

Journal of African
Studies
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Editorial

Four hundred years ago an aged Florentine artist found rest in death but t he boundless, emotional energy of his soul lived on, deeply imprinted in h is great works. In compensation, that same year an infant bawled lustily t o herald its arrival at Stratford. The literary talent latent in that bawl was later recognised by the world as genius!

When another four centuries have passed, the brilliance of Michelangelo's works and Shakespeare's writings will have remained undiminished. The po werful wrath of Moses will still seem to burst from its marble; Hamlet's problem of whether "to be or not to be" will have found no solution. Yet will any of our contemporary "modern" poetry, music and art stand up so s trongly to the test of time? Although a definite reply to such a question can be supplied only by time itself, there is reason to believe that it will not.

It has been said that art reflects the spirit of its age. In this atomic a ge the world is neglecting the fact that there is far more to life than tr ying to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"! Owing to ou r outstanding progress in the field of science, the importance of cultural subjects has become dimmed. From the moment of birth, children are swept up into this strange disease of modern life to take their places, on reach ing maturity, in a world where even the artists have become streamlined, s plashing and streaking their emotions on to canvas.

The ultra modern culture has broken all ties with tradition and branched out on its own. Jumbled words and phrases calling themselves poetry; "mus ic" of discords and shrieks; a matte black canvas entitled "Desolation"; - all these the public, with its distorted sense of values, accepts witho ut question. Artists, poets and musicians gimmick their way to recognitio

n in a world which tolerates because it does not understand.

In order for work to be produced which will prove itself of a more lasting nature than a passing phase, the tradition of centuries must be respected. Our contemporaries should enlarge on it, add new ideas but not ignore it. It is, therefore, essential that our youth should grow up with a knowledge and appreciation of

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the old. In a country as new as ours, this produces difficulties as our children have to rely entirely on books and teaching whereas in Italy or Greece life is surrounded by remains of the ancient culture. For this reason it is the responsibility of the schools to instil into minds, which may have great potential, a true understanding of culture, culture being, in the words of Matthew Arnold, "... the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit."

Janice Shapiro.

* * * *

OBITUARY NOTICES "Scottie"

Rebecca Scott came to South Africa to join the staff of Pre-oria Boys' College and all her life treasured a Christmas Card "from the Boarders to Miss Scott, to show their appreciation of her kindness."

Miss Earle and Miss Lawrence had long hoped that she would come to Roede-ean but it was not until 1911 that she was free to do so. When Miss A.

V. Jones left some ten or twelve years later, Scottie was made Vice-Principal but she had originally joined the Staff as Matron-Housekeeper.

She was far more than that. As one Old Girl wrote, "In any emergency it was to Scottie that one turned. No problem in Mathematics was beyond her solution; no translation of French or Latin baffled her nor difficulties in Grammar. Sinners of a hardened nature became plastic at Scottie's word; the sound of her step brought a smile to the face of the sufferer in the "San" or quelled a riot before she ever reached the door. But she was just "Scottie", utterly careless of herself, her appearance or of her own comfort. Should anyone wake at night, Scottie was mysteriously at hand with milk and cheerful words. She would conduct a class of stocking-mending, reading aloud - which she enjoyed and did magnificently - and darning at the same time, always attended by one of her pet dogs or cats". She supervised "Baths" in the evening, hearing someone's Latin declensions or, better still, telling stories of her childhood (as one of a large family at her father's Boys' Preparatory School in London) or of her travels or of some good episode in a book.

She was accessible to anyone, always ready to talk or listen or to pass a joke. You could hardly mention a book which she had not read or a topic which she did not know; her interests were

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encyclopaedic and she inspired a longing to know more. Her compassion and her loyalties ran fierce and deep and she could be prejudiced where she felt people were not giving their best to the things or people she cared about. There was nothing she would not do for the "lame dog" or for those who needed her.

When Miss Earle and Miss Lawrence retired in 1929, Scottie retired too, to care for them and look after them until she alone was left. However, retirement did not end her connections with Roede-ean. She kept up an immense correspondence with Old Girls of every age - she knew their doings, their husbands, their children; she corresponded with grandchildren

and great-grandchildren; she sent them books to read. She had that special quality of making everyone feel that they "counted", that what happened to them and what they did really mattered to her. Even near to the end she was writing a few lines and, when she could not write, still her thoughts were for others and she got Anna, her devoted companion and friend, to write or send messages, or to make arrangements because someone needed help.

She was vigorous, tireless and fiercely loyal - but perhaps her greatest quality was complete selflessness - the thought of Rebecca Scott or what might happen to her never entered her head. People of her calibre are rare in any generation; we were privileged to know and love her.

D. Lavin.

* *

Lulu Roberts and Mary Little

Several generations of Roedeaneans are mourning the deaths, within a few weeks of each other, of Lulu Roberts and Mary Little, two sisters, who as pupils, teachers and parents, have had a long and intimate connection with the School.

Lulu and Mary Joris were born in Belgium and came to South Africa after the First World War. When they arrived at Roedeane, they were about 15 and 16 and, after galvanising their tongue-tied classmates into astonished attention by their fluent French, they were immediately accepted and became popular and well-loved members of the School. The sayings of "Mawy", who never could pronounce her "R's", were quoted everywhere; the enthusiasm of both were infectious.

Lulu went on to St. Hilda's College, Oxford, and took her B.A.Hons. - and in addition captained her College rowing team and received her "blue". Mary, a year or so later, went and studied languages at the University of Grenoble. In due course both returned to South Africa and both joined the staff at Roedeane.

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dean. Mary then married Arthur Margrie and went poultry farming near Mooi River in Natal, and had two daughters, Patricia and Yvonne. After her husband's death a few years later, she courageously and capably carried on the farm single-handed. In 1941 she was married again to Ronnie Little just before he went to North Africa with the S.A. Forces. She returned to the Transvaal and started a small poultry farm near Johannesburg and Pat and Yvonne became Roedeane girls. From this time on Mary was active as a member of The S.A.O.R.A. committee and as secretary-treasurer of the P.T.A.-full of constructive ideas and enthusiasm.

Some time ago she contracted a virus complaint which left her an invalid for the rest of her life. Her uncomplaining cheerfulness and courage during these years were a continuous marvel to her friends. She carried on undaunted, making light of her disabilities and laughing off her pain.

A few months ago her condition became much worse and she died in January

Lulu remained on the Staff at Roedeane and was House-mistress of St. Ursula when in 1938 she married Douglas Roberts. Marriage brought many new responsibilities and interests. Her husband was head of a company which grew into a very large organisation and Lulu never spared herself in performing all the official and unofficial tasks which fell to her as wife of the Chairman - entertaining, organising functions or quietly oiling the wheels in the background. She achieved a wonderfully happy atmosphere in her home and was the centre of a particularly devoted family.

However, in spite of her new interests and the birth of three daughters, Susan, Jane and Anne, she found time to serve on the Roedean Board of Directors as the representative of the S.A.O.R.A.; she was a member of the S.A.O.R.A. committee and active in the P.T.A., and from 1940 she wrote the "News of Friends" for the school magazine. She busied herself with much social work, but rather typically chose to devote most of her time to the needs of the neglected Cape Coloured children in the Coronationville Creche and the Noordgesig Nursery School.

When Lulu left Roedean to be married, Miss Baker wrote in the school magazine, "We shall miss her about the place: she has a way of being in the middle of the front row when jobs are being given out which endears her to her colleagues in the Staff room".

This epitomises Lulu's life. She always seemed cheerfully prepared to take on anything, and was never too busy to help out where needed. She brought a warmth and enthusiasm to all she did and had a wonderful gift of sympathy. She died in Johannesburg on March 21st after a short illness.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Lulu's and Mary's mother, Mrs. Adams, and to their husbands and daughters.

I. Bird.

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Sandra Rohrbach

Sandra Rohrbach left Roedean in Upper V when most of us, her classmates, lost contact with her. It was very sad news indeed to hear of her most unfortunate illness and subsequent death.

Sandra was always a lively member of Roedean during all her years here, entering into the spirit of all events with great gusto. Those of us who knew her in Junior School will associate Easter time with the annual party her parents gave at which her father produced the most wonderful chocolate Easter eggs.

After leaving Roedean, Sandra finished her schooling at Roedean, Brighton, and then attended a teacher's training college. She was just completing her course, and was looking forward to teaching in September when her sudden and tragic illness occurred.

We extend our sincere sympathies to Sandra's family.

Rosemary Patterson.

* * * *

Headmistress' Report Mr. Chairman, Mr. Wilson, Ladies and Gentlemen, It is a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Wilson as our guest speaker today. I am fortunate enough to know him in some of his many capacities, as one who serves the cause of the independent schools with great devotion, as Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Church Schools, a committee which guards the interests of the undenominational schools as well, as a Trustee of the Roedean Trust, and as a parent, now and then exceeding the speed limit up the main drive. Roedean is privileged to number him among its parents.

I have much pleasure in presenting the school report for the year 1962-63.

On the whole, the examination results over the last year indicate that the school is maintaining a sound academic standard. Thirty-four candidates were presented for the examination of the Joint Matriculation Board in December. Those familiar with the School, will know that this is an unusually small number and I should explain that this was due to removals from this group during the five years in which it passed up the School, removals

Is due mainly to transfer of parents to other places. Of the candidates presented, thirty gained Matriculation Exemption Certificates seven being placed in the first class, twenty-one in the second, and two in the third. There were seven distinctions, two in History, one each in Biology, Geography, Mathematics, French

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and Latin. Two girls obtained school-leaving certificates, and of the two candidates unsuccessful in December, one re-wrote in March and gained a Matriculation Certificate.

In October last year a number of girls wrote Afrikaanse Taaleksamens. All eleven candidates passed the Hoer Eksamen; forty-three passed the Laer, seven of them obtaining a pass in the hoer graad; sixty-two passed the Voorbereidende Eksamen, ten in the hoer graad, one met lof. Last week a large number of candidates again wrote these examinations at the three levels, a far larger number being presented for the Hoer Eksamen. The introduction of the Voorbereidende Eksamen last year for the first time, has proved a successful experiment. It gives impetus to and interest in the study of the second language to the Middle Vs, and we hope this will bear fruit in the higher forms, even if the presentation of such youthful candidates for a public examination is fraught with some anxiety to the members of staff concerned. In August for the first time ten candidates wrote the Taalbond Examination, which consists of papers in both languages, and requires a certain standard in both. All ten passed this examination, four in the second class, six in the third class. Most of the candidates got an A or B symbol for English but I am bound to say that the symbols for Afrikaans were not quite so high. This certificate shows it is holders to be bilingual and may prove a useful one to hold.

Five candidates were presented for the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal School of Music. All passed, two with distinctions, two with merit. Again this year in July the music pupils of the School and the two choirs presented an evening of music for their parents. Under the direction of Miss Harland and her staff the music pupils show interest and make steady progress, while the work of the two choirs reaches a good standard.

As the result of examinations held in June, the Anne Cleaver A Scholarship was awarded to Roslyn Allison of this School, the B Scholarship being divided between Gael Crawford Nutt of the Auckland Park Preparatory School and Kiloran Simpson of the Bryanston Primary School. These scholarships are awarded for academic ability, but do not entirely meet our needs. One of the objects of the Roedeian Trust is to offer bursaries to able children who do not quite reach scholarship standard and cannot enter the school without some financial help. The school welcomes the prospect of bringing in such children.

With reference to children who are exceptionally gifted academically, it was interesting to see in the Press a few weeks ago that the Transvaal Education Department does not recommend the creation of special schools for such children. We do very little streaming here, and I sometimes wonder whether the

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more gifted children lose thereby. Judging by the way our Old Girls acquire themselves at the universities, most of them seem to go adequately equipped for further study, and although streaming in all subjects might produce a larger number of distinctions in the Matriculation Examination, the

s does not seem a sufficiently strong reason for changing our policy. One of the reasons given for the decision of the Education Department was that clever children all placed together in the same school, would not all have the opportunity of developing their qualities of leadership. I do not find that to be a very convincing argument since we do not necessarily find that the best scholars prove to be the best leaders.

This year classes, in Speech Training for the Lower and Middle Vs, have been revived after an interval. These have proved most successful, and a number of girls from the Middle Vs took part in a competition organised by the Guild of Speech Trainers, in which each member of a group, under a chairman selected from the group, had to make a speech. This sort of training for future possible members of parliament seems a good one, and on the whole, I think that the emphasis in this subject should be on clear enunciation rather than pronunciation. After our efforts to revise this subject in the School, it was rather disheartening to see that the compiler of the English Pronouncing Dictionary has just expressed the view that people should be allowed to speak as they please.

Our programme of physical education and games is progressing well under Miss Birch and Miss Pumfrey, who joined the staff in September. The swimming teams are now training for the Gala to be held next year in February. In this event last March our divers did well, but over enthusiasm on the part of some members of the swimming teams, led to disqualifications which spoilt our final placing. The Hockey Teams had a fairly good season. Two girls were selected to play in the Transvaal Schoolgirls' Team and went to Stellenbosch in July to play in the Inter-Provincial Tournament. This was an interesting experience for them, their enjoyment no doubt being enhanced by the fact that they missed a week of school. Netball Teams competed in the league matches during the winter term and did reasonably well. This game, introduced into the Senior School a few years ago, is proving a popular one. The Open tennis teams last season were a little slow on their feet but the younger members of the School were very successful and show promise for the future.

As a result of the realignment of the Kloof Road it became necessary to move the four tennis courts, and the Board of Governors has taken the opportunity to relay them as All-Weather Courts. The work has just been completed. These quick drying

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courts are of immense advantage, both for practice and matches, and if they prove a success, we hope to repeat the process on other courts. This term, after an interval of many years, the School is again playing cricket, and I understand, I must say with some misgivings, that a team is to start playing league matches next term. Cricketers, perhaps, are born and not made. At any rate the introduction of this game seems to amuse the members of the School, and nothing but good can surely come from acquiring the ability to distinguish between a googly and a yorker, and to recognise and appreciate a late cut. We may yet see an Old Roedeanian included in a cricket team playing the Australians.

The great event of this year has been the celebration of our Sixtieth birthday and the foundation of the Roedeian Trust. A central committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. Peter Anderson set the wheels turning and they have continued to revolve ever since. An army of canvassers went into action soon after the dinners, and the total sum given and pledged now stands at R193,000. The raising of this sum, which we hope will multiply itself in the resourceful hands of the six trustees, is to remain as a Ca

pital Fund, only the interest being made available for the development of the School. We are all, from the oldest to the youngest, now busy building castles in the air, castles which I am bound to say, rather differ in size and shape. The younger members of the School see themselves splashing round in an Olympic swimming pool; the slightly older group wish to enhance their social status by learning to play Squash; while the older members of the School see fine castellated classrooms and laboratories rising on the site. In time we hope to have them all, and on behalf of the School, I should like to thank very warmly all the many people who have helped to strengthen the foundations of the School and to ensure its future development.

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The School had its own celebrations on March 9th. Unfortunately the prospect of bad weather in the morning led to the abandonment of the planned picnic, but in the afternoon, Old Girls of various periods entertained the present girls with a panorama of Roedean through the ages. Judging by some of the stories of the past, Roedean was hardly the seminary for young ladies intended by the founders. When it came to a description of a strip tease act in a classroom, during a lesson, the Staff began to get anxious, but the present members of the School seem to have realised that these things happened when Roedean was very young, and are not suited to a dignified, sixty-year-old. The evening ended with the cutting of the birthday cake decorated with sixty candles.

Clubs and Societies have been active through the year, and girls have attended plays, Art Exhibitions, Concerts and Sporting

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Events. Perino Gamba, the pianist, played to the School and we enjoyed the singing of Louis Berkman. The School saw the film of the building of Coventry Cathedral and the performance of a Nativity Play, "Christmas in the Market Place", by the Union Artists.

Players from the Speech Training Department of Natal University gave a most interesting, modern performance of "The Tale of Two Cities". Professor Bozzoli came to recruit electrical engineers by a talk on this profession as a career for girls, and four girls took part in a broadcast in which they had to discuss a teenage problem presented to them. Parents will be pleased to hear that two of them had to be cajoled into taking the part of the teenager in her disagreement with her parents.

