November 1979 and enjoying being at home with the children and helping Ron with his transport business. Michelle is thirteen and at G.H.S., Gregory is eleven and at Merchiston and Claire, six, is in class i at Ridge.
- STEWART, Sharon (Symons) — Got married to Kevin Stewart of New Zealand on the 1st December, 1979. Working as an industrial nursing sister at a factory in Pietermaritzburg.
- STREEK, Deena (Clayton) — Frank and I emigrated to Canada via Australia to see our daughter Jocelyn, landing in Vancouver on May 9th, 1978. We have joined my brother Carl's huge hog-farming venture, Frank as Financial Director.
- SWEET, Theresa — When last heard of at Christmas, was living in Luanda, Angola!
- SYMONS, Nicola — Just completed her first year nursing at Grey's Hospital.
- THORNTON-DIBB, Morelle (Shipman) — Will be leaving South Africa in April, for an indefinite period. I will be travelling Europe, Britain and America, having a holiday and working wherever I can. Will also join up with my sister Jill, who left in January.
- WEBB, Mary (Cox) — Retired as Principal of Mowat Park High School. Eldest son, Bruce, now Captain of R.N. Frigate H.M.S. Torquay.
- WHITFIELD, Deirdre. Living in Portsmouth, England and hopes to come out to South Africa for a holiday in September. Pauline has recently moved back to London.

WILLIAMS, Veronica (Phillips) — Have so enjoyed being part of the St. John's immediate community the last three years while Fritha has been there, especially meeting the Sisters and old girls again. Sad to be parting once more. Still living happily in Pretoria.

WILLIAMS, Fritha — Left St. John's in 1979 and is now in the U.S.A. as a Rotary Exchange Student.

WINHALL, Iona (Norton) — Has one daughter, Jane, and is living in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

WITHERSPOON, Di (Camp) — We are still farming just outside Mooi River. Any old girls passing through are welcome to come and stay! Kerry (15) in Std. 9 at St. John's, Wayne (13) has just started at Michaelhouse and Murray (4) is at home.

R.I.P.

May Chapman

Allison Hammon

ST. JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION
BURSARY APPLICATION

Name of Child Date of Birth

Years in which Bursary will be required

Name and Initials of Father or Guardian

Address

Mother's Maiden Name

Dates Mother attended St. John's

Is Mother a member of the S.J.O.G.A.?

Present Standard of Applicant

Name and Addresses of two References:-

(1)
.....
.....

(2)
.....
.....

A copy of the last school report must accompany this application, which must reach the Secretary:

Mrs M. Shepherd,
33 Buckingham Avenue,
Pietermaritzburg.
3201

before the **31st July**.

ST. JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION
ENROLMENT FORM

To: The Hon. Secretary (Mrs M. Shepherd)
 33 Buckingham Avenue, Pietermaritzburg, 3201.

I herewith enclose the sum of R6,30 and apply to be enrolled as a Life Member of the St. John's Old Girls' Association.

Cheques should be made payable to:—

‘St. John's Old Girls' Association’

SURNAME MAIDEN NAME

CHRISTIAN NAME

ADDRESS

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Dates of attendance at St. John's

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