

CêH'Cil

Roedean (SA) 1991

Magazine Committee

Michelle Christie-Large, Veronica Bostock, Kate Conradie, Sophie Ajchenbrenner, Lauren Beukes in the tree, Karen Malherbe standing.

Acknowledgements

Gill Nicolaysen and the Middle Vs created our lovely cover of the trees of Roedean. Thank you to my committee, especially Kate Conradie for the delightful-cartoon figures which appear in the magazine.

Debbie Pheiffer was our competent photographer who captured girls at work and play throughout the year.

Mari Hayashida took over from Debbie towards the end of the year and photographed most of our camera-shy staff for the inside front and back covers.

Thank you to both these girls and to all others who assisted so enthusiastically.

DESIREE EDWARDS Editor

Cover picture: The trees of Roedean

Drawn by: Thuya orientalis - Nicola Durrant; Ficus carica - Marisa Hathorn; Primus persica - Shirley Smith; Aloe Malothii - Chiao-pin Cheng and Kate O'Flaherty; Querus palustris - Lisa Szymonowicz and Eloise Malan; Citrus limone - Francis Rogan; Melia azderach - Mary Hale;

Sihinus molle — Samantha Cox; Cussonia paniculata — Patience Khoza and Sandy Schwarer; Quercus suba — Robyn Lister and Danielle Kingsley; Cupressus strictu - Zahedah Bham; Thuya orientalis - Donna Spencer.

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 Deputy Headmistress
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 Miss B A Green B Mus (Wits)
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 FTCL (London)
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 (Wits) HDE (Wits) Miss Z Retief B Mus (Ed) (Wits)
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Mrs E Triegaardt

Mrs J W Tyson

Mrs N van der Burgh

Mrs P Ward BA Hons (Wits)

Mrs E M Weiersbye Mrs N Willcox CIS

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Roedean Staff

1991

Teaching and Administrative Staff

Backrow: Mrs J Nel, Mrs N Chislett, Mrs T Sutherland, Mrs F Edwards, Mrs A Passmore, Mrs C Tapson, Mrs E Conradie, Miss Z Retief, Miss E Wolff, Miss C Pruij. 6th row: Mrs P Lake, Miss E. Crouch, Mrs P Ward, Mrs S Laurence, Miss J Ironside, Mrs U Rowlands.

5th row: Mrs E Triegaardt, Mrs T van der Nest, Mrs T Steyn, Mrs D Edwards, Mrs L Waghom, Mrs K Draper, Mrs M Taylor, Mrs F Smith, Miss B Descoins. 4th row: Mrs L Finegan, Mrs D Gibbs, Miss M Thorne, Mrs J Tyson, Mrs D Law, Mrs J Dickinson, Mrs A Kleynhans, Mrs J McDonell, Mrs B Wade, Mrs H de Vries, Mrs M Westgate, Mrs L Lang.

3rd row: Miss L du Plessis, Mrs V Moelwyn-Hughes, Mrs G McFarlane, Mrs M Wilson, Sister N Blackman, Miss B Thom, Mrs J Henn, Mrs S Arkwright, Miss B Green, Mrs A van der Burgh, Mrs V Lord, Miss M Drop, Miss S Dartnell.

2nd row: Mrs M Helsby, Mrs H Morrison, Mrs B Buckingham, Mrs S Coghlan, Mrs B Todd, Mrs M Dickson, Mrs J Nicolaysen, Miss M Maslin, Mrs D Draudsing, Mrs D van der Merwe, Mrs J Lane, Mrs M Byrne, Mrs S Holmes.

Front row: Mrs R Kruger, Mr B Mouton, Mrs L Thomas, Mrs L Nelson, Mrs P Brink, Mrs N Willcox, - Mrs J Price.

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Second row: Violet Segabutla, Samuel Nkuna, Beatrice Mgaga, Ellen Phakhathi, Isaac Siemela, Daisy Mnweba, Virginia Segabutla, Eliza Motsweisane, Jack Mbetsi, Grace Makathini, Robert Muumba, Mary Ledwaba.

Front row: Wilson Munyai, Joseph Tshidavhu, Johanna Baloyi, Frans Kereta, Mr B Mouton, Mrs L Nelson, Philli Ngubane, David Makwarela, Jacob Mogashoa.

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Prize List

1991

Leslie Cope Comfort.....English Essay.....Karen Heese

Baker Memorial.....English.....Alexandra Russell

Ella le MaitreReading..... Ceridwen Moelwyn-Hughes

Patrick Duncan.....Afrikaans..... Alexandra Russell

A D Viney.....French.....Alexandra Russell

H R Raikes.....History.....Debbie Pfeiffer

H R Raikes.....Physical Science..... Yvonne Barbie

Jubilee Prize.....Geography.....Chetna Nana

Jubilee Prize.....Mathematics.....Danielle Crouse

Additional Mathematics.....Natalie Napier

Pole Evans.....Biology.....Alexandra Russell

Joan Hildick-Smith.....Art.....Caroline Serebro

Margaret Earle.....Classical Studies.....Susan Gaylard and Alexandra Russell

Noel Niven.....Music Lucy Giemre

Cluver.....General Achievement.....Danielle Crouse
 Dux Trophy.....First in class.....Alexandra Russell
 Progress Prizes.....Ante Matric I.....Nicola Presbury
 Ante Matric II.....Carolyn Beckerling
 Upper VI....., Megan Chan
 Upper V II.....Sophie Ajchenbrenner
 Middle VI.....Chiao-Pin Cheng
 Middle VII.....Marisa Hathom
 Lower VI.....Hazel Holly and Natalie Katz
 Lower VII.....Jyoti Kewada
 Junior Mathematics Challenge.....Chiao-Pin Cheng
 Ashton Reading Trophy.....Catherine Ferreira
 Susan Falcon Squash Trophy.....Amanda van Zantwijk
 The Dawn Vincent Challenge Cup for “Swimmer of the Year”.....Melissa Davidson
 The Peter Wagner “Junior Victrix Ludorum” award for best all-round sporting performance during the course
 of the year from a girl in LV or MV.....Kerith Nel
 “Sports Girl of the Year”.....Amanda van Zantwijk
 Jane Stirling Music Cup for progress and
 contribution in Music.....Lucy Giemre
 Edelweiss Kruger Prize for Music/Best practical musician.....Mari Hayashida
 Dorothea Campbell Music Scholarship for 1991 awarded by the SAORA for excellence in and contribution
 to music at Roedean.....;.....Mari Hayashida
 Pottery Award.....Bernice Holly
 The Carruthers Trophy for Computer Science.....Tanya van der Merwe
 Maxine Beckerling Award for Cultural Achievement.....Danielle Crouse
 The Sanchia Henning Memorial Bowl (to an AM Boarder).....Nonhlanhla Mabusela
 The Michele Mullinos Memorial Trophy
 (to an AM for gentleness and loyalty)*.....Louise Brown
 St George s Prize.....Reinette Mulangaphuma and
 Amanda van Zantwijk
 Headmistress’ Gift to Head of School.....Yvonne Barbie

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Matriculants 1990

Name_____ Distinction ____ Name Distinction

Leanne Adnams Leighanne Allen Kirsten Anderson Candace Barrett Tatiana Bertoldi Sarah Bester Abeda Bhamjee
 Sheila Boniface Deborah Boscarino Belinda Bowling Frances Brooks Penelope Cavalli Michelle Cowan Clare Cutland
 Helen Dagut Romilly de Buck Nicole Devarenne Kate Giemre Bronwen Gush Marcia Hadjihambi Angela Herring
 Deniz Houssein Angela Hunt Mokgadi Itsweng Annabel Jacquesson Laurence Jeuniaux
 Biology, Geography, Art
 English
 English
 Italian, Spanish Mathematics (SG), Spanish
 French
 Geography
 Afrikaans
 Mathematics, Science, Music
 Mathematics (S.G.) Mathematics (S.G.)
 Miranda Kinghom Jane Kirby Philippa Kohler Amanda-Jane Logan Amy Maddams Sanchia Markgraaff Kate Marshall
 Mary Morgan
 Tshina Mosendane Tumi Motlana Shauna Mottiar Natanya Mulholland Debbie Perry Talisha Pienaar Genevieve
 Pittorino Marina Smithers Maria Steyn Nella Souris Michelle Sursok Jane Sussman Akiko Ueno
 Amelia van As Amanda Vivian-Smith Elsa Young
 Afrikaans
 Mathematics, Science, Additional Mathematics

Art

Science, Latin Mathematics

Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Science Biology

and Matriculants 1991

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Prefects

Back row: Kirsten Uys, Sarah Thompson, Marisa Orlop, Debbie Pheiffer, Amanda van Zantwijk, Ceri Moelwyn-Hughes, Kate Gaylard, Reinette Mulangaphuma, Sheereen Rawat.

Front row: Susan Gaylard, Mary Meintjes, Mrs Nelson, Yvonne Barbie, Mrs Brink, Marcelle Kinnear.

Grade 0 to Matric

Victoria Kruger with Mrs Nelson

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Speech Day

1991

Headmistress' Report

Mr Chairman, Mr & Mrs van Heerden, Honoured guests, Board members, Parents, Staff and girls of Roedean — we come together this morning to celebrate Roe-dean's Speech Day for 1991. For some it is a beginning. For some it is a finale. I extend a warm welcome to all.

Mr van Heerden, thank you for fitting us into your busy schedule. We are honoured to have you as our guest speaker today. You will shortly be welcomed in the Roedean way — a tradition which dates from the first Speech Day in 1929 when Dame Emmeline Tanner, Headmistress of Roedean (Brighton), was the guest speaker.

I begin my report with acknowledgements. On behalf of the Roedean family I thank the Board members for their service to the School during this past year. They give unselfishly of their time and expertise and today I would like to acknowledge them by name — Mr Joubert, Mr Thomas, Mrs Finsen, Mr Floquet, Prof Freer, Mrs . Jones, the Hon Mr Justice Stegmann and Mr van As — thank you. An effective, approachable Chairman is vital to the success of the School. Roedean and I are blessed

Mrs Nelson addresses parents, girls and special guests on Speech Day

Mr Neil van Heerden and Mrs Nelson on Speech Day

to have a Chairman of vision, wise counsel, effective action and considerable humour. I thank him for presenting the long service awards earlier this term to Samuel Mthombeni, Wilson Mabunda, Jack Mbetsi, Petrus Mashapa and Frans Kereta, whose combined service to Roedean totals 163 years.

I thank Rev Boyce for the role he plays in the formulation of Christian ideals and rituals and in the spiritual nourishment of the School.

Mr Neil Duncan, ever-mindful of the Herbert Baker tradition, has played the major architectural role in the School's physical development since 1963. He has been responsible for the building of the swimming pool, Raikes Block, Dorothea Campbell Block, the Lodge, the Biology classrooms, Sumner Block, St Margaret's Block and the recent renovation of the Upper Junior School and the Council Block. What a comprehensive list! I welcome Neil and his wife Sheena, Headgirl of Roedean (SA) in 1949 to this Speech Day and wish Neil happiness in his retirement.

Many people contribute to the efficient running of a school. To Mrs Brink and Mrs Thomas for their hard* work and loyalty to the School, to Mrs Kruger, Mrs Will-cox and her staff, Mr Mouton and his staff, the Lady

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Wardens who cheerfully give personal care to seventy-five boarders, to Sister Blackman, to Mrs van der Burgh for the beautiful flower arrangements throughout the school this term, to Mrs Byrne and her catering staff who fortify and maintain the body, to Anne Lorentz who creates a beautiful and tranquil garden setting to fortify the aesthetic sense and to the office staff who play a demanding and significant role for all in the School - thank you all for your expertise and dedication and your cooperative and cheerful spirit.

To quote a fairly new member of the academic staff, "I am most impressed by the high level of professional competence and involvement of the teaching staff at Roe-dean." I agree, and have derived great pleasure from being on the receiving end of their expertise as I sat in on a number of lessons this year. I favour structure, rigour, active participation, the liberating of the intellect and a touch of the eccentric within the variability of the classroom scene — I see it all and more. The staff make an effort to connect classroom academics to larger-world realities and the girls question, test ideas and have a healthy reluctance to defer to authority and accepted ideas without valid reason. I thank the academic staff for their dedication and sense of fun this year. With these teachers and your hardworking daughters, Roedean's fine record of academic achievement and excellence is assured.

There has been some teacher movement this year. We can blame most of this on husband transfer and a very active stork. After twelve years on the teaching staff, Mrs Bride Wade retires. We shall miss her classroom skills and calligraphy expertise. We wish her happiness in her retirement.

This year's budget included a substantial sum for the staff to attend training courses, conferences and important meetings on new syllabuses. Mrs Rowlands, Miss Dart-nell, Mrs Steyn and Miss Green chair some of the Witwatersrand committees.

The PTA under the chairmanship of Rosemarie Kane continues in its liaison, organising and fund-raising functions. On behalf of the School, I thank them for their valued assistance and hard work with the secondhand books, Parents' Evenings, teas, Family Sports Day, PTA dinner and other important activities. Thank you Tere-nia Large for the beautiful flower arrangements in Founders Hall this morning.

To Jenny Adair and the SAORA, thank you for your support and interest in our present Roedean activities and for the enriching and informed touch of the School's past which you bring into our present School lives.

Mr van Heerden was welcomed in the 'Roedean way'...

by

Alexandra Russell and Alison Neden

Hartlik welkom!

Salve!

Herdich willkommen

Buenos dias

Vhotanganedzwa

and by (clockwise) Ceridwen Moelwyn-Hughes Susan Gaylard Reinet Mulangaphuma Severine Gouvernel and Danielle Crouse

Welcome!

Soyez le bienvenu

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I have not yet mentioned those people who really constitute the Roedean of 1991 — the girls themselves. I asked Upper V what they liked to hear in the Headmistress' speech and they said, "the funny things that have happened this year." I have news for them - most of those things are inappropriate for mention on a formal and auspicious occasion such as this! A few weeks ago an Ante-Matric introduced a fellow speaker at a Public Speaking evening with the words "I shan't make a long and boring speech of introduction for Lauren - she will do that herself."

As a School we have had some good moments this year

— the spirit of Interhigh, an active commitment to community and green issues, laughter during the "Raiders of the Lost Aardvark", the great pleasure of music performances by Mari and others, House Night revelry, saying the School Prayer together, Spring Assembly with the crowning of certain staff members as the Duchess of Wit, the Duchess of Ware Woerde, the Duchess of Diet and the Duchess of Dorisland, watching some of those Old Girls — Sue Leuner, Anne Jones, Pam Dur-rant and Val Thomas swim a stunning race at the Interhouse Gala and exploring mother-daughter relationships

Watching some of those 'Old Girls' Val Thomas, Sue Leuner and Maryon Goodwin swim a stunning race at the Gala and film production techniques during Gillian Slovo's film "A World Apart". I must also mention the Staff vs Girls annual hockey match with the brilliance of the Staff hockey team who displayed such flair, such style and such innovative hockey.

We have processed more than 261 applications for places this year. We do not claim to be the right School for all, but if you work hard, play hard and have a warm and caring heart this could be the right School for you.

We also did some academic work this year. We started the year by receiving the most successful Matriculation results in the history of Roedean, with a 100 % University entrance pass, nine 'A' aggregates out of fifty pupils and a total of 33 distinctions. Citing the Matric results is a quick taking of the temperature to see if the patient is well. Our girls are well prepared for Post Matric study. Kate Giemre went to Roedean Brighton immediately on completing her Matriculation exams to sit 'A' levels in

The History room was adorned with 'stainedglass' windows on Speech Day

6 months instead of the customary 2 years. She achieved A in Mathematics, B in Music and B in Chemistry. It is anticipated that the Independent Examination Board will set its first full Matriculation examinations in 1993. Roedean Upper V and Middle V girls have participated in the pilot examinations in English and Mathematics to date.

We have enjoyed the challenge of entering the Olympiads and many other competitions this year. Alexandra Russell was placed in the Highly Commended category in the English Olympiad. Our girls were awarded eight gold, nine

silver and fifteen bronze certificates in the Creative Writing section of the 1820Foundation Eisteddfod . Alexandra Russell was placed eighth in South Africa in the Latin Olympiad, with Katherine Krige and Danielle Crouse placed fourth and sixth respectively in the Afrikaans Olympiad. Danielle Crouse and Natalie Napier were selected to participate in the Regional Science Week at the University of the Witwatersrand. Estelle Dehon was awarded a Silver Medal for her entry in the National Finals of the Young Scientists' Exhibition. Reinette Mulangaphuma has been awarded a 1992 Rotary Scholarship to the United States.

In the cultural life of the School, highlights have been Susan Gaylard's Public Speaking Festival Individual Speaker placement of fifth in the Transvaal, the awards for Roedean's SAAIS drama entry "The Sandbox", Mari Hayashida's achievements at the Pretoria Music Festival of four trophies and four bursaries including the trophy for the most outstanding competitor at the Festival and the best performer in the Concerto sections. Mari and her sister Nanae have broadcast highly praised recitals on the SABC. Last week Mari participated in the National Youth Music Competition in Port Elizabeth. She was one of the six finalists from the original 53 competitors. We congratulate her on her awards and outstanding success. Chopin's Ballade in G Minor performed this morning was part of her repertoire. It amazes me to learn that out of a total of 605 pupils at Roedean, 226 learn the

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piano at School. The Junior and Senior choirs under the direction of Miss Wolff have given us considerable musical pleasure this year and have participated in a number of events. After a heavy joint editing session by Mr MacFarlane and Mrs Nelson, the musical production of 'Grease' with St John's College was staged. It was a great success. Three successful innovations this year were the reintroduction of an Interhouse Music competition and the introduction of two new items on the School calendar

— a Cultural evening and an Interhouse Debating Competition.

The Thursday afternoon cultural programme organised by Mrs Brink offered 22 activities this year and was broadened further to include bronze casting, a course on CPR and a course on Street Law. Pupils went on a European cultural tour with Mrs Steyn, on the Upper V Umgeni trip, an Ivory trail in the Mashatu Game Reserve with Mrs Gibbs and an Ante-Matric Leadership Camp weekend.