We have this year received a number of useful gifts from the Parent Teachers' Association, from parents, Old Girls and friends. To mark the occasion of our Sixtieth Birthday, we have received a special gift of R2,000. We propose to use this for railings and a gate at the entrance to the School. This project is not regarded altogether favourably by the members of the School who are determined to regard themselves when it is completed as lions in a cage. The fact of the matter is that whereas in the old days, the movement of traffic and pedestrians along the road was scanty, today this is not the case, and greater protection of the West side of the School has become most necessary. The erection of this fence and gate should make a very fine entrance to the School, and the news that the cage door will only be locked after dark may give some reassurance to the School. We are most grateful for this magnificent gift and to all those who have given to us useful and beautiful presents during the past year. Last year at Speech Day I announced a change in the school's times, a change not altogether welcomed by all parents. From the point of view of the School this has proved a great success. Lessons begin in a more orderly way

, without a half hour of desultory chat by the boarders and those daygirls who of necessity arrive early; daygirls leave earlier in the afternoons; boarders are a little less pressed for time in the evenings, and the non-resident staff welcome the earlier end to the day's work. I should like to thank all the parents of daygirls for their co-operation in the making of this change, a co-operation for which I am most grateful, more particularly as I know the earlier hour is not convenient to all of them.

The Board of Governors is considering the building of a new classroom block next year. Some of the old classrooms still in use are too small for the present numbers in the classes; also, they are spread over a wide area, which wastes time between lessons; some of our classrooms have to have desks arranged in

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pairs, which is not altogether desirable. Six new rooms would greatly increase the efficient running of the School. We hope to have them soon, and already have numerous plans for the disused classrooms in the older blocks.

I should like to record my thanks to the Chairman and Members of the Board of Governors for their interest in and understanding of our many problems, to the Committee and Members of the Parent Teachers' Association for their help in many directions; and to the Old Girls for their loyal support. While I am grateful to all of these there is another group to whom my thanks are especially due. As I stand here and review the achievements of the year, there sit behind me the people who are entirely responsible for them, those who teach your children, those who care for them, those who organise their extra mural activities, the members of the Staff, whose help I never ask in vain.

Grateful as we must be for the magnificent effort which has been made this year in the establishment of the Roedeian Trust,

I should like to say in conclusion that I believe the majority of girls who come to this school do make the most of what the School offers them. They recognise the responsibility that lies with those who enjoy the privilege of being members of one of the independent schools, that is to say, they begin to understand that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall I be much required".

* * * *

The School from the Koppie.

[E. Gilchrist.

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Achievements and Distinctions

Scholarships Dr. Anne Cleaver Scholarship "A" Dr. Anne Cleaver Scholarship "B"

Dr. Anne Cleaver Exhibition Ella Le Maitre Scholarship Myrtle Hamilton Scholarship Margery Viney Exhibition

Prizes - Cornford - Essay

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3.

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7.

8.

- 1963 Roslyn Allison

Kiloran Simpson Gael Crawford-Nutt

Patricia Logie

Josephine Church

Charlotte Jefferay

Jill Schermbrucker

1963

Leslie Cope

Prize Margaret Richards

Margaret Earle - Classical Prize Clare Walker

Pole Evans - Biology Prize Clare Walker

Sue Hardy

Patrick Duncan - Afrikaans Prize Monique Sousmayer

Joan Hildick-Smith - Art Prize Monique Sousmayer

Pamela Carlin

D. Denoon Duncan - Domestic Science Prize

Baker Memorial - English Prize

Janice Cottrell

Jubilee Prizes

Prize for Mathematics

- Prize for graphy

Geo-

Sue Hardy Clare Walker

Clare Walker Hillary Lloyd

Margaret Richards Jennifer Rouse

Jennifer Rouse Andree Sessel

9.

10.

11.

12.

- Prize for Biology

- Special Prize for

Chemistry

A. D. Viney - French Prize Janet Grieseson

Clare Walker

H. R. Raikes - Physical Science Prizes

Clare Walker

Cluver Prize -

Achievement

- History Prize .. Prudence Morris

Prize for General

..... Maureen Felling

Judith Whyte

Ella Le Maitre Reading

Prize for

Sarah Henwood Elizabeth Swan

Jessica Blades

Bridget Read

13. Noel Niven - Music Prize

14. G. W. H. Nicolson - Music Prize

BEST PUPILS IN FRENCH GIVEN BY THE CONSULATE GENERAL

DE FRANCE Sue Hardy

Monique Sousmayer

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Matriculation Results - 1963

First Class: Maureen Felling, Sue Hardy, Hillary Lloyd, Pauline Morris, Joanna Ord, Margaret Richards, Monique Sousmayan (Distinction in Biology), Clare Walker (Distinctions in Biology and French), Judith Whyte.

Second Class: Clare Black, Jessica Blades, Mary-Anne Bosazza, Janine Burnett-Smith, Glenn Callie, Angela Carlin, Pamela Carlin, Karin Colsen, Carol Coningham, Janice Cottrell, Elizabeth Foster, Brenda Gillespie, Janet Grieveson, Penelope Harrison, Deirdre Hayhoe, Sarah Henwood, Sally Humphriss, Patricia Leon, Prudence Morris, Judith Roberts, Jennifer Rouse, Andree Sessel, Veronica Stirling, Elizabeth Swan, Mauray Thomson, Manya von Oettingen, Jennifer Wilson, Joy Wilton, Patricia Wright.

School Leaving - Second Class: Judith Gemmil, Anna Sherwood, Anne Taylor-Smith.

School Leaving - Third Class: Marilyn Ash, Jacqueline Bosnian, Audrey Pethick.

Afrikaans - Voorbereidende Taaleksamen - 1963

Hoer Graad: Susan Adams, Gillian Allen, Roslyn Allison, Sally Anderson, Amanda Andrews, Jean Boright, Jill Carruthers, Patricia Logie (met Lof), Caroline Lucas, Jacquitta Smith, Dagmar Zavichak.

Gewone Graad: Sandra Ash, Ann Ballinger, Margaret Banks, Christiane Manmeyer, Janette Cloran, Jane Cuthbert, Pamela Davis, Judith Day, Lauri Dempster, Diana Douglas, Pamela Duke, Lucinda Gane, Kathleen Gregor, Ingrid Hahn, Heath Harriess, Patricia Heberlein, Lyn Horrell, Lynne Humphriss, Jennifer Hunt, Susan Lurie, Caroline Macleod-Smith; Kathryn Meintjies, Anitra Nettleton, Gillian Nicholas, Catherine Paynter, Angela Pickles, Georgina Power, Gillian Price, Jacqueline Saling, Jillian Tyser, Margaret Weehuizen, Frances Wells, Heather Whyte.

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Afrikaans - Laer Taaleksamen - 1963

Hoer Graad: Jennifer Anderson, Colleen Campbell, Elizabeth Feek, Caroline Issacs, Charlotte Jefferay, Anneke Phenning (met Lof), Patricia Reincke, Christine Richardson, Wendy Rossiter, Janice Shapiro, Diana Thorburn, Deborah-Mary Tulloch.

Gewone Graad: Alison Archibald, Marilyn Ash, Corinne Averbuch, Mary-Anne Bosazza, Jacqueline Bosman, Janine Burnett-Smith, Una Butcher, Glenn Callie, Pamela Carlin, Catherine Charlewood, Virginia Cornish-Bowden, Tugela Croxton, Joslyn Daneel, Brigid Dey, Helen Duke, Barbara Fleming, Elizabeth Foster, Judith Gemmill, Brenda Gillespie, Carolyn Greenwood, Carol Gregor, Gay Hambleton, Deirdre Hayhoe, Avril Hutchings, Heather Long, Jean Ludwig, Penelope Mackenzie, Barbara Moon, Anthea Paton, Audrey Pethick, Pamela Pethick, Judith Pilcher, Diana Potter, Jill Schermbrucker, Felicity Smith, Mauray Thomson, Rosemary Webster, Jennifer Wilson.

Afrikaans - Hoer Taaleksamen - 1963

Hoer Graad: Maureen Felling, Sue Hardy, Margaret Richards, Clare Walker.

Gewone Graad: Clare Black, Jessica Blades, Angela Carlin, Karin Colsen, Carol Coningham, Janet Grieveson, Penelope Harrison, Sarah Henwood, Sally Humphriss, Patricia Leon, Hillary Lloyd, Pauline Morris, Prudence Morris, Joanna Ord, Jennifer Rouse, Andree Sessel, Monique Sousmayan, Elizabeth Swan, Manya von Oettingen, Judith Whyte, Joy Wilton, Patricia Wright.

Afrikaans - Examination in Bilingualism - 1963

Graad II: S. Hardy - Afrikaans D, English A, Total C.

M. Sousmayan - Afrikaans C, English B, Total C.

C. Walker - Afrikaans D, English A, Total C.
J. Rouse - Afrikaans D, English B, Total C.
Graad III: M. Felling - Afrikaans E, English B, Total D.
J. Grieveson - Afrikaans E, English C, Total D.
H. Lloyd - Afrikaans E, English B, Total D.
M. Richards - Afrikaans E, English B, Total C.
E. Swan - Afrikaans E, English A, Total C.
P. Wright - Afrikaans E, English C, Total D.

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Associated Board Examinations of the Royal School of Music October 1963

Grade I: Keithayn Watson (Distinction).
Grade III: Marguerite Immelman (Merit).
Grade III: Diana Hall.
Grade IV: Michele Joubert (Distinction).
Grade IV: Kathryn Meintjes (Merit).
Theory -
Grade V: Barbara Fleming.

* * * *

School Officers - 1963

Senior Prefects: H. Lloyd, S. Hardy.

School Prefects: E. Swan, M. Felling, P. Harrison, B. Gillespie, J. Gemmill

House Prefects: J. Grieveson, P. Wright, J. Ord, C. Black, M. Thomson, V. Stirling, J. Wilton, P. Leon, J. Rouse, Pru Morris, J. Blades, M. Richards, J. Wilson, G. Callie, C. Walker.

Sub-Prefects: A. Carlin, P. Carlin, A. Sherwood, M. Sousmayan, D. Hayhoe, J. Cottrell, J. Whyte, K. Colsen, C. Coningham, S. Henwood, S. Humphriss, A. Taylor-Smith, M. von Oettin-gen, M. Ash, J. Bosman, E. Foster, A. Pethick, J. Roberts, A. Sessel, J. Burnett-Smith, M. A. Bosazza, Pau. Morris.

New Sub-Prefects: J. Anderson, E. Feek, G. Hambleton, J. Ludwig, B. Moon, R. Webster, T. Croxton, D. Thorburn, C. Greenwood, T. 'Kisch, C. Charleswood, C. Roper, U. Butcher, W. Rossiter, C. Richardson, C. Campbell, D. M. Tulloch, B. Fleming, C. Jefferay, C. Gregor, H. Duke, J. Schermbrucker, F. Smith, M. Mackinnon, C. Averbuch, A. Paton, D. Adams, S. Lowenthal, P. Mackenzie, P. Reineke, P. Adamson, A. Archibald, V. C. Bowden, J. Daneel, B. Dey, C. Dugan, E. Findlay, M. Hepner, A. Hutchings, C. Isaacs,

A. Phenning, J. Pilcher, D. Potter, J. Shapiro, H. Long.

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School Officers - 1964

Senior Prefect: E. Feek.

Heads of Houses: C. Greenwood, M. Mackinnon, R. Webster.

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Brigid Dey, Our Shakespeare Scholar.

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Pianos

The School still pays for the hire of several pianos and has done so for many years. If any reader of the Magazine should hear of a good, second-hand instrument for sale, we should be very glad to know about it.

* * * *

Gifts to the School - 1963

The School has to acknowledge the following generous gifts: Set of Rods
- Cuisenaire from P.T.A.
Transistor for St. Katherine's from P.T.A.
Two White Vases for Chapel from Mrs. Thomas.
Lectern for the Hall from Prunella MacRobert.
Gift of R2,000 for Wrought Iron Railings from Council of Education, Witwatersrand.

Netball Cup from Mrs. E. Woeber.

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Garden Table from Frances Tulloch.

Framed Map from Mr. Harriss.

Handwoven Curtains from Jane Stevens.

Moveable Blackboard for Transition from P.T.A.

Mathematics Book from Mr. S. Cohen, for Library.

Blue Silk Piano Drape for Chapel from P.T.A.

Bench for St. Agnes' Courtyard from Mr. and Mrs. Coningham.

Wall Maps and Native Picture for Junior School from P.T.A. Lay Figure for the Art Studio from P.T.A.

Painting and refurnishing St. Ursula's Sitting Room from P.T.A.

Mahogany Bench from Sally Ann Hotson.

* * * *

School Benevolences - 1963

Bantu S.P.C.A. Orlando..... R 11.65

The Friends of Thabisong R 10.50

St. Joseph's Home for Coloured Children R 10.00

Nutrition Corp. of South Africa R23.20

Jane Furse Memorial Hospital R37.70

Our Children's Day R26.75

Lamplighters to support a Leper woman in Nigeria R23.65

Rudolf Steiner School for Retarded Children R93.29

Rand Daily Mail Christmas Fund R87.88

Isaacson Foundation Bursary Fund to help African

Girl at High School R50.00

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Address By Mr. W. D. Wilson on Speech Day

When we ask what are the most important things happening today, we tend to distill our answers from the headlines of the last few days, or if we are more farsighted, from the last few months.

Thus our reply to such a question might take many forms, according to our temperaments. One would cite the attack of the Afro Asian nations on South Africa, another racial unrest in South Africa and the United States of America, another the economic advance of South Africa, some the struggle between East and West. Some might even mention the rise or fall of a

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pop singer or a film star. You would go a long way before you found even a handful of people who would give as their answer 'the changed and still changing position of women.'

Yet this trend probably ranks with two or three others as the most important and significant in a world torn by a multitude of dramatic and disturbing changes.

I do not wish to deal in this talk with whether the immense growth in the freedom of women, particularly in the Western world, has gone too far or not far enough. Some - principally women - say it has not gone far enough. Some - principally men - will say it has gone too far. I do not intend to expose myself to withering controversy by expressing an opinion. The fact is that it has gone a very long way and will go further, and being a subject of controversy, not capable of scientific proof one way or the other, discussion on it is ruled more by emotion than by reason. What I am concerned with today is its effects on one subject: education of girls.

Basically, what has happened is that being a woman has ceased to be, for most at least, sheltered employment. Now that brute force and ignorance have in so many fields become qualities of declining value and thousands of horsepower are available at the touch of a button, women of intelligence and ability are at least not barred from occupations because they lack physical strength. Modern, all powerful, scientific logic supported by scientific morality and scientific need is gradually forcing a greater degree of equality of opportunity for men and women. There are many citadels - and not only the mines - for women to conquer but they are gradually falling. And since girls cannot tell in advance whether they are going to have to earn their livings, it is of utmost importance to see that they get the education and training to enable them to compete in a highly competitive world. Already misgivings are being uttered in America and Great Britain over the gradual elimination of positions that can be held by people who have no training or skills and by the time you girls are forty this trend may have progressed much further. This, although you may not realise it, is a revolutionary change as compared with, say, fifty years ago, that is, immediately before the First World War. And what it means is that girls' schools must be in every way as good as boys' schools in preparation for the competitive world.

It should not be thought, however, that girls and women living before 1913 did not perform any useful functions in the world. My own view is that whether you apply spiritual, philosophical or psychological standards you will reach the conclusion that they did just as much as men - indeed more, and even if the giants such as the Saint Theresas, the Brontes, Jane Austen, Georges Sand, Florence Nightingale, are ignored. But they did it

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in a different field; what I would call the uncompetitive field for sake of simplification. You see, in examining this question you must realise that the competitive world is not all it is cracked up to be. In it you will at times find selfishness leading to downright cruelty, self-centredness leading to vanity and arrogance, a grasping for prizes that any self-respecting thinker would condemn as worthless, if not corrupting, and judgments warped by irrelevant factors. The competitive world also imposes immense strains, particularly on the sensitive: strains that are often too great to be borne alone. It was of immense advantage to the world that a vast number of people, mainly women, were outside the competitive world and therefore not corrupted or soiled by it. Nor did this go unrecognised. Throughout history, from Old Testament times, mankind has sought and often found in women - I say this quite unsentimentally - those qualities he believes to be finest but which he, through excessive commitment to the competitive world, has destroyed: qualities of utter unselfishness, purity, humble courage that endures indefinitely, loyalty in spite of everything, truly object

ive judgment.

So, you see, I part company with that distinguished academic - perhaps the best known academic in the world today - Professor Higgins, when he sings "Why Can't a Woman be Like a Man". The qualities I have mentioned are needed just as much as they were needed 2,500 years ago, perhaps more so. Most girls from this and other similar schools will spend much, if not all, of their lives in the uncompetitive world. These schools therefore have a double responsibility: the responsibility to qualify girls to enter the competitive world and the responsibility to equip girls to live outside the competitive world. In this sense they have greater obligations than boys' schools; and if they can succeed in equipping people for both lives they will produce finer products than the boys' schools.

