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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN	

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School Board - June 1973

Chairman: Mr. J. R. Whiting

Mr. S. A. G. Anderson Mr. R. E. Grieveson Professor L. W. Lanham Dr. M
 . Whitmore Richards Mr. H. A. Smith Mrs. P. Girdwood Mrs. E. Mitchell

* * * *

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. (Witwatersrand), Teaching Diploma (J.C.E.).
 Mrs. M. J. Blainey, Science Diploma (London); London Teaching Diploma

Mr. W. Booyens, B.A. (Witwatersrand).

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

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

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. Har
 land, 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 Academ

y of Music.

Mrs. J. M. Henn, B.Sc. (St. Andrews) Dip. Ed. (Oxon.).

Miss F. Hepner, B.A. (Witwatersrand).

Miss C. Hookham, B.A. (Witwatersrand), Higher Diploma of Education (Witwatersrand).

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

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

Mrs. G. M. Kellett, B.A. (Natal).

Mrs. R. Key, B.Dom. Sc. (University of Stellenbosch).

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

Mrs. A. Lunt, B.Sc. (Natal), U.E.D. (Natal).

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

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

Miss E. C. Maree, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., U.T.L.M.

Mrs. F. Quirke, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., B. Mus. (U.C.T.) T.3 Diploma (Natal), Diploma for Piano and Class Music Senior (U.C.T.).

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

Miss M. Rollnick, B.Sc., H.Dip. Ed. (Witwatersrand).

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

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

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

Miss L. Snook, Teachers' Diploma (Oxford Institute).

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

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

Mrs. D. van Ryswyck, B.A., U.E.D. (Unisa).

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Headmistress: Mrs. M. C. Kuhn, Higher Primary Teachers' Certificate (Physical Education) (Cape Town Training College). Mrs. C. M. A. Coetzee, Teachers' Higher Primary Certificate, Teachers' Advanced Needlework Certificate (Cape Town Training College).

Mrs. M. W. Forrest, Teachers' General Certificate (St. Andrew's), Special Qualifications in Art, Handwork and Needlework, Infant Certificate (Murray House).

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

Miss P. J. Klosser, B.A. (U.C.T.), Post Graduate Primary Teachers' Diploma.

Mrs. C. McGreer, Teachers' General Certificate (Bingley College of Education, Leeds).

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

Housemistresses

St. Katherine St. Agnes St. Ursula Junior School

Mrs. Coetzee Miss Bain Mrs. Thomas Miss P. Johnston

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Editorial

It took the death of an elderly relative to make me realise how much we take people for granted.

We go through our lives in an insulated, selfish way, looking at people, but never really seeing them; bumping into them but not quite touching them; hearing them but never actually listening.

This is especially true of a school environment, where people are, perceive, labelled and categorized. Labelled: "Prunella Prig, prefect, Matric Div. I". Categorized: "Good at hockey, useless at Maths." A postscript may be added in time: "Famous for her fat legs."

But that's as far as it goes. We are all friendly girls, and no-one is without a partner in the Gym Class. We are all sympathetic girls, and produce understanding words and pats and Kleenex at the first hint of tears. I still feel, however, that those comforting words go to "someone who is crying" rather than "someone who is hurt."

This lack of understanding is even more evident in teacher-pupil relationships. I have seen a teacher explaining the use of the subjunctive to a girl who is weeping bitterly, obviously too embarrassed and inhibited to put out a hand and say "What's the matter?"

All this is changing, I am sure, and teachers and girls are becoming more accessible to each other. Barriers of reserve and mistrust are still there, but are gradually being broken down.

In the meanwhile, I am reminded of Mickey Newbury's words. "The girls of Roedean are short of neither love nor money" Yet no-one can even afford the time just to tell me why Here's this world full of people And so many people are alone."

JENEFER SHUTE (Matriculation)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN HEADMISTRESS' REPORT

Mr. Chairman, Canon Richardson, Ladies and Gentlemen,
I am particularly glad to welcome Canon Richardson to Roedean, to which he is no stranger, as he came to speak to the P.T.A. some months ago and delighted us all with his wise and very human talk.

The year under review has been yet again a happy and in the main a successful one. Our numbers have once again topped the 400 mark and we felt justified in enlarging the Junior School so that we could accept more girls into Grade I and II without creating a bottle neck in the higher forms. As we no longer take boys in the Grades, this had been a problem. We have, therefore, a few places available in Grade I for 1974 and would be grateful if news of these vacancies could be spread abroad by those who are here today. We so often meet parents who say they dared not approach us, knowing that the Grades were booked up from the day the children were born. For the first time this year, we have accepted weekly boarders and this experiment has been an unqualified success. Girls who were reluctant to opt out of Saturday activities have been able to have the best of both worlds, with adequate time at School for their work, games and societies without losing touch with their parents and home. This term alone 4 Senior Day Girls have joined us as weekly boarders to the benefit of the boarding establishment. The criticism that the long distance boarders would feel sad has been refuted, as we arrange special activities for them and special lunches and teas on Sundays. Gold and Silver Prefects have always covered their duty week-ends and have frequently stayed to help on other occasions. I fully share the feelings of those parents who are grateful for more contact with their children than full-time boarding can give and parents who have to be away on business now feel that

they can simply arrange for their daughters to stay over the week-end whereas before they often had to make unsatisfactory arrangements with friends. All of us, alas too few, resident staff welcome the extended contact with senior girls, since the school day is so full that there is little time for the social round. There are still a few weekly boarder places available for next year in both Senior and Junior Schools.

To pass from the general to the particular, we were delighted to learn on our return in January that the excellent Matric Class of 1972 had achieved the best results in the School's history. An unusually large form of 55 girls, who had worked consistently well all the way up the School, wrote the examination; of these 21 were awarded First-Class Certificates, 28 Second-Class and 1 Third-Class, 3 girls gained School-Leaving Certificates and our American

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Field Scholar was given C symbols in the two subjects she offered. Our 23 distinctions were a record, while two girls gained 4 distinctions each and another two, 3 distinctions each, two girls obtained 2 distinctions each and 5 girls 1 each. 6 Distinctions were awarded in English and Mathematics, 5 in French, 2 in History, and 1 each in Geography, Physical Science, Biology and Art

- indeed we had the only Art distinction in any school. It was most rewarding to have so many distinctions in English and Mathematics; our French as usual did us honour. I am myself on the Joint Matriculation Board Syllabus Committee and I was amused to hear a remark from another member - "go to Roedeans to examine French, I wouldn't dare!"

Once again our Head Girl achieved a First-class with distinction in English, while her deputy not only gained a First-class but also 3 distinctions. Competent girls can certainly carry high office without detriment to their work.

23 Girls passed the Voorbereidende Taaleksamen, 5 with merit; 17 the Laeër Taaleksamen, 7 with merit, and 32 the Hoër, 6 with merit. I would stress here that Afrikaans will be compulsory from 1976 in Matric except for late immigrants and that our new examiner is a real stickler for high standards. We must, therefore, ask parents to support us in insisting that weak candidates attend the extra classes arranged with Mr. Booysens on Thursday afternoons and Saturday mornings.

Our Music Examinations were as usual most satisfactory. 15 Girls passed the various Grades of the Associated Board, 3 with merit, and 3 with distinction. This year we are offering 3 candidates for Music in Matriculation - another record.

Two of our Matric linguists competed for the Trophy offered by the Alliance Française. Jenefer Shute gained 3rd prize in the individual contest competing against girls whose home language was French. She and Caroline Waddington were awarded a special team prize which will be given them by the French Ambassador at the Prize Giving at the University of the Witwatersrand on December 7th.

In the Spelling Competition organised by the South African Council for English Education, our Upper IV forms had an average of 94.1% and 5 contestants, Louis Cox, Lynne Murray, Elizabeth Richardson, Philippa Rouse and Fenella Somerville were all awarded certificates for gaining full marks.

We congratulate the candidates on all these achievements but even more the Staff who prepared them, not only in the final hectic race to the examination but all who have guided and chided their pupils during their course.

e from their very first steps in the Grades.

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The Scholarship and Entrance Examinations were held as usual in June.

The Anne Cleaver 'B' Scholarship was not awarded this year but instead two Exhibitions were given - one to Nerina von Mayer of Rosebank Primary School and the other to Elizabeth Kentridge of our own Junior School. The Anne Cleaver A Scholarship was awarded to Jean McPherson and an Exhibition to Vivien Paynter, both of Roede Middle V.I. Trust Bursaries were offered to Veronica Clark of Houghton Primary School and Geraldine Blecher of Roede Upper IV.

This year was the 70th Birthday of the School and the Old Girls resolved to make it a special occasion. March 3rd was the great day; we began with a Communion Service in the Chapel, continued with House Swimming Sports in the morning, followed by an Old Girls' luncheon, then Speeches and Songs in the Hall, this year with a difference in that a speaker from each decade of the School's history told us of Roede in her day until the present Head Girl spoke of Roede today. The day ended with a gigantic braai in the gardens with sideshows and a general fair ground atmosphere, altogether a day that no Roedeian present will ever forget. I remembered so well the day 18 years ago when I sat, quite by chance, next to Ella Le Maitre in the cloisters of Roede, Brighton, at the celebration service of our sister school's 70th birthday, when the Archbishop of Canterbury preached on the text "I am a citizen of no mean city".

Once again friends of the School have been more than generous. The Music Block is almost ready and I hope those of you who can only visit us on state occasions will look at it before you go. Staff House has been remodelled to make improved living conditions for resident staff, an extra staff sitting room has been created out of the rather dreary F.R. looking onto Lamb's courtyard.

The ladies of the Board were active in choosing furniture, carpets and curtains. Thanks to the help of the Sanders family, we have renovated Kate's sitting room. The Davis family has installed a new stained glass window in the Chapel and the Trust has allowed us to build two extra tennis courts with practice walls. The P.T.A. thanks to their Bridge Drive and Jumble Sale, have provided us with lockers in which day girls can keep their belongings under lock and key and are giving us at the end of the year, reference and fiction books and art slides. Miss Harland has donated a beautiful record player and records to the Music Department.

The Junior School has had new curtains and is to have a reading laboratory, thanks once again to the P.T.A.

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Mr. Whitmore Richards has given us a copy of his book on Admiral Richards and a number of parents and friends have donated books to the Reference Library.

The religious life of the School has always been near to my heart and I was proud to be elected Chairman of the Regional Committee of Headmasters, Headmistresses and Scripture Teachers' of the Transvaal earlier this year. We organized a delightful retreat at St. Peter's, Rosettenville, which was attended by 4 of our Ante-Matric girls. Owing to the co-operation of our Senior Sacristan, Elizabeth Hosken, interesting experiments to brighten our Sunday evening Chapel Services have been made. We have been distressed by the small attendance at our Holy Communion at the beginning of term and in September, we decided to arrange a Choral Eucharist.

charist at 8 a.m. on the second Friday of term which the day girl communicants can attend. We were sorry that only one parent came but we hope to make this a regular event and invite parents, old girls or any friends of the School to join our Corporate Communion.

Our Chapel Services are really beautiful and we wish more parents could have the opportunity of joining us. In June, 17 candidates were confirmed in the Chapel by the Bishop of Johannesburg and this time the Chapel was full to overflowing. We have had several weddings in Chapel this year and the Choir have also sung at a number of Old Girls' weddings at St. George's and St. Martin's. Our charities have absorbed most of our spare money and time this year. The Lamplighters invited the boys of St. Alban's, Pretoria, to give their delightful revue, "Face the Music", here in October and several Forms organized cakes sales and tombolas, all in aid of the Leprosy Mission. Other entertainments and collections have been arranged in aid of St. Barnabas School, where we sponsor a boy now in Matric, Teach, African Self-Help, St. George's Home, Wild Life Preservation and other charities.

We seem to go out and about more with every year and certainly 1973 has been busier than ever. Not only Michaelhouse, but also St. Andrew's, Grahamstown, and St. Stithian's showed us how boys play hockey and only a couple of weeks ago, St. John's came over to teach us tennis. Theatre, cinema and concert parties were as popular as ever and we sent escorted groups to plays done by other schools. Our usual societies, Scientific, International Affairs, Music, Debating and Dramatic, have all flourished and this year we have added an Ecology Club, with visiting speakers to the fore, a Bridge Club, where Parents, Old Girls and once again, St. John's have played with us, and newest of all a Folk Group, a member of which composed, played and sang a delightful number at the School Concert in August. Our Biologists were chosen as the pioneer group in an Ecology experiment organized by Care and many of you will have seen the account of their

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doings in the Press. The S.A.B.C. organized a General Knowledge Quiz" and chose two of our candidates, Traude Rogers and Victoria Coaker, to compete against Kingsmead. We were narrowly defeated by the team which fought on to reach the Finals.

The School Play "Lilac Time" is too fresh in everyone's mind to need mention, but the audience's delight was evident on all three nights and the Producer, Mrs. Blainey, the Musician, Miss Harland and the Scene Designer, Miss Marriott, as well as the entire cast earned our gratitude for one of the most delightful productions we have ever had here.

We have had girls from many different lands and cultures in the School this year and in January we are to have another American Field Scholar here. Georgina Dallamore who left us last year is now in California as a Field Scholar and writes happily of her experiences there.

This term we have not only Mrs. Thornton-Smith among our resident staff but also Mrs. Eltringham. She has greatly contributed to our gymnastic prowess and those of you who came to the very delightful displays she organized last term, will support me when I speak of the extraordinarily high standard reached by the co'our gymnasts and the good general level achieved by the large number of girls who took part. We were proud to hear that two of our younger girls are to dive for the Southern Transvaal in the Inter-Provincial Contests - Clare Whiting in the under 10 section and Fenella Somerville in the under 14. Once again we kept our place in t

he First League for Swimming and several girls won their events at the Ellis Park Gala. We congratulate these girls but we continue in our policy of trying to obtain a good standard among the general run of pupils rather than to concentrate on the few gifted ones. We therefore enter a large number of teams in League Events and have just had teams of girls from Lower V and Upper IV winning their matches. We continue to arrange matches and galas in the Junior School. Once again, our Hockey Team went on a tour to Swaziland in August.

As always at the end of a School Year, we say goodbye to a number of Staff who have served us well over the past years; fortunately for us, no really senior staff is leaving from the Senior School, although Mrs. John will be absent on study leave in 1974. The Junior School will be sad to lose Mrs. Coetzee who is retiring; she has nobly acted as Housemistress of St. Katherine, for which we are grateful. We do not wish Mrs. Eltringham's husband any ill fortune but his success in his University Examinations will mean that Mrs. Eltringham will have to accompany him home to Rhodesia and we can ill afford to lose her. Miss Lombard is leaving to get married in December and Mrs. van Ryswyck is retiring to her family of 4 young children. She has earned our gratitude by

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filling the breach left in mid-year in the Geography Department. Miss Snook returns to England at the end of term and our 4 part-time helpers, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Bethlehem, Mrs. Collier and Mrs. McClure will also be going from us.

Mrs. Johnson accompanied her husband back to England in mid-year. We thank them for their contribution and wish them all good fortune in the future.

In 1972 we welcomed Miss Hookham and Miss Hepner to the English Department, Miss Rollnick, an Old Roedeanean, and Mrs. Kellett to our Mathematics and Science Departments, Mrs. Key to Domestic Science and Mrs. McGreer in Grade I. We hope they will remain with us for many years. Mr. Pallett has joined us as Bursar, since Mrs. Beresford Miller is leaving and Mrs. Henderson is taking over Mrs. Steyn's work in the office.

It is not easy to find dedicated Staff nowadays - women's lives are so much fiercer and so many more opportunities are open to them, that teaching is only one of many careers for the graduate to enter. We are all the more grateful to those of our Staff who have served the School so faithfully over long years. Not many schools in this day and age can boast of senior staff with over 25 years service - Mrs. Tulloch, Mrs. Kuhn, Miss Marriott and Miss Chadwick. It is no small thing for me to feel confident, knowing that I can rely on their loyalty and co-operation however testing the times may be. These are virtues that cannot be too highly prized and in today's rat race, they are not easily found. Any Headmistress would count herself fortunate to have as I do a Senior Mistress and a Junior School Head whom she can trust to support her, and who are, at the same time, ready and able to discuss problems freely and frankly and to offer consolation and friendship whenever these are needed.

To Teaching Staff, Sister, the Matrons and all ancillary Staff, I offer my grateful thanks and appreciation for all their hard work. We resident staff are few in number and special thanks must therefore go to Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Elkington who never let us down, no matter what demands are made of them. I would like to say a special word of appreciation to Mrs. Lindop, who keeps the School records of entries and departures so exactly that there is never any slip up and who again works with the maximum

m of loyalty and co-operation. She has been here many years and through out all the changes which have taken place in the Administrative Offices remains steadfastly at her post.

We said Goodbye to Mr. Grieveson as Chairman in May but it was not a real farewell as, fortunately for us, he has remained on the Board, as you see today. Only I know how much the School and I personally owe to Mr. Grieveson's unfailing help and sure wisdom, and we all thank him most sincerely, for his tireless work.

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Mr. Whiting is now in the hot seat and in the short time that he has been Chairman, has shown that he is a staunch ally and one on whom we can rely to back us up whenever his help and support are needed. To him and to all the Board Members, I extend hearty thanks for all they have done for the School during the past year.

We come this year to the crossroads in the organisation of our Matric Syllabus when the new scheme of differentiated education comes into force.

The 1974 Matric and Ante Matric classes are unaffected by these changes but Upper V will already be starting on the new route. For that reason we have arranged parent-staff meetings towards the end of Middle V so that parents have the chance to discuss their daughters' future with her teachers and so choose as wisely as possible what subjects she is to offer in Matric. Only in the last year need candidates decide which subjects are to be written at Higher and which at Standard level. I would repeat here as I have done so often in the past that I am always pleased to see parents to discuss individual problems or doubts, whether about academic progress or personality concerns.

One of the great advantages of a private school is that our numbers are small enough for the Head to be well informed about all the pupils and to have a pretty fair idea of the problems of each individual girl. Our formal and informal Staff Meetings enable me to keep abreast with Staff and pupil needs - our weekly housemistresses meetings ensure that our joint decisions are as far as possible unanimous in the interest of the whole community. The welfare of the School is the major concern of us all and is well expressed in one of the loveliest of all end of term prayers when we bid farewell to the girls before they depart for the larger life and wider opportunities to quote Penelope Lawrence herself: "If ye fare well, we have our desire".

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Gifts -1973

Moyra, Helen and Marion Davis-Stain Glass Window in Chapel. The Powell Family - Record Player and Tape Recorder.

Dr. M. Whitmore Richards - Copy of his own book on Admiral Richards.

P.T.A. - Lockers; Books and Art Slides for Reference and Fiction Library; Curtains for Junior School and Reading Laboratory.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders - Curtains for St. Katherine's Sitting Room.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunderson - Painting for new Staff Sitting Room.

Mrs. Dorothea Campbell - Book on Andrew Mackie Niven.

Mr. Ulrich Rissik - Letters to My Grandchildren - by Agnes Rissik.

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A Tribute to Dorothea Campbell By REVD. MERVYN MOORE

(An address delivered at a Memorial Service in Roedean Chapel)

We have come together this afternoon to give glory to God and to pay tribute to a remarkable woman - a woman who a few years ago was described

ed by a prominent journalist as a "legend in her own lifetime". The woman was Dorothea Campbell.

We know that journalists are inclined to exaggerate, to bend the truth slightly for the sake of a good headline, but in this instance we have a simple statement of fact. For what less could one say of a woman who in her 74th year followed the footsteps of Buddha and slept in a tiny tent high up in the Himalayas? She was a truly remarkable woman and anything seems possible to her unquenchable spirit. If the story got around that she had climbed Everest alone one would be prepared to believe it! In fact, symbolically speaking, this is precisely what she did. She climbed her own particular Mountain of Challenge and reached the summit. It was a great mountaineer, Mallory, who once said that people climbed mountains because they were there. For Dorothea Campbell, Life was there and because it was there it had to be lived. And she lived it to the full. She was born in the last century - in 1895. Her father, Andrew Mackenzie Niven had emigrated from Scotland and became eventually one of the founder members of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. Such was his integrity and ability that he was invited to become Mayor but refused the honour.

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Dorothea came to Roodean and established an association with the school which lasted her whole life. After her schooldays she went overseas to study music at the Royal College. She returned to Johannesburg and inevitably taught music at Roodean. Then in 1920 she married Cyril Campbell who whisked her away to Natal. But the duties of a housewife were insufficient to absorb her energies and she became Music Critic on the Natal Mercury. From this it was but a short step - but a daunting one to anyone less tough than Dorothea - to full time professional journalism. She did a man's job in a man's world and, as one might expect, did it remarkably well. She worked first on the staff of the Cape Times and then on the Rand Daily Mail.

She retired - if that is the right word - at 65 and would have been justified in settling down in a rocking chair with a piece of embroidery. But she didn't see retirement quite like that. She turned her energies to an unknown number of voluntary charitable organisations and gave her boundless energies to innumerable causes. She became Manager of Roodean School Trust and there have been few school functions at which Dorothea has not been present.

As if all this were not enough, she decided that the time had come for her to see the world. But not for her the package tour cosseted by couriers. She travelled independently to the most extraordinary places in the most extraordinary way. For example she crossed South America by local bus and arriving at the Pacific side of this continent, hopped a freighter to San Francisco. She went to Morocco - on a South African Passport - with no problems. And there was the trip to the Himalayas at the age of 74. And then came illness which she dismissed as airily as she dismissed any other hardship or challenge. For her it was the last rock-face to be scaled in order to reach her life's summit. And so she died with her engagement book still full.

We cannot mourn her, for mourning seems to suggest regret that the person mourned has missed out on something. But Dorothea had reached her summit and so we rejoice and give thanks for her and with her. We commend her to God who gave her the gift of life, a gift which she used to the uttermost. Amongst the many bright stars which stud the Roodean firmament

instrument she gleams with a special brightness. She will long be remembered.