On the physical side of education we were very pleased to come fifth in the Interhigh Gala and sixth out of twelve schools on our return to the First Hockey League. In the eight squash leagues Roedean entered, we won two and came second in four. We hope that the early-bird tennis clinics held at 06:15 am in the first term will serve to achieve improved performance in this sport.

Twenty-six girls in total were selected for swimming, squash and hockey provincial teams. I was delighted to see that Roedean girls captained five of these teams. Our stars included Melissa Davidson who came fourth in the Open event of the SA Biathlon Championships, Amanda van Zantwijk who was selected for the Under 19 South African Squash team and is ranked fifth in South Africa and Louise Brown who was placed third in the SA Rhythmic Gymnastics Competition. I believe our policy of having specialist Physical Education teachers benefits all the girls.

We can take pleasure and pride in acknowledging the bright stars in the Roedean galaxy. What they achieve in their different fields is through hard work, a single-minded focus and continuous effort on optimising their special gifts. They inspire others to effort and achievement. What about all the names I have not read out? These girls form the core and heart of the School and create its personality, its high standards of scholastic discipline, its value systems and its particular focus on excellence. I regard no pupil as anonymous or average. Each pupil is unique and has her own special gifts to be nurtured. Much is expected of each girl in terms of her personal involvement and commitment to the life of the School. In School we offer a wide range of activities to encourage all talents. Roedean girls (and the Staff) may legitimately claim to be tired; They can never claim to be bored!

I listen carefully when parents tell me reproachfully that their daughters are not happy. I think of the words of Abraham Lincoln "most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be" and Marcus Aurelius "Very little is needed to make a happy life — it is all within yourself, in your way of thinking."

Our special office staff, Jane Anderson and Fran Smith

little is needed to make a happy life — it is all within yourself, in your way of thinking." We need to provide opportunities and a culture at School for happiness to be achieved. I believe that happiness comes to one in stealth as a rebound from hard work when one is keeping one's physical, moral and intellectual life currents moving. It comes through knowing one's own powers and limitations and seeking a focus outside ourselves. No matter how many friends we have, we all have to spend much time with ourselves and our own thoughts. An empty mind grows bored. How essential it is at School that we help our girls to acquire some interesting artistic and intellectual tastes as furniture for their minds.

Processes which dissipate the ethos of the School are manifold. They include the need to escape from the relativism and shallow values of the age seen in the quick-fix solutions of TV programmes such as "Santa Barbara" which act as

present-day morality plays and provide instant solutions to life's problems, the need for a time for silence and reflection, and the time spent by the Head in coping with the fickle and gullible nature of car-park and dinner party opinion. We work earnestly at getting the balance right between the academic focus, character building, nurturing the free human spirit and maintaining the good name of the School so that we can optimise the Roedean educational experience for the well-being of all in the Roedean family.

At School we need to keep abreast and informed of global, national and domestic issues. Our weekly Matric enrichment talks have ranged through religion, existentialism, political, environmental, social and cultural issues, Yugoslavia, Russia, how to cope with stress, Antarctica, the budget, how to dress for success, careers and a very moving talk by a remarkable Black woman entitled "What legacy shall we leave?"

Mary Hale and Fiona Eriksen practise 'Gaudeamus Igitur' with the choir in preparation for Speech Day
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Claire Beckerling and Marcelle Kinnear prepare to be beaten by the staff at the Staff vs Girls Hockey Match

The Matrics sing at Kats Housenight

Teboho Mollo, Thuli Skosana and Reinette Mulangaphuma in fine spirits. Reinette goes to America on a Rotary Exchange next year.

In 1917, Jan Smuts said "... South Africa must be a special favourite of the gods. She has known joys and sorrows. She has known the deepest abasement and she has known the highest exaltation." The relevance of that statement stands. South Africa is at long last shaking off the chains of apartheid and emerging from the long period of international isolation. Education and training are essential elements of national development.

Since 1977 Independent Schools have taken the lead in opening their doors to pupils of all races. We must remain as pillars of society at the forefront of education whilst riot falling into Third World mediocrity. Roedean must play a part in the wider society, through our own Outreach programme, the type of education we offer, the values we espouse and a recognition of the role our girls will play as future world citizens.

Finally, I turn to the Matric class. Whilst the class has had its internal ups and downs this year, I thank them for their high principles and generation of spirit as the leading class in the School. The class is made up of an interesting group of girls — diverse in interests and talents encompassing art, scuba diving, music, hockey, squash, modern dancing, academics and so on.

The prefects play an integral part in the running of the School and have served it well. They have been ably led by Yvonne. I am convinced that Roedean headgirls are young women of the highest calibre and integrity. Yvonne's leadership this year has been outstanding. Her wisdom, sense of the moment and inner strength make her one of the great Roedean headgirls.

As each of you Matric girls enters the honourable estate of being a woman, I exhort you in the words of George Bernard Shaw "to keep yourself clean and bright for you are the window through which you must see the world." Your teachers have enjoyed teaching you. You are well prepared for your final examinations and we wish each of you success. I hope we have made "the room inside your mind a more interesting place to live for the rest of your life" as you embark on this next exciting stage of your lives.

Mandy

van

Zantwijk

Mrs Nelson paid tribute to the spirit of the 1991 MATRICS

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YVONNE BARBIC I do not wish for women to have power over men but to be themselves

CLAIRE BECKERLING I may not be totally perfect but parts of me are excellent

ALISON-ANNE BOWRING Life is an adventure to be lived; not a problem to be solved

OLIVIA DARBY You can question authority but please raise your hand first!

DANIELLE CROUSE Lucy, my child, mind your arithmetic

KATE GAYLARD Forget about the past. Look only to the future

SUSAN GAYLARD The world is my coffee shop

LUCY GIEMRE Nobody talks any sense in a crowded room

SEVERINE GOUVERNEL A couer vaillant rien d'impossible

The Matric Class

ANNE HADINGHAM I prefer not to know exactly what is going on. It allows me to keep my sanity a little longer than most

KAREN HEESE Long live the outpatient programme

NATASHA KAPP Today I'm merely clouds; tomorrow I'll try mountains
MARCELLE KINNEAR You can't test courage cautiously
VICTORIA KRUGER Please don't tell me to relax, it's only my tension that's keeping me together
AMANDA MANKAYI The most important step you can take is the next one and remember you have not failed until you give up
CANDACE McINTOSH Living on earth may be expensive, but it includes an annual free trip around the sun
MARY MEINTJES In your vision of the world is the image of yourself
CERIDWEN MOELWYN-HUGHES Without the voice of reason, every faith is with some curse. Without freedom from the past, things can only get worse

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TEBOHO MOLLO JACQUELINE MOLTENO REINETTE CHETNA NANA
I feel like a lost sock in the We must laugh and we must MULANGAPHUMA Experience is what you get
laundromat of oblivion sing, we are blest by everything Let education be your weapon when you don't get what you
to succeed in life want
ALEXANDRA RUSSELL The difference between a flower and a weed is an opinion
CAROLINE SEREBRO It's better to keep your mouth shut and let people think you're a fool, than open it and
remove any doubt

X

/

ALISON NEDEN Come on everybody do the Wilton!
MARISA ORLOP / try to take one day at a time but sometimes several days attack me at once
NOMBULELO TYOBEKA Alone we find solitude. Together we find love
KIRSTEN UYS My education was interrupted by my schooling
Yael VAN DER HEYDEN Sometimes when I feel like working, I lie on my bed and wait for the feeling to pass
TANYA VAN DER MERWE I can do anything through Him that gives me strength
DEBBIE PHEIFFER I hope you have not been living a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all
the time. That would be hypocrisy
ANDRONICA RAMOGAYANE There is only one person in the world that I could be happily married to
KUTLOANO SKOSANA DEBORAH SMITHSON Free me! On ne voit bien qu'avec le
coeur. L'essential est invisible pour les yeux
NATALIE NAPIER With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain
SARAH THOMPSON Life is what happens while you're busy planning other things
SHEEREEN RAWAT Life is a funny thing that occurred on the way to the grave
AMANDA VAN ZANTWIJK
It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out — it's the grain of sand in your shoe

13

TO THE MATRIC PUPILS OF 1991
after the manner of an African praise poem (with apologies to Vilakazi and others)
Advance, O you brave Warriors of Learning,
Arm yourselves for the brutish battle of the brain That you enter forthwith.
Begin to assemble the instruments of your performance The pens, pencils, rulers, rubbers, and the savers of anguish,
the calculators.
Bring to bear the spears of penetration,
The daggers of wit and cleverness,
The ball and chain of logical argument,
The sharp-edged swords of much practice,
The axes of deep and heavy learning,
And the shields of wisdom and experience.
Fear nothing:
Be not daunted by cold rain or hail, by heady sun or humid heat,
Nor by the showers of inadequacy within,
Nor yet by the shining mists of overconfidence. Remember the persistence of the tortoise,
And the dogged footsteps of the warriors who travel from afar
And who yet have the energy and vitality To rush into battle with lusty cries and sinews flexing, Who meet the foe

head on, spin round each problem, And with zeal conquer.

Then after waging each two-hour or three-hour battle Sit back on your haunches at the fire

Breathe deeply and take stock —

But avoid recriminations of your imperfections.

Finally, bathed and succoured, rested and refreshed,

Sally forth to the ensuing fray

Equipped with mental fortitude, determination

And the weapons and skills required for the new
onslaught.

At last, rest upon your laurels, for the moment will come When you will say hail and farewell to these white walls, To
the green doors and windows, the red tiled roofs, The green lawns and great established trees,

The blossom and primula gardens of spring,

The brave show of banksia and bougainvillea, the lavender walks

And the white and pink rosebeds of summer,

And the deep jacaranda-shaded greenery.

May you remember your green thoughts in the green shade of Roedean

And grow in the fulness and wisdom of your seedling stage here.

May you blossom fulsomely and richly in the greater world without.

Whatever is ploughed into the ground enriches the soil And the blood and tears of your hard skirmishes Will bring
forth strong green stems and fuller flowering.

Ave atque Vale, O Warriors and Conquerors,

May your roots grow deep in the past

And may your blossoms wave in the wind and the sun.

by Mrs Valda Moelwyn-Hughes (English HOD)

Our Headgirl Yvonne Barbie...

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HEAD GIRL'S REPORT

In the global context, it has been an exciting year which has been filled with many positive changes. Throughout the Eastern Bloc, social and political reform are proceeding at an unprecedented rate. Within our own country reform is occurring apace.

Roedean, too, is undergoing constant change. Each year new faces enter and old faces leave Roedean — buildings change and policies alter. Roedean is growing, expanding and adapting to a new South Africa. However, there are some things about Roedean that will never change. Having spent ten years here I feel that I have come to appreciate what Roedean is striving to develop in each girl. For 88 years, Roedean has been producing girls who will enter society with a great deal more than a secondary education. In the present climate of change, accompanied by turmoil and fear within society, a matric certificate on its own is inadequate to enable a school leaver to cope effectively with life. Sir Winston Churchill once said: "Questions about those cosines and tangents in their squared or even cubed condition are unworthy of answers". In the same vein, Billy Joel sang. "So the graduations hang on the wall, but they never really helped us at all. No, they never really taught us what was real". While this might sound extremely encouraging to those of you who believe that school is a futile exercise, I do not believe that either of those men is dismissing the need for academic education. What they are saying is that a school should equip its pupils with something more than academic proficiency. What does

help a school leaver cope with life is the kaleidoscopic approach to education which I believe Roedean offers us. It is this approach to education which places Roedean above all other schools. Roedean strives not only to educate academically, but also to develop each girl's potential.

The development of sound values will enable a Roedean Old Girl to feel stable and secure, no matter how unstable society may become. It will also equip her with the steadfastness to stand by her principles with confidence. Open-mindedness will allow her to accept unavoidable changes in society. In a world characterised by convention and conformity, a free-spirit and freedom of thought will enable her to be a leader and not a follower in whatever life she chooses for herself. Her concern for the welfare of others and her awareness of their right to individuality will earn her the respect of her peers.

Roedean's traditions are what make her special to everyone who has been connected with her in the past. The responsibility for the continuation of Roedean as a school set apart from all others rests squarely on each of your

shoulders. The price of failure to do so is great, for if you neglect her traditions and desecrate her name, you destroy the heritage which has been carefully nurtured and passed on to you.

Roedean fosters in every one of us, whether we are eager or slightly unwilling to accept it, an intense pride in and love for our school. Our successful Interhouse events and our outstanding appearance and performance at the Inter-Schools' Gala are clear examples of this pride and the unity of Roedean. Without pride in your school, you can have no respect for her ideals and without that respect, you will not benefit from what Roedean is trying to teach you. Roedean has so much to offer — have respect for what she stands for. Remember that your mind is like an umbrella — it is no good until you open it.

My year as Head Girl is drawing to a close and I would like to thank a number of people who have been invaluable to me this year. Mrs Nelson, I am grateful to you for your guidance, approachability and friendliness. I admire your sincere concern and devotion to your pupils and the staff. To the staff, we are ever indebted to you for your encouragement, wisdom and confidence in us which enable us to develop into successful individuals. You deserve our greatest admiration and respect. I would like to thank the school for a great year of fun, school spirit and camaraderie. I hope that all of you continue to be true to the Roedean way of life, holding fast to its traditions and making your own unique, individual contributions.

Prefects, thank you for your constant reliability, friendship and support. Every prefect has been a member of a dedicated and co-operative team and your hard work and enthusiasm have been wonderful. Mary, thank you for your undying devotion and understanding as deputy head girl and for your confidence in me.

And lastly to the Matrics. Through all our trials and tribulations we have learnt, grown and matured together. Our time at Roedean is almost over and our paths in life will sadly soon divide. For us, school and all the experience we have shared will soon become a memory, but I know that we will take with us memories filled with joy of the time we shared together.

Now as I leave Roedean, I wish all those who remain the best of luck in the future and never forget to bear our code: "Truth and Honour, Freedom and Courtesy".

History in the making at Roedean

At Foundation Day this year we captured Lorna Thomas (present headmistress of the Junior School) with Mrs Maxie Kuhn (headmistress from 1972—1982) and Mrs Rosemary Green (headmistress from 1956—1971).

Mrs Sheena Duncan (Head Girl of Roedean in 1949) and Mr Neil Duncan who has been the school architect for the past 29 years. Mrs Nelson paid tribute to Mr Duncan on Speech Day. He retires this year.

163 years of service is represented here. On 19 September in Founders' Hall Mr Peter Joubert, Chairman of the Board, presented Long Service Awards to five members of staff: Wilson Mabunda, Petrus Mashapa, Jack Mbetsi, Samuel Mthombeni, Frans Kereta.

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Boarding News

We are actually both surprised to see that we are still alive. If it's not a Junior who is saying, "Please wake me up at 06:00 am", it's a Middle V saying "Do you think I could use your room tonight" or an Upper V saying "Oh, you don't understand".

You will never know what boarding life is like unless you have experienced it yourself. It consists of peanutbutter-filled days interspersed with hypochondriacs, music maniacs, food addicts, you name it, we've got it.

Laughter is shared, tears are shed and practical jokes are getting "just a tad banal". As you can see, we even make up our own lingo. The boarding house is a world on its own. It is a place where you learn to make independent decisions, a place where characters are built and a place where you learn to share the little you have such as a 10 cents coin.

It is only now when it is time to go that we realize what

we are going to leave behind. It has been a wonderful and enriching year; a year where we had to act as "mothers", and a year where we have had to take care of others' needs and at the same time keep up with our academic work.

Of course, what will the boarding house be without the Matrics. They have been a supportive bunch. If it is not Wally (Alison) saying "OK, the Reens" after every sentence, it is Jackie saying "Fellow friends lend me your tapes" after a long school day.

When we look at our senior year at the boarding house, we surely have no regrets, because it was one teaching, testing year, that no teacher or mother could teach.

REINETTE MULANGAPHUMA & KUTLOANO SKOSANA (Deputy head of Jnr House & Head of Boarding)
BOARDERS

*

Back row: Clare Barker, Anne Hadingham, Toni Clarke, Sonja Tu, Nonhlanhla Mabusela, Deborah Barker, Kate

Murray, Alison Neden, Maboang Matlou, Natalie Katz, Claire Beckerling.

6th row: Paula Belbin, Deborah Smithson, Tanya van derMerwe, Undelwa Magampa, Cindy Smith, Fiona Eriksen, Nombulelo Tyobeka, Nikola Redtenbacher, Patience Khoza.

5th row: Lebitso Mokgatle, Liana Moschoudis, Karen Godrich, Tabea Hanni, Lindiwe Miti, Mary Hale, Louise Brown, Lavinia Maiwashe, Chiao-Pin Cheng, Alison Matthews, Nichola Sanders.

4th row: Geniv Houssein, Joleen Fataar, Shirley Smith, Priscilla Zitha, Nthabiseng Kenoshi, Boipelo Mosaka, Khavuta Mbatsana, Lerato Mafisa, Kirsten Kin, Belinda Ford, Shamira Botha, Sara Nigm.

3rd row: Andronica Ramogayane, Sibongile Mogale, Naoko Yoshimoto, Bernice Holly, Nancy Godrich, Camilla Thomas, Leanne Prodehl, Chien-Jung Chen, Lerato Nokoane, Paula Makwea, Katlego Segoe, Bridget Latakomo.

2nd row: Candace Godrich, Sabrina Cecchini, Rebecca Patterson, Hazel Holly, Chiara Cecchini, Naomi Uchida, Mariko Yuguchi, Thakane Shale, Simphiwe Skosana, Jade Patterson, Sandra De'Oliviera, Cindy Offer.

Front: Reinette Mulangaphuma, Sue Gaylard, Mrs Morrison, Miss Maslin, Mrs Triegaardt, Kutloano Skosana, Natasha Kapp.

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Roedean Houses

Bears House

Front row: Anne Hadingham, Marisa Orlop, Amanda van Zantwijk, Miss Thom, Claire BeckerUng, Victoria Kruger, Yvonne Barbie, Caroline Serebro, Mary Meintjes.