It is a formidable task, however, not only in the abstract but in practice and one has to admit with regret that the education of girls does not, even now, receive the same concentrated attention and support as does education for boys.

Attitudes change very slowly. Because fifty years ago very few girls entered the competitive world and even today many do not, many parents do not regard it as so essential that their daughters should be highly trained for the competitive world. Thus you have the situation that almost every major independent boys' senior school of the quality of Roedeian has a thriving postmatriculation form. Not one of the equivalent girls' schools in South Africa can support one. And as post-matriculation forms influence the academic lives and standards of entire schools

boys, staff, societies alike - the girls' schools are the poorer for this. Because the girls' schools are unable to take girls beyond

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the matriculation stage, the really able ones often leave school too young and without having had an opportunity to gain the maturity of mind and intellectual experience that should be available from these schools. Nor is the matriculation examination adequate as a school leaving and university entrance examination. There seems to be a reasonable prospect of major alterations being made in the examination system in South Africa and it would be as well for the girls' schools to gain experience in teaching to higher standards than the matriculation examination in anticipation of these changes being made.

Another example of the attitude towards the education of girls which some of us may deplore but which we much acknowledge as a reality, emerges from the Industrial Fund. When the Industrial Fund was first established, consideration was given to whether it should endeavour to provide help to girls' schools as well as boys' schools. It was decided not to do this, for two reasons: the first, that it was doubted whether sufficient funds could be raised to fulfil both purposes effectively, and the second, that it was doubted whether commerce and industry would regard the provision of improved facilities for science teaching at girls' schools as sufficiently directly in their interest to persuade them to contribute. The Industrial Fund will shortly be considering this matter again and I hope that having assisted the boys' schools so successfully it will now be sufficiently encouraged to endeavour to help the girls' schools as well. If it does, I hope also that members of commerce and industry will recognise that education in scientific subjects at girls' schools is as important as it is at boys' schools, and contribute generously to any appeal that is needed.

Again, it is often not recognised that the uncompetitive life to be lived satisfactorily requires more education than the competitive life, not less. Moreover, it is much more difficult to undertake. People in the competitive world are subject to all sorts of automatically imposed disciplines, stimuli, experiences. Those in the non-competitive world have to supply their own disciplines and stimuli; and have to create many of their experiences from within themselves. This again seems to me to point to a very special importance in having post-matriculation classes at girls' schools when there is time available, where minds are not obsessed with a public examination and where girls have reached a degree of maturity which will enable them to absorb profound and abstract thought.

The most important factor of all, however, must be the attitude of the girls themselves. There is no doubt that some, at least, lack the impulse to make themselves competitive and fail to recognise the value of education in depth in the uncompetitive life. Far more girls of ability than boys reject the opportunity of university careers or securing professional qualifications. Many

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do not understand or have the desire to face the responsibilities of uncompetitive life, or the immense importance to their families and to the world of the qualities I referred to earlier.

Having said all this, let us recognise the difficulty of achieving what would, after all, be a new dimension in education of girls and the dangers of trying to move too far or fast. Success must depend on conviction of the necessity, not only amongst staff, but parents and girls. It depends on a cold analytical approach to methods, courageous experiment, warm enthusiasm, determination to achieve. The dangers lie in the direction of destroying the special qualities which have been women's throughout history, of introducing sophistication where simplicity has ruled, and uniformity where diversity reigned, of destroying the individual identity. I believe it is worth trying. The dangers can be avoided so long as they are foreseen and a sharp eye is kept open for them, so long as we realise that education and the pressures that inevitably exist in schools, by destroying the uniqueness of each individual, can lead to a deadly uniformity. If success is achieved the prizes will be very great. If the schools do not give education for the uncompetitive life it will never be given and will have to be won through hard, slow experience, if it is won at all.

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Hail damage at Roedean, January, 1964.

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Items from the School Log - 1963

February 16th.

Rats' Housenight: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, come revel in a Roman Spring".

February 23rd.

The Antes and Matrics were taken to Cinerama to see "The South Seas Adventure". The same evening the School was shown the film, "Meet me in Las Vegas".

March 9th.

Foundation Day.

March 16th.

Inter-High School Gala.

March 25th.

Inter-House Gala.

April 20th.

School Dance.

June 1st.

Lambs' Housenight: "Pack your bags, man, and play it cool in Gay Paris".

June 13th.

The Matrics went to a French Art Exhibition.

June 15th.

The film, "Friendly Persuasion", was shown.

July 15th.

Roedean was recorded at Broadcast House during the programme, "Callin g to Youth".

August 7th.

Matrics and Antes went to Helpmekaar for a talk on Space Travel.

September 14th.

Matrics attended St. John's production of "The Merchant of Venice".

September 17th.

The whole school went to the Planetarium.

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September 21st.

Bears' Housenight: "Bongo, Bongo, come to the Congo.

It's Gonna be hot in the Cannibal pot".

September 27th.

A film on the rebuilding of Coventry Cathedral was shown.

September 28th.

The film, "The Mating Game", was shown.

October 2nd.

Visit from Estcourt High School's Matric Form.

October 12th.

Some girls went to the Professional Tennis at Ellis Park, some to a conce rt by Wits Choir and the others to the Antes' Dress Rehearsal.

October 18th and 19th.

School Play: Androcles and the Lion.

November 2nd.

Speech Day.

November 16th.

Granchildren's Party and Matric Picnic.

December 8th.

Carol Service.

* * * *

The Grandchildren's Party

In spite of ominous clouds in the morning, the afternoon was bright and s unny and shortly after 2 p.m. the Old Girls arrived with their children w ho were duly handed over to the senior girls' care while the mothers atte nded the S.A.O.R.A. meeting. Unfortunately, the Matric grandchildren were unable to attend as they were on their annual picnic.

As always the Gym and the Swimming Bath were very popular and by tea-time everyone was ready to "tuck-in".

The Fairy Godmother was found on Pleasaunce and, after the presents ha d been delivered, everyone received an ice-cream and returned to their mothers, well satisfied. And so, another enjoyable Grandchildren's Pa rty came to an end.

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SCHOOL ACTIVITIES AND SOCIETIES The School Play - 1963

"Androcles and the Lion" was certainly an unusual choice for our class to present as the School Play and, therefore, was a test not only of our powers of acting but also of our ability to put across Shaw's message. Furthermore, on our small stage it was not easy to produce and this made it most essential that the movements of the Christians, the Soldiers, the Gladiators and so forth should be timed perfectly.

Outstanding performances were given by Colleen Campbell as Spintho, Corinne Averbuch as Ferrovius and Moraig Mac-kinnon as Caesar. Una Butcher and Tessa Kisch, who played Androcles and his shrewish wife, proved an excellent combination and their portrayals brought out the delightful contrast between the two. Carol Gregor excelled in mime and most successfully portrayed the emotions of the Lion. The part of Lavinia, played at the Friday performance by Diana Thorburn and on Saturday by Deborah-Mary Tulloch, was interpreted sympathetically by them both.

Everyone thought that the play was brilliantly produced by Mrs. Roux who was ably assisted by Mrs. Blainey and Miss Mulraney. Miss Marriott, who was again responsible for the decor and the costumes, excelled herself particularly in the Lion's costume which was so realistic. Our most sincere thanks go to them for all they did to make our play the success it was.

In conclusion we should like it known that we thoroughly enjoyed doing the play and, when it was over, felt there was quite a void in our lives and we were at a loss to know what to do during the usual rehearsal times.

Cast

The Lion Carol Gregor

Megaera, wife to Androcles..... Tessa Kisch

Androcles, a Greek Christian Una Butcher

Centurion Gay Hambleton

Captain Charlotte Jefferay

Lavinia, a Christian Deborah Mary Tulloch
or Diana Thorburn

Lentulus Cecily RoPer

Metellus / ^ounie Virginia Cornish-Bowden

Spintho, a Christian..... Colleen Campbell

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Ferrovius, a Christian

Beggar

Ox-Driver

Call Boy

Editor at the Arena Menagerie Keeper

Caesar

Retiarius, a Net-thrower

Secutor, a Gladiator.....

Women Christians

Men Christians Roman Soldiers

Gladiators

Corinne Averbuch

Anthea Paton

Wendy Rossiter

Rosemary Webster

Elizabeth Feek

Jean Ludwig

Moraig McKinnon
Anneke Phenning
Carol Dugan
Penelope Adamson Joslyn Daneel Barbara Moon Christine Richardson D
iana Thorburn Deborah Mary Tulloch
Diana Adams Barbara Fleming Felicity Smith
Alison Archibald Helen Duke Elizabeth Feek Susan Lowenthal Penelope
McKenzie Judith Pilcher
Helen Duke Gay Hambleton Tessa Kisch Judith Pilcher

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The School Concert

The exceptionally high standard attained by the senior school's musician
s last year was equalled if not surpassed by the performers on the 28th
July, 1963 - our second evening of music.

The evening began with two songs sung by the Lower V class followed b
y the younger pianists who performed works of Handel, Bach and Clemen
ti. Apart from the classical composers, however' there were represent
atives of both the Romantic and Modern Schools, including two ultra-m
odern works by Edmund Rubba.

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Four piano duets were included to vary the programme and three delighfu
l vocal duets were sung by Hillary Lloyd and Brenda Gillespie.

A recital by the School Choir and an anthem by the Chapel Choir provide
d very enjoyable listening pleasure and brought to an end a most succes
sful musical evening.

Elizabeth Swan.

* * * *

Sunday Evening Entertainments

On the evening of Sunday, 24th February, the Rev. Mr. Blaxall, who con
ducted Evensong in the Chapel, and his wife gave us a talk after suppe
r on the Non-European Blind. From this we learnt how they have establi
shed many schools, houses and workshops for Non-European blind - men,
women and children. Of these we heard, in particular, of E'zenzeleni.
We were entertained on Sunday, 17th March, by Lewis Berk-man, whose rec
ital of a variety of songs was much enjoyed; "Shortnin' Bread", a Negro
Spiritual, being our favourite.

An idea of life in Russia was conveyed to us by Mr. Jacques Selschop w
ho showed slides of that country. We are now well-informed as to what
goes on behind the Iron Curtain and were highly amused by his dry humo
ur.

Two Matric girls, Joy Wilton and Clare Black, assisted by Jackie Huggett,
showed us slides and talked on their trip overseas with the School-girls
' Tour during the Christmas holidays.

Our first Sunday evening entertainment during the Winter Term was on S
unday, 16th June, when the Rev. Mr. Ford of the Leper Mission, having
conducted Evensong in the Chapel, showed us a film on the work of the
Mission to Lepers.

Major Kraft gave us a talk and showed us a film on Game Preservation, mos
tly in Africa. This took place on July 21st.

The following Sunday evening was the School Concert - "An Evening of
Music". The Lower V, Middle V, Chapel Choir and School Choir sang sev
eral songs with great volume and in between these items, various musi
c pupils performed.

A very unusual Nativity Play, entitled "Christmas in the Market-Place" an

d produced by the all-African cast of Union Artists, was put on in our hall on Sunday, September 29th.

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After supper on Sunday, 17th November, the Rev. Mr. Yates spoke to the Matrics and Antes about the Coloured people among whom he works - an interesting but rather neglected topic.

A most interesting evening was spent on the 24th November when we were shown the British Information Films "Weave me a Rainbow", "Metal in Harmony", and "Wild Highlands".

Once again on the last Sunday of Term III the hall was filled with the Christmas Spirit when parents, staff and pupils attended our annual Carol Service which was a great success.

* * * *

Senior Science Club

In the Winter Term Professor G. R. Bozzoli, Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering at the University of the Witwatersrand, spoke to us on "Sound, Speech and the Theatre". He described the functions of the ear and the way in which sound and speech are heard. He also explained the principles of acoustics in schools and in the theatre.

During his second visit to us, Professor Bozzoli spoke on "Electrical Engineering as a career for girls"! Although few of us, we feel, could make a successful career of Engineering, nevertheless Professor Bozzoli's talk shone a new light on what we had previously considered a solely male occupation.

At our first meeting of this year, Mrs. Blignaut, a gemologist and Curator of the Museum housed in the Public Library, spoke to us on semi-precious stones and showed us her beautiful specimens. We feel this was a good start to what we hope will be a successful year for the Science Club.

C. Greenwood, President.

R. Webster, Secretary.

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Junior Science Club

Our first meeting of 1963 was held in the Freer Room with a good cross-section of the Junior Forms present who had come to listen to talks given by Frances Wells and Clare Tomaselli on "Stamp Collecting". Our speakers had brought their stamp albums to illustrate their talks and had also arranged a table at the back of the room for "Swops". This proved to be both interesting and popular.

At two other meetings we invited Professor Sellskopp and Mr. Seligmann to talk to the Club. The former gave an interesting

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talk on Nuclear Physics which the Senior Science Club, who came as our guests, appreciated more than we did. The lecture had a humorous meaning for the Juniors who will, no doubt, remember the atom as a "poached egg". Mr. Seligmann, from African Explosives, impressed on us the importance of applying our knowledge of Physics to that of Chemistry and vice versa.

The year ended with a meeting held in the Science Laboratory where a number of girls performed amusing "party" experiments, causing balloons to "kiss" each other by Static Electricity, boats to race on water by lowering the surface tension, some played tunes with straws and Miss Robertson made a chemical garden. At the other meetings we saw beautiful colour films on "Life on Mars" and "Crystal Gazing".

From our funds Miss Robertson bought several interesting Science books

for the Reference Library.

Ann Black, President.

Jennifer Hunt, Secretary.

* * * *

We were pleased to welcome a number of Day Girls to our Society this year and thank their parents for giving up their evenings to "fetch and carry".

At our first meeting Sarah Davis read a knowledgeable paper on "The Life of Bees" and this was illustrated by a wonderful colour film, "The Secrets of the Bee World". We also saw another film on "The Balance of Nature", illustrating the life cycle of the Ladybird.

Kathleen Gregor read a paper on "Volcanoes and Tornadoes" and Jean Bo right read one on "Gems and Semi-Precious Stones". We found both these talks most interesting and were enthralled with the gems that were passed round. We saw three very good colour films on these topics.

Jill Carruthers, President.

Margaret Weehuizen, Secretary.

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Debating Society

An informal parachute debate started the year off well. The main speakers and those who spoke from the floor put their points most forcibly with the result that the debate proved both lively and entertaining.

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After a hat debate at the beginning of the second term Miss Power gave us some useful guides to better debating and everyone looked forward to a debate against St. John's later in the term. "Man's creations tend to entail destruction" was a difficult subject to debate and the speeches, particularly from the floor, were not of a high standard.

In October our debating spirits were given a boost by a successful debate against St. Stithian's. The controversial subject of whether "The modern girl demands as much respect as her predecessors" provided some enlightening arguments. The outcome that we do demand as much respect was most satisfying.

To help the Antes overcome their shyness as far as public speaking is concerned, our first meeting this year consisted of a hat debate. We are pleased to report that the Antes showed that they do not lack ideas nor opinions so we are looking forward to more formal debates next term.

Una Butcher, President.

Colleen Campbell, Secretary.

* * * *

The Dramatic Society

On the whole 1963 was a fairly uneventful year for us but we hope to be more active next year.

This year in the Inter-House competition all the Houses had to produce the same play. Many thought this would mean a very boring evening for the audience. However, everyone agreed it was a great success and that it was most interesting to see the differences between each House's presentation and interpretation. Mrs. Passmore, assisted by Mrs. Thomson and Mrs. Callie, judged and their decision was a win for St. Ursula's, followed by St. Agnes' and then St. Katherine's.

During the third term Mr. Quin, an amateur actor, gave us a very interesting and rather amusing talk on "Modern Acting". We picked up many useful tips which we hope to put into practice next year.

At our first official meeting of 1964, we invited the School to a talk give

n by Victor Mellaney, Jnr., on "Stage Life". He is an extremely entertaining speaker and his talk has left us with a lasting impression of what life behind the scenes, in both the stage and film world, is like. A few weeks later our senior members

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saw his father in the Brian Brooke production of "Mary, Mary" which we thoroughly enjoyed.

We have been introduced to the playwright, Lorca, and next term plan to attempt a play-reading of "The House of Bernada Alba". Later we hope to experiment in mime.

Charlotte Jefferay, President.

Barbara Moon, Secretary.

* * * *

Music Circle

During the second term of 1963, we were able to attend the Young Artists' Concerto Festival. The concertos we heard included a rather unusual one for a piano-accordion.

The third term was uneventful but we held some short meetings to discuss future activities.

This year is promising to be very successful. We are proud to have a membership of sixty and have already held two meetings, each with a musical programme.