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Items from the School Log

26th January:

Ecology Society saw "African Elephant".

10th February:

Lambs Housenight.

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17th February:

Gala against St. Andrew's and Jeppe. Roedean won.

20th February:

A few members of the Photographic Society went to a meeting of the Johannesburg Photographic Society.

3rd March:

Foundation Day.

9th March:

Mr. Haylock (Ecologist, Biologist, Photographer) showed his film "Desert Heritage" at an Ecology Club Meeting.

10th March:

Inter-High Gala. Roedean came 5th.

14th March:

Nadine Gordimer gave the School a lecture on "African Writing".

16th March:

Kensington singers sang to the School.

20th March:

The School saw "Darwin Adventure".

22nd March:

Debate against St. Stithian's.

23rd March:

Quiz between Kingsmead and Roedean. Kingsmead won.

24th March:

Bridge Club played bridge with St. John's.

30th March:

Professor Skinner, from the Mammal Research Institute at Pretoria University, spoke at a Senior Science Club Meeting. 14th April:

Boards went to St. John's Fete.

17th April:

"National Velvet" was shown at Roedean.

19th May:

Hockey match against St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown. Roedean and St. Andrew's drew.

9th June:

School Dance.

16th June:

Bears Housenight.

30th June:

Bridge Club played bridge with St. John's.

13th July: , , Å « * .

Senior Science Club meeting at which Peter Milstein gave a talk on Wildfire Conservation.

Mr. Rennie showed his film on "The Cape to Rio Yacht Race".

15th July: ", _,

Piano Concert by Mrs. Jocelyn Steele at Roedean.

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20 th and 21st July:

Gym Display at Roedean.

22nd July:

Hockey match against Michaelhouse. Michaelhouse won.

27th July:

Ecology Club Meeting at which James Clarke spoke on pollution.

1st August:

1st and 2nd Hockey Teams went to see "Lady Caroline Lamb". 3rd August:

Senior Science Club Meeting at which Mrs. du Toit spoke on the care of birds.

5th August:

Music Concert at Roedean.

6th August:

Hockey Team went to Swaziland.

7th August:

"Wuthering Heights" was shown at Roedean.

19th September:

Afrikaans pupils went to "Sagmoedige Neelsie".

22nd September:

P.T.A. Bridge Drive.

29th September:

Grandchildren's Party.

1st October:

Outing to "Curtmantle" at St. John's.

4th October:

Matrics and Middles went to Wilkies Circus.

5th October:

Kats Housenight.

6th October:

Lamplighter's Entertainment, the "St. Alban's College Player's", came to Roedean.

12th October:

Outing to "Crown Matrimonial".

20th October:

"Henry Vth" was shown at Roedean.

1st, 2nd and 3rd November:

Ante's Play "Lilac Time".

10th November:

Speech Day.

12th November:

Matrics Picnic at Irene.

19th November:

Matric started 29th November:

School Outings.

2nd December:

Carol Service.

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The Chapel

"Be Still and know that I am God"

This seems to be impossible when analysing each girl's tight daily schedule, but is not in fact.

This year we started an S.C.A. (Students' Christian Association). Our membership has grown with each meeting and this progressive increase has proved the need for such a Society. Many young people, who have dedicated their lives to God, have spoken to us and listened to our problems. After supper we meet for a short prayer meeting, at which each member says a prayer. We are learning not to be ashamed of acknowledging our belief in God and are building a stronger relationship between ourselves and God.

In 1973 we revolutionised our 8 p.m. services on Sunday evenings. We now have many different people, both younger and older, to talk to us about God. Their new ideas have made us realise that religion is living today - and outside the walls of a church too.

I would like to thank Mrs. de Frisching for allowing us to have speakers in Chapel; Mrs. Thomas for doing the flowers; and the San for maintaining the Chapel.

All the best for next year and God Bless.

ELISABETH HOSKEN (Sacristan)

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Reference Library

This year the "Ref" has been very fortunate in receiving a large number of books and thus some of the old books have been able to be discarded. The Afrikaans section has been supplied with a number of new books. A collection of books from the Freer family and the books of Miss Lesley Pirie were given to the School. These books covered a wide range of subjects from Birds to English Literature. During the year funds were raised by the Librarians for new books.

We are very grateful to the Old Girls for their gift to the Library on the occasion of the School's 70th Birthday. This was a superb book on "Parktown 1872-1972: A social pictorial history". I am sure that this book will be of great interest to Art and History students.

The help of Miss Dixon has been greatly appreciated and "Bonne Chance" for 1974, Librarians!

DEBORAH BEVES (Senior Librarian)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Foundation Day

Foundation Day this year was no ordinary Foundation Day; it was the School's 70th Birthday - and isn't a 70th Birthday always an occasion for celebration?

The day began with a bang when Lambs won the Inter-House Gala, followed closely by Bears. After having expended much energy at the Gala, we relaxed over one of Mrs. Elkington's delicious lunches.

At about three o'clock we joined the Old Girls in the Hall for the speeches. However, instead of the usual speeches, we had a Roedeanean from each decade, including the present 70's, to speak of her memories of Roedeanean. We discovered then that the Roedeanean girls of today aren't very different from those of yesterday.

The climax of the day was the evening braaivleis which the Old Girls arranged. In addition, they arranged a number of side stalls and entertainments which included a tombola, a sweet stall, a fortune teller, a short gym display, folk singers and a Lippi-zaner horse. Of course everybody felt that the evening passed much too quickly.

CAROLINE WADDINGTON

* * * * *

The Grandchildren's Party

Our hopes that we would be relieved of our "baby-sitting" duties were dispelled by the arrival of a large number of junior grandchildren, all clutching their parcels for the "Fairy Godmother". After a hair-raising hour's antics in the gym, we led our charges to the dining room for a feast of ice-cream and jelly. Our hunt for the "Fairy Godmother" ended in the Scott Room where presents were given in return for an ice-cream. At the end of the afternoon, we returned the sticky but contented children to their mothers

CAROLINE WADDINGTON

Achievements and Distinctions

SCHOLARSHIPS 1973 Dr. Anne Cleaver Scholarship "A"

Exhibition

Dr. Anne Cleaver "B" Exhibitions

Roedean Trust Bursary

Ella Le Maitre Scholarship

Myrtle Hamilton Scholarship Margery Viney Exhibition

Jean McPherson Vivien Paynter Nerina von Mayer Elizabeth Kentridge V

eronica Clark Geraldine Blecher Josephine Gundersen Polly Park Linds

ay Young Jennifer Grant-Hodge Marilyn Park Jennifer Peck

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1. Leslie Cope Cornford

2. Margaret Earle

3. Pole Evans

4. Patrick Duncan

5. Joan Hildick-Smith

6. D. Denoon Duncan

7. Baker Memorial

8. Jubilee Prizes

9. A. D. Viney

10. H. R. Raikes Prizes

11. Ella Le Maftre

12. Cluver Prize

13. James Clarke of Care

PRIZE LIST - 1973

Essay Prize Classical Prize

Biology Prize Afrikaans Prize Art Prize

Domestic Science Prize English Prize

Mathematics Geography French Prize

Physical Science

Reading Prize

General Achievement

Special Prize for Ecology

Jenefer Shute Jenefer Shute Julia Milford Julia Milford Jenefer Shute

Carol Geikie Carina Lewis Carol Harden Victoria Coaker Jenefer Shute J

enefer Shute Caroline Waddington Jenefer Shute Caroline Waddington Jul

ia Milford Jenefer Shute Victoria Coaker Jenefer Shute Nicola Pirow Tr

aude Rogers

Elizabeth Hosken

MATRICULATION - 1973

First Class: Serena Aitkenhead (Distinction in German), Katharine Butt (D

istinction in English), Victoria Coaker (Distinction in English), Julia M

ilford (Distinctions in Mathematics, Physical Science and Biology), Traud

e Rogers, Jenefer Shute (Distinctions in English, Latin, French and Mathe

matics), Caroline Waddington, Nicola Wilshire (Distinction in Mathematics)

).

Matric: Carol Barry, Carol Beith (Distinction in English), Patricia Bir kett, Claire Evans, Caroline Geldart, Carol Harden, Astred Hargreaves, Nicolette Hiltermann, Elizabeth Hosken, Erica Jankowitz, Hillary Keogh, Pamela Kuilman, Diana Laroque, Carina Lewis, Helen Lo, Monique MacArth ur, Nicola Pirow, Lucienne Powell, Rosemary Preston, Pamela Sanders (Di stinction in Music), Deborah Sneddon, Karen van der Byl, Suzanne Wilkie

School Leaving: Deborah Beves, Laura Ellis, Ingrid Firth, Carol Geikie , Deborah Hawkes, Dulcie Horne, Heather Rund'e.

* * *

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC - 1973

Grade II: Fenella Somerville, Katherine Whitelaw (Merit). Grade VIII: Sarah Hoyle, Marielli Zember.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

1973 - School Officers

Gold Badge - Head of School Caroline Waddington

Gold Badge - Deputy Head of School Elizabeth Hosken

Gold Badge - Head of St. Ursula Traude Rogers

Silver Badges - Head of St. Katherine Diana Laroque

Head of St. Agnes Suzanne Wilkie

Head Day Girl Julia Milford

Caroline Geldart Deborah Beves

1974 - School Officers

Head of School Cheryl Gillwald

Deputy Head of School Caroline Lorentz

Head of St. Ursula Rosalind Smith

Head of St. Katherine Elizabeth Murray

Head of St. Agnes Marilyn Park

Head Day Girl Danielle Pienaar

Deputy Head Day Girl Patience Daniel

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Charities - 1973

St. Barnabas Leprosy Mission Mammal Research Institute Operation Snow ball African Self Help

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SCHOOL ACTIVITIES AND SOCIETIES

Two Reviews of the School Play - "Lilac Time"

PANDORA FRASER-MACDONALD writes about the preparation for the Play.

When we heard that the ante play was to be a musical, there was an uproar. A musical, the school had never done a musical before. Why choose a musical in this of all years, when "nobody" in the class could sing? Perhaps "nobody" was a slight exaggeration; after all, Patience Daniel could sing and some boarders had been heard humming the latest pop songs.

But "Lilac Time"; what was Lilac Time? Schubert, well at least he wrote super music, but could you sing his music? The only topic of conversation for days was the play. Who would be cast; what were the main parts; who would play the male parts; were there any non-singing roles? The music was marvellous. When Miss Harland played the music for us at the auditions at the end of the first term everyone agreed that, after all,

the music was good and, while some of the songs were very difficult, the y were beautiful.

We had to audition in the hall one Saturday morning and it was a terrible experience; trying to sing in front of your friends, and listening to the songs coming out all wrong. At that first Saturday morning we discovered Ann Moberg (who played Mitsi).

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She sang beautifully, and we all congratulated her. Well at least we had two people now, Patience Daniel (as Schober) and Ann.

So it went on. After that first Saturday morning we had a preliminary cast, which was changed around from time to time, the changes continuing until the middle of the second term when Liz Murray was finally cast.

The rehearsals were on Friday evenings and Saturdays. Poor Mrs. Blainey, she not only had to teach us to act, but also to pitch our voices so as to be heard at the back of the hall; the virtues of opening one's mouth and forming the words clearly were drummed into us. Slowly, almost painfully, things improved.

Then one day the play was only a few weeks away. Costumes were designed and made during the second holiday of the year. A few were fished out of the costume box where we found one that had been used by Merry Park's mother. It was tiny, so small that nobody could get into it, let alone Merry.

Then it was the dress rehearsal. Those people from the school, who wanted to come, were invited to attend. It was a near disaster; Patience, who had been so good, sang, in the wrong place; Penny Brassey forgot to come on and Robyn Hoffe absolutely refused to come on as she did not have the right prop. But, despite all the problems and the nervousness and the difficulties, it was obvious to everyone that if everything worked well, it was going to be a tremendous success.

On the opening night we all arrived in time to have supper together at six o'clock. Then we were made up and dressed. It was a tribute to the organisation and the work that had gone into the play, that there was very little panic backstage; there was only one really bad moment, and that was when Ann's curlers didn't work. Sue Cassidy and Di Mantell were curling her hair until five minutes before curtain time.

At last the great moment arrived. The opening bars, played by Miss Harland and her two assistants, Marielli Zember and Sarah Hoyle, were played; then the chorus of Uppers began singing and soon Dale Grant-Hodge was "on". We waited in the wings in tremendous excitement. Nervous. Then you were on and the months of hard work paid dividends; you were in the spotlight, and you were talking and acting and singing.

It seemed that it might just be a success. The curtain fell after the last big number and we were surprised, overwhelmed by the applause. We took three curtain calls. What a wonderful feeling.

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When the curtain finally fell everyone began talking at once. How well Danielle Pienaar had sung; what a tremendous actress Sabrina Scorcelletti had turned out to be; how much they had laughed at Jenny Peck; how realistic Ruth Williamson's drinking scene had been.

After the final performance of the first run we had a small party, and then another party on the following day.

While there were happy parties, there were sad occasions, because the play was then all over. But it had been great fun, and a musical hadn't been

n such a bad idea after all.

COLLEEN ROOME, a member of the audience, reviews the Play. Operetta is a difficult form of theatre to produce successfully. "Lilac Time", an ambitious project for a school, was a tremendous success. It provided an evening of enjoyment for players and audience alike.

The well designed stage sets and period costumes provided a kaleidoscope of colour and movement for an appreciative audience.

Because the cast was word-perfect and confident, the pace of the play was well maintained throughout. Considerable thought in the planning of movements of the performers retained the audience's attention throughout scenes which otherwise might have become static.

An expert hand in the production meant that the individual performances had an even quality throughout the course of the play.

Patience Daniel as Baron Schober, with her strong, lilting voice was a pleasure to listen to. Her confident movements helped the audience to relax and enjoy themselves.

Danielle Pienaar as Franz Schubert evinced the right degree of humility enacting his social inadequacies most sincerely and movingly.

Ann Moberg as Mitzi Tsel, was a light-hearted, charming heroine with a pretty soprano voice and the right degree of coquetry.

A unique performance by Sabrina Scorcelleti as Marini (the flirtatious opera singer who changes the course of the play by her machinations) gave a professional touch to the play. Her movements were very well controlled and she had a fine sense of comic timing.

The duet sung by Mr. and Mrs. Tsel (played by Jennifer Peck and Marilyn Park) after their daughter's wedding, was charmingly nostalgic and formed a memorable cameo.

Elizabeth Murray gave a "virile" performance as the Danish Ambassador and Marini's ardent admirer. It was a most convincing contribution.

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Penelope Brassey as Novotny, the detective hired by the Count to trail Marini, provided additional comedy in his "black beetle" outfit.

Other characters who helped sustain the atmosphere of lightheartedness were the three "jolly good fellows" who were convincingly abandoned in their performances.

Mitzi's two sisters and their subsequent husbands also gave valuable support in minor character roles.

Equally important in the sequence of the play was the contribution from the well-rehearsed chorus. Their obvious enjoyment combined with that of the players gave the play the spontaneity that provided the audience with a most memorable evening.

COLLEEN ROOME (Ante Matric)

Music Report

Time flies-----and we are ready to say goodbye to 1973, a momentous year, in that we have seen the completion of the Hersov Music Block, of which we are very proud.

This year we have held many musical evenings at School. Jocelyn Steele, a very talented pianist, gave us an interesting and varied recital before going on tour to Swaziland. A talk entitled "Music and Imagination" was very kindly given by Mrs. Swan,

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who is not only an excellent biologist, but also has a great deal of talent for, and interest in, music! On the 5th August we had the annual con

cert which is presented by the senior girls. There is no doubt that this was an evening enjoyed by all. The Witwatersrand University Choir came and sang to us, and we were pleased to see two old Roedeans among its ranks.

The Music Circle went on two outings and saw "The Mikado", presented by the St. Stithian's Singers, and "Merrie England" produced by the Johannesburg Philharmonic Society.

The year's musical activities culminated with the annual Carol Service. We are most grateful to Miss Hariand for arranging these events and for her keen interest in the Music Circle.

Many thanks also go to my Secretary, Deborah Beves, who has helped me considerably.

HEATHER RUNDLE (President)

* * * *

Senior Science Club

1973 has indeed been an active year for the Senior Science Club.

In the first term, the club was very fortunate to have Professor Skinner from the Mammal Research Institute of Pretoria speak on animals and our environment. At another meeting, Mrs. Kay du Toit, founder of the S.P.C.A. bird hospital, spoke on the care of Injured Birds. Her talk was enjoyed by everyone. Mr. Kenneth Newman, World famous bird artist, was the speaker at our last meeting. He illustrated his talk on birds by showing us a number of slides from his collection.

The club would like to thank Mrs. Blainey, Miss Rollnick and Mrs. Swan, and to wish Caroline Lorentz and Susan Cassidy the best of luck as next year's officers.

CAROLINE GELDART; HELEN LO

* * * *

Junior Science Club

Firstly I should like to thank Miss Rollnick for her encouragement throughout the year, as well as the Junior Science Club "Members for their co-operation and the former President and Secretary for their help.

We had two meetings during the first term. At the first meeting, Sandra Wittkamp and Merylle Hawken gave an interesting talk on astronomy and the telescope and illustrated their discussion with a film. The Upper V Form demonstrated glass

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blowing at the second meeting and further information about glass blowing was given in a film. The club was sorry to lose Mrs. Napier at the end of the first term but was glad to welcome Miss Rollnick as its new head.

At the first meeting of the second term, two students from The Witwatersrand and University gave an interesting talk on architecture and illustrated their topic with slides. The speaker of the second meeting spoke on Industrial Chemistry and ended his discussion with a film.

In the third term a friend of Miss Rollnick spoke on Biochemistry and indicated which Matriculation subjects would be needed by those who thought of studying this subject at University.

Our annual subscriptions were donated to The Science Students' Council of the Witwatersrand University.

In conclusion, we should like to wish Avrel Munro and Phillipa Freer, The President and Secretary for 1974, the best of luck.

SARAH LEWIS (President); LYNDIA FISHER (Secretary)

* * * *

International Affairs Society

Our first guest speaker was the well known South African writer, Nadine Gordimer, who gave a fascinating and informative talk on "An Introduction to African writing". The meeting, held in the hall, was well attended by staff, parents and pupils.

During the second term, our Ante representatives, Di Weddell and Patience Daniel, delivered excellent speeches on Terrorism, Hijacking and Black September. A great deal of research and hard work had obviously been put into their speeches.

On 2nd August, Miss Rollnick kindly arranged for Mr. Lynch to give an informal talk on "Science and Society". He discussed the many problems of life in a world where Science is continually expanding.

The last meeting of the year was addressed by Danielle Pienaar, Penny Brassey, Jenny Grant-Hodge and Pandora Fraser-MacDonald. They debated whether there will ever be peace between the major world powers.

Throughout the year, Mrs. John, supported by the Antes, led a discussion group. Each Wednesday various topics of general interest were discussed.

JULIA MILFORD

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Debating Society

Once again the members of the Society have found in debating a harmless outlet for their aggressions! We have had some spirited and well informed discussions on several topical subjects.

Here is a sign of the times - in our first debate, the motion that "Love and Marriage go together like a Horse and Carriage" was conclusively defeated! In a debate against K.E.S., Mark Twain's idea - "Schooling is not as swift as a Massacre but is more deadly in the long run" was discussed and finally defeated.

Our next Debate was against St. Stithians, the motion being "It is Better to be a Contented Pig than a Discontented Philosopher". After a lively and informal debate, the motion was defeated. An internal debate was next, on a topic very dear to our hearts - "A Woman's Place is still in the Home". After much bra-burning had taken place, we discovered that the majority was for Woman's Liberation. We rounded off the year with a few impromptu speeches and discussions.

Many thanks to the Committee - V. Coaker, P. Fraser-MacDonald and R. Williamson and our Ante Matric Secretaries for their enthusiastic help.

JENEFER SHUTE (President)

General view Braamfontein Spruit, "Roecare Day

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The Ecology Club

The birth of the Ecology Club, "Roecare", has added a new dimension to Roedeans and given us opportunities to study our environment. The Club was started by the enthusiasm of Mrs. Swan and Mr. James Clarke. The year began with The Club's seeing the films "The African Elephant", "Darwin's Adventure" and "Desert Heritage", all of which made a deep impression on us. During the year, we were honoured in being addressed by many leading conservationists: Mr. Peter Milstein, Ornithologist of The Transvaal Nature Conservation; Mr. Kenneth Newmann, Bird Artist and Conservationist; Professor Skinner of the Mammal Research Centre in Pretoria; Barry Clements, Director of The Wilderness Leadership School; and James Clarke of the Star.

We investigated pollution in practice when we spent a weekend with Mrs.

Swan and Mr. Clarke at a local stream, The Braamfontein Spruit. We were honoured to be chosen as the first school to participate in Mr. Clarke's "Care" Expedition.

I should like to express my gratitude to Mrs. de Frisching, Mrs. Swan, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Elkington, The Staff, The Parents and The Girls for their support and encouragement.

ELIZABETH HOSKEN

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The Photographic Society

This year the Photographic Society has been more active.

At the beginning of the year, senior members of the society went to a lecture given by Mrs. Swan at The Johannesburg Public Library. This lecture was very interesting and Mrs. Swan showed several of her excellent films at the end of it. In the last term, we held a Photographic Competition. The subject was "Water". The competition, for which there was a large number of entries, was judged by Mrs. Swan, who generously gave a prize to the best photographer. We should like to congratulate Deane Jones, whose photograph of "The Clear Water of Tahiti" gained first place.

We should like to thank Mrs. Swan for her help and encouragement and to wish Ruth Williamson, next year's head of the Society, good luck.

DIANA LAROQUE; CAROLINE WADDINGTON

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Bridge Club

Although the Bridge Club was only started at the beginning of the year, it has been very active. The standard of play has been raised by weekly meetings and numerous visits from other clubs such as St. John's and St. Andrew's. Meetings have also been arranged with Parents, Staff, and several expert "players". The Roedeian Ramble provided us with four new tables and several double packs of playing cards and Mr. B. Yates very kindly donated a table.

Subscriptions were used to buy "Bridge for Beginners" by Goren and also, on some occasions, to supplement teas which were generously provided by parents and Mrs. Elkington.

The whole year has been very successful and I am sure that its enthusiastic members will enable the Club to thrive under the guidance of Mrs. Stevenson.

CAROLINE GELDART

Gymnastics Report - 1973

In the second term, a most successful gymnastics display was held. The proceeds from the performances were used to provide the School with a new trampoline. All the Girls from Upper V,

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Ante-Matric and Matric took part and attained a very high standard in their work. Notable performances were given by the following girls, who were awarded gymnastic colours:

Gillian Evans, Margaret Ann Kerr, Jennifer Grant-Hodge, Cheryl Gillwald, Karen Shields and Jennifer Meyer.

My thanks go to all the girls who took part and worked so hard to make the display a success; also to the parents who gave us their support and who have provided us with a source of enjoyment in the trampoline.

J. ELTRINGHAM

Swimming Report - 1973

Firstly, I should like to thank Mrs. Eltringham for her encouragement and

d patience. We are sorry to say goodbye to her and to Miss Snook. At the beginning of the year we had a Gala, which was held at St. Andrew's and in which we competed against St. Andrew's, Kingsmead and Jeppe Girls' High School. In the Gala, we gained our usual victory. In March we participated in the annual Inter-High Gala, in which we came fifth. It was a very exciting afternoon and I should like to congratulate all those who swam. In the Inter-High Diving, we gained fourteen points. There was a

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great deal of excitement at the House Gala, where Lambs won both the Gala as a whole and the diving. Bears came second in the Gala and Kats third.

Colours were awarded to Patience Daniel and Penelope Zaloumis.

HEATHER RUNDLE (Captain)

* * * *

Hockey Report - 1973

The hockey season began successfully with the first team defeating the boys' team from St. Andrew's Grahamstown. During the season we also had friendly matches against St. Stithian's and Michaelhouse. The first team were invited to tour Swaziland. The girls were most enthusiastic and the tour was one of victory, fun and chaos.

After an unsuccessful season last year, we were placed in the B. League. The first team went to Waverley to play in the A. League Tournament and, although the participants enjoyed the matches, no-one was chosen for further trials. But in B. League matches, the teams did gain several victories and the Under 15 team came second in the Tournament at Hyde Park. The Under 15 team should yield some promising team players in the future.

The Inter-House Team matches were exciting for both the spectators and players. Kats won the Senior Section and Lambs the Junior Section. I wish to express my gratitude to Mrs. Eltringham for her hard work and to Miss Snook and Mrs. Thornton-Smith for their advice and encouragement. I should also like to thank my Vice-Captain for her support and to wish next year's Captain and her teams the best of luck.

HELEN LO (Captain)

* * * *

Tennis Report - 1973

Despite the fact that we have not always been successful this year, I feel that everyone in the team has persevered and some of the younger members have gained a position in the first team. I should like to thank all the games staff, especially Mrs. Eltringham, for their constant encouragement. Mr. Knox has again coached the girls this year. As usual, his help has been invaluable. We have been fortunate to have been given two new tennis courts, which have been built near the gravel hockey pitch and which compensate for the loss of the Gym Court.

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At the Inter-High Tournament held at Ellis Park on the 20th October, Roedeans was represented by Elizabeth Murray and Patience Daniel, Danielle Pienaar and Carolyn Dempster, all of whom played very well, but were unfortunately not placed.

In the Senior Inter-House matches, played in November, Kats came first with 4 points, Lambs second with 2 points and Bears third with 0 points. In the Junior matches, Lambs came first with 30 games, Kats second with

th 27 games, and Bears third with 24 games.

I wish next year's Captain, Danielle Pienaar, and the Vice-Captain, Eliza Beth Murray, all the best and I hope that they have a most successful year.

ASTRED HARGREAVES (Captain)

* * * *

ENGLISH CONTRIBUTIONS Cages

The padding of the swift feet echoes their metred rhythm - ten paces - a muffle - ten paces - the same muffle - as they pace to-and-fro, up and down, back and forth, incessantly on the smelly, stone floor. The lithe, agile body slinks with defined grace between the two cold, cement walls - the movement quick and quiet, but neat and monotonous. Two alert, perceptive catlike eyes survey the colourful, cheerful surroundings beyond the dull, black bars. Inside, the sleek, agile body, the instinctive animal urge to kill and be free has not been mitigated by the restrictions of enclosure . .

This physical example of the ineffectiveness of bars, chains and cages is similarly echoed in Richard Lovelace's love poem "To Althea, from Prison". In this work, the poet shows clearly how a prison can physically restrict people, but how love and all other emotions are not altered by the enclosure. He states that, although barred up in prison, he still possesses total freedom of mind and thought and that:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;"

Filthy, hungry and badly clothed, a young boy slinks suspiciously through the grey streets of a disreputable and poverty-stricken neighbourhood.

Confronting a bakery window, suddenly the relish of the freshly-baked cakes and pastries and the everpresent reminder of the burning hunger inside his rag-covered stomach causes his mind to fall into the trap of temptation and yet another criminal is born. Society will be quick to condemn THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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his traits of delinquency and the owners of well-filled banking accounts will soon despise his mindless actions, but this victim of environment is forced and caged inside this world of crime and violation by the taunting threat of poverty and hunger.

Ironically, however, money will not break the bars of these cages of society; Leonard Cohen once addressed a certain daughter of a wealthy businessman - she was . . . "locked into your suffering, and your pleasures are the seal". - money confined her to the stupidity of a fool's paradise.

In watching the rush and hurry of everyday people - unconsciously chained to the restrictions of convention which they themselves have created, the truth of Rousseau's famous words:

"Man is born free, yet is everywhere in chains", becomes blatantly obvious. The ring of a bell, the buzz of an intercom, the hum of a machine: everywhere man has laid down conventions that may not be violated by negligence.

Experts are constantly trying to obtain an exact definition of the word "freedom". Is their apparent inability due to the fact that, on this entire increasingly liberal earth, no one and nothing can experience perfect freedom, and that therefore, everyone is caged in?

However, as the experts search for their definition, while modern man conforms to the rules and standards of society and convention, while the "poor little rich girl" revels in the lush surroundings of her furnished cage, while the street urchin tries to cast off the chains of poverty, while felines

tread the path between the walls of their cages, the earth moves silently, swiftly

- quietly completing its perpetual orbit within the laws of gravitation in the vast expanse of the endless Cage of the universe.

NICOLA WILSHERE (Matric I)

* * * *

7th May, 1917

And two things have altered not Since first the world began -

The beauty of the wild green earth And the bravery of man.

(Cameron Wilson)

Thought the soft mist the birds' song heralded the coming of a new day. The trees' fine branches, on which the birds sat, looked like spiders' webs, luring creatures to feast on their beauty. The wide gray sky had an aura of majesty and power, presiding over the earth that was stirring from its rest.

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In the barracks of the R.A.F., Albert Ball rose from his bunk. His eyes gazed vacantly in front of him; his face looked haunted. He felt as if his energy had been sapped from him somehow, and that he was trapped. It was only the inexorable duty he felt that forced him to carry on.

Another day of bloodshed, of fear, of taut nerves being stretched to breaking point, lay ahead. Next to him, Ball looked at a photograph of himself.

... England's hero: eager and intense, but now, so very tired ...

Ball stood up, moving quickly and concentrated on his activities. He walked to his D.E.5 aeroplane and climbed in. Soon the Number 56 Squadron were away, gliding to France where they stopped in the afternoon to refuel and then towards Germany, and perhaps their death ...

It was a still evening, but the sky was heavy with threatening cumulus clouds towering above the eleven machines.

Then the enemy was spotted.

Ball steeled himself. The Squadron was led into a dive, but the Jasta were close behind. Ball saw the highly skilled pilots of his Squadron fighting, like him, for their lives. Turning over, tighter and more desperately, losing altitude, separated from his fellows, Ball, the indestructible, fought.

His face was beaded with perspiration, his eyes burning and strained. Ball approached an enemy, tense with the effort of anticipating the Jasta's next move. He aimed and fired carefully. The Jasta aircraft wobbled and then the nose fell, screaming towards the ground, until against the velvet of the darkened landscape below, a dark red flash exploded.

ROSEMARY PRESTON (Matric)

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* * * *

Winter Landscapes

This time it was different. The reluctant snow wafted down ... the sky was as heavy and entombing; the air, thin and bleak;

I made the ascent of the hospital mountain. I pondered the heights, yet I feared the peaks. Would the altitude give grace to my divided hope? ..

. To the Winter Landscapes of merciful death?

My heels clicked upon the corridor ice; snow-men-nurses hushed as I told them your name. The Jack Frost matron came over to me; smiling her wintry smile, she showed me into your deepfreeze chamber ... into the cold Winter Landscapes of the partly living.

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Yes, my darling, you were dead-alive, you knew it was I, but were barely capable of acknowledging this - in your mor-phin[^]-consciousness. Relieved, I saw your ski-stick arms still attached to the life-giving machine.

Nothing was new in the Winter Landscapes of drugged oblivion.

The drugs wore off, you opened your eyes. Your once-vivid eyes gave a fluid-sun warmth to the room. I sat down beside you, and you emitted a weak smile from your skeleton skull. You asked me to pull your sheets further over you, you said you were chilly, and I smiled. Even now, you could not bear to appear weak - to admit that the weight was too much. How ironic it is now, that you were the toughest in the rugby team - how ironic that you always won the fight until leukaemia qualified for the first eleven.

Your frail body could no longer face up to the coach, who swore one day that he would get the better of you. "That is", said the guy, "if that girl of yours stops feeding you." But I never did stop feeding you, yet before I knew it you could no longer eat and before the coach knew it you could not play sport. You could only glide slowly down the ski-slope, slowly down past the final Winter Landscape.

"Nunkie ..."

"mm"

"What are you thinking of? You are being so quiet. Don't take it too hard, I want to go now. I've had a whisper of heaven, a wink and will no longer be denied. I am a burden here, unto you, myself and the nurses. Don't take it too hard".

"I'm sorry".

"Don't apologise, it is no-one's fault".

So we spoke, you said it made you better to do so and after all this would be one of the last times that you could . . .

The jagged rocks were past, the landslides over, the skiing done - you were merely skiing down the Winter Landscapes of life . . . you said that you were no longer afraid. Quoting Thomas K Becket you frankly said: "I am not in danger; only near to death" You continued, saying that you were so near the bottom - there could be no more pain. There were no more falls to fall, nor pulpits to slip from - you were looming closer to the lowest Winter Landscape.

The nurse came in, saying it was time to go, but I shook my head for I knew ...

You were still talking, smiling, boasting:

"I have been without morphine for nearly three hours". While I continued pondering, wondering, fighting the ice that froze me in, I turned to you, knowing these last minutes must be yours alone ours alone! You pleaded a gain, the eyes filled with

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pain, I lay down beside you, kissed your blue lips then did it for you . .

. . and you sank into the Winter Landscapes of Mercy.

They cried and I cried ... I would no longer have the divided impossible hope ... no longer would I fear disturbance of the quiet season - yet, in the midst of her I had found truth and committed the wrong deed for the right reason. I had reached the peak of the mountain. I had attained the highest degree of selfishness. I ended the waiting, I gave you release - myself sadness; yet I know, that time will dissolve those Winter Landscapes of my mind . . .

LUCIENNE POWELL (Matric I)

* * * *

Cages

They met quite soon before they were born. It was on a beach where he found himself one day, where the sand was very white. He was troubled - there was a fear and a thrill inside him somewhere. I think he knew he would be born soon.

She was walking along the very curl of the tide and the way she seemed translucent like the seashine told him that she, too, would soon be gone. They talked, and the twilight came, with its scents and white stars. Twilight is the touching time, so he took her hand.

She seemed fragile, with faraway eyes, and they loved each other painfully, for that night. It was more than loving-pain. It was almost living-pain.

He went away the next morning.

The doctor told his mother that the little blighter had seemed actively to resent being born. But he was born and birth is a forgetting.

Soon after, far away, a girl baby was born. Her mother was amazed by the ease of the birth. But she too could not remember.

Their lives were just lives, and it is their freedom that matters. As he grew nearer the time of loving her before, there was often a fear and a thrill in his heart. And he was restless, sea-troubled.

She lived across the seas from him and had always been somehow gentle and misty. There was a translucence in her eyes which spoke of the sky, and a freedom in her soul of the sea.

When that day came round to their lives again, he found himself on a beach, where the sand was very white. The late sea-sigh was warm and deep. When he looked up, he saw a girl, walking slowly along the edge of the shine. She seemed part of

the sea.

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She had not noticed him before, because he had seemed part of the time and of her eyes.

I have been here before This is beautiful Yes, and you are too I love you, I love you

- "Hullo"

- "Hullo"

They started speaking, shyly at first but then through the medium of their rich, strange secret. He looked at her face and saw the most beautiful scent he had ever felt - it was small pale flowers growing from her skin on fine stems.

The twilight fell, deep and breathing. He took her hand. Where he touched her skin there bloomed a white, and musky rose.

They looked into this flower for a long, long time.

Where are the cages?

I know why I am I am you.

JENERFER SHUTE (Matriculation)

* * * *

In Praise of Idleness

My song is a prayer, a hymn of joy, a song of praise - perhaps not of the kind that the angels sang, but nevertheless an expression of infinite approval. Mine is a song of praise to idleness and it is sung the world over by many people!

Lying in the sweet-smelling grass, listening to the chorus of the birds, that never-ending choir praising life . . . They eat and drink and sleep and are beautiful; provide pleasure for millions; they are quite unworried by the griefs and stresses of our world. Poets throughout the ages have expressed the desire to escape from this transitory life and follow the path of the

free-flying birds.

Consider the lilies-of-the-field - and all flowers for that matter: "They toil not, neither do they spin" and yet that successful business-man who has three smart cars, a cottage by the sea and a game farm, "was never arrayed as one of these". Our smart executive has wrinkles on his face, stress marks on his forehead, deep lines around his mouth from constantly forcing smiles, and usually has an ulcer or a nervous-breakdown before he turns forty-five. What a way to live! Is that Jaguar worth it? Is it not too high a price to pay for that seaside cottage?

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In an hour of idleness, will you come with me five miles meandering, in a hazy motion?" I will try to show you some of the things which I see and find and hear and sense in that time when I could be doing "something constructive".

A warm, Spring morning. Buds are shooting from the branches of trees which still look so lifeless. Small sprigs of green are straining against the hard earth.

I see a miracle taking place! Do you? Look at those hard, heavy, strong cement blocks on the pavement. They have been broken asunder by a tiny piece of grass. Pluck a blade. Anyone can pluck it up, destroy it, and yet it can shatter a thing so strong.

Wander farther - have you noticed a little wag-tail doing a crazy Spring dance? He steps to one side, nods his head and hops twice. Two steps forward and wags his tail. Turns around twice; now in the opposite direction - and takes a hop, and his lady-love is enchanted. Off they fly to build a nest.

By now the Spring fever should be racing through your blood. Pity those who do not care, for everyone needs rejuvenation.

We are lying in the long grass under a shady tree, glad to be out of the sun this sultry summer's afternoon. A feeling of pure contentment fills me, the warm smell of summer is in my nostrils, a lethargy is creeping over me.

With half-closed eyes - to the accompaniment of sleepy chirps from sparrows up above, the sweet and heavy scent of full-blown roses filling the air - a half-formed picture appears. I know what it is, for "In Xanadu, did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree", and here it is in all its splendour. The sky becomes that dome of ice, and the scene becomes fully-focused as I drift into a lazy sleep.

The peace is shattered by a blast of thunder, a spurt of rain. Rush inside to shelter. Hurry to the window, and watch the elements at play.

The black, bruised-looking sky is torn by jagged streaks of icy gold. Water pelts by, thundering on the roof; cymbal claps of lightning shake the world - and we are allowed to watch all this! and to watch as blue overcomes black, sun follows rain - like good overpowering evil.

Within such a short time everything is quiet again, the earth sweet-smelling. And the music of the spheres playeth on, regardless of the shuffling of the mortals, below and benighted.

The gales of autumn chase scudding clouds across the sky Now it is time to curl up beside the fire with a book

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Race across Scotland with the Young Pretender in a dangerously pleasing existence. Dance a stately figure at the Court of Henry VIII - oh! What joy to be present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold! Plunge through jungles

with Livingstone; ride a camel with Lawrence at the head of his Arabian
hoards. Live through the horrors of Vietnam and awake and be grateful for
those around you, for the comfort of the flickering flames.

Of course, I am prepared to concede that to really appreciate indolence,
laziness, idleness, one must have hours of labour first. And I argue that
, although everyone calls me lazy and says I waste my time, I am learning
all the time. My kind of idleness does me good, teaches me, helps me exp
ress myself. My kind of idleness is truly praiseworthy!

VICTORIA COAKER (Matric I)

* * * *

Air, Earth, Fire, Water

- Do you think I'm beautiful?

- Well, sort of.

- I am, I am.

Do you know what I am?

- No, what?

- I am a air-child, wild and cold. My brightsharp shine is the cold and di
zzy freedom of the curved and abient sky. I know the touch of the warm, we
t spray of stars.

O I am beautiful, I am free. My body is a slice of moon, curved, tense and
white. My fingers they slide smoothly through the satin sky.

Touch me, I am air. I am the spinning of a star. I am a wasted wind.

- Do you think I'm warm?

- Well, sort of.

- I am, I am.

Do you know what I am?

- No, what?

- I am an earth-child, musky with the seasons fruit and flower. My body
it is rich and warm as blood. I am a womb of secret, strange and patchwo
rk things, a pregnancy of warmth.

O I am fragrant, I am full, I am the darkness of soft days and the buttery
warmth of birth. Of sun and apples and the harvest hay, of these I know.

Touch me, I am earth. I am the ripeness of all fruit, I am
the always warm.

- Do you think I'm wild?

- Well, sort of.

- I am, I am.

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Do you know what I am?

- No, what? .

- I am a sea-child, wild and cold. My brightsharp shine is broken, light an
d wind and winter in the sun. My passion it is the violence of the crest of
every wave.

O I am restless, I am wild. The turning breaking bubbles of
cold and bright clean air, the shattered flashing fragments of
clear and sharp cold light - when will they, will I rest? I am
alone and breaking, light in motion, rain exploded.

Touch me, I am water. I am the frenzy of all fear. I am the breaking glass.

- Do you think I'm passionate?

- Well, sort of.

- I am, I am.

Do you know what I am?

No, what?

- I am a fire-child, burning, breaking and branding with the bright light, pain, light of my touch. My body it has the quickness of terror's beating heart.

O I am fearful, I am free. Air - slivers of earth and fruit, earth-slivers of the air. The thick and smoky sky is mine to tear and mend with stars and then to tear again.

Touch me, I am fire. I am the breaking of the warmth. I am a writhing love

- No, do you think I'm ugly and do you see me bleed? Do you see me stunned, squashy and deformed - do you see the thick warm and writhing in my skull? Do you smell me putrid, do you see the slime?

Not of earth, nor of sea, of fire nor the air. I am a world-child, and who will want me, who will have me? None.

JENEFER SHUTE (Matric I)

â™™!
* * * *

Smoke

There was silence except for the continuous monotonous ticking of the giant computer. No-one noticed the machine, as they had grown to tolerate the mechanical sounds.

Outside the Building, life continued as usual. Jupiterians shuffled along the streets, some pushing perambulators, others carrying packages. Silent electric vehicles passed by swiftly, while the mobile robots conducted them to a halt or allowed them to pass through an intersection.

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The sun shone through the dome hazily. Every few hours a pock-marked moon would slowly cross the dome, casting large round shadows on Jupiter's surface. There was no breeze, as the oxygenated atmosphere was controlled by the computer. If one looked upwards, one could not see any clouds. Only the shiny glass dome surrounding the planet, with her twelve moons slowly rotating around it, could be seen.

Meanwhile the computer continued to tick, undisturbed in its solitude. A mysterious blue light flashed on, and blinked in time to the mechanical ticking. Slowly a faint hissing sound became audible and a faint stream of sweet-smelling smoke penetrated the atmosphere. Another light flashed on and the speed of the ticking increased.

Gradually the smell of the smoke was noticed outside the Building. Jupiterians sniffed the air and looked questioningly at one another. They glanced towards the Building, and as there was no unusual movement outside, they shrugged their shoulders and continued with their work.

Inside the Building was a hive of activity. The strange smoke had been noticed and traced to the Computer Room. The Jupiterians saw the warning lights and realized that something was very wrong.

In his luxurious apartment, Gregorius was suddenly aroused from a deep sleep. He yawned and, still drowsy, walked to the buzzing vision phone. He pressed a button and an anxious young man's face appeared on the screen and told him of the smoke.

Gregorius was instantly fully awake. His face turned pale, and he announced that he would go and investigate.

There were no Jupiterians outside - they had all retired to their homes to try and escape from the overpoweringly nauseating smoke. Ambulances passed Gregorius's vehicle as he travelled to the building.

He rushed to the computer with a mask covering his face. He could hardly see the machine through the smoke, but he recognized the warning lights, and knew what had happened.

He had always been afraid of this happening. Ever since he had built the nuclear power computer, he had had a nagging dread of the radio-active substance leaking. There was no escape from the effects of the smoke - everyone who had come into contact with it would die, including himself.

When he was building it, his colleagues had warned him against using nuclear power. But he had scorned them and now it was too late.

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Gregorius screamed and ran from the room. He tore round the Building, until he collapsed against a wall exhausted and sobbing. His skin smarted and felt crepey. He felt weaker and the strength was being drained from his body

Upstairs in the Computer Room, the smoke-enshrouded computer continued to tick and spread the deadly vapour.

ALISON WARDROP (Ante-Matriculation)

* * * *

Winter Landscapes

The gnarled trees stood by the side of the road. Their branches twisted weirdly, extending like skinny arms of witches. Their barks were as rough and wizened as an old woman's face.

The drops of dew had frozen on the brown blades of grass. The earth was rock-hard and cracked. Here and there tufts of dry grass grew. Big gaps in the grass littered the valley, giving it a menacing appearance.

Skinny cattle trampled the grass underfoot. There were about twelve of them, and a mangy dog with protruding bones accompanied the African herdsman. The cattle walked slowly, with their heads bent against the cold wind. Their noses blew out steamy clouds. The dark herdsman was as thin as the cattle. He wore a patched pair of pants that blew around his calves. His grey jersey was dirty and torn. Underneath he wore nothing else. Walking between the cattle, that acted as a slight barrier to the icy wind, the boy sang softly. Everytime a cow made a dung dropping, the little herdsman would run and stand in it. He would wriggle his toes in the luxurious warmth of it before running after the cows again.

* * * *

The snow looked like a sheet that had just been laundered. It covered the valleys and mountains; thick and beautiful, pure as a bed of daisies. A few flakes drifted down, and settled quietly on the white mass underfoot. The sun had not risen completely, but seemed to hover just behind the highest mountain. The rays tinted the white snow slightly, but in the dip of the valleys, it had a bluish hue. Further up it became lighter, with the slightest tinge of a rose colour barely perceptible. On and on the white carpet extended . . . endless beautiful, invigorating.

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The forest was like a fairyland. The firs were laden with snow. Their boughs were full of it, and they bowed down gracefully. No prints had yet disturbed the shimmering whiteness of the ground beneath. No voices and laughs echoed through the silent valley yet. All was quietly restful. Frozen icicles hung from windows and roofs, all different shapes and lengths. The first rays of the watery sun caught the icicles, and caused them to look like crystals. New crystals with brilliant colours, clear, untouched, still to be spoiled.

Beauty such as this could never be captured by pen and paper. The moment

ent seemed eternal; the scene exquisite and ethereal, an untouched winter landscape.
DIANE WEDDELL (Ante-Matriculation)

* * * *

The Good Old Days

What exactly is meant by the phrase, "The Good, Old Days"? To what are people referring when they make a casual remark about those "Good, Old Days"? To everyone the phrase must conjure up different memories. Perhaps the first man to recall the "good, old days" might have been Adam, when remembering wonderful days spent in the Garden of Eden. When the Greeks were conquered by the Romans, they must often have thought back to their days of freedom. "The Bard", described in the poem by Thomas Gray, must have had pleasant memories of the days before Edward I conquered Wales and killed all the bards. To the Cavaliers in England when Cromwell came to power, the "Good, Old Days" with a strong monarch must have seemed sadly passed by. Louis XVI of France and his Queen Marie Antoinette, must have made many a prayer to be back in the days when the French peasants "knew their place". Beethoven, when he went deaf, must have wished to be able to hear again.

To ecologists the "Good, Old Days" were presumably those before man started to pollute his world. Nearer home, to the partners and clients of the stockbroking firm, "Wilson and Mansfield", those good, old days must have been before Cecil Chweidan played "ducks and drakes" with their money. President Nixon of the United States of America would date them to before the discovery of the "Watergate Scandal".

However, what does the phrase mean to us and our close relations? To one's grandfather it might mean the days when the well-mannered youth were seen and not heard the days before the First World War. To one's parents it might refer to the days

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before the cost of living rose so high. To young South African teenagers of 1973 it might refer to the days before they went to school and before the Matriculation Examination began to loom on the horizon.

Thus for everyone the phrase "the Good, Old Days" has a different significance. Yet the words imply a time in one's past remembered with pleasure and excitement. "Oil sont les neiges d'auton?" regretfully demanded the French poet, Villon, "those better things of yesteryear which slipped away like melting snow".

PATIENCE DANIEL (Ante-Matriculation)

* * * *

Windows

He walked along the dust road towards the town. His feet dragged stubbornly and his hands hung limply by his sides. His head was turned down towards the ground, looking at his filthy feet. His crop of blonde hair had not seen a comb for weeks. His blue dungarees, though clean, were far too big for him and were rolled up to his knees. As he neared the town, he straightened up a little. His face was a picture of misery. Rivulets of tears trickled down his cheeks, falling on the dust and disappearing.

The road was now tarred - he was in the town. He did not know what he was doing. All he was sure of was that he wanted peace, he wanted to think, he wanted to be left alone. He noticed that he had entered the town from the slum-end. The small cramped houses were black; rubbish littered the steps, garbage cans were turned over and famished dogs scro

unged around in them. He walked quickly down the road until his attention was caught by a clean half-opened window, from which shouts were coming.

Standing on his toes he looked into the room. There was no furniture - only a man and a woman. The man was pulling his belt from his trousers, while the woman cowered in a corner. With calculated steps, the man walked towards the woman, lifted his arm and brought the belt down on her; again and again. She screamed, but he did not stop. The boy was petrified; clutching tightly to the window ledge he could not take his eyes off the scene. The woman began to moan. This was too much for the boy. He tore his eyes from the window and ran down the street, the woman's moans following.

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He stopped by a red post-box to catch his breath. He thought how his parents never spoke to each other. He thought though, how lucky he was that his father had never beaten his mother. Gazing around, his eyes detected a movement in a room beyond the huge French-windows across the road. Not being able to resist the temptation he ran to the window and peeped in. The room was poorly furnished, but if he pulled himself up, he could see a bed, table, chair and cupboard through the cut-glass; peering at the bed he could see a man and a woman with their arms round each other. A blanket covered them but the boy could see that the man had no shirt on. He pressed his nose to the window glass trying to see what was going on when he remembered what his father had said; a man's room is his own and what he does in it is of no importance to little boys. Wanting to please his father, but knowing he would never therefore satisfy his curiosity, he lowered himself to the pavement and continued walking. He walked on, thinking how his parents had different rooms, while the parents of his friends always had only one room. He never saw his father without a shirt. Why? He never saw his father touch his mother. Why? He stumbled down the road, stopping where a crowd of people were gathered around something. Pushing his way to the front, he found he was facing the darkened window of a toyshop. He could not see into the window clearly as the glass was a funny colour, but he did notice the beautiful train and the hand made boat. Knowing he could have them if he wanted them, he pushed his way back onto the road.

He thought of how his parents competed against each other. He remembered how his father had bought him a boat that floated and his mother had immediately gone out and bought a battery-controlled aeroplane that flew. He carried on, back on to the dusty road, though this time he carried himself upright, prepared to meet life as it rushed at him.

Back home, he looked in at the lounge window. His father was there and he had his arm round a strange woman. He looked up to his mother's bedroom. It was bare, the curtains were gone. He looked through the garage window. His mother's car was gone and a strange one had taken its place.

Maybe his mother would be back tomorrow - but if she were not, he was prepared to look through the Window of Life and try to understand.

MERILYN PARK (Ante-Matriculation)

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First Impressions

My first impressions are invariably, if not always, wrong. I feel that I must just mention this example to support my statement.

I was, at one stage, desperate for a flat-mate. I had bought a flat (just right for a friend to share) and had cleaned out my purse in the effort. But as I was expecting a friend to share the expense, things didn't seem too bad . . . until she suddenly decided to get married. Then I really had problems; so I advertised for a room-mate. At last one answer came.

Even in my desperate state, I knew better than to accept her without giving her a 'once-over' to see if we would get along. She dropped in one evening, and I opened the door to an incredible creation. There she stood on the doorstep - small, dainty, immaculate, with not a hair out of place despite the windy weather. I was aware of my grubby shirt, and the apron tied around my middle.

But it was her eyes that really unnerved me. Ever since I can remember, I've wished for blue eyes - large cornflower blue. And there they were staring at me. I could only feel a deep sense of injustice at God's endowing some people with such beauty and me with a drab pair of brown eyes and mouse-coloured hair. Maybe I didn't mention that she had beautiful golden hair reaching almost to her waist - but that's surely easy enough to guess?

She broke the silence by saying: "This is Flat 12, and you are P. Abraham, aren't you?" Her tone was so musical that I suddenly had a vision of myself barricading the door against all the men that would surely be only too ready to idolise her.

I managed a croak, that could be taken for the affirmative, and stepped back to allow her to enter. She came in so gracefully that she seemed almost to float across the floor. I had another vision - this time of her trying to cook. But she's never boiled an egg in her life, I thought nastily. As for sewing - I could hear myself saying that there was no Dior branch in this district. And the cleaning chores ... I shuddered even to think.

But I did accept her - and, as I later discovered, her nine suitcases. I had it all worked out - I'd saved enough money to go out to dinner every night of the next week. As for cleaning, well, that would have to take care of itself.

She only worked during the morning, so I expected to find her settled in by the time I returned in the evening. I approached the flat full of apprehension, and as I opened the door I was sure that I must have made a mistake - that was not my drab little flat. But a gay voice hailed me, and I looked for its source. My

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eyes travelled upwards, up a ladder, and there she sat, beaming at me.

And she was wearing the shabbiest pair of jeans imaginable.

"You do like it, don't you? I just thought it looked so dull. I should have asked you first. I mean, I can always paint over it again. Please say something," she said anxiously.

She'd painted the whole room a dark blue. The effect was startling, to put it mildly - but oddly attractive. Yes, it really looked like something. I

said as much, and in a moment she was down the ladder, exclaiming joyfully.

"I knew you weren't really the cross old mama you looked at first. You couldn't be with eyes like those. You see, I've always envied people with brown eyes - they're so kindhearted."

"Not all of them," I said weakly, and felt I had to sit down.

She turned out to be a wonderful cook - a genius almost. She'd turn the dullest left-overs into the most marvellous delicacies. And her puddings - it makes my mouth water to think of them.

Actually, although its three years since that incident, and we still live t here, I, at any rate, am a changed person. She persuaded me to put a tint i n my hair, and my eyes no longer bother me - in fact I rather like them. I think I did say that my first impressions of people are always wrong, didn 't I?

ELSPETH MACKINTOSH (Ante-Matriculation)

* * * * *

Mountains Streams and Pools

George, Cape, is the centre of the well known Garden Route. George is renowned for its luxurious beaches, its^ holiday atmosphere and especi ally its awe-inspiring mountain peaks. The Outeniqua Range stretches f rom George to Knysna. These mountains consist of a vast number of peak s and valleys. They are beautifully carpeted with abundant ferns and m osses. The peak we attempted to climb was George Peak.

The Land Rover transported us to the newly constructed P.M. tower. This tall, lean network of iron is at the foot of the Berg. Rucksacks packe d, we energetically covered the first mile. Soon the pace slowed down a s the crags became steeper and strong hands were needed to hoist female s up.

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Slowly, little mountain phenomena became visible. A rare protea, bursti ng with freshness, showed its red petals between two sword ferns. Mesem breanthemums, commonly called vygies, curtseyed and bobbed in the sligh t breeze. Here, a frightened mouse scuttled from beneath the scrub. The re a dassie or rock rabbit darted quickly beneath its rock.

Suddenly we came upon a little mountain brook. It gurgled happily through the undergrowth. Beautiful, white, shiny, round pebbles lay beneath the crystal clear water. We trudged wearily alongside our silver friend till we reached a secluded spot where the rivulet broadened slightly.

Here the silence which surrounded us was rudely shattered by the customa ry chatter of humans. After lunch a few individuals took a nap. I decide d to continue further up our mountain stream.

I waded silently through the water - my toes looked grossly elongated as t he water rippled over them. At the head of the spring was a little waterfa ll of about six feet. As the water plunged over the precipice it formed a foaming, gurgling pool; the stream evolved from this swishing, bubbling ma ss.

I was fascinated. All was silent, except for the repetitive splash of the tumbling water. The rocks surrounding the pool were decked in green. At intervals the rocks' glossy black coats could be noticed. The earth at th e bottom of the pool was pitch black. Sometimes it was churned up and for med a grey cylinder which tossed and turned under the water's surface. It was lovely to be alonc, surrounded by nature.

I turned around. Like a speck in the distance I recognized the Land Rover . The town of George was a concrete jungle. It distorted the country side . I hated it. I hated civilization. I then realized why. Jean-Jacques Rou sseau had said that man should go back to nature. I wondered if it was on ly the French Revolution which had inspired him to say those words. Or ha d he too sat next to a mountain pool for a few blissful minutes?

I have visited my mountain pool on two occasions since then. However, I have not had the pleasure of that beautiful sensation of freedom again.

ELIZABETH MURRAY (Ante-Matriculation)ï»¿THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Dust

When I think of dust, I think of those awful dust storms we used to have down in the Free State - clouds upon clouds, of menacing dust advancing ominously, then in a flurry it would be over, leaving layers of powdery uncleanness on every conceivable object

There, it would lie waiting for Mother to flick it off with her duster. As it rose into the air and danced in the sunbeams, I realised why Rupert Brooke described it as "feathery, fairy dust" in his poem "The Great Lover."

I can understand why he loved it. It has a wonderful fascination. How often have you seen a child watching the dust particles dance about in a sunbeam and how often have you done the same?

It is then that dust comes into its own and shows us its good points; unfortunately, it has many bad points too.

It pollutes the air; it is unclean. It finds its way into the innermost parts of machines, into folds of dresses, into your eyes and your hair; it settles on food, newly polished furniture and books. Never has a substance been as hated as it is; and do you blame humans for this?

And yet, without dust we would not have deserts and without deserts we would not have literature like "Beau Geste" and heritages like that of the Ancient Egyptians.

As everything is put on this earth for a purpose, one wonders what dust is meant to do. I am sometimes quite certain it was intended to be a torment to humans; and I cannot think of one function that it performs that is of any use to anyone or anything.

But actually, that is not true - it gives us something to look at on those lazy afternoons when we are just staring into space.

I would rather like to study a dust particle under a microscope for I firmly believe that everything, however annoying or trivial, has some beauty.

It also provides us with some of the most thought-provoking words we know; "Dust to Dust". According to the Bible, Adam was made from dust; it follows, therefore, that we owe our very existence to this annoying substance.

Perhaps dust was put on this earth - to remind us of how insignificant we are in comparison with our Creator.

If we all kept this in mind today's world would be a much happier place.

JENNIFER STILL (Upper V)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Portrait of a Failure

Click, click, click; the monotonous sound of many typewriters filled the stuffy little room. A tall slim girl with scrawny yellow hair hanging down her back, looked round the room with a 1Å°Å^ of deep hatred flashing in her pale green eyes. She turned back to her typewriter with a bored utterance. How she hated this life

- the stuffy, hot room; the noise and the neat appearance of the rows of girls sitting in front of typewriters, their backs bent and their hands working swiftly. She stared at her own machine and the numerous neat little letters seemed to stare up at her, mocking her, laughing at her ...

A bell rang somewhere in the building, and the once neat, orderly room was transformed into a room filled with milling crowds. She fought her way to the door and followed a crowd of chattering, laughing boys and girls. No-one even glanced at her and she felt very lonely and left out, but how could she possibly be lonely in this crowd of noisy young people?

Through the long passages she walked. Her walk was elegant and graceful,

owing to several years of ballet training. At last, in the canteen, she managed to find an empty table, and, ordering a cup of tea, she sat down, her usually straight, well poised head drooping. Slowly sipping her hot tea, her gaze wandered round the light, airy room. Several gay paintings hung on the white walls, but her eyes came to rest on a small dark picture hanging directly above her. It was a picture by a famous French artist. A lonely figure against a dark background; a girl dressed in a white tutu, dangling a pair of pink ballet shoes. The loneliness in the girl's expression reminded her of herself. Her thoughts, despite her efforts to stop them, flew back to the awful day only a month ago. Ever since she was six years old, she had dreamed and talked ballet. After leaving school she had attended ballet classes at a famous ballet school. For four years she had worked there, practising every day and making sacrifices because of all the practice required. Her main aim in life was to obtain an entrance to the Royal Ballet School, and one day become a famous ballerina. Her ballet teacher, Madame Viret, had finally arranged an audition for her and a few other girls. The great day had arrived and she had finished her audition. For a week she had waited, in an agony of suspense, for the results. One day a letter for her arrived. She tore it open and after reading it through once, she let it drift slowly to the floor and to her parents' horror, crumpled up in a faint.

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In her mind's eye, she could still see those words, "We regret to inform you that, on account of your tallness and lack of technique, you will not be acceptable here. We feel certain, though, that another ballet company would accept you". It had been signed, The Royal Ballet School." She had been too proud to try and gain admission to another company. Somewhere another bell rang, and she felt glad that she could get away; away from her thoughts; away from everything.

CAROLINE NOTTEN (Upper V)

* * * *

Games of Early Childhood

All normal small children exist in a world of fantasy. Their games are ones in which imagination plays a great part and there is no distinct line between reality and fantasy. They actually believe in the game which they are playing and are very often not aware that they are in fact playing. The games are not organised and there is no beginning or end to them. An example of this is the game which my brother and I used to play when we were small. Our rooms were separated by a modern fold door which could be pushed back to make one huge room. Each room had a built-in cupboard and these cupboards served as lifts which transported us to our respective "lands". These "lands" over which we ruled were inhabited by people who in time became part of our lives. My brother's subjects were dwarfs, the chief of which was "push dorf" (dwarf) so called because he kept order in the dominion by "pushing the others around". Of this dwarf we heard many stories so that in the end some of our parents' friends would enquire after his health. My mother would often come into our room and, on opening the cupboard doors, would find us standing up very straight and very quietly inside - we were on our way to our respective "lands".

Another game which I used to play was concerned with the nursery school I attended. At this school, we were divided into three classes: "Elephants", "Giraffes" and "Rabbits". After attending school for some time I

came home one day and told my mother about the new experimental class called "Guinea Pigs". Thereafter I told a new story each day about the "Guinea Pigs". At the end of the term there was an exhibition of our work. My mother asked my teacher how the "Guinea Pigs" were progressing and explained that I had told her all about it. My teacher, looking most bewildered, told my mother that there was no such experimental class!

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The games which children play are not only imaginary situations; they are often also dreams of what the children would like to have. When I was small I always wanted two older brothers and this wish became a reality in my two imaginary brothers. To me these brothers really existed. I could describe them exactly and they always used to sit in the back of the car when my mother fetched me from nursery school. These brothers had many adventures and whenever I was told to bring my brothers to meet one of my friends, the brothers were sick or had broken their arms or legs. Another thing I wanted when I was very small was a horse, but this being unobtainable my "horse" was a record which had a story put to music about a horse with the sound of horses' hooves in the background. I took this record everywhere; fed it, petted it and put it to sleep at the bottom of my bed. Sadly my game was ruined for ever when I dropped the record and it broke into little pieces.

Unfortunately as children become older they lose their creative imagination and tend only to play organised games in groups. In the end those memories of the games which occupied so many happy hours of their childhood fade away and they become bored and frustrated - which as small children they never were.

BARBARA CREECY (Upper V)

* * * *

Two Versions of "Triumphs and Disasters in the Kitchen"

A year or so ago, while my parents were overseas, an elderly maiden aunt came to stay with us. I felt quite capable of looking after the culinary arrangements myself, but dear Aunt Rhoda seemed under the impression that at my tender age, I would probably end up poisoning the family, and so insisted on taking charge of the kitchen, with no help whatsoever. I retired gracefully and left the cooking to what we hoped were her two capable hands.

The first evening, we were to have a special treat - a roll of beef. Aunt Rhoda spent hours preparing it with special herbs and with much care and concentration. When eventually it was ready, she carried it through from the kitchen, as though it were a trophy on a silver platter. Unfortunately, as she walked through the swing doors, she paused to give full effect to her entrance, and that was just one second too long, for the swing doors returned with unexpected haste, and knocked the plate right out of her hands. The roll of beef shot into the air and disappeared under the table, and the plate broke into several pieces.

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Aunt Rhoda then crawled on her hands and knees, and rescued the roll of beef. She then proceeded to dust it, rinse it and re-heat it and served it later, sadder, but still intact.

The next Sunday night, Aunt Rhoda decided to cook us scrambled eggs for supper. When the dish was served, we all observed that the eggs were a peculiar brown colour, but did not like to say anything until my sister, discovering that they tasted odd, enquired what flavouring my Aunt had

ad used. The reply was: "Cayenne, dear". Knowing that we had run out of cayenne pepper, we quickly ran to investigate, and to our absolute horror, discovered that she had used "Keating's Flea Powder." Fortunately no-one suffered any ill-effects after that, but needless to say, the plates of scrambled eggs were not consumed.

When, some months later, Mother arrived back, it was to discover a pound packet of cayenne on the pantry shelf. Aunt Rhoda had vowed that we were never again to run out of supplies!

After the episode with the scrambled eggs, anything in the way of food that was produced by Aunt Rhoda, was regarded with suspicion. More often than not, however, we were rewarded with scrumptious meals, which proved that she was a good cook despite her being absent-minded at times.

JANINE JOHNSON (Upper V)

* * * * *

The kitchen is almost a living room for her. It is there that she sews, paints, reads, writes and, naturally, cooks. The kitchen has experienced many of her moods and upsets and, whenever she is bored, she goes to the kitchen as there is always something for her to do there.

Saturday afternoons are her "cooking afternoons". She enters the kitchen at about 3 o'clock and exits one to three hours later; either leaving waste and destruction or neatness and a most delicious looking edible, behind.

Everyone knows when her attempts have been disastrous - an acrid smell of burning wafts through the house, the stove sizzles and spits, the overflowing liquid turning into little mercury-like globs, running and hopping around on the hot surface as it hits the stove; her screams of frustration and anxiety echo through the house and when the time comes to clear up, mumbles and groans can be heard in the kitchen. These are all characteristics of her cooking disasters and are evident when she attempts dishes which are beyond her experience.

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On the other hand, when her attempts have been successful, she comes out of the kitchen with a cheerful grin on her face, feeling most pleased. When she has been triumphant, she feels very good natured and does the washing-up, a relief for the servants; they dislike Saturday afternoon washing-up because of all the dishes the girl leaves to be washed - she always uses more than are necessary.

* * * * *

The light in the kitchen is good, so the girl paints there. She sets her palette and turpentine by her right hand side, her subject before her. Her attempts at art are hardly ever futile, and because of the tranquillity in the kitchen, she is able to give her paintings her full concentration.

* * * * *

The girl's sewing machine stands on the breakfast table, festooned with strands of bright cotton, scraps of material, needles, pins and scissors. When she puts her foot down on the pedal, whirring and buzzing fills the kitchen and the table throbs and shudders under the strain. Unfortunately, she has not quite mastered the art of dressmaking so her garments often look like sacks. Then, she has to sit down at her machine once more and alter the sack. However, she is triumphant when it comes to little jobs as sewing on buttons or mending.

* * * * *

Every afternoon after school, she comes in with her school books and does

her prep. Latin and Geography are large disasters of the kitchen as she does not know what she is supposed to do, and does not like them much either. It does not help much when the cook is frying chips for supper; the "expel-air" whirrs and screams and the fat splutters and shoots out all over the kitchen, causing the girl to become distracted and bored with Latin and Geography.

Science, Afrikaans and Biology are usually triumphs of the kitchen though, as she enjoys those subjects and not much can distract her attention from them.

* * * *

She loves being in the kitchen as that is where she can always find something to exercise her mind.

MARY PARK (Upper V)

* * * *

The Deserted Beach

The sun, a golden ball, sinks in the west, leaving a blessed coolness on the deserted beach, after a day of cloudless blue sky and tremendous heat. Small clouds are showing pink, blue and silvery tinges where the sun is setting in splendour.

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This beautiful beach, stretching as far as the eye can see, is now a fascinating wonderland of growing shadow. Rock formations are making vast shapes, some quite grotesque and frightening; others appear lighter and more graceful. Along the shimmering sand, all kinds of sea animals begin to appear. The crabs pop up from their holes, run sideways along the sand after their prey, then dive back into their holes as large seagulls swoop down on them, intent on stealing their prey.

Here and there, tiny birds are rushing along the edge of the water, pecking at the sea lice which appear with each wave. To escape, the sea lice dart back into the water, with the birds chasing them, leaving the herring bone pattern of their tiny feet along the sand.

In this lovely twilight, the swallows are diving and swooping from sky to beach, to have their share of the sea food which is being washed up from the sea.

The sea is wonderfully calm, coming up to the land in a clear, grey blue swell, breaking into tiny waves along the golden sand.

Small bats sweep down from their daytime hiding places, cheeping and chirping as they go. Then the moon rises in shining glory. The shadows disappear once more from the beach and the sand glistens like millions of small, precious stones in the moon's silvery rays.

A wonderful peace descends; the time grows later, the moon rises higher, the activity on the sands increases. Gently, almost silently, the waves wash over the small rocks and pebbles, leaving a line of small shells in their wake ready to be picked up and admired in the early morning.

Along the beach a lone fisherman returns with his catch, dragging his small boat on to the sands, leaving a deeply grooved mark right up to the sand dunes. As the beam from the lighthouse catches him, he is at first sharply edged in its light, and then plunged into a deeper gloom.

Slowly the birds return to their nests; the bats gently flit in the ghostly moonlight. The small scuffling noises of crabs and small insects continue far into the night. Towards dawn a gentle hush descends; and a pale light shows a stretch of beach deserted - waiting expectantly for the day's new life to begin.

WENDY BALLENDEN (Upper V)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Pleasure Turning to Misery

Sonia was about eighteen months old. We had known each other ever since she was born. Our parents were friends, so when they met, we would have hours of silent happiness together. We never said a word to each other, yet I knew her better than anyone else.

They had come for lunch that Sunday. And whilst the grownups had done hours of high-pitched chat and sipping of cool, clear icy drinks in sparkling glasses, Sonia and I lay on a brown rug under a tall blue-gum. We were both watching a dragonfly circling above our heads when I was asked to make coffee.

So I picked up Sonia, leaving our soft, hot place, and went into the kitchen. I put her gently on the floor. She was very gentle. And while I opened the brown cupboards and put the sugar out, she studied the floor. She found a large soft raisin, so I picked her up and put her on the sink. She didn't play with the grey water; she wasn't like that.

The smooth shining kettle distorted us into mishapen creatures, but we were both smiling. Sonia watched everything I did, and the baby-blue and soft pinkness were warm with honest joy. Between us a little spring of joy always flowed, and, if a hard log dammed it, the shining water always managed to trickle through. Her little pink hands touched my arm and I smiled at her.

Then the kettle hissed and choked and breathed wreathes of steam. I turned away to the machine. I turned away and she stretched out after me. All her softness fell on to the cold blue linoleum floor. Her cheek rubbed in the dirt.

Out of her eyes rolled tears. The soft, baby-blueness had frozen into a cold metallic blue. She was stiff and unbending.

I called her mother and she said: "What a silly girl you are! Come and have a sweetie." And the little bundle went out in her mother's arms, and the steel kettle came into mine.

That was a year ago. Now she is nearly three. Now she can talk. We never speak. I still watch her all the time but she has never seen me since that Sunday.

PHILLIPPA CHARLTON (Middle V)

* * * *

Walking

Soft distant sounds stroke my ears Breaking down the barrier.

~ Between this world and the other.

Dreams flash and float far away Across streaky skies to reality.

LOUISA BEALE (Middle V)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Trees

The tree is like the guardian of nature, leading the flowers and the fruit, as she is the first one who indicates when its time to change. She helps the birds and the bees in time of need, making them at home. I see her, in our portraits.

By the river the solitary girl gently trails over the water while the ripples of the river lap at her feet. She sways in the wind, her long arms flowing in the air, trying to attract the passing-by bird. She gazes at her reflection in the muddy waters of the river, so beautiful, yet so unhappy. I always wonder why she is so sad, and always contemplating or crying and making the river flood with her tears. Maybe it is because she is so lonely, so

unloved or so ugly.

In the orchard the pear tree lies laden with fruit. The pears lie rotting in the blades of grass, tiger tattooed with sunlight. The heat oozes out of the ground, and the pungent smell of rotting fruit hangs in the air. She is lucky. Her fruitfulness and her position attract her friends. The bees delicately collect her juices, and take them home, while the bird pecks quietly at the pear, satisfied with its find. She helps so many, her friends and her foes, and she is the centre of attraction, for most "people" of nature.

She sits up on the hill, looking down on the valley. She has been neglected by her friends, and sadly stands on the hill. She looks like a grandpa with a bald head, one hair protruding from the top, so unwanted so out of place. Yet she won't move, she just sits and stares. Her crooked branches and holes in her tree-trunk provide a suitable home for her children - the evil-dwellers of the night. They want to be on top of the hill above the movement of the forest. At night, as her shadow creeps out, the heads of her children peep out. She symbolizes the home of evil - but the evilness that goes with age and unwantedness.

In the middle of this concrete world she stands on the pavement, in the middle of all the action so out of place - looking so stupid. Her only use is for the dogs and old-man foe, the well-known tramp of the city. He rests in the placidness of the shade, and the presence of her trunk. The tree is only happy because she is the only one around for miles. Often, she thinks back to her childhood in the forest. Everything there was so beautiful, so natural, so unchanged unlike this big concrete world we live in today.

PAMELA STEIN (Middle V)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Trees

They are always with us, strong, friendly, silent companions. During summer on hot, lazy days when butterflies and bees buzz and flutter amongst scarlet, blazing roses, they give us coolness in the depths of their shadows and shade.

Lying against the oak tree's sturdy brown trunk, with a book in my hand, I can feel the soft brushing of the branches over my head, as if the tree had hands, and was gently cooling my hot head. Little weaver birds flutter energetically amongst the dark leaves, building their nests of fresh grass on the woody branches, which the tree generously provides, giving them comfort and security during raging thunderstorms.

Gradually as the months go by, the trees slowly shed their summer splendour and drape themselves in autumn colours. Oh! what a beautiful sight to see the garden a mass of gold, crimson, red and yellow. The trees look as if autumn has come with her box of autumn colours, and wiped a dazzling brush over the branches.

During windy days, the autumn leaves flutter dead to the ground, brown and crisp. The deep, soft piles of leaves provide amusement for little children, and also the old jacaranda which bends her creaking branches as the swing goes to and fro.

At last winter has arrived, and all of a sudden the trees' autumn glory has vanished. They are just bare and blank. Miserably they stand there, waving their forked branches against a grey, dismal sky. I feel sorry for them, after they have given me so much pleasure during autumn and summer.

But finally - spring at last. She comes dancing in joyfully, scattering peach, pear, apple and plum blossoms all over the branches. Now once aga

in the garden is full of gaiety, and the trees are happy once more. The jacaranda and the peach trees shed their petals, making a soft pink and mauve carpet on which I dare not tread.

They begin to bear fruit for us to eat during summer months. As the sun gets more brilliant and hotter, so the pink furry peaches get riper, and it is summer.

Today is a new summer day and it is very hot. I feel irritated by the heat lying densely around my head. What shall I do? I've just got an idea. I think I will go down to the mulberry tree, pick some of the fruit cleaned by last night's rain, and go and sink with my book into the cool shady depths of the oak tree.

EUPHANE RICHARDSON (Middle V)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Condemned!

Hesitantly the lovely little shoot expands, so green and innocent.

Either to be plucked by the cruel hand -

Or devoured by the merciless insect.

Why does it bother to try?

When its life is condemned from birth.

SUSAN LORENZ (Middle V)

* * * *

Roundabout - Terror or Panic

They all found it such fun to go walking at dusk, it refreshed them after the tiring day and made a change from being indoors all day. Diane didn't mind most of the walk, but she was subconsciously terrified of the part east of the Grange where a path led over a narrow cliff, which overlooked the sea. She wasn't sure why; maybe because the sea was so tumultuous below, and there were rocks, like jagged claws, wishing to tear at her clothes as she walked by. She always got this feeling at that point, and when she went white and dizzy they all just laughed at her and said she mustn't be a baby. Her brother always hit her and said, "shut up". She imagined the story of Snow White when the gruesome, cruel trees grabbed with their clawlike branches at her dress when she was trying to escape from all the wicked people. Diane felt panicky when she saw that picture and she felt the same sweeping terror when she saw the rocks waiting to catch and trap her, if she fell. The others liked that part best; they liked the contrast between the sea and jagged rocks, and the mossy smooth stones which covered the curling pathway. They liked to look for tiny flowers nestling between the rocks. Diane knew they were frightened, like her, of the slippery rocks that tried so hard to make Diane fall over. She felt dizzy. Maybe they were waiting until she was a bit bigger, even more frightened, then the conspirators - the sharp rocks, the waiting sea and the slippery pebbles - would smother her and drown her.

They were walking nearer and nearer to the path. The others were excited.

Now it was spring, there would be lots more flowers for them to crush and kill and smother. She felt ill. They were nearing the sea; it was roaring louder; they were giggling feverishly. Then she cried out; Diane thought she was going to die, as the flowers. She clung like a sea anemone to her sister's leg. She hit her and said, "Grow up, or I'll push you over.

Her brother hit her too. He always did, she was used to it, but her sister wasn't like that. She saw it now; her brother was as openly sharp and mean and callous to her as the rocks, as one smooth slippery rock. Her sister won her trust and affection, but let her down at the last moment. To

ether she feared them more
than the cliff. vivien paynter (Middle V)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

New Life

It lay there,
A helpless bundle of wriggling life,
Blind and weak,
A cheetah kitten Tottering on the brink of life From a womb to a world,
Like an alien from another planet Timid,
Frightened,
Palpitating with young energy,
It wobbled unsteadily on its legs Searching and blundering for its mother
Then it found her And sank,
Innocent,
Oblivious of all,
Next to the warm fur of his protector,
His mother.

LESLEY ADAMS (Lower V1)

* * * *

Loneliness

She stood -

A flower uncurling her petals of youth,

Her past lay,

A happy memory.

How her heart was only furnished With her loved ones,

How she blessed the rise and fall of the hills,

And the laughter of the children,

A hill, a valley away.

She gazed, appreciating the creation.

The daisy underfoot surging through moist soil,

Fed by the beauty of rain And beams of sun,

The call of the titihoya Expressing gratitude,

The cat continually licking her young Perpetually in freedom.

And helplessly she was enveloped In eternal love, peace and understand
ing.

At school

Another page was learnt,

Another door opened to the knowledge of the world,

Which poured a flood of sorrow

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Into her heart,

Whilst she watched.

A hill, a valley away,

A picture was painted

As children jumped and sprang in glee.

And she yearned to be in the picture,

Strove to laugh with the picture.

Was this miraculous unity In harmony, dancing hand in hand?

To those children

The joy of the world was bubbling,

Striving to meet the world.

Like champagne from captivity,

Perhaps in a jump,

Or a spring.

But she stood alone,
Loneliness whispering through the girl -
The black girl.
JANET BOTHWELL (Lower V1)

* * * *

The Fascination of Water and on Looking Into Deep Water
I threw a pebble at random into the water. It fell, throwing a fountain of drops up as it sank. Quietness. I gazed at the ripples encircling the spot. Hypnotisingly they grew, becoming wider and wider. I peered at them as they became larger and larger going round and round. I became dizzy. Still they circled. Round and round and round

Far away I heard the twittering birds preparing for the night. Above me the glimmering surface of the water glistened and shone in the dusk. A peacefulness surrounded me, no movements were startling or quick and a strange calmness overtook me. I no longer thought or queried, my brain was hazy and everything appeared fuzzy. Lazily I hung in the water, my hair floating out behind me. Slowly I became accustomed to the glinting shadows flitting and gliding back and forth. Silently fronds of weed waved their tentacles, silently grave fish loomed up and marched by and silently I watched. No sounds. Only a mystical flowing of movements persisted. A current in the water propelled me forward. Now I passed the world which had meandered past me. I floated serenely on past enchanting palaces, engraved by years of continuously flowing water their turrets minute examples of perfection. Eyes followed me as I drifted forever onwards but my curiosity was

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

not aroused, for I was too mesmerised and numbed. I closed my eyes and yet I still was drawn on and on. "Never to end," I mumbled dumbly and repeated it, "Never to end." Passive and sleepy, I relaxed fully and dropped, dropped slowly to the bottom.

Reluctantly I dragged my eyes open. A day's end met my weary gaze. A solitary man glided homewards across the motionless water, his head bowed, and the lethargic sun strung in the sky was ending his day's reign. Last streaks of mellow orange shrouded the misty clouds as the sun disappeared to his only heaven. Only the sound of water lapping a lullaby at my feet was borne to the air, and a silver moon rose above the pointed peak of a rigid pine tree on the horizon, bringing a chilly breeze to ruffle the calm water.

PHILIPPA STRATTEN (Lower V1)

* * * *

Spring
The sun timidly peers over the horizon,
Refreshed,
Sparkling,
Welcoming the Spring.
New and green,
The buds pop open,
And the leaves slowly unfurl,
Surrendering their veiny palms To the mercies of the elements.
The radiant sun Beams on the Earth
Providing a goal for plants to strive towards.
Flowers open hesitantly,
Ready for withdrawal,
And then flourish

Forming mature bodies
Under the motherly care of the sun.
Fluffy clouds Obliterate the fiery star,
And unburden their voluminous billows of the cool,
Life giving Rain,
Spattering down,
Evenly,
Softly,
Anointing the rich,
Moist soil.
Birds trill and twitter,
the SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN
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Joyously welcoming the Spring.
Glistening rivulets cascade over the rocks,
Replenished
After the long, dry months of Winter.
The sun penetrates the dew drops And within minutes the frail jewels Evaporate,
And are gone
Like some mythical ghost.
Spring is a time of New Resolutions,
And like leaves they stretch And spring into being,
Then they grow hard and thorny The veins protruding As varicose veins
Then the resolutions wrinkle and perish,
As leaves in Autumn.
They are put away for three long months,
The duration of Winter,
Then at the dawn of Spring,
They appear,
A novelty?
Soon to be forgotten?
LINDSAY DUNCAN (Lower V1)

* * * *

Festivity

Mexico echoed with songs, laughter and excitement for it was Festival time. The cities were strung up with lights and lanterns and strains of hauntingly gay music filled the warm air and seeped into the sun-baked ground so that you felt even the hardest earth was hot and springy. Wide-eyed, bare-footed children ran up and down the streets, climbing the occasional lamp post to string up ghoulish masks and coloured pieces of paper. The older children soaped the pavements and skidded down, weaving their way between throngs of unfortunate people who happened to be in their way. One blind, old man on the corner was fluting on a cracked old pipe and gaily waving his free hand to all the dark-skinned merry people passing by.

As twilight came the odd light flicked on and the dancing began. Dusk deepened and soon all the lights began twinkling and winking joyously. The stamps and claps rang through the clear, calm night and shrill voices in song wafted along. The procession swayed and danced, down dusty dingy streets, through arches covered in ivy, and around the outside of the low stone city wall.

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The cactus stood stark and naked against a royal blue Mexican sky. The red and orange flowers seemed to raise their hot tired heads and lie staring at the merry crowd that wound its way across the glinting desert sands over the hills and then grew fainter with the dimming lights. Then suddenly and gaily they turned and came running back, the children leaping and springing over the smallest obstacle, their liquid brown eyes sparkling with excitement.

The joyous laughter and singing went on the whole night and as the pink dawn seemed to stain the sky a great cheer went up. Gradually the people began to disperse, the festive appearance began to wane and only a few children, undaunted by sleep, wandered carelessly along the road amidst a scene of chaos, picking up here and there an odd bit that tickled their fancy.

SUSAN RODWELL (Lower V)

* * *

All Things Bright and Beautiful

Beauty is nature: A newborn calf, covered in moisture, and still unsteady on legs that seem as if they were made for an animal much larger. The bewilderment of the new surroundings and the soothing, gentle caress of his mother's tongue.

The first blossoms in the spring-bright reds, sparkling whites and delicate pinks, all as soft and smooth as a baby's skin.

An old oak tree with new green leaves adorning its old, weary branches. Branches that have withstood the battering and fury of the weather for many generations, but now stretch out towards the sun, like a child towards its mother, and the rays of the sun shine down, turning the leaves dark green.

Clouds. Those fluffy, light things that float above us, twisting, turning and dancing in the wind. As I watch them they drift into the shape of a puppy, then an old man.

A waterfall, cascading and plunging from a great height, to lash down on the rocks below with never ending energy, and then shattering, sending clouds of spray leaping into the air. And above, the trees bend their heads to watch, and the sun's rays filter through the leaves, to dance and frolic on the swiftly flowing waters.

A snow capped mountain, holding high its majestic head. Towering above all else, with awe inspiring strength and power. The burning ball of fire in the heavens drifts from behind a cloud, turning it into a golden statue.

Sunset. The day is ending, and night is falling swiftly over the African bush. Everything is silent, still. The Heavens are lit up with golds, yellows, reds and oranges, interlaced with tufts of white clouds and blue sky, reflected in the silver mirror of a lake. And from the shadows slinks the King of the Beasts. He lifts his head and fills the air with a magnificent, contented roar. So ends another day, in the tranquillity of nature.

HELEN RALLIS (Lower V)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Dawn

Dawn softly awoke from her peaceful slumber and, as she emerged from her lair into the world, she gently brought with her a warm, sleepy blanket which enclosed the snoring earth.

As she tramped sedately about the gardens, the flowers gradually turned their lofty heads and welcomed her. She then cast her strength-giving warmth over the shimmering, dewy cobwebs which stretched between the damp branches of bushes and trees.

Dawn swept her yawns away and soared up above the earth spreading her arms over it to waken the living creatures and to melt the ice of frozen, isolated ponds. The bullfrogs, birds and crickets assisted her, raising their voices and culminating in a deafening choir.

When the slumbering world eventually awoke, Dawn knew that her task was fulfilled and, as she gracefully departed to her dark, mysterious chambers, her brutal brother, the great roaring ball of fire, abruptly took over from her to enlighten the earth.

LUCY STRATTEN (Upper IV)

* * * *

Country Peace

As the early morning sun rose to its throne in the sky, the bright golden splitting ears of corn streaking over fields, pierced the dew. The faint crackle of the combine harvesters, crawling like army ants over the golden ears, broke the silence. The little red berries glowed on the needly hawthorn bushes. The flowing, sparkling gown of the green willow, fluttered in the wind over the radiant blue river. The tiny golden primroses yawned and shyly peeped out to meet the Sun Goddess.

A buzz of bees penetrated through the still morning and petrified squeaks came from little harvest mice as they were uprooted from their familiar homes. The muffled chomping of cows was heard, mingled with the gay excited sports of the sturdy little brown foals. Little rabbits scampered here and there, collecting the juicy succulent lettuces. The rustle of leaves whispered secrets to any inquisitive animals.

There was a thick, cloggy, choking smell of the dry corn which had fallen desolately to the ground. Where the dew still lay there was a fresh, tingling smell. A dark, dewy-horsy smell floated comfortably round the fields. The oily, mechanical, smoky smell left by the harvester overpowered the delicate aromas. It polluted the fresh, clear air; irritated animals and insects but made no difference to the selfish humans.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

As the Goddess became fierce and angry, she cast her magical spell upon the busy earth. The gay, carefree little foals became sober and drowsy; the scurrying field mice became melancholic and the inquisitive little animals became discouraged and bored.

Looking down on this peaceful scene she satisfied herself and became calm.

HARRIET WIFFEN (Upper IV2)

Snow

Softly falling,

Glittering white,

Snow falls gently Down in the night.

Twisting, turning,

Flying about,

Come the snowflakes Without any doubt.

Gliding, dancing,

Floating away,

Snow still falls At break of day.

Rising, sinking,

Twirling on air,

The snowflakes touch The ground so bare.

GERALDINE BLECHER (Upper IV1)

* * * *

Sadness

My heart overflowed with sadness as he pulled a grey curtain in front of my eyes. My body trembled with depression as my nails dug into the palms of my clammy hands. It seemed as if a jarring spirit had cut out the sunlight and the joys of nature.

His spiky, evil fingers jerked spasmodically in front of my vague, misty eyes which swirled in a hazy vapour. My throat ached and throbbed with dejection as my mind swayed and reeled in desperation. Loneliness rippled inside me and a feeling of neglect filled my brain. Everything seemed against me.

Slowly, gradually, colour began to form before my eyes; the vapour vanished and my sight was clear again. Once more the sounds of nature met my ears and I was able to enjoy the beauty and formation of creatures. Happiness burst into my heart and the sadness deep inside was forgotten.

CATHERINE HOFFE (Upper IV.1)
THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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The World Around Us

Spinning fast and fearfully, the world suspends itself like a black widowed shroud. As shifty as the eyes of a mysterious veil, it watches the terror and cruelty amongst the vindictive people. Gaunt and haggard from starvation, they tread carelessly and recklessly on on to a world of nothing but war and bloodshed.

Death hovers threateningly in the raging, destructive wind, a ruin rears its everlasting gloomy night. An earsplitting, shrill and suffocating scream harshly rips the air as a thin narrow whip lashes upon the helpless victim. Evil spreads itself over the land and with a savage, brutal force it devours everything within its reach.

A shot rang out, to burst audaciously in the dark; a profusion of mingling colour dropped like a catapult from the sky; with one last agonizing screech the creature lay down forever. The great, grave elms gripped the air with fear, their trembling branches stretched out towards the sky crying for help. With weary weird sounds the dying world reverberated back disturbing the dead.

ELIZABETH HOYLE (Upper IV.1)

* * * *

The Hunted

I ran desperately, trying to cover my body and to release the stabbing pain, which recurred over and over again. My tail dragged and my feet had to be pushed on with courage, as though iron chains held them tight. I struggled on miserably.

Galloping hooves brought back my memory. I must run! Run! Excited voices cheered as they came nearer. My heart was full of misery and I felt sick with worry. Why did they want to put me into the gates of hell?

Smells of leather, clean and new, lingered in the air. The smell of terrifying horses seemed to bring death to my desolate, irritable heart. I thought, "How cruel the men are."

My thought turned to the beginning and how the horses welcomed me, neighing as I was driven in. Suddenly, I looked back and my eyes swelled up. Hounds were approaching fast. What could I do? It was too late. They were upon me before I could think.

Tearing my flesh with evil teeth, destroying my hair, their teeth sunk deep and bit my veins, which burst open. To my horror, blood poured out. I felt dazed! What - I could not see! The last thing I heard was that cacophonous, eerie horn. It reverberated through the excited surroundings, to

let everyone know I
was dead. DEBORAH FREEMANTLE (Upper IV1)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Lost In Space

3 ... 2 ... 1 ... with a tremendous thrust I am whirling into stretching darkness. Everything seems to fall away from the space ship into emptiness . From not far off an unknown object hurtles towards me. It is red and fiery with spitting, hissing tongues of orange and yellow flames darting out from every side. Suddenly, it dies out, smouldering like a candle. It was a meteor, missing me by a couple of inches.

I plunge headlong into the dim light of glowing stars. Space is vast and frightening. Something has gone wrong; I have lost contact with Earth! I can no longer receive instructions transmitted on the radio. There is a musty, stuffy smell in the space ship and it is hard to breathe. I wish someone had come with me.

Now the space ship seems to spin round and my seat is tipping forward. Stars glitter furiously. A horrible sick feeling comes over me. I am dazed and in pitch darkness, floating around in nothingness. Falling, tipping and swerving down, darkness closes in on me, falling, turning, slipping, spinning

JANE TAYLOR (Upper IV2)

* * * *

AFRIKAANS CONTRIBUTIONS My Hart Verlang Na Die Boland
Soms dink ek terug aan die plaas waar ek soveel gelukkige ure van my jeug deurgebring het. Ek onthou nog hoe ek my pa altyd gehelp het, Partykeer het ons na die voels gekyk wat met vlcrkgeklap oor ons koppe gevlieg het en toe in die blou-blou lug verdwyn het.

As ek na die verwelkte bloeiseltjies aan die bome in die vuil parke kyk, verlang ek na die Boland. As dit lente is in die Boland, hang die deurdringende geur van die trosse bloeisels lank in die lug. Die sonlig streek die teer-groen blaartjies van die wilger-bome en die reenvoel se lied kom lewarm in'n mens se koue hart.

In die somer vou die aandblomme hulle blare oop en die aande is stil en koel - wierook en mirre vir die mooie hart. Ek wens ek kan weer die goudgetinte berge in die verte sien wanneer dit somer is in die Boland.

Daa het die herfs sy eie bekoring as die goudbruin blare lig-gies grond toe dwarrel.

In die winter verlang ek na die koue aande wat ons voor die kaggelvuur deurgebring het. Ek sal graag weer na die kaal takke van die bome wil kyk

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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As die skemer daal hier in die voelige stad en die remme skree en die toeters blaas, dwing'n ongekende hunkering my ge-agtes terug na die stilte in die Boland. Daar gooi die nag sag-gies en ongemerk sy kleed oor die kloue. Die skaduwees van die berge word stadig groter. Die son is'n gloeiende vuurbal in die weste agter die purper berge.

As die maan opkom in die Boland, sweef die geheimsinnige misnewels oor die ruïne van die berge. Daar kan'n mens nog ongestoord luister na die nagtegaal se suiwer loflied.

"O, ek moet t'rug: ek kan my hart nie meer bedwing, ek kan die liefde - lank bedrieg en wysgemaak - van al die dinge nie ontbeer"

(W. E. G. Louw. Oktober). Ja, my hart verlang na die Boland en die blou, blou berge daar

PATIENCE DANIEL (Ante-Matriek I)

* * * *

By Die See

Die diep, blou watermassa vonkel in die helder sonlig. Die spierwit seevoe
ls sweef hoog in die lug en roep klaend. Die sagte geklots van die water i
s soos musiek. Die hitte dring deur my lig-gaam . . . ek voel vakerig ..
.. herinneringe skiet deur my ge-dagtes

Vrolik en onbesorgd speel ek op die wit, warm sand. Ek is bcsig om'n gr
oot sandkasteel te bou - die grootste wat ek nog ooit gebou het. Ek sit
'n wit vlaggie op die hoogste toring en dan sit ek op my hurke sodat ek
my handewerk beter kan bewonder.

Skielik is daar'n harde slag en die sand spat teen my gesig.'n Groot seu
n lag spottend. Net toe ek wil huil, sien ek die wit skuimtoppe van die
branders en toe weet ek dat hierdie bewegende massa my vriend is. Daarn
a voel ek weer gelukkig en tevrede.

Ek staan by my vader op die hoe, glibberige rotse en probeer om vis te v
ang. Die silwer visse gly heen en weer deur die helder
water____maar hulle is te dom om aan my vishoek te byt. Ek raak
ongeduldig.maar toe voel ek die koelseewindjie teen my wange. Ek haal
diep asem en toe voel ek weer tevrede.

Dis skemer. Hand aan hand loop ons langs die see wat so geheimsinnig lyk
in die nag. Die sterre lyk soos helder liggies wat in die swart lug hang.

Die maan gooi'n silwer pad neer aarde toe. Ons is alleen op "die strand,
maar ons is gehul in ons liefde. Die branders klots vriendelik teen (lie
r?tse.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Laggend hardloop ons oor die goue strand. Ons oulike seun-tjie wat na my
pragtige jong vrou aard, lag uitgelate. Ons le op ons rue en staar na die
verskillende patrone van die wolke in die blou lug.

Maar nou staan ek hier - eensaam en wanhopig, alleen met my verdriet en
skuldgevoelens. Hoe sal ek ooit die motorwrak en die verminkte liggame v
an my vrou en kind kan vergeet? Voor my doem daar net'n duister toekoms
op Toe kyk ek na die see. Ek sien die water lyk vaal en troebel as
of dit treur - en toe voel ek dat dit die moeite werd is om te lewe. Ek
voel dat dit nie die einde is nie, want ek het'n ewigdurende verbond met
die see gesluit.

Dis sononder. Die see gloei en skitter. Dis die einde van nog'n dag - net
soos dit die einde van my lewe is. Ek weet dat die ewige nag naby is.

Ja, ek is nou'n ou man en daar is niemand van wie ek af-skeid kan neem n
ie - behalwe van my vriend, die see

CAROLINE WADDINGTON (Matriek I)

* * * *

Steurende Straatgeluide

Daar is'n geheimsinnige straat buite wat van daar na die volgende were
ld lei. Sommige nagte loop ek daarlangs in my drome en somtyds geduren
de die wiskunde les. Dit is die straat van ambisie en verwagtinge, dro
me en wense. Daar is geen wereld-se geluide nie, net die geluide van d
ie toekoms.

Ek hoor gedempe stemme van vriende wat roep, maar ek ken hulle gesigte
nie. Hulle is bleek en wasig soos geeste. My skadu-wee spring voor my o
p en hardloop na hulle toe. Die hare is kort gesny en gegolf. Daar is h
oe hakskoene aan die voete. Toe draai hulle almal om en sing die Witwat
ersranduniversiteitse studente-lied, terwyl hulle stadig aanstap met hu
lle vingers inmekaar-gesluit. Hulle beweeg reguit op my af. Die gedagte

het by my pos-gevat dat hulle my gaan doodtrap maar ek staan asof vers teen magteloos en toekyk.

Skielik klink daar'n donderslag wat wegsterf soos die dreun-ende tromme . Die studente verdwyn voor my oe.'n Ander beeld neem vorm aan:'n Familie staan op die dek van'n groot skip, alleen en verwese. Daar is'n groot gat in die romp, maar die skip sink nie. Hulle waai met die arms en sing matroosliedjies. Hulle stemme meng met die van die loeiende wind en die bruisende branders.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Helder word die gelui van'n klok hoorbaar. Die see-skimme verdwyn en die groeiende gedonder van'n naderende trien styg tot n oorverdowende geraas wat dan weer sagter word en weg sterf. Net die klok lui nog: Kinners hardloop na hulle klaskamers toe, hulle gelag en gebabbel weerklank deur die gange; onophou-delik word die klanke al harder en dieper. Die klank van'n klavier wat Beethoven se "Emperor Concerto" speel deurskemer die geraas. Haastig en vinnig styg die musiek tot'n finale crescendo wat skielik, onverwags afbreek, asof met'n mes gesny. -

Ek staan op'n sypaadjie van die straat. Twaalf keer dreun die diep klanke van die kerkklok. Reen begin saggies op die nat swart teer neersif, en vlagies stoom krul stadig die lug in op.'n Lee bierblik word ratelend in die straat afgewaai.'n Kat spring grasieus oor'n muur, wat met stukkies glas uitgetand is, en be-land op'n vullisblik wat met'n ratelende rumoer omslaan. -

Ek bereik nooit die eindpunt van die straat nie, want ek hoort nie daar nie - ek is nog te jonk - die lewe is nog te aan-loklik en die straat - dis die straat van die DOOD.

ELIZABETH SWEMMER (Upper V1)

* * * *

Die Geklop Van Die Tamboer

Doef doef doef stadig begin die ritmiese slae. Almal praat, hulle hoor niks nie, hulle lag.

In klein groepies staan die mense en gesels, beskaafde mans en vrouens. Hulle praat oor politiek, bediendes en kinders; hulle lag en hulle hoor nie.

Die tromslae is sag en ritmies - soos die geklop van'n hart. Stadig, baie stadig word dit effens harder.

In hulle onderbewussyn hoor die mense dit nou, maar dit is nie hard genoeg om hulle gesprekke te onderbreek nie. Geleidelik word dit harder en harder; geleidelik word die mense stiller. Hulle praat sagter en polsend word die geklop van die tamboer die geklop van elke hart in die vertrek Klopp Klopp Klopp

Gehipnotiseerd beweeg almal, skuifel dan weer terug, sak op hulle knieë neer. Hulle oe staar en deur hulle gedagtes spartel die verbete tromslae.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

En hulle harte vloei saam - die word een groot, sterk hart wat klop klop op klop. Die pyn wat nog altyd diep weg-gesteek is, word uit die donker skuihoekies geruk en aan die fel elektriese lig blootgestel.

Nou hoor hulle net die boodskap van die tamboer en elkeen hoor wat hy wil hoor. Gedagtes flits soos donker skaduwees deur'n donker woud. Haat bars los uit n duisend donker harte en n duisend donker harte is besig om dood te bloei.

Die geklop van die tamboer word dringender. Dit tamboer dreun: "Ek is di

e liefde" en nuwe lewensbloed vloei deur die rooi-rooihart.

Die mense word vervul met liefde. Hulle harte word gereinig en die sonde drup-drup by klein sweetgaatjies uit.'n Nuwe vreug-de blink in hulle star ende oe - hulle ontwaak

Klop, klop, klop - vinniger en vinniger. Die tromslae dwarrel in die benoude lug in. Die lug is vol van die dansende, rukkerige musiek.

Meteens bars'n nuwe vreugde uit die mense. Stadig staan hulle op. Hulle dans op die maat van die tromslae. Elke hart klop vinnig en sterk. Almal is deur'n allesomvattende menseliefde ver-fris.

Waarvandaan kom die liefde?

"Van God," se'n donker figuur wat met vinnige, harde houe op die tamboer speel.

"Van die Vader," kreun die skare in ekstase.

Klop Klop Klop - sagter en rustiger dreun die tamboer en krampagtig klou die mense aan die nuwe Hoop en die nuwe Krag wat alle pyn sal verdra.

VICTORIA COAKER (Matriek I)

* * * *

â™™

'n Ou Boom Vertel

Ek het op die sypaadjie langs'n besigte straat geloop. Oral het die toeters geblaas en die onvriendelike mense het teen mekaar gestamp. Voor'n winkelverster het'n groot skare saamgedrom.

Dit was'n uitputtende oggend in die stad en ek was lus om'n rukkiet te omtspan. Voor my was daar net rye wolkekrabbers en hulle stowwerige vens ters het my oë verblind.

Skielik het ek iets groens opgemerk en toe ek nadergestap het, het ek'n ou akkerboom opgemerk. Die arme boom het ewe dapper tussen twee hoegeboue gegroei. Die blare was verlep en bedek met stof en roet. Ek was verstom dat'n boom ten soйте van sulke omstandighede nog kon groei. Onder die boom was daar'n klein fonteintjie en'n bankie en ek het besluit om'n rukkiet daar te rus.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Terwyl ek so gesit en kyk het na die knoetsige stam van die boom, het'n koel windjie begin waai. Die akkerboom het sy groen kop stadig heen en weer geskud en al die blaartjies het sag gefluister. Dit was asof die ou boom wou praat en toe kon ek eensklaps die fluisterende woordjies verstaan.

Die boom het gepraat van vanmelewe se dae, toe daar net wuiwende grasvlaktes om hom was. Die voeltjies het in sy vriende-like takke kom skuil en soek en daar het hulle ook hulle nessies gebou. Elke lente het hy die skril stemmetjies uit al die nuwe, honger bekkies gehoor. Die wilde diere het op'n warm somerdaag in sy koelte kom uitrus.

Eendag het'n klomp mense'n paar huise begin bou. Hulle het die veld aan die brand gestee en al die wilde diere doodge-skiet. Al hoe meer mense het hulle daar kom vestig. Die grond is woens omgedolwe en al sy ou vriende is afgekap en vernietig.

Groot masjiene is gebruik om die reuse geboue op te rig - die betonoerwoud het nadergekruipt. Teerpaaie is beplan en die giftige koolstofmonoksieddampe van die motors het die oorbly-wende plantegroei beskadig. Die mense het geheers.

Meteens was die fluisterende blaartjies weer stil en hulle het roerloos aan die takke van die ou misvormde boom gehang. Ek het omgekyk na die leilike geboue met hulle onvriendelike, vuil skadu-wees, na die skare voor

die goedkoop ware in die vensters en ek het na die lawaai van die verke-
er geluister

Skielik het'n intense haat vir die "mens" in my hart opge-
vlam. w, T.

DANIELLE PIENAAR (Ante-Matnek I)

* * * *

Die Mynwerker

Eindelik kom vergetelheid - die enigste rus, Slaap

Blou, rooi, geel, oranje,

Baie pragtig

Sinkende gevoel....

"Word nou wakker jou domme, lui esel, Daar's'n skerp pyn, maar dit hou
nie op nie, Ek val, meer pyn, en laggende gesigte,

Daar verdwyn die laaste duim swart muur, Nou's dit blou, rooi, geel, oranj
e;^

Die enigste kleur in my swart wereld.

Baie moeg maar nou tevrede,

Gedagtes flits verby;

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Mense, treurige mense,

Swart, vuil, roet - bevlekte klere,

Ander mense met swepe,

Maar met genoeg klere.

Ek - min klere,

Net'n kombers,

Geen kussing,

Net'n steen:

Lang dag,

Donker tunnel,

Harde werk,

Min geld

Blou, rooi, geel, oranje

Dan swart.

WENDY BALLENDEN (Upper VJ)

* * * *

DieJewe is'n lang eensame reis,

'n Reis deur'n oneindige see

Wat dikwels woelig en onrustig woed,

En my klein skepie Meedoenloos teen die rotse sleur Totdat ek in die h
opelose dieptes Met swaar hart en wanhoop worstel.

Maar voor ek werklik kan besef Dat die lewe baie wreed kan wees,

Is die storm verby en die wolke verstrooi,

En die minsame son skyn Op'n wereld vol lig.

Die see is kalm,

En soos'n kind aan die slaap

Haal saggies asem met'n swellende bors;

Nou is die lewe vol vreugde vermaak:

Ek weet waar ek ook al mag reis Liefde altyd by die roer staan En my veilig
huis toe lei.

JANINE JOHNSON (Upper V1)

* * * *

Tyd

Die dag gaan stadig verby.

Die horlosie tik op die rak.

'n Man sit op'n stoel,

Sy gesig is bleek en skraal.
Die horlosie tik, agtuur.
Sy hande omhels die stoel se bruin leuning.
THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Nege-uur, se die koekoek.
Sy oe kyk nog na die horlosie,
Tienuur, se die koekoek.
Sy bene strompel oor die hout vloer.
Elfuur - die tyd verloop nou vinnig.
Hy byt op sy gebarste lippe.
Hy sink dieper in die stoel.
Sy liggaam verslap, sy hande ontklem,
Dit twaalfuur
Die ou man is dood,
Maar die tyd gaan voort....
MICHAELA PRUNOTTO (Laer V1)

* * * *

Die Kat
Sy buk laag,
En wag
Met die houding van'n kampioen,
Kruip sy stadig oor die grasperk,
Haar oe gevestig op die prooi,
Dit het'n paar tree weg gefladder
Haar oe is oplettend en skitter helder van afwagting,
'n Swart blits!
'n Aanval,
En'n verminkte lyf hang slap en leweloos.
JEAN DAVIDSON (Laer V1)

* * * *

Die Man
Hy sit,
Skraal,
Senuweeagtig,
Suf,
Weet hy?
Ja hy weet:
Want hy sien die kindjie,
'n Engeltjie, hy sien, die rots.
'n roos.
Hy besef al te wel Dat dit sal kom.
Miskien more,
Miskien vandag.
Kom
die Kanker.
JANET BOTHWELL (Laer V1)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN
Die Wispeiturgheid Van Die See
Spiegelglad, houtgerus,
So helder soos glas,
Die see glinster
wagtend
Woedend, woens en verpletterend,

Die aanstormende branders swel Swel met'n ewige ritme En omhoogspatt
ende skuim Spoel oor die wit, glansende sand.

MARINA RENNIE (Laer V1)

* * * *

FRENCH CONTRIBUTIONS A La Ferme

Ma tante a une ferme dans les montagnes du Drakensberg.

Il y a la une petite riviere et beaucoup d'arbres. Nous visitons la ferme
pendant les vacances du mois d'aout.

Il y a deux chevaux qui s'appellent Tobie et Snowflake. Ils sont doux com
me des agneaux. Ils aiment beaucoup manger. Il y a aussi toutes sortes d'
autres animaux: les lapins mangent l'herbe verte; ils ont toujours faim.
Les cochons bruns mangent beaucoup aussi. Les agneaux sont tres gentils.
J'aime bien le chien de la ferme qui s'appelle Spot. Il est gros et tres
feroce. Il est vieux: il a onze ans.

Les animaux sont tres heureux dans cette jolie ferme. Mais attention au beli
er . . . il est tres mechant.

Je prefere la ferme a la ville oil Ton peut voir des peintures, aller au cin
ema ou au theatre, et voir les animaux au cirque. Mais il va falloir retourn
er a la maison en septembre, et k l'6cole ou je devrai me remettre au travail.
l.

JANET BOTHWELL (12) (Lower V)

November 1973.

Johannesburg, le 22 novembre 1973.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

75

Une Lettre

Chere Fran[^]oise,

Quelle joie d'en avoir fini avec les examens; quelle joie de pouvoir en
fin paresser! J'espere que tes examens sont egalement termines, et que
tu as eu de bonnes notes. Je suis sure que tu attends les vacances avec
impatience, comme moi.

Je serais tres contente que tu puisses venir passer ces vacances chez no
us, en Afrique du Sud. Ta mere y a deja consenti. Nous irions tous a Alo
esbay, village situe pres de Durban ou nous passons d'habitude l'ete. C'
est un coquet village maritime. Je t'apprendrais a nager comme un canard
. Nous y resterions trois semaines, puis nous rentrerions. Je voudrais b
ien que tu passes Noel avec nous, un Noel au soleil, pour la premiere fo
is.

Je le regrette, mais il n'y a pas de betes sauvages dans notre jardin: to
us les Fran[^]ais semblent croire qu'il y a au moins dix betes sauvages dan
s chaque jardin sud-africain.

Mes amities a ta soeur.

Bien a toi!

Anne-Marie.

PENELOPE BRASSEY (15) (Ante-Matric)

* * * *

La Malade Imaginaire

Il y a quelques jours, je voulais inviter une amie a venir voir une piece de t
heatre avec moi. Je suis allee chez elle - et je l'ai trouvee au lit.

- Mais, Madeleine, qu'est-ce qu'il y a? C'est la troisieme fois en une sem
aine que je te trouve malade.

- Oh! Suzanne, j'ai mal a la tete, et je me sens brulante.

- Ma pauvre Madeleine, ne te fache pas contre moi . . . mais je crois bien
que tu es une malade imaginaire . . . Tu pourrais inspirer une nouvelle p
iece a Moliere.

- Ah! Suzanne, tu es sans coeur . . . Je suis souffrante, presque morte. Ma pauvre tete, des flammes en sortent. Tu auras honte de m'avoir dit des choses pareilles quand je serai morte. Va-t'en, je ne veux plus te parler.

- Bien, mais c'est dommage que tu sois malade: j'ai deux billets pour une piece de theatre.

-: Pour ce soir?

- Oui.

- Je suis certaine que j'irai mieux ce soir, et que je pourrai t'accompagner.

Comment s'appelle la piece?

____ C'est une piece de Moliere: "Le Malade imaginaire".

JENNIFER SHUTE (16) (Matric)

Novembre 1973.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Un Grand Diner

Nous sommes alles, ma famille et moi, a un restaurant qui s'appelle "C'est si bon", pour celebrer mon anniversaire.

Il y avait beaucoup de monde, et nous avons du attendre un peu. Enfin, un gar?on s'est approche.

- Garfon, une table pour quatre, s'il vous plait, a demande mon pere.

- Oui, Monsieur; voici le menu et la liste des vins.

MENU

HORS-D'OEUVRE

Huitres hollandaises Homard mayonnaise

POTAGES

Potage aux legumes Soupe puree de tomates

ENTREES

Oeufs brouilles Carpe et truite Jambon de Bayonne

VOLAILLE

Canard a l'orange Poulet au riz et aux champignons Pigeon aux petits pois Caneton roti

VIANDE

Rognons aux oignons avec chou-fleur Venaison

LEGUMES

Pommes de terre Epinards Chou frise Carottes Artichauts Chou

à™!

SALADE

Chicoree Romaine Laitue

DESSERT

Fraises a la creme Tarte aux pommes Pêche Melba

FROMAGES

Gruyere Fromage de Hollande Camembert

CAFE

- Voulez-vous manger a la carte?

- Non, merci.

D abord, nous avons tous pris un potage aux legumes; puis le gar?on a reparu.

- Je peux vous recommander notre poisson: carpe et truite.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Non, merci. Un peu de caneton roti pour mon petit gar^on, deux venaisons et un pigeon aux petits pois, s'il vous plait. Et n'oubliez pas la moutarde.

. "H y a un grand choix de legumes: Â£pinards, carottes, artichauts et chou. Les asperges sont finies maintenant.

- Merci. Puis-je fumer la pipe?

Oui, Monsieur. Voici un briquet et le bourgogne que vous avez commandé.

- Merci. Le garçon a versé un peu de vin dans un verre, et mon père Fa goûté.

- Ce vin est trop sec pour moi; j'aime les vins doux. Apportez-moi du vin du Rhin et de l'eau fraîche pour les enfants.

- Bien Monsieur.

Comme dessert, nous avons mangé de la tarte aux pommes et, plus tard, du camembert avec des petits pains. Quand le garçon est revenu, il a donné l'addition à mon père.

- Veuillez payer à la caisse, s'il vous plaît.

ELIZABETH SWEMMER (14) (UV)

* * * *

LATIN CONTRIBUTIONS Antonius

Antonius vir pulcher est qui Roma habitat. Olim in silva pulchra ambulare constituit. Itaque a villa sua magna et pulchra et alba ad silvam ambulabat. Ibi in herba tenera inter arbores altas dormiebat. Dum dormiebat puella adveniebat et ibi ludebat. Subito lupus a silva densa ad puellam currit. Puella timebat et et itaque clamores magnas faciebat. Antonius clamores audiebat, surgebat et hastam in lupum iaciebat. Ubi puella lupum, mor-tuum videbat, in umeris Antonii flebat. Antonius puellam amabat. "O puella", viquit "te amo, amas-ne me?" "Ita. o puer, te amo". Mox earn in matrimonium ducebat et vitam longam et laetam Vivebant.

LESLEY ADAMS (Lower VI)

* * * *

Gains et Marcus

Gains et Marcus pueri erant. Cotidie ad oram ambulabant et scaphas spectabant. Aquam amabant. Aestate saepe nautabant. Hieme in agris ludebant. Olim, nbi in agro ludebant, lupum magnum spectabant. Prope agrum ambulabat. Pueri hastas habebant et lupum interficiebant. Turn lupum trans agrum et in oppidum trahebant. Pueri laeti erant quad homines, mulieres et liberi pueros landabant. MELAME FERANDI (Lower VI)

78

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Gallus Miser Robae

Gallus sum. Romanos non amo. Terram dominorum delent. Viliam et fundum non cedificant. Frumentum et vinum non dant. Romanos non intellego. Servi sumus. Romanis laborare dehemus sed pecuniam non habentis.

Mali et Iceti sunt, miseri et boni sumus.

* * * *

Latin Composition

Romani laeti erant quod bella multa vicerant. Itaque Romani diem festum ludis fecerunt et deos adoraverunt. Postea cibi copiam et vini habuerunt. Vinum multum biberunt. Lingua Latina difficilis eis erat loqui quod in vino veritas!

LINDSAY DUNCAN (Middle VI)

* * * *

Latin Composition

Puella misera iuvenem, Gaium, amat sed pater saevus eius Gaium non amat et Caium mittit ad exercitum. Puella tristis flet quod pater eius puellam nunc inbet Marcum, centurionem brevem, amare. Puella miles fit et cum Gaio it.

Puella et Gaius per viam rectam ad litus ambulant. In nave cum nautis et militibus multis vela dant. Vespere procella populum in aquam iacit. Ad saxum natant et in saxo sedent. Mane ad litus natant. Ad casas paucas ambulant. Puellae pater filiam suam petit. Flet et puellam sinit Gaium amare. Vivent feliciter postea.

*

* * * *

Gaius te Monstrum

Olim, vir, Gaius erat. In casa parva habitabat. Casa prope mare erat. Liberos multos habebat. Cotidie liberi ad mare ambulaverunt, in aqua lud ebant et turn ad casam per silvas ambulaverunt. Olim, dum in aqua ludebant, monstrum magnum ad eos natavit. Liberi clamaverunt et Gaius a casa veniebat. Frustra monstrum interficere tentabat. Turn milites tentaverunt. Pauci ad monstrum natabant et monstrum interficere tentabant. Monstrum impetum fecit et ad terram natavit. Incolas multas interficiebat. Sed Gaius hastam in monstrum ponebat, et monstrum interficiebat. Incolae eum regem fecerunt.

M. FERRANDI (Middle VI)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Junior School

Although there was not much visible activity this year, we, nevertheless, continued with our school tasks and made full use of all the teaching equipment acquired and donated last year. The three overhead projectors bought from a part of the proceeds of the Roedeian Ramble (1972) were installed and have proved valuable as have the educational films which were shown weekly.

Mr. Rennie and Dr. Brossy also very kindly came to show us films. Mr. Rennie's film of Dabulamanzi's part in the Cape to Rio Yacht Race (January 1973) was much enjoyed by all. The interest shown in Dr. Brossy's film on the Tsas Bushmen was obvious by the many questions asked; and his film on the praying mantis was absolutely fascinating.

The P.T.A. has been a real fairy-godmother. The Committee enabled us to buy sunfilter curtains for the Schollay in which we are keeping our Reference Books. They supplemented funds with which we bought a slide projector, and also gave us a cheque in order to invest in a Reading Laboratory. We are very grateful for these gifts.

Children and parents have again very kindly donated books to our Library.

The Heads of Houses and the Sports Captains have taken their duties seriously. There is always an air of excitement on the mornings when the lists are read to see which House gains top marks.

Foundation Day was celebrated in the customary manner. Forms I to Lower IV came in the afternoon to enjoy themselves in the swimming bath and on the koppies.

As parents of pupils in Forms II to Lower IV never have the opportunity of seeing their daughters perform on the sport's field, we invited them to St. Margaret's Day. This gesture was greatly appreciated. Lawrence House won the Laurel Wreath and Lyn Bainbridge, Sarah Calburn, Christine Parlour and Katy Brossy shared the Victrix Ludorum Cup.

Parents' Day was enjoyed by all. The items performed were:-

"The Little Princess" by Grades I and II.

"Hasie en skilpad" en "Die Ou Man en sy Tuin" - two short plays by Form I.

Puss'n Books - an Operetta by Form II.

Guards on Parade - precision marching and percussion rendering of Meyer's Coronation March - by Form III.

A Modern Dance Display - by Lower IV.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Excursions were arranged for Forms II to Lower IV. Lower IV visited the Snake Park, the Voortrekker Museum and Monument and the Pretoria Zoo.

With Form III they paid a visit to the Krugersdorp Game Reserve and Bird Park, from where they went to the Sterkfontein Caves. Form II found the exhibits in the Africana Museum very interesting.

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

We have fared well on the games field. Netball and Tennis matches and swimming galas were arranged against other schools.

The House Swimming Galas were won by Lawrence, who also won the Diving Cup which was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Meyer. Earle won the House Tennis matches.

We are proud to record that Lyn Bainbridge, Diana Meyer, Eleanor Stratten and Clare Whiting were chosen to represent the school at the Johannesburg Primary Schools' Gala. Clare Whiting also represented Southern Transvaal in the Under 10 Division at the Schools' Inter-Provincial Diving Competition held in Bloemfontein in November.

Caroline Bunting was successful in winning the box of tennis balls in the Grieverson Singles Tennis Tournament.

* * * *

Fire!

A sudden spark lying on the grass grows bigger and bigger, slowly spreading across the mountain, moving faster and faster as the wind gets up, now flying over the ground.

The flames are like elves dancing, twisting and turning, growing bigger and higher. Now the flames are a wall of fire rushing at top speed down the valley, spitting viciously and destroying everything in its path.

Smoke in wreaths, flies up in the air; black, suffocating smoke. It's like death as it swirls around, enfolding everything in its blanket of evil darkness. The fire thunders along, hissing and crackling, without mercy for anything or anyone. Animals cry; squeal and bellow as one after the other is burnt. They run blindly, helpless, chased by this tormenting dragon.

Behind it the fire leaves nothing, not a blade of grass or a green branch; only black, barren land and smouldering ground.

Slowly the flames grow smaller, the glow not so bright, the noise not so loud. The fire dies like an old man slowly sinking to the ground. Lower and lower shrink the flames until they disappear, having destroyed everything in their path.

LINDY RODWELL (Lower IV)

SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Nightfall in Soweto

As the sun disappears over the horizon One can see thin figures Kicking a tin,

And small groups of men.

Chatting.

Smoke curling upwards,

And washing

Fluttering in the evening breeze.

One can hear the occasional bark From a hungry dog,

And the cry of an upset child Is carried in the breeze.
As everything gradually quietens down The small windows of the houses
are lightened By shadeless lamps.
The smell of boiled meat And porridge Fills the air.
And little children run indoors To sleep a peaceful sleep.
MARTINE DE LA HARPE (Lower IV)

* * * *

The Night's Magic
The white moon slithered across the sky, Silvering the shadows that were
slowly,
Silently creeping up the wall.
The grey leaves rustled in the midnight breeze, Casting movements on t
he soaked grass.
Then all was silent once more.
The hoot of a solitary owl echoed.
A drowsy flower nodded her head To the silent melodies,
While twinkling stars floated across the sky
Like polished diamonds.
MARTINE BENATAR (Lower IV)

82

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

Day-Dreaming

Bliss:

From the terrifying lampless alley-ways and warehouses,
From monthly pay and bread ration.
To the sun-soaked, golden mealie fields and mud-baked houses,
To the waving grass
and whispering trees
by the almost dried-up stream.

Bliss!

An alarm clock rings,
Shrilly waking him from his dreams.

JULIA CHARLTON (Lower IV)

* * * *

The Creation

God was lonely and tiresome as well.

He thought up an idea; it was swell.

He made the day and He made the night,

And He looked at Himself and thought he was bright. And He made the mo
on, the stars and the sun,

He made them all, one by one.

He made the sea, and He made the land.

It was hard work for He did it by hand.

Then He squashed down the valleys,

And up popped the hills.

And then came the lakes Which with water He filled.

And He sent down the rain For the land was hot,

And made grass and trees -

"Now what else have I got?"

He created the creatures, the birds and the whales, Made the thunder, th
e lightning and also the gales, Creeping creatures and cattle - then Man

On the sixth day and finished His Plan.

On the seventh day He stopped to rest 'Cause He thought He had really d
one His best.

And He lay down and looked at His world And all the things which into s

pace He had hurled.
KATARINA MACLEAN (Lower IV)
THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN
83

The Sterkfontein Caves
I felt a shiver in my back as I entered the caves.
All was dark and cold
And echoes were heard as the people talked to each other There stood
an underground lake Where tiny shrimps swim, day by day.
Bats, above, hung upside down,
And rocks were shaped like animals.
Then, as we were shown the Fossil Chamber,
I felt I was a cave-man.
Although it was hard to believe That man, who looked like an ape Had rea
lly lived where I was standing.
As we came to the end of the caves There was a sculpture of the wonder
ful man,
Robert Broom, who had found the caves.
MONICA MEYER (Form III)

* * * *

The Hawker
Lifeless, yet there the mist hangs,
Feeling, seeing and touching all places.
A cloud, blacking out all our joy, all our happiness.
It never tires, yet is always fading and dying.
To all who know it,
It loiters and waits
Like a hawker or pedlar
But after the sunbeams chase it away,
It lolls in the heavens till another day.
CHRISTINE PARLOUR (Form III)

* * * *

The Funny Old Lemonos
There was once a funny old Lemonos who had quite a long nose with rings
right the way round it. The rings were yellow and
on his back were pink spots.,
The funny old Lemonos was walking down the road and what a queer sight h
e looked. Then, a dreadful thing happened, for he fell into some green p
aint, all except for his nose with the yellow rings on it. The funny old
Lemenos was angry. He jumped out and rolled on the grass. Bits of paint
came off and some of the pink spots could be seen. Suddenly, the funny
old Lemenos felt tired out from all that rolling and fell asleep.
He woke up after a bit, and, bsing very forgetful he forgot what had happ
ened, and thinking himself beautiful, he walked
away- MARGARET NOTTEN (Form III)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

The Mist-erious Day As the dark canopy covered the sun it went dull. The
happy atmosphere seemed washed out. The car lights penetrated the fog,
seeking their way out of the sinister maze with its thin but dangerous w
alls all around. Everything looked sleepy, dull and 'down in the dumps'.
Even the trees seemed as if they were made of fog and the leaves of lon
g, thin spiky icicles. There was a loud, howling gale which made the ici
cle-leaves tinkle like chandeliers in a ballroom.
The birds did not sing their usual jolly songs but, as the fog lifted, th

e joyful atmosphere came back and the sun shone down to warm the damp grass, to melt the icicle-leaves and to bring back the every-day life.

ALEXANDRA WATSON (Form III)

À«iÀ»

My Granny

Her face is kind,

Her eyes a lovely blue.

Her hands are ready to knit anything for me.

She doesn't mind if I ask her to knit me a pullover,

She just starts as soon as she can,

And soon she is finished.

She makes lovely cakes and jam tarts,

And she is always asking her friends to tea.

She never forgets my birthday And gives me lovely things I must be the luckiest girl in the world,

To have a granny that nice.

ELEANOR STRATTEN (Form II)

* * * *

AFRIKAANS CONTRIBUTIONS Die Verwaande Lammetjie

Dit is'n verhaaltjie deur Noel Barr. Die illustrasies is deur P. B. Hickling en die uitgewers is Wills en Hepworth Beperk.

Dis'n storie van'n klein lammentjie wat op'n plaas woon en baie verwaand is. Hy terg al die ander diere omdat hulle nie so mooi soos hy is nie.

Eendag het hy in'n swart kleurstof geval en grys geword. Die boer se dogter het probeer om hom skoon te was, maar sy kon nie. Daarna het hy nie meer die diere geterg nie, en wanneer hy probeer het, het die ander vir hom gese: "Wens jy nie ook dat jy sulke mooi wit wol soos ons het nie?"

Dan het die lammetjie doodstil gebly.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Die lammentjie was die hoofkarakter en ook die interessantste omdat hy in al die stories voorkom. Hy was ook'n bietjie snaaks. Sneeballetjie was verwaand, maar hy het sy les geleer.

Die storie was vir my 'n bietjie kinderagtig, maar ek het dit egter geniet.

PAMELA SM1LG (Laer IV)

'n Boek wat ek gelees het

Die titel van die boek is „Klank en Musiek". Dit is'n Afrikaanse vertaling deur Neta Toerien. Die uitgewers is A. Wheaton and Co., Exeter, Devon. Daar is baie klanke. As ons luister, kan ons die voels wat sing, die verkeer in die straat en die treine en vliegtuie hoor. Daar is baie instrumente wat pragtige klanke maak. Die harp het vyf-en-veertig snare wat jy met jou vingers pluk. Die klavier het klawers wat jy met jou vingers druk. In die klavier is daar klein hamertjies wat op die snare slaan. Dit maak die klanke.

Die spinet lyk soos die klavier maar dit is kleiner. Daar is ook ander instrumente wat snare het en waarop jy met jou vingers speel. Daar is die ghitaar en die banjo. Dan is daar die tjello, die kontrabas en die viool wat jy met'n strydstok speel. Daar is pype wat jy met jou mond blaas. Daar is die fluit, die hobo, die klarinet, die fagot, die tuba, en die basuin. Al die instrumente het pragtige klanke.

Die instrument wat vir my die interessantste was, is die harp.

Die kort snare gee vir jou hoe note en die lang snare gee lae note. Die harp se musiek is werklik pragtig.

Ek het baie van die boek gehou omdat dit baie interessant was en ek het baie geleer.

BARBARA ANN ADAIR (Laer IV)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

THE S.A.O.R.A.

S.A.O.R.A. Officials - 1974

Hon. President:

Mrs. Anne Lorentz, 18 Griswold Road, Saxonwola, Johannesburg.

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. Frances Duncan, Rustenvrede Avenue, Constantia, Cape Province.

Hon. Secretary, Durban:

Mrs. Gillian Cox, 2 Woodlands Avenue, Westville, Natal.

Hon. Secretary, Bulawayo:

Mrs. Stella Goldstein, P.O. Box 23, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Hon. Secretary,
Salisbury:

Mrs. Christine Behr, Damclose, Piers Road, Borrowdale, Salisbury.

Hon. Secretary, East London:

Mrs. Violet Botha, Hockrow, Gardens Place, East London. Hon. Secretary,
Port Elizabeth:

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

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

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

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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

Hon. President:

Anne Lorentz.

Hon. Vice-President:

Jock Barlow.

Hon. Secretary:

Barbara Dando.

Minute Secretary:

Margot Teeling Smith.

Hon. Treasurer:

Elizabeth Lane.

Assistant Treasurer:

Alix Bothwell.

Committee Members:

Gill Meyer, Margot Teeling Smith, Joyce Jones, Martha Read, Elizabeth Matthews, Reina Powell, Virginia Gilbert, Audrey Schaerer, Elizabeth C

urry. Headmistress' Nominee, Diana Laroque.

â€¢ â€¢. â€¢ 4 â€¢ . * . 'â– \

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

... i.

1969-73 AITKENHEAD, Serena, 119, Morkel Road, Lyndhurst, Jhb.

-73 BARRY, Carol, 4, African Street, Oaklands, Jhb.

1969-73 BUTT, Katharine, 152, West Street, Sandown, Sandton 2001. 196

9-73 COAKER, Victoria, 7, 3rd Street, Abbotsford, Jhb.

1969-73 EVANS, Claire, P.O. Box 67344, Bryanston, 2021.

1969-73 FIRTH, Ingrid, P.O. Box 158, Manzini, Swaziland.

1969-73 GELDART, Caroline, P.O. Box 68, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

-73 HAWKES, Deborah, 19, 9th Street, Parkmore, Sandton. 1969-73 HO
SKEN, Elizabeth, P.O. Box 111, Honeydew, 2040.

1969-73 JANKOWITZ, Erica, 15, Darnaway Road, Forest Town, Jhb.

-73 *LARQUE, Diana, 53 Wrenrose Avenue, Birdhaven, Jhb. 1969-73 LO
, Helen, 40, Bean Street, Kimberley, C.P.

1969-73 MILFORD, Julia, 21, Rosebank Road, Dunkeld, Jhb.

1963-73 PIROW, Nicola, 13, Frere Road, Parktown West, Jhb.

-73 *POWELL, Lucienne, 11th floor, Norwich Union House, 91, Commissio
ner Street, Jhb.

-73 ROGERS, Traude, University Roma,, Lesotho.

-73 SANDERS, Pamela, 43, 4th Street, Lower Houghton, Jhb. 1969-73 SH
UTE, Jenefer, 133, Patricia Road, Sandown Ext. 3, Sandton.

-73 * WADDINGTON, Caroline, P.O. Box 395, Maseru, Lesotho. 1969-73
WILKIE, Suzanne, Daleside Estate, Box 13, Daleside 1840. 1969-73 WI
LSHERE, Nicola, 5, Cowie Road, Forest Town, Jhb.

-73 *BEITH, Carol, 73, 13th Street, Parkmore, Sandton.

1969_73 BEVES, Deborah, 69, Westcliff Drive, Westcliff, Jhb.

-73 BIRKETT, Patricia, P.O. Box 191, Rivonia, 2128.

-73 ELLIS, Laura, P.O. Box 1095, Vanderbyl Park, 1900.

-73 GEIKIE, Carol, 54, Cleveland Road, Sandhurst, Sandton, Tvl. -73 -"

HARDEN, Carol, 67, Kilkenny Road, Parkview, Jhb.

-73 HARGREAVES, Astrid, P.O. Box 67407, Bryanston, 2021.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

1969-73 .HILTERMAN, Nicolette, P.O. Box 321, Jhb.

1969-73 HORNE, Dulcie, 19, Reform Avenue, Melrose Jhb.

1969-73 KEOGH, Hillary, 87, St. Andrews Road, Hurlingham, Sandto

n. 1969-73 *KU1LMAN, Pamela, 29, Desborough Ave., Winston Ridge,

Jhb. 1969-73 LEWIS, Carina, P.O. Box 65182, Benmore, 2010 1963-73

*MACARTHUR, Monique, 35, St. Peters Road, Houghton, Jhb. 1969-73

PRESTON, Rosemary, 29, Escombe Ave., Parktown West, Jhb. -73 RUN

DLE, Heather, P.O. Box 67815, Bryanston, 2021 -73 SNEDDON, Debora
h, 24, Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Jhb.

-73 *VAN DER BIJL, Karen, "Highcloud", Irene, 1675.

* Denotes Grandchild.

* * * *

News of Friends

ENGAGEMENTS

Frances Wells to Stuart Winckworth.

Julia Ferguson to Jan Pienaar.

Diana Hearn to Dr. Massino Seccia.

Ursula Puckridge to Peter Macgregor.

MARRIAGES

Carol Sutton to Peter Tshilimegras.

Margaret Ratledge to Andries de Wet.

Heather Whyte to Robin Drake in the Roedean Chapel. Edwina King to Johan Lombard, son of the late Senator Lombard.

Iris Bird (Kanthack) to Harry Bottreill.

Mary Macfadyn to Robin Reynolds.

Patricia Calderara.

Rosemary Gummell.

BIRTHS

Jane Simaan (Harris) a son Gabriel, and a great great grandchild for Roedean.

Anne Pearce (Murray) a fourth daughter, Jacquetta. Georgina Trollip (Power) a daughter, Nicola.

Moir Lang (Power) a son, Patrick William.

Vivien Lindsay (Smith) a son, Andrew James.

Helen Ferrao Carrara (Ferrao), a son, Pietro Giovanni.

Sally Payne (Milligan) a daughter, Natalie Kim.

Marigold Bower (Bower) a third daughter, Veronica.

Ann Stead (Stott) a third child, Freya Margaret.

Jean Wildman (Rossiter) a daughter, Tania.

Diana Graham (Dart) a son, William Raymond.

Joanna Burrows (Hamilton) writes from Germany to say how much she enjoyed reading the "News of Friends" in the 1973 magazine. She has sent her copy to Jill Smith (Allen) who lives in Yorkshire with her six children, so that she too may enjoy it.

Joanna says that she seems to have been round the world and back again since leaving Parktown to go to Roedean Brighton in

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1943. She is now a physiotherapist and is married to an army surgeon. As their work has taken them to Malaya and Singapore, the U.S.A. and Canada and to Germany where they are at present. In the Summer they will be going to England and Joanna would be delighted to see any old Roedeans or children of her contemporaries, who may be at nearby Oxford. Camilla Thompson (Woodhead) lives a short distance from Kennedy Airport and she too would love to see any Roedeans who happen to be passing. She visited Johannesburg in 1972 and enjoyed seeing many old girls then.

Paul and Paddy Calderara (Hopkins) will be retiring from the Far East this year and settling in Switzerland and Southern Spain. They hope to travel and to visit South Africa.

Valerie Mathews (Borchers) did visit South Africa last year and plans another visit before going to Cambridge, where her husband will take up a fellowship at Churchill College.

Valerie and John and their four children have spent the last four years in New York State where John is a physicist with I.B.M.

Helena Carrara (Ferrao) is still living in Geneva where she is completing a

n interior architectural course.

Georgina Dallamore is in the U.S.A. on an American Field Scholarship and Bridget Hahn is in Hong Kong for a year, where she is working as a physiotherapist at the Duchess of Kent Children's Orthopaedic Hospital. Also far from home is Susan Hay (Barry) who lives in London and works at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where she is an "obstetric physiotherapist". She and her husband, Francis, should be back in South Africa by the end of 1975.

Susan's sister, Jillian Barry wrote her B.A. Fine Arts (honours), this year and intends working overseas for at least one year. During 1973 she was awarded a Raikes Scholarship, which is a scholarship initiated by Mrs. Joan Raikes' late sister-in-law for graduates in the Science or Arts faculties at Wits.

Claire Douglas is working in England and Sue Clark is also there. Having a Cordon Bleu diploma, she has joined Harrods catering staff and is gaining experience in their five restaurants before catering for special functions. During the Christmas season Sue worked in Harrods Toy Fair and enjoyed assisting the celebrities of the world to choose toys for their children.

Several of our old girls, including Rosemary Gummell and Heather Hugo (Mackay) live in Australia and Sally Payne (Milligan) writes from Sydney to say that she enjoyed seeing Patricia Fuchslin (Fleming) during her years stay there and was sad when Patricia and her husband left for Johannesburg en route to Switzerland, where they plan to settle.

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Sally has also seen Elizabeth King and Hilary French (Newth) in Darwin. Margaret Volck (Adamson) writes to say that her sister Joan Rankine (Adamson) of Australia recently spent 3 months with her and enjoyed reminiscing with some old friends from Roedeans.

Both Susan Leuner (Roberts) and Virginia Gilbert (Vail) wrote to say that Pat Hindle (Margrie) and her family have settled happily in Hamilton, New Zealand, where Roger is head of the Paediatric Department at the Wai kato Hospital. The children, including Katy, who was in Ante-Matric at Roedeans last year, are becoming accustomed to schools where "uniforms are nominal, shoes optional and, length of hair to the wearer's choice."

Pat feels very far from family and friends but delights in the fact that doors and cars need never be locked and burglar bars are unheard of.

Gill Meyer (Lister) writes of Dr. Jean Pole-Evans, who is working near Umtali. She has a wonderful reputation amongst the Africans, who come from neighbouring states to consult her. She looks after the European farming community also and her Anglia is a familiar sight at all hours of the day and night. She has not been able to leave her practice for seven years but, in spite of this, has retained her delightful sense of humour.

Gill feels sure that anyone visiting Umtali will find it well worthwhile travelling the twelve odd miles to "Clogheen" to visit "Poley".

Margaret de Wet (Ratledge) is living happily on a farm near Kombat in S.W. A. and is studying for her B.A. by correspondence. Shirley Baillie was bridesmaid at her beautiful wedding last July.

Angela Rue (Bower) gives news of her sister Marigold Bower (Bower) who lives on a ranch at Rumuruti in Kenya.

From the Cape Joan Anderson writes to say that she has been working for Cape Town City Libraries since qualifying as a librarian in 1969. At present she is at the Kalk Bay Library.

Elsie McKerron (Healey) went overseas in June last year to visit her da

ughter. Whilst visiting her sister Jane Calder (Healey) in Witney, she saw Dame Elizabeth (Betty Sumner) who is a gracious and confident Mother Superior at Stanbrook Abbey.

In Cape Town Elsie continues to see Mary Mullins (Otley), Francis Duncan (O.R.A.), Mary Curtoys (Weatheritt), Iris Hodson (Glyn), Mary Coke (Barry) and Margaret Freer.

Erica Thompson (Barry) is out from England and has been staying with Mary Coke and visiting all these old friends too. She will be flying to Vancouver to see her daughter, Jennifer, and en route she will be in Johannesburg with Kate Thiselton (Greig) for a few days. She plans to visit Davie Connacher (Greig) in New Zealand as well.

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Mary Coke has given up teaching but still has many interests and devotes a great deal of time to her six grandchildren.

Key Whiteman is still enjoying her retirement at the Cape and Rosemary Keen recently having returned from England is head of the Department of Speech and Hearing Therapy at the University of Cape Town.

Ann Stead (Stott) and her husband, Robin, who is a senior lecturer in Biochemistry at U.C.T., have lived in the Cape for nearly five years and have three children.

Gretel Mansfield (Hansy) lives in Rondebosch with her husband and four children.

Adrienne Koch (Waring) has had three years as Mayor of Paarl and is now setting her sights on Parliament.

Cathie Parker (Bird) who lives in Maine, spent some time with her mother Iris Bottreill (formerly Bird, nee Kanthack), and with her sister, Frances Milligan (Bird), whilst her husband took a group of American students round South and East Africa.

Jane Matthews (Henwood) and her family are now mango farming in the Northern Transvaal.

Christmas was a busy yet happy time for Elizabeth Rossitter (Ogilvie) as she had a gathering of four generations in her Evander home. Her eldest daughter Jean Wildam her husband and their two children, flew out from Toronto and Elizabeth's mother Mrs. Ogilvie, came from Johannesburg to be with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Wendy Wood (Rossitter) and her husband and two children, came up from Nelspruit and the two youngest children were christened in the family church, where both Jean and Wendy were married.

Janet Phaal (Abel) and her husband have returned from the U.S.A. and Europe after five years and have bought a delightful house in Rivonia.

Virginia Gilbert (Vail) has settled in Bryanston after eight years in Cape Town. She has four daughters ranging from a two year old terror to a daughter in matric.

Sally Jordan (Edwards) and her husband are building a house in Randpark Ridge.

Ouida Mac Arthur (Archer Brown) and two of her two daughters, Nicola and Monique, recently returned from a fascinating 5* weeks in Europe. By chance they met Rosemary Green (Snow) in Lausanne where Jean Snow and two old Roedean boys, Christopher Snow and Timothy Aiken were staying with her.

Elizabeth Woollacot, who has spent 2\ months overseas, had also visited Rosemary who was very well and most interested to hear news of Roedean.

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In London Nicola spent a few days with Lesley Evans, who has a flat near Hampstead Heath. She also saw Erica Puckridge who is staying with her sister, Ursula MacGregor, now Mufy MacGregor's sister-in-law.

Lise Mac Arthur is in her third year at Wits, and is majoring in French and English. Her sister Pippa, is in her second year at the Nursery School Training College, where she received a merit award last year.

Catherine Kentridge is enjoying being at Oxford and finds it most stimulating.

Carey Jankowitz writes to say that she is doing a B.A. at Wits, this year and intends teaching afterwards. Her sister Erica, is doing a secretarial course prior to going to England to do a B.H.S.A.I. at Crabbet Park, Surrey.

Maryon Hearn is in her final year at Rhodes, where she is doing a B.A. Physical Education degree. She will be going to Italy in July to attend the wedding of her sister, Diana in Rome. After her marriage, Diana will settle in Pisa, where she will always be glad to see old Roedeans.

Helen Duke has returned to South Africa after having spent six months in England and six months working as a governess in Turkey. She found Istanbul a most fascinating city. Her sister, Pdmela Duke, is still in London, working as a physiotherapist at St. George's hospital. She sees Carolyn Greenwood, who is completing her housemanship in London.

Also returned to South Africa is Ann Why sail (Black), who spent some time in Zambia. Her sister, Jean, will be in Europe for about a year on a working holiday.

Molly Rodda (Mackay) tells us that her daughter Jenny, is teaching in London and that Barbara Anneke's (Philsox) daughter was head girl of her school -last year and that Jan Ann Wall's (Langebrink) daughter is head girl of her school this year.

Keithayn Watson went to Belgium and Switzerland as an Outspan Girl last year, after completing a graphic design art course. She has spent time hitch-hiking in Europe and "au-pairing" for a large family. She plans to see more of Europe, the Middle East and South America in the near future.

Eve Watson is in her final year in the Johannesburg Art School, where Rosemary Snell is also in her class.

Kim Stewart is in the final year of her B.A. at Wits.

Jock Barlow (Deglon) spent a holiday in Europe last year and lunched at Eva Cook's (Sutter) charming pub in Lewes.

On a week-end visit to Oranjemund this year, Jock was pleased to find that Anne Jones (Roberts) was one of the party.

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Whilst husbands played cricket, squash and golf, the wives showed more interest in the diamond mine, the model mine farm and the flooded Orange River.

Delia Parnell spent the January vacation with her cousin Linda Godlont on (Inchbold) in Somerset West, where she saw Margie Shaw. Delia is doing a B.A. at Pietermaritzburg University and has seen Anne Crawford-Nutt, Dorothy Farr and, Julia Van der Byl, Di Harris, Sue Richards and Barbara Whiting there and Sue Jennings and Lynne Zwarenstein in Durban. Marietta Luel spent two months in Europe, where she visited her Aunt, Elizabeth Maas (Carst) in Holland. Marietta is now doing a secretarial course.

Serita Bucknell spent some time with her son in Rhodesia last year and

was most impressed by the way in which the Rhodesians cope and refuse to be beaten,

Barbara Mary Bladen is still driving for the Serviceable Sisters and tell us that Penny Harrison has her town planning diploma and is a member of the British Institute of Town Planners. Her sister, Holly Fotheringham (Harrison), has a son in his third year of medicine at Wits, and a daughter Anne. Sally Nixon (Harrison), lives in Durban and sees Olivia Anne Pearce (Murray).

Jean Andrew (MacGillivray) is living in Port Elizabeth and her younger daughter, Patricia is married and living in Johannesburg.

Prunella Fiddian Green (MacRobert) and her husband have returned to South Africa after three years in London and Boston. They have settled in Newlands with their two daughters, Nina and Claire.

Jenny Berline (Scott), the niece of Barbara Swan (Briscoe) is living in San Francisco, with her husband and two children.

Diana Graham (Dart) is running a Pathology laboratory in her home and has a technician to assist her.

Marjorie Dart (Frew) and her husband travel to Philadelphia at three monthly intervals and visit Diana fairly frequently. They attended her baby's christening on Long Island.

Felicity Stern (Hollingshead) and her husband, have spent a year in Salisbury and plan to travel in the East, stopping and working when the need or desire arises. Felicity has taught for four years now.

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Messages of Good Wishes for Foundation Day, Were Received From The Following:

Jane Simaan (Harriss)

M. Voortman Pippa Vincent (Snell)

Daisy Davies L. Scott H. Burke Betty Tyrrell

and telegrams from: Violet Botha, Margaret Freer, Rosemary Green.

* * * *

Condolences

We offer our sincere sympathy:

To Elsie McKerron (Healey) on the death of her husband, Professor Rob in McKerron.

To the Niven and Schaerer families on the loss of Dorothea Campbell.

To Patsy Hawkins and Bridget Bamish on the loss of their mother, Frieda Braun.

To Ouida MacArthur and her family on the death of her mother, Mrs. Archer-Brown.

To Jane Matthews on the death of her mother, Mrs. Sutton.

To Kirsteen, Barbara and Janet Parke-Forster on the death of their father Dr. Harry Parke-Forster.

We noted with sadness the death of two former matrons of Lambs, Miss Blanche Holton and Miss Cordes and of Leslie Pirie, who died last September.

* * * *

Dorothea Campbell (Niven) 1898-1974 - Schoolgirl, Old Girl, Teacher, Musician, Critic, Journalist, Manager Roedeian Trust

Dorothea died on Sunday, February 3rd, 1974, at noon. The S.A.O.R.A. sent flowers to the school expressing their sympathy, affection, respect and admiration.

On Friday, 8th February, a memorial Service of Thanksgiving was held in

The Roedeian Chapel which was built originally in memory of her sister Nancy Carver. It was felt by the school, The Board and the Old Girls that Dorothea would have liked this.

The service was simple and sincere. The school Choir sang and the few Old Girls we could contact by word of mouth in the limited time attended. We were there on behalf of all the many friends who would have liked to have been there themselves had it been possible.

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We regret we were unable to advertise this service. We realise many would have liked to have, attended but Dorothea's family reported it was her wish that there should be no fuss. There was none. It was a peaceful, dignified restrained passing.

She will long be remembered in the school and anyone wishing to contribute to a memorial fund may send contributions to: Mrs. E. Lane, S.A.O.R.A., 8 Sunnyside Road, Orchards, Johannesburg.

, Dorothea

I have just come home from Dorothea Campbell's funeral. On the way there I felt I wanted to write a tribute to her in the Roedeian Magazine. After hearing Father Moore's Eulogy I felt he had spoken so feelingly and given us such a vivid picture of Dorothea that there was nothing left for me to say. However on thinking it over I decided I would add my appreciation of Dorothea. I had known Dorothea when she was, if not at the foot of her "Mount Everest", at least on the first gentle slopes. She taught me music and she was, I know, a good teacher, but to me what mattered so much more was that she was an understanding one. We both knew I would never get very far with playing the piano but she taught me to appreciate good music. On more than one occasion she played to me during my lesson and encouraged me to go to concerts. i *

I was once told that as one grows older, what one really is shows on one's face. To see Dorothea radiant at a party or talking quietly to a friend proves this. One of the attributes Dorothea had above all others I think was courage. Whatever she accomplished, and that was a great deal, she had to have the courage to face life as she did and death when it came. This afternoon not just Joyce Jones, Roedeian or Johannesburg but the whole of South Africa has lost a person of great worth. . **

JOYCE JONES.

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Farewell to Alison

On Foundation Day we said goodbye to Alison Somerville as President of the S.A.O.R.A. ..

Alison has given freely of her time during her six years in office - three as Treasurer and three as President - and both the school and the Old Girls' Association have benefited from her enthusiasm and efficiency.

We would like to express our warm thanks to her and our appreciation of her tireless efforts. v

Thank you, Alison!

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A Welcome to the 1974 President Ann Lorentz (Douglas)

Ann has three daughters at Roedeian (the eldest is vice head-girl) and two sons at St. Johns and she is closely involved and interested in their school life. She has a husband who is a very busy surgeon and she is closely involved in his social activities and commitments too. She is also

very active in Soweto with what she calls her "beloved Nursery School", not to speak of Irises and Garden Clubs, etc. So you see ...? Ask a busy person to be President and they say "Yes - if you can't get anyone else." We didn't want anyone else. Good luck to her. We are delighted to come under her cheery leadership and she has our support.

* * * *

Roedeaniana

The School has given us, the Old Girls, a room where we can store and display items of interests to all Roedeanians past and present.

Our aim is to build up a small Roedeaniana Museum and so preserve for all generations Roedean's History.

Many interesting things have been found about the school and we feel sure that many Old Girls will have treasures of their school days tucked away. Please turn out draws, cupboards and boxes and see what you can find in the way of photographs, press cuttings, badges, programmes, hat bands, games colours, and anything else you may think will be of interest.

We are nearly 75 years old and we hope by Foundation Day 1977 to have an interesting representative collection to show.

Please label and date all items and send them to Martha Read, Roedeaniana, Roedean School, Parktown. » THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROEDEAN

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Roedean Trust FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1973:

Pledges made	R239 770
Outstanding under pledges	8 844
Total funds contributed	230 926
Appeal expenses for 1973	" 1 150
Amount contributed 1973	4 430
Payments to school 1973: Building programme.....	47 000
Scholarships	3 008
Income from investments 1973 - Interest and Dividends ...	16 050
Deposits at call	3 000
Debenture and unsecured loan stock @ Cost	38 749
Share investment at cost	182 871
Market value of share investment	241 665

The Trust last year provided bridging finance to enable the School to go ahead with building the Hersov Music Block, the renovation of Staff House to accommodate five staff members and a husband in bed-sitters, and the provision of two new tennis courts down at the playing fields.

We now have 11 Trust Bursars: Michelle Ahlers, Susan Cassidy, Barbara Creedy, Melanie Ferrandi, Colleen Roome, Gillian Rouse, Valerie Somerville, Carolyn Dempster, Veronica Clark, Geraldine Blecher and Josephine Gundersen. They are all doing well in their school work, as is our Trust grant-holder, Juanita Anderson. Barabara was top of her form at the end of last year.

Last year we decided to discontinue our Annual News Letter for financial reasons. It had been issued for 12 years running to friends of Roedean all over the world, and the mailing list had passed the 1 500 mark. Henceforth the Annual Report will go to all current Roedean parents, and a financial statement will appear in the School Magazine.

Our annual Third Aim Party on August 6th last year for about 200 people was a great success. This year the party will be held on the 5th August in the School Hall from 6 to 8 p.m., and all friends of the School are welcome.

ome. The party, of course, has nothing to do with fund raising. Quite a number of Parents and Old Girls have decided that, in addition to a pledge to the Trust, or instead of this, they will make a codicil to their will for the benefit of the Trust. This idea has been found to be a sound way of consolidating the trusts of other schools, and it is hoped that some of you, who realise that the Trust should be a continuing organisation, will follow this plan. It will be of great benefit to the School in the future. Any donations to the Trust or enquiries about bursaries can be addressed to the Manager, Roedean School, Parktown, Johannesburg.

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Trust, P.O. Box 5483, Johannesburg. Bursaries are awarded from time to time after the writing of a competitive examination, and are for half the fees of a boarder or a day girl for a period of five years.

WALKER

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