2nd row: Hazel Holly, Zaheerah Bham, Allison TriegaanU, Kirsten Uys, Sarah Thompson, Severine Gouvemel, Teboho Mollo, Kate Gaylordf Danielle Crouse, Deborah Smithson, Lucy Giemre, Zahedah Bham, Kelly Sanders.

3rd row: Farztma Minty, Lerato Nokoane, Sonia Yfong, Jessica Uys, Chien-Jung Chen, Yukari Imanaga, Elizabeth Ifyu, JelenaAndrin, Julie Smith, Bernice Holly, Tebogo Mogale, Catherine Lapping.

4th row: KhavutaMbatsana, Andrijana Buljanovic, Sarah Rowlands, Samantha Cox, Simone Kingsley, Theresa Rogan, Alex Goldman, Tasneem Mohamed, Taryn Acker, Belinda Ford, Lerato Mafisa, Tacita Giemre.

5th row: Verity Kriegler, Geniv Houssein, Alison Matthews, Liana Moschoudis, Dominique van Zyl, Amisha Dajee, Mary Hale, Shelley Biddulph, Nichola Sanders, Carolyn Beckerling, Lisa Davison, Masako Kodama.

6th row: Zoë Cutland, Francis Rogan, Louise Marais, Karen Malherbe, Julie Whitejield, Hannah Stegmann, Alisa von Wimmersperg, Kathleen Slaughter Kate Conradie, Robyn Lister, Debbie White.

7th row: Marcella Dellocca, NicolaDmke, Sirpa Erasmus, Isabel Coetsee, Lesley Bester, Harriet Crawford, Etise Horry, Leigh-Anne McGown, Lisa von Vivenot.

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Lambs House

Back row (L—R): Yavuska Nyasulu, Angela Quiding, Olivia Read, Christa Morritt, Sonja Tu.

6th row: Masooda Suliman, Melanie Thorp, Camilla Allison, Kathleen O'Flaherty, Tamarin Neal, Marisa Hathom, Alexandra Kane, Maura Aguirre, Vicky Brown, Paula Belbin, Tomoko Kashiwagi, Tricia Bowring.

5th row: Shamira Botha, Mandy Willcox, Sara Nigro, Alexandra Schwarer, Lavinia Maiwashe, Nicola Durrani, Maboang Matlou, Louise Brown, Sylvia Calandriello, Lebitso Mokgatle, Catherine Ferreira, Megan Chan.

4th row: Tasneem Suliman, Anita Nicolopulos, Helene Nicolopulos, Angela Grgin, Georgina Berry, Jacqueline Kane, Shara Barrell, Patience Khoza, Beatnz Padilha, Natalia Holman, Mary Wareham, Joanne Versluis.

3rd row: TarynHirsch, Kirsten Kin, Germaine Hollman, Nazreen Hassan, Vicky Maguire, Feroza Mohammed, Victoria Hamilton, Jenny Pheiffer, Nandi Tshabalala, Jacqueline Driver, Tanya Thorp.

2nd row: Megan Dreyer, Lephoi Mokgatle, Naoko Yoshimoto, Thabo Mosendane, Nicole Mendelsohn, Chiao-Pin Cheng, Karen Godrich, Alison Bowring, Anna Klisiewicz, Natalie Owen, Merody Campbell, Paula Makwea, Bridget Latakomo, Naomi Uchida.

Front row: Karen Heese, Chetna Nana, Alison Neden, Susan Gaylard (Head of House), Mrs Henn, Natasha Kapp, Amanda Mankayi, Debbie Pheiffer, Olivia Darby.

Kats House

Back row (L-R): Christelle Hicklin, Nicola Presbury, Deborah Barker, Shannon PascaU, Adele van derMerwe, Liesl mi, Micneue t nnstu'-Large, narny ^th^my^SaraJiStac^Catherine Madqy, GrethaAlbertyn, Katherine Norman, Natalie Katz, Kate Murray, Claire McFarlane, Aliya Bauer, Sarah Christianson, ^tl^w^JulksZer, TKdM^Andjelopolj, Estelle Dehon, Melissa Davidson, Sarah Jones, Tracey Jessiman, Fiona Eriksen, Cindy Smith, Clare Barker, 4th^mJ^W TabeaHanni, NikolaRedtenbacher, UsaSzymonowicz, Ingrid Zenzjle, Victoria Bruce, SaUy-Anne Jones, ^ww^'nUML^h ShSwM^mo^ê Makm, Elizabeth Wallis, Fatima Laher, Yasmin Mayat, Nthabiseng Kenoshi, Joleen

Fataar, Muriel ftámw^&rithm^ti^Pm^it^emSu^^timaOmarjee, NooriMoti, Katherine Wessels, JuliaBruyns, Bronwyn Feldwick-Davis, Camilla Ramogayane, Nombulelo Tyobeka, Reinette Mulangaphuma, MarceUe Kinnear, Mrs Brink, Kutloano Skosana, Tanya van derMerwe, Natalie Napier, Yael van derHeyden.

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House

News

BEARS HOUSE

Frances Brookes left me trembling with fears as she walked away and left me with such high standards to meet. The first term was filled with exciting events and lots of cheers and smiles for Bears. We won the Interhouse tennis which seemed to set the trend for the next events. Interhouse plays come along and we entertained the audience with Incident. Not only did we win but Lisa Davison was awarded the prize for the best actress and Karen Malherbe was the runner-up. What an amazing house! Interhouse diving and swimming was a clear breeze with the exceptional divers and swimmers we had in our teams. We won, once again.

The second term was just as exciting and rewarding, for although Interhouse hockey and netball were not won by us, our spirit was still the best. A new event on our calendar was Interhouse music which was of a very high standard and turned out to be an exceptional evening. I think that it was most definitely our Shoop Shoop song that enabled the judge to make up her mind. Thank you Lucy Giemre for your outstanding organisation.

Housenight was a lovely evening with lots of talent too. From the response of the audience, I could well believe that it was the best yet! Taking a trip to the Bearhamas was an experience for us all!

To end a very successful year, we won the senior Interhouse squash too.

Yay! What an exciting, wonderful, happy year for the Bear! With all the talents we were so spoilt with, we could have done no less. With all the help and support from the House we just had to be the best. Thank you fantastic Bears mommy, Miss Thom. Good Luck next year and make these good results continue for ever!

CLAIRE BECKERLING

Kate Gaylard, Victoria Kruger, Caroline Serebro titivate. Claire Beckeriing (Head of Bears) prepares for her race.

BEARS HOUSENIGHT!

There was a young Bear from the zoo

who thought it might quite nicely do

to go far away

on a summer holiday

to the dreamland Bearhamas with you!

Bears Housenight has been improving rapidly each year and this year we definitely reached our peak! From tucking into an exotic meal and following the paws to our dreamland, the school was bombarded with many surprises. Diving in between palm trees and on to surfboards with the Bears was quite an experience for all. The Bears girls enthusiastically entertained the receptive audience with their fantastic talents. Well done to the Bearst house of all for a simply splashing and dashing evening.

A special thanks to the whole house for your amazing help. Debbie Smithson helped me with all the creative advertising. Marisa Orlop was wonderfully helpful with the painting. Thank you Miss Thom for all your support. Thankyou Bears, without you all, it would not have been possible!

CLAIRE BECKERLING

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Bears Housenight: Mary Hale, Kirsten Uys and Kate Gaylard perform

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LAMBS HOUSE

Are you a Lamb or a louse?" — thus the spirited attitude of the best house of all in 1991, the year of the sheep (baby and otherwise).

The first Inter-house competition of the year, house plays, was a riot of fun for the Lambs cast, who (under Debbie Pheiffer s eye) produced the lambiguously-titled Three Sags Full. The Lambs showed themselves particularly intrepid at Inter-house diving, when some of our most inexperienced lamphibians learned how to do complicated dives in the space of about three days! All of them acquitted themselves very well and performed with immense courage. The house gala was, as usual, a grand occasion on which the "Lambs out-did everyone else in spirit and sheer living-power.

For the first time in many years, house music was held. Weeks of feverish practising culminated in an evening of

charming 1 ambiance. Alison Neden, who orchestrated the Lambs section of the evening with unfailing initiative and great competence, deserves a medal - as do all of our highly lambidexterous performers.

*

Our seniors put up a tough fight in netball, hockey and squash, and were placed second, third and second respectively. (Look out, Kats and Bears, we'll lam you next year!) The Lambs juniors surpassed themselves this year, lambasting the other houses in netball, hockey and squash. Judging from the amount of lammunition coming up the school, Kats and Bears had best prepare for an unbearably catastrophic lambush...

Once again the Lambs have shown themselves as the most spirited, energetic and wonderful house ever. A special thankyou goes to Mrs Henn, our "Mommy-Lamb", who has been continually encouraging and helpful, and to all nine of the Lambs Matrics for their immense support. Finally, to every Lamb that is now or ever shall be...

YOU'RE FLAMBOYANT!

YOU'RE UNBLEATABLE!

YOU'RE THE BEST!

SUSAN GAYLARD

Strange antics from Sue Gaylard (Head of Lambs).

'Mommy-Lamb' Mrs Henn and Sue Gaylard prepare to cut the cake.

LAMBS HOUSENIGHT

The Liberated Alliance of the Most Brilliant Superhumans presented a housenight with a difference, this year.

'Twas a cold and wintry night when the lights went down, the curtain went up and Kats and Bears beheld... a group of beautiful dancers, twisting and turning to the classic music of Lambada, beneath a host of multicoloured balloons. The games had begun.

The girls who had to attend a Grease rehearsal at St John's, unfortunately missed out on the post-supper acts, but their entertainment skills came to the fore in the first part of the evening, with such skits as "Direct Translations" — anEnglikaansemoesfromtheUVs. After supper, the revels continued with acts even including an ancient Japanese game, involving many members of the audience with hilarious results. Following the Matrics' version of the song "Yesterday" (- "allourpie-lims seemed so far away"), came the traditional cake and school songs (with St Agnes definitely the loudest).

Infinite thanks are deserved by Olivia Darby, our decorator-in-chief; the Matrics (who helped me retain my sanity); and, of course, all of the Lambs for their creativity, enthusiasm and originality. We are wonderful!

SUSAN GAYLARD

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KATS HOUSE

1991 has been an eventful and exciting year. Numerous house events have been tackled with enthusiasm and determination by the girls in Kats House. Ceri Moelwyn-Hughes managed to direct an excellent house play with only a few weeks notice. House-night was a great success and we achieved what was the impossible... the best house-night of all!

For the second year running, Kats took the lead in the Lambs money mile and won by more than 8c as we did last year. The Interhouse Musical competition, an old tradition, was reinstated this year and had an overwhelming effect on staff and parents. Inter-house swimming, squash and hockey events were tackled with high spirits and drive, however, this year was simply a preparation for what lies in store for Lambs and Bears next year. My congratulations go to the senior Kats netball team who achieved a well-deserved and long-awaited victory.

Thank you, Mrs Brink for the encouragement and words of wisdom that you have given me throughout this year. The Matrics were a tremendous support and source of inspiration to me, thank you. Lastly... Kats. Your willing participation and cheerfulness made me proud to be your representative. Good luck to 1992's Head of House!

MARCELLE KINNEAR

Marcelle Kinnear (Heads of Kats) comperes Housenight

KATS HOUSENIGHT

St Katherines House has many attributes, but this year our 'tales' seemed to be the prominent feature. Kat-a-tales is a very apt description of the impressive abilities of 1991's kittens. Having the first housenight of the year enabled us to set an exceptionally high standard.

Congratulations Kats! Just that little bit extra is needed to excel and I hope that next year's house captain receives the great response and willing co-operation that Kats House is renowned for. Thanks to Mrs Colantoni, an imaginative and dedicated mother; our cake was one to be remembered. I thoroughly enjoyed organising this traditional evening of entertainment. Housenight without doubt is one of the highlights of my Matric year!

MARCELLE KINNEAR

The Inter-house Gala

Kalinka Andjelopolj accompanies Julie Sander on Housenight

Interhouse Events

1991

INTERHOUSE PLAYS

The Interhouse plays took place on Thursday 7 February, and was a compulsory school event. The standard of talent amongst the actresses was very impressive, which made the judging for Mrs Edwards, the English teacher, and Mrs Laurence, the extra English teacher, extremely difficult. The settings, props, costuming and make-up used by each house was imaginative, and added a wonderful atmosphere to the hall.

Lambs House performed, "Three Bags Full" first, which was directed by Karen Heese and Debbie Pheiffer. The cast consisted of Sylvia Calandriello, Natalia Holman, Mary Wareham, Susan Gaylard and Raegan Matthews. Then came Kats with their play, "Yes no no yes" directed by Ceri Moelwyn-Hughes with a very large cast.

Bears House play, "The Incident" was directed by Julie Whitefield and the cast consisted of Carolyn Beckerling, Lisa Davison, Danielle Crouse, Nonhlanhla Mabuse-la, Liana Moschoudis and Karen Malherbe.

All ran smoothly and the evening was a great success. The highlight of the evening was the final decision of best actress, best supporting actress and winning house. Recognition for an excellent performance went to Natalia Holman in Lambs, Michelle Christie-Large and Fiona Eriksen in Kats and Danielle Crouse in Bears. Best supporting actress was awarded to Karen Malherbe and best actress was awarded to Lisa Davison. Finally the best house of all was announced and the winning performance was awarded to Bears. All the houses put a lot of effort into the productions, and this made the evening enjoyable.

JULIE WHITEFIELD

On 8 October the first evening of Interhouse debates took place. The evening was a compulsory event and therefore the audience was both large and responsive. The houses had two teams each of eager and nervous debaters. Each house debated one against the other to come out with a final winner. The sequence of debates went as follows:

1) Kats (opp.) vs Bears (prop.)

Topic: "Conformity is a social disease".

2) Bears (opp.) vs Lambs (prop.)

Topic: "We need our eccentricities".

3) Lambs (opp.) vs Kats (prop.)

Topic: "The thinker is an endangered species".

I felt, prior to the event, that by the third debate everyone would be bored and uninterested. This was not so. As the audience became more involved and felt the need to support their houses with their individual opinions. This often created a debate on the floor which took the pressure off the debaters.

Eventually Mrs Huggett, the Deputy Headmistress of St Mary's school and head of the debating club, declared Kats to be the winner with Bears runners-up and Lambs third. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by both the audience and debaters and I look forward to being part of the floor next year.

KATE MURRAY

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INTERHOUSE HOCKEY

cS's

INTERHOUSE NETBALL

Kats House won the senior section of this exciting event, with Bears and Lambs close on their tails. Lambs won the junior section with elevated spirits and enthusiasm. Although we do not play netball as a winter sport, the talent that was developed in the Junior school was clearly apparent in our play. The supporters cheered and shouted which gave the players the determination and inspiration to win.

Kats, Bears and Lambs turned up at the hockey fields for their annual confrontation. To cheer the teams on, there was the most spectacular support from all the houses. There were not only tough matches being played by the teams, but the Inter-house spirit was also put to the test. The high standard of Roedean's hockey ensured the most exciting and thrilling games all of which were closely contested. As a result of no goals being scored in the senior section, points were awarded for short comers. Bears came first, Kats second and Lambs third. In the junior section, Lambs came first, Kats second and Bears third.

MARISA ORLOP

KUTLOANO SKOSANA

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INTERHOUSE MUSIC

Interhouse music took place on July 18th. Each of the three houses: Kats, Lambs and Bears chose a person to organize the music. Kats chose Ceri Moelwyn-Hughes, Lambs chose Alison Neden and Bears Lucy Giemre. Each house had 25-35 minutes in which to include a solo instrumental, a group instrumental, a solo singer, one own composition and a mass vocal and any extra items. An adjudicator from outside school came to decide the winner. It was a very close competition but Bears came out on top, Kats second and Lambs third. The standard was very high and I'm sure everyone enjoyed themselves.

INTERHOUSE SQUASH

Interhouse squash this year was played with great enthusiasm and spirit. In the junior Interhouse event, Lambs took the honours, Kats came second, with Bears close behind. In the senior section, Bears had a very convincing win, although less could not be expected of a team comprising one junior Springbok and three Transvaal players!

Kats, who came third, were barely beaten by Lambs. Both events were successful and enjoyable.

MARY MEINTJES

LUCY GIEMRE

The "Grease" production, staged at St John's, had a double cast, and was a great success. The girls who played lead roles excelled, and the chorus members, though having to work hard, obviously had a lot of fun too.

The musicians at Roedean really do have ample opportunity to perform to ever-willing audiences. We have had concerts and musical evenings at the end of each term, when all girls learning music at school have a chance to play. One of these evenings also included an Art exhibition and a dramatic production, thus becoming a "Cultural Evening". We also hosted a Combined Schools' Musical Evening again this year — it was held in October, and St Martin's, St John's, Kingsmead, St Andrew's and Brescia House joined us for a delightful evening of music.

MUSIC REPORT

1991 has been a busy and exciting year for all involved in our Music Department at Roedean. It began with auditions for a St John's/Roedean co-production of the musical "Grease", and ended with both the Junior and Senior Choirs' performances at Carol Services at St George's in the final week of the Third Term, and there was a great deal of music-making in-between!

A small wind ensemble of Roedean girls played for Easter Bonnet Day. The girls really do enjoy playing together, and enser ole-playing is so important in the training of young musicians. This is an area we intend to develop . seriously next year, aiming eventually at having our own Roedean orchestra.

A small wind ensemble conducted by Dr Albert Honey played on Easter Bonnet Day.

We have started a new "tradition" this year — an Interhouse Music Competition. Each house had to present a half-hour programme of music, after which the adjudicator — Miss Peggy Haddon — decided that Bears House was this year's winner. The evening was enjoyed by all.

The whole school was* treated to a performance by the St Andrew's and D.S.G. Grahamstown's Wind Bands in September, and their performance was quite inspirational! Before Dr Albert Honey's retirement in July, we also listened to a performance by a wind quintet of which he is a member. This was also greatly enjoyed by the school.

Roedean girls have also taken part in many external musical activities, some bringing great honour to our school.

These included Music Festivals in both Pretoria and Johannesburg; music grade examinations of Unisa, Royal Schools and Trinity College; students' concerts of the SASMT, and even SABC radio broadcasts. The National \buth Orchestra this year had a representative from Roedean — Elizabeth Ryu (UV) was selected as a violinist for this outstanding orchestra, which is made up of the top young musicians from all over the country. Lucy Giemre (Matric) also attended the Orchestral Course, held at Stellenbosch this year, as a saxophonist in the Wind Orchestra. In the Senior School, Pro Arte (Cultural) half-colours were awarded to Katherine Krige (AM) and Danielle Crouse (Matric), and full colours to Elizabeth Ryu and Lucy Giemre.

Special mention must be made of two girls, who just happen to be sisters! Nanae Hayashida (Form II) and Mari Hayashida (AM) both won so many awards at this year's Music Festivals that we lost count. These included Best Concerto, best Recital and most promising participant in their respective age-groups, just to name a few. Both girls so impressed the auditioning panel at the SABC that they were given "carte blanche" to come and record whenever they have new repertoire ready. They both appeared on the Sunday afternoon radio programme "Jong Suid-Afrika" three times this year.

Mari then went on to a most exciting finale of the year. Selected to compete in the TrustBank National Youth Music

Competition in Port Elizabeth in October, she sailed through four gruelling elimination rounds into the Finals at the PE Opera House. The event was broadcast live on the English service of Radio South Africa. She was one of six finalists out of an original 53 competitors, and eventually won the Piano Runner-up prize. We are extremely proud of this exceptional yet unassuming young lady!

The number of girls taking Music as a subject continues to grow. We have had up to nine girls in a Lower Five class this year - which is wonderful, except that we are now having to find a classroom somewhere in the school to accommodate our larger music groups. We could in fact be beginning to “grow out of” our beautiful facilities in the Hersov Music Block!

BEVERLY-ANN GREEN Director of Music

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The Music Group

Back row: Julie Sander, Alexandra Schwarzer, Gretha Albertyn, Katherine Norman, Katherine Krige, Alexandra Kane, Tomoko Kashiwagi, Sally-Anne Jones. 2nd row: Miss Zelda Retief Sophie Jaff, Karen Godrich, Lucy Giemre, Christelle Hicklin, Tacita Giemre, Helene Nicolopulos, Anita Nicolopulos, Jelena Andrin, Mrs Val Lord.

Front row: Mrs Tamra van derNest, Miss Elise Wolff, Naoko Yoshimoto, Sonia Wong, Elizabeth Ryu, Chien-Jung Chen, Yukan Imanaga, Naomi Uchida, Miss Beverly Green, Miss Liza Crouch.

Senior Choir

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I

Back ww: Kirsten Vys, Lucy Giemre (Head of Choir), Debbie Smithson, Kmc Gaylanl, Sererine Gomemel, Karen Heese, Susan Gaylord, Ceridwen Moelwyn-

^"l^mmEn^^rinNeal.AlexandmKane, Katherine Krige, Angela Quiding, ToniOarke, UndelwaMagampa, ^Zfm^e^bn^TZZ'ang^Tsha">irt'Botha.Liam, Moschoudis, Aliso,.Matthews.Mar.,Hale,Tomoko,Kashiwagi.Nikok, Redtenbacher, Tabea Ha,mi JuUeSt^^T^^Z^SoniaVbng, Naomi Uchida, Yukari Imanaga, Chiao-Pin Cheng, Kirsten Kin, Caroline Everett,

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SENIOR CHOIR

When asked “What does singing in the Roedean Senior Choir mean to you?”, one of the choir members replied, “It’s hard work, it takes sacrifices, it’s fun and rewarding, it gives me an opportunity to perform at school and to sing at concerts outside the school; most of all, I love singing and that’s why I’m in the choir.”

The choir rehearses for an hour and a half each week and attends a Saturday morning workshop in the first and second terms, and a Choir camp in the third term. We are continually working on a repertoire for concerts and on improving our choral techniques. This year we sang at Combined Assemblies, Senior Musical Evenings, Speech Day and Roedean Communion Services. The St George’s choir and the Roedean choir performed the English Mass at a service at St George’s and a group of girls sang at the wedding of a Roedean old girl. The Combined Roedean Choirs’

Evening gave the girls an opportunity

to perform for parents, friends and for the Junior Choir. The annual Combined Schools’ Choir Festival was held at the City Hall and Roedean’s performance was stunning! The year’s work ends in the very last week of the term with the Carol Service. Each performance showed the culmination of many hours of concentrated involvement. Well done choir!

Thank you to Lucy Giemre as head of choir for her excellent support of the choir’s administrative side. Miss Retief has once again accompanied the choir this year. Her playing enhances every performance.

Thank you girls for a productive, hard working and enjoyable year of choral singing.

ELISE WOLFF Choir Director

Junior Choir

Back row: Jennifer Nel, Samantha Sing, Ten Roberts, Nancy Godrich, Alison Norn Chong, Tassy Doucakis, Danielle

Gautier, Nicola Marais, KeesjeAvis, Lynn Johnston, Andrea Gristwood, Sharon O'Ehley, Daphne Erasmus, Desiree Son, Lisa Osborn, Anna Szymonowicz-

Middle row: Amisha Parbhoo, Bianca Bodley, Penelope Jarvis Amy Stewart, Ueze Norval, Susan Woodhead, Caroline Edey, Mariko Yuguchi, Melissa Cox, Hayley Dutton, Catherine Goetz, Amanda Kay, Sarah-Jane Ogle, Masindi Mosendane, Lindiwe Dhlamini.

Front row: Karen-Lee Murtough, Nicolette Solomon, Oriana Levin, Caroline Davidge-Pitts, Sarah Schoeman, Sarah Webber, Lianne Cox, Alexandra Ward, Naseema Suliman, Natalie Tambourlas, Mandy Wilson, Sachelle Ruickbie, Shaeera Essop, Laura Pertou, Emily Middleton, Tarryn Thorpe, Danielle O'Callaghan, Virginia Quiding.

Staff: Miss Zelda Retief (accompanist), Miss Elise Wolff (Choir Director).

JUNIOR CHOIR

It has been a pleasure working with the Roedean Junior Choir for the first time this year. 1991 started with extensive auditions, and fifty girls were chosen to sing in the choir.

We have worked at improving choral techniques and at building up a broad repertoire. Audiences have been entertained to songs ranging from introspective religious works and lyrical songs, to frivolous and lively songs. Thank you to Miss Retief for her excellent piano accompaniment.

The girls rehearse for an hour a week and attend a Saturday morning workshop in the first and second terms. In the third term we go to the Magaliesberg for a camp and concentrate on preparing for the Carol Service.

The choir performed at the Junior Music Concerts in the first and second terms, and at Combined Assemblies throughout the year. We were invited to sing at a Sunday evening service at St Columbas. The Combined Roedean Choirs' Evening was enjoyed by both audience and choir members. St Stithians hosted the annual Junior Choir Festival and Roedean's performance was superb! The final concert of the year is at the Carol Service held at St George's.

Well done choir members! This year was a successful and an enjoyable year.

ELISE WOLFF Choir Director

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Roedean Cares

INTERACT REPORT

The Interact Club believes in quality rather than quantity and therefore our club consists of 33 active members who attend meetings, make decisions and put heart and voice into all we do.

We started our year with Intercon, which was held at Leeukop Prison, an "entertaining" venue, on the 22-24 March. This weekend allows us to meet people, learn from other clubs and put our vocal chords into action.

Our fundraising started with the Arrival Interact Braai last year. A cake sale (which is always welcomed by enthusiastic Roedeanians) was held, as well as a sweet raffle. The funds including the proceeds of the social added up to R4 000,00.

Half of this money will be sent to Cynthia Mogadi in In-anda, Natal. She is running an orphanage and, just like all other charities, needs a beneficiary. As the club feels strongly about the less supported organisations we have agreed to send the Aids Organisation R2 000,00as well.

The Interactors don't only financially support the needy, but also go to great measures to put smiles on unhappy children's faces. During the Easter season a brave member proceeded to battle the heat in an Easter bunny suit while the rest of us carried baskets of eggs to the General Hospital — chocolate eggs that is!

The delight shown by the little and appreciative boys and girls was enough to want to repeat the service many more times.

Mrs Gibbs is our Interact "mummy". She escorts us to most places as well as attending many meetings. She has been a great help, especially in persuading her husband to supervise at our social.

We would also like to thank Mr and Mrs Slaughter, Mr and Mrs Malherbe, Mr Pybus and Mr Petit for sacrificing a Saturday night and taking care of the ravers while enjoying a couple of extra-strong cups of coffee!

This year has been a great success and the 1991 Ante-Matrices wish next year's team the best of luck and enjoyment!

ALISON MATTHEWS

Back row: Ingrid Zenzile, Nonhlanhla Mabusela, Mary Hale, Karen Malherbe, Katherine Norman, Toni Clarke, Paula Belbin, Undelwa Magampa, Maboang Matlou.

2nd back row: Paula Makwea, Camilla Thomas, Belinda Ford, Lindiwe Miti, Lauren Beukes, Nikola Redtenbacher, Lavinia Maiwashe, Patience Khoza, Shamira Botha, Shirley Smith, Tebogo Mogale.

2nd row: Mrs D Gibbs, Lerato Nokoane, Lerato Mafisa, Leanne Prodehl, Karen Godrich, Nthabiseng Kenoshi, Naoko Yoshimoto, Hazel Holly.

Front row: Fiona Eriksen, Tricia Bowring, Angela Quiding, Alison Matthews (President), Kathleen Slaughter, Kate Conradie, Liana Moschoudis.

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OUTREACH

This year has been one of continuance, expansion and change.

At Witkoppen we have continued with the English Enrichment at Standard 2 level and the eagerness with which we are met and the vocabulary increase of the children is a joy to experience. The ability level and the age range of this class of over 55 children is considerable and the fact that we are able to provide workbooks of varying levels is a big factor in helping raise the self-confidence of the children which can carry over into their whole approach to learning. Indeed both the Headmaster and Class Teacher emphasise that they can see this happening. Meanwhile the Chemistry programme has continued at Std 9 level and stretched into Std 10. The Witkoppen Netball Teams now play in a smart maroon and gold uniform provided through Junior School funds.

Our expansion into the Bophelo-Impilo Institute School has been in a variety of directions in response to requests from their staff. At Junior School and Senior School staff levels we have given Workshops and hosted visitors at lessons. Our prefect body invited their opposite numbers here to exchange ideas on leadership styles; and our Upper Vs have had day exchanges with girls from Bophe-lo. The Saturday programmes for Standard 8s and 9s in Mathematics and Chemistry are beginning to show results both in covering the work demanded by syllabus requirements and in a broader knowledge of the subjects. Meanwhile it has been refreshing to see the relationships between pupils and tutors relax and grow — the times when we wait for transport and just talk with each other, or when the students swim and play volley-ball are all aspects of value.

From hosting the annual visit of St Mark's College from Lebowa to obtaining a missing syllabus for a frantic teacher, from meetings at Principal's level to collecting crayons for a child who has never had any of her own — all these activities are part of the function of 'Outreach' in addition to the actual programmes. Next year will undoubtedly bring new challenges and opportunities in the work of 'Outreach' as in all facets of life at and through Roedean.

RAE THORNTON-SMITH (Outreach co-ordinator)

GREEN TEAM

This year was the year that Roedean's Green Team was created. We have had a good response especially from the UVs who have raised R570 for the Green Team on their own! Donations will be made to the Dolphin Fund, Wildlife Fund, SAAPEA and to Gareth Patterson (the man who 'took over' George Adamson's lions). We have sold Dolphin T-shirts and stickers and green mugs. We have shown videos for those interested over Environmental week and hopefully created a more educated and interested school society by info on our Green Board.

It is important that within our school we create an awareness of and care for our environment. I hope that our Green Campaign will progress and develop farther next year and I encourage everyone to support us in our quest for a greener, cleaner and more prolific world!

KIRSTEN UYS AND MARISA ORLOP CENTRE OF CONCERN {

The Centre of Concern is solely run by the girls of Roedean and its purpose is to give the black staff an opportunity to learn.

After a slow start to the year, things finally began to take shape and they continue to improve. The success of the six dedicated pupil-teachers is evident in their six equally dedicated pupils. A variety of subjects, from English and Geography to Maths are taught to the pupils upon their request.

Lessons take place on a one-to-one basis for an hour every week. Each student works on a different level, according to his level of prior education and the extent of his knowledge. As a result of this, each pupil finds himself working towards different goals, varying from the desire to be literate to acquiring a broader knowledge of the world.

Much of the progress we make depends upon the availability of teaching aids in the school library and the patience and endurance of the teachers and students who have realized that progress is not immediate but long term.

Without the hard-working pupils and teachers, the success of this project would never have been as great.

Thank you and well done to all the pupils and teachers!

MASOODA SULIMAN AND NICKY SANDERS

Mrs Thomson-Smith (Outreach co-ordinator) practises communication skills with one of her pupils.

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Upper V

Mfctinn<>vators this year. Their fund-raising for the Matric Dance involved them in organising functions as diverse as a Dog Show and a

Sirpa Erasmus, Harriet Crawford, Clare Barker, Debbie White, Mary Wareham, Bronwyn Feldwick-Davis and Salma

Ganchi.

Isabel Coetsee, Harriet Crawford and Mandy Wulcox.

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

This year, the SRC was once again very involved in charity activities. In the first term, the SRC organised an Easter Music Concert at the Witwatersrand Old Age Home in Parktown. The audience was touched and very appreciative. A competition between the classes to sell the most Easter stamps spurred the SRC members on to raise R678,60 for the Disabled. Nombulelo Tyobeka and the Matrics won this competition. Well done!

The senior school collected Pick 'n Pay tillslips during the months of March, April and May; Pick 'n Pay will give the proceeds to the National Association for the Blind. A further R350,57 was raised for the United Cerebral Palsy Association of South Africa by the senior school girls.

The Lower V's did exceptionally well in their charity contributions: In the first term, R65 was donated to the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensary for Sick Animals) and in the second term, R450 was given to Cotlands (a children's home) as well as toys and food.

The raffle, organised by Catherine Maclay, for a gorgeous big blue teddybear was won by Michelle Christie-Large, who promptly donated it to another Children's Home.

R250 was raised for a creche in Soweto by the Middle Vs, and a further R200 was allocated to the T.B. Foundation of South Africa.

The Upper Vs were another outstanding class as regards their charity involvement. Elizabeth Ryu and the Upper Vs raised R700 which was donated to a needy Primary school in Bronkhorstspuit.

The Upper V class raised R280 for the Sunshine Centre (Daycare for retarded children). Their main commitment however, has been in the environmental field.

The whole class joined the 'Green Team' and organised a fashion show, the proceeds (R1 250) of which were sent to the World Environmental Fund.

The Ante-Matrics of course, were busily raising funds for the Matric dance at the beginning of the year. They have since collected provisions for the Twilight Children, and R125. R68 was also given to the P.D.S.A. by the Antes. The Matrics played a role in the 'Green Team', selling environmental mugs and T-shirts, and raised R70 for Avril Elizabeth Homes.

It is pleasing that the SRC has established itself as a medium for the communication of new ideas and suggestions from pupils in all standards. In this way, they make a special contribution to school life.

Well done and thank you to every single SRC member for all your hard work. My thanks go to Mrs Brink for her kind help and to my fellow chairladies, Marisa Orlop and Kate Gaylard, for their invaluable assistance.

MARY MEINTJES

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On the
Sporting
Front
(right)

and our sports staff...

We salute H 1 i i l f j 1

Mandy van Zantwijk 1 i t * f t m L t i i L i 1 1

HF > -Mi'

Mrs M Taylor, Miss C Pruij, Miss L du Plessis, Miss S Dartnell and Miss B Descoins

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INTERHIGH SWIMMING GALA

Finally the big day for the swimmers arrived. As we eagerly gathered in the changerooms I felt the tension of the team rising as we heard all the schools cheering wildly.

The team had been training for eight weeks. With the superb sessions under the guidance of our new coach, Miss Descoins, we had come a long way and felt a new confidence. Our goals were set high and the girls were filled with determination to achieve them.

Bang! The gun fired and the race began. My heart felt as if it was beating as fast as our swimmers were kicking. The enthusiastic support from Kirsten Uys and the p cheerleaders who motivated the school to sing outstanding warcries for us, encouraged us immensely.

Thank you to our outstanding divers, Nina Leuner, Nichola Sanders, Camilla Thomas, Julie Smith and Ca- i thy

Lapping, who put us in an exciting 5th position, only half a point behind St Andrews.

The memorable day came to an end and Roedean proudly stepped up to fifth place from sixth place last year. Well done swimmers! Your performance was excellent, your spirit was outstanding and your support was the greatest!

CLAIRE BECKERLING

SWIMMING REPORT

On 17 January at 6.15 am the enthusiastic swimmers plunged into the inviting swimming pool. There was great anticipation as to what our new young, exuberant coach, Miss Descoins had in store for us.

Well, we got right down to business on the first day and trained for 1,2 kilometres. Shocked and panic-stricken, the panting swimmers retreated from the pool. We had no idea that swimming could be so torturous. Our training programme increased from a mere 1,2 kilometres to 2,2 kilometres and all swum in one hour. I felt that the programme was the most effective one yet. We were also lucky enough to have a swimming clinic headed by Anne Bradshaw, a talented ex-Olympic swimmer.

Although we felt that we could go no further many times, the results of the season proved that it had been the most successful one since 1987, thanks to our encouraging coach and incredible team.

Amongst many laughs, cheers of delight and hard work, we learnt many valuable lessons too. We got off to a great start, coming first in our first gala, beating St Andrews. The following galas were filled with equal excitement as our team raced up and down the lanes, always improving for the big day...Interhigh.

Interhigh came with a splash and was over far too quickly.

An exceptional team was carefully selected from an outstanding squad and was encouraged by our gorgeous cheerleaders. The spirit and determination of the team enabled us to move up to fifth place.

Congratulations to our super stars who were awarded full colours: (re-awards)

Claire Beckerling Melissa Davidson Olivia Read

Alisa von Wimmersperg (new awards)

Leigh-Anne McGown Alex Russell Julie Smith Debbie White and half-colours:

Jelena Andrin Shelley Biddulph Tracey Jessiman Kerith Nel Candy Wilton

I think that beating 13 records at the Interhouse swimming gala was a true reflection of the teams' progress. Well done swimmers and I hope that the good work and results continue next year.

CLAIRE BECKERLING

Swimming Team

Back row: Melissa Davidson, Julie Whitefield, Tracey Jessiman, Leigh-Anne McGown, Alisa von Wimmersperg, Kate Murray, Claire McFarlane. 2nd row: Shelley Biddulph, Zoë Cutland, Deborah White, Olivia Read, Kathleen Slaughter, Toni Clarke, Mary Hale.

1st row: Catherine Lapping, Jelena Andrin, Sarah Rowlands, Daniella Levin, Tasneem Suliman, Khavuta Mbatsana, Julie Smith, Kerith Nel. Seated: Alison Bowring, Claire Beckerling (captain), Miss Descoins, Mary Meintjes (vice-captain).

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DIVING REPORT

Starting off on a more professional note, the Roedean Divers refreshed their memories on the trampoline. Bouncing, twisting, turning and tumbling, the divers smiled with delight as the season began.

After much bravery and many attempts at new and exciting dives, we settled down and concentrated on what was expected of us at Interhigh. With new, eager, young talent that we had in our team, the season looked promising and perhaps one of the best.

In many competitions we shocked other schools with our elegance, precision and high positions, with the odd, rare, flop. Thank you to Mrs Woodard who was our trainer. She set us high goals and helped us to achieve them. The girls worked hard at their new-found challenge and the results proved it.

At Interhigh, in the open section, Nichola Sanders and I were placed in the top 10, in the U-16 section Nina Leuner and Camilla Thomas were also in the top 10. Julie Smith and Cathy Lapping did very well for their first time.

I think that it was the best season yet and may these results continue next year. Well done and Good Luck girls!

CLAIRE BECKERLING

Diving Squad

Back row: Catherine Lapping, Julie Smith, Belinda Ford, Miss Descoins, Camilla Thomas, Kelly Sanders. Front row: Nichola Sanders, Claire Beckerling (captain), Nina Leuner.

HOCKEY

Hockey is fast taking on new importance in Roedean. Under our brilliant and ever-enthusiastic coach, Miss Dartnell,

this hockey season was tremendously busy and interesting. The first highlight was a wacry competition between all the hockey teams. Although the seconds won this competition, all the teams are to be commended on their spirit. Later in the term, the first team played against a visiting team from Craighouse School in Chile - and won! What was even better though, was that we hosted the team for the night they were in Johannesburg. It is always a fascinating and enriching experience to meet people who live such different lives. The following week the first team played Treverton. We were not so successful in that endeavour, but the play was of a very high standard.

The teams played 11 matches this term; and considering this was our first season back in the A league, we were pleased with our final placing.

Congratulations to the following girls who participated in provincial trials:

Senior Southern Transvaal Trials:

Amanda van Zantwijk; Mary Meintjes Louise Brown; Liana Moschoudis

Southern Transvaal Colts Trials and U-15 Trials:

Kathleen Slaughter; Debbie White Melissa Davidson; Alexandra Goldman Mary Wareham; Olivia Read Salma Ganchi. The Roedean family is very proud of the girls who were selected for Southern Transvaal teams:

Debbie White and Olivia Read were selected for the Wit-watersrand U-15 team. They went on tour to Pretoria.

Melissa Davidson was selected for the Southern Transvaal Colts side, and chosen as captain. Melissa and Mary Meintjes, who was selected for the Southern Transvaal Nuggets side, played in the interprovincial tournament at Hilton College. The tournament was won by Nuggets.

Well done to all the girls who worked so hard this term, and thank you so much to the parents, teachers and girls who supported the hockey teams at their regular Tuesday afternoon matches! You were all a source of inspiration and encouragement. Good luck to next year's girls. Remember what a great school you come from and the rest will fall into place.

MARY MEINTJES INTER-PR OVIN CI AL HOCKEY

The Southern Transvaal Nuggets team, for which Mary Meintjes played, won the tournament held at Hilton College. The Nuggets thoroughly enjoyed the victory. Melissa Davidson, who captained the Southern Transvaal Colts team, also enjoyed the tour to Hilton.

Debbie White and Olivia Read played for the U-15 Southern Transvaal team.

They had lots of fun and gained useful experience during their stay in Pretoria.

MARY MEINTJES Hockey Captain

PLAYERS IN INTERPROVINCIAL SPORTS TEAMS

Back row: Deborah White (U15 Colts), Olivia Read (U15 Colts).

Front row: Melissa Davidson (Southern Tvl U16), Mary Meintjes (Nuggets i 19).

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Hockey First XI

Back row: Louise Brown, Michelle Christie-Large, Kathleen Slaughter, Amanda van Zantwijk, Melissa Davidson, Deborah White, Liana Moschoudis. Front row: Mary Wareham, Mary Meintjes, Miss S Dartnell, Marisa Orlop, Salma Ganchi.

Hockey 2nd XI

Back row: Alexandra Goldman, Alison Matthews, Kutloano Skosana, Olivia Read, Deborah Barker, Angela Quiding, Kate Conradie Geniv Houssein Front row: Andromca Ramogayane, Yvonne Barbie, Miss S Dartnell, Deborah Smithson, Nthabiseng Kenoshi.

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Sally-Anne Jones in fullflight watched by Mandy van Zantwijk and Louise 'The Early Birds ' Brown

Early Bird Tennis

TENNIS REPORT

Our success in matches this year has been very varied, but our enthusiasm, perseverance and determination shone through at all times. Miss Pruij's innovation, "Early bird tennis" was met with much enthusiasm from the tennis players throughout the cold weather and tiring sessions. Her promises of chocolates and cokes spurred on many girls and encouraged them to develop new team tactics and improve their skills.

Our coach, Miss Pruij, clad in her renowned Nike luminous shorts was an inspiration to the younger players and a great source of encouragement and motivation. Her plans for "Early bird tennis" and round robin tournaments within classes next year should result in greater match-play experience. Mention must also be made of Mrs Gibbs who

supported the various tennis teams throughout the season.

On Foundation Day the Old Girls A team once again just managed to pull off a victory, but the Roedean 2nd team gained their revenge by convincingly defeating the Old Girls B side.

Every season ends with congratulations and Louise Brown and Amanda van Zantwijk (re-award) are to be congratulated on being awarded their full tennis colours as are the recipients of half colours: Thuli Skosana, Alison Matthews, Liana Moschoudis, Debbie White, Salma Ganchi, Julie Sander and Angie Quiding.

It has been a great honour to be head of such a talented and enthusiastic team. Best of luck for next year!

AMANDA VAN ZANTWIJK

Spare-ribs for the tennis squads at Mike's Kitchen 39

1st Tennis Team

Back row: Julie Sander, Angela Quiding, Deborah White, Salma Ganchi. Front row: Amanda van Zantwijk, Miss CPruim, Louise Brown.

2nd Tennis Team

- V--;"

Back row: Liana Moschoudis, Olivia Read, Alexandra Goldman, Nicola Presbury, Lisa Davison Front row: Kutloano Skosana, Miss C Pruim, Alisa von Wimmipersperg.

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SQUASH REPORT

1991 has been yet another successful year for the Roedean squash team despite losing a talented 1990 Matric class. League sides were entered in all age groups and every team acquitted themselves well and achieved excellent results. The league results from the 1st team are as follows:

U-19A 3rd in league U-19B runners-up in section U-19C league winners U-19D runners-up in section U-16A runners-up in section U-16B league winners U-16C runners-up in section U-14A runners-up in section

We have many promising players in our squash nursery and the strength of our junior ranks is most gratifying. Our seniors are enthusiastic too and have improved greatly during the last year.

Much of our success can be attributed to our wonderful coach, Mrs Taylor. Her dedication and encouragement have been invaluable and are reflected not only in the league results but also in individual squash achievements.

Special mention must also be made of Miss Thom for her consistent enthusiasm and support.

Sixteen Roedean girls were selected to represent Transvaal in various tournaments. In the South African Country Districts Tournament M. Meintjes (captain), A. Matthews and D. Barker represented the U-19C team and the U-16C team was represented by T. Acker and E. Ma-lan. The following girls represented Transvaal at the Inter-Provincial Schools Squash Tournament: A. van Zantwijk (U-19A), L. Moschoudis (U-19B Captain), A. Quid-ing (U-19B), T. Bowring (U-16B Captain), N. Tshabalala (U-16B), A. Goldman (U-16B reserve), R. Matthews (U-14A Captain), S. A. Jones, K. Nel (U-14A), N. Hap-good, L. Szymonowicz and T. Thorp (U-14B). It was a great honour for A. van Zantwijk to be placed 5th in the South African Schools "A" Squash team.

I have really enjoyed my year as squash captain of such a wonderful team. All the best to the 1992 captain and yet another successful season.

AMANDA VAN ZANTWIJK

Provincial Squash Players

Back row: Mrs Taylor.

Middle row: Sally-Anne Jones, Tricia Bowring, Mary Meintjes, Deborah Barker, Angela Quiding, Lisa STymonowicz, Alison Matthews, Taryn Acker. Front row: Kerith Nel, Nandi Tshabalala, Eloise Malan, Amanda van Zantwijk, Liana Moschoudis, Tanya Thorp, Natalie Hapgood.

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U19A Squash

Back row: Liana Moschoudis, Mary Meintjes, Tricia Bowring. Front row: Amanda van Zantwijk, Mrs Taylor.

U19B Squash

Back row: Tricia Bowring, Nandi Tshabalala, Alison Matthews. Front row: Angela Quiding, Mrs Taylor.

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THE SANDBOX

Events of

1991

FOUNDATION DAY

Foundation Day is one of Roedean's most important annual events. Each year it takes place on the Saturday closest to the school's birthday. This year it was held on 2nd March. It is a joyous and exciting occasion where past Roedeanians can renew old friendships and spend a day of nostalgia, recalling memories of their youth.

The day began with a small chapel service in the Roedean chapel. The "old girls" (past Roedeanians) then went onto the SAORA meeting, while the Matrics anxiously prepared for the Inter-house gala that afternoon. At last it was time for lunch and this year the Matrics had the privilege of joining the "old girls" and the staff for lunch in the hall. We were greeted warmly by the "Old Girls" who were eager to compare their school days with ours. There were tables of the Class of 1961 and 1966 and even a small table of the Class of 1990 who proudly announced that they too were now "old girls". After lunch the traditional school songs were sung with the usual vigour and enthusiasm and the speeches were delivered. Susan Gaylard proposed games, Amanda van Zantwijk proposed the staff and I proposed the Old Girls. Mrs Hilary French, an Old Girl herself, proposed Roedean Brighton and Mrs Vivien Allen proposed Roedean SA. Mrs Nelson finished off by proposing the Founders.

After lunch, was the most exciting event of the day — the Inter-house gala! The girls were filled with competitive determination, especially those of Bears house who were the victors by the end of the day.

Foundation Day was an enjoyable and memorable day

and as my time draws nearer to becoming an Old Girl ,

I'm looking forward to attending Foundation Days in the future.

YVONNE BARBIC

It was the beginning of May and we had to get ourselves together and start practising. We were all a bit despondent because we were told that all the other schools had started "a month ago". We had two weeks left and we had not even cast the play yet.

For two weeks we rehearsed hard although the play was only ten minutes long, but that meant that we could polish it.

The following people made up "The Sandbox": Jo Davis was "Daddy", Julie Whitefield was "Mommy", Cathy Mabusela was "bung Man" and Liana Moschoudis was the "Musician". This play had to keep up the standard of Theatre of the Absurd and we certainly managed to do that! The laughter and the applause of the audience were a show of their appreciation.

It was an incredibly rewarding evening. Roedean managed to walk away with second place. Lisa Davison won "The best supporting actress" and Winnie Beck-erling won "The best director" prize.

We would never have made it if it wasn't for all the help we got. The venue was St Barnabas and the pupils were a pleasure to be with. Our set was impossible: it consisted of approximately 15 bags of sand and a sandbox. This was placed on top of a large rostrum that had to be carried from a storey below. It was an amusing experience trying to move this all off the stage. We underestimated the weight of all this sand and trying to push this sandbox off the stage was impossible. The strength behind five full-grown men could not budge this box. After laboriously shovelling, we did manage to move it away.

We would never have been able to walk away with these rewards without the tremendous amount of help we received from Mrs Steyn and our parents. We were given meals to get us through the long days, somewhere to practise and encouragement.

It was a night of fear and rushing and meeting friendly people, but it was an experience that no drama pupil will forget!

WINNIE BECKERLING

Contemplating Kats' position: MarceUe Kinnear, Head of Kats House at the Interhouse Gala on Foundation Day.

Sarah Thompson looks on.

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Nicky Sanders and Kate Slaughter

'I do wish you'd listen Angie!'

Nina Leuner

THE AM LEADERSHIP CAMP

On Friday 14 September members of the AM class of 1991 left school for a leadership camp at the Alpha Training Centre in Broederstroom. We weren't sure what to expect and the reality of a warm "discovery" weekend was very different to our expectations. We learnt of leadership styles by "osmosis". Personal involvement was of prime concern and our reward was the amalgamation of a wonderful class of really special people.

We left school on Friday as individuals of a class comprising many different talents. The weekend gave us the opportunity to get to know one another out of school in a relaxed and informal setting. The co-ordinator, Mrs Penny Maree, enabled us, by inner-reflection and group discussion, to establish our roles in this school. We were never simply shown the correct answers to the many questions she asked us. Instead she placed us on the rocky and difficult

road to discovery.

It was a weekend of long hours, late nights and shared hopes and ideals. We came to realise when writing our personal creed that we believe in similar values and in particular the moral code of our school. We arrived back at school on Sunday afternoon, exhausted, not isolated as we had left it, but a unified front. We have come to realise that we are all leaders, winners and achievers in our different fields. Thank you Mrs Nelson, Mrs Brink and Mrs Penny Maree who taught us so much. But most of all thank you to the Antes who made the weekend such a warm and unique experience.

VERONICA BOSTOCK

The

Antes

The Antes at the Matric Dance

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During her Matric year, Marcelle Kinnear took on the Himalayas in addition to all her other responsibilities

Date: 1 April 1991.

Destination: Katmandu, Nepal.

Expedition: Party of five.

Purpose of visit: Ascension of Mount Mera in Himalayas.

Recommendations: Be prepared for anything at all times.

Conclusion: Be brave and determined whilst living life' on the edge of a precipice.

Outcome: Triumph.

What was an aspiration became a reality during this eighteen-day trek in the mysterious mountains of the Himalayas. Ignorantly (to our benefit), we tediously made our way along the precipitous paths to the summit of Mera, a literally breathtaking 21 500 feet (6 500 metres) above sea level. Our exhausted torsos collapsed into the snow to appreciate the most exquisite view of Mount Everest and other such prominent peaks. The cool breeze, with a -40°C chill factor, whipped past our ears, yet pains seemed to disappear and satisfaction overwhelmed.

Mission Accomplished!

MARCELLE KINNEAR

Marcelle in the Himalayas!

GREASE 1991

In June 1991, St John's and Roedean staged a joint production of the popular musical Grease. The cast consisted entirely of pupils and the daily rehearsals called for much dedication and patience (although much fun was had by all).

Despite the fact that it was merely a school production, a professional director and light and sound experts were involved. This contributed to the outstanding production which was enjoyed by parents and outsiders alike.

Many people were astounded by the immense talent in both singing and acting displayed by the performers. They did not, however, realise and credit the nerves of steel behind the facade. As we were not professional performers, much training was necessary to maintain the calm appearance! (The mid-year examinations looming ahead did not aid the situation.)

Despite the months of rehearsals and sleepless nights (as well as many broken hearts), we all felt proud to be part of this production and to have contributed to its success. "Grease is the word!"

DANIELLE CROUSE

Sirpa Erasmus and Alison Matthews count coppers on Money Mile Day

THE LAMBS MONEY MILE

The day of the Lambs money mile was heralded by cries of "But Madam, how can you give your coppers to a Kat?" Pupils vied with each other to empty their favourite teachers' purses, and in the boarding house competition to collect the most coppers was rife — with the result that the 1991 Lambs money mile was more of a success than ever before. An unprecedented R976 was collected. The bank was somewhat flabbergasted when we arrived with — quite literally — a combi-load of money ; and it took them a full week to count it all...

The funds were raised in aid of Contantin Bumbu, the Lambs' "adopted child" in a Rumanian orphanage, and Nokuthula Centre in Alexandra. Thank you, Kats and Bears, for all your support; and thank you, everyone who helped to pick up the money and make the initial count.

SUSAN GAYLARD

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The Matric Dance

Candace McIntosh, Kirsten Uys and partner, Marisa Orlop, Marcelle Kinnear and Olivia Darby.

MATRIC DANCE

The 1991 Roedean Matric Dance was held at the Johannesburg Country Club on 27 April.

Marisa Orlop and partner.

I wandered lively, talking loud in flowing dress and shining pearls when all at once I saw a crowd A host of gorgeous Roedean girls Beside the D.J. on dainty feet Fluttering and dancing to the beat.

Continuous as the lights that shone They twinkled 'neath the chandeliers And set the scene for a speech by Yvonne To mark the ending of a special year Mrs Dickson saw I at a glance Shaking her hips in sprightly dance.

The roses beside us bloomed but we outdid their beauty in our glee Mrs Nelson could not but be gay In such a jocund company We gazed — and gazed — and little ate So stunned we were by the Hobbit set

Now oft, when on Pleasaunce I lie in vacant or in dreamy mood The dance evokes a memory which is the bliss of pulchritude And then my heart stands proud and tall For that was the best Matric dance of all.

VERONICA BOSTOCK and KATE CONRADIE on- (Sincere apologies to William Wordsworth)

Chetna Nana with Lucy Giemre and Claire Beckerling looking

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Mary Meintjes, Danielle Crouse, Yvonne Barbie, Thuli Skosana and Sue Gaylard speak to Mr R Steyn, Editor of The Star, at one of the Friday morning Enrichment talks.

MATRICULATION ENRICHMENT TALKS

1991

Once again our Friday morning talks have been stimulating, interesting and different. We have certainly seen the world through the eyes of a number of experts.

We explored the Antarctic through some chilly blizzards and learnt how to survive with the Eskimos in Alaska. We were introduced to the fascinating world of archaeology and also followed the footsteps of Karl Marx. We were culturally awakened in Russia and we were made very aware of recent happenings in Yugoslavia. Sharing experiences with someone in the Diplomatic Service whetted our appetites for travel, and learning how to organise our financial affairs helped us to save to this end. Learning about how the economy affects us made some of us anxious to know more!

Learning how the left brain and right brain function and taking careful note of philosophical values made us more aware of ourselves and our fellow human beings. All of this broadened our horizons and gave us scope to look at what tertiary studies we could attempt. Business College? University? Technikon? Residence? Bursary? Many of our questions were answered.

Learning how to dress for success and how to cope with stress are lessons that will not be forgotten.

So much to see and do... all in all it has been a good year.

D. GIBBS School Counsellor

UV Waitresses at the Matric Dance

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1991 NATIONAL SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL

So Sue, was it really cold doing night-watch on the Ivory Trail?

IVORY TRAIL

It was a chilly morning on April 18, when Mrs Gibbs and a group of seven adventurous Matric girls, together with our guide, Gary, set off for the Mashatu Game Reserve in Botswana. We were following the Clive Walker Ivory Trail and camped on the banks of the Limpopo. The first night we went on an elephant hunt and sighted a herd of ± 200 . We also watched a breathtaking sunset and saw many impala, jackals and wildebeest. The second day was full of excitement when our truck was "stormed" by a rather perturbed elephant!!

On our third and fourth nights, we slept under the stars and each had an hour's nightwatch (not for the very sensitive!) during which the whole bush seemed to come to life. Our fears were relieved however, by the delicious bread Gary made in a quickly-dug hole. During our stay we also sighted warthogs, eland, steenbok, dassies, mongooses, vervet monkeys, baboons, zebras, terrapins, kudus, bushpigs, ostriches, duikers, squirrels and waterbuck. We were quite fortunate to spot over 90 species of bird! Quite an itinerary for only five days! Despite a rather unbecoming long-drop, early mornings and sore feet, we all experienced a unique holiday that few of us will have the opportunity to live through again.

DEBORAH SMITHSON

Sue Gaylard, Mandy van Zantwijk and Debbie Pheiffer on the Ivory Trail

Our eyes widened in dismay as an oversized, unsophisticated bus grated its painful way down the drive towards us.

However, this initial disappointment was no indicator of the thrilling week that lay ahead of us.

The aim of the 1820 Foundation is to enrich the educational and cultural life of all South Africans. While mindful of the past history of South Africa, it is aimed at helping to shape the future of this country by adopting the policies of improving standards of performance, the appreciation of English and the promotion of a common South African culture. These aims are extended into the National Arts Festival which is a celebration of South Africa's cultural diversity. The National Schools' Festival is an extension of the Arts Festival, which approximately fourteen hundred matric students from all over South Africa attend. The lectures, productions and workshops of which it consists are designed to arouse an interest in the arts in general and in English literature in particular.

Those of us who attended, certainly found the Festival very enriching. Not only appreciation of the many performances we attended, but a sense of comparison in evaluating them developed within us. In one of the lectures Terence Shank, an American Director, said:

‘ Theatre is the sharing in public of some change. It mirrors the society around it, whether it is progressing or deteriorating.’ In the theatre productions we attended a swing away from protest theatre became apparent. Although protest theatre has had its necessary place in South Africa, the current trend is to emphasize, through the medium of the performing arts, tolerance, understanding, cultural interaction and growth, not what divides us.

A highlight of the Festival was the announcement on the last day of this year's winner of the English Olympiad. Jacques Coetzee is not only Afrikaans but completely blind. The audience rose as one in admiration and happiness. On the last night we attended *The Road to Mecca*, Athol Fugard's new film version of his play about Helen Martins, the eccentric artist who lived in the "Owl House". This sensitive film left very few without tear-stained cheeks or a lump in the throat (boys included!) So it was on a very emotional note that we said our final farewells. From there our enlightened teachers bundled off the Roedean, Kingsmead and St Stithians groups to a restaurant where we dined and danced before reluctantly climbing into our old friend, the noisy bus, to face the fifteen-and-a-half-hour journey home. The National Schools' Festival was a most valuable, enriching experience. It has certainly coloured the way I look at the future of South Africa.

CERIDWEN MOELWYN-HUGHES

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EDU-TRAIN

One word encapsulates how I found the Edu-train experience: mindblowing. I enjoyed every minute of it and certainly felt privileged to have been chosen to accompany 69 other Standard nine pupils from every level of South African society on this nine-day adventure.

The main objective of the Edu-train project is to encourage meaningful communication between young people of various backgrounds so that the gap between perceptions can be bridged. It also aims to create an awareness of South Africa's resources so as to develop an appreciation of the need to conserve and harness these in a spirit of equal opportunity and co-operative effort.

The Edu-train "Quo Vadis" circle of study covers urban, rural, political, people, environmental, economic and agricultural development as well as an empty cog sig-

FAMILY FUN DAY

Although the parents' hockey teams wiped Roedean off the hockey field, the day was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Activities were arranged to keep those active parents and children busy. These included volley-ball, tennis, squash and hockey for the adults, while others were spectators or indulged in the tea laid on by the PTA. Brothers and sisters could take a visit to St Margarets Block where they could be very well entertained. They could have their faces painted, run all sorts of races and could win some delightful prizes, including seats for one of the K.T.V. television shows, a helicopter ride over the zoo and many, many more.

The day started off with the 3rd team playing. Score -4-0 to the parents. The 2nd and 1st teams then played. 2nds lost 3-1 but the 1sts did not give up so easily and came off the field with a score of nil all, but the game was immensely enjoyable and good sportsmanship was displayed by all. The U-15s also gave them all a hard time, ending with a score of 1-1.

nifying personal development. I felt that the latter was achieved through the exceptional amount of knowledge and greater understanding I gained during the various lectures and visits. We went to the Hennenman grain silos, community centres in the Valley of a Thousand Hills, educational farming projects, Durban squatter camps, the coal terminal of Richards Bay and a variety of factories.

Although the learning was intense there was by no means a lack of fun and socializing. In our project teams, during a candle-lit dinner, in the singing of the Edu-train songs and indeed throughout the trip, bonds were made of respect and true loving friendship. Through our interaction, I feel that along with my co-Edu-trainees, I gained a vivid comprehension of where I fit into the new South Africa and what I can do to contribute towards its future.

KATE CONRADIE

c~>

Braais were set up, while people could go and watch the Raku-firing at the pottery studio or the volley-ball demonstration, nearer to the food, before filling their empty stomachs with braaivleis, a truly wonderful South African tradition.

There was a lot of laughter and games as the Roedean families got together. The day was certainly most successful and enjoyed by all present.

FIONA ERIKSEN & LIANA MOSCHOUDIS

THE OLYMPIADS

English Olympiad:

The text for this year's English Olympiad, Paton's Diep-kloof proved both accessible and interesting. It certainly was an improvement on last year's The Magic Tree and provided students with a text which was open for interpretation and comparison. The majority of finalists were boys, not surprising, since the subject matter (juvenile delinquency) lent itself more to them! This year's winner, however, Jacques Coetzee, deserves our deepest admiration. Jacques is not only an Afrikaans speaker, but also had to overcome the handicap of being blind. Certainly, this sort of courage serves as an encouragement and example to us all.

Latin Olympiad:

Hoc anno, primo tempore pro provincia Transvalense, Latine celebrabatur. Concursus et eventus difficillimus erat et eodem tempore placemus cum mini maxime placemet pro eo studere.

Afrikaans Olympiad:

Vanjaar het dertig kandidate die moeilike Afrikaanse Olimpiade geskryf, maar ons wag nog op die uitslae. Vry-dag, 2 Augustus, het een-en-veertig kandidate ook die Tweetaligheidseksamen geskryf. Die Afrikaanse debat oor Natuurbewaring was uitstekend. Michelle Large was die voorsitster en het dit baie geniet. Alison Matthews, Kathy Krige, Kate Conradie, Kate Slaughter, Adele van der Merwe en Fiona Eriksen het daaraan deelgeneem.

ALEXANDRA RUSSELL

SHOWSTOPPERS

This year the Margie Wells Dance exchange presented an exciting stage show, Showstoppers. The programme consisted of excerpts from famous Broadway shows and other musicals including: Singing in the Rain, Mame, Grease, West Side Story, Mack and Mabel, The Wiz and Cats. The cast ranged from Junior School tiny tots right up to Matrics. The show opened in true cabaret style and then the many talented Junior School girls entertained us with Singing in the Rain, Where has my Ship Gone? and Thank Heaven for Little Girls. Catherine Lapping shone as the soloist. The Wiz, Michael Jackson, Lena Home and Quincy Jones' adaptation of the Wizard of Oz, transported us to a fantasy land. Roedean soloists included Tracey Jessi-man as Dorothy, Natalie Hapgood as the Scarecrow and Sally-Anne Jones as the Tin Man. The lead munchkins were Karen-Lee Murtough and Taryn Thorpe. I wonder if anyone recognised our headgirl as one of the crows?

The two songs from Grease were greatly enjoyed, especially by those in the audience who could remember the days of greased hair, short skirts and bobby socks. Sandy and Danny were played by Jacqueline Driver and Julie Smith. The tap dancing in Mack and Mabel was marvelled at and greatly enjoyed by the audience. In the show the audience also saw jazz, Spanish and gumboot dancing.

One of the favourites of the show was Cats, especially Jellicle Cats and the Cats' Duet.

The show was a great success and enjoyed by all of those who came to see it and by all who participated in it.

NATASHA KAPP

Some of the Wiz' cast from Showstoppers

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What's this strange gear? A hockey match, you say?

Mrs Rowlands and Mrs Westgate prepare to do battle at the Staff vs Girls hockey match. No need to tell you who won.

CHEERLEADING

Being head cheerleader for 1991 was an experience I wish everyone could have. The preparations were hectic — repairing hats, making huge signs, writing warcries, repairing more hats... and more, but naturally it was all worth it. Lunchtime practices proved to be great fun (maybe not for all concerned!) but as we got closer to the Interhigh gala, the fun turned to worry! However, the gala was a great success and we screamed our voices hoarse, waved, stomped and clapped for all our worth. Many of the other schools commented on our excellent behaviour, presentation and fabulous warcries.

I was SO proud of everyone and so excited to be a part of it all. Congrats to all (especially my fellow cheers) and good

luck to next year's cheerleaders. Enjoy every minute of it!

KIRSTEN UYS

Nicky Sanders, Tracey Jessiman, Kate Slaughter and Salma Ganchi on the underground in Paris.

Nicky Sanders, Sirpa Erasmus and Louise Marais winging their way to Mykonos.

CULTURAL TOUR

In August Mrs Steyn took 11 girls on a cultural tour of Europe. They visited Greece, Italy, France and England, taking in the art, culture and history of these countries.

Our Cheerleaders!

UV UMGENI FIELD TRIP

On 11 February, 57 UV girls departed for a wonderful week, away from the polluted city of Johannesburg to the uncontaminated, fresh air of the Umgeni Valley Nature Reserve.

After a 7-hour journey, we arrived at the main building where Jim, the leader of the officers, gave us an introduction to ecology by throwing a raw egg and a fatty unappetizing piece of brown bread at a poor victim. What a way to start!

On our way to the rustic accommodation, we were all amazed at the beautiful scenery. Most of us were afraid of falling while descending the steep slope because we had heard from some former Matrics that once we fell, we would never be able to stand up again because our rucksacks would be too heavy. Along the way, we lost various items but arrived at the "bungalows" safe and exhausted.

For the 5 days, we were put in groups. We got to know the surroundings, the river, nature and of course our classmates better. The days were full of learning such as the urban study, river and grassland study, rock and waterfall formation, but they were without doubt full of fun too. We all had the chance to do canoeing in muddy water while some had the chance to fall in! We also did abseiling and Vicki Bruce conquered her fear of heights. One day we did orientation in the rain; one or two girls had minor injuries and four others got lost for two hours. We shouted, they shouted, but they never heard us and we never heard them. Luckily they came back laughing and gave us an account of their adventure.

UV studying the ecosystem?

At supper time, we sang, danced or played games around the fire. We ate as if we'd never seen food before, because we all knew that breakfast was half-cooked french toast and uncooked scrambled eggs! We had to cook our food, drink and wash ourselves with coffee-coloured water. Apart from that, we had a great time.

We survived until the last day when we came up the slope again. In the main building, we all received a piece of Sophie and Muriel Ajchenbrenner who celebrated their birthdays at Umgeni cake to celebrate the birthday of the Ajchenbrenner twins. The moment before the departure, there were a few tears shed but there was still the heart-warming thought that other people too would have the chance to enjoy nature's beauty as much as we had.

SOPHIE AJCHENBRENNER

UV in various sleeping poses on the journey back from Umgeni

BUSINESS GAME

A group of Matric and Std 9 pupils participated in the Standard Bank Business Game under the supervision of Mrs Conradie, Mrs Dickson and our advisor, Miss Ming. The meetings were held while eating sausage rolls and drinking tea and coffee. Obviously our strategy succeeded as we entered the quarter-finals after beating Liverpool, King David (Linksfield), the Hill and Nigel. Unfortunately our consideration of the consumer and economic climates was overestimated by an excessive marketing campaign.

NATALIE NAPIER, KAREN HEESE, * CANDACE McINTOSH

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Senior

School

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Senior School

Literary Contributions

MOMENTS OF LOVE

Why does my mind follow you, my love To places unknown to me, places of love,

Stretching beyond the world revealed to me, those that belong to you? Oh, and to see you wander from place to place...

And to study your face As the world confronts you With its ugliness, and its blue.

Why is it that I should think of you when I should not think at all, lest this hue of misery should descend in suffocation

upon me, its poignancy rendering me unable to flee?

So explain why it is that I should be so incarcerated by what I cannot see.

Those images forbidden to this world of mine but in the choruses of fearful angels divine.

But as I wander from place to place it will seem that the world unknown to me is my only dream.

KAREN HEESE Matric

“When I’m sixty-four ..

No, I am not about to ask if you will still love me. As a reader, I would take it as an affront to be addressed in so pert a manner while only on the second sentence. I was simply thinking that when I am sixty-four, will I remember what it was like to be a child? Our modern society deems it fitting that children develop in a most precocious manner, only to declare them decrepit aged forty-five. Poor Methuselah had scarcely progressed out of nappies at that age; he still had another nine hundred and twenty-four stress-filled, action-packed, gut-wrenching years to last!

I am only seventeen and even my “harpooning tadpoles in the fishpond” days seem to have been millennia ago. I have a vague remembrance of a time when it was not only acceptable to go shopping without wearing any make-up, but also to set off for the drive-in in one’s pyjamas! Remember how exciting it was to set out on holiday at four o’clock in the morning? Now the eager parents have to wait at the gate for the offending member of the family to arrive home from the previous evening’s jaunt, before setting out.

One day, therefore, when I am sixty-four and my children tell me that I’m repeating myself, I’ll go off my diet, register with my doctor as a hypochondriac and tell my children that when I was their age, ‘animal magnetism’ meant Fisher Price farm animals being stuck to the fridge door.

ALEX RUSSELL Matric

Germaine Hollman — Lower V

56

I WILL ARISE AND GO NOW, AND GO TO

MILKY-LANE

I will arise and go now, I will untie myself from my mother’s apron strings and teach myself how to fly. In a shimmer of light I shall leave behind me my past and go forth into the future to prove myself. One hope shall accompany me in my heart: the hope that I will be accepted by my peers.

I glance back and I can faintly see the pride and sorrow that has marked my parents’ faces for thirteen years. As they stand at our screeching garden gate, I know that it hurts them to see me grow up and leave them. I shall only be gone for a few hours, but those few hours will seem like eternity. They know that they have to let go of me and allow me to prove myself to my peers, and to me.

During the 13 years of my life, it is now that I have exchanged my ankle length white petticoats and flower-printed dresses for the unofficial uniform of my peers: the light blue, bleached pair of jeans ripped in the most revealing places, the clinging short tank top and the legendary black and white baseball jacket are all elements of the style of peer dressing. On my feet are my pride and joy - a dazzling pair of black freedom shoes. (My parents describe them as oversized army tanks with very thick rubber soles!)

I walk down the long and winding road which is dimly lit by a faint street light. My mother offered to drive me but I could not afford to have my companions see her dressed in her monotonous green and grey suit with grey high heels which makes her already tall and lanky figure look even worse. It would put me and my hard-earned reputation ten points lower in the eyes of my peer group. Eventually the journey ends and I am about to face my future.

I enter Milky-Lane and everything around me becomes fuzzy. There are bright flashing lights that scream out

Robyn Lister — MV

loudly at me. I close the door and a nauseating smell of feminine deodorants and perfume surrounds me. There is also a stale sour smell of rich coffee blended together with the smell of young boys’ aftershave.

A faint slow smile from the peer group allows me to believe that I have been accepted. After much trial and tribulation, I have finally reached my destination.

NAZREEN HASSAN Lower V

Caroline Serebro — Matric

57

Go down to the tip of Africa; go down and look at the sea. Then look up at the land...

A year ago I found myself at the mythical tip of Africa. Jostled by fat German tourists, photographed by herds of Japanese, unable to see more than a few feet in the soft curtain of mist. The semi-commercialised attraction wasn’t quite as dramatic as the poetry that I had been studying of epics, curses and allegories.

I tried to listen for a giant cursing below me, yet all that I managed to detect was the clicking of my friend’s camera as

he focused on an ordinary rock — an attempted parody aimed at the Americans' Canons recording mist in photographic history.

I admitted defeat. The place allowed nothing other than comic poetry. Technically, it wasn't even the tip of Africa, although generally accepted by poets as such, geographers would point to a more obscure sight further along the coast. Disillusioned, I flopped into the back of my father's car without any new inspirational insights or spiritual growth. I found myself being hauled out of this position about an hour later to dine at a new 'hip', Californian-style restaurant (which I am told, is now terribly passé.)

The tourist invasion had managed to infiltrate the establishment too. A friend of my brother's, employed by it, was burbling about how wonderful it was for the econo-

Lucy Giemre — Matric

Hazel Holly - Lower V

my. What he actually meant was how he benefited from tips in American dollars. Crass Houston accents disturbed my meal, but it meant little to me as I already felt nauseous.

"What a beautiful country..." I bit my glass. What had they seen of my country? Had they seen pictures of children beaten by policemen, perhaps they had, but I doubt that they'd ever seen a child in a gutter with broken teeth and a blood-stained mouth. I was certain that they had never had a little boy in rags knocking on the door begging for money — money that was to be confiscated by his drunken father in an attempt at escapism. I was sure that they had never seen a starving baby or a frozen beggar or a Neo-Nazi. I had. They were looking at the sea, not the land.

A bitter hatred built up in me. What right did they have to decide my country's solutions? None. Theirs is the same ignorance that my ancestors had arriving in small wooden caravels to "civilise" my land. Who would have foreseen the misery that they would bring? The mythical figure that I couldn't hear that morning?

I could see his prophecies: his pure, wild land raped, people oppressed, seas polluted, children starving, leaders hypocritical cowards — yet it is perceived as "a beautiful country."

After explaining this to my companions I was judged as melodramatic. Things were changing. Poverty is international. Why didn't I become a revolutionary? Exile the invaders? Although, that would include myself.

I sighed. I realised the truths in their teasing. What has bitter poetry ever given to my land? I decided that I would go down to the beach; go down and look at the sea from whence I never should have come.

KAREN HEESE Matric

58

THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT

It took a few minutes for the panic to stop and the terrible truth to set in. With only five minutes left I had answered three questions on the Mathematics paper, and I was not sure about number two. This was it. My fate was sealed. My life was over.

"Hang these ladders!" I thought venomously. "What purpose do they serve anyway? When will I ever use these? Square roots are pointless."

So is much of the other work you do," nagged my conscience, "but you have to pass, or else!"

As precious seconds ticked by, a mental picture of a door slamming (since I did not have a mental picture of the answers) flashed before my glazed eyes, locking out all my chances. The noise of other people's scribbling became unbearably loud. My desk, the dreaded paper, swam before my eyes. I could not stand it. A vague, mechanical voice echoed round the void where my brain had once been, "Not much longer, girls".

The "trance state" faded into total panic, bordering on hysteria. I scribbled answers as fast as I could, blindly crossing out until I completely gave up. "No use making an absolute fool of myself; things are bad enough as-it is," I decided. The bell went as I was trying to work out what went into '1331' evenly. In my mind, the door slammed shut with a resounding, eerie ring. Blindly, I handed in my test book and exited the classroom as fast as possible. I felt sick.

At lunch, everyone discussed the 'easy test', and I felt more sick. I could not bear to eat. All I could remember was the door, and the fading sound as it shut.

The next lessons were a blur and I nearly got into the wrong car to go home. Dazed, all I could manage for homework was a simple crossword, and finally, after

what seemed like an eternity, I fell into bed. "Thank goodness", I repeated to myself. Little did I know.

Sleep, I found, eluded me. I just could not drop off, and it was not for want of trying. By four-thirty I was still tossing and turning, so I got up and paced for a while, hoping against hope it could provide a remedy. A shock was all I received from my little exercise, however. I caught sight of my face in a mirror and froze, a scream stifled in my throat. My eyes resembled those of a cartoon character's when she has insomnia.

Eventually, I drifted off, but come six o'clock and my "wake-up call", I tried to get out of bed. I tried again. My limbs

were stiff and just would not do what I told them to. After many unsuccessful attempts, I managed to sit up, and although an uphill battle, the rest was accomplished in a relatively short time.

During the day, the door came back to haunt me, until maths, that is. Then it changed to the gallows. When I received my test, my worst nightmare came true. Staring back at me from my messy page, in stark, unforgiving red was seven out of forty . . . Death.

That night I summoned up all my courage and told my mother. I am surprised she understood me at all, but she is a patient woman and was able to pick enough coherent words out of my garble to piece together a rough out-line of what had happened. With her help and encouragement, I, or should I say we, passed the next test well.'

Still, when I get the hopeless feeling I am not going to cope with something, I see the door, and try my hardest to stop it shutting.

ESTELLE DUNCAN Upper V

Anne Hadingham - Matric

59

A STRANGE MEETING

Alone for the first time whilst in London, I was sitting in the compartment of a train bound for South Ealing. Turning from the unvaried scenery of sordid row-houses outside, I looked across the compartment. I felt my face assume a haughty expression as the gaze of a disagreeable youth concentrated itself on me. I cocked one eyebrow and turned away.

When I turned back he was engrossed in finding something in a dirty little bag, lying next to his tattered shoes. My eyes could but rest on the vulgar trousers he was wearing. A fading black leather, with tears on both knees, they clung to his legs as a scared child would its mother, until they veered out into wide, unsightly bellbottoms. Fascinated that a person could display so little taste, I did not peel my eyes off the spectacle before me. His shirt, a frightful lime colour, had obviously served as a napkin at his last meal, for it was stained with discoloured grease marks. Over his shirt, he wore a cheap plastic anorak. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, exposing his abnormally hairy arms. His hands were still lost within the depths of his bag.

Suddenly, with a joy fill flourish, he yanked his hands out of the bag, letting its contents spill over the floor of the train. A reproachful frown from a woman opposite him sent him immediately on to his hands and knees to collect his scattered belongings.

Sandra Herselman - Ante-Matric

Quite amused by this stage, my eyes continued to watch as this uncultured, crude young man continued his performance.

Shoving the bag under his seat, he turned his attention to the small book which he had so laboriously procured from the bag. He scratched his unshaven chin, before taking a white and gold sailor's cap off his head to run his hand through his unkempt, grimy hair. He looked up and at once I turned my attention to staring at the magazine on my lap and wondering when the train would reach South Ealing Station.

I was thoroughly startled when a German-English phrase book was thrust under my nose. Alarmed I looked up only to realize I was looking into the unprepossessing face of the unsavoury character from whom I had so deliberately turned. A stream of incomprehensible chatter was pouring out of his mouth as he frantically kept jabbing his grubby finger at the page of the book. Uncertain of what my reaction should be, I tried to appear pained that he should have bothered me, but I fear I probably looked like an astonished goldfish.

He again forced the phrase book into my hands, insisting that I read the words. Resigning myself to the reality that the crabbed old lady staring disapprovingly at me from across the compartment was not going to rescue me, I hastily read the words before me. "Will you go out to lunch with me?" asked the phrase book. Wandering desperately how close the train was to South Ealing Station, I raised my head and gave him a long, bored stare, before violently shaking my head.

He grabbed the phrase book from me and started scuttling through its pages once more. Feeling indignant that the democracies of society were becoming suddenly so tangible, I began to inch my way along the seat away from him. Yet instantaneously he pushed a piece of paper into my hand and resumed his torrent of babble.

South Ealing Station! I leapt up, dropping the paper as I did so, and bounded out of the train door. As the train moved slowly forward again, I glimpsed his uncomprehending stare through the window.

By the time I reached home, my ruffled pride had been somewhat smoothed out. I washed my hands, wondering whether Karl Marx had ever had to endure a ride on the London Underground.

CERIDWEN MOELWYN-HUGHES

Matric

A HUMOROUS STORY

June 1988 . . .

Our maid, Maria was seven months pregnant. One morning we didn't hear her friendly pottering about in the kitchen and by ten o'clock she still hadn't come in. My father went to ask her if there was anything wrong — as it turned out she was in terrible pain. As the day progressed the pain worsened so my mother decided to take her to the hospital. Maria told her that her doctor worked from a hospital in Wynberg.

Wynberg turned out to be Alexandra! My mother was wary about entering Alexandra but under such extreme circumstances she couldn't refuse. When they arrived at the hospital Maria was doubled over in pain and her doctor was quickly located. When the doctor appeared on the scene he was anything but helpful. He flatly refused to help Maria in any way. He started to walk away when Maria delved frantically into her bag and triumphantly produced an envelope with ANC' printed in large bold type in the right hand corner. When the doctor saw this he smiled and took her away to be attended to.

My mother, who was already surveying the area nervously because she was the only white person in sight, was mortified upon seeing the initials of a then banned South African terrorist group on the mysterious envelope.

All the blood ran from her head, she felt dizzy and she had to sit down. She looked around and saw bill-board after bill-board with the letters 'ANC' leering out at her threateningly. She felt claustrophobic.

How wonderful! She had been housing a terrorist for four years; she was stuck in a black township surrounded by ANC activists dressed up in doctor's suits. Images of being held hostage kept on flashing before her eyes and even if she did manage to get out of the confounded hospital she envisaged herself being stoned or abducted in some horrific way. She was so utterly petrified that tears started to well up in her eyes and she didn't dare move.

The doctor reappeared and told her that Maria would have to stay over-night so my mother could go home. The poor disillusioned woman almost ran towards the door and hurled herself into her car. She drove towards the exit

— the gate was locked. She knew it; they couldn't let her go — she knew everything. She was trapped.

She locked all the doors as the huge black man in a uniform walked towards the gate...

She edged closer to the gate trying to see what was written underneath the ANC' sign.

How humiliated she felt! "What a melodramatic fool I am," she thought! She again read the sign as she drove past the friendly guard and out of the gate of the Ante Natal Clinic...

OLIVIA DARBY Matric

MV various contributions.

MV various contributions.

A NOVEL WAY TO ESCAPE GEOGRAPHY (Four MV girls hide in the gap made by the sliding doors in DC)

When you climb inside all ready to hide, you close the door and look at the floor.

You stand dead straight which is not so great.

You cannot move

or the teacher will disapprove.

You try to sit but you cannot fit.

There is no light it's black as night.

You hear a sound and look around to see some light which gives you a fright.

It's the Afrikaans teacher looking down like a preacher.

She pulls us out before we can shout.

She stares with a frown and makes us sit down.

We tried to get back but had not the knack.

Then we got into trouble and our homework is double.

We tried to explain but it was in vain.

MARCELLA DELLOCCA

I ijfl

Shelley Biddulph, Marcella Dellocca and Melanie Thorp hide in the gap made by the doors in DC.

Alisa von Wimmersperg — Ante Matric

Caroline Serebro — Matric

62

Mrs Nicolaysen works on a mask in the Upper V class.

Ingrid Zenzile

iMuren Beukes

TEARS

I could cry if I wished but that would be unnatural

Instead I could watch others cry

and feel my emotions drain away

for the shame of being

HUMAN

But I could also cry on my own

and then no one would know

that I have feelings that need to be expressed

And then I could not cry at all

for it is not worth crying about

NOTHING

of any importance,

but my heart is full

since I have found that crying is meaningless

and even a cowardly way out of

LIFE

A word that does not make sense though it is part of me even if I do not accept it

But I have to accept it for then I have

inner strength

and is that not what this

test is all about?

And so let me cry for the pain and

for the misinterpretation

of life which

is essentially so precious

yet so worthless

I am alone and that

makes it all that much harder

but maybe if I find those

TEARS *

that will relieve the distraction

it will not be as

awful as it may seem

so let us all cry for

tears are the healers of the world!

(BUT please cry alone for then the understanding is greater.)

NATALIE NAPIER Matric

Fatima iMher

63

“YOU HAVE NEVER LIVED TILL YOU’VE ALMOST DIED, AND FOR THOSE WHO FIGHT FOR IT, LIFE HAS A FLAVOUR THE PROTECTED WILL NEVER KNOW...*

When I came across this quote in a magazine, I started to wonder about how little some people make of life. I am one of those people who say: “Oh well, maybe next time,” when things go wrong instead of making things right then and

there. When I really thought of what the message was from the quote, I realised how true it was, but those who have been in situations where their lives “flashed before their eyes” can relate to it more than others.

People recovering from accidents or serious illnesses like cancer, know very well how true the quote is. When there is a chance that one won’t ever truly recover, one starts to think of the things not done, the dreams not realised and the goals unconquered. For those who challenge their handicaps, a realisation that life is truly a magnificent gift not to be wasted, is made.

I read once about a man who had cancer and was told he’d die if he wasn’t operated on. There was a big problem though. The operation might not be successful and he could die instantly. He spent time contemplating and trying to make decisions. He chose the operation, fought for his life and lived. He said he had learned what life really was and all his life he’d never done anything and now that he had almost died, he wanted to really live. In that short space of time, he had to make decisions that most people never really think about. He could fight for his life and live it to the fullest, or he could sit and wait to die thinking: “Oh well, we all die sometime”. In that time before the operation that could be his ‘second creator’ or his destroyer, he actually knew what it was like to see death coming close, but not in reach. In that time he learned what it was like to live because he saw how easy it was to die.

We all live our lives according to society’s rules. Not many people make things happen, we all rather wait for them to happen. Not many people take risks because they’re so afraid of the consequences. Someone who really appreciates the Alps in pictures would think long and hard about actually going to them and seeing them without being stopped by a plastic barrier. The reason is that no-one wants to get a cold or pneumonia. I say that it would be all the more worthwhile if someone says: “I got pneumonia sitting on one of the peaks of the Alps”. That sounds so much more interesting and exciting than: “I got pneumonia from swimming in the winter”.

I remember once when I thought I had cancer. I wanted to cry, but I was too shocked to. I thought of how little I had done and of how little I valued my life. Well, it turned out that it wasn’t cancer and I was elated. But those few moments when I thought I was a ‘goner’ will remain vivid in my mind for a very long time. For people who haven’t experienced such situations, it’s sometimes hard to value life. For those who have, life has a meaning and only the

most can be made of it. A T c

BONGI MOGALE

Upper V

ill jtms. ««■, .

Anne Hadingham - Matric

THE INCARCERATION OF LOVE

Oh foolish mind of slavery chained softly to the intangible.

Neither tears •’

nor reason

will be liberating.

And when bitter
disillusion
creeps in,
how hollow
will it seem
in the bare freedom
of apathy.

KAREN HEESE Matric

Kirsten Uys - Matric

64

TALES OF AN AFRICAN TAPESTRY

The sun, a scorching ball in the sky, caused the parched ground to shimmer like cracked glass and Ou Maria sat on her stoep.

She was clad in a pink polyester overall, on her feet she wore threadbare fluffy slippers and in her wrinkled black hand she held a faded tapestry of a Lesotho man and his pony which seemed her only link with her youth. Ou Maria had as many wrinkles as she had tales.

The township seemed deserted and frozen in the heat. At one o'clock the school children would fling open the barbed-wire gate and come, barefooted and laughing, past Ou Maria's sweltering tin house and Ou Maria would smile. Their youth made her smile.

The unconscious air was suddenly awoken by a chicken ducking anxiously in the yard. Ou Maria slowly got up, poured herself a gin in an old orange mug and went to feed her fine African speckled chickens.

The fowls gathered round her, scratching and clawing in the dirt for their rations. Ou Maria seemingly ignored them as she threw their corn on to the barren soil. Their rush completed, they settled in to the dust and became like rocks in the dust. Ou Maria turned and started to shuffle back towards the house when once again the silence was broken.

This time it was the sound of a horse's hooves coming up the 'street'. Maria suddenly was frozen as her memories came gushing back. She was overwhelmed by all the emotions that she so long ago had felt and somewhere deep inside her a secret flame of hope was kindled.

Unknowingly she started to rush. Her bent back straightened and her steps became bolder as once again she became young in her mind. She reached the house and stood expectantly on the steps as if awaiting her long lost love. The horse neared and the shape of a Lesotho man became clear. Maria held her breath: was this the man who had so long ago loved her?

The horse reached the house. Maria's heart was beating in time with its hooves. Then, it stopped. Maria's heart plummeted as a young man shouted a greeting and then passed.

Ou Maria sat on her stoep, she alone with her African tapestry.

CATHERINE FERREIRA Lower V

HAPPY BEING ME

Where do I find happiness? People frequently ask themselves this question. And are only able to answer it dubiously. Will eating an enormous, fattening delicious piece of chocolate cake chase my problems away? Or should I go to the movies instead? I was happy once, but

I must have lost it in the garden somewhere. Happiness is a far more complicated emotion than most people realize. It affects your lifestyle. The clothes you wear, your appearance, the way you uphold yourself, your speech and the music you listen to.

How can I achieve happiness? Question two on everybody's list. Maybe I should change my hairstyle or lose some weight or perhaps rearrange my entire personality! If I work harder at school, improve my marks, become a great sports star, surely then everybody will respect and admire me more? I could only think of enjoying life if other people liked me. It was the only way

I could find happiness.

This is a very negative attitude. I used to have it and I know many people who still do. Dejected and degraded by foolish actions in some great hope to become popular. Emotions and feelings totally dilapidated, but still you keep on striving. You think that happiness comes at a high price, a price which you must pay at all costs.

Determination oozes out of you. Each day you plan and scheme with high hopes. Today is the day when I will say something hilariously funny or perform some fantastic deed. Is it worth going through this hard thought-out play, only to be hurt and disappointed at the end of the fiasco? No!

After walking a thorny and rocky path, I suddenly woke up to the realisation that the first place to start looking for

happiness is in me. I have to accept my abilities, not incapacities; accept my body for what it is, not an illusion of what it can never be. Most importantly! I must accept myself for what I am.

Every human being on this planet cares about what their colleagues and other people think of them. Yet many of them are blind to the fact that YOU just have to be yourself. Keeping your personality caged up in a menagerie of hurt, plots and schemes is not the solution. Let your personality loose, let people see you for who you really are. That is my hard won key to happiness.

DANIELLA LEVIN Lower V

Happy being me. Maboang Matlou and Lindy Magampa.

65

NOBODY WANTED TO HELP

It was a busy Saturday evening and we were driving through Hillbrow. The streets were exceptionally crowded and bright. The corner cafes were closed but there were still people surrounding them. The traffic was extremely heavy so that there were hardly any spaces between the cars.

While driving through a street surrounded by tall, old, dingy flats, we heard a piercing shout directed from behind us. Anxiously we turned our heads. We saw an exceptionally tall man running towards the direction we had come from, and our shocked eyes saw another middle-aged man staggering on the pavement, between a block of flats and a row of moving vehicles. His pure white shirt had a massive red stain on it. There was a puddle of blood around his black shoes, red blood.

While he slowly dropped to the floor in pain, heads from everywhere turned to watch this spectacle. The time and traffic, which usually waits for no man, seemed to have stood still just for those few moments. Heads popped out from old, dusty car and flat windows, looking and wondering. What was discussed by these people the Lord alone knows but it was obvious where their eyes were.

People on the sidewalks gasped in horror as they looked at him and then turned their heads away. The more brave and curious people took another peek. But everyone kept his distance; not one person dared to go within a metre's radius of his body.

He laid down on the gravel, wheezing in pain, separated from all his spectators by his own world of suffering. A friendly puppy casually walked from the end of the pavement towards the sufferer but his owner cursed him aloud and the shocked puppy rushed back.

"Has anyone called an ambulance?" I asked urgently. "Don't worry about him, I'm sure lots of people have called the ambulance," my sister replied.

"Well, why haven't they arrived yet? Besides there isn't a guarantee that an ambulance is on its way."

"I'm sure there is," my sister replied.

"Let's go and see if he's still living. You've done first aid,"

I demanded.

"Are you in your right mind?" my mother asked angrily. "I wish you'd worry about us the way you worry about a total stranger," my sister chirped.

"It's best not to get involved, it's none of our business," my father said calmly, still driving on,

"Whose business is it? Can't you see he's going to die if someone doesn't help him?" I asked in a panic.

"So don't worry your pretty mind. I'm sure someone will help him," my sister reassured me.

"But who's that someone going to be?" I demanded.

"Well, certainly not you," my mother replied.

I sensed the irritation in her voice. I was sure it was not

my business but I felt a sense of duty to the sufferer. I felt so helpless and useless.

"The ambulance still hasn't come. These people in the flats probably don't even have phones. The least we can do is call an ambulance," I suggested.

My father accelerated and drove around the corner to the taxi rank. After passing a few taxis without their drivers, we found a man with long hair in a taxi. My father stopped the car and rolled down his window.

"Excuse me," my father said loudly.

The man turned his head towards my father and began to open the window.

"Ja, what?" he asked in a crude, impolite manner.

"Do you think you can help me?" my father asked sternly. A man's been stabbed at the entrance of Brittony Court. Will you please call the ambulance?"

"Why should I? Don't you know that.

"Please. This is an emergency," my father said, losing his patience.

“No, but this phone is only for taxi...”

“I’ll pay you,” my father interrupted.

“Okay!” he considered. “Maar is hy ’n swart man?”

ZAHEERA SURTEE Upper V

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Anne Hadingham — Matric

66

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

I have created an environment which is an expression of my personality. It is an ideal reflection of its creator, from the pink-striped curtains which frame the window to the collage of maps on the ceiling and the Monet which casts enigmatic shadows on the azure wall. This is my order of being; this is my room and my refuge.

In this four-sided cocoon I have undergone the metamorphosis from child to adolescent so that each knick-knack is a vessel of memories of both pain and pleasure. Life-is an ongoing series of experiences, both old and new, and my room is a vast reservoir of recollections of that sequence of vitality.

In this room I discovered the halcyon delights of Simon and Garfunkel, of Beethoven, Vivaldi and Chopin, of Paton and Fitzgerald. The socket in the wall is the plug

Sylvia Calandriello and Salma Ganchi look out from the library.

that first shocked me; the mermaid on the windowsill was the first sculpture my fingers fashioned; and the dry rose on my pin-board is the first flower a boy ever gave me. This one room contains all my earthly possessions, each arranged in a special manner which I loathe to have disturbed, for it is a materialisation of myself.

Each day I peer out of the window from my microcos-mic habitation at the surrounding world, the macrocos-mic universe of entropy which I am yet too insignificant, too immature, too young to change or mould into what

I want it to be. Each day I venture out into that world and in the evening I return to regard it from the perspective of my bedroom through the burglar-barred window glass which reveals a gap in the trees where the room sometimes shimmers.

Next month we are moving to a new house and I will retreat at night to a new abode incorporated into that chamber.

There will be the same basic ingredients as this one but my sense of order will be in disarray and my self-expression will have to be re-arranged, restated — louder this time because the new window will offer a new point-of-view and it will have no burglar bars to hinder my perception. My observation of the world is a progression towards a realisation of myself. This room provides a view for my youth. Will my new room offer a view of maturity?

KATE CONRADIE Ante-Matric

Nicky Presbury and Kate Murray.

... AND OTHER ROOMS WITH A VIEW...

Bridget Latakomo and Joleen Fataar.

67

Memories

Bydraes in Afrikaans

In die Afrikaans Olimpiade 1991 het Kathy Krige (AM) vierde en Danielle Crouse (M) sesde gekom. Kathy Krige het 'n A simbool gekry vir Afrikaans en Engels in die tweetaligheidseksamen.

DIE MUSIEKONDERWYSER

Die musiek leef om hom as hy speel Woorde word van minder belang Dis die sagte note wat sy siel streel Woorde word deur gevoelens vervang Sy hart is in 'n ander land Die pad daarheen in sy hand.

Sy vingers gly oor die klawers

Vreugde glim op sy gesig

Om te speel, is vir hom 'n genot

In sy hart gloei daar 'n lig

Toe kom daar 'n einde aan sy spel

Sonder sy musiek kan hy my niks vertel.

Toe begin ek speel, ek probeer Om die melodie in my hart te voel Maar my verydeling word meer en meer Vir my is die note sonder doel Wanneer ek speel Is die musiek nie heel.
O, ek wil ook hierdie inspirasie ervaar Twyfel oor my talent — dis glad nie 'n seën Maar ek moet my gedagtes laat bedaar Musiek groei en leef in elkeen Ek sal die ander land wel eendag vind Die 'land' wat siel met siel verbind.

CERIDWEN MOELWYN-HUGHES

Matric

SKEIDING

Tussen ons lê die blou-groen see, groot en wyd en breed.
Die afstand wat ons skei, is gans te ver om te meet.
Tussen ons lê vlaktes en berge, riviere skei ons twee.
Die afstand tussen ons sal net vergroot, dis 'n hartseer wat my lewe regeer.
Dit voel asof die aardbol ons skei, dit hou ons ver van mekaar.
En absoluut niks kan my bevry Van die smart wat ek ervaar.
Jy is darem ten minste nog daar, al is jy so ver, ver weg.
'n Vriendskap soos ons s'n is baie raar, dis oneindig sterk en opreg.
Ons sal dus nooit werklik apart wees nie, ons sal mekaar altyd onthou.
Ons moet dus die skeiding nie vrees nie,
Ons kan aanhou om aan ons vriendskap te bou.
Al is jy daar en ek is hier, is ons saam in hart en gees.
Ek bly tog glo jy is my beste vriend, en dit sal jy altyd wees.

DANIELLE CROUSE Matric

LENTEGEDAGTES

Kyk! Orals verskyn die nuwe bloeisel. As 'n mens so in die tuin rondstap, sien jy orals die skugter gesiggies van die eerste lentebloemetjies. En die verskeidenheid kleure! Dis geel, pers, pienk, wit, oranje. In die lug is daar 'n heerlike lentegur wat 'n mens laat dink aan die duurste parfuim.
Die lente is 'n pragtige seisoen en die natuur ontwaak weer na die lang, ongure winterseisoen. Alles was so vaal, grys en koud, maar nou is dit "mild en sag en on-verwag". Die lente is hier en die groen grassprietjies ver-ander die grasperk in 'n sagte towertapyt. As 'n mens nog klein is, dink ons die lente-feetjies het gekom met hulle kabouters wat al die blomme en plante in verskillende kleure gevef het.
Nou word die weer warmer en binnekort sal ons weer smag na 'n jolige dag by die swembad. So saggies en on-verwags lui die lenteseisoen die somer in. Dis so 'n aange-name afwagtende seisoen: dis nie te warm nie en nie te koud nie. Net reg. 'n Mens se gedagtes ontwaak ook — daar is drome van feetjies en kabouters en... soms 'n bie-tjie van die liefde!

TABEA HANNI Lower V

69

Roedean Francophone

POUR MA CHÈRE MERE

Je vous aime comme moi-même. non, ce n'est pas vrai parce que je ne m'aimerais pas du tout si vous ne m'aviez pas donné de l'amour pour moi-même et pour vous.

C'est vrai, je vous aime
plus que je m'aime
c'est à cause de vous, maman
que la vie est merveilleuse
pour vous, qui faites partie de mon âme
je prie toujours Dieu.

DANIELLE CROUSE Matric

MON CHIEN

J'ai un petit chien,
II s'appelle Éléphant.
II porte un ruban,
II est très méchant.
Éléphant mange le poulet, la viande et la saucisse.
II n'aime pas le poisson, les pommes et les épices.
II mange dans le cuisine,

II dort sur mon lit
II est très beau;
Mais, oui!
Éléphant porte les cheveux frisés et blancs.
II est sympathique et Je l'aime beaucoup!

ANGELA GRGIN Lower V

Front clockwise: LV at break on Pleasaunce are Zahedah Bham, Merody Campbell, Samantha Cox, Shelley Biddulph and Francis Rogan

Understanding the complexities of the computer are Bongzi Mogale, Paula Makwea, Shamira Botha and Lavinia Maiwashe

Nicola Drake and Robyn Lister on Pleasaunce

Vicky McGuire and Natalie Katz

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Luiza Cachalia

Junior School Headmistress' Report

A look at both the Lower and the Upper Junior programmes on Junior Day, would tell you that we were thinking globally, setting off on a journey which was to prove lots of fun for everyone. As for the trip through 1991 for all the members of the Junior School community, travelling has been exciting and many incidents along the way have made it a memorable experience.

The year began with our traditional party for all parents and staff in Founders' Hall — it was bigger and better than ever before, setting a warm and friendly atmosphere, which did much to make the new members of our Roedean family feel relaxed and at home.

Soon thereafter was Road Safety Week, when the lower juniors did their best to alert their parents to the dangers of speeding down the driveway to St Margaret's Block, by picketing the area with placards and banners.

The Easter Bonnet Parade at the end of the first term, was a gala performance, generating a great deal of enthusiasm and inspiring a striking display of colour and creativity, as the children went on a march around the school grounds to the accompaniment of Dr Albert Honey and his small orchestra. 2 989 Easter eggs were donated by the pupils for the benefit of the black children attending the Witkoppen Clinic, for which Dr Margaret Snow was very grateful.

The Easter mood was renewed and revitalized at the beginning of the second term with Dress-up Day pay to enter the competition and pay twice as much not to do so! Funds raised in this way were donated to charity.

Then came Responsibility Week when the pupils identified areas of responsibility for themselves and they were encouraged to develop a greater sense of independence.

Spring Assembly, which welcomed the warmer weather and flowers beginning to bloom in our beautiful grounds, was quite the most colourful, fragrant and endearing display, with the grades pupils wearing flower coronets, crowning Mrs Nelson and myself, queen and princess of the spring. They distributed flowers to all staff members and again, funds for charity were generated by the ensuing flower arranging competition.

In the academic sphere, the pupils continue to work hard to maintain the high standards for which the name Roedean has become synonymous. The Academic Cup, awarded to the most outstanding pupil in Upper IV in 1990, was won by Catherine Maclay. In this year's scholarship examination, Susan Woodhead was awarded the Anne Cleaver Exhibition. The pupils' wits have been sharpened up from time to time at the Inter-Schools' general knowledge quizzes, and the science workshop provided an opportunity for the Upper IV pupils to intrigue and mystify all the visiting pupils, by popping hard boiled eggs through the neck of a bottle and persuading raisins to "dance".

In the South African Council for English Education Creative Writing Competition, Victoria Mendelsohn, Form n,l, was a winner, Rose Jesse, Form HI,1 and Kate Victor, Upper IV,2, were runners-up, while Shivani Ran-chod and Susan Woodhead, Upper IV; Catherine Goetz

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Junior Day Clowns

Spring Assembly

Lindsay Scholtz carries flowers for the staff to Founders' Hall

The girls' musical experience was further extended by a visit to Richard Cock's "Fun Holiday Concert" at JCE. Their feet were set a-tapping and their hearts a-fluttering with a visit to the school by the boys of St Andrew's College and

the girls of DSG in Grahamstown, combining in a jazz concert.

Our drama club participated in the Eurovision '91 competition but did not manage to win the coveted prize of a visit to the Grahamstown Festival.

Yasmin Davids, Claire Groom and Suzanne Cohen

and Virginia Quiding, Lower IV; Lianne Cox, Caroline Davidge-Pitts, Natasha Staples and Nadia von Christier-son, Form III and Danielle du Plessis and Dominika Tomaszewska, achieved merit certificates, all out of an entry of around 1100 pupils.

Educational excursions have been many and varied and feature prominently on our list of activities, with day outings to local venues such as the Johannesburg Zoo, the Planetarium, Suikerbosrand, the Roodepoort Museum, Delta Park and others further afield, such as Bush Trail, Bush Pig Buddies and Lapalala.

We have made a sterling effort to support some of the many charities which deserve our attention, cakes sales being a popular method of raising much needed funds for the SPCA, Little Eden, Child Welfare and Woodside Sanctuary, to mention some. As the cold weather set in, everyone got busy with their knitting needles and we managed to create over 50 blankets, some for our own African staff and the rest for Operation Snowball.

Music plays a large and very enjoyable role in our lives, with three concerts being held at the end of the first two terms, providing an opportunity for parents to appreciate the pupils' class activities along with instrumental soloists. The Lower IV pupils participated in a musical evening at Brescia House, while the Junior Choir, numbering 53 members, contributed their items in the Combined Schools' Choir Festival at St Stithian's School and, on another occasion, performed at St Columba's Church in Parkview.

Foundation Day this year, was interesting in the context of the Junior School, as the three most recent headmistresses were all present: Mrs Rosemary Green, Head from 1965-1971, and visiting Roedean from Switzerland; Mrs Maxie Kuhn, Head from 1972-1982 and visiting from George; myself, appointed in 1983 and still going strong.

Our recurring theme of travel was carried into the staff ranks, motivating much loved and respected teachers to sally forth: Mrs J Griffiths, Grade 1,1, to join her husband and family in Botswana; Mrs Judy Thomson, Grade 1,2, to move to Cape Town with her husband; Mrs Victoria Andrews, Form 1,1, to return to California, to her old home town in the west and Mrs Deidre Pascoe, Lower IV, 1, to return to Natal.

Spring Assembly

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We have been delighted to welcome Mrs Jane Lane as the Grade 1,1, teacher and Miss Megan Drop as the Lower IV,1 class teacher and we hope their stay will be long and rewarding. Permanent appointments in the other classes will be made at the beginning of the year.

Miss Leanne Galway married Mr Robert Waghom in August and leaves us at the end of this term to pursue a different career. We wish her luck in her new venture.

Mrs Bride Wade will be retiring in December, after 12 years on our staff. She succeeded her sister Anne, who had returned to England to be married, as class teacher of Form II and will be remembered not only as a talented and competent teacher but also as an outstanding calligraphist. We shall miss Bride and hope that she will not disappear completely.

In the sporting arena, we have competed in league netball, tennis and swimming, winning some and losing some. Mini hockey has also featured largely on our list of activities, with the girls acquiring the basic skills of the game at an early age.

Taryn Thorpe and Oriana Levin

Results of the Inter-House Competitions were as follows: Hockey

Third — Lawrence, Second — Scott, Winner — Earle. Captains: Lawrence—C. Marshall, Scott—L. Osborn, Earle — N. Mosaka.

Netball

Third — Lawrence, Second — Earle, Winner — Scott. Captains: Lawrence — N. Doody-Pestell, Earle — M. Mosendane, Scott — S. Sing.

Swimming

Third — Lawrence, Second — Scott, Winner — Earle. Captains: Lawrence — N. Marais, Scott—C. Hey, Earle — L. van Tonder.

Individual winners in the swimming gala were: Catherine Iley — Open Crawl — 34,37 secs.

Louisa van Tonder — Open Backstroke — 41,19 secs. Louisa van Tonder—Open Butterfly—43,88 secs (new record).

Amanda Kay — Open Butterfly 19,56 secs (one length).

Natasha Dipasquale and Jinty Deacon on their way to music lessons

The star of this year's gala was undoubtedly Louisa van Tonder. Not only did she, as Swimming Captain of Earle, lead her house to victory but she set two new school records.

The Inter-House Tennis Tournament for 1991 has still to take place but last year's winner was Lawrence, with Earle second and Scott third.

St Margaret's Day on 8 June was a happy day for all and we were delighted to have Mrs Paula van Deventer, herself an old girl and former Roedean mum, to cut the cake.

The winner of the St Margaret's Day Trophy was Scott, with Lawrence second and Earle third. Sports captains, in the same order, were S. Sing, N. Doody-Pestell and M. Mosendane.

Victrix Ludorum in each form was:

Form I — Jennifer Davidge-Pitts — Scott,

— Janna Kay — Lawrence.

Form II — Mine Norval — Earle.

Form III — Alexandra Ward — Scott.

Lower IV — Amanda Kay — Lawrence.

Upper IV — Natasha Doody-Pestell — Lawrence.

Leaders of the Junior School have