At the first we were very fortunate in having Tim Walker (guitar), Eleanor Edwards (flute) and Melvyn Penn (viola) to play to us. Tim Walker played some classical solos by composers from the Sixteenth Century and finished with some modern ones by Manuel de Falla and Villa-Lobos. Not many of us had heard the classical guitar before and we were quite astonished at the instrument's versatility when well played.

Miss Nathan very kindly agreed to play us works by Bach, Beethoven and Chopin. These included Bach's Italian Concerto, a Sonata by Beethoven and three Etudes by Chopin. Notes on these works were prepared by A. Phenning and read by B. Fleming. We particularly enjoyed the works of Chopin, "The Poet of the Piano".

We are hoping to be able to continue the year as successfully as we started it and are aiming at holding in future three meetings per term, one of which we hope will be a record evening.

A. Phenning.

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Photographic Society

This year the Photographic Society has been resuscitated with a large and enthusiastic number having joined.

Mr. Philip Stein gave us a lecture on "How to use a camera intelligently" and, although we found that a camera is far more complicated than we had realised and that it will be a long time before we understand its finer points, we obtained a great deal of valuable information.

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We have submitted entries in a competition organised by St. Martin's and are hoping we shall achieve some success.

To Miss Read and Miss Robertson we extend our thanks for their help.

The former took a group round the centre part of the city to photograph some of Johannesburg's new buildings, e.g. The Civic Theatre. On a couple of Saturday mornings Miss Robertson and "Bonnie" accompanied some of the younger members to the Wilds.

Next term we mean to organise a competition when we hope we shall have

a large entry to prove that there is a need for the Photographic Society.

A. Pickles, President.

B. Curtoys, Secretary.

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Hail Damage at Roedeane, January, 1964.

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SPORTS REPORTS Swimming

The first event of the year was the Inter-Schools Diving Competition held at Ellis Park. We did not gain a place in the Open Section but Ann Black came fourth in the Under 16 and Robin Allen first and Sandra Ash third in the Under 14 Section.

A few of us were fortunate in being allowed to watch the Dutch Swimmers at Ellis Park, and to swim and be coached by them that evening.

The greatest event of the year was the Inter-Schools' Gala on March 17th. We had trained at Ellis Park on Saturday mornings as well as during the week and would have done better in the Gala had not the team become too enthusiastic and caused two disqualifications. Although this was rather disappointing, we were pleased to have gained more points than the previous year.

Parktown High School came first with 139 points and Roedeane sixth with 66 points.

The Inter-House Swimming Gala was held on Monday, 25th March. In the Open Section St. Katherine's came first with 22 points, St. Ursula second with 19 points and St. Agnes third with 13 points. In the Under 15, St. Ursula came first with 24 points, St. Agnes second with 23 points, and St. Katherine's third with 12 points.

A match with Pretoria Girls' High School on the 30th of March ended the season; Roedeane winning by 76 points to 56. We were sorry to have to say goodbye to Mrs. Woeber and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking her for all the hard work she put into our training and for her support and encouragement.

At the beginning of the third term Miss Pumfrey took over the swimming and got the team down to work straightaway. We swam against Parktown Convent and Rosebank Convent in a triangular match, which Rosebank won with 92 points; Roedeane were second with 55 points, and Parktown third with 51.

The final event of the year was a match against Pretoria Girls' High School held at Roedeane. It resulted in a draw, 88 points each. Pretoria won the diving by 96 points to 90.

Altogether we had a successful year and I would like to wish the team the best of luck for next season. I should also like to thank Miss Pumfrey for so enthusiastically taking over the swimming team.

Colours were awarded to: P. Harrison, M. Thomson, J. Schermbrucker and C. Fiskerstrand.

M. Thomson, Captain.

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Swimming Teams

Open

M. Thomson P. Harrison G. Callie

A. Phenning

C. Black

U.16

J. Schermbrucker P. Thomas R. Webster T. Kisch
D. Adams C. Fiskerstrand G. Hambleton J. Ord
A. Archibald V. C-Bowden
B. Moon
U.15

C. Tomaselli K. Meintjes G. Allen I. Hahn M. Weehuizen J. Hunt J. Borig
ht S. Adams S. v.d. Veen
E. Knight
Divers

A. Black C. Tomaselli S. Ash
U.14

R. Allen
C. Downs P. Sheen
W. D. Henning
E. Gilchrist S. Ash
A. Bischoff
F. Tulloch
D. de Klerk J. Harriss
R. Allen.

Hockey

The season began enthusiastically with practices during the holidays and on the whole the teams did well.

The 1st XI made a good start but seemed to lose some of their determination towards the end of the season.

Out of the seven league matches which they played, they won three, drew two and lost two.

The 2nd XI also won three, drew two and lost two.

The 3rd XI managed to play only four matches; winning three and drawing one. The Under 15 XI won one, lost one and drew one.

At the combined Johannesburg Schools' Trials held at Waverley; three girls, Sue Hardy, Mary-Ann Bozazza and Pauline Morris were chosen to attend the final trials. At the final trials, Pauline Morris was chosen as Centre Forward for the 1st XI and Sue Hardy as right half for the 2nd XI. These two were allowed to represent Southern Transvaal at the Inter-Provincial Junior Tournament held at Stellenbosch in July.

The House Matches were as usual keenly contested and this was shown by the very close finishes in both the Open and the Under 15 matches. In the Open, St. Ursula beat St. Katherine's by 2 goals to 1 in the first round, and St. Agnes beat St. Katherine's by one short corner in the second round. In the Under 15 matches, St. Agnes beat St. Katherine's by one short corner, in the first round and St. Ursula beat St. Agnes by a short corner in the second round.

Hockey colours were awarded to Pauline Morris, Sue Hardy and Karin Colsen.

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All of the teams are extremely grateful to Miss Birch, Mrs. Woeber and Miss Heath for their unending encouragement and coaching.

We wish next year's teams the best of luck for a successful season.

Pauline Morris, Captain.

Hockey Teams

1st XI G.K. S. Henwood

R.B. M. A. Bozazza

L.B. fK. Colsen

R.H. fS. Hardy

C.H. Pr. Morris
L.H. J. Wilton
R.W. J. Gemmill
R.I. D. Hayhoe
C.F. tPa. Morris
(capt.)

L.I. P. Leon

L.W. B. Gillespie

tDenotes Colours.

2nd XI M. v. Oettingen T. Kisch J. Grieveson P. Adamson

B. Moon U. Butcher

B. Fleming G. Callie T. Croxton

C. Black (capt.)

E. Feek

3rd XI E. Findlay

E. Swan A. Place V. C-Bowden I. Hahn G. Allen A. Black S. v.d. Veen M

. Mackinnon

C. Roper

G. Hambleton

U.1S XI A. Paton

A. Pickles

C. M-Smith J. Day P. Heberlein P. Logie P. Davis S. Girdwood M. Doody

M. Weehuizen

J. Hunt

Fixtures

Date 4th June

11th June -

17th June 25th June

2nd July 3rd July 9th July

16th July

17th July 27th July

5th August -

Opponents and Team Place Result Score

-1st XI v Waverley Away Won 2-0

2nd XI v Waverley Away Lost 1-2

3rd XI v Waverley Home Won 2-1

U.15 v Waverley Home Lost 1-2

- 1st XT v Parktown Convent Home Won 1-0

2nd XI v Parktown Convent Home Draw 1-1

3rd XI v Parktown Convent Home Cancelled

U.15 XI v Parktown Convent Home Cancelled

- 1st XT v Johannesburg G.H Home Won 1-0

2nd XI v Johannesburg G.H Away Won 5-3

-1st XT v Parktown H.S Home Draw 3-3

2nd XT v Parktown H.S Away Won 2-1

3rd XI v Parktown H.S Away Won 1-0

U.15 A XT v Parktown H.S Home Draw 1-1

U.15B XI v Parktown H.S Away Lost 1-0

-1st XT v St. Mary's Awav Lost 2-0

2nd XI v St. Mary's Away Draw 0-0

3rd XT v Jcone H.S Home Won 7-0

LV XT v King David Home Won 2-0

1st XT v Kinasmead Away Lost 0-1

2nd XT v Kinasmead Home Lost 0-2

3rd XT v Kinesmead Away Draw 0-0
 U.15 XT v Kingsmead Home Lost 0-7
 1st XT v St. Andrew's Away Draw 2-2
 2nd XT v St. Andrew's Home Won 2-1
 U.15 XI v St. Andrew's Away Won 1-0
 1st XT v Michaelhouse Home Lost 1-6
 1st XT v Old Johannians Home Draw 2-2
 2nd XT v Old Johannians Home Won 3-0
 1st XI v Staff Home Won 4-0

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Tennis

Unfortunately none of the teams have excelled in any of the matches this year, the Under 15 having been the most successful. This deterioration in the standard of our tennis was mainly due to the lack of enthusiasm and determination of the players.

The team, which played in the Inter-Schools' Tournament held at Ellis Park, was not very successful although all players played with determination.

The Inter-House ladder tournament was played in the first term and won by Lambs. Bears won the Open and Under 15 tennis cups.

Mrs. Grieveson very kindly presented a box of tennis balls to Wendy Deary-Henning - the winner of the Under 15 Singles Championship and a tennis racquet to Janet Grieveson, the winner of the Open Singles Championship. An Under 15 Doubles Tournament was held in the last term and was won by S. van der Veen and M. Weehuizen.

We were very fortunate in having four all-weather courts laid at the beginning of the third term and they have proved very popular and have been greatly appreciated.

We are most grateful to Miss Birch, Miss Heath and Miss Pumfrey for their invaluable help and support.

Good luck for next year.

Patricia Leon, Captain.

Tennis Teams

â™™

1st Team 2nd Team

1st Couple P. Leon D. Hayhoe

T. Coxton J. Grieveson

2nd Couple C. Black G. Hambleton

B. Moon E. Feek

3rd Couple P. Morris U. Butcher

Pr. Morris R. Wright

Under 15A Under 15B

1st Couple S. van der Veen S. Ash

S. Girdwood A. Reid

2nd Couple J. Smith G. Power

L. Dempster S. McKay

3rd Couple M. Weehuizen R. Callias

R. Allison H. George

3rd Team

M. Doody J. Hunt

I. Hahn A. Place

A. Black A. Pickles

Under 13

W. D-Henning

E. Gilchrist
R. Allen A. Reid
F. Corrigan R. Calliafas
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Fixtures of Term I

Date	Team and Opponents	Place	Result	Score
19th Feb.	-1st v St. Mary's	Away	Lost	49-50
2nd v St. Mary's	Away	Lost		39-60
U.15A v St. Mary's	Home	Won		54-45
U.15B v St. Mary's	Home	Won		52-47
26th Feb.	-1st v Kingsmead	Away	Lost	46-53
2nd v Kingsmead	Home	Lost		41-58
U.15 A v Kingsmead	Away	Lost		40-59
5th March	-1st v Roosevelt's 2nd	Home	Won	53-46
2nd v St. John Adamson's 1st	Away	Won		72-27
12th March	-1st v Waverley	Away	Lost	41-58
2nd v Athlone's 1st	Home	Lost		34-65
U.15A v Athlone	Home	Won		80-19
19th March	-1st v Northview	Away	Won	60-39
2nd v St. Andrew's	Away	Lost		48-51
U.15A v Assumption Convent	Home	Won		69-30
U.15B v St. Andrew's	Home	Lost		49-50
26th March	-1st v Parktown High's 2nd	Home	Lost	46-53
2nd v End Street Convent's 1st	Home	Won		60-33
30th March	-1st v Pretoria Girls' High	Away	Lost	27-72
2nd v Pretoria Girls' High	Away	Lost		44-55
U.15A v Pretoria Girls' High...	Away	Lost		35-64
U.15B v Pretoria Girls' High...	Away	Won		53--46

Term III

Date	Team and Opponents	Place	Result	Score
21st Sept.	-1st v Old Girls	Home	Won	32-31
2nd v Old Girls	Home	Lost		22-41
8th Oct.	-U.15B v Pridwin	Home	Won	71-28
3rd v St. Mary's	Home	Lost		41-58
15th Oct.	-1st v Helpmekaar	Home	Lost	49-50
2nd v Yeoville Convent	Home	Lost		46-53
22nd Oct.	-1st v St. Mary's	Away	Lost	41-58
2nd v Northview	Home	Lost		47-52
U.15A v St. Mary's	Home	Won		64-35
U.13 v St. Mary's	Home	Won		51-48
5th Nov.	-1st v Parktown Convent 2nd	Away	Lost	23-76
2nd v J.G.H.S. 3rd	Away	Lost		38-61
U.15A v Parktown Convent	Home	Won		60-39
12th Nov	-1st v Hvde Park	Home	Lost	29-54
2nd v King David's	Away	Lost		29-70
30th Nov	-1st v Pretoria Girls' High	Home	Lost	27-54
U.15A v Pretoria Girls' High....	Home	Won		42-39
U.15B v Pretoria Girls' High.....	Home	Lost		24-75

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Netball

This year the season commenced enthusiastically with practices every week during the May holidays.

The teams soon settled down and played well together and enjoyed a fair

ly successful season.

The "A" team won all but one match and the "B" team lost only three. Both the Under 15 and the Under 14 teams had a good season losing only one match each to excellent teams from King David High School.

In the House matches, St. Katherine's beat St. Ursula by 28 goals to 21 and St. Agnes by 21 goals to 18.

In the Under 15, St. Agnes beat St. Katherine's by 23 goals to 20 and St. Ursula by 24 goals to 20.

Throughout the School, the general standard of netball has improved and a great deal of this is due to the patient help of the Games Staff. Our special thanks must go to Mrs. Woeber who took endless pains to coach and encourage all the teams.

I hope that the general improvement will continue next season and wish next year's Captain the best of luck.

Prudence Morris, Captain.

Teams

1st VII 2nd VII 3rd VII U.15 VII

G.S. R. Webster P. Thomas R. Allison W. D-Henning

G.A. Pr. Morris G. Hambleton M. Doody M. Cuckow

(capt.) (capt.)

W.A. S. Hardy B. Fleming A. Black L. Dempster

C. T. Croxton J. Ord (capt.) M. Weehuizen S. Ash

W.D. J. Scherm- I. Hahn E. van Nierop G. Allen (capt.)

brucker

G.D. J. Gemmill B. Dey A. Place D. de Klerk

G.K. Pa. Morris R. Wright J. Boright K. Meintjes

Fixtures

Team and Opponent Place

- 1st VII v Malvern Convent Home

2nd VII v Hyde Park Away

U.15 VII v Parktown Home

U.14 VII v Greenside Home

-1st VII v Roosevelt Park Home

2nd VII v Dawnview Home

U.15 VII v Hyde Park Home

U.14 VII v Waverley Home

21st June -1st VII v End Street "B"Home

2nd VII v Mavfair Convent .. Home U.14 VII v Hyde Park Home

Date 6th June

13th June

Result Score

Lost

Lost

Won

Lost

19-31

19-24

20- 7 15-19

Cancelled Lost 13-23 Won 30- 5 Lost 13-15 Won 41- 9 Lost 18-23 Won 20-13

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27th June -1st VII v Commercial "A" Home Won 30-13

2nd VII v Queen's Home Won 21-20

U.15 VII v Greenside Home Won 25-14

U.14 VII v King David Home Lost 15-25
 4th July - 1st VII v Parktown "B" ... Home Won 26-18
 2nd VII v Northview Home Won 23-18
 U.15 VII v King David Home Lost 10-25
 U.14 VII v Northview Home Won 18-11
 1st August -1st VII v Greenside "A" Home Won 34- 5
 U.15 VII v Roosevelt Park . . Home Won 22- 8
 U.14 VII v Roosevelt Park Home Won 26-23
 6th August -2nd VII v St. Rose's Away Won 25-19
 U.14 VII v End Street Convent Home Won 34- 8

* * * *

Cricket

Cricket, which has not been played at Roedebeek for many years, was revived at the beginning of 1963 when Miss Birch joined the Games Staff. Although it is a voluntary game, a large number of girls, from whom we were able to select two strong teams, responded eagerly. However, due to the fact that so few girls' schools play cricket, we were able to play only two open matches and one under 15, all being successful.

Unfortunately, Miss Birch left us at the end of the first term this year.

However, we hope that the enthusiasm, which she roused in us, will not wane and that next season as large a number will take part. Perhaps one day cricket will be regarded as one of the main sports.

Tessa Kisch, Captain. Cricket Teams

1st XI T. Kisch (capt.)

