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Jío. 88
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School Board — June 1972		
Chairman: Mr. R. E. Grieveson		
Vice-Chairman: Mr. J. Whiting		
Mr. S. A. G. Anderson		

Mr. P. M. M. De Wet
Mrs. P. Girdwood
Dr. I. Jackson
Pro. L. Lanham
Mrs. E. Mitchell
Mr. M. W. Richards
* * *

Staff

Headmistress: Mrs. A. de Frising, M.A. (Cantab).

SENIOR SCHOOL:

Senior Mistress: Mrs. H. T. Tulloch, M.A. (Glasgow), Teaching Diploma (Glasgow Infant Mistress Endorsement (Edinburgh)).

Mrs. P. Bethlehem, B.A. (Rand), Teaching Diploma (J.C.E.).

Mrs. M. J. Blainey .Science Diploma (London), London Teaching Diploma.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, B.Sc. (Natal).

Miss C. Dixon, B.A. (Hons), (Rand).

Mrs. J. Eltringham, Teachers' Diploma (Keele Institute).

Miss G. Franklin, B.A. (Natal), U.E.D. (Johannesburg).

Mrs. H. Glass, B.Mus. (U.C.T.), Higher Primary Diploma, Higher Bilingual Diploma (U.C.T.).

Mrs. J. A. Hammond-Tooke, Primary Teachers* Certificate.

Miss A. S. Harland, L.R.A.M. (Piano), L.R.A.M. (Singing), A.R.C.M., L.T.C.L., U.P.L.M., Bronze and Silver Medallist, Royal Academy of Music.

Miss C. Harper, B.Sc. (Natal).

Dr. I. Jacob, Ph.D. (Basle, Switzerland).

Mrs. G. John, B.A. (U.C.T.), (Hons) (Rand), Diploma of Higher Education (U.C.T.).

Mrs. S. P. Johnson, Primary Teachers' Diploma (University of London Institute of Education).

Mrs. S. Lipman, National Teachers' Diploma, Johannesburg, Home Economics Teachers' Training College.

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Miss E. J. Lombard, B.A. U.C.T. U.E.D. (Natal).

Mrs. V. A. Lord, L.U.T.C. (C.T.) (Cum Laude).

Miss E. Marriott, B.A., Fine Arts (Natal), National Art Teachers' Certificate.

Mrs. S. Mihailovich, B.A., Hons. (Rand), Certificats d'Etudes Sup. (Sorbonne, Paris).

Mrs. E. S. Napier, B.Sc. (Hons.) (Rand).

Mrs. M. Netterberg, Physical Education Diploma/Folk Dancing.

Mrs. L. Rivett-Camac, B.Sc. (Natal), (Hons.) Rand).

Miss L. G. Roberts, B.A. U.E.D. (Natal), L.T.C.L., R.A.D.A. Gold Medallist in Drama.

Mrs. O. Stevenson, M.A. (Oxon), Dip. Ed. (Cantab).

Mrs. B. Swan, B.Sc. (Rand).

Miss L. Taitz, B.A. (Rand).

Mrs. R. Thomson-Smith, Diploma of Education (Cambridge Institute) Diploma of Physical Education (Bedford College of Physical Education).

Miss S. Toerin, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L.

Mrs. A. J. C. Vorster, B.A. (Unisa), U.E.D. (Unisa).

Mrs. M. Wallin, Domestic Science, T.2.

Miss M. West, B.Mus. (Unisa), F.T.C.L., L.R.S.M.

Mrs. R. Will, B.A (Hons.), S.T.D. (U.C.T.), B.A., (Cantab).

Mrs. C. J. Young, B.Sc. (Newcastle).

* * *

Housemistresses

St. Katherine St. Agnes St Ursula

— Mrs. Coetzee

— Miss Bain

— Mrs. Thomas

JUNIOR SCHOOL
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a a Forrest, Teachers* General Certificate (St Andrews) (Concurrent Course, Special Qualifications in Art, Handwork and Needlework), Infant Certificate (Moray House).

Miss A. M. Grogan, Teachers' General Certificate (St. Mary's College, Newcastle), Durham.

Mrs. C. Groves, Teachers' Certificate (Maria Grey College, Twickenham, England).

Miss P. J. Klosser, B.A. (U.C.T.), Post Graduate Primary Teachers Diploma.

Mrs. M. Knight, Phillipa Fawcett Training College (London) History and English.

Miss J. B. Low.

Mrs. V. M. Woods, B.A. (U.N.S.W.) Dip. Ed. (Sydney University).

HOUSEMISTRESS — Miss P. Johnston.

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Editorial

Although education always should have been and occasionally was "child-orientated" in the past, this philosophy of schooling has never been quite so stressed as in recent years.

The department of education in South Africa has joined the movement and is introducing "differentiated education". By definition, this means that each child will be given the opportunity to develop his or her particular talent at an earlier age. The less academically-minded pupil will be able to pursue his commercial or technical bent, leaving school with an 'O'-level certificate while others can study at a higher academic level at school. This, it is hoped, will help to bridge the gap between school and university.

Roedean, too, has made an attempt to bridge a gap; that which exists between junior and senior school. The Upper IV's are now attached to the Senior School. They are not, however, totally integrated — the boarders still sleep in the Junior School, they don't have the same teachers — a few minor points which have helped to increase the security of the pupils who might otherwise have been bewildered by the sudden change. This is, then, another example of adjusting the environment of schools to suit the child — a situation in which pupils are more relaxed and can fulfill their potential to a greater degree.

AH this constitutes a fairly radical change and any change of this nature must be accompanied by alterations in other branches of education.

One change which has occurred is to the image of the teacher. This is undoubtedly in many ways a change for the better. No longer is a teacher a far-off, inaccessible figure, viewed through a haze of unreality. At last the discovery has been made that they are humans, real people with similar emotions, beliefs and ideas to those of our own parents. This situation is definitely more conducive to communication than the old one. And without this communication the true purpose of education — a development of the pupil's ability not the imposing of a thin coating of someone else's ideas onto the child — was often lost.

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However, a very real need for maintaining discipline within this child-orientated atmosphere must not be lost sight of. By this I don't suggest that teachers should keep the traditional cane tucked out of sight but available when needed to "cajole" pupils into studying harder. Far from it. Discipline must come from the pupils every bit as much as from the teacher. If only pupils realised that education is not simply a one-way process. All too often this is the case — pupils having been given a little, want everything to go their way. "Pupil Power" has developed as a result of this manner of thinking. Children must realise that if they themselves do not take steps to maintain discipline in the classroom it is ultimately they who will be the losers. There always are a few members of every group who want to "buck the system" and given the support of feeble-minded fellow students they will do so. But most of these people, if ignored, will buckle down.

This is not to suggest that a classroom atmosphere should be oppressive. In fact, the greater the self-discipline and mutual discipline exerted by the pupils themselves, the freer and more relaxed can the teacher allow the atmosphere to be.

The child-orientated system, like so many other great plans, can work only if the people for whose benefit it has been

developed, do not misuse it but approach it with a mature attitude, prepared to give as much as they take.

MAIE PINKEY ANNE CRAWFORD-NUTT

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Headmistress' Report

Mr. Chairman, Mr. de Villiers, Ladies and Gentlemen,

In adding my own heartfelt welcome to Mr. de Villiers, I am proud to reveal a secret in our joint pasts. I learn that he too, like myself, was once a post-graduate student at The London School of Economics, than which there can be no more progressive nursery for liberal thought.

There has been criticism this year from some of our senior girls that prefects are awarded badges and games players win colours, but that little honour is shown to girls of academic distinction. Today these girls really come into their own and I begin my report with an academic survey of the year.

At Roedean we have our fair share of able girls who are prepared to work hard throughout their school career and who approach their Matriculation well-prepared and confident. This year's senior forms are no exception; indeed they are one of the best groups we have had for some years and with very few exceptions, we anticipate good, possibly outstanding results in this month's examination.

Another year which merits special commendation is the Upper IV. For the first time these two forms have worked in the Senior School and have well deserved their elevation. In the mid-year examinations, 8 girls in Upper IV achieved the A Symbol, representing an average mark of over 80%. This constitutes a record and makes us feel that the experiment of promoting Upper IV to the Senior School has more than justified itself. The inclusion of Upper IV has made our Senior School numbers higher than ever with a total of 277 girls this term, but our Junior School numbers have consequently fallen to 126. We have therefore built extensions to certain classrooms in the Junior School to enable us to take in more children at all stages throughout the School and so to keep our numbers up to the necessary level, if we are not to be forced to raise our fees too much or too often. We should still like to see more girls coming in as boarders in the Senior Forms. They have so much more scope for leadership as boarders and we are sorry that some fine material among our senior day girls cannot be developed both to the advantage of the School and of the girls themselves. We enjoy the contact we have with the boarders outside class and regret that we see so little of some of the more retiring day girls.

Our examination results prove that we certainly do not neglect the academic girl, and that we give credit where credit is due. We presented 38 candidates to the Joint Matriculation Board in November 1971. Of these, 12 girls gained first-class certificates,

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15 second-class and 3 third-class. There were 4 school leaving certificates while 10 distinctions were awarded: 4 in French, 2 in Mathematics, and 1 each in English, History, Latin and Dutch. Once again 2 girls gained 2 distinctions each, one in French and Latin and one in French and English. I might add that one of these girls was the Head of the School which refutes the suggestion that girls in office do not have adequate time for their work.

24 Girls passed the yoorbereidende Taaleksamen, 1 with distinction and 7 with merit; 32 passed the Laer Taaleksamen, 3 with distinction and 16 with merit, and 16 passed the Hoer Taaleksamen, 2 with distinction and 4 with merit.

Certainly in my time we have never had so many distinctions and merits which bodes well for the future, with Afrikaans becoming more and more important a subject.

For these good results we have to thank the Staff who not only teach their classes but offer unfailing help and encouragement to the girls. Once again our French has been specially commended and only last month one of our competitors in the Alliance Fran^aise contest received an individual prize.

The Scholarship and Entrance Examinations were written in June and as the result of these the Anne Cleaver 'A' Scholarship was awarded to Margaret-Ann Kerr of Roedean Middle V.I. Two Anne Cleaver 'B' Scholarships were awarded to Lesley Adams and Lindsay Duncan of Roedean Upper IV and an exhibition was offered to Caroline Popper of Auckland Park. She has since won a Scholarship to Kingsmead and will therefore not be taking up her Exhibition here. The Roedean Trust Bursaries were awarded to Michele Ahlers and Melanie Ferrandi, both of Auckland Park.

At the examinations conducted by the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, 14 girls were successful, three of them in Grade VII. 7 Girls passed with merit and one with distinction. We are now offering Music as a Matriculation subject and last year for the first time one candidate wrote and passed this subject.

More and more girls are hoping to offer Music in the future.

A number of girls have won prizes at local contests and as usual our School Concert and Carol Service were much appreciated. The School and Chapel Choirs sang delightfully at an Old Girl's wedding in St. George's Church and they have led our singing in Church, in the School Chapel and at Morning Prayers, sometimes aided and abetted by guitar accompanists.

As our Chairman has already told us, this year has been a bumper one for gifts to the School. The expert organisation of the Roedeian Ramble brought in so large a sum that we have been able to have a second hockey pitch re-surfaced, to hope for a

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second school bus, to purchase guitars and percussion instruments, to add substantially to our libraries, Juniors and Senior, Referene and Fiction, and to set up new and visual aids such as overhead projectors and epidiascopes; new electric sewing machines have enlivened our sewing classes. Mrs. Dorothea Campbell's generous gift enabled us to choose a concert piano which we greatly needed, and, not to be outdone, the Hersov family has set in motion the building of a new Music Block, plans of which are to be seen on the terrace. Old Girls and leaving girls have been generous with gifts of books and money and we can hardly have had a year when so much has been given us to equip our beautiful school with modern aids. Roedeian's benefactors have indeed "thought big" as Professor Rallis Chairman of the Ramble Committee urged us to do last June.

Our staunch friends, the P.T.A., have as usual been generous in giving the Senior School a new film projector which enables us to show the latest films on Saturday evenings and on the last night of term, and the Junior School Hall has received beautiful curtains which are not only decorative but functional as they black out the hall for films and slides. As always, the P.T.A. ladies have driven players to matches and provided delicious cakes for our teams as well as arranging flowers for functions, an example of their art being before us today.

Both the P.T.A. and the S.A.O.R.A. are precious bodies who do so much to keep up our traditions and to help us to maintain Roedeian standards, by example and by supplying us with daughters. This year the S.A.O.R.A. has given two bursaries to daughters of Old Girls who would not otherwise have been able to send their children here.

Last year we thanked the Trust for its generous help in providing a new classroom block and a new Headmistress' House. Some of you then visited both in their unvarnished state and this year I hope you will see them in use and rejoice with us privileged occupants.

u thank all those who have given so generously to

the School, we realise that we ourselves must do what we can to help others less fortunate and privileged. This year's Matrics and Ante-Matrics have organised entertainments, cake sales and eolations — the Matrics to contribute to the Leprosy Mission and

* lif • suPPorl a J>°y at St. Barnabas College and to help

i rtí m ^ruet°°u Wild Life Preservation and other

have also helped outside organisations to raise funds by collecting at the Airport and at other functions.

anH ** £?,! ? as "ft1 visited theatres- concerts, lectures and films and the Circus m Johannesburg, and at other schools.

We joined

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St. John's in a History Tour of the Natal Battlefields and also organised a mixed dancing class on Friday evenings.

Michael-house Post-Matric Class visited us again for two bouts of mixed hockey and our voluntary societies, junior and senior Scientific, International Affairs, Music, Debating and Dramatic have all been active.

The School Play this year "Lady Precious Stream" was extremely decorative and the actresses enjoyed themselves every bit as much as the audience.

20 Girls were confirmed in the School Chapel by Bishop Carter in June and a team of Ante-Matrics went to the La Verna Retreat organised by the Private Schools in Johannesburg and Pretoria. A number of girls also attended the Camp arranged by Rev. David Cook.

This year we have an A.F.S. Scholar who has not only attended classes but came in voluntarily as a boarder to see how we run that side of our life here. Two of our own girls have been chosen as A.F.S. Scholars to go to the United States next year.

During the second term we suffered from the epidemic of flu which raged through Johannesburg, but Staff and Girls as well as their usually healthy headmistress were most competently catered for by Sister, supported by Dr. Brueckner's skill. This term I have visited the San daily but this has usually entailed a pleasant chat with Sister as there was "nobody in".

It has been a great help to the Sports Department for us to have Mrs. Thornton Smith in residence. She and her helpers are adept at coaching and encouraging girls who love sports but she has been firm 'though understanding in her efforts to cajole non-athletic ladies into taking part in at least some form of exercise. Our hockey team struggled valiantly in the 1st league and we kept our place doggedly in the 1st League Swimming Gala at Ellis Park, several girls being placed in the individual events. We are now playing 6 teams in the Tennis Leagues, more than any other school, and are thereby giving a number of younger girls precious experience in Match Play. This very week our Ante-Matrices have presented a delightful though somewhat nerve-racking display of Modern Educational Gymnastics. Individually, Jennifer Allen won the coveted white blazer for school colours in four different sports: swimming, tennis, netball and gym and she then added hockey colours as an afterthought. Lynne Somerville in Lower IV was chosen as Southern Transvaal diver under 10. For the first time the Junior School has played matches and swum in galas and these girls should be useful team members in years to come.

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Our Hockey Team toured Swaziland last holidays and our Tennis Teams are off to Lesotho at the end of this term. In the second term of the year both Mrs. Tulloch and Mrs. Blainey were overseas on leave and this left a sad gap in our team, but Mrs. Stevenson rose nobly to the occasion and stood in as Senior Mistress. We are fortunate this year to be losing none of our most Senior Staff but family life is calling Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Lipman and Mrs. Groves. Miss Taitz who has led the English Department so competently and with such good results is giving up school teaching, as is Miss Low from Junior School. Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Netterburg and Mrs. Young are also leaving us. We thank them all for what they have given to the School and wish them good fortune and happiness in the future. During 1972 we welcomed Miss Bain as Housemistress of St. Agnes, Mrs. Swan, Biology, Miss Lombard, History and Geography, Mrs. Johnson Upper IV Form Mistress, Mrs. Eltringham, Physical Education, and Mrs. Bethlehem, French. Mrs. Beresford-Miller has just joined us as Bursar in place of Mr. Bennell who has retired.

We all join in thanking the Staff for all they have done for the School during the year, both teaching Staff and ancillary Staff including Sister, Matrons and Office helpers, Catering and Household Staff. A tremendous burden falls on the resident Staff nowadays as there are so few of us but Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Elking-ton have given of their very best and they are always cheerful and ready to keep us well housed and well fed, whatever the odds. Mrs. Osborn, who joined us in mid-year has been of valuable assistance. Nobody, not even her Matric French Class, can have been more pleased than I was to have Mrs. Tulloch back with us after a fruitful period overseas. It is a great joy to me to be able to liven up our more mundane organising problems with a lighthearted joke or two in English and French, sometimes a mixture of both.

I am grateful to Mrs. Kuhn for inviting me so regularly to the Junior School where I enjoy my contact with the younger children. She and I worked harmoniously together and the obvious happiness of the Junior School is her greatest reward.

Our Chairman of the Board has been as ever since my arrival, a tower of strength whenever we have called on him for advice and support. As long as we keep holy certain appointments with a very small ball or a somewhat larger one, he never fails us and I have never known a Chairman of Governors who is willing to give so generously of his time. The School will be for ever grateful for all he has done for it and I personally owe him a very great deal for his personal guidance and support on some very tricky issues. To all the members of the Board we offer our grate-

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^ *a,nks(for their support and to the Ladies of the Board our gratitude for their help in making our lot more comfortable in so many ways.

JWs report has already overflowed its banks but there is one point that I feel I should raise while you are all so quietly assembled — that is the question of differentiated education. Lest those somewhat awesome words should alarm you may I hasten to say that nobody whose daughter is in Middle V or in a form above that, need take fright. No change in the present Matric requirements will take place before November 1976. Thereafter there is still little cause for concern for parents of girls who are of average ability and are prepared to work hard.

Some parents have suggested that the girls have too much prep, and that they would like to see week-end prep, abolished. To them the future brings little hope. We know that the Universities will require three of the compulsory six subjects to be taken at Higher Level, for Mathematics to be virtually compulsory for most degrees and for Afrikaans to be obligatory for all girls who have been at School in the Republic for 4 years or longer, no matter where they live. For those not aiming at University entrance the requirements will be somewhat less demanding but for all girls the need to work hard in the lower part of the School is vital and parents are doing their daughters no kindness in seeking to gild the pill by asking for the load to be lightened or for relaxation of rules to suit individual wishes. A carefully planned

timetable which it is our job to provide, should allow every girl in the School to come to her final year ready and able to Matriculate and it is not by dropping games, last minute cramming or private coaching that the most successful results are achieved. Slow and steady wins the race and a last minute dash is often left too late. Normally intelligent girls who work steadily from Junior School upwards will continue to do us honour and to maintain our best traditions.

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Gifts — 1972

P.T.A. — Curtains and Speaker to Junior School.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. B. Meyer — Diving Cups to Senior and Junior House.

Mrs. Dorothea Campbell — Gift for purchase of Bechstein Piano.

Books from a large number of parents to Junior School to mark International Book Year.

Mrs. R. Thornton Smith — Sports Trophy to Junior School.

Mrs. M. Forrest and Mrs. C. Coetzee — Picture to Junior School. Mrs. M. Kuhn — Silver Cup—Academic Award in Junior School. Mrs. Iuel — R50 for Art Books.

* * *

Obituary — Mrs. Roux

Mrs. Winifred Mary Roux, a graduate of Liverpool University, joined the Staff of Roedean School in 1929, where she taught for many years, and at different periods of her life. She had a great love for the School and served it faithfully and unselfishly.

She not only taught Mathematics in a lively fashion, making it a deservedly popular subject in the School but threw herself whole-heartedly into the production of many very good plays that the Ante-fylatrics staged for a number of years.

She was also known as an editor of a society magazine, and very ably finished two books which had been left incomplete on the sudden death of her dearly loved husband, Professor Eddie Roux.

Her sound common sense, integrity, good judgment and decided views were well-known, appreciated and respected by all of us. Her generosity to anyone who seemed a deserving case was wonderful.

Win was a staunch and loyal friend of those of us who were privileged to know her. She had a great sense of humour, with an amusing turn of phrase, which often still causes us to smile when we think of her. For instance, when she saw a doubtful looking electrical appliance being handled she called out, “Now mind that electrickery”. She said of her motor car which delighted her and which had been very well maintained and bought off a clergyman, that it had “Had a Church Education”.

Win was great fun, and very good company. We miss her.

M.J.B.

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Items from the School Log

29th January:

“The Wrong Box” was shown at School.

5th February:

Kats Housenight.

12th February:

“Grand Prix” was shown at School.

19th February:

Gala against St. Andrew’s, Kingsmead and Jeppe. Roedean won.

23rd February:

Dr. Lee gave the School a lecture on “Rock Art”.

4th March:

Foundation Day.

8th March:

Matric: Geography class to the Pretoria Weather Bureau.

9th March:

Matric: Afrikaans class to Helpmekaar for a speech on Radio Highveld.

11th March:

Interhigh Gala: Roedean came 6th.

18th March:

Matric and Ante-Matric: History students taken to Kruger's House, Melrose House, and Smut's House. On the way back, the bus had a puncture.

11th April:

The Dramatic Society to "Fiddler on the Roof".

20th April:

"David Copperfield" was shown.

10th June:

Lamb's Housenight.

15th June:

Margaret Ingles acted at Roedean.

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17th June:

The Roedean Ramble.

24th June:

"Love Story" shown at Roedean.

12th July:

International Affairs and Wild Life meeting — we were shown slides of Old Johannesburg and the Okavango Swamps.

29th July:

"Flight of the Doves" shown at School.

2nd August:

Uppers to "Pirates of Penzance" at Stithian's.

3rd August:

Meeting of the Senior Science Club at which Mr. Siff spoke on the "Application of all facets of Science to the environment".

5th August:

"Lion in Winter" was shown by the Antes in aid of African charities.

13th September:

Lowers and Middles to the Planetarium.

23rd—26th September:

The "Roejohn History Tour" to the battlefields of Zululand and Natal.

27th September:

Junior Science Club meeting at which Dr. Gillwald spoke about Cancer.

30th September:

Bears* Housenight.

4th October:

Daygirls* Plays.

12th October:

Dramatic Society outing to 'Hatzabarim*.

14th October:

Grandchildren's party.

20th and 21st October:

Antes play "Lady Precious Stream".

SCHOOL CHAPEL

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27th October:

Music circle outing to "Tchaikowsky".

1st November:

Antes gym display.

4th November:

Speech Day.

24th November:

Gala against St. Andrews, St. Mary's, Kingsmead. Roedean came second.

26th November:

Carol Service.

27th — 30th November:

Tennis teams to Lesotho.

* * * *

The Chapel

Because we now only have three early exeat a term, there is very little opportunity for priests to come and take our Evensong services. However, the thought of a cheerful outsider brightens the prospect of having to come back to School two hours earlier than usual. We are very sorry that the Rev. David Jones, who usually comes to cheer us up before Matric, will not be able to do so this year because he has not yet recovered sufficiently from a heart-attack to take more than one service a day.

Our communion services now take place on Saturday mornings, as it has become impossible for us to find available priests to take services on Sunday mornings.

Father Moore has been wonderful in his never-slacking interest in all of us. He braved the wintry mornings of Lent once a week to take communion services in the Chapel. He also prepared 20 girls for Confirmation, which took place on Wednesday, 7th June. The girls were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. John Carter!

I should like to thank the Staff in the San, who have kept the linen so spotless, and Mrs. Thomas for arranging the altar flowers.

SUSAN MATTERSON, Sacristan.

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The Reference Library

This year the Reference Library overflowed with books, so some of the older editions had to be disposed of. However, their places were immediately filled by beautiful new books for every subject, purchased by library funds. The late Mrs. Roux donated a set of old plays to the English shelves and Marietta Iuel kindly gave us some magnificent art books.

The invaluable help of Miss Taitz has been greatly appreciated and as she is leaving Roedean, we now leave the "Ref" in the hands of Miss Dixon.

* * * *

Foundation Day

This morning, as usual, was the Inter-House Gala. It was most exciting this year — Lambs and Bears were neck-and-neck right through, until in the end, Kats came first, and Lambs beat Bears by one hard-earned half-point!

An hour later, we were all tucking into a much needed lunch, and at 3.15 we joined the Old Girls in the Hall after their meeting.

This year, the speeches were really very funny and thank goodness, short enough to be thoroughly enjoyable.

The lovely day ended with an outstanding production of Bernard Shaw's "Dear Liar", organized by the Old Girls and starring Hugh Rouse.

* * * *

Grandchildren's Party Report

The senior Grandchildren waited at Bear's gate on the 14th October for the junior Grandchildren, who arrived clutching exciting looking parcels under their arms.

They were duly led down to the Gym where they executed horrifying movements which shocked their "nurse-maids". During tea the rain came down and we were grateful for the opportunity for seeking shelter in the dining-room, where we spooned jelly and cookies into many hungry mouths.

After tea, we went on an energetic hunt for the "witch" — the younger generation refuse to believe in fairy Godmothers! icecreams were distributed which made a "horrific" mess. Several mothers were reluctant to take back their sticky offspring who had obviously enjoyed a happy afternoon.

MARGARET DUTTON KATHRYN LAROQUE

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Achievements and Distinctions

SCHOLARSHIPS — 1972

Dr. Anne Cleaver Scholarship "A" Dr. Anne Cleaver Scholarship "B"
Roedean Trust Bursary Ella Le Maitre Scholarship
Myrtle Hamilton Scholarship Margery Viney Exhibition
Margaret Ann Kerr
Lesley Adams Lindsay Duncan
Michele Ahlers Melanie Ferrandi
Danielle Pienaar Penelope Brassey Valerie Somerville
Victoria Coaker
Traude Rogers

PRIZE LIST — 1972 1. Leslie Cope Cornford Essay Prizes

2. Margaret Earle
3. Pole Evans
4. Patrick Duncan
5. Joan Hildick-Smith
6. Baker Memorial
7. Jubilee Prizes
8. A. D. Viney
9. H. R. Raikes Prizes
10. Ella Le Maitre
11. Noel Niven
12. Cluver Prize
13. Prize for French given by

Classical Prize

Biology Prize Afrikaans Prizes

Art Prize

English Prizes

Mathematics

Geography

French Prizes History

Physical Science

Reading Prize

Music Prize

General Achievement

Le Consulat Général de France

Anne Crawford-Nutt Maie Pinkney

Susan Marchand Maie Pinkney

Susan Marchand

Susan Marchand Susan Matterson

Patricia Henderson Victoria Walker

Susan Marchand Victoria Walker

Sarah Garden Susan Marchand

Susan Marchand Maie Pinkney

Maie Pinkney Maie Pinkney

Jessica Keys

Lynda Baillie

Phillipa Stein

Susan Matterson

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MATRICULATION — 1972

First Class: Helen Baikie (Distinction in Mathematics), Anne

* Crawford-Nutt (Distinction in English), Marion Davis (Distinction in English), Dorothy Farrand (Distinction in English), Sarah Garden (Distinctions in Mathematics and Biology), Marilyn Grieve, Louise Joubert (Distinction in Mathematics), Mariola Koscianski, Barbara Mackintosh, Susan Marchand (Distinctions in French, Mathematics,

Geography), Susan Matterson (Distinctions in English, French, Mathematics), Maie Pinkney (Distinctions in French, Mathematics, Physical Science, History), Michele Powell, Donna Rollnick, Phillipa Stein (Distinctions in English, French), Janet Vickerman, Gillian Vieler, Gillian Vincent, Victoria Walker (Distinctions in English, French, History, Art), Janet Wardrop, Lynn Zwarenstein.

Second Class: Sally Ascham, Susan Ash, Lynda Baillie, Amanda Brassey, Jane Carruthers, Jacqueline Chan Yan, Susan Coates, Georgina Dallamore, Elizabeth de Klerk, Anne Elsworth, Nicola Famell Watson, Janet Hall, Patricia Henderson, Diana Hennessy, Jane Hoyle, Marietta Iuel, Carey Jankowitz, Susan Jennings, Lyle Jobling, Adrianna Kamp, Jessica Keys, Kathryn Laroque, Pippa MacArthur, Maryanne Mackeurtan, Dawn Norval, Delia Parnell, Angela Ramsden, Barbara Whiting.

Third Class: Jill Massey.

School Leaving Third Class: Jennifer Allen, Margaret Dutton, Jytte Monberg.

VOORBEREIDENDE AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSEMEN 1972

Hoër Graad: Wendy Ballenden, Barbara Creecy, Janine Johnson, Margaret Ann Kerr, Anne Schoeman.

Gewone Graad: Victoria Bolton, Michele Carrington, Melanie Cooper, Carolyn Dempster, Fiona de Wet, Gillian Evans, Louise Gordon-Smith, Josephine Gundersen, Merylle Hawken, Rowena Hersov, Gillian Manchip, Mary Park, Madeleine von Reh binder, Siobhan Roome, Gael Somerville, Christine Spence, Jennifer Still, Elizabeth Swemmer.

VOORBEREIDENDE AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1972

Hoër Graad: Merle Allem, Carol Beith, Katharine Butt, Victoria Coaker, Julia Milford, Jenefer Shute, Caroline Waddington.

Gewone Graad: Serena Aitkenhead, Ingrid Firth, Caroline Geldart, Dulcie Home, Pamela Kuilman, Helen Lo, Nicola Pirow, Pamela Sanders, Karen van der Byl, Nicola Wilsheve.

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HOËR AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN — 1972

Hoër Graad: Ann Crawford-Nutt, Marion Davis, Jessica Keys, Susan Matterson, Maie Pinkney, Gillian Vincent.

Gewone Graad: Sally Ascham, Amanda Brassey, Elizabeth de Klerk, Margaret Dutton, Anne Elsworth, Dorothy Farrand, Sarah Garden, Marilyn Grieve, Patricia Henderson, Marietta Iuel, Adriana Kamp, Kathryn Laroque, Barbara Mackintosh, Susan Marchand, Dawn Norval, Delia Parnell, Donna Rollnick, Phillipa Stein, Janet Vickerman, Gillian Vieler, Victoria Walker, Janet Wardrop, Nicola Famell Watson, Lynn Zwarenstein, Jacqueline Chan Yan, Pippa MacArthur.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC — 1972

Grade I: Lindy Rodwell.

Grade II: Adrienne Firth (Merit), Jennifer Meyer.

Grade III: Kerry Holliday (Merit), Jennifer Grant-Hodge, Marina Rennie, Christine Ramsden.

Grade IV: Gillian Manchip, Robyn Kirkland (Distinction).

Grade V: Lesley Adams (Distinction), Sara Lewis, Lynda Fisher.

Grade VI: Sarah Hoyle (Merit), Mariella Zember (Distinction).

Grade VIII: Merle Allem.

* * *

1972 — School Officers

Senior Prefect — Head of School: Marion Davis.

Deputy Senior Prefect: Susan Matterson.

School Prefects: Kathryn Laroque, Jacqueline Chan Yan, Nicola Famell-Watson, Jill Massey, Margaret Dutton, Phillipa Stein, Jessica Keys, Diana Hennessy, Jennifer Allen.

HOUSÍrJíeCIS* -.Sarí •Garden- L>"nn Zwarenstein. Amanda Brassey Menlyn Grieve, Lynda Baillie, Georgina Dallamore, Gillian Vincent, Barbara Whiting, Susan Ash, Jytte Monberg, Susan Marchand, Helen Baikie.

Sub Prefects: Jane Carruthers. Elizabeth de Klerk. Dorothy Far-, ^C!a Henderson, Carey Jankowitz, Louise Joubert Koscanska, Barbara Mackintosh. Dawn Nornd

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Anne Crawford-Nutt, Maie Pinkney, Michele Powell, Angela Ramsden, Donna Rollnick, Janet Vickerman, Gillian Vieler, Victoria Walker, Janet Wardrop, Sally Ascham, Susan Coates, Anne Elsworth, Janet Hall, Jane Hoyle, Marietta Iuel, Susan Jennings, Lyle Jobling, Adrianna Kamp, Pippa MacArthur, Maryanne Mackeurtan, Delia Parnell, Pamela Summerley, Kim Tripp.

1973 — School Officers

Head, of School and Gold Badge: Caroline Waddington.

Deputy Head of School: Elizabeth Hosken.

Head of St. Ursula: Traude Rogers.

Head of St. Katherine: Diana Laroque.

Head of St. Agnes: Suzanne Wilkie.

Head Day Girl: Julia Milford.

* * * *

The New Music Block

1972 has been indeed, a momentous year, as it has marked the planning of new premises for the music department, and the first steps towards the fulfilment of a long felt need.

A great debt of gratitude is owed to Mr. Basil Hersov and

his brother for their magnificent gift of RIO 000 as the initial step towards building costs, and this wonderful gesture is deeply appreciated. In addition, a number of other generous donations have been received, and we are grateful to all those who have made it possible for building operations to start towards the end of the first term of 1973.

Considerable excitement prevailed when Mr. N. Duncan, the School Architect, produced his plans. The music department had envisaged a central classroom for group music activities and singing classes, surrounded by practice rooms and four teaching rooms (at a convenient distance) as well as space for storing the instruments bought last year with proceeds from the Ramble Fund. All this has been skilfully provided for in an attractive garden setting.

We are deeply indebted, too, to Mrs. Dorothea Campbell, for her magnificent gift of half the cost of our beautiful new Bechstein Grand, the other half being provided by Roedean Ramble funds. We are happy to have this tangible reminder of Mrs. Campbell's long association with the School.

It will be difficult to show our appreciation to all our benefactors, but we trust that it will find expression in the inspired music and song which will eventually flow from the Hersov Music Block.

* * * *

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SCHOOL ACTIVITIES AND SOCIETIES The School Play — 1972

Lady Precious Stream by T. S. Hfiung

Honourable Reader..... Monique MacArthur

1st Attendant Ingrid Firth

2nd Attendant — — Caroline Waddington

The Prime Minister, Wang Yun _____ Nicola Pirow

His Wife, Chen

Su, The Dragon General _____

Wei, The Tiger General.....

Lady Silver Stream..... ..

Lady Golden Stream _____

Lady Precious Stream

Hsieh Pinquie

The Maid.....

1st Suitor . 2nd Suitor. 3rd Suitor . 4th Suitor . 1st Soldier

Jenefer Shute Julia Milford Rosemary Preston Diana Laroque Katherine Butt Pamela Sanders Traude Rogers Pamela

Kuilman Laura Ellis Carol Barry Nicola Wilshere Serena Aitkenhead Caroline Waddington Ingrid Firth Deborah

Hawkes

2nd Soldier

Attendant of the Western Regions

Princess of the Western Regions Claire Evans

Ma Ta

Kiang Hai

*' mum —mmm

Executioner

So-and-So, Minister of Foreign Affairs

Voice

Carol Barry Serena Aitkenhead Laura Ellis

Singer

Nicola Wilshire Mrs. Morrison-Nelson Kathryn Laroque

enceLaMrPUfii0US Strean? was a Roedeanian Play with a differ-

stately ceremony w hich instantly cant" *^ naive s implicitly with real force of Mr Hfiune'sChin,. *? * on] TMaginations.
The

—i.'Sksss syr* ml*

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tie minds, the manners, the speech — of the people he shows us in his play: enchanted people who confer their enchantment on us. Ine^ moment when the spell is clinched comes when the Prime Minister Wang says: "Today is New Year's Day. I want to celebrate it in some way. It looks as if it is going to snow. I propose that we have a feast here in the garden to enjoy the snow". To enjoy the snow! There is the essence of the spell Mr. Hfiung casts on our accidental minds.

These charming people of his have a secret which we have not: it is the secret of how to live. While we are in this Chinese fable, the romance of their lives and fortunes is what they bestow on the audience.

The play opens in the picturesque garden of the Prime Minister Wang Yun. He is a man of peppery temper, and a strict martyr in his home, which he rules with an iron hand. In government, he finds that to rule a nation is much easier than to rule a family. He has three daughters, Lady Silver Stream, Lady Golden Stream and the youngest, most attractive and most troublesome Lady Precious Stream.

In the first scene her father is worried for Precious Stream refuses to take a husband and it is high time that she did so. He therefore calls the family together to discuss the problem. A proposal is made to hold a feast in the garden, calling together all the rich, young and clever nobles. The one who catches the embroidered ball that Lady Precious Stream throws from a pavilion will be the future bride-groom. Lady Precious Stream is reluctant and yet agrees unwillingly, for she has other plans! She is secretly in love with the poor ragged gardener and proposes to him in the privacy of her boudoir. On the special day, the record of February, when the ball is thrown Hsieh Pinquie (the gardener) catches it and the King, realising that he has been tricked, becomes violently enraged. He wishes to separate the couple but does not succeed. Consequently, they are banished from the palace to become outcasts.

The second act opens on the humble home — a cave, of the newly-wed couple. Precious Stream's hero Hsieh Pinquie returns from service in the army only to tell her that he must begin immediately on a long and dangerous journey to the Western Regions. She is overcome with grief and their parting is a very sad one.

Eighteen years pass, during which Hsieh falls in love with a European Princess. With her help, he conquers all the Western Regions and thus from a meek gardener becomes a rich and powerful king. He plans to marry the princess, forgetting all about

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his faithful wife at home. One day, however, he receives a desperate letter from Lady Precious Stream written in her blood, saying that if he does not return, they will never meet each other again. He is so stricken with grief that he deserts the princess and returns to his beloved wife. The two are happily reunited, not now as beggars, but he as King and she as Queen. They forgive Wang Yun for his unkindness to them. The Play closes on a radiant couple with a brilliant future ahead of them.

Those girls who participated in the Play can truly say that from the aspect of gaining dramatic experience they benefited tremendously. Rehearsals were informal and the team of actresses who compared the cast thoroughly enjoyed the Play.

We thank our producer, Mrs. Morrison-Nelson, for all her help.

T. ROGERS, Ante Matric.

* * * *

The School Concert

On Sunday, 10th August, we held our annual Parents' Music Concert, in which, for the first time, the Upper IV's performed as they are now part of the Senior School.

The standard of everything presented was exceptionally high and much work was put into this highly successful

evening.

There was much variety and items worth particular notice were: recorder solos, sung solos, harpischord solos and a concerto. The evening was terminated by a magnificent performance of the 23rd Psalm arranged by Schubert, which was sung by the Choir.

Congratulations to the Music Staff, whose endless patience and encouragement achieved such excellent results.

* * * *

Roedean Ramble

RamLerthbeTcha^rMagazCrnenbUte “ °n the Roedean

best illustrated by fn aUegory'^the Roede^Bus” ffichfXtjd SïïfSta nt-Jfr Pkkles ot'he Junior SchooRt tiíS

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The Roedean Bus

I visualise Roedean School as a beautiful old 1900 (?) * A.D. vintage bus imported all the way from Brighton. On the huge old radiator is the Roedean Badge and motto “Honoris Dignes Aulx” — any girl who can read Latin and learns chemistry will tell you this means “I am an Honourable Dignified Golden 60”. (In 1903 60 girlpower really was a lot).

The bus has a carefully fashioned steering wheel, which is the Board of Governors, driven by Mr. Grieveson, who have steered the old bus safely and soundly for years and aie still doing so. Under the pretty bonnet is the polished engine, represented by Mrs. de Frisching, the Head Mistress. It is her job to provide the power and push to drive the bus along the roads chosen by the steering wheel.

Then there are two front wheels. These are rather special because this bus was made with a front wheel drive to follow the direction of the steering wheel, to pull the bus along, and to uphold the dignified radiator with its badge and motto. The right hand wheel is the circle of senior school teachers and the left hand wheel the circle of junior school teachers. They have to pull together in the same direction and the bumps which are inevitable on any road must not be allowed to divert their aim from a point miles ahead.

Then there are two back wheels. They are on the one side, the Roedean Trust and on the other, the Old Girls* Association. Their job is to provide comfort for all the passengers and so they are independently connected to the bus. Finally, right at the back is a spare wheel. In the middle of this wheel is a beautiful hubcap — Mrs. Pinkney, the Chairwoman of the P.T.A. — and surrounding her are the spokes which are the stalwart teachers and parents who are always ready to help her. Around these spokes is a tyre which represents the rest of the parents. I am sorry to say that until recently this tyre has been a bit flat — perhaps because being near the end of the bus it is the first to hear any complaints about the bus fares.

The passengers on the bus are, of course, all the school girls and they travel on the bus for as long as ten years until the old bus has taken them along all the scenic roads it travels, to deliver them safely through that twisty Matriculation Pass to a higher vantage point from where they can survey the world and all the exciting things in it. When one realises how far the children have to travel, and one thinks how high up the mountain the bus delivers them, and one knows that going uphill uses more petrol,

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and that petrol is costing more and more every year, then one must admit that the bus fare is not at all bad — in fact, is jolly well worth it. It's not as if the passengers are packed in like sardines, and it is quite clear that each individual passenger is really well catered for — both inside the bus and outdoors, up on the sun-deck where the games staff hold sway.

I know we compare the bus fares of twenty years ago with bus fares today; but we forget sometimes to compare the costs of petrol, tyres and repairs then and now. One should even compare the price of a bus then and now: specially a vintage bus.

The spare tyre had been grumbling a bit because the bus, like all similar buses, has had to travel a somewhat bumpy road for some years; and the tyre thought it was the bus and not the road that was responsible for all the dust.

Professor Rallis, who is clearly a very wise man (and who is also a mechanical engineer and knows all about buses) had a jolly good look at the bus to see if he could see anything wrong. He was particularly careful because it was a girls* bus, and anybody with any sense at all will tell you girls' buses are much more important than boys buses, because it is the girls who become mothers and tell their small children all about their own bus journeys, and so hand down our culture through all the generations. Professor Rallis shone his engineer's spot light all about and soon realised that it really was a fantastically well designed bus, in first class condition, except that the spare tyre was flat.

Now a spare tyre is really only for emergency, but it must be kept pumped to a reasonable pressure if it is ever going to help

hÍSh 11 had to be seen that it was in order. So he

decided to put the whole bus, including the spare tyre, on display at a Ramble around the Grand Central Circuit on 17 June 1972 In preparation he started to pump up the tyre with six high pres-

pareTre mSÍ?1"8 ,he RTble' The result K 7 sm helPed *e enormously when it “Rambled” — for

maenificenMnh^tnn Tt. rs! and a11 the other wheels did a magmhcem job too. The passengers all turned out in force where

everybody could see them and they were all smiling emd Cddv®

and by golly, could they push the old bus along! PPy’

did whefnew “it iTnow q^XoS *

are made of the verv best ervstai h Jí; } I ge.old windows

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It is undeniable that the Roedean Bus is really better than

the most lovely old vintage model you could ever imagine. It is

always right out in front of any bus procession, in pride of place

and it truly deserves to be there. Impossible to imitate or replace* it is beyond any price.

And that is the story, save to say that Professor Rallis’ spotlight immediately attracted two benefactors Mr. Basil

Hersov and Mrs. Dorothea Campbell, whose magnificent generosity is acknowledged elsewhere in this magazine. I

sincerely hope that their leadership will induce many others to help equip the old bus with all the new accessories that are vital to modern travel.

R. HOLLIDAY

* * * *

Charity Club

1972 was an extremely successful year for raising money. After our outstanding Beetle Drive and Cake Sale at the end of 1971, in which we managed to raise R60 for Irene Homes, we were inspired to take larger steps in 1972.

We began with a Cake Sale and Bingo evening which everyone seemed to enjoy. The total sum raised was R100.

We decided to send the funds to Sanccob and, on hearing of our efforts, a Sanccob supporter offered us R1 for every rand we made. Consequently, they received R200, which we were thrilled about. We must, however, not forget the support and encouragement which the staff gave us. We should also like to extend our deepest thanks to Mrs.

Elkington who was willing and at our side throughout the year.

In the second term, Mr. Birkett kindly enabled us to show “The Lion in Winter” at a very low cost. With Mrs.

Elkington’s usual willing assistance, and the co-operation of the girls in bringing cakes, we felt the evening would be very successful. To our great regret and embarrassment, the projector broke down, and in spite of the tremendous kindness and help of the Swans, luck was not on our side. The people who supported us were extremely good-natured about our predicament — which made us feel worse. We really appreciated their understanding. We did, however, raise R83 owing to their generous donations.

At the beginning of the third term, we decided to show “The Lion in Winter” once again, free of charge to those who had witnessed our previous failure; Fortunately, the projector was in working order and we raised another R50. The R133 was given to the African Children’s Feeding Scheme.

The Animal Anti-Cruelty League had a collection at the airport to which we were allowed to go and we helped to most of the R380 collected. The girls thoroughly enjoyed them-selves and were eager to go again, in spite of aching teet.

Over one of our half-terms, the Bantu Animal Welfare Society had a collection in Randburg, where, once again, the gins were more than eager to help. Together they collected about R80.

Our final effort was to arrange a premier at Ster City, very kindly made accessible to us by Mr. Birkett. Champagne was served after the film which was “Mutiny on tiie Buses . Although this was not to everyone’s taste, the girls enjoyed it. The money raised was R222, which was given to African Self Help.

In our efforts we encountered so many generous people. It would be a long list to draw, if we thanked everyone to whom we are grateful. Our thanks goes first to Mrs. de Frisching for allowing us to do so much. The housemistresses, matrons and teaching staff also deserve a big thank you for their encouragement and help. Parents, friends and girls who continually supported and encouraged us, and understood our failures will never know how much we appreciate their undaunted support.

President: ELIZABETH HOSKEN Secretary: CAROLINE WADDINGTON (The Ante Matric Charity Club of 1972) Charities 1972

Wild Life Society St. Barnabas Diocesan Finance Save the Children Leprosy Mission African Self Help TEACH.

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The Senior Science Club

1972 proved to be an extremely eventful one for the Senior Science Club.

Not only did we learn more about our natural heritage, Rock Art, but we also received a most enlightening talk on the application of Mathematics, Art and Science to various subjects. Our guest speaker on this occasion was Mr. Siff.

During the course of the year, we were fortunate in welcoming, too, Mr. Wang, who gave us a talk on Genetics; to be more specific, on syndromes, with particular reference to the Waarden-burg syndrome in our country.

All talks were made even more interesting by the use of excellent slides.

We should like to thank Mrs. Blainey and Mrs. Napier for their continued enthusiasm and we wish Caroline Geldart and Helen Lo the best of luck as next year's officials.

SARAH GARDEN PATRICIA HENDERSON

* * * *

Junior Science Club Report For 1972

1972 has been a most enjoyable and interesting year for the Junior Science Club. In the first term, we had two meetings, in the second term one, and in the third term we had two.

For the first meeting of the first term, the Junior Science Club combined with The Wild Life Society. Mr. King presented us with a very interesting and informative talk and films on the subject of the preservation of Wild Life in the Reserves of South Africa. Later in the term, Caroline Lorentz and Elizabeth Murray gave speeches on soap detergents, followed by films on this subject.

In the second term we had one meeting where we combined with the Senior Science Club. A very interesting talk was given by Mr. Siff who spoke on Mathematics and Science, which inspired many of us to take a deeper interest in these fields.

In the first meeting of the third term, Dr. and Mrs. Gillwald kindly travelled up from Welkom and gave us a very interesting evening. The Cancer Research kindly provided and showed us very descriptive films. Susan Cassidy addressed the last meeting

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of the year on the subject of timber. South African Pulp and Paper Industry provided us with very comprehensible films on this subject.

The subscriptions paid during the year amounted to R 15.00, R5.00 of which was donated to the Cancer Research and the remaining R 10.00 was donated to Itumeleng Day Nursery in Soweto.

We should like to thank Mrs. Napier for her continued help and interest in the Junior Science Club this year.

1972 was an active year for the Senior Debating Society. For the first debate of the year, the motion 'Compulsory Subjects at School are for our Own Benefit' was discussed. This being a subject affecting us all personally, it was debated with much interest and enthusiasm. The motion was finally defeated!

Another topical issue was: 'Illegitimacy is a Greater Crime than Abortion'. The motion was supported by a small margin after some most interesting opinions had been put forward. This was followed by a 'parachute debate', in which Science, Medicine, Music, Literature and Motherhood were represented. The doctor's claim was judged the most convincing and the 'parachute' awarded accordingly.

Many fresh facts and ideas were brought up when we debated the topic that 'Our Most Predominate Traits Are Those Which We Inherit'. The majority was more convinced by the effect of environmental factors and the motion was thus defeated.

The Society expresses its thanks to the 1972 President, Maie Pinkney, and welcomes the Committee led by Jenefer Shute supported by Victoria Coaker, Ruth Williamson and Pandora Fraser-Macdonald - Svlsj

President: CAROLINE LORENTZ Secretary: ELIZABETH MURRAY

Debating Society

pro: MAIE PINKNEY

The Dramatic Society

During performance "Fiddler on iuc xvooi .

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Once again we failed to encourage Ante-Matric boarders to produce house plays so after a term of silence, the Day Girls presented two one act plays: "Weatherwise" and "The Grand Party". Tn@ plays were thoroughly enjoyed by both boarders and parents not to mention the cast themselves.

The second term was an unlucky term. Outings to "Night in Venice and The Emperor Bally*" were arranged but owing to various circumstances, plans fell through and the second term remained an inactive term for the Society.

We were fortunate in having two outsiders visit the School. Margaret Inglis presented "Have Suitcase — Will Travel" which was a varied programme presented to Uppers, Antes and Matrics. Fiona Fraser also presented a one-man show concentrating on Matric set works. One extract which was enjoyed thoroughly was an up-to-date version of "Antony and Cleopatra" in which one of the girls took part.

Before everyone settled down to hard work for the examinations, the boarders were taken to see "Hatzabarim", a show of Israeli dancing and singing. The girls and accompanying staff found it very entertaining.

We hope next year's President and Secretary will have as much fun and enjoyment running the Society as we have had this year. Best of Luck!

Boarder President: J. CHAN YAN Day Girl President: J. KEYS Secretary: M. IUEL

* * * *

Music Circle — 1972

"If music be the food of love — Play on", wrote Shakespeare, and so on we played in many different spheres.

This year we held two record evenings in which the girls played records of their own choice, from Beethoven to Cat Stevens! The Music Circle Folk Group put on an evening in Schollay and the standard of performance was high.

In spite of the fact that the Roedean Ramble prevented us from attending the Concerto Festival in June, we gained from its funds in that we were given half a Concert Grand Piano. The other half was kindly donated by a very great friend of Roedean, Mrs. Dorothea Campbell. The piano was christened by Jocelyn Steele on one of our Sunday night musical evenings.

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In the second term, we had the annual School Concert. As usual, the efforts of Miss Harland and the other music staff were untiring. In the programme, there were varied items including those of harpsichord, flute, recorder, guitar and piano. Once again our high standard of music was maintained.

Throughout the year, we attended many concerts and appropriate films. The first was a visit to the "Sandton Arts Festival", followed by an evening spent with the "Rare Music Guild". We concluded our active year by attending the "Tchaikowsky" film currently showing at the Metro.

We are most grateful to Miss Harland for her continued interests in the Society and we should like to wish next year's heads everything of the best.

President: L. BAILLIE Secretary: S. MATTERSON

* * * %

The International Affairs Society / 1972

The common theme of our meetings this year has been preservation, either of old Johannesburg, wildlife, liberty or human life. This has made 1972 an interesting and stimulating year for the Society.

The speakers at the first meeting were from the School. Julia Milford, Merle Allem, and Donna Rollnick spoke on current affairs. Lynn Zwarenstein, who lives in South West Africa, spoke on the Ovambos and the situation in S.W.A., adding her own experiences, which made her talk both interesting and amusing.

Mr. Wensel and Mr. Luckhof from the Johannesburg Historical Society spoke at our next meeting. Mr. Wensel outlined the aims of the Society, namely to arouse an interest in old Johannesburg and to preserve as much as possible of the buildings of that period. This was followed by slides on the history of Johannesburg. Mr. Luckhof then spoke on the beautiful wildlife in the Ovambos and the need to protect it. He showed us his own colour slides of the wildlife.

At our third meeting, Mr. Bernstein spoke on "The Problems of Living in a Multiracial Society" and outlined the policies of the National, United and Progressive Party and then answered questions.

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Professor Dugard, from the University of the Witwatersrand, gave the last talk of the year. He spoke on "Capital Punishment" a controversial subject, and he gave us an idea of crimes that are capital offences. He elaborated on the pros and cons of the subject and ended by stating his own views, namely, that he is an abolitionist. This was followed

by lively discussion.

After an active year in this Society, we must thank Mrs. John for her enthusiasm and interest.

President: PIPPA STEIN Secretaries: SUSAN MATTERSON PAT HENDERSON

* * * #

Roejohn Journey, September 23 — 26, 1972

Itinerary of Journey

Caesar's Camp and Ladysmith Museum

Sat. Sept. 23rd: Departure from Johannesburg

1.30 p.m. Blood River

3.30 p.m. Rorke's Drift

6.00 p.m. Fort Mistake Motel

Sun. Sept. 24th: 10.30 a.m. Isandhlwana

2.00 p.m. Charles Johnson Memorial

Hospital

3.30 p.m. Elandslaagte

Mon. Sept 25th: Depart for Ladysmith

10.00 a.m. Caesar's Camp and Ladysmith Museum

2.30 p.m. Spionkop

5.30 p.m. Bethelge Motel, Bergville

Tues. Sept. 26th: 11.30 a.m. Majuba

6.00 p.m. Arrival in Johannesburg

Saturday 23rd September: twelve apprehensive Roedeans and Miss Lombard, boarded a luxury bus. (complete with loo!). Some ventured to seat themselves strategically near Mr. Lester and party. On this history tour, we made a contribution to modern history: Roedeans and St. John's, neighbours for nearly 70 years with little contact, actually convened a co-ed tour!

Arrived at the scene of the Battle of Blood River (16th December, 1838). Admired the two monuments which were 33

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erected in commemoration of a mere 450 Voortrekkers, who defeated several thousand Zulu warriors. We came to the conclusion that the laager, made of 64 copper wagons was placed too far back from both the Ncome River and its donga.

From Blood River, we travelled to Rorke's Drift to relive the heroic defence there by a guard of British soldiers under Chard and Bromhead. Apart from dealing with rampaging Zulu hordes, these men had to protect their "hospitalised" comrades: V.C's abounded — eleven in all! We then visited the Rorke's Drift African Art School, run by a Swedish missionary. We saw hand-woven tapestries depicting African legends. Many of us bought exquisite silk screen printed materials — others had to make do with photographs.

We arrived at Fort Mistake at 6.00 p.m. (what a mistake!) and settled in. The evening was uneventful until 12.00 p.m. when it was discovered that three "ladies" had locked themselves out of their room — pursued by chaos!

On Sunday at 10.30 a.m., we arrived at the hill of Isandhl-wana, the scene of the massacre of the British troops by the Zulu impi. An excellent scale model conjured up a vivid picture of the carnage. In January 1879, General Chelmsford was on a reconnoitring ride only to discover that the greater part of his army had been slaughtered by 12 000 Zulu warriors. The more energetic and undaunted "leapt" up the mountain. This led to the foundation of the "Mountain Goat Club" (M.G.C.). As there was a gale force wind, we found it easier to descend — we simply flew down — hence the aerial photos of the battle site!

One of the sadder moments of the trip was our visit to the Charles Johnson Memorial Hospital at Nqutu. It was an eye-opener to say the least. The wards were cramped and T.B. was prevalent. In some wards the facilities were so inadequate that babies were sleeping three to a cot — no clothing or blankets apparent.

At the battle site of Elandslaagte, Mr. "Pitch" Christopher gave a vivid description of the battle; in 1899 the British defeated (their one and only outright victory during our tour!) the Boers during the Anglo-Boer War.

That night, back at the "Mistake", it was noticed that certain members of the Roejohn Tour had formed more than friendly

ties. (Apparently at St. John's, remnants of broken hearts are still being picked up!). i

•I. °P Monday we moved headquarters — Fort Mistake to Berg-ville. In the morning we "observed and listened" to a description of Ladysmith from Caesar's Camp, in the sweltering heat of the

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day. We later inspected the Ladysmith Museum, which gave us a more personal insight into the lives of those who lived through the siege. (This was during the Anglo-Boer War, when the Boers were under the leadership of General Louis Botha). A more adventurous group set out to find an imaginary aunt of Mr. Lester. She was meant to be an owner of a reputedly tweaky boutique! We later discovered he was having us on, after we had combed the “trendy” shops in Ladysmith.

In the afternoon we scaled the heights of Spion Kop scene of another British attempt to relieve the siege of Ladysmith. Mr. McLarty with the help of his tape recordings, explained the battle: on 23rd January 1900, from a safe distance away, General Buller ordered his army to capture the mountain top. The trenches, which were then dug during the night, were incorrectly positioned and ultimately formed the graves of many British soldiers. We were left with a vivid picture of this lethal engagement directed in such a blundering manner with such a bloody outcome.

We dined that night in a quaint and fascinating guest farm by candlelight. Appropriate!

On Tuesday, our last day, we departed after some delay — our student tour convenor and friend had lost themselves along the main road!

We arrived at Majuba and gasped with horror to see the “short” climb that lay ahead of us — a never ending nightmare which forced us to stop frequently to regather our strength. One of the “ladies” bribed two College boys to carry her to the summit. This resulted in two broken backs and one unruffled lady at the top! There Mr. Lester talked to us about the battle: in 1881, under General Pomeroy Colley, the British had made a blundering, misjudged and inexplicable attempt to seize Majuba. The final outcome of the battle was the death of many British, including Colley himself, and a victory for the Boers.

It was Mr. Lester’s one wish to arrive back at the gate of St. John’s on the dot of 6.00 p.m. Due to unforeseen circumstances i.e. the hijacking of the bus in Albertyn by two unwashed and unshaven mountaineering Johannians, we only arrived at 6.15

p.m.!

This first Roejohn venture was undoubtedly a fantastic success — fun and instructive. We hopefully recommend it will be the first of many to come!

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Swimming Report — 1972

The first event of the year was a Gala held between St. Andrew’s, Jeppe Girls* High School, Kingsmead and Roedeana at St. Andrew’s. It was a very successful Gala with Roedeana gaming first place. This was followed by the Inter-House Gala, which St. Katherine’s won with 73 points, followed by St. Agnes 58.5 and St. Ursula 57.5 points. The House diving was rained off and it was decided to hold it during the third term in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer donated a diving trophy for the House diving and this was a real incentive for everyone to start diving enthusiastically.

The most exciting Gala in the first term was the annual Inter-High Schools Swimming Gala. Parktown Girls’ High School won the Gala with 134 points. We gained 6th place with 55 points, thus remaining in the “A” Gala. At the Inter-High Schools Diving Competition held in the morning prior to the main Gala, Jennifer Allen came fourth in the open section and Jennifer Meyer third in the under 15 section.

Well deserved colours were awarded to Donna Rollnick, Jennifer Meyer and Madeleine von Reh binder.

The Inter-House diving was held in the third term and six girls from each form were chosen from each House, with 1 extra diver, to dive on the actual day.

Everyone else in the House, could dive for their House, to boost the final score. St. Agnes gained 332.00 points, St. Katherine 326.15 points and St. Ursula 233.00 points.

At the Inter-Provincial School-Diving Competition, Helen Rallis came in fifth place. Lynne Somerville from the Junior School was chosen to dive with the Southern Transvaal School Team in Bloemfontein.

Also in the 3rd Term, we were hosts to St. Andrew’s, Kingsmead and St. Mary’s in a Swimming Gala which used the Junior School as well as the Senior School swimmers in their programme. This was a highly successful Gala. St. Mary’s won with 114 points, followed by Roedeana with 94, Kingsmead with 60 and St. Andrew’s with 52 points.

I should like to thank Mrs. Netterburg for her encouragement and interest throughout the year and to thank the Vice-Captain, Jennifer Allen for her support and advice.

ELIZABETH DE KLERK (Captain)

Gym Display, 1973.

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The following girls swam in the Inter-High Schools Gala:

J. Allen S. Ash C. Barry M. Calder A. Coates M. Cooper M. Carrington P. Daniel M. Davis

C. Gillwald A. Gillwald

L. Gordon-Smith

D. Huggins A. Hargreaves M. Hawken M. Iuel

J. Jenkinson

M. A. Kerr E. de Klerk E. Lewis D. Laroque P. Fraser-MacDonald J. Meyer

C. Notten

D. Parnell

M. von Reh binder D. Rollnick H. Rundle Y. Reed K. Schaerer K. Shields

C. Waddington P. Zaloumis

The following people dived for their Houses:

St. Katherine

H. Rallis

B. Winsauer Y. Reed M. A. Kerr

D. Pienaar

D. Laroque J. Allen

St. Ursula

L. Rhodes-Harrison V. Fletcher C. Dempster

C. Lorentz H. Keogh

S. Matterson M. Carrington

St. Agnes

P. Stratten M. Calder K. Schaerer J. Meyer V. Somerville M. Gibbs A. Elsworth

* * * *

Gymnastics Report

In October 1972, the Ante-matriculation year presented a gymnastics display to music, which proved a success. The proceeds from this were donated to charity.

The Programme content of the display was almost entirely based on educational gymnastic themes which the girls had covered in their gymnastics lessons.

Although certain notable performances were given by the five pupils who took part in individual routines, praise must be given to all participants for their high standard of work. Recognition must also be extended to the girls who, although physically exempt from gymnastics lessons, worked equally hard “behind scenes” to make the performance a success.

The interest shown, not only by the performers but by the rest of school and the parents, predicts a promising future for gymnastics in the School and it is hoped that next year’s display will receive the same if not greater support.

J. ELTRINGHAM

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Tennis Report — 1972

I should like to thank all teams for the enthusiasm shown during the year in question. We have had mixed fortunes but, all in all, I do feel the tennis standard is improving at Roedean.

More girls are becoming interested, which has enabled us to enter 6 league teams. This is in no small way owing to the efforts both of Mrs. Thornton Smith and Mrs. Eltringham who have devoted a lot of their time to the tennis teams during this year. Their hard work and encouragement was much appreciated.

During the year, Mr. Knox has been giving coaching lessons and I am sure this will benefit both the girls and the School in the future.

As in the past, a few enjoyable matches were arranged with the mothers, the fathers and the staff. They provided a welcome change from the strain of the league tennis.

At the inter-schools tournament, Roedean was represented by (a) J. Allen and M. Pinkney; (b) E. Murray and D. Pienaar. They narrowly lost their matches to Roosevelt who went on to contest the final against Klerksdorp.

The House Matches were, as usual, closely and keenly contested—the senior and junior sections were won by St. Katherine’s.

In the Grieveson Cup, once again Maie Pinkney emerged the victor (for the 5th year in succession — a record I doubt will ever be equalled), beating Danielle Pienaar, whilst Victoria Bolton beat Melanie Cooper in the junior section. My sincere thanks are extended to Mrs. Grieveson for kindly donating the prizes, a tennis racquet to Maie Pinkney and a box of balls to Victoria Bolton.

I trust the teams going to Lesotho from the 27th November to the 1st December enjoyed their tennis.

In conclusion I should firstly like to thank Maie Pinkney, my Vice-Captain, for the invaluable support she has given me, without which I could not have conducted my duties so easily and readily, and, secondly, to offer my congratulations to Margaret Gibbs and Astred Hargreaves who have been selected Captain and Vice-Captain respectively, for 1973. I wish them a very successful season next year.

Captain: J. ALLEN Vice-Captain: M. PINKNEY

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TENNIS TEAMS — 1972

1st Team 2nd Team

J. Allen M. Pinkney P. Stein G. Vieler
H. Rundle E. de Klerk K. Laroque D. Pienaar
A. Hargreaves M. Gibbs S. Ash S. Marchand

3rd Team 4th Team

J. Hoyle M. Iuel S. Hoyle D. Laroque
S. Wilkie N. Pirow C. Geldart V. Somerville
D. Weddell E. Murray M. Davis C. Harden

5th Team 6th Team

Res: C. Spence Res: M. A. Braunschweig
M. Cooper V. Bolton K. Schaerer S. Visser
A. Vickerman M. Hawken L. Robinson D. Stevenson
M. A. Kerr C. Dempster Y. Reed D. Huggins

U.IVs A U.IVs B

B. Winsauer S. Williams V. Hawken L. Rhodes-
P. Stratton L. Adams Harrison
H. Rallis R. Ogilvie L. Duncan H. Leitch
Thompson ♦ J. Bothwell * * * D. Charlton

Tennis Tour to Lesotho

The Tennis Teams were lucky enough to be taken to Lesotho this year on a tour. We left on the train on Monday evening, the 27th of November and after a very tiring journey we finally arrived in Maseru at lunch time. We were booked in at the Holiday Inn and we played our first match after lunch. Our opponents were the Maseru Women's Club and unfortunately we were beaten. The standard of their tennis is very high, but we excused ourselves by saying we were tired after a long journey. That evening we wasted our money on the one-arm bandits.

On Wednesday we were taken by bus into the mountains where we had a picnic lunch by a pool. In the afternoon we went to Roma University where we played against the African students. We scored a victory over them and were very proud of it. Afterwards Professor Rogers entertained us and gave us some much-needed cold drinks. In the evening we were allowed to go into the casino but this proved to be very uninteresting so most of us disappeared to listen to the band.

On Thursday morning we played the Women's Club again and were beaten once more. This time, however, we did not have an excuse but we did play much better.

After lunch, we again boarded the train for another eighteen hours. We arrived at Johannesburg station and were taken to school in time for breakfast and prayers.

Jennifer Allen. Colour blazer, 1972. Swimming, Tennis, Gymnastics, Netball.

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The tour was a valuable experience because we saw the Africans as equals and it gave us scope for our tennis. On behalf of the Tennis Teams, I should like to thank Mrs. Thomson-Smith and Mrs. Eltringham for taking us to Maseru.

MARGARET GIBBS

* * * *

Hockey Report

The Hockey season began on a good footing when we discovered that we were to remain in the ‘A’ League despite a rather unsuccessful season last year. (Consequently, the teams were filled with enthusiasm and were determined to retain our position).

Owing to the number of people being away during the April/ May holidays, we were unable to have any practices, but we made up for this during the term by having early morning and late evening practices.

A friendly match against our greatest rivals — Kingsmead — filled our team with enthusiasm and determination right from the start. This was shown during our match against St. Stithian’s in which our 1st team put up a great fight and it ended in a draw.

This put our team in good stead for the ‘A’ League tournament at the Wanderers. Unfortunately, no one was chosen for further trials. (At this stage it seemed as if our 1st and 2nd teams lost all their drive since the rest of the season did not prove to be very successful). The determination and enthusiasm of the girls was obvious, yet just as obvious was the fact that our opponents proved to be too challenging.

The U.15 and U.14 teams were more successful and there are some promising future 1st team players amongst them. Our teams managed to gain extra practice and experience from matches played against the touring teams from Michaelhouse and St Mary s, Kloof.

Inter"House matches aroused great excitement from both those who participated and from the spectators. Kats were the winners of the Senior section and Bears of the Junior.

BivenA.oa.he°vtlarng^apt?in’ many of my responsibilities were ’ the Vice-Captain I owe my thanks to her not only for this, but also for her endless support throughout the season

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My sincere thanks go to Mrs. Thomson-Smith and Mrs. Netterburg who gave us valuable encouragement and advice. They showed continued interest and patience despite a rather unsuccessful season.

To Helen Lo, next year’s Captain and her teams, I wish the very best of luck.

DIANA HENNESSY (Captain)

* * # *

HOCKEY TEAMS

1st Team

2nd Team

G.K.	_ N, Famell-Watson K.	Grobler
R.B.	«. E. de Klerk	D. Weddell
L.B.	_ E. Murray	B. Whiting
R.H.	_ J. Allen	S. Marchand
C.H.	_ G. Vieler	G. Vieler
L.H.	_ M. Pinkney	C. Geldart
R.W.	_ S. Garden	P. Stein
R.I.	_ D. Laroque	G. Vincent
C.F.	_ D. Parnell	H. Lo
LI.	_ H. Rundle	K. Shields
L.W.	_ D. Pienaar	M. luel

3rd Team

U.15 V.14

G.K.	_ C. Waddington	A. Brassey D. Huggins
R.B.	M Grieve E. A. Venturas	C. Dempster
L.B.	j Firth G. Munro M. A. Kerr	
R.H:	~E _ Á. Gale C. Gillwald	A. Vickerman
C.H.	R. Smith K. Hindle J. Meyer	
L.H.	A. Silva V. Somerville	A. Silva
R.W.	_ _ C. Notten C. Notten G. Evans	
R.I.	D. Horne L. Henderson	I. Gullum
C.F.	R. Williamson J. Grant-Hodgc	G. Somerville
L.I.	C. Lorentz A. Munro	A. Gillwald
L.W.	N. Hiltermann E. Mackintosh	J. Bailey

*

Netball Report — 1972

Once again, the Roedean Netball Teams proved strong enough to make a gallant stand against the teams from larger schools.

The 1st Team was most successful, only losing the last match of the season. This was very disappointing, after having beaten Waverley 1st and Belgravia 1st teams, but McAuley House proved too strong for us.

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During the eight matches of the season, we scored 216 goals and had a mere 93 scored against us. This large difference resulted in our goal-keeper, Nicola Famell-Watson, being awarded her colours.

The Under 15, Under 14 and Under 13 teams did not have such stable results. For these three teams, there were very few victories.

The Junior and Senior House Matches were both won by Kats. In the Senior section, Bears and Lambs drew second place and in the Junior section, Bears took the second place.

The Staff Match was very exciting. The Staff team was helped out by our coach, Mrs. Eltringham, who quite baffled the girls. At the last moment, the girls scored the winning goal. The final score was 17-16.

At the termination of a most enjoyable and successful season, the 1st Team went to Liz de Klerk's house for dinner, and saw the movie "Bom Losers". The evening was enjoyed by all.

The teams are very grateful for what Mrs. Eltringham has taught them, helped by Mrs. Netterburg. We were coached with patience and the many practices were most beneficial. It was thanks to Mrs. Eltringham that we won most of our matches.

It was with much regret that I handed in my badge at the end of the year, knowing that it was not to be used in the future. If more time is spent on the Hockey Teams, the time might come when Netball will be re-introduced as a school sport.

JILL MASSEY (Captain)

* * * ENGLISH CONTRIBUTIONS My World

The rain has fallen And the dust has subsided.

Freshness falls like a deluge on the earth. Peace reigns,

War rests,

The world is ablaze with loveliness.

The grass is soft and slushy.

Damp with water seeping into the earth. The wind whispers and whistles,

Circling the world gracefully,

Swaying branches, cooling heat.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

A thrill runs through the birds,

Like the touch of a kitten's tongue,

And it pierces the sky.

? jre m?- a crescendo of gurgling gossip,

And trillings, singing,

Reaching the highest notes with ease,

The birds sweep on.

The earth has been sprayed with diamonds, Glistening on the growing grass,

Rolling upon swaying leaves like mercury. Yesterday's seeds are today's flowers And their perfume lightens the air.

The buds are opening,

New shoots appearing,

Fighting through dumps of soil.

Everything is working, growing, living!

Flowers are overflowing the earth,

Leaves are sprouting from nowhere,

Roots are reaching downwards,

Water is seeping through leaves.

Blossom feels like flecks of down,

Leaves like crinkled noses.
The sky is blue,
A welcoming blue,
A never-ending blue.
This is the home of the birds,
As they soar over a free world Working, growing, living!
JANET BOTHWELL (Upper IV)
* * * *

The Cave
The oppressive mistiness of the atmosphere weighed down on me,
The salty tang of sea water burned my nostrils.
I was surrounded by semi-darkness.
The damp walls of the cave showed up, Rough and jagged.
The choppy sea dashed on the rocks,
And rebounded amidst a deluge of spray, The operation was repeated,
Echoing,
Splashing,
Lapping,
Flowing,

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Ebbing, , -
The turbulent white sea horses filled the cave,
Suddenly joined by strands of bubbling sea-weed,
Red,
Purple,
Green,
And black,
Floundering,
Until it is washed up on the rocks.
The sea retreats,
And flows up,
Its cold clammy fingers Stretching out,
Straining to reach the withering sea-weed The grey waters recede,
Relieving the cave of the roaring waves of the sea.
LINDSAY DUNCAN (Upper IV)

* * * *

Night Noises
A farewell rattle of pans in the kitchen,
A loud yell and fresh gales of laughter from two ever-cheerful Africans.
The whining scream of a distant burglar-alarm,
The mournful baying of a beagle with other hounds applauding yelps.
A rose-beetle buzzes around my head, annoyingly evading my frantic efforts at capture. Suddenly it plummets down to earth, falling with a sullen plop.
Three cars leap by, in angry succession,
And last, but not least, the monotonous dripping of a tap
LYNN RHODES-HARRISON (Upper IV)

* * * * Innocence

Innocent and Without reproach, Inexperienced And immature We gazed into the world. Unaware of danger,
We stared.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Fascinated By silver birds Twisting and gliding.
Diving with grace,
Glinting and shining, they roared.

Hot in the golden sun,
The dust rising,
We stared,
Hypnotised.
Diving lower with wide sweeps They screamed across the sky.
Unknowing we stared on.
Then the big round things dropped,
Falling like stones.
They whistled and screamed leaning down from the sky.
Helpless we stood.
Then they were on us!
Fascination gone.
We ran in all directions.
Unconscious of disaster!
SUSAN RODWELL (Upper IV)

* * * *

Childhood

Childhood is like a building which grows in height, guided by helpful hands. Its doors and windows open new aspects of life and eventually, it reaches its peak. It stands upon a firm foundation of love and understanding, while all the time, it stretches in eagerness towards God. Then, suddenly, it is attacked, it is destroyed, it crumbles and adulthood takes its place.

Childhood is the years of our lives when we bear small trials, respect those who are bigger than us and trust everyone with a blind faith. Friends come and go but our parents, homes and toys are always beside us when we turn to them. Our knees are bruised and our heads are bumped, we cry, smile, laugh and forget our troubles with ease, thrusting them away into the dark.

Childhood is a time which should be happy, carefree and placid, and those who have found that they missed it or were unhappy in it, always long to relive those blissful years.

PHILIPPA STRATTEN (Upper IV)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

A Spider On My Desk

Up, up, up,
Closer and closer Hairy, black, round And evil.
Long, thin legs Wavering in the breeze.
I felt paralysed.
With fear.

A furry leg Touched my arm.

I SCREAMED!

And the class turned around And stared.

* * * *

A Dewdrop

Radiant in its loveliness Trembling with joy and youth And pearly-clear beauty.
The sun shone and dried it up Like a withered, old Granny Dying,
Because no-one cared.

* * * *

Silence

It is silver and wispy,
It is delicately chilling,
Silence is like a fragile, lonely, moth In a dark, empty room,
Hiding from the dazzling moon.

DIANA IMPEY (Lower V)

* # # *

What We Can Do About Pollution

In our modern age, one of the worst threats to mankind is Pⁿ. Pollution is more likely to destroy our civilization than

^ u? ^kyidual wars. Man, is in fact, living in his own mess and the terrible thing is that none of this waste is being returned to nature. The water is polluted with sewage and the air with the tumes from factories and motor cars.

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We hear today of population explosion and with the increas-

fi? ní r? m lhis,wiU entail it: seems likely that there will be neither sufficient food nor sufficient oxygen to support life on

nníí ttm an0?ier fred years time unless man learns to solve pollution problems. At the present time no satisfactory solutions have been found. In the days before heavy industry chemical fertilizers and modern means of transport, all waste materials were returned to the soil. This was nature's way of dealing with waste. Man lived a more simple life; hunting and farming. He produced sufficient food for his own needs and made his own clothing.

In modern times, pollution is actually caused by excessive waste and by the production of materials which are not disposable i.e. plastics, nylon, chemicals etc. The waste from factories chokes the air and the rivers, exhaust fumes from motor cars foul the air, oil pollutes the coastal waters and chemical fertilizers destroy the soil. As a result, plant and sea life is killed and water contaminated to an extent where it becomes undrinkable. The problem is overwhelming and terrifying.

What can we do about it? The problem is being studied at international and national levels. There is a new science of ecology, and ecologists study ways of making our environment fit to live in. This will obviously take years and, in the meantime, pollution will get worse. People have somehow to be convinced that they, as individuals, are personally responsible for not polluting the atmosphere. We children can play our part by not adding unnecessarily to the accumulation of waste in the world. All vegetable matter from our houses should be composted so that it is returned to the soil. We should conserve on the use of electricity by turning off lights when we leave a room, not wasting hot water etc. Electricity is manufactured by burning soft coal or crude oil, both of which pollute the air with sulphurous oxides.

Thus if everybody used less electricity, the quantities produced could be decreased instead of increased each year. We should walk whenever possible, instead of expecting our parents to transport us everywhere by car thus adding to the pollution of the air with carbon monoxide fumes. We should never waste paper. This is made from trees and the lack of forests is causing a reduction in the quantity of oxygen in the air. In addition, the burning of vast quantities of waste paper increases the pollution problem.

There are many other small ways in which we can all help to fight pollution problems and maybe our combined efforts will mean that there will still be children on earth to enjoy life in a hundred years time.

BARBARA CREECY (Middle V)

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Rain After A Drought

It had not rained for six months and all the farmers in the interior were frantic with worry lest their stock should become dehydrated or the crops turn brown, wither and die. They were not the only people with troubled minds, as all the villagers' gardens were looking limp and dry. As the inhabitants took great pride in their gardens, they were becoming nervous and fidgety.

Then one day menacing clouds began to form overhead! Everyone was frantically wishing and hoping that it might rain, but that day it did not, and, although the sky was overclouded for a week, not a single drop of rain fell, "but it must rain sometime", everyone was muttering.

One evening before sunset, the clouds began to darken and moved across the sky, some ragged and curled, others massed in great battalions — it was like a huge army ready for a battle. All the villagers were extremely excited for this was a sure sign of rain! An occasional roar of thunder rumbled in the distance but it came nearer and nearer and a strong wind began to blow, tossing and flattening the tops of the willows, shrieking through the cypress trees; and the dry, brown leaves tossed and tumbled across the country-side, helpless in the strength of the wind.

Suddenly a large, golden streak illuminated the sky for miles around. Straight-away followed a deafening clap of thunder and then the first drops of soft rain began to fall.

Gradually they became heavier and the drops spattered down towards the ground, almost bounced and sprayed back into the air. Then the drops fell down as big, heavy hail stones and clattered on to the tin roofs of the houses, adding to the noise of the whistling wind, thunder and lightening. Continuously the rain fell, fell, fell while the children played and hopped and ran in the puddles, with their hair dripping and their clothes soaked, and men and women knelt on the wet ground, their hands crossed and heads bent in prayer, giving thanks to God!

Now the land would be lush and green, the crops would be prosperous and the stock would become well and fat once more, for this was only the first of many rains to come!

MARY PARK (Middle V)

* * *

Psychiatrist's Prediction Comes True

v J SanUld Ur! toTiPtrod,Jce myself. I am a psychiatrist in New sense of "sensa-

tion . I wonder what it is that draws us to gruesome sports like

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car-racing and boxing?

was e e^itness ^0U an accoun^ of an incident at which I

9ne Ijiritod Indianapolis race-track for the famous Indianapolis 500 . I bought myself an expensive seat in order to get the best view and made myself comfortable. I had never been to car-racing before and I was only at Indianopohs that day because I thought that one of the things a man should do was to go to car-racing.

They tinkered around in the pits for absolutely ages and when, eventually, they were ready to go, I had dozed off. The excited shouting of the crowds awoke me and I adjusted my hat before standing up to see over the head of the man in front of me.

The starter waved his green flag and there was a roar of engines as the powerful cars spurted into action and sped away around the track.

From the very beginning two cars, in particular, stood out. They weren't in the lead or anything like that — I just noticed them. The one was red and the other green. They seemed to be involved in a little race of their own.

Suddenly, around tea-time, the red who was beating the green then, swerved violently into a "Team Gunston" sign, bounced back on to the track and hit the green car before it came to rest in the grandstand. Spectators fled, terrified, ladies screamed and there was a general panic. One forlorn body lay next to the car's bonnet and the driver lay a mangled mess on the seat. Meanwhile, the green car had skidded dangerously across the track, luckily, it hit nothing except a tree on the verge. The driver was unhurt.

In a second, the ambulances were on the scene. Men covered up the two dead bodies and treated the driver of the green car for shock.

Slowly people began to drift back to stare at the blood. The press rushed in, taking dozens of pictures and questioning anyone in sight, including me.

When asked to give an account of the accident, I told them roughly what I'm telling you now.

When I sat down to breakfast the next morning, I was surprised to see myself on the front page of the newspaper "Psychiatrist's Prediction Comes True".

It carried on to say how I had said to my wife (I'm not married) "that car will crash" and how the car had come towards me

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in particular, and that the spectator that was killed was my nephew and how heart-broken I was, and so it continued.

I was fuming because I had said no such thing. It caused a sensation all right (but wasn't that what the paper intended?). I received telegrams, letters and telephone calls of sympathy. People stared at me in the street and pointed at me as though I was something out of the zoo.

I wonder why people do this — I suppose to say "I've seen him". It gives them a sense of grandness and of being in the news.

Also, everything that is printed is not always correct.

JENNIFER STILL (Middle VI)

The "Perfect" Cat-lover

My cat is so human. You can confide anything into that furry white head and be sure of nothing escaping his intelligent eye. Dogs have a proud look on their faces, and never think-beyond meal and bone-times. Always it's their stomachs — following a master or mistress round his or her heels, always in hopes of a tit-bit — although that is due to father's bad habit of feeding them at table. Cats, on the other hand, particularly the excellent ratter, Tiger, have a sincere sense of duty which they never forget. It has been many years since I have last heard the rats playing football in the ceiling or compost. As for "Man's best Friend", he barks at everything, even the moon — that is his sense of duty. Even an innocent passer-by cannot pass by without being near to deafened. What anyway, would Venice do without her cats?

No cats means many rats, and many rats means disease and plague. Besides, it gives the darkest street character. Meanwhile, a scraggy hound, unable to live off rats, would die or knock over piled-up dustbins into the streets. Besides, the keeping low of the rat-and-mouse population of the land, cats are good company. They rarely think of the next meal, but lie before the fire with a “job-well-done” air, and wait ready to listen to your troubles or the constant rising of sold or stock-exchange prices.

When I see poodles and toy-poms at dog “beauty” parlours, having their unneglected toenails manicured, I think of how Tiger would brush aside such trifles and discuss the latest news with intelligence. Cats are well able to look after themselves, as far as eating, sleeping and work is concerned. They know that in

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winter when no baby field mouse is yet bom, they can take their long-leave and prepare for Spring, when business gets really demanding.

The birds that peck the ripe fruit and drop their seeds in the vegetable garden, soon learn better from their indiscretions when a striped shadow streaks through the long grass. To these necessities a dog would pay no heed, but merely sniff around for another tree.

Cats too, are renowned music lovers, often striking up a unique harmony in their nightly choruses (Tiger has an excellent sence of pitch).

One “Pride” of cats, has far more initiative than a whole neighbourhood of dogs put together.

I must confess that I am sadly prejudiced in favour of cats, because of my life long confident — Tiger Swemmer.

ELIZABETH SWEMMER (Middle VI)

* * * *

Cages

He sat there alone and miserable, his eyes turned in circles as he watched.

The forms before him came closer down down ... down.

“Go way”, he screamed, “no” and he covered his eyes to shut out the light as he cringed in the comer.

“Go away”.

He looked up

and his face was terror struck.

His hand shot up and hit the bars again and again.

And he rushed around the room wide-eyed hitting the bars his eyes filled with terror.

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Then he stopped.

He fell back

exhausted

panting

and he began to rant and rave like a man possessed with the devil

“No no you are driving me mad

I am not mad

leave me alone”

and again he struck at the bars.

His hand flew swiftly through the air

as he struck,

but he had hit the bar

Now he ran

and shook the bars wildly.

“I’ll get you”.

His hands gripped the air, but he had gripped the bars.

Then silence he fell on the floor and ‘slept’.

Then it started again.

He looked up,

forlorn and lost

and he whispered repeatedly

“Don’t get me, don’t get me.”

His hand reached out slowly — mechanically and grabbed the air.
But he had grabbed the bars and he shook them and he hit them and he screamed.
Silently he looked up, with a face of pain.
He looked across the room.
“It’s . . . the pain . . .” he cried silently.
“let me out” he screamed
“I’m not mad

I want to be with people don’t let these bars get me they will knit cages —
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around me save me I’m all alone
save me-----S-A-V-E- ME!”
But it was no good.

He knew that.
They had locked him in, he had heard them lock the door, he was in the cage now.
.... They had sent the bars to get him.
He knew that He wasn’t mad.
But he had heard the key turn in the padlock.
His mind and his soul were locked in the cage forever.
He knew that too.

I. BERNES (Upper V)

* * * *

The Underprivileged
These people have not been given a chance They are out of work,
Therefore they are poor.
Their children have nowhere to play —
The backstreets are their playgrounds,
And they have no schools.
Fpur families share a bathroom.
Fifteen share two roms —
Rooms that are used for everything.
As a kitchen, a bedroom,
As a sitting-room, a dining-room These are the Underprivileged.
Why?
'Cos nobody trusts them,
Nobody wants them.
Out of work, they cannot look after their families Their children run around semi-naked with bloated stomachs
straggly hair.

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Their wives sit and gossip.
Forever nagging, nagging, nagging —
Like shrews.
The men go out every night, to spend what little money they have On drink.
Once drunk they can forget their bills —
They can live in dreams for a few blissful hours. For them reality is hell!
They buy the wrong things for themselves.
Instead of food and clothes;
they buy televisions, dishwashers, radios.
To them these are the main things in life. Without a television you are no-one.
Without a dishwasher you are a drop-out. Without a radio you are a bore.
They have their values all wrong 'Cos they haven’t been taught what life is all about.
These are the Underprivileged!
Clocks And Watches
They were his friends in the later years of his life, providing nun with companionship through every day.

~ Li__if
M. PARK (Upper V)

◆
eyes darted, back and forth from under'
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as he entered the shop, he seemed to discard his air of ferocity and malevolence and he became light-hearted and childlike. His business attracted many customers although he put fear into them. Each morning he would lay out the clocks and watches which needed mending, and for a long time he studied them, taking in each face and deciding on a separate character for each.
He enjoyed mending the clocks and watches for they had a wonderfully calming effect on his tense nature. With amazing gentleness his gnarled, seemingly clumsy fingers would lift the backs of the delicate watches and with a surgeon's skill he changed the minute spokes and wheels, but the part of his job which he enjoyed most was when he made the clocks and watches himself. It gave him great satisfaction to create the intricate objects and to play God for a while. With the same grace and precision, he placed each separate part perfectly on to the clock.
Although he loved each one of his clocks and watches separately, perhaps the clock he felt the strongest attachment for was one he had made in his youth. It had a small, screwed up face set in the midst of delicate wood carvings which stood out in wild confusion around its cracked front, resembling his own unkempt locks. In a peculiar way, it had seemed to age with him as the years passed and it reflected his own emotions in its small face.
He liked to sit in front of it after he had finished his day's work on the other clocks and watches, and stroke it. Moving his calloused hands over the face, he loved it. Crooning gently, with his head dropped on to his chest, he dribbled in his beard and regarded it from under his bushy eyebrows, oblivious of all except the time ticking by.

C. ROOME (Upper V)
* * *

To Be Alone Is The Fate Of All Great Minds

A single light shone in the house. The wind rustled the leaves outside, and somewhere in the distance a dog barked. Apart from the sounds of nature, there was a stillness about the place — a big dark house with one light illuminating a room. A single light that burnt until very late at night, while all the village children were in dreamland.
If one approached closer, silently, one could peer through the window of that room. Inside, the person would see a man crouched over a large untidy desk in a wooden-panelled library. The man's pen would scratch over the paper, writing words that flowed from his mind and heart on to paper. Occasionally his left hand would rub his tired eyes, and worry the bridge of his nose, where his

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spectacles rested. The person would not have to be observant to notice that the atmosphere of the room and entire house was silent, lonely.
For that is what Jon C. Vernon was; silent and alone. Escaping from the dazzling lights of fame, he had come to the countryside. He lived in a beautiful old house on the outskirts of a small village. Here he spent his youth, writing novels, biographies, and non-fictional books. Here was where Jon C. Vernon was content — alone in his library, putting his soul on to paper. Here, in his solitary room, Jon V. Vernon revealed to the world his brilliant mind, through his only medium, pen and paper.
Often Mrs. Harris, his housekeeper would gently chide him in a motherly way. "Now, Mr. Jon, it really isn't good for you — such a handsome young man. Just sitting in that gloomy room all day, writing all that stuff". Then seeing his indignant expression she added, "Not that I'm saying it isn't good stuff you're writing, Mr. Jon, but really, you should get some young people to come and visit you. Now that nice young lady down the road. She really . . ." seeing that he was not listening to her, Mrs. Harris broke off with a gusty impatient sigh.
Certain parts of his beautiful Persian carpet in the library were beginning to look a little threadbare from his constant pacing up and down. The wooden panels of the room were mellow and dark and lining one wall were shelves of books. These books included Shakespeare, Voltaire and several eminent authors. In front of the big windows there was a large mahogany desk, littered with papers. On the wall hung a few sombre paintings including a print of Goya's later paintings and Van Gogh's last self-portrait. This masterpiece portrayed all the humiliation, sorrow and loneliness of the man. A miniature bust of the deaf and lonely composer, Beethoven, stood in a corner.
It was in this room that Jon C. Vernon spent his days, creating characters that substituted for his lack of human

companions. Jon C. Vernon was not really alone, for he dreamt, slept, ate and existed for his characters. He could feel the emotions of his created people — from Borje the village carpenter, and Dick the pickpocket to the Emperor Constantine. He knew the way in which they thought, and had to tell other people by writing about them. So he was not lonely really.

So, if one approached, silently, one could peer through the window of that room. Inside, the person would see a young man writing. Not just any young man, but the famous Jon C. Vernon in a man who was alone, but not lonely.

D. WEDDELL (Upper V)

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Dreams

Hard little heels drum against the sun-warmed wall. Brown bony legs look darker against the white-washed bricks. A sensitive face, surrounded by dark windblown hair, is pointed skywards, and the deep-set grey eyes watch the motion of soaring birds.

An immature, nine-year-old mind is very busy considering, wondering, thinking — thinking of things she might do, dreaming of knights in armour, of fairies, of friends.

In her mind, the world is a pleasant, happy place of grass and flowers and animals and friendly people, of picnics under shady willows with gurgling streams flowing by.

She is loved and she loves — she loves her parents and her animals — she has something in common with the dark-eyed, trusting, but alert dogs, and shares their agility.

She dreams, she lives a dream. She is a fish in the sea diving, swimming, wave-blown. She is a bird, soaring through the blue heavens, singing a joyful morning song.

She grows up, unnoticed and unnoticed. Her thoughts turn more and more to boys, to clothes and parties. She dreams, lying on her bed, of a tall boy with dark hair and a motor-bike. She dreams of dancing all night at the youth discotheque, and of being called “chicken” and “doll” and “woman”, but they are still dreams.

Many, many years later, a thin, unhealthy girl with sunken cheeks and sunken grey eyes, still bearing a very faint trace of a ethereal beauty, can be seen slouching slowly down a dirty street, a small, grey, dirty room is her destination. The smell of poverty offends her nose, for she has still not lost her youthful sensitivity.

Lying on a mattress, which can barely be given that name, she becomes aware of the filth, the pain, the hunger, and memories flood into her empty mind. In a semi-conscious state she dreams of her youth, of her early life, of how happy she could have been, of how much pain she had caused those who loved her and cared for her.

She dreams of the long haired band with which she had fallen in. How could she have thought herself in love with one of them, how could she have destroyed herself, through them.

She had entered the world of drugs to be in with them. She had left home, and now her young body looked old and sick, and her face grey, and now she had spent her ill-gotten money on another shot of not food, good nourishing food. To kill the pain,

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the memories, she reaches out for her syringe one prick and release —.

Out of the darkness rises a bright sun, lighting a dream world with dream colours — purple, orange, green, yellow, white, pink colour everything — no black or shades of grey.

People are happy, dancing, singing, no one is hungry. Amongst huge, brilliant flowers, multicoloured butterflies float and dip and flutter — how bright, how nice.

Looking at the thin arm, with veins outstanding, one can see that this is not the girl’s first venture into a drug-induced dreamworld, but if one looks at the bony face with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, one can see that it is nearly the last.

When dusk falls upon the bright, dream, drug life, and joy is drowned, the girl’s mind will return to contemplating the suffering ahead of her — and it will return to hoping for the time when she will dream happily for ever and ever — and Death will not be long in obliging.

V. COAKER (Ante Matric)

* * * *

Teach Every African Child How

A journey through Soweto will convince every one of you that “Teach” run by The Star, is an essential fund-raising institution. It is vital for radical changes to take place in the present conditions of African education which are, I can

truthfully say, very, very, tragic, and what is more, I am sure every member of this school can afford to open their hearts a little to this poor and needy race which is deprived of good education.

Teach, an organisation run by The Star and of an excellent cause, still needs many more generous donations to achieve its aims. These aims are: to build decent schools for the Africans with a great deal more classrooms than they have at present, to provide facilities to help further their limited education, to have more staff to teach them, to buy desks and to buy many more educational aids which are presently very necessary.

I had never seriously thought about the tragic conditions under which the Africans have to learn, nor about the large number of children deprived of education completely owing to poverty,

I visited the Soweto township last week. In one of the schools I came to see a teacher to every five hundred children and

another ten thousand or more, children (and adults.), [it consisted of a stone building with a precarious look-

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corrugated iron roof resting on the top of it, and a soccer field, which to me looked like newly ploughed farm land.

The school and the field took up three quarters of an acre of ground. The classrooms themselves were nothing to be desired. At the north end of each classroom was a slate blackboard and rows of wooden benches and stools filled the small room. As there were not nearly sufficient benches for them, great was the number that had to sit on the floor and it was even necessary for some of them to look on from outside. Under these terrible conditions, I was astounded at the eagerness of these children to learn and attain knowledge.

There are many Africans who cannot even afford this education. On my way out of Soweto, I happened to notice a certain thirteen-year-old “Freddie” scratching in the sand with his finger. When I asked what he was doing, he replied, “Me, I’m a Freddie”, and that was the sum total of his English vocabulary. There on the sand was a written attempt of “me, I’m Freddie”. It is a very depressing thought that many of the boys have as little knowledge as Freddie and in some cases even less.

It was only after this visit to Soweto, that I realised the excellent motive behind “Teach” and I am sure that everyone of you, that is if you take my word for these abominable conditions, will gladly do your best to see them improved.

P. SANDERS (Ante Matric)

* * * *

Think I’m Gonna Die

“Bye bye love

Bye bye happiness

Hello loneliness

I think I’m gonna cry”

Think I’m gonna die. The sound of the song filled the little bathroom. The announcer cheerily recommended ‘Cold Water Omo’ as she lay back and soaped herself with her fortieth birthday present from her husband — French soap.

As usual, she caught sight of herself in the mirror — trapped in the smooth square of glass.

“Think I’m gonna die”, the song was on her mind as she wheeled the trolley round the supermarket, choosing delicacies for tomorrow’s cocktail party without needing to look at the prices. She was aware of a man’s eyes on her as she stood at the cash-desk and mentally checked the picture she presented — tall and elegant, but smelling of perfume, not of flowers.

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“Bye bye love” that damn song. “Hullo love”. She kissed her daughter. “How was school?”.

— “O.K.”.

— “Good”.

and the girl was gone, up the stairs to her secret self. The record-player bloomed softly into the sound. It was one of those days — her daughter was shut away. She longed to say “My daughter I love you, I love you, I love you. Please don’t think you are sad” but couldn’t think of any words not since to say it. So the thought went to the kitchen and was baked with the soufflé.

“Hello Loneliness”. Telephone rings. “Hullo darling!

Oh I see

Yes, well, don’t be too late because dinner will spoil.

Of course I took your suit to the cleaners. You know I wouldn’t forget.

Bye love”.

Bye bye love.

She paged through Vogue, then got up and plumped the velvet sofa-cushions. The flowers needed more water, so she fetched a little and poured it in. It was already growing dark, so she went to draw the curtains. The window-frame was filled with an immense softness of twilight and first stars. She shut it out.

She walked through to the bedroom and took something out of a drawer. Then she lay back on her bed and blew her brains out.

JENEFER SHUTE (Ante Matric)

* * * *

My Secret Life

I wonder if anyone is every truly happy with the things he has now. Surely he would, especially when things are worse than usual, rather have (or be) something different, or prefer to live somewhere else. I think that, if I were not occasionally dissatisfied, I should miss a great deal of enjoyment, for when one realises something is wrong, one automatically tends to think of ways to

right it — and, in doing so, comes up with some wonderful alternatives.

These alternatives are usually so impossible, or just plain crazy, that I tend to keep them to myself. I know that if other people knew my secret ambitions and dreams I should be class-peculiar” raVmg lunat*c’ anci not just someone who is “slightly

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I should like to live in a deep, rich-brown and purple-dusky well. “There would be one long staircase just going up and another even longer coming down” and I could live on an inflated mattress at the bottom on the silky black water and watch the stars that never set. The slanting sun would make a silver-fingered web across the eye of the well and there would be Peace when I trailed my hand in the warm ink beneath me, and when the cool, evening wind blew away the sunshine cobwebs, the water would rise, making both the staircases just for show, and I would lie and dream about the past and the future and dream away the present in dreaming of them

I can think of nothing more fascinating than doing simply nothing. My thoughts could move lazily from one vague and ill-discern topic to the next, without being forced to “stop and stare” at any certain point unless the mood so took them.

They could walk slowly through the cool quietness of a green forest, touching the cold, slightly damp bark of the pale tree-trunks and listening to the sighing of the trees, mingling with the liquid call of the Piet-my-vrow. When they arrived at some terrible scene of violence and destruction, they could fly quickly over it and come to rest in the pale sunlight of a winter’s day — perhaps in a glade in that same wood — where the black trees would make the whole scene seem like an old Dutch etching.

Or if a vacant well could not be found, I should find myself instead on an ivory tower carved after the fashion of Indian elephants, with numerous mystic signs that I should spend my days decoding. I should write them in a small silver book, using silver ink so that they could not read. Then, when I had unravelled all the signs on the tower, I could start again at the beginning. At night, the tower would sway gently in the wind and a legendary knight, riding on a black horse with a silver mane and tail, would come and fight a golden dragon (also legendary) in the blue moonlight. When one or other had won, they would retire for the night and the stars would gently fade away, leaving a quiet feeling of regret which would be lost in sleeping.

To me the deep, peaceful well and the ivory tower have become as real as anything else I own — except that, with them, there is no feeling of ownership, they simply belong. I wonder if, one day, they will not become more real than reality.

BARBARA MACINTOSH (Matric)

* * * *

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1982: The Republic After Another Ten Years

The social welfare worker is a handsome woman and the knowledge of it is written in her face like that of the flower that bends to the water and knows itself to be beautiful. Her black curls are more fleecy and abundant than the karakul lamb’s shining pelt; her eyelashes are longer and more fringed than the fronds of the sea-anemone. With the sun striking her white teeth and the redder than red nails, the social welfare worker is secure in the knowledge that she can measure up to the beauty of the black star that marks the constellations in the heavens. She adjusts her black space-age

collar, she flexes her leg in the clinging leather boot: she is well-prepared for today's work. Today's work is a leisurely drive through Hill, that rather disagreeable suburb eight kilometres from town. Well, at least, the red sports car is comfortable. Yes, definitely ^ the envious looks on all those pale faces compensate for this distasteful experience. It is also really rather interesting to compare these shabby little houses with the home she lives in now — and the home she lived in ten years ago before the revolution, but that is even more disagreeable to think about. No, rather concentrate on the job — look at that rash child chasing that starving, moth-eaten cat down the road — for, after all, what's past is past and it can't be helped that these rather painful reminders are part of the job; still better go back and ask the child why he's not at school.

The social welfare worker stops her little red sports car and gets out gracefully, aware that the pale, ragged boy has stopped his chase to look at her in wonder, aware that the lean pedestrians are regarding her dusky beauty, for this must be an uncommon occurrence — before walking on, on their dejected, aimless paths. She stands looking at the boy picking his nose not three yards away from her, noting his broken and dirty toe-nails, his thin white legs with the knobbly knees, his filthy, colourless shorts and shirt. The aura of despair, dejection and filth in this miserable suburb seems personified in him. His intense gaze, coming from the washed-out blue of his eyes, disconcerts her strangely. Strangely unsure, her hands unsteady, the social welfare worker lights a cigarette and draws hard on it, before she ventures to speak in a strangely dry, cracked voice. "Aren't you supposed to be at school?"

The child continues to look at her. Strange, one forgets there are such things as blue eyes nowadays, unless one looks directly into the eyes of one's servants — which would never do of course. Servants are supposed to run to do your bidding and accept your

fVi____.1 • _ .i i . . . and, not look you insolently in the face like this child is doing.

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He answers at last:

"No".

"But why not? It's not holiday time".

She makes a point of not coming in in the holidays. Swarming with children and shouting, the place is completely unbearable.

"There's no place in the schools".

Oh yes, she'd heard that one before.

"Well, can't you keep off the roads then? It's really very dangerous, your running in the streets. Go to your house and play in the garden".

To late, she remembers there isn't a garden in sight.

"Or what about the park? They've got nice swings there".

"It's too far away".

"Can't your parents take you?"

The social welfare worker is surprised at her brusque tone.

she has never quite managed to rid herself of the ridiculous feeling that these white people laugh at her accent. She can't help it

— heaven knows they should be grateful one can speak their language.

"My parents go to work. They have to leave very early about five o'clock to catch the train".

Oh yes, she'd also heard that one before.

"And my sister has too much to do and my brother is in jail for getting drunk. The cafe's already got too many people selling vegetables and newspapers and I'm not old enough to get a pass to work. I'm all right, so why don't you just go".

So she'd also heard all this before.

She watches him as he picks up a stone, throws it at a yelping mongrel and runs down the street after it.

Ungrateful brat! The social worker climbs angrily back into her little red sports car. Even the thought of her velvety black

skin does not comfort her now. ____

SUSAN MARCHAND (Matnc)

* * * *

"Precious little do we

Drink the sun Kiss the rain Whisper to the wind Precious little do we

Think with our hearts And not with our minds Please teach our children

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The real scene Don't let them find out That good can be bad And bad can be good"

Donovan.

The autumn wind rustled through the trees and a cluster of dead leaves slipped through the air. Tess watched the colours through the sunlight, which was pale and slightly warm. She had no jersey on, only the thin dress that she made last winter. Today, of all days, she felt she needed some protection. Today she felt sad, and her sadness seemed to be exposed to the light that was slowly waning; it was as if the day was trying to escape, to run away from her — Tess fought back the tears; she hadn't meant to be rude to her Mother; she hadn't intended calling her a "bitch" but it just came out in her anger. It was so difficult trying to grow up, trying to please the family, hoping that one would be understood. Then the usual drama: the shouting, the screaming, the insults which she had to take, which touched her so close that she did not know where to turn; finally, the slaps and bruises. She behaved like a child when she thought about it in retrospect. Where was the love that she needed so much? Where was the understanding, the sympathy?

Well, she thought, it must end sometime, after one's resistance is broken, a wall that one is always trying to hold up, but is falling slowly, like the leaves from the sky.

As Tess wandered home, a gawky, lonesome adolescent, she looked at the people rushing home, all intent on reaching the hearth, the slippers, the comfort of a good meal, the security of their home. Money madness permeated the little town she lived in. Materialism was a word that she had grown up with, but which now she wanted to reject, to throw out of her mind. With despondency, she reflected on the small society in which she lived and in which she watched her brother growing and in which her father was already shoulder deep.

u were people like Dad, whose only real concern was to

be wealthy, to have successful children, to have a smart car When Dad came home, he was never to be disturbed, always working on figures, on profits and business matters, in his study. If you asked

nn Í°VÍT? m°ney' y?u, always g° il- but if you ever asked Dad to talk to you, to help you with your problems, to spend

f ,v.me was to0 busy- Now Tess felt distant from

him they were like two strangers who lived in the same house

Surely thought Tess, Dad thinks he's being a marvellous father but underneath his façade of money, of kindness, he's growing away from me, he's no longer my friend. growing

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Friends? Tess didn't really have any friends, who shared her interests, who found anything wrong with what seemed like a perfect, synchronised society. There was the usual crowd in the town, which stuck together day and night, boozing, going to the movies, arguing and fighting. She couldn't make out in her mind whether this was all part of growing up, whether showing off to your pals was "bad". What about drinking and taking drugs — they all did that; in her mind, they were destroying their own lives, just for pleasure. Tess wondered about their parents; those who had spent so much time in trying to bring up children that would be successful.

In her family's eyes, she was a failure. She did appallingly badly at school, she never tried for any teams. Her mother would rage at her, but this made her more resentful and determined to disobey and upset them. School was such a trial for her: the homework, the boring lessons, the teachers, the nastiness amongst the girls. What was the purpose of education? Surely to make you critical and broaden your thinking? What may have seemed like a kind of hell to be endured, was playing a very important function in her life. At the moment this was unimportant to her. Now, she needed warmth and understanding, to talk with someone about her deep thoughts, her confusion, her adolescence, but there was nobody there; only mother cooking the evening meal, only her brother working on his car, only Dad, the stranger, busy playing with figures behind the closed study door.

PIPPA STEIN (Matric I)

* * * *

Breakthrough

The water runs, splashing softly between the stones. Ripples dance in the sunlight, the weak sunlight of the winter. The stream gurgles, bubbling gently as it flows over the weir into the dark pool below, before rolling over the flat rocks on its endless journey to the sea.

A cigarette butt floats past, floating sedately on the green water. In the shallows a rusty beer can lurks. The water is an oily green as it washes over the slime covered rocks. A whirlpool pulls the strands of hair-like water moss in an eternal

circle.

The river winds slowly aimlessly through the plain, the grass is brown and crumbles as the man walks along the river bank. The trees are bare and a lonely wind scuffles up the dusk as it wanders over the plain.

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The man stands alone above the weir. He is now motionless as he stares into the dark depths below his feet. He sees not the weak sunlight which smiles on the darkness of the water, but the hollowness of the depths. His mind is like those depths — it is deep, sombre, forbidding.

He stands. The shadows loom over the greying grass, the starkness of the trees and finers against the sky. The sky. He sees the greyness of the land, of the gathering fog and his mind is bleak.

In a street in a crowded city, jostled by many people, he feels alone, utterly alone. His whole body cries for warmth, his whole soul for peace of mind. As the darkness falls silently about him, he feels excluded, cut-off from all joy. He feels a machine — oh how he despises those empty people he sees every day at work, those people who are around him all day, but with whom he has no contact.

Why is there this force which binds him to himself in utter despair, despair of ever experiencing pure joy. Why can he never achieve happiness or peace of mind, freedom — Why is he separated from mankind and companionship — why — His mind is bleak as he stares into the well of water.

His despair holds his mind a prisoner, he cannot hear the birds twittering softly in the trees above his head, he can only see his own loneliness.

His mind is buried in a well of confusion, his youth is gone, as a flurry of leaves before the wind of winter. His heart rebels against his life, his narrow path through the months of his life, a waste of life. With the autumn of his life has come no fulfilment, no joy only a premature winter. His search for joy, his anguished soul-destroying longing for the peace of mind he lacks devours his soul. He has become so impressed within himself that he can see nothing, appreciate nothing about him. He has become a muffled shell of man.

He has shuffled through time, unable to make contact with anyone, unable to see beauty, unable to love man or nature. The blackness of his mind, the despair of his anguished search for happiness have bound his soul — it is his mind which is his own prison.

The darkness awakens him from his reverie. He walks slowly back towards the light. 7

His utter despair has left him weak, his bitterness at life has been washed away. He is emotionless. A bird is huddled by a bush in his path. As he walks it does not move. He stops and

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bends to the bird, sees it trapped and gently frees it from the wire. As the bird flies away it seems to lift his spirits. Suddenly he sees the nature around him, the beauty and the peacefulness of life in the land. His mind is freed from his self-inflicted bondage, he realises his blindness, for his happiness has been around him, but his inner darkness has forced him to be unable to accept life as it is. In his strivings for peace he could not see it and his inner despair rejected all joy around him.

He is at peace. His thoughts are gentle, as the wind before him rustling the dry grass.

JANET VICKERMAN (Matric)

* * * *

AFRIKAANS CONTRIBUTIONS In Daardie Huis Gebeur Snaakse Dinge

Die namiddag was vreeslik warm en die bruideniersware wat ek in die dorpie gekoop het, het swaar in my arms gevoel. Tot my ontsettenis, het die dreigende wolbank, wat op die designs-einder vroeër verskyn het, vinnig gegroei. Binnekort was alles in die half-duisternis gehul, en die eerste weerligstrale was reeds in die verte sigbaar. Ek het besef dat ek 'n skuilplek moes vind, en het sou gou moontlik langs die nuwe pad aangestromped. Ek sou met my vriendin, Julie en haar man, Paul, 'n rukkie gaan bly totdat die storm verby was.

Vir my was Julie soos die suster wat ek nooit gehad het nie. Haar geaardheid was die Ueflikste ter wêreld, en voor haar huwelik met Paul, 'n mand vroeër, was ons amper onseker. Dus was ek altyd seker van 'n hartlike welkom van haar en haar be-towerende eggenoot. Maar Paul was 'n jong en arme kunstenaar, en die ou huis-al wat hy vir sy bruid kon bekostig — was vir my nooit aantreklik nie.

Inderdaad, as ek dan daarvoor in die halflig gestaan het, het dit vir my werklik onheildspellend gelyk. Die twee sipresbome het soos bo-aardse brandwagte aan albei kante van die voordeur gestaan, en 'n weerligstraal in die lug daaragter, het die ou huis geheimsinnig gesilhoeëteer. Ten spyte van die hitte, het koue rillings langs my ruggraat afgerol. Ja, die onheildspellende invloed

daar was byna tasbaar.

Die eerste groot reëndruppels het begin neeplons en ek het haastig aan die deur gaan klop. Soos gewoonlik, het Julie stralend mooi gelyk en haar gemoedsgesteldheid was in die soetheid van haar gesig en haar groot, minsame oë sigbaar.

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Na die storm het ek terug huis toe gegaan. My hart was vol vrees vir Julie en Paul. Was hulle nie van die vyandige atmosfeer van die huis bewus nie? Daardie aand was dit moeilik om aan die slaap te raak. Voor middemag het ek skielik wakker geword, en 'n vreeslike voorbode het besit van my geneem. Ek het met sekerheid geweet dat Julie in doodsgevaar was.

Te danke aan my klein motortjie, was ek dinne vyf minute by die ou huis. Die rook wat ek uit die voordeur en die vensters van die onderste verdieping sien borrel het, het my hart in my mond laat bons. Vinnig was ek op die trappe, en na die tweede verdieping met die rook in my neus en my keep. Ek het Julie en Paul se slaapkamer bereik en het gevind dat die deur gesluit was — aan die buitekant! Ek het die sleutel op die vloer gevind en die deur oopgemaak. Julie en Paul was wonderlik dankbaar om my te sien.

Ons het die huis so gou moontlik verlaat, en ons was skaars daaruit voordat die vlamme die hele gebou omsingel het. Ek kon nog onthou hoe die luk 'n karmosyn gloed aangenem het — maar die geheim van die geslote deur was nooit opgelos nie.

JANINE JOHNSON (Middle V)

* * * #

'n Moelike Besluit

„Jou tante is baie siek, Hannes”, het die dokter ernstig aan die kêrel langs horn gesê, „maar as sy 'n operasie ondergaan sal sy 'n goeie kans hê om te lewe”.

„Hoeveel kos die operasie?” het die seun gevra.

„Vyf honderd rand,” was die antwoord. Hannes was verbaas.

Hy het geweet dat die familie na sy oom se dood nie veel geld gehad het nie, en hulle kon nie so 'n duur operasie bekostig nie.

Skielik het sy klein niggie ingehardloop. „Hannes,” het sy opgewonde geskreeu, „daar is 'n telegram . . . jy het daardie wed-stryd gewen, jy het die sewehonderd rand gewen!”

Hannes het doodstil bly staan. Hy het nie die kamer voor hom gesien nie. Hy het 'n klein, bedorue seuntjie wat vir die laaste keer op sy ouers se plaas rondgelopen het gesien. Hy het 'n seun wat na die stalle gegaan het, en na sy perde gekyk het gesien, en n seun wat langs die bergpaadjie langs die plaas geloop het.

Die seun was hartseer, want hy was 'n selfsugtige kind. Sy ouers is die vorige dag in 'n motorongeluk gedood. Daardie dag het die prokureur gekom, en hom vertel dat hulle nie ryk was

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soos hy gedink het nie, maar hulle was diep in die skuld. Die

Pragtige ouer Postaal met die geelhoutvloer en swart mahome meubels; en die perde moes verkoop word. Die seun moes by sy oom en tante op die dorp gaan woon.

, Toe sien Hannes n seun wat ongelukkig op die dorp was* n Seun wat met sy neef en niggie baklei het; 'n seun wat deur sy Klasgenote geterg is, omdat hy so selfstandig was. Hy onthout hoe die seun n eed afgelê het om geld te verdien, en 'n renperd te koop, en baie geld op die renbaan te wen om sy plaas ween terug te koop. Toe het hy Hannes, die seun, die geld gewen om sy doel te bereik.

Hannes het na die dokter gekyk, en toe na sy niggie wat so afwagtend na kom gekyk het.

Hy het weer aan die plaas gedink, die berge wat gate deur die mis geboor het. Toe het hy aan sy tante gedink, die klein, vriendelike vroultjie wat altyd so goed vir hom was. Hy het daama geweet wat hy met die geld moes doen.

„Dokter,” het hy gesê, nou kan my tante seker daardie operasie ondergaan, en wanneer sy uit die hospitaal ontslaan word, kan sy met die ander twee honderd rand gaan vakansie hou.”

PATIENCE DANIEL (Upper V)

Die Perde Skou

Die heuglike dag het eindelijk aangebreek En die helder ligstrale van die opkomende son Het saggies deur my venster gekruip Ek het wakker geskrik — ja, die tyd was toe ryp.

Dit was die dag van die groot perdeskou,

Waarom ek moes deelneem met my perd, Swaselow. Al baie weke tevore het ek hom laat spring en pronk Daardie dag moes my hand om die groot beker vou. In 'n kits het ek my liggaam met ryklere bedek,

En toe het ek my stewels gou aangetrek.

Ons was nie laat nie, dit het ek geweet,
Nietemin het ek my ontbyt baie vinnig geëet Na ontbyt het ek na die stalle gegaan,
En daar het Swaselou, my perdjie gestaan.
Fier en majestueus het hy hom gedra,
„Sal ons nie wen nie?” het ek hom saggies gevra. Vlae, musiek hleure en babbelende stemme,
Die gerunnik van perde; die geskreue van remme.

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Die skou het begin, almal was daar —
Perde en ruiters en 'n afwagtende skaar.
„Swaselou! Swaselou!” het die aankondiger gebrom,
Ek het my perd opgeklim, my beurt het gekom. Senuweeagtig het ek die teuels gegryp.
In my naag het die die skoenlappers wild rondgekuip. Die noodlot het ons baie geluk gebring,
Hoër en hoër het my perdjie gespring.
Niemand kon ons foutlose ronde verbeter,
En ons het gewen: daardie groot silwer beker.

DANIELLE PIENAAR (Upper V)

* * *

As Die Skemer Daal

Die kamertjie is vuil. Haar herinneringe pynig haar en sy word weer bewus van haar nuttelose lewe. Sy steek haar hand uit na die naald wat vergetelheid bring — 'n prik en 'n wolk van geluk dwarrel or en om haar —.
Uit die donkerte glim die opkomende son en in die kuns-matige dagbreek gly die verblindende kleure ordeloos deurmekaar. Die skaduwees verdwyn —.
Die geel son hang in die groen lug en dit word rooskleurig. Wit voëls tjirp in die pers bome. Oranje blomme reik na die hemel en die lug word gerul met golwe geurige parfuumwalms. 'n Paar vrolike mense huppel potsierlik terwyl hulle skril sing.
Stadig en saggies sweef 'n pers pruim verby, maar niemand voel honger nie. 'n Fyn skakering van kleure wieg oor hulle.
Alle pyn en verdriet is vergete. Sy sweef oor 'n bree stroom dik gouestroop-na 'n eiland van kloppende musiek totdat haar ledemate swaar en bewegingloos word.
Vir 'n kort rukkie het sy van haar probleme af weggevlug. Haar maer, bleek arms is vol sere. Haar oumensgesiggie lyk be-jammerenswaardig.
Sy was haar ouers se oogappel. Sy was 'n puik leerling. Almal was verheug oor haar uitstekende Matriekuitslae —
Terwyl sy gestudeer het aan die universiteit was hy die afbrekende mag m haar lewe.
Sy leef nou in 'n nagmerrie — wêreld van geluk en ang en hy, die dwelmkramer, boet vir sy wandade in die gevangenis.

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Die rooi son beweeg na die westerkim, eers stadig en toe al vinniger — Paniek en vrees skuif op swart skaduwees nader — Groot, groen skoenlappers fladder rond tussen die swart blomme. Hulle oë glim boosaardig voordat hulle van die toneel af verdwyn.

En, as die skemer daal, kom daar groot swart motte uit die hoeke van die kamer: die boodskappers van die nag.
As die skemer daal, klots die pyn en die herinneringe teen die silwer droom en sy wag asemloos op die nag wat spoedig sal aanbreek

VICTORIA COAKER (Ante-Matriek)

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Vaak In Die Kerk

Die laaste sonnestrale het goud en rooi en blou deur die venstertjies van die kerk geskyn. Die stilte was die van die dood. Vier lang wit kerse gooi 'n dowwe lig op die altaar. 'n Swart ge-stalte kniel met 'n geboë hoof voor die heiligdom.

Die doodkis is al lankal weg, maar sy kniel nog — 'n klein

I estalte met 'n gebroke hart.

Sy is onbewus van die omgewing en deur die mis van trane voor haar oë, sien sy niks nie. Sy is vaak, maar sy kan geen rus vind nie — dit is asof sy tussen twee wêreldes staan; tussen die lewe en die dood.

Die kersvlamme flikker en sy hoor 'n stem wat teen die duis-temis weerklink.

„Ek het gekom sodat jy kan lewe”

En toe is alles weer stil —

Sy skrik regop; „0 God, waarom . . . waarom?”

Die wanhopige woorde weergalm deur die leë kerk en die duistemis antwoord nie.

Die kerse flikker en die lig word dowwer. Kerse brand so gou uit.

Die afgematte gesig kyk weer vir 'n oomblik op.

„Ek was so gelukkig”, sê sy stadig, „en nou —?”

Die stem Hinh smekend, maar daar is geen antwoord me.

Die moeë hoof sak weer vooroor, maar die verUgting wat 'n diepe slaap bring, wil nie kom nie. Sy is half bewus van n ver-skriklike pyn en sy wens sy kan sterf.

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Uit die duistemis wat haar omring hoor sy weer die huweliks-klokke — In die skemerte sien sy weer die gaste en haar man. Die dominee is slegs 'n somber figuur. Weer het sy die spierwit bruidsrok aan, sy kniel — Sy steek haar hand uit om syne vas te vat, maar tevergeefs. Vir 'n enkele oomblik kyk sy met betraande oe rond in die stil leë kerk.

„Waar is jy”? fluister sy bewend en bevrees. Sy hoor die psalm en sy buig haar hoof. Haar bloed pols op *n waansinnige pitme deur haar lyf — Psalm drie-en-twintig word al hoe harder gespeel. Dit word al hoe harder, oorweldig haar.

Snikkend prewerk sy: „0 Heer!” Sy verberg haar gesig, maar sy sien nog die leë kerk. Sy druk haar ore toe, maar sy hoor nog die psalm en die ritmiese voetval van die slipdraers.

„Nee!”, skree sy, maar die verwronge gesigte lag haar grynsend toe uit die duisternis. Wanhopig sluit sy haar oë, maar sy sien weer due glimmende doofkis.

Rukkerig kom sy orent, maar die swaar lomerige gevoel weier om haar te verlaat. Met star oe en stroewe mond gryp sy die kandelaar op die altaar. Sy gooi dit na die doodkis en val voor die altaar neer.

Die eerste strale van die son klip deur die venstertjies en verlig 'n poerlose gestalte wat op die vloer lê, dit streel saggies oor die stukkende kandelaar.

Sy slaap — haar laaste diep slaap. Die skaduwees van die wolke dryf oor die kerk en buite jubel die voeltjies *n danklied.

ANNE CRAWFORD-NUTT (Matriek D

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Modes

Die Tyd: Elke Saterdagand.

Die Plek: Patriciastraat 133, Sandton.

c, „Die Spelers: Mev. Shute en haar dogter Jenni. (Soms is Mnr. ahute ook daar).

Dit is am per agtuur. Jenni loop sitkamer toe. Sy was vir

Jf ^y. “ :Mev. Shute kyk op, gee 'n bloedsvollende gil en val skuimbekkend op die vloer neer.

ff^erUS te?/fnn^ koerant op en begin lees. Mev. Shute gorrel effens en sidder. Jenni loop spieël toe. Haar gesig is aan-en siféeT'n hW"tJlh VersigtigS kam sy haar kroeshare

en smeer n bietjie bruin lipstiffie aan. Mev. Shute snik snalc na

asem en kreun onduidelik. ' k na

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Jenni: Ekskuus?

Mev. Shute: Gargarrgrrrr

Jenni: Ekskuus tog, Ma?

(Mev. Shute probeer weer)

Mev. Shute (hees): Wat... wat is dit wat jy dra?

Jenni: Wat is wat wat ek dra?

Mev. Shute: Daardie ... die stukkie verfrommelde snees-papier wat jy om jou middel dra.

Jenni (beledig): O, dit. Dft, laat ek u verwittig, is my nuwe maksi wat ek op die Indiese Mark gekoop het.

Mev. Shute (flou): Maar waarom is dit nodig om soos 'n Indieër te lyk? Waarom daardie ou lappie . . .? En dis heeltemal deursigtig. (Begin weer te stik en te kreun) Waarom dra jy nie 'n onderrok nie? (Word bleek).

Jenni dink dat dit baie snaaks sou wees om 'n onderrok onder 'n Indiese maksi te dra. Sy lag totdat die trane oor haar

wange rol. Skielik rek Mev. Shute se oë soos pierings. Haar mond hang oop. Snaakse geluide kom by haar keel uit. Mev. Shute: Jenefer: Is dit moontlik? O, hemel! O, liewe land! Dat die dag sou aanbreek

Jenni (bekommerd): Maar wat is dit, Ma?

Mev. Shute: O, hemel! Jenefer, is dit waar? My kind, sien ek reg of is dit waar?

Jenni: Maar wat?

Mev. Shute (flou): Jenefer, gee vir my 'n antwoord. Se vir my „ja” of „nee”. (Fluisterend) Dra jy vanaand 'n buustelyfie of nie? (Begin weer na asem hyg).

Jenni is so effentjies verleë. Sy bewonder haar groengeskil-derde vingernaels. Sy speel met die blommetjies wat sy in haar hare dra, met haar koper armbande en met die klossies van haar sjaal. Daar is 'n klop aan die deur. Archibald, Jeni se dou, het opgedaag. Hy merk dat Mev. Shute besig is om haar hare uit haar kop te trek.

Archibald (vriendelik): Goeienaand, Mev. Shute.

Sy sien hom en gee 'n vreeslike gil. Jeni en Archibald stap by die deur uit. Archibald waai vriendelik met sy handsakkie.

Mnr. Shute stap die kamer in en sien sy vrou. Hy tel die koerant op en waai haar koud.

J. SHUTE (Ante-Matriek)

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My Laaste Dag Op Skool

Twaalf jaar is 'n groot hap uit 'n mens se lewe. Daar word gesê dat jou skooldae die beste tyd van jou lewe is, maar ek kan nie altyd daarmee saamstem nie. Ek het altyd gedurende die afge-lope twaalf jaar na die laaste dag uitgesien.

Op die laaste dag sal ek en my vriendinne 'n groot vuur maak en al ons ou, verflenterde boeke daarop gooi. Dit sal aangenaam wees om na die geknetter van die vlamme te luister. Twaalf jaar se skoolsmart sal binne 'n ogwenk in 'n bietjie as verander. (Ek dink ek sal net 'n paar boeke in my skooltas wegsteek om eendag aan my kinders te wys!

Miskien sal dit 'n paar genotvolle ure wees wanneer ek alles uit my studeerkamer wegdra. Ek sal seker 'n bietjie hartseer voel as die kamer so kaal en armoedig daar uitsien, maar vir oulaas sal ek gou al die geheime wegsteekplekkies aan die nuwe intrekkers wys.

Op die laaste dag is daar 'n byeenkoms in ons saal. Ek weet nou al ek sal kort-kort n paar lastige trane moet afvee as ons van almal afskeid neem. Ons sal ons „old-girl-badges” ontvang. Dit sal on 'n bietjie troos, want van daardie oomblik af laat ons, ons skooldae agter ons, en wag die toekoms voor die deur.

Almal sal met rooigehulde oë die hardwerkende onderwyser-esse gaan groet en 'n klein geskenkie aan hulle oorhandie. Od daardie oomblik voel jy, jy kan hulle nie bedank vir al hulle ee-dulde en aanmoediging nie.

mek*eswolik glimlag en met oë wat van ingehoue vreugde skitter by die hek uitborrel — vir hulle kon die tyd nie g°u genoeg aangebreek het nie. Sal hulle eendag in 'n ongewaakte oomblik weer na dié sonskyndae in hulle jeug terugverlang?

Voordat ons die goue hekke van ons skooldae finaal sluit

fnWn n-@t.,le lag e” sekskeer. Almal trek hulle skooldrag aan en spring m die swembad. Die onwilliges word ingehelp! Ons sal op mekaar se rokke skryf, en daardie aand sal daar 'n heer-

afsketdnneem! W°rd' S°dat Ons vk oulaas van mekaar kan

opttU. &p"£ 5"L\^be°f«ny “ ,k00,"“ * m 1““

DIANA HENNESSY (Matriek)

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FRENCH CONTRIBUTIONS Au Marché

II est dix heures du matin, et Marie et moi allons au marché. D abord, nous alons voir les fromages. Mon panier est encore léger. Nous achetons un gros fromage jaune, et nous reprenons notre chemin. — “Les artichauts sont très chers ce mois-ci,” dit Marie, “mais les choux-fleurs sont bon marché, prenons-en un. Nous achetons aussi un kilo de pommes de terre que je mets dans mon panier. Puis, nous regardons les carottes . . . Mais elles ne sont pas bien fraîches; elles sont mangées par de sales petits insectes

Ensuite, nous allons voir les fruits. H y a beaucoup de fram boises et de cerises qui sont très bon marché. Quels beaux fruits . . . et pas chers du tout. .. J'achete un petit panier de framboises pour deux francs, un ananas, des goyaves, des poires, et une douzaine de pommes. Maintenant, mon panier est très lourd, et Marie doit m'aider á le porter. Mais L'horloge de l'Hotel de ville sonne. II est déjà midi et quart....

ELIZABETH SWEMMER (Middle V)

Dialogue

Quand mon père est rentré du bureau, hier soir ma mère lui a préparé elle-même une tasse de thé. Elle est allée aussi lui chercher le journal.

“Comment était la journée au bureau?” lui a-t-elle demandé tendrement.

Mon père était surpris. Qu’est-ce qu’il y a?” a-t-il demandé.

— “Rien

Au bout de quinze minutes: .

“Marc, il y a une nouvelle pièce de théâtre à la Gaîté-----

Un” euh” est venu de derrière le journal----

“Mme. Beaumont l’a vue. Elle m’a dit que c’était merveilleux”

Un nouveau “euh . . . v .

Puis, le silence. Mon père n’est pas très intelligent pour ce qui est de ces choses-là. Enfin, il a compris.

“Est-ce que tu veux aller au théâtre?” .

“Oui, bien sûr”. Ma mère était heureuse d’avoir un mari si intelligent.

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“Mais, ma chérie, je n’ai vraiment pas envie de sortir ce soir. Je suis trop fatigué . . .” Et je n’ai pas envie de me mettre en grand tra-la-la”

— “Tu vois comme un champignon . . . Tu ne penses qu’à rester à la maison à lire ton journal. Les Beaumont vont au théâtre une fois par semaine. Tu ne m’aimes pas, voilà. Et elle est sortie du salon en courant....

Hier soir, mes parents sont allés au théâtre.

JENEFER SHUTE (Ante-Matric)

* * *

Les Exagérations De La Mode

Brigitte et son amie Suzanne rentraient à pied chez elles, tout en parlant de la mode actuelle.

Brigitte: Que penses-tu du mouvement hippie d’aujourd’hui? Suzanne: Ah, il me semble qu’il demeure à un stade de mode vestimentaire.

Brigitte: Oui, mais je crois que c’est une mode qui reflète, tout de même, la personnalité d’un hippie qui est, avant tout, nonviolent.

Suzanne: Je suis d’accord. ,

Brigitte: C’est une mode qui exprime la liberté et la douceur il y a des fleurs et des clochettes partout.

Suzanne: En effet, c’est une vraie fête de costumes étonnants extravagants, mais très beaux en général. Qu’en dis-tu?

11 Brigitte: J’aime bien voir porter ces robes. De plus, j’aime aller dans les petites rues où l’on découvre des

boutiques à surprises. Là, peut-être trouvera-t-on une merveilleuse robe marocaine ou un poncho mexicain.

MA?KZoanne\°Vi’ ifn effet * * • D y a aussi des bijoux orientaux et des bagues à clochettes. Rien n’y manque

en 0* ce*)ours,> fespere pouvoir acheter une veste

en peau de chevre, ou 1 une de ces capes romantiques .

sédukan^Ma^t-0611!; mode est exa8érée. et en même temps sauisante! Mais combien de temps va-t-elle durer?

Brigitte: Qui sait? . . . En attendant, vive les fleurs

VICTORIA WALKER (Matric)

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LATIN CONTRIBUTIONS Canis Causa

Olim puella pulchra, nomine Ilia, Habitabat in casa parva. Canem habebat et cotidie mane in agris ambulabant. Sed aliquando canis malus erat et cucuerit a puella. Ilia diu eum petebat. Tandem canem in silva magna et densa capit.

Puella et canis magno-pere timebant. Nox appropinquavit et dormiebant prope fluvium latum et rectum. Regis filius per fluvium scapha venit et Iliam vidit. Eam amat. Iliam et canem ad regiam ducit et puellam patri suo, regi, monstrabat. Ducit Iliam in matrimonium et cum rege in regia magna laete habitant.

LOUISA BEALE (Lower V)

* * *

Puellae et Nautae

Vespere quattuor puellae pulchrae, sed stultae in silva densa ambulabant. Cantabant et currebant neque spectabant ubi ambulabant. Mox viam suam amittebant. Apri multi in silva erant et puellae timebant et clamorem magnum faciebant. Prope silvam mare erat et nautae multi in ora stabant. Nauta unus clamores magnos audiebat et tres amicos suos vocabat. Currebant in silvam et puellas reperiebant. Nautae puellas ab silva ad oram capiebant. Quod puellae nautarum uxores bonas facient, nautae puellas in matrimonium ducebant et in insula omnes habitabant.

PHILIPPA FREER (Lower V)

* # * *

Rus

Herba longa et arbores virides caelum caeruleum, nubes graciles iacent in agris pulchris : est Pax.

Aves dulciter cantant. Ardet sol audax.

Fluvius limpidus trepidat in saxis,

Laete pisces salient fortibus claudis, torquent in aqua, sub frondibus.

Tranquillitas, pax, silentium — hoc est rus.

CHRISTINE SPENCE (Middle V)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Fabula de Icaro Malo

Olim domina magna in casa vetere habitabat Animalia multa et canes magnos habebat. Aliquando Icarus, vir malus in portem casae ambulabat, dominam terrere volebat. Sed canes clamores magnos faciebant et brachium eius mordebant.

Ab casa Icarus ad viam currebat neque umquam reveniet.

SARAH VISSER (Lower V)

* * * *

Fabula Maesta

Gaius in villa prope oram vixit. Cotidie ambulabat prope mare. Ajnabat villam suam et mare magnum et erate feliciasimus. Olim ubi ambulavit, vaccam ante se spectavit. Subito vacca dixit “Venisti, venisti, tibi aliquid dicere volo.”

Gaius timuit, sed ad vaccam ivit. “Hode tu manu dextra mulieren quam amas interficies et omnes gentes te non amabunt.” Gaius vaccam non amabat. Cur interficere debuit unam feminam quam amavit? Quod vaccam non amat, earn gladio suo aspero interfecit. Gaius aubito aeger erat neque quid viedbat. “Ubi est vacca quam inter-feci?” dixit Gaius, “possum videre milierem quam amo. Habet vulnus in pectone suo. Vacca se mutaverat in mulierem et earn interfeci. Árat tristtissimus.

Nunc Gaius ambulat per silvas, herbas edit et animalibus multa dicit. Semper erit solus et tristissimus.

POLLY PARK (Middle V)

* * * *

Canis Meus

Canem parvum habebam, eum ad fluvium repperi, igitur Tiberum eum vocabam et eum magnopere amavi.

Tiberus tamen malus erat, is a me erravit.

In silvas frigidas ambulabat, et a fluviis multis bibit.

Subito ingens leo ei advenit, miserum Tiberum saeve vulnerabat, eum interfecit et devoravit, non duitius Tiberus vivebat.

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Ego nunc tristtissima sum, sed alium canem eman.

Nequ hunc umquam relinquam solum in eo amorem omnem pona.

LOUISE GORDON-SMITH (Middle V)

* * * *

Cur Viri Semper Solum unam uxorem habent?

In Africa erat gens virorum. Alii agricolae erant, agros frumenti habuerunt, alii in silvis animalia hastis interfecerunt.

Dux dives homo erat. Multas uxores ei erant, mox centum habuit, quod aestate quaque aliquas in matrimonium duxit.

Tamen una hieme multum frigus erat et quod omnia animalia mortua erant et atrox ventus frumentum agricolarum deleverat, nuUus cibus erat populo toti.

In Africa viri semper cibum reppererunt dum mulieres filias cibum parare docent. Nunc dux cibum omnibus suis uxoribus dare non potuit. Itaque ipse omnia edit. Uxores iratae erant et nocte ilia eum interfecerunt. Omnes viri magnopere timuerunt itaque nunc viri semper solum unam uxorem habent.

RUTH WILLIAMSON (Upper V)

* * *

In Ludo

Marcus et Septimus sunt pueri. Sunt fratres, sunt filii viri divitis. Aestate ruri in casa vivunt; hieme in urbe Roma habitant. Uterque habet servum qui eius ludi libros portat. Eorum pater, consul, magistro privato duobus filiis utitur. Aliquando, dum in ludo sunt mali esse volunt. Marcus ambu-lavit ad magistri mensam. In ea clavum posuit. Septimus dixit "In capite clavum tetigis, Marce!" Riserunt. "Silentium!" Marcus iussit "Magister venit." Magister intravit. "Hodie carmina Ver-rilii legeums" Sedit "Ecce! sum saucius! O quid est hoc? Clavum! Fecistine hoc Marce? Fesistine hoc Septime? Ubi ei fratres sunt?

Sed fratres fugerant.

JENNIFER STILL (Middle VI)

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JUNIOR SCHOOL NEWS

There has been great activity in the Junior School this year. We started the year without the Upper IV's who are now part of the Senior School.

As we have felt the need for some kind of stimulus for work and play, we have introduced the "House System" and have divided the School into three Houses viz: Lawrence, Earle and Scott Pupils are being given the opportunity of scoring points for their Houses through their efforts at work and play. We wish to stress the positive aspect of work. At the end of each term a Cup is awarded to the House that obtains the most points for school-work. A Sports Trophy is also awarded to the House which scores most points for Gymnastics, Deportment, Tennis, Swimming and Netball. We also award a framed Picture to the House with the least number of points against it. Points against are given for work not handed in, work not done, work not learnt, forgetting books, being late and general lack of self-discipline. The Sports Trophy was donated by Mrs. Thomton-Smith. the Picture by Mrs. Forrest and Mrs. Coetzee and the Cup for Academic Work by Mrs. Kuhn.

The Music Shield is still awarded. Points here are given for progress made by the pupils who take piano lessons.

As was reported in last year's magazine, 1972 was the International Book Year. We have made great strides in modernising our Fiction and Reference Libraries, acquiring many new books and cataloguing them. The acquisition of new books was made possible by the generosity of parents, pupils, staff and friends who donated books that were on display at some of our P.T.A. meetings. Books were also bought from proceeds raised by the Roedean Ramble which was held at the Grand Central Circuit on ⑧ • The S.A.O.R.A. was also very generous in giving us a cheque for library books. We thank them most sincerely.

Eveiyone worked hard to make the Ramble the success it was. The Transition was awarded the Class Prize, in recognition tor which they were given a treat. They chose to go to the Pretoria Zoo m the school bus! With their form teacher, Mrs. Forrest, and Miss Johnston who drove the bus, they had a most en-

{hefLmeStotchool ^ Under ** trees at Fountains*

Lawrence and Earle also qualified for prizes — Lawrence for collecting the most money and Earle for obtaining the maximum sponsorship for Roedean. With their prize money, they k£d?

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presented the Junior School with a set of the Children's Britannica for which we thank them.

On Wednesday, June 14th, we celebrated St. Margaret's Day m the traditional manner. Earle won the Laurel Wreath and Clare Whitmg (Earle House) was the Victrix Ludorum.

The Lower IV classes have been on three outings this year. In the first term they visited the Africana Museum where Miss Chapman gave a most informative talk on the 1820 Settlers. In July, a most enjoyable afternoon was spent at the National Research Institute for Occupational Diseases. Our girls were particularly interested in the baboons in the dustrooms and the cutting and mousing of lung tissue. We are most grateful to Professor Webster for having arranged the visit. At the end of the year they enjoyed an outing to the Voortrekker Museum and Monument, and, after a picnic lunch, wandered around Pretoria Zoo.

We should like to thank the mothers who so willingly provided transport for these excursions.

During the August holidays, a few girls from the Lower IV atended First Aid Classes given by the Red Cross Society. They also visited Nazareth House where they entertained the inmates with songs and dances and afterwards gave them a tea-party.

We continue to give Easter eggs at Easter and sweets at Christmas time to the Witkoppen Clmic. The garments we

knitted during the winter term also went to the Witkoppen Clinic.

Tennis and netball matches and swimming galas were arranged against Auckland Park, St. Andrews, Redhill, Kingsmead and St. Mary's. A most successful and enjoyable House Swimming Gala was arranged and everyone from Kindergarten to Lower IV took part. The competition was keen and Lawrence House won the Gala.

We are proud to record that Lynne Somerville was chosen to represent Southern Transvaal in the Under 10 Division at the Schools' Inter-Provincial Diving Competition held in Bloemfontein in November.

This year we have introduced Ballet classes and Riding Lessons, both of which have proved popular.

For Parents' Day we had a varied programme. Kindergarten and Transition spelt out the word "WELCOME" and then acted a Diay _ "A Tale of a Tail" — in which they told us why the guinea-pig has no tail! Form III then presented their play, Jose, the Candlemaker", the attractive scenery for which was made by the girls themselves. Then everyone proceeded outside to watch Forms I and II do a gymnastic display and the Lower IV Volk-

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spele on the lawn in glorious sunny weather. After tea, our parents came to look at our books, projects, art and handwork.

Forms I and III have enjoyed working in their enlarged, wall-to-wall carpeted classrooms. The architects had to enlarge in an already confined courtyard and it is to their credit that the final result is most pleasing — arched glassed-in doorways and a colonnade with a row of twin pillars. The Transition and Form

II classrooms have also had larger windows fitted.

As we now have our own projector, the P.T.A. veiy kindly provided us with black-out curtains, which are both functional and decorative. They also gave us a screen and a projector stand. We are very grateful for these gifts.

We acknowledge with thanks a donation from the 1972 Lower IV who will be going into the Senior School next year.

* ♦ * *

Leaders

In a little African Tribe in Africa there lived a very artful leader. Whenever there was a battle he tricked his enemies and won the battle. He did a terrifying war-dance to make his enemies so scared and nervous that they gave-in. The leader got very proud and vain. You know the expression "Pride comes before a fall?"

One day it was the first day of battle and the leader had completely forgotten all about it. He had gone to the Beer Festival and had got drunk. While he was drunk he suddenly remembered about the war. So he and his warriors put on their war-dance clothes and got their weapons. Then they went out to do their war-dance. They were so drunk they did a lovely war-dance.

Their enemies were so fascinated that they had new strength. During that battle the leader was killed and so his tribe became the enemies tribe.

SARAH CALBURN (Form I) .

* * * *

The Stray Dog

JJPon a time there was a mother spaniel who was having puppies. The owner of the dog was very cruel and harsh and would not allow her to have puppies.

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The spaniel's name was Tammy and at last she had her puppies and her mistress took the puppies when they were big enough, and locked the gate. Tammy was very upset, but she could not do anything about it.

All her poor puppies died except one and he lived under a drain for a long time and fed on rats. But one night it rained and he came out of the drain and ran to our house and into the kitchen.

He went into an empty basket that we have had for years and fell asleep. The next morning I went into the kitchen and saw the puppy. When I saw it I felt sorry for it and gave it a nice meaty bone and some warm milk. When my mother and father saw it, they said I could have it, so I did.

A month later the mistress of Tammy was driving a car and had a crash and was killed. So Tammy came to live with Puck (that was the puppy's name) and I kept them both for pets.

SUZANNE HOFFE (Form I)

* * 41 *

A Small Fortune

The hot drowsy afternoon sun was just sinking down in the west. A small African boy named Phutu was kicking a small tatty ball down a cobbled street. This ball to Phutu was home, friend and everything he possessed. Phutu had no

mother as far as he remembered and if he did have, he had no love for her.

The streets were very uncrowded so Phutu jogged and played with his ball. His cracked and dry skin showed signs of his rough background.

Suddenly a little silver thing gleamed among the silent cobble stones. Yes! it was a five cent piece! A small fortune to Phutu.

He thought he would go to the city and buy football boots and a cricket bat and a packet of sweets. This indeed would be a change from an old toffee packet on which Phutu relied. This he did because the smell from the packet made Phutu dream of better times.

The next day, he went to the Cafe and asked Mr. Kastelis, the cafe owner, for a cricket bat. He said, "Are you mad boy?"

Phutu went around very sadly. He never realised how little money is worth. The fat Mr. Kastelis in the grey jacket and dinner bow made Phutu feel somewhat small and forgotten in this large world. He ran for a while and cuddled his ball, then

cried and cried. KATHRYN GAWITH (Form III)

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Owls

The owl is the king of the birds,

Sweeping with wonder and Mighty with awe.

The wise owl he sits Making learned remarks,

Hooting disdainfully when the wild dog barks.

He's mournful with wisdom,

Listless with thought,

No jokes will he make The owls must be taught That philosophy he knows!

The barn owl he flies on The wings of the mist,

Pouncing on mice with His clawing talons that bring Death to the lower creatures who Are cowed with his wing.

ELIZABETH KENTRIDGE (Form III)

* * *

The Walk

Fit and strong my energy's new,

Just like the early morning dew,

And now I'm as fit as a fiddle,

No time to dally, diddle diddle.

Here I am fit and smart,

Walking up to the start,

Here I am in the crowd Feeling big, strong and proud.

There goes the whistle now to walk, Mustn't be slow, no time to talk,

Come on now let us jog,

But just look at that lazy log!

Hear we are, at the end,

Just one more little bend,

Now I'm quite tired,

But some one's already retired.

Now we're going round the last bend, But I need some more legs to 'lend',

The barrels are now walking away.

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Oh no! this is going to take all day.

Only five more steps to go,

But now I'm going awfully slow,

Only a few more steps to go,

Will I make it?

I have! I've done it! I've made it!

JACKIE BEALE (Lower IV)

* * *

Bubbles

Bubbles bubbling from a stream,
Bubbles drifting through the air.
Many colours never seen,
One tries to handle them with care.
Bubbles emerge of every size,
Small, big and even bigger,
Bubbling from the stream they rise,
One can never count the figure.
Bubbles soaring through the air,
Are reflected by the sun,
Colours repeating, Oh! so rare,
Until they pop, one by one.
DEBBIE FREEMANTLE (Lower IV)

* * *

The Big Walk

Last Saturday it was our big walk It really seemed just like a talk!
All the time our sponsors were filling To get to the sponsors was most killing.
At the stalls there were many treats,
One of them was a cup of sweets!
There were cakes and biscuits — all home-made,
None were given until the people were paid!
Most people were walking with their brothers and sisters,
By the time they were finished
They were covered in blisters!
The track which we walked on was covered in stones,
When you walked past somebody, all you heard were moans.
Soon a stall comes in sight, .
And with that you start walking with all your might!
Seven laps were done,

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And it was twenty-five past twelve!
Sunddenly I had an urge to run,
Over the gravel I seemed to fly!
Soon the barrels came in sight,
And you know —
That is the end of your flight!
The man at the barrels tells you
You're not allowed to walk any more
But to go to the table and add up your score!
C. HOFFE (Lower IV)

* * *

A Mass Of Mauve Colour

The Jacaranda trees stand on the pavements in rows and rows of exquisite glory. The bright sun-shine shines on the glittering, dewy and pretty mauve flowers. A purple mass of flowers lie strewn across the road looking like a carpet. Brown branches peep out from behind the beautiful blossoms and the “fern” green leaves can be seen. In the distance these magnificent trees stand out oblivious to everything else surrounding them.
j. Someti^es» the clouds go grey, the sky darkens and the wind whistles and blows. Suddenly the sky bursts and down comes the pounng ram causing the Jacarandas to sway to and fro whilst the dainty, delicate and graceful blooms drop to the ground. The storm continues and the beautiful, mauve trees hang their branches m misery as they watch their flowers fall onto the road.
After the ram, cars whizz round the corner and sauadi th<^ precious, beautiful, blossoms. With the ruined, squashed blossoms they also leave a dirty trail of smoke behind.

ELIZABETH HOYLE (Lower IV)

* * * *

The National Research Institute For Occupational Diseases

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exposed to different kinds of dust which are blown into the rooms for eight hours a day, five days a week. However, the animals are put on the roof for three weeks a year.

We then went to see the baboons and monkeys which had recently come from the Bushveld. They are fed on Epol pellets, oranges, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and are given vegetables twice a week to keep their teeth clean. They would be tested to make sure they did not have T.B. or any other diseases. They then would be taken to the Dust Rooms, where they would remain for one to two years.

One by one we filed into the rooms where rats, hamsters and budgies are kept. Dust is put into their lungs and then later the research workers cut up their lungs and see what effect the dust has had. There were also rabbits which are put in Dust Rooms for a certain time, and then kept until they die and the lungs are cut up. *

Later we went into another room where we watched people slicing a lung very thinly. After hardening the section it is mounted on paper and looks as if it is a drawing. They also cut a tiny section of a lung with sharp glass. It was put on a grid and then it was ready for the microscope. Then we were taken to see how they magnify lung tissue a thousand times. The machine is the only one in the southern hemisphere.

Afterwards we went to the Bacteriology Room. A research worker showed us organisms growing on a plate. They were growing away from certain drugs that could kill them. We were told that T.B. organisms take two weeks to grow, but that others grow overnight. It was most interesting.

We went back to the lecture theatre to see a few slides and were pleased when we were given cokes. We returned to school knowing that we had learned a great deal.

KIRSTIN SHARPE (Lower IV)

* * * *

The Flight Of Birds

The birds all rise from the ground with one accord fluttering their wings as they take off. At first they quiver, but then, flying in a V-shape, they begin gliding and drifting along.

They skim over the tree tops, swerving and swooping. Whenever their leader hovers, they hover too. Squirrels and little wild animals watch them hurtle overhead as though they are wonderfully free. The birds always fly in the same direction, never turn-

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ing around to go the other way as they strive against the wind. At last the birds float down and settle on the tree-tops, twittering to each other.

Then once more they soar up again and, flying in perfect formation, they swiftly dart away over the desolate moors, their weird wild call becoming fainter and fainter as they disappear in the distance.

LUCY STRATTEN (Lower IV)

* * * *

Guy Fawkes Night

As my father put rockets into bottles and Roman Candles into the ground I began to get excited. I knew there was nothing special about fire-works, but it was fascinating to watch brightly coloured fire-works being set alight.

All of a sudden there was a stillness in the air. Then the strike of a match broke the silence. The glow revealed a wick which would soon be burnt to nothing. Then after a sputtering and hissing, the blue, yellow and red sparks spilt over the candle, bathing the grass in a storm of colour. I felt amazed that gunpowder could be transformed into something so beautiful. I felt as though I could run and scatter the sparks over the ground. As the sparks died down Daddy ran up, and then, after another strike of a match, a rocket shot up, soaring into the open, then diving down with a halo of brilliant colour. As it whizzed through the air my heart seemed to jump into my mouth and I sat awe-stricken, like a figure of lead. Suddenly the comet-like flame swooped towards the ground. Then, before I knew what had happened, the dazzling Catherine Wheels spun round and round. They made me so dizzy that I felt as though I was whirling round in a dream.

the fireworks, we sat round the fire and heard the spine chilling story of Guy Fawkes. Gradually the fire died down and we sat in a blanket of darkness, subdued and thoughtful.

x* | . ^ i echoed in the still darkness. I

practically jumped out of my skin from nervousness. Everybody dashed inside, thankful to get out of the cold to the friendly chatter and warmth indoors. J

HARRIET WIFFEN (Lower IV)

S.A.O.R.A. Officials

Hon. President:

Mrs. W S. Somerville, 38 Victoria Street, Oaklands, Johan-nesburg.

Hon. Secretary:

Mrs. J Dando, 29 Desborough Avenue, Winston Ridge Johannesburg.

Hon. Treasurer:

Mrs. W. Lane, 8 Sunnyside Road, Orchards, Johannesburg Hon. Secretary, Great Britain:

Mrs. P. Munro, Thurle Beeches, Streatly, Berkshire, England. Committee; Great Britain:

Muriel Blackett, Gwen Newnham, Bertha Haggart.

Diana Peaver (Devonport), is very willing to welcome any S.A.O.R.A. member at her flat in London, especially any young ones wanting to make contact. Her address is: 51, Wynnstay Gardens, Allen Street, Kensington, London W.8, 6UU, England. Telephone: 937-1042 London.

Hon. Secretary, Cape Peninsula:

Mrs. Francis Duncan, Rustenvrede Avenue, Constantia, Cape Province.

Hon. Secretary, Durban:

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Mrs. Adelaide Allchurch, 90 Prospect Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth.

Hon. Secretary, Zambia:

Mrs. Meryl Abbot, P.O. Box 899, Kitwe, Zambia.

Life membership of the S.A.O.R.A. is R6.30. All payments should be made payable to the S.A.O.R.A. and sent to:

Mrs W. Lane, c/o Roedean School, and all changes of name and address sent to: Mrs. Barbara Dando, c/o the school.

The Charlotte Roberts Trust Bursary will be offered in 1975 and every second year thereafter. The amount will be equivalent to half a year's fees for a day-girl for five years. The Trustees are anxious that preference should be given to the children of Old Roedeanians. The Roedean Trust offers a Bursary to a girl wishing to enter Roedean School into Standard VI.

Information about both these Bursaries may be obtained from the Headmistress.

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The S.A.O.R.A. Committee

Hon. President:

Alison Somerville.

Hon. Secretary:

Barbara Dando.

Hon. Treasurer: Elizabeth Lane.

Committee Members: _ _ _ ...

Ouida MacArthur, Moira Davis, Margo Teeling-Smitn, Yvonne Harden, Jennifer Kinghom, Ann Lorentz, Jock Barlow, Fiona Wardrop, Joyce Jones, Martha Read. Headmistress' Nominee, Marion Davis.

* * * *

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

BAIKIE, Helen, 4, Mazoe Road, Emmarentia (Father Dec.)

BA1LLIE, Lynda, 106, The Drive, Westdene, Benoni.

ALLEN, Jennifer, 27, 7th Street, Lower Houghton.

ASCHAM, Sally, 9th Road, Hyde Park.

BRASSEY, Amanda, 57A, Middle Road, Momingside, P.O. Benmore.

CHAN YAN, Jacqueline, P.O. Box 25, Beaconsfield, C.P.

COATES, Susan, Block A, 14, Bryanston Crescent, Bryanston. CARRUTHERS, Jane, 21, Kilkenny Road, Parkview.

DUTTON, Marion, P.O. Box 35, Sasolburg, O.F.S.

DALLAMORE, Georgina, P.O. Box 67119, Bryanston. (Father Dec.)
 DE KLERK, Elizabeth, 16, Seventh Street, Houghton.
 FARR AND, Dorothy, 3, St. John's Road, Upper Houghton.
 ELSWORTH, Anne, 105, Olympia Place, 88, Corlett Drive, Birnam. GARDEN, Sarah, 21, Methwold Road, Saxonwold.
 GRIEVE, Merilyn, Balcarres, 25, Private Road, off Ridge Road, Links-field Ridge.
 HENDERSON, Patricia, 99, Sutherland Avenue, Hurlingham.
 HALL, Janet, P.O. Box 8, Mataffin, E.Tvl.
 HENNESSY, Diana, 11, 11th Avenue, Lower Houghton.
 HOYLE, Jane, Mother: 35A, 11th Avenue, Parktown North. Father: Box 65030, Benmore.
 IUEL, Marietta, Glenshiel, P.O. Box 1, Haenertsburg, N.Tvl.
 JENNINGS, Susan, 508, Denor House, Cor. Smith and Field Streets Durban.
 JOBLING, Lyle, 19, Lovat Road, Hurlingham.
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 JANKOWITZ, Carey, 15, Darnaway Road, Forest Town.
 JOUBERT, Louise, 82, Boundary Road, Illovo.
 KAMP, Adriana, 3, Judith Road, Emmarentia.
 KEYS, Jessica, Mornington, 85, 5th Street, Houghton.
 KOSCIANSKA Mariola, 54, Westleigh Avenue, Wendywood, Sandton, Box 23810, Joubert Park.
 LAROQUE, Kathryn, 53, Wrenrose Avenue, Birdhaven.
 MACKINTOSH, Barbara, 5, Heytor Road, Victory Park Ext. 8, Johannesburg.
 MARCHAND, Susan, 41, Cleveland Road, Sandhurst.
 MATTERSON, Susan, 47, Houghton Drive, Lower Houghton. MACARTHUR, Pippa, 35, St. Peters Road, Houghton.
 MACKEURTAN, Maryanne, Bute Lane, Sandown.
 MASSEY, Jill, 33, Sunnyside Avenue, Westdene, Benoni.
 MONBERG, Jytte, P.O. Box 23, Ruiru, Kenya.
 NORVAL, Dawn, 62, 5th Street, Springs.
 CRAWFORD-NUTT, Anne, 57, Fulham Road, Rossmore.
 PARNELL, Delia, 15, Carlow Road, Parkview.
 PINKNEY, Maie, 7, 11th Avenue, Lower Houghton.
 POWELL, Michele, Yam Seng, Chesham Road, Bryanston.
 RAMSDEN, Angela, 16, Highveld, 112, Harpur Avenue, Benoni. ROLLNICK, Donna, Flat 4, 8, Junction Avenue, Parktown.
 STEIN, Phillipa, 1, Pallinghurst Road, Parktown.
 SUMMERLEY, Pamela (Mother), 111, 12th Street, Parkmore, Sandton, Johannesburg.
 VICKERMAN, Janet, Plettenberg Bay.
 VIELER, Gillian, 102, Fife Avenue, Houghton.
 VINCENT, Gillian, Farm Duart, P.O. Box 4, Val, Tvl.
 WALKER., Victoria, 14, Escombe Avenue, Parktown.
 WATSON, Nicola Farnell, 60, Coronation Road, Sandhurst.
 WARDROP, Janet, 18, Northwold Drive, Saxonwold.
 WHITING, Barbara, 3, Elfinwold Road, Saxonwold.
 ZWARENSTEIN, Lynn, 25, Hoepfner Street, Klein Windhoek, S.W.A.

* * * *

News of Friends

BIRTHS:

Rosemarie Emery (Thompson) twin sons.

Diana Gaylard (Roper) a daughter, Jeanne Margaret.

Patricia Coombe (Lister) a son, Duncan.

Anthea Bristowe (Paton), a second daughter, Philippa Helen. Annette Young (Leimer) a daughter, Elsa Jennifer.

Patricia Artelme (Kane) a third son, Mark Celicourt.

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Elizabeth Dalhuisen (Scholtens) a son, Lucas Ferdinand. Rosalind Milbank (Townshend) a son, Robert Andrew.
Elizabeth Dunn (Pott) a son, Iain Michael.
Tanya Kochschild (Polonsky) a son.
Sarah Jobling (Henwood) a son, Jeremy Charles.
Diana Cohen (Leon) a son.
Susan Leuner (Roberts) a daughter.
Shirley Walker (Gilchrist) a son, Warren John.
Jane Hulley (Roberts) a son.
Marylou Henderson (de Guingand) a son.
Camilla Thompson (Woodhead) a son.
Hilary A mm (Grimmer) a son.
Sally Payne (Milligan) a daughter.
Ann van Dijk (Fleming) a son.
Prudence Nicholson (Morris) a daughter, Philippa.

* 4c * *

ENGAGEMENTS:

Elizabeth Wise to Norman Woollacot.
Margaret Ratledge to Andries de Wet.
Frances Wells to Stewart Winkworth.
Ronwen Lewis to Ian Lapping, brother of Frances, marrying March 30th.
Deirdre Japhet to Hon. Colin Orr-Ewing, marrying April 7th.

* * * *

MARRIAGES:

Bridget Read to James Miller, both are doctors, married February 10th.
Ann Black to Neil Why sal.
Jane Harriss to Gabriel Simaan.
Monica Marwick to Paul Withrington.
Anne Bullivant to David Wallis.
Pamela Pethick to Patrick Vickers.
Mrs. Nell Johnstone (née Luscombe) to John Inglis.
Heather Farquharson to John Michael McEwan.
Sally-Ann Kay to Patrick Kane.

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Susan Barry to Francis Hay.
Dr. Marilyn Phillips to Dr. Tim Partridge.
Sally Anderson to Michael Matthews.
Alison Place to Peter George Robert Warren.
Pamela Ann Gibson to John Hal McCann Spencer.

* * * *

We were delighted to have Peggy Monro (Hubbard) with us on Foundation Day. She spoke at the meeting and told us all about the S.A.O.R.A. in London.

Because of high costs and the difficulty of finding a suitable rendezvous, there is no longer an organised event for South African Old Roedeans, but the Brighton Old Roedeans provide a South African table at their A.G.M. where we are welcome to gather.

Peggy stressed that she would be happy to help all S.A.O.R.A. members travelling in Britain. Her address is: Thurle Beeches, Strealy, Berkshire.

Diana Peaver (Devonport) is also very willing to welcome any of us at her flat in London, and especially young old Roedeans wanting to make contact in England. Her address is:

51, Wynnstay Gardens, Allen Street, Kensington, London W.8, 6 U.U.

More news from England comes from Rosemary Falcon (Patterson), whose husband has been transferred there for two years. They are living in a 15th century cottage — part of a large Georgian house — in 2\ acres of park like garden, the children have been placed in excellent schools and already the Falcons are wondering how they will settle down back home again.

Hilda Lott (Fisher) and her husband have moved from their flat in Tunbridge Wells to a little cottage in Mayfield, Sussex, where Dorothy Normand spent Christmas with them, as she has done for the past 26 years. Audrey Fry (Normand), Dorothy's sister, lives in Devon and they see her whenever possible. Hilda hopes that she will see Eileen Balcon (Leatherman) soon, as she too, lives not very far off.

Elizabeth Dalhuisen (Scholtens) writes that they have lived in London for three years and find it a marvellous place, especially as so many friends from all over the world pass through. Elizabeth sees Patricia Antelme (Kane) and Rosalind Milbank (Townshend) often and all three have sons born within a few months of each other. They also see Miss Dixon and Miss Burgess who enjoy hearing news of Old Roedeanians.

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Dairin Leigh-Bell lives off the King's Road in Chelsea and works for a Management Selection Company in Green Park. She met Carolyn Stuttaford, who is now at Hartwell House, and has heard that Erica Puckeridge is well and happy in Oxford.

Irma Lauben (Sims) and her husband expect to be in England for at least two years with trips to Alabama and Georgia to visit their daughters.

The day before leaving New York, Irma met Heather McDonald Rouse, who was on a business trip in the States.

On a recent visit to London Mevagh Glyn (Laing) saw Jeanne Altham (Portal), who lives in a beautiful house near Hitchin, spends time in a flat in Chelsea when her three sons are at school and holidays in their house in Spain.

Eva Cook (Sutter) and her husband have bought a 17th century pub in Lewes, which they run as a restaurant and tea room. Eva does the flowers, sells sweets and bakes cakes to be sold, whilst her husband does all the cooking for the restaurant.

Susan Barry is married and is now living in London and working as a physiotherapist at St. Mary's hospital.

Our good wishes go to Elspeth de Wet (Young) and her family on their three year transfer to England.

Further news from abroad was sent by Iris Bird (Kanthack) who enclosed this cutting from the Maine News Report concerning her daughter Cathie Parker.:

ISLAND RECORDS FIRST BIRTH IN 60 YEARS

Hurricane Island — a child has been born on Hurricane Island for the first time in over 60 years.

The once flourishing stone cutting island in Penobscot Bay is the site of the world-famous Hurricane Island Outward Bounds School (HIOBS).

Rachel Parker was born around 9 p.m. Sunday, to Program Director Ralph and Mrs. Kate Parker. Rachel is their third child. The Parkers come from England and South Africa.

Spartan lives are lived by the staff as well as those taking the renowned survival courses at HIOBS, and there is only one cabin furnished with electric power by generator — that of School Director Peter Willauer.

An operating table was improvised in the big first aid tent and taken to the Willauer cabin.

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Meantime, Dr. Ralph P. Earle, physician of the Islands Community Medical Service on neighbouring Vinalhaven, was brought over in one of the school's boats.

Everything went well and both baby Rachel and Mrs. Parker are reported in fine condition.

No less an authority than Thomas Fleming, 78, Rockland, who was born on Hurricane Island during the heyday of its granite-cutting industry, said that nobody had been born on Hurricane since 1912.

Iris has been away visiting her far-flung family — Kit in Jamaica, Cathie wintering in Massachusetts and Rosemary Jenkins, first in Dublin and later in Italy. Rosemary and her husband have bought an old farmhouse in Tuscany, their four children attend village schools and are quite fluent in Italian. Rosemary was delighted to find that Alison Pineschi (Roux) lives in Sienna, not far away.

Frances Milligan (Bird) has gone to England to visit her eldest son who is at school in Ireland, but she will be back soon to carry on her physiotherapy at Kloof.

Enjoying life in Toronto with a busy husband and five children is Margaret le Riche (Cardross Grant). Toronto feels like home after 20 years, says Margaret, although family ties span the Atlantic and two hemispheres.

Bunty Mika (Kean) is not far away from Toronto. Margaret ends her letter by saying that she would welcome visitors.

Jane Evans, Marita McLaren and Rosemary Atmore (Holliday) were all unable to attend Foundation Day because they were overseas and Monica Withrington (Marwick) regretted being unable to attend as she is now living abroad.

From nearer home comes news of the S.A.O.R.A. luncheon held at the Royal Hotel in Durban on June 13th 1972. It was organised by Molly-Anne Zaloumis (McWilliam Smith), Pat Hindle (Margie) and Gillian Cox (Key), who is the

Secretary of the Natal Branch. Pictures from the Daily News and the Natal Mercury show that it was indeed a gay and glamorous affair. The following Old Girls attended:

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S.A.O.R.A. Luncheon at The Royal Hotel, Durban, June 13th 1972

Mrs. Frances Milligan (Bird)

Mrs. Barbara Grasett (Baillie)

Mrs. Ann Pearce (Murray)

Mrs. Helga Gebers (Burgard)

Mrs. Noreen Mesham (Craib)

Mrs. Elizabeth Barker (James)

Mrs. Pamela James (Scott)

Miss Pippa James Miss Jessica Blades Mrs. Polly Kirk (Jerome)

Mrs. Pat Hindle (Margrie)

Mrs. Jenny Adair (Colere)

Mrs. Diane Case (Alexander)

Mrs. Jane Chambers (Fleming Orr) Mrs. Margo Morris (Hamer)

Mrs. Louise Reid (Young)

Mrs. Thelma Richmond-Cotton (Andrews)

Miss Judith Roberts Mrs. Noeleen Seward (Newland) Mrs. Peggy Stainbank (Steward) Mrs. Adele Thorsen (Alderson)

Mrs. Jane Tyndale Biscce (Alexander)

Mrs. Molly Ann Zaloumis (Mc-William Smith)

Mrs. N. Crowhurst Archer (Noreen Goldsbury)

Mrs. G. Armstrong (Glenys Rosser)

Mrs. M. Berge (Margaret van Nie-kerk)

Miss A. Bradford Mrs. A. Bristowe (Anthea Paton)

Mrs. M. Clarke (Mary Shave)

Mrs. J. Cox (Gillian Key)

Miss N. Davis

Mrs. P. de Gier (Sandra Mackenzie)

Mrs. J. Fraser (Janet Johnstone)

Mrs. Y. Bennison

Mrs. D. Sampson (Diane Denoon Duncan)

Mrs. A. de V. Harrison (Ann Burger)

Mrs. N. Duffus (Noeleen Herold)

Miss S. Heywood

Mrs. H. Morum (Helen Heywood)

Mrs. A. Fleming (Alison Ross)

Mrs. R. Wilson

Mrs. L. Parkin (Lisa Butterworth)

Mrs. A. Bradford (Ann Hallett)

Mrs. Anne Barrett (Tyrrell)

Mrs. Janet Gow (Vincent)

Mrs. Bird (Kanthack)

Ann Barrett (Tyrrell), one of those who attended the lunch has only recently moved to Durban from abroad. In Oxford, where her husband did research, Dr. Ann worked at a clinic, taking pram and sleeping babies with her. The Barretts spent two years in California as well and Ann's husband, Peter, is now senior lecturer in Physics at the University of Natal in Durban.

Ann's sister Jane Wimble has resigned from teaching to be housewife and mother.

Andora Twigg (Garlake) who farms near Maritzburg was sorry to miss the luncheon. Three of her four daughters are at boarding school at Girls' Collegiate where the present head girl is the daughter of Meg Wilson (Stuart). Andora sees a good deal of Jane Tyndale-Biscoe (Alexander).

Dorys Brown (Starfield) too, was unable to attend the luncheon. She writes, "I recall with delight an old Roedeonian dance in the 1920's when I shivered with apprehension to see T.L., K.M.E. and Buster (Dory's husband) shrieking

with laughter. I was told later that they were telling naughty stories.”

Meryl Abbott (Gnodde) writes from Kitwe, where she is the branch secretary, that she meets Mary Begg at a small twenty-

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bed clinic cum nursing home they built because private doctors have been forbidden the use of Government hospitals. Also there, is Katherine, Mary's sister and her doctor husband. Meryl and her husband expect to move back to South Africa this year.

From Gaberone Dorothy Yates, an Old Roedeanian of Roedean, Brighton, writes of her experiences since leaving St. John's College. In 1971 she and her husband had an educational tour of the U.S.A. through the South African/United States leader exchange programme and were impressed by the equipment in use. On their return to Africa they went to Botswana to their 50 acres outside Gaberone, moved in at the same time as the builders and thus lived in a tent for 6 months. "This wasn't too bad in the Winter when one could throw an extra blanket on one's camp bed", Dorothy writes. "But the Summer heat became almost unbearable. The tent became a school room for children taking their aptitude tests and in order to keep it cool enough we used to put our sheets over the roof and water them every half hour. The Land Rover was my husband's office and I used to serve tea there to the parents."

Dorothy and her husband are now in a house and would welcome visitors. Their school, with pupils from all parts of Africa, America, Canada and England is near the new Holiday Inn and not difficult to find.

Elizabeth Dunn (Pott) has a small son and in her "spare-time" teaches swimming at home.

Karin Luel (Carst) is still farming in the Haenertsburg area and her daughter, Marietta, is doing a B.A. at the University of Natal in Maritzburg.

From Gillian Moorcroft-Brown (Meyer) came a delightful photograph of herself and her four children. Gillian is now living on Vaal Reefs where she has been instrumental in starting the Westvaal branch of the Pony Club. Her daughters swim for Western Transvaal and she has started instructing life saving.

Dr. Marilyn Phillips took part in an archaeological expedition to South and Central America during March and April 1972. The expedition visited ancient Maya and Inca remains including the lost city of the Incas, Macchu Picchu, in Peru.

On her return Dr. Phillips married the leader of the expedition Dr. Tim Partridge, Chairman of the Witwatersrand Centre of the S.A. Archaeological Society, and will continue in private practice as a Specialist Anaesthetist.

Helen Creighton Jones (Corbett) spent a few weeks in Cape Town recently and saw Molly Impey (Reynolds) and Elsie Mere-

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dith (van Boescnoten) neither of whom is very well. Molly was in hospital after a serious operation. She and her husband live in an attractive flat high on the slopes of the mountain overlooking Cape Town. At the time of writing, Helen was about to visit Frances Kemp, mother of Mary, Pat and Boo.

Our congratulations to Carolyn Sutton who has completed her B.Sc. Degree at Wits, and is now doing honours, to Adymie Vermooten, who has graduated with a B.A. (Economics) and is now reading the diploma in Librarianship, to Patricia Barry, who has graduated with a B.A., from U.C.I., to Gillian Barry who has graduated with a B.A. from Wits, and is now doing honours, to Jill Carruthers on completing her B.Sc. Nursing. Jill is now doing midwifery at the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital.

Sally Ann Kay is also to be congratulated on her fine achievements at the Johannesburg College of Education where she graduated with distinction and received the Transvaal Teachers Association Award. Sally Ann is now teaching.

Diana Hearn has completed the Cordon Bleu Course in London and received her diploma. She is now living in Pisa. Her sister Maryon is in her second year at Rhodes studying for her B.A. in Physical Education.

Having returned from London to attend the wedding of her sister Margaret Thorpe (Doody), Winifred Doody is now working for the University Librarian at Wits.

Annette Andre de la Porte will be going to France, first to the Alliance Francaise and then to the Louvre to follow a Course in Arts and Civilisation.

Margaret Ogilvie (Greathead) will welcome any old girls to her home in the Eastern Transvaal. She and her husband have two daughters and a son.

Helen Stewart (Cluver) writes to say that her daughter, Catherine, has just started in Grade I and thinks Roedean is marvellous.

From Jill Whiting comes the news that her sister Barbie is studying for a B.A. at Maritzburg, recently having returned

from an overseas trip. Jill is still at the College of Music in Cape Town and is now studying for a diploma in clarinet. Ethne Bovet (Orr) reports the birth of her first grandchild, a son. Ethne often sees Nora Trew (Houtaker) Iris Tremayne (Bod-ley) Gill Palengat (Hutchings) and Rosemary Wingfield. Gill was visiting her parents in Spain at the time of writing.

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Deidre Hayhoe spent two and a half wonderful years in Australia before returning to South Africa via the Far East and Americas. She spent some time working on a farm in Natal and is now in Maritzburg having toured India, Nepal, Thailand and Ceylon.

Jenifer Hallett writes to tell us that Jennifer Rodda, daughter of Molly Mackay, has qualified as a primary and nursery school teacher and is now teaching at a junior school.

Rosemary Nourse studied for a B.A., majoring in Politics and English at the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg where she was a member of the S.R.C. and represented the University at squash. After qualifying she went to Southampton University where she entered the International Relations Department, worked for her M.Sc., and again represented the University at squash. Whilst in England she saw Sue Cohen, who is studying at Cardiff, and Deirdre Japhet, who is in London. Rosemary is now studying for a Teachers' Diploma at the University of Auckland in New Zealand.

Having completed a year's secretarial course and two years at University, Elizabeth Wise is now working as a tours officer of a touring company. She is to be married in November.

Lilith Wynne (Bond) and her husband have been transferred to East London after four happy years (and three children) in Johannesburg. They are living in Nahoon with their four children and a Golden Labrador which they acquired from Judy Tren (Aiken). Lilith would like to meet other Old Roedeanians in the area.

Ann Glendinnen writes that she is still at Irene Homes and that she misses Winifred Roux, a most dependable friend for 46 years, beyond words.

The changeover from school to University life was a little bewildering at first to Susan Marchand, who is studying medicine at Wits. "After all", she says, "there have never been more than 27 in my class and suddenly to be plunged in 207!"

Jane Pick is dancing with the Krefeld and Móchengladbach Company at the Stadtheater on the Rhine and will be returning to South Africa in June.

Gael Crawford-Nutt has completed her studies for her B.A. honours in French and is now doing her U.E.D. at the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg where she also hoped to lecture. Her sister Anne is in Maritzburg too studying for a B.A. in English and Maths.

Erica Thompson (Barry) hopes that she will be able to visit Roedean next year en route to Canada where she will stay with

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her daughter Jennifer. Erica was disappointed to see so few Old Roedeanians at the meeting in London as she feels it important for Old Girls to keep in touch.

Margaret Ratledge returned from Cape Town University to her home in Tsumeb S.W.A. at the end of 1972. She plans to do a Secretarial Course for 3 months after which she will return home to be married.

Frances Wells is teaching in Benoni and she will be married in April 1973.

Barbara Dando (Deighton) escorted Helga Bijsterveld (Sters-lunde) on a tour of Roedean during the Christmas holidays — Helga's first visit since leaving in 1950. After a nostalgic afternoon they were locked up in Bears by over-jealous painters who knocked off at 4 p.m. Barbara fails to mention how they escaped.

Barbara saw Molly Rathbone (Mills) when she called on Roedean on a visit from England. Molly was delighted to find a familiar "sameness" in spite of all the new buildings. She recalled a delightful story how Ella le Maitre had made her and Noelle Townsend (Holland) sing Sarie Marais to the whole school at Roedean Brighton.

Judy Currie who lives in Mbabane and Shirley-Ann Blow (Palmer) are two more Old Roedeanians whom Barbara has recently seen.

Kay Whiteman writes to say what a pleasure it is giving Frikkie Bury and Barbara Bailey who are on holiday here from England. Frikkie was a Housemistress and Teacher in the Junior School from January 1938 to December 1945 and, having retired from teaching in July 1972, has returned to South Africa for 6 months holiday.

Barbara Bailey too, was a Housemistress and Form Mistress in the Junior School and is a Roedean Brighton Old Girl. She retired in 1968 and has visited South Africa every 2 years since, but managed to visit Roedean only once in 1965.

Kate Thiselton (Greig) periodically visits her sister Davey Conacher and family in Auckland, New Zealand. From Western Province Preparatory School, where her husband is Headmaster, Janetta Dauncey (Bell) writes to tell us that two of her three daughters are at Herschel but loyally adds, "What a pity we are so far from Roedeana!" Dorothy Sumner gives brief news of herself and her sister Maud saying, "Maud busy painting in new studio. Dorothy busy training her dogs!"

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Whilst she was in Salisbury spending 2 months with her elder son, Daisy Davies (Nicol) met Rita Russell, which was a great joy.

Jean Searle (Garthwaite) says that she would like to hear news of her school friends and of current activities at Roedeana. Jean has a degree in Architecture, has practised in partnership and is now practising on her own. Work has been interspersed with travels to Europe, the Americas and the Far East.

In 1970 Jean married Warham Searle of Cape Town and they have been living in Cape Town ever since.

Jean's sister, Elizabeth Kumlebun has two children and lives in Bloemfontein.

Because she lives in Salisbury, Joan Fernsby (Lord) was unable to be with us on Foundation Day but she hopes to be able to make the visit some day.

Lynne Rivett-Carnac will be going overseas in June for about two years.

Mrs. W. Girdwood writes to say that after completing a Television Direction and Production Course, Julia worked on the first colour outside broadcast production in South Africa. She works part-time in the television section of the University and is now working for Kinekor Films.

Sally Moon (Girdwood) is married to an accountant and is working for a doctor.

From Francis Duncan, the Branch Secretary in Cape Town, comes news of an Old Roedeana luncheon, which the Cape Town branch now intends to make an annual event. Mrs. Freer was present and told the party about her recent visit to Roedeana.

Joyce Waring writes from Cape Town "Now that I have two grandchildren, Maxine van der Merwe and Jackie Kirchman, at Roedeana, and a great niece, Penny Zaloumis, I feel my ties with the school being renewed after all these years. It is forty years since I left school — a veritable lifetime and I am interested to hear from my grandchildren how 'life is now' at Roedeana".

We have built a glorious Sardinia home on the high, high slopes of Lion's Head. Our view is unbelievable and the peace of it! At night we can sit out forever it is so balmy, unlike the coldness of ministerial residences in Rondebosch and Pretoria all facing due South.

Elin Morris writes that her daughter, Christine Russell-Stevens, has two daughters, Clare and Sarah, and lives on a farm at Baynesfield. Prudence, after a two year period of being teacher-psychologist at Fulton School for the Deaf at Gilhams in Natal, finds herself a comparatively near neighbour of Christine. She is now Mrs. Ravenor Nicholson, lives at Richmond and has a

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daughter, Philippa, who achieved a birthday on 29th February. Pauline, Prue's twin, is a town-planner, at present working in the Department of Urban and Regional Planning at Wits.

Our good wishes go to Margaret Pott who is in hospital with a broken hip and also to Madelon Lulofs who was injured in a motor accident in Holland. Madelon's parents have flown over to be with her and we do hope that all will soon be well.

Letty Whitehouse sent a very generous birthday gift for the School's three score years and ten and "to honour Miss Lawrence and Miss Earle after 70 years." Mrs. Whitehouse is a very old Old Girl, who was in Miss Lawrence's House — St. Ursula's. She recalls her school days as such fun and is still an interested member of Roedeana's family.

Another generous donation came from Bertha Hagart (Mrs. Rose) to go towards a practice room in the new music block, in which she would particularly like Alice Goch to be commemorated as, with Miss Goch, an inspiring teacher, she won the Overseas Music Scholarship in 1921, which started her career in London. Bertha mentions that among Miss Goch's notable pupils were Mary Cassidy (Reading) and Molly Miles (Goodwin).

Our congratulations go to Maie Pinkney who has been awarded the Anglo American Corporation Bursary to study Chemical Engineering and to Janet Anderson who has been awarded the Valentine Cuénod Memorial Prize and a Rhodes University Honours Scholarship. Congratulations too, to Patricia Barry who has graduated with a B.A. from U.C.T. and to Gillian Barry who has graduated with a B.A. from Wits.

Elsie McKerron (Healey) is living in Cape Town, where she sees a great deal of Mary Mullins (Otley) Francis Duncan,

who spent a few months in America visiting her son last year, Margaret Freer, Trish Hodson (Glyn) and Mary Curtoy. Through their nucleus of Roedean friends the McKerrons have met other old friends from Johannesburg including Joan Raikes and Bertha James.

Betty Dyker (Macloed) has settled happily in Limburg, the southernmost tip of the Netherlands and is generally known as the Land without frontiers as Belgium, Germany, France and Luxembourg are all so close. There is a branch of N.A.T.O. stationed nearby and Betty has met a number of South Africans but no one from Roedean. However, she did meet Ann Bushell

(Whitehouse) in the South of France where she now lives. Barbara Rostron (Macloed) lives in London.

Hazel Polonsky writes that her sister Barbara Gordon has

been visited from New York, where she and her family now live

and find the museums, concerts, art galleries and exhibitions most stimulating. •

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Louise Reid (Young) and her family have gone to Australia where her husband Professor J. V. O. Reid is spending a sabbatical year at Sydney University.

* * *

Condolences

We offer our sincere sympathy to Peggy Monro on the loss of her husband at Christmas time.

Doris Brown on the death of her husband, well-known as Uncle Buster, the radio announcer.

Lena Scott and Philippa James, on the sad loss of Pamela James (Scott).

Alison Pineschi on the loss of her Mother, Winifred Roux.

Antonet Botha (Edwards) and Sally Jordan (Edwards) on the death of their Mother, Bithiah Edwards (Buckle).

Frances Milligan (Bird) on the loss of her husband.

Elaine Hall (Blakeway) on the tragic death of her eldest son, Timothy, in a plane crash.

Jane Dugard (Irwin) on the death of her Father.

Elaine Leon and her husband on the death of Claude Leon, former trustee of the S.A.O.R.A.

We note with sadness the death of Betty du Putron (Carter) of Salisbury.

* * *

A Very Gallant Old Girl

The death of Bithiah Edwards, née Buckle, severed a very long standing link with the School. Her father, H. O. Buckle, Chief Magistrate of Johannesburg, was the first Chairman of the Board of Directors and was Roedean's Counsellor and adviser from the beginning years. The school gates were erected in his memory.

Bithiah was a relative of K.M.E. who was to her a kind of honorary Aunt. (K.M.E.'s sister married H. O. Buckle's brother, editor of the London Times and joint author of "Life of Disraeli" with Mony Honey).

After the death of her Mother, Bithiah came to Roedean at a very early age, as far as I can remember she was not more than four years old. Some, even older than I, will remember her as a funny little thing around the Junior School, but when I came to the School in the early years of the first world war, Bithiah, aged twelve, was already a responsible and respected member of the Senior School.

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She was a brilliant scholar and went to Oxford. She was a first class athlete, but I think she will be best remembered by her friends for her unselfishness and thought for the pleasure of other people, never known to say an unkind word as one of her friends told me, a typical anecdote comes to my mind — Bithiah had been asked what she would like especially for her birthday and her choice was one extra Sunday out. In those days only one outing a term was permitted. This was granted and Bithiah's birthday present was a treat for her friends also, a picnic with her Father which included Joyce Jones and myself.

Bithiah's scholastic achievements will be recorded in the annals of the school, so from a friendship of nearly sixty years, I would rather be more personal. She married Gwen Edwards' brother, Evan, and her two daughters Antonet and Sally will be known to many at the school.

The marriage was ideally happy and when Evan died a few years ago, life lost much of its meaning for Bithiah. She nursed her husband through a long and nerve-racking illness and the strain very adversely affected her own health. During the last three years I have been fortunate to have her with me for several long visits and to see her fight her way through bouts of acute illness that only immense courage enabled her to survive. Through it all, Bithiah's thoughts

were always for other people, that she might not give trouble, and her spirit roused the admiration not only of her friends, but of all the doctors and nurses who cared for her.

So I say 'Farewell" not only to a friend but to a very gallant Old Girl — Requiescat in Pace.

RENÉE STAYT (née Berlein)

* * * *

Messages of Good Wishes for Foundation Day, Were Received From The Following:

Letty Whitehouse (Erasmus)

Monica Withrington (Marwick)

Elizabeth McLaren and Marita Gillian Cox (Key) and all Natal Old Girls Joan Femsby

Gael and Anne Crawford-Nutt Violet Botha Rosemary Green (Snow)

Alfreda Hitchcock Marjorie Myers Tanya Hochschild Elaine Leon.

Molly Rodda, Cathlene Vincent, Ruth Wilson, Helen Lawrence

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WALKER

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