D. M. Tulloch M. Mackinnon

I. Hahn

D. Spear R. Wright A. Black

C. Campbell

C. Richardson

D. Hayhoe

E. Swan

Date Team and Opponents Place

1963

22nd Oct. U.15 v Hyde Park Away

3rd Dec. 1st XI v Germiston Girls'

High Away

1964

24th Mar. 1st XI v Florida Girls'

High Home

Under 15 XI

A. Massey (capt.)

J. Boright

J. Wilkinson S. Ash L. Dempster L. Horrell R. Nourse S. van der Veen M.
 . Weehuizen

B. Curtoys A. Black

Result Score

Won 25

105 for 7 wkts.

Won 31

88 for 4 wkts.

Won 20

86 for 5 wkts.

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 CONTRIBUTIONS

A Yank's Impressions of Roedeau

On January the 29th I was a junior of Redwood High School, Larkspur, U. S.A. Twenty-four hours later a complete change had occurred and I was an Ante-Matric of Roedeau School for Girls, Johannesburg, South Africa. Quick and easy as the change may seem, it was neither and now, five months later the full consequences are still unfolding. For whatever Roedeau may be, "white-walled, 'midst a pleasaunce of green", it is a tradition.

Americans are often accused of having no time-tested standards, judging ideas and processes by their newness rather than by their basis in solid and ancient authority. However exaggerated this may be, the fact remains that, as an American, I suddenly found myself face to face with an education system - and by my standards a fairly rigid one - I had never dreamed existed. To compare Roedeau and Redwood is easy, to judge impossible for, though there are merits and faults in both systems, if one takes one as the basis for judgment, the other is automatically bad as it is the antithesis.

The first stunning impression was inequality - between Matrics and Lower s, Prefects and fags, mistresses and scholars. To somebody used to the idea that members of all classes should be represented in the levels of organization of a school - from Student Government to Social Activities - the domination of Senior students over Junior ones is astounding. The privileges of age at Redwood are far more general and less numerous than Roedeau's. I remember writing to the Gettiffes asking what a "perfect" was, envisioning some superhuman ideal. Even after finding them human, their power remained awesome to me for several days, enhanced by the incomprehensible badges of various colours they sported. As regards teachers and pupils, the relationship, to which I had been accustomed, toppled and I learned the full meaning of the term "schoolgirl" - a definitely inferior person. Remembering to stand proved difficult, to say "Madam" far worse and to accept rather passively the teacher's word was next to impossible. Girls asked me incredulously if we really say "Hi!" to our teachers in America (we do) and what we would consider normal behaviour is unbelievably "cheeky" here. There is, of course, respect for teachers in America but it lies upon a different basis and is evidenced in far different ways.

Next came the question of formality and school tradition. Roedeau is nearly ten times as old as Redwood but I doubt that, even when Redwood attains Roedeau's maturity, there will be even half as many formal and venerable customs. For instance,

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I remember being shocked at having to observe silence before grace at lunch. Though sometimes these traditions appeared ridiculous - no juniors through the front door - they often reflected a graciousness and orderliness absent in our hurried high school's life. Education itself is more formal as is class conduct. I found much less individual research and class discussion and oral work for instance. The Matric Exam, was, and in fact, still is beyond belief for me who is accustomed to no national educational control or standard.

The third major surprise in store for me at Roedeau was largely due to size. Redwood is co-ed with 1,800 pupils in contrast to Roedeau's all-girl 250 pupils. Although individual class size is identical, the people you see in History at Redwood one may not see again all day; at Roedeau one knows nearly everyone's life story. One important difference is formation of friendships caused by this. At a large school one has a vast number of

acquaintances - with one group one can argue politics, with another discuss the dance - but fewer deep friendships. The small school offers far less variety, fewer cliques and more good friends. Being a boarding school, Roedebeek also has attached to it a series of functions superfluous in a strictly educational institution. To have sitting-rooms, a leisurely lunch, afternoon tea and late school hours took considerable adjustment - I was exhausted for weeks!

These three things - inequality, formal traditions and size - then formed the major changes for me. A mass of minor details complicated the change-over - a new slang (chaff, rag), a new language (kopje, prep) a new accent (I laugh at you as much as you laugh at me), a new curriculum, a uniform (I love it), new games, an incredible number of little exercise books, houses, prayers and confusing daily schedules (pronounced shedules) and a multitude of things which, half a year ago, were beyond my wildest fantasies. At first it was overwhelming, almost frightening; but, however different the system may be, the people remain the same and their friendship, encouragement and help (and large measure of patience) have changed the difficult into a challenge and have made the whole experience one of the best times of my life.

Susan Christy.

* * * *

Our American Field Scholar

An American girl in our class! "Oh, fab!" was the general exclamation when this good piece of news was given us within the first half-hour of the first school day of 1964. There was great excitement and much speculation as to whether she would

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be very sophisticated or a baseball addict complete with Bermuda shorts and sneakers. We all forgot our back-to-school blues in our efforts to rehearse our rather Hollywood-style accents. It was sadly lamented that there were no males in the office to help our American Field Scholar carry her books or to open doors for her because, having come from a co-educational school, she must be used to such treatment.

At last she was brought to our classroom and introduced as Susan Christy. The ice was broken immediately because we lost no time in plying her with questions about her school, her home-town, life in America and conditions there. We were amazed at all she had to tell us and of course were fascinated not only by her accent but also by her expressions.

We were soon to learn that the relationship between teacher and pupil in America is very different from ours. Before the first French lesson a scraping of chairs co-incided with the entry of the mistress. Everyone had risen except one girl and that, of course, was our American. With awe we gazed at her as she remained, seated calmly chatting to the teacher and showing no signs of embarrassment. A further surprise came to us the following day when, instead of quaking with fright and somehow stumbling through a French poem, amidst whispered attempts to relieve the tension, after a long pause she said casually, "Oh, you can give me a zero; I just don't know it that well."

Another difference in this relationship is evidenced by the fact that nowadays a dull lesson is so often enlivened by a lengthy but intellectual discussion taking place between Sue and the teacher. "Back home in America," according to Sue, this is a common occurrence. These discussions appeal to us not only because, for the time being, no work is done but because they help us to look at our

subject from a different angle and definitely broaden our outlook on it. Even when Sue is not causing a discussion, she is responsible for making us attend - especially when we are reading Richard II. How amusing it was to hear the line, "It is my Lord of Berkeley as I guess", issue from her lips. When one of Richard's speeches is being read in a dull monotone by one of our class, we awake with a start on hearing a cheery, matter-of-fact Boling-broke attacking Richard in a broad American accent. Her presence decidedly brightens the whole atmosphere. However, it is not only in the classroom that Sue has brightened our lives. She has joined in all our games most enthusiastically. Cricket seemed to intrigue her - probably being the game most like baseball. She was just as new to it as we were but she went about mastering the game in an entirely

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different manner. Somehow the bat would be facing the wrong way when the ball flew out of the fast bowler's fist. Sue took a swipe, dropping the bat as if in baseball and nearly knocked flat the nearest fielder who hurriedly ducked to escape danger, much to the amusement of the spectators. "Oh, I'm so sorry," says Sue, laughing gaily, while attempting to make at least one run. Later that afternoon she was sitting out when suddenly she jumped to her feet. With an exasperated glance at her watch, she cupped her hands round her mouth and shouted loudly to the staff in charge who was on the other side of the field, "Miss Birch, may I please go now, I've gotta catch a bus", and she was off before anyone could think of raising an objection.

Undoubtedly school life for Ante-Matric I has been richly enhanced by Sue's presence. She has inspired most of us with the ambition to obtain an American Field Scholarship. We feel that, if she is a typical example of what America produces, we should love to spend a year there to meet more of her people and to taste the life about which she has told us so much.

* * * *

Maps

The fact which interests me most about maps is their impersonal air. Rivers snake inland over the paper as mere continuations of the outlining ink. Decorated with a few, finer tributaries and the names of river ports by the designer, they flow, free of mud and flotsam, into a pale blue ocean as if he does not care for the adventure and intrigue which have passed along their banks.

The fear and excitement which gripped their discoverers does not disturb his thoughts as he ensures the correct spelling of the tiny names along their banks. This further injustice, too, I think, is unforgivable. That a lovely name like Chuquibambilla, simply reeking of Incas and Eucalyptus, must appear smaller than Santa Cruz merely because the latter makes a neat ending for a railway beats me. The one may be important to commerce but the mountain village appears in my imagination as beloved of its inhabitants and important to them.

Mountains and lowlands lie flat and tranquil on the paper, where in reality bloody feuds or old battle scars are healing. Even Natural Vegetation maps leave much to the imagination. The cartographer blithely christens a narrow belt "South-East African Bush (with scattered palms)" and the uninformed never realises what ideal cover it provided for Xhosa herds and how inhospitable it proved to the survivors of the "Grosvenor". Colours clash in riotous bands across continents, explanatory but again

n without the personal touch.

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While this is provided in a District Ordnance map and its complicated contours and winding dotted tracks give detail, it leaves much to be desired and is generally indecipherable. It is possible to find one's way with one of these and a compass but the armchair adventurer is left wondering what the hazy outlines, denoting unsurveyed ground, contain. A hiker will more than likely find a patch of swamp or a series of dongas, ever changing, which, from the cartographer's point of view, are not worth the trouble. There is always the possibility in rural areas that the person concerned did not acquire the required information from a farmer and the adventure-packed hiking holiday ends in a stately, colonial farmhouse.

While maps of foreign places intrigue the beholder and lead him on into a day-dream world where one inch of the cartographer's coastal skill reveals the varied and romantic ports of St. John, Buchanan, Trade Town and Timbo and leaves him wondering who named them, it is often the maps of well-known places which hold the most surprises. Out walking we are not interested in north or south or our altitude. What does that matter while there are inspiring views, wild things and short cuts on which to concentrate. Even in a city we go by landmarks, association of street names or our own uncanny sense of direction but a quick glance at a map or plan would surprise us about the distance we cover.

Impersonal, generous with statistics, maps give a true impression of what they portray. Unbiased by political affiliation, they tell us what the countries we may never visit are like. Because a certain land has assassinated its prime minister or king, does not shorten its rivers, lower its mountains or kill the grass, maps bear an impartial witness to the constant surface of the earth.

Colleen Campbell (Matric).

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The Age in Which I Should Like to Have Lived

There is a saying which states that travel broadens the mind and, if one were to make an addition to this, it would be to say that travel also inspires wonderful dreams. I discovered the truth of this on a visit to Egypt, especially when I visited the marvellous tombs and temples of Thebes where a learned guide told us the fascinating history behind the paintings on the walls and, as his voice went softly on in the afternoon heat, I dreamt of living in the time of the Ancient Egyptians.

The first thing that impresses one in the hieroglyphics and drawings in the tombs is the great faith of the Egyptians in their religion and, indeed, the tombs themselves are a token of their

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infinite belief in the life after death. How comforting and satisfying it must have been to have such faith and to pass through life not doubting that after it they would have a life far better than the one on earth, therefore spending their time preparing their tombs to make themselves comfortable after death. Many may think that it is morbid always to be thinking of death. However, on the contrary, as it is inevitable, it must have been wonderful to spend their lives in anticipation while they diligently constructed beautiful temples, painted masterpieces of art and worked on fine jewellery and furniture.

However, it was not only in anticipation of their eternal life that the Ancient Egyptians worked so hard but it was also to please their various gods.

ods and perhaps it is here that we find the number of simple gods for different things and thus found it much less difficult to be eager to please. Whatever it was that made the Egyptians complete such feats of engineering and art, one cannot help envying them living at a time when they could admire their monuments intact and have the ability to execute such graceful lines and writing.

In their efforts to please their gods the Ancient Egyptians also took pleasure in various sports and recreations. The murals in the tombs record them fishing and hunting birds for sacrifices and serenely enjoying themselves in solar boats while slaves rowed them down the sacred Nile or across the temple lakes. The great attraction of these paintings is that they show that it was not only the men who indulged in these pleasures but their families as well. It is amusing to see the painting of a woman happily tossing a fishing net into the water while a slave shelters her from the sun with a large lotus blossom and her husband anxiously watches over her shoulder.

Indeed, the women of Ancient Egypt appear to have spent extremely pleasant lives. When one thinks of the majority of women who lived in other countries thirteen hundred or more years before Christ, a picture of a meek creature doing the sewing and cooking flashes to the mind. Egyptians, on the other hand, allowed their womenfolk to use their intelligence and enjoy themselves. Besides playing a small part in caring for their children and looking after their homes, many of them were successful rulers and others owned property, supervised the construction of their own temples and very shrewdly carried out their business affairs. In addition to this, what woman could resist the lovely clothes and make-up that the Egyptian women wore?

As my thoughts flow dreamily on and I reflect on all this finery, I have to remember that it was only the kings and nobles who led these lives of splendour while those under them were treated mercilessly and millions of slaves were killed off like flies.

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It must have been very difficult for even the most cruel Egyptian to live in such state without some twinge of his conscience despite his belief that it was all done for the pleasure of the gods.

When we study the Ancient Egyptians closely, we see how very like us they were in their ideas of religion, engineering and social status although they were less advanced. Therefore, despite the fact that it is wonderful to dream of living in Ancient Egypt, how much better it is to live in our more advanced age when travel is easy and, just by visiting the relics of earlier times, we can live in many marvellous ages by dreaming.

Brigid Dey (Matric).

* * * *

The Successful Businessman

A well-groomed, tall, distinguished-looking man walks into a restaurant. He has the air of a man of the world. There is a shrewd and slightly amused look in his eye. "He has the world at his fingertips," one thinks, "for he is a successful businessman."

Yet, is this not just a popular concept? Have you ever met a successful businessman who fits the above description? No, most of the successful businessmen I have ever had the chance of knowing have been either unpretentious or ostentatious with nervous mannerisms and pockets filled with tablets and powders to ease their ulcers. They can be recognised by their calculating eyes, in some cases positively hawk-like - ready to pounce

on their prey; in other cases the grabbing look is disguised by a permanent look of mild surprise.

Another expression by which the successful businessman can be recognised is that horribly insincere grin which precedes the hearty words (or as near hearty as the poor ulcer-ridden businessman can make them). "How are you, old boy? Won't you come and have a drink?" which, bluntly translated, means, "Listen; your business is thriving and you have influence in certain quarters where influence is desirable. I think an acquaintance with you would help me to make money." Yes, even when offices are shut and the businessman should be relaxing, talking to his wife, seeing the children, business goes on. Friends are not friends in the true sense of the word but merely rungs in a ladder by which one climbs to the top.

The wife spends the hard-earned sums of money on a facelift, manicure and hair-do but where is her harassed husband? He is probably settling a deal whilst at dinner or playing bowls with an important client. And when the breadwinner does see

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his wife, he is in such a state of nervous exhaustion that the cute brunette he married is now a glamorous blonde. But "Blondie" has spent money and she wants attention and, after all, her husband is not the only pebble on the beach. Divorce is often the result of this state of affairs and "Blondie" marries a well-dressed, tall, distinguished-looking man without much money. If he were to work as a successful businessman should, he would probably become a harassed husband too. But why work? "Blondie" has pots of money provided by her first husband.

Seeing that a large percentage of our male population are businessmen, there must make a large percentage of our population undesirable. Luckily, however, there is the truly successful businessman. He is a shrewd person - shrewd enough to realise that life is to be lived to the full and that money is only a means of living it and not a burning goal which he must obtain by hook or by crook.

Elizabeth van Nierop (Antes).

* * * *

Books I Have Enjoyed Reading

My favourite pastime is reading - reading in bed, in a chair, outside, in fact, anywhere. As soon as I have "got into" a book, I lose all sense of time or my surroundings and am wafted away into a world of glamour, excitement and beauty. I can read for hours at a stretch without stopping or resting. The brightly-coloured book covers with their exciting titles are an invitation to set aside all work and to discover the contents of the mysterious looking book.

One of the books I have enjoyed most was "Nicholas Nickleby". I had started it many times and never continued before I really was determined to read it. What enjoyment I got out of it is difficult to describe. Charles Dickens is famous for the work he did for the slum children. People who had no idea of the conditions of the slums were startled into reality by his books. His situations depicted, clearly and with authenticity, the disgraceful conditions of that time. He is famed for his "small people"; not the main characters but the common people who, somehow, fitted into the jigsaw. His descriptions of "Dotheboys Hall" reflect some of the schools of that time when the children were half-starved and ill-treated. There is only one fault I can find with his books and that is obvious to the eye. The main people are all "good" or all "bad". Sometimes they are allowed to have one

fault but this goodness is not quite life-like and sometimes rather puts one off.

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Everybody has heard of Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Treasure Island". The book by him which I have enjoyed most is "The Black Arrow", a story of high excitement and taking place during the Wars of the Roses. The hero and heroine are of different sides and this involves a good many complications. In the book there is a band of outlaws who gain their revenge on seven people by means of the black arrow for the wrongs the seven have done them. It is a historical novel with an equal blend of romance, excitement and humour. At the end of the tale the hero and heroine unravel the tangle and, as in the best of stories, "live happily ever after".

A more modern book, but of olden times, is "Gone with the Wind". The book tells of a time now gone; a time when there were no motor cars; ladies and gentlemen wore satin and laces; a time when slaves were employed on the plantations; a time when war between the Northern and Southern States of America was raging; a bloody and crippling war when slavery was finally abolished. The story begins on one plantation where the heroine, Scarlett O'Hara, had been born and had lived all her years. There is no real hero in the book and Scarlett is no real heroine. The story, briefly, tells of her fight to get the plantation back to its old prosperity. It is a book with all the emotions and all the love of Scarlett for her home, Tara. I could not possibly list all the books which I have read and enjoyed. . . they are so many. There are books I am now enjoying, books that I shall enjoy in years to come, whether they be fiction or fact. The world of reading is, indeed, a wondrous place where dreams come true, where far distant places are near, where fiction is as fact.

Lucinda Gane (Upper V).

* sft **

The New Gates.

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Changes at Roedean

For years and years the thought has been A swimming pool, fit for a queen.

The plans are made, the hole begun Soon we shall have a big, big one.

The thought has also been for years To have great gates in front of Bears

So now they're up, regal and grim Designed specially to keep us in.

The latest gift from the P.T.A.

Will be a blessing on a rainy day.

The Chapel pathways now are paved With Slasto which by all was craved

Another addition to our School:

A girl from America - she's no fool.

Susan Christy is her name;

From the A.F.S. she gets her fame.

And so, you see, each term and year,

Old things are gone, new ones are here.

But this is still the same Roedean Despite the changes which have been.

Bridget Read (Antes). * * * *

The Big Hole.ï»¿THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

The Alley Cat

Slinking down the dark alley-way,
Goes the cat rarely seen by day,
Creeping, climbing, always alert,
Awaiting the scratch of a mouse in the dirt.
It scavenges food among the bins,
Licking the left-overs from the canned-meat tins.
It's always aware of a creeping sprite Which, to, us, is the moon in her silvery light.
It hears a scuffle behind to the right,
It knows it's man come to get it to-night.
A shout, a thud and the world seems dead This time he got it before it had fled.

Janine Watkins (Middle V).

* * * *

Grey

The colour grey is gloomy, grim;
It makes the whole wide world look dim.
Grey is the sign of doubt and sin,
The sign of grief and pain within.
Protoplasm is coloured grey It never changes day by day,
But stays the same through thick and thin, Because of oily drops therein.
Grey is the colour of the morn,
Before the breaking of the dawn.
Grey is the colour of the night,
Before the stars and moon give light.
Elephants are grey outside.
All cement goes grey when dried.
Grey is made of white and black,
It is a colour we do not lack.

Bridget Read (Antes).

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The Phantom Horse

Swiftly, silently, into the night,
The Phantom Horse galloped, ghostly and white,
He reared on his hind legs and pawed at the air,
Tossed his head and called to his mare.
His shrill cry rent the air around;
On he galloped, hooves drumming the ground.
He paused for a moment, proud head held high,
And then like a bird he flew into the sky.

Jane Mules-Berry (Upper V).

* * * *

My Land Suid-Afrika

In die doodse stilte van die nag, begroet'n ver gebrul van'n ou verdwaalde leeu my ore, terwyl ek hier in my hut sit. Hier-die gebrul in die eensame veld het altyd, van Toeka se dae af, iets in my geroer. Dit is asof die hemel vir my moet bewys hoe wonderlik en verheewe my land, Suid-Afrika is.

Suid-Afrika is die sonnige, goue land van blou kranse, ver-late vlaktes, diep riviere en rykdomme. Ek dink aan die riviere, die groot Vaalrivier, wat bevry van die geraas van mense en die getoet van motors, rustig en vreedsaam onder die neerbuigende wilgerbome heen vloei.

Ek dink aan die Kaap en aan die Paarl. Die Paarl bly tog maar een van die mooiste streke wat ek ken - Die pragtige klein dorpie met die groot blou berge wat fronsend en dreigend oor die dorp waghou. Nou verlang ek om weer na Tafelbaai te gaan, daardie groot baai wat aan die voet van Tafelberg lê, en waar die groot Oos-Indiese vaarders lank gelede swaar belaaï binne-geseil het.

Ver oor die bulte kom die geluide van blerende skape - Dit is die Karoo, met sy klein koppies en verlate vlaktes, waar die hitte sy wasem oor die grond sprei en die rantjies in die bloute laat sidder.

Natal ook is vir my soos die Paradys en lê warmvogtig met die lang suikerriet wat in die wind buig en die trosse rooi blomme wat die groen langs die pad verbreek.

Johannesburg, die goudstad, met die onreelmatige grys geboue, het ook 'n plek in my hart, en suid van die stad lê die vaal welbekende mynhoë soos 'n monsterketting aanmekaar

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geskakel. Hierdie groot stad, asook Pretoria, lê in die ou Transvaal, die Voortrekkerpos. Wanneer ek na Pretoria gaan, dink ek altyd aan President Kruger, as simbool van die Transvaal.

My hut staan op die hoeveld waar dit oop is en die hemel wyd daar bo. 'n Klein steenbokkie glip oor die veld met slanke steenbokhale en die grassaad staan met goud verguld in die son se eerste strale.

"Vaderland! ons sal die adel van jou naam met ere dra, waar en trou as Afrikaners, kinders van Suid-Afrika."

V. Cornish-Bowden (Matrikulasie).

* * * *

Die Musiek Van Die Natuur

Die rede waarom ek so lief vir die musiek van die natuur is, is omdat ek op 'n klein plasie naby die see groot geword het, en natuurlik het ek aan die verskillende geluide gewoon geraak. Die plaas is nie baie groot nie, maar dit is so stil en rustig, ver van die geraas van al die motors, remme en die gepraat van mense in die groot stede. Hier is 'n mens nie ver van die binneste siel van die natuur nie.

Vroeg in die more, wanneer die eerste strale van die son skaars sigbaar is, begin die pragtige gesing van voeltjies en dit kenmerk die geboorte van 'n nuwe dag. Op een oomblik is daar meer as ses verskillende geluide hoorbaar, en vir my is dit mooier as om na 'n koor te luister.

Later gaan ek dikwels op die goue skulpbedekte sand loop, om na die gedreun van die rollende branding op die kus, wat altyd met die geskreeu van seemeëue vergesel is, te luister, terwyl ek in die klein golfies baljaar.

Van die vroeë more-sonstrale tot na die hitte van die middag het elke uur sy eie karakteristiek in die musiek van die natuur.

Daarna, teen sononder verander die weer af en toe. Die vlieswolkies wat in die more sigbaar was, is teen daardie tyd 'n dreigende wolkemassa. Wanneer ek bed toe gaan, is die storm gewoonlik goed op pad. Ek hou baie daarvan om stadig aan die slaap te raak, terwyl die gekreun en gekraak van takke, die wind wat om die huis huil en loei, die aanhoudende donder vergesel deur verblindende weerligstrale daarbuite gehoor kan word. Partymaal, wanneer dit nie reën nie, heers daar 'n doodse stilte, maar selfs dit klink soos musiek in my ore. Geen geluid verbreek hierdie nagtelike stilte nie, slegs die gekoer-koer van 'n duif. Soms is dit die tee noorgestelde - die nag is wakker met die sopraan-

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stem van'n jakkals, die basstemme van paddas, af en toe die gekriek-kriek van'n sonbesie en om die orkes te voltooi -'n lange onheilspellende gehoe-hoe van'n uil.

So gaan hierdie skoon musiek elke dag voort, jaar in en jaar uit, eeu in en eeu uit, sonder om een minuut op te hou. Ek wonder wat ek sou gedoen het as ek nooit hierdie betowering van die natuur geken het nie.

Dagmar Zavichak (Upper V).

* * * *

Daar Wil Ek Graag Woon

Heeltemal afgemat van die gewoel en gewerskaf van die stad, le ek luilekker op die sagte sand van die rivierwal. Hoog in die onpeilbare hemel is alles donker behalwe die silweragtige gloed van die maan en die tallose, tintelende sterretjies. Hier langs die rivier is dit so rustig en vreedsaam dat ek wens dat ek altyd by so'n plek mag woon - ver weg van die geboue en motors, die mense en hul laste.

Ek wil graag in'n klein huisie naby die see woon waar die helderblou water oneindig ver uitstrek en die wit seemeewee in hul grasieuse vlug tref teen die blou lug afsteek. Dan kan ek sommer so droom-droom op die goue sand le of miskien sal ek'n skuitjie bou en donsvaard sal ek op staan om te gaan visvang. In my verbeelding sien ek hoe ek my skuit die aantlokkende waters instoot, terwyl die opgaande son die oosterkim verkleur.

As daar'n goeie vangs is, sal ek opgeruimd voel, maar dit sal ook pure blydschap wees om sommer stokalleen op die see te wees - die see met al sy ewige geheime, met sy prag maar ook met sy wispelturigheid. Nou onthou ek skielik hoe die see'n swart, siedende massa ook kan word, hoe die golwe groter kan wees en hoe dit'n klein skuitjie meedoenloos die ewige dieptes kan intrek. Nogtans is hierdie gevaar net'n onverstaanbare gril van die Natuur.

Die vrede en kalmte daar - die rotse, branders en stilte - is iets waarna my hart verlang. In teenstelling met die stad kan'n mens daar vrolik voel. In die stad is daar verkeersophoping; mense wat bankvas teen mekaar staan; vrouens wat soos pakesels met pakkies belaaie is - almal word meedoenloos saamgesleur. Ek kyk na die hemel en gewaar die Suiderkruis. Die welluidende klank van water wat oor klippe bruis, bring my terug tot die werklikheid. Onwillig staan ek op en kies die pad stad toe. Ek wil graag daar woon - daar op die strand.

J. Shapiro (Matrikulasie).

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Jillian Barry (Lower V).

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Amanda Clark (Middle V).

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Au Camp

All mois d'aout quelques camarades et moi avons fait du camping. Une fois, hors de la ville, nous avons pris le chemin vers les montagnes. Le soleil brillait et les oiseaux chantaient joyeusement parmi les arbres. Nous étions toutes très heureuses. Enfin nous sommes arrivées à un bel endroit où nous avons décidé de dresser les tentes.

D'abord nous avons allumé du feu et puis nous avons fait cuire notre repas. Nous étions très fatiguées et après le dîner nous sommes couchées de bonne heure. Le lendemain nous sommes baignées dans un ruisseau et tout en mangeant le petit déjeuner nous avons regardé le beau paysage. Au loin, il y avait une colline et de petits coteaux. Au pied

d'une montagne se trouvait un lac autour duquel il y avait un bois epais.

Le matin nous avons fait une longue promenade au bord du lac, et au bois.

Quand nous sommes revenus - quelle surprise! la nourriture avait disparu - Tout a coup, Jean a crié "il y a un homme derriere ce buisson-la! Regardez!" Le voleur a essayé de se sauver "Arretez-vous" a crié Jean. L'homme a trebuché et a laissé tomber les aliments. Il s'est levé et il s'est sauté toutes jambes - laissant, par bonheur, la nourriture derriere lui.

Quelques jours apres nous avons fait une excursion aux montagnes. Nous nous sommes mis en route a sept heures du matin. A midi, nous avons mangé des fruits et du chocolat. Puis nous nous sommes endormies. Deux heures plus tard, Marcel s'est réveillé et il a regardé sa montre. "Mon dieu!", il était quatre heures et il faisait du brouillard.

Nous avons commencé a retourner au camp mais malheureusement nous nous sommes égarées. Apres deux heures de marche, nous avons trouvé une petite maison ou nous sommes restées jusqu'au lendemain quand nous sommes reparties. Nous étions bien contentes d'arriver chez nous.

Gillian Nicholas (Upper V).

* * * *

Lettres de France

Quand on reçoit une lettre de France ici en Afrique du Sud on est frappé par l'extraordinaire différence qui existe en presque toutes choses entre les deux pays. Je ne citerai guère que quelques remarques relevées dans les lettres que je reçois.

Ma grand'mère m'a écrit qu'il fait un froid terrible a Paris et, quand j'ai fini de lire sa lettre, je cours me plonger dans la piscine car il fait ici très chaud. Hemisphere sud, hemisphere nord

- quand c'est l'été ici, c'est l'hiver la-bas. A la réflexion et,

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considérant la terre ronde, il n'y a probablement rien d'extraordinaire en cette différence mais je ne suis pas sûre, quant a moi, d'être parfaitement convaincue.

Quand une amie, qui n'est jamais venue en Afrique du Sud, me demande dans une de ses lettres, comment on se protège contre les bêtes féroces et que je lui réponds que je vis dans une grande ville et que les bêtes les plus féroces que j'ai vues sont des chiens bruyants mais certes pas méchants, c'est elle alors qui est sceptique. Quand je lui écris que dans ce pays ce sont les hommes qui protègent les bêtes sauvages en les groupant dans d'immenses parcs naturels d'où les chasseurs et les braconniers sont sévèrement exclus, alors, je le sens bien, elle n'est plus convaincue du tout.

Quand je lis que la-bas on conduit sur le côté droit de la route et ici sur le côté gauche, je me demande s'il n'y a pas un compromis possible - pourquoi en effet tout le monde ne conduisait-il pas au milieu de la route? Est-ce que cela ne faciliterait pas un rapprochement certain - Oui, m'a-t-on dit, mais brutal aussi!!!

La-bas on boit du café, ici du thé. La-bas le fromage se mange avant le dessert, ici apres La - bas, "partir a l'anglaise," c'est "s'esquiver sans proprement prendre congé de ses hôtes," ici on appelle ça: "to take French leave."

Pour moi, qui me considère un peu des deux et beaucoup de chaque, quelle confusion, quelle énigme! Je me rejouis pourtant de savoir qu'ici, comme la-bas les cerises ont des noyaux, les choux de gros coeurs et les jours d'école ont une fin. . . . Ah, la, la, que la vie est difficile!

Christiane Banmeyer (Ante-Matric).

* * * *

Amor Perditus

Nauta ancillam amat. In nautae scapha prope insulam navigant. Undae ancillam terrent et procellam timet. Nauta ad insulam navigat. In casa prope insulam dormiunt. Lupi ancillam terrent et nauta nihil agit. Nunc ancilla nautam non amat.

Pamela Christie (Lower V).

* * * *

Advena in Insula

Procella et ventus et undae advenae scapham aqua complent et delent. Advena timet. Insulam per aquam reperit et scapham remis ad oram navigat. Ubi prope insulam gubernat lupos in silvis audit et in ora, prope portum vaccam et taurum reperit. Advena scapham et casam aedificat et per oram, per silvam ad incolae

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villam ambulat. Incolam amat et incola advenam amat. Per silvam ambulat et equos in herba reperiunt. Ubi equos ad casas ducunt equi per saxa saliant et ad herbam prope casas ambulant. Incola et advena equos, taurum et vaccam habent et fundum aedificant.

Diana Robinson (Lower V).

* * * *

Transversa Erecta

1. Non altus. 1. Res non mala.

5. Donatio mea. 2. Bucccephalus.

6. Donatio tua 3. -, ea, - (Neuter). Deam -.

7. CCCLXV dies. 4.

8. Et tu Brute. 5. Donatio sua.

9. Uxor sua non felix est. (Acc.) 10. Ille, illa, -.

14. Cupio. 11. Cur.

15. Fortis fuit. 12. operandi.

17. Locus. 13. Volat.

18. Non steti. 16. -, ea, - (Masculine).

Patricia Barry (Middle V).

SOLUTION

Transversa: 1. Brevis; 5. Do; 6. Das; 7. Annus; 8. Tu; 9. Miseram- 14 Amo; 15. Valuit; 17. Situ; 18. Sedi.

Erecta: 1. Bonu; 3. Id; 4. Sacram; 5. Dat; 10. Illud; 11. Ratio' 12 Modus; 13. Avis; 16. Is. '

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NOTES FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

At the end of the Easter Term Upper IV had a mannequin parade in the courtyard. They showed the skirts and blouses, pyjamas, shorts and skirts that they had made. We sat on the lawn to watch them walking up the pathway past the fountain. Most of the articles were hand-made, but some had a little machine work in them.

St. Margaret's Day was held on a rather cold day in June. We all went down to the field, and each form ran races. After an exciting time we came up to the Junior School and had a delicious tea. We had a beautifully decorated cake which was made by Mrs. Sanders. Mrs. Raikes presented Upper IV with the wreath, and Frances Hepner, the captain, received it.

Then we all went home.

Last year we brought sweets to school for the Witkoppen Clinic at Chris

time. We also brought groceries for the Old People. We put them in Miss Snow's office and a few days later they were displayed in Prayers . Towards the end of the term we received a letter saying how grateful they were welcomed.

In September Upper IV entered for the Spelling Competition held by the South African Council for English Education. The winning school was Auckland Park Preparatory with 96.52%. Roedebeek obtained 92.36%. Six girls achieved 100% and received certificates. J. Anderson, C. Bower, F. Hepner, A. Hudson, D. Robinson, V. Ulemek.

In October we heard that Caroline Bower Upper IV had won a first prize in the essay competition organized by the Road Safety Association. Mr. Voster presented Caroline with R15 and told us to be careful when crossing roads. Next term the younger children go to Milner Park to learn practical Road Safety.

Parents' Day was held on the second Saturday in November and there was a colourful and varied programme of plays. The Chocolate Train was filled with children from Kindergarten, Transition and Form I, who sang with great enthusiasm. Forms II and III acted an amusing play about a king who had a tummy ache. Jan Lustig - an Afrikaans play - was chosen by Lower IV, and Upper IV ended the afternoon with their production of Fat King Melon. When the plays were over we changed into our school uniform and enjoyed* a large tea in the Junior School. After our parents had had tea in the Senior School, they looked at our books, handwriting and painting which were on show.

Last year in December Upper IV had a tennis match against Kingsmead. Many people came, but unfortunately it began to rain so it was cancelled. Roedebeek won the match when it was played the following week.

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At the beginning of the Easter Term a beautiful mahogany bench, which now stands in the middle of the courtyard, was presented to the school by Sally Anne Hotson.

Foundation Day was celebrated on the 7th March. We were allowed to bring 10c worth of sweets, which we ate on the kopjes. We swam and played games for the whole of the sunny day. At the end of the day we had tea, and went home. The boarders and some day-girls went to the speeches in the Founders' Hall.

For the first time ever the Juniors were invited to take part in the House Swimming Gala at the end of March. The winners received a small packet of sweets as a reward.

* * * *

My First Riding Lesson

As my brothers took riding lessons at a very early age, and we had two horses, it was decided that I could take lessons as well.

It was a sunny day with a slight breeze blowing. We arrived at the riding school to see all the other children walking around with saddles and bridles, feeding the horses and talking to the riding teacher.

I was put up onto a dark brown horse of medium size. Soon the crowd of horses and riders passed through the gate, out on to the dust road, towards a plantation of gum trees. Some of the horses trotted until they reached the gum trees, but others lagged behind - mine furthest back of all of them. The more the teacher took my reins and pulled at them, making her horse trot, the slower and more stubborn my horse became. At last, after much coaxing and pulling, he managed to do a slow ungathered trot with

th his ears flat back.

We caught up with the other members of the class, and while the teacher was telling us how to lift when trotting, and while my attention was completely off the horse I was on, he jerked his head down to eat some grass, and I found myself hanging by the stirrups over his neck.

After that experience, everything went better towards the end of the lesson, because I was expecting everything that the horse did. On the way back, like most of the others, my horse was frisky, and impatient to be free of its rider, and even attempted a canter - much to my fear.

It was a relief to find myself on hard ground again but I looked forward to my next lesson.

Marion Honnet (Upper IV).

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What I Saw on a Windy Day

There was fresh snow on the ground and the wind howled relentlessly through the trees. The clouds hung low, and the pale sun faded beyond the distant hills.

As I walked out of the thicket I pulled my coat close about me to shield my body from the bitter wind. I had been wandering all the day not knowing quite where I was going, or where I was for that matter. I had left the house in the early morning and entered the wood, but I must have lost my way.

I sat down after some time of trudging through the snow in the hollow trunk of a tree, and rested my back and legs. The wind still howled wildly about the old tree and across what had been a moor before the snow had covered it with her white sheet.

I looked about the grey countryside and suddenly a flickering light attracted my attention. It seemed as if the light was moving, and so it was, as I discovered some time later. It approached slowly but surely and when I was able to distinguish it, the sight was not pleasant. The light was a lantern attached to a long pole and the hand which held it belonged to a withered old man. His face was drawn, his eyes were sunk deep into their sockets. His hands were bony and the colour of the skin was a grey-white. I gazed horrified at the sight as it limped on. Suddenly it stopped and I looked wildly about. The man gave a shriek which echoed through the silence of the winter day. He grasped madly about in the air as if trying to catch some invisible spirit. He whirled round suddenly, dropped the lantern and stared straight ahead of him. His eyes were filled with terror and I could see that he was having difficulty in breathing. Quite unexpectedly he sank on to his knees and then fell back into the snow. The lantern had faded out and the moor once more became silent.

Ann Chiswell (Upper IV).

* * * *

Stranded on an Island

One Saturday morning Mother, Father and I went down to a small island on the Crocodile River. We took two native boys with us to help with the canoe. The reason for us to be going was because Mother and I wished to see the birds Father had been filming for a long period.

At last we left the boat on the bank and climbed up to the hide. While we were looking at the birds we suddenly heard a

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loud splash, and as I looked out through a hole in the sacking, I saw our boat drifting towards the weir. We clambered down from the hide, and s

aw a native boy practically drowning in the river which was very deep in the middle. Father threw a rope into the water and pulled the exhausted boy ashore. Obviously he had meddled with the canoe and had not known how to handle it, so there we were on the island. We could either swim through the bilharzia-ridden water or wait until someone saw us.

Fortunately, our other native boy appeared on the bank, and we told him to drive to the factory and bring help. He managed to find an old raft which was used for skimming the top of the dam. It was very old, and had started to rot. The boy brought it across, and Mother and Father went over first.

The raft was unevenly balanced, and all of a sudden it tipped. Father grabbed his camera just in time, but Mother fell in with a loud splash. She came up spluttering, and when she started swimming an African tried to save her although he could hardly swim himself. She ploughed through very much mud and eventually came out like a non-European herself. At that moment it was not funny in the least, but later on we could not stop laughing. It was a wonder Mother did not develop bilharzia.

J. Waugh (Upper IV).

* * * *

The Seagull

There was once a seagull called Pookie. He lived with his Mummy and Daddy who were very proud of him. When the days were warm he spread his wings. Away over the hills he flew. At dawn he came back to his nest in a nice warm cave his grandfather had left for him. When the days were hot, Pookie scrambled among the rocks. But when the days were cold, he stayed at home and played with the soft linings in his nest.

M. Davies (Form I).

* * * *

Candles in the Church

It is Christmas Eve. There is a full moon and everyone is gay and happy. On the altar stands a large bowl of flowers. The two large candles tower up beside it. Everything is still and calm, with an air of peace in the church. Suddenly there is a

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burst of loud, strong, triumphant music from the altar. The pale candles shimmer and flicker. The music becomes quiet again. The church is filled with radiant faces singing strong and clear. The organ plays louder than ever. The church is no longer still and calm but is now full of happy people. The candles have burnt down and the choir boys begin to file out as the service concludes. When everyone has gone the candles become dim and are at last snuffed out to be lit again the next day.

Xanthe Japhet (Lower IV).

* * * *

Candles at the Dinner Table

It was my Mother's birthday and she had been busy all afternoon arranging the table and organizing the dinner. Then at last the table was ready and the guests were arriving. As Mother opened the door to the dining room a magnificent scene met the guests' eyes. There on the table was a vase of flowers and towering up beside it were two glistening, white candles. They had been given to Mother from Father that very morning and she was very proud of them. The cutlery and silver dishes were shining brightly. The guests walked in, and went straight to their places at the table, their radiant faces caught in the light of the dinner candles.

Julia Girdwood (Lower IV).

* He * *

The Beach

I love to wander along the sand,
Where the ocean waves roll to the land,
The rocks they gleam in the bright Summer Day, The ocean sends over
them foam and spray.
Fish in the rockpools, different in size,
Some very big, with large glassy eyes.
Away in the distance a big ship goes by, Belching dark smoke in the cloudless sky.

Elizabeth Wise (Upper IV).

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S.A.O.R.A. OFFICIALS

Hon. President:

Mrs. I. McLaren, 28 The Valley Road, Westcliff, Johannesburg.

Secretary:

Mrs. N. J. Barnes, 132 7th Street, Linden, Johannesburg. Treasurer:

Mrs. J. K. Kay, 5 Vaal Road, Emmarentia Extension, Johannesburg.

Hon. Chairman, English Branch:

Lady Balcon, M.B.E., Upper Parrock, Hartfield, Tunbridge Wells, England

.

Hon. Secretary, English Branch:

Mrs. P. Monro, Thurle Beeches, Streatley, Berkshire, England.

Committee:

Muriel Blackett, Gwen Newnham, Bertha Hagart.

(Old Girls who are going to London should inform Mrs. Monro, as they will be welcomed at all times, not only at the S.A.O.R.A. Foundation Party)

.

Hon. Secretary, Cape Province Branch:

Mrs. A. Duncan, Cypress Cottage, 5 Palmboom Road, New-lands, Cape Town.

Hon. Secretary, Natal Branch:

Mrs. Gordon Johnstone, "Pomona", Hillcrest, Natal.

Hon. Secretary, Central African Federation:

Mrs. Stella Goldstein, 8 Coghlan Avenue, Bulawayo, S.R.

Hon. Secretary, East London and District Branch:

Mrs. F. W. Botha, Hockrow, Gardens Place, East London, C.P.

The Life Subscription to the S.A.O.R.A. is R6.30. All Subscriptions should be made payable to the S.A.O.R.A. and sent to

Mrs. J. K. Kay,

5 Vaal Road, Emmarentia Extension, Johannesburg.

N.B.-All changes of address should be sent to the Secretary.

S.A.O.R.A. Committee

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Vice-Presidents: Mrs. J. Raikes, Mrs. B. Mills-Miller, R. Atmore, M. Davis, E. Mitchell.

Secretary: J. Barnes.

Treasurer: P. Kay.

Committee: B. Moon, P. Lister, D. Anderson, A. Sommerville, P. Kay, J. L. Leimer, B. Horrell, R. Patterson, S. Duncan, J. Rouse.

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New Members of S.A.O.R.A.

1960-63 ASH, Marilyn, 25 Eighth Street, Lower Houghton, Johannesburg.

1952-63 BLACK, Clare, 11 Palala Road, Westcliff, Johannesburg.

1955-63 BLADES, Jessica, Farthings, Empire Place, Sandhurst, Johannesburg.

1959-63 BOSAZZA, Mary-Anne, 15 Campbell Road, Parktown West, Johannesburg.

1959-63 BOSMAN, Jacqueline, 60 Becker Street, Yeoville, Johannesburg.

1956-63 CALLIE, Glen, 47 Dundalk Avenue, Parkview, Johannesburg.

1959-63 CARLIN, Angela, P.O. Box 110, Barberton, Transvaal.

1959-63 CARLIN, Pamela, P.O. Box 110, Barberton, Transvaal.

1959-63 COLSEN, Karin, 21 Fourth Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg.

1952-63 CONINGHAM, Carol, 17 Wexford Avenue, Westcliff, Johannesburg.

1952-63 COTTRELL, Janice, 2 Eighth Avenue, Lower Houghton, Johannesburg.

1959-63 FELLING, Maureen, 723 The Adelphi, John Adam Street, London, England.

1955-63 FOSTER, Elizabeth, Rua de Nevala 39, Lourenco Marques, P.E.A.

1959-63 GEMMILL, Judith, Hymany, P.O. Box 75, Northcliff, Johannesburg.

1952-63 GILLESPIE, Brenda, 31 Cecil Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg.

1953-63 GRIEVESON, Janet, 21 Ninth Street, Lower Houghton, Johannesburg.

1959-63 HARDY, Sue, P.O. Box 66, Dunswart, Transvaal.

1953-63 HARRTSON, Penelope, 4 Houghton Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg.

1952-63 HAYHOE, Deirdre, 35 The Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg.

1953-63 HENWOOD, Sarah, 55 Oak Road, Athol, Johannesburg.

1962-63 HUMPHRISS, Sally, 130 The Drive, Westdene, Benoni.

1952-63 LEON, Patricia, 7 Hurlingham Road, Illovo, Johannesburg.

1952-63 LLOYD, Hillary, P.O. Box 1242, Johannesburg.

1959-63 MORRIS, Pauline, 14 St. David Road, Houghton, Johannesburg.

1959-63 MORRIS, Prudence, 14 St. David Road, Houghton, Johannesburg.

1959-63 ORD, Joanna, 57 Twelfth Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg.

1952-63 RICHARDS, Margaret, 30 Sixth Street, Lower Houghton, Johannesburg.

1955-63 ROBERTS, Judith, P.O. Box 2, Pilgrim's Rest, Transvaal.

1959-63 ROUSE, Jennifer, 3 Kruger Street, Oaklands, Johannesburg.

1959-63 SESSEL, Andree, 6 Smit Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg.

1961-63 SHERWOOD, Anna, P.O. Box 236, Bancroft, N. Rhodesia.

1957-63 BURNETT-SMITH, Janine, 155 Second Street, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

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1958-63 TAYLOR-SMITH, Anne, P.O. Elandsfontein, Auchantary,

Transvaal.

1959-63 SOUSMAYAN, 5 St. Patrick's Avenue, Parktown, Johannesburg.

1960-63 STIRLING, Veronica, 38 Chester Road, Parkwood, Johannesburg.

1952-63 SWAN, Elizabeth, P.O. Box 611, Johannesburg.

1958-63 THOMSON, Mauray, 12 Buffalo Road, Emmarentia, Johannesburg.

1959-63 VON OETTINGEN, Manya, P.O. Aorlie, Transvaal.

1959-63 WALKER, Clare, 12 Durris Road, Forest Town, Johannesburg.

1959-63 WHYTE, Judith, 39 Newport Road, Parkwood, Johannesburg.

1958-63 SOKEHILL-WILSON, 29 Pretorius Drive, Stilfontein, Western Transvaal.

1955-63 WILTON, Joy, 56 Sixth Street, Lower Houghton, Johannesburg.

1959-63 WRIGHT, Patricia, 94 East Geduld Mine, P.O. Box 222, Springs.

1959-63 PETHICK, Audrey, 41 12th Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg.

1959-63 FINDLAY, Eleanor, Pinmill, P.O. Sandown.

1935- GEMMILL, Betty, Hymany, Box 75, Northcliff.

N.B.-The Old Johannian Association would like to remind Members of SA. O.R.A. that Old Girls can become Members of their Club at no entrance fee within seven years of leaving School.

News of Friends

Marriages:

Dulcie Adamson to Willem Van Rykswyk. Sally Angwin to William Daly.

Jean Barry to Pierce Newton-King. Constance Beith to Mr. Mostert.

Margaret Bennett to Robert Jaquet.

Lilith Bond to Colin Wynne.

Mary Brayshaw to William Waller. Elizabeth Brown to Christopher Roper

. Jeanne Farquharson to Rupert Lascelles. Gwen Gwynne Evans to Robert Neill. Judith Hacking to Julian Cooke.

Helen Harrison to Arthur Nixon.

Diane Hall to Mr. Schoop.

Susan Hyde to Mr. Story.

Jennifer Leycester to Dr. Peter Reeve.

Dr. Marilyn Philios to John Gurney.

Sally Read to William Stanley.

Judith Stamp to Eugene F. Humphrey. Jennifer van Eerden to David Maso

n. Caroline Venn to Peter Berry.

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Births:

Margaret Berge (van Niekerk), a daughter.

Angela Caccia (Read), a son.

Rosemary Grouch (Davies), a daughter, Catherine Rosemary. Judy Currie (Greig), twin daughters, Penelope Jane and Susan Ann.

Els pet h de Wet (Young), a son, Pieter.

Helen Gibson (Brayshaw), a son, Peter.

Patricia Gawith (Jakobs), a son.

Pamela Honnett (Pope), a daughter.

Stella Hunt (Kent), a son.

Elizabeth Lane (Bristowe), a son, Andrew William.

Ann Lever (Guy), a daughter, Sharon.

Elizabeth Roberts (Dodds), a daughter.
Margaret Shakerley (Macintosh), a daughter, Suzanna.
Clare Sherriiffs (Brayshaw), a son, David.
Fiona Stumbles (Vise), a son, Christopher.
Margot Feeling Smith (Macfarlane), a daughter, Loma.
Judy Tren (Aiken), a daughter, Frances.
June Vivian Smith (Jager), a son, Charles James.
Janet Wedderburn-Maxwell (Hodgkin), a son.
Ann Whitelock (Archibald), a son, Christopher John.
Gillian Stamp (Taytham), a son.

Condolences:

We wish to offer our very sincere sympathy to:-

Mr. Douglas Roberts, Susan, Jane and Ann on the sudden death of Lulu.

Pat Hindle and Yvonne Margrie on the death of their mother, Mary Little (J oris).

Shelagh Stuttaford (Fitzpatrick) on the loss of her mother, Rhona Mitchell (Gregory), sister of Meg Jack (Gregory).

Barbara Grasser (Bailie) on the loss of her mother, Audrey Hope-Bailie (Shillitoe), sister of Elsie Udal (Shillitoe).

Molly Girney (Mendelsohn) on the loss of her husband. Gloria Kinder (Kin kaid-Smith) on the loss of her husband. Kate Thistleton (Greig) on the loss of her husband.

Pauline Farquhar (Davis) on the loss of her husband.

Mary Maytham Kidd on the loss of her husband.

Molly Rathbone (Mills) on the loss of her father, Dr. Kenneth Mills.

Dorothy Driver on the loss of her father, the Rev. J. Driver. Beryl Thoms on and Kay Coulter on the loss of their mother, Mrs. More.

We note with sadness the deaths of Joyce Dale (Bond), Aunt of Lilith Wynee (Bond); Norah Bryce (Gill) (1912-21); Margarida Ferreira (1959-61).

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Denyse Anstey (Mai) is living in Westerham, Kent, and is kept busy with her four children; she also works as a marriage guidance counsellor.

Marigold Bower (Bower) has made her new home in Ruma-ruti, Kenya, where her husband Thomas is farming.

Penelope Beal is working in a secretarial capacity in a London branch of Barclay's Bank and loves it. She has just become engaged to her mother's godson.

Angela Caccia (Read) writes to say that after her marriage she and her husband were posted to the British Embassy in Prague; their iron curtain life ended in September 1963 when they were moved to London, and in October their son was born - later they were assigned to South America, taking a month to reach Bolivia. They now live in La Paz, at 12,000 ft., the highest capital in the world.

Olave Cassidy, daughter of Mary Cassidy (Reading), has completed her studies in French and Music at Lausanne and has been in the United States for the past two years, where she first worked for the National Broadcasting Corp. She is now an assistant radio producer at the United Nations.

Heather Ballot (McDonald-Rouse) has been very occupied doing the costumes for "Minim Export", opening at the Fortune Theatre in London in April. She has had recent successes with her model gowns at various fashion shows.

Ann Bullivant daughter of Pam Bullivant (Youldon) hopes to write her Fi

nal Medical Technology Exams, in June 1964.

Glen Callie was sad to miss her first Foundation Day after leaving school, but like many others is doing a B.A. degree at Pietermaritzburg, hoping to major in English and Afrikaans.

Audrey Cannon (Hare) writes a long newsy letter from Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia, where she is teaching at Nagel House. She mentions how enjoyable was the Roedeans Trust Dinner in Salisbury last July. She often sees Jane Matthews (Smetham) and mentions that Hilary Gough (Snell) had gone with her artist husband and two small sons to live in England. She continues, "Janetta Dauncey (Bell) is also in Marandellas, where her husband teaches at Peterhouse - in January this year I stayed with Dora Graham (Eland) who continues to run her farm and during that period I saw Ian Ann Wall (Langebrink) who lives on a farm in Radium. Madeleine Netter (Madame Geane) comes to Nagle House twice a week where she teaches music". Audrey's daughter, Barbara Wernli, and her family have returned to Switzerland from Australia.

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Keri Colson daughter of Betty Strauss (Pocoek) has been awarded an American Field Scholarship and so has Sue Hardy.

Mary Coke (Barry) has a full life running her nursery school which is "full to bursting" and looking after her grandchildren when her daughter Rachael had jaundice. All Mary's children are now finished with school and her youngest son is at the Naval Gym. Mary saw Elsie McKerron (Healy) and her daughter Clare en route to Britain and Ann van Jaarsveld (that was), also Elizabeth Taylor and Betty Dyker (McLeod).

Marjorie Collier Grounds (Finlayson) wrote me a long and interesting letter from Lahore, West Pakistan. She certainly has moved since leaving Kenya towards the end of 1963. They were on the verge of buying a house in Oxfordshire when her husband accepted a teaching post in Lahore. She and her three children Piers, Clare and Giles, followed later and have found an enormous house to rent - one left by former "Indian" Civil Servants, long since retired to Britain. Most of the large (and small) houses are now occupied by Pakistanis who love to watch the English and foreign residents in the running of their homes - says Marjorie who is settling down slowly to a vastly different way of life that is new but fascinating. Diana Dart, daughter of Marjorie Dart (Frew), is now a 5th year medical student and with her fellow student successfully organised a Medical Students' Congress.

Leone Dallas (Smith) writes that the Group Areas Proclamation of October 1963 zoning of Isipingo beach for Indian occupation necessitates a move for her family - whither they do not know as they have not sold their house as yet. Her son is in Johannesburg and her eldest daughter is teaching at Harding Government Hostel and her youngest is at G.H.S., Maritzburg. She occasionally sees Nell Johnstone (Luscombe).

Karen Day has just completed two terms at Hartwell House, Aylesbury, Bucks, and finishes in July 1964. She has found her interests broadening extensively. She and a friend spent a vacation in Majorca in the sunshine and is now hoping that her shorthand and typing will stand her in good stead in London.

Maeve Gain is in her 2nd year nursing in the Cape, having completed a course at a French finishing school in Paddock Wood in England, where she met people (including Princesses!) from all over the world.

Jean Gillies obtained her B.Sc. Hons, at Wits, in 1962 and was employed as a Medical Technologist at Lancet Laboratories in Johannesburg. She

e has now been appointed Technician-Secretary to the Dept. of Botany at N.U.C., Maritzburg.

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Dr. Nicole Grasset has returned to France to work as a virologist at the "Institut Pasteur" in Paris. Her sister, Bimbo Mozer, was so thrilled with her trip in 1962 that she brought her husband and son and daughter in 1962 and took them to the Kruger National Park much to their great delight. Antoinette Hersov (Herbert) writes to say that Pam Starkenberg (Usher) is now living in Maritzburg with her husband and two daughters Ingrid and Catherine, also that Nancy Bueb (Timms) is living in England and that Jane Dugard (Irwin) is at Cambridge, on a scholarship at Newnham. "Bith" Edwards (Buckle) writes that her daughter Sally Jordan and husband and year-old Rowena have been in Cyprus for the last year, where her husband has been with the R.A.F. Regiment during the recent troubles. At the time of Bith's writing the radio was announcing that the Turks were preparing to invade the island! Thank heavens things have settled down for their and everyone's sakes.

Marion Gregor is now at the Mowbray Teachers' Training College in Cape Town, after having worked for the last three years.

Pat Hindle and her family are permanently settled in Durban and looks forward to meeting Old Roedeans, especially, she says, any Old Cats ...

Patricia James is enjoying teaching at the Dundee Infant School. She says her sister Elizabeth is married and living in Durban.

Patricia Kane has graduated from Wits, with a B.A. in French and is going overseas to continue her studies.

Mary Maytham Kidd writes, sadly, that all their plans for their retirement fell by the wayside when her husband Dr. Hubert Kidd died suddenly on the way to the Headmasters' conference. She is now living in a small cottage in Kenilworth and her son Charles is now a boarder at Bishops.

Karin King is in her third year at the University of the O.F.S. doing her B.Soc.Sc. in Nursing. She hopes to finish in 1965 having added a midwifery course to her training.

Frances Levey (Robinson) makes me more than encouraged in writing this chronicle when she says "Even though it is forty years since I left Roedeans, I still like to read the 'News of Friends'. My husband and I visited Oxford last year and I was overjoyed to see my old friend Lucy Sutherland and renew our friendship. Certainly I did not feel that forty years had elapsed since last seeing her at school - and only a few grey hairs between us!"

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Dorothy McDonald Rouse (Sims) is still doing her music and concert work and is still in demand for charitable and other types of fund raising with her shows "Around the World in Eighty Minutes", "A Scottish Fantasy" and "Ring up the Curtain" which she has produced and in which she has done a good deal of accompanying.

Joan Marland has been in "Showboat" at the Civic Theatre, Johannesburg, and on tour in Cape Town. She's on her way to Canada and the United States on an extensive tour. She has heard from Neroli King who is living in Victoria, Australia, and she has just qualified as a pharmacist and is about to be married.

Isobel Murray (Butler), her husband and two sons, Mark and Andrew, returned from Canada four years ago and have settled in Rosebank, Johan

nesburg.

Joanna Ord daughter of Patsy Ord (Holliday) has gone to Cape Town University to study Physiotherapy. Her sister Gillian finished her degree at Wits, and has gone to study further in Florence. We shall miss her on the S.A.O.R.A. Committee with her bright ideas and chatter.

But we welcome Rosemary Patterson to the Committee - she has just been capped for a degree in Botany and Geology at Wits. She is now working in the Anglo American Research laboratories. I see she has just become engaged to Lionel Falcon, a mining engineer at Orkney, so that both the Anglo American and the S.A.O.R.A. will be under strength again. Hugh and Shirley Patterson (Martin) have gone to the University of Rhodesia in Salisbury to continue their research in the habits of the Malaria-carrying mosquito.

Pat Penwill (Mackay) and her husband are now growing tea in the Northern Transvaal in a new government scheme. They have come down to live in the Republic after many years in various outposts in Kenya with the Colonial Service. Both Pat's sons are still being schooled in England.

Hebe Phillipopoulos writes from Athens that after a few months' holiday there, she loved her surroundings so much she decided to stay and study there. She entered the preparatory class of the school for Fine Arts at the Polytechnic School in November 1963 and is hoping to be accepted into the regular Fine Arts course in 1964.

Marilyn Phillips who, after working at Baragwanath Hospital, went to England to the Royal College of Surgeons, where she gained her F.R.C.S. She has now married Mr. John Gurney, an electronics engineer, and they have gone to Canada.

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Mrs. Rawle writes from the Argentine that Ann is starting her 2nd year Occupational Therapy in Buenos Aires and Jacqueline her secretarial course in London. She hopes her two daughters will return to work in Nechochea where the Rawles ranch.

Jean Saunders (Durrel) in a letter to Erica Mitchell (Berry) from Hertfordshire, says how very interested she was in the Roedeian Trust Brochure. She notes many changes since her time at Roedeian and has passed it on to Mrs. Jean Fort, headmistress of Roedeian in Brighton, who was delighted. Mrs. Fort says her pupils are interested in their South African counterpart and their activities. Roedeian incidentally is also launching a Trust Fund for R500,000. Jean's daughter, Flicky, and Paddy Calderara's (Hopkins) daughter are listed in the Brighton magazine as grandchildren of Roedeian, South Africa. The Durrels are hoping to visit South Africa later in 1964.

Yvonne Small has passed her first year at the Durban Teachers' Training College and is now a student teacher at the Addington School where she has a class of forty five-year-olds.

Susan Story (Hyde) married in November 1963 and is living in Addlestone, Surrey.

Shelagh Stuttford (Fitzpatrick) was holidaying in Britain last year while her husband was taking part in the Blue Fin Tuna Tournament as a member of the South African team. She saw Glive Birsell (Patterson) who was awaiting an eye operation for cataracts in both eyes. We hope Olive has come through her ordeal with much success.

Mariana Thomas completed her degree at Wits, and is now in London working on a Research grant at London University. She goes up to Oxford in October. Meanwhile she is in digs with three friends, including Ros Richard

son. When up at Oxford, Mariana will do her Diploma in Education and be in residence at Talbot Lodge. Her sister Nicollette is studying Industrial Design at the Johannesburg Art School. This is the first time that this course has been available in the Republic.

Mauray Thomson is taking a secretarial course at Rhodes.

Margery Ussher (Greig) and her family have left for the Isle of Man where they have bought an estate. We wish them godspeed and happiness.

Dorothy Vise (Porter) has been overseas to be with her daughter Fiona Stumbles who has presented Dorothy with a grandson born in February 1964.

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Tessa van den Berg (Voelcker) writes to say she is well settled in Kent with her family - her children Mark and Emma are growing apace and Tessa does work involving Refugee children from all over the world and also handicapped children in Kent.

Clare Walker has become completely absorbed in her chemistry and feels her schooldays have receded already into the distant past, four months ago in actual fact. But she finds the change from school curriculum to that of University is so tremendous and so very stimulating that it gives her fresh impetus. She can hardly believe that the well-knit form she articulated with a few months ago has scattered into the different corners of the globe. Nevertheless she says there are many old girls to be found on the Wits. Campus or the refectory for the odd chatty re-union and Maureen Felling had a good send off, at lunch, there, before leaving for England.

Lyn Walton is in her third year of Logopaedics at Wits. Due purely to the efforts of her clubmates, Lyn says modestly, she was awarded the Wiplinger Trophy for the most improved Lady Gymnast of the year 1963-64 and is looking forward to the Inter-Varsity at Cape Town.

Brenda Williamson is in London working in a secretarial capacity prior to going to Perugia University for three months to learn Italian. She then plans to work in Italy and go on to Greece. Her sister, Pamela Kirkwood, is working as a Physiotherapist at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, where she and her husband are living temporarily. They too, hope to take their leave camping in Italy.

Jennifer Sokehill-Wilson is reading for an Arts degree at Wits.

Lilith Wynne (Bond) after a 2½ year absence from South Africa, has married a civil engineer who was her contemporary at university and her companion on an extensive tour of Egypt and the Middle East. Before returning home she made a solo tour of Morocco. Lilith and Colin have left to work in Canada for a year or two. Prior to their departure Lilith was arranging the Ethnological Exhibition at the Port Elizabeth Museum.

Gail Young is now in New York working for an advertising firm, Headley Associates. She has just spent three months in Puerto-Rico. Carol, her sister, has qualified as a beautician at the Johannesburg Technical College and is now working for Fernand Antstey, a French cosmetic firm. Later she will be furthering her studies in Paris.

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While I was in England this last lovely Autumn for a brief visit, I was sad not to be able to contact Eileen Balcon (Leather-man) our chairwoman of the English S.A.O.R.A. I did however have a chat to Peggy Monro who is now at Streatley in Berkshire. I was highly delighted to see Connie Barclay (Harris) after 21 years. We had a tremendous gossip while leaping in and out of the West End stores, as Connie had made a special trip to

London from Suffolk. I do hope she will make her proposed trip, with her four growing children to Johannesburg. I spent a lovely day with Charlotte Gates (Kerr) who lives in Stratford near Guildford. A charming village where John Bunyan lived in his "Cider Cottage" and Lewis Carroll's home on the outskirts of the village. She took me to the "new" Guildford Cathedral, started thirty years ago and just recently completed. Charlotte's son, Ricky, was just about to enter Sandhurst on a course from whence he hopes to enter Oxford. Jean Thornley (Hurworth) who lives in a delightful corner of Cheshire, was very interested in all subjects pertaining to South Africa, which she loves and left in 1938.

The Port Elizabeth Old Girls were all gathered together under the roof of Adelaide Allchurch (Gibson) when Dorothea Campbell having rooted them out, spoke to them in January this year about the Trust. It was a very happy affair and Adelaide has agreed to be the Port Elizabeth and district representative. Among those present were Joan Anderson, Barbara Grasse (Baillie), Cicely Niven (Fitz Patrick), Mary and Kathleen Wallace, Elsa Roberts (Greig), and Barbara Sturrock (Johnstone). Several others from the area sent their apologies and I hope the new branch will flourish. How pleasant to meet Mary Mullins (Otley) who came out to South Africa for her father, Mr. T. G. Otley's 90th birthday.

I do so enjoy meeting Old Girls in the flesh, instead of knowing their names and addresses from the S.A.O.R.A. Directory, that is why I'm so inquisitive, "who are you" at the various meetings

- but I still look forward to all the news, so please keep sending it in, about yourselves and the Roedeanians with whom you correspond and contact.

Lastly, owing to the increasing printing costs, due, in the main, to our ever-increasing Old Girls' membership, as each matriculation class moves forward, the S.A.O.R.A. Directory, nearly fifty pages, will not be printed every year, but every three or four years. Nevertheless, the Secretary and I will keep the changes of names and addresses as up to date as possible throughout the year, with your help, please! and this, we hope, will keep the magazine costs within the limits of reason.

Elizabeth McLean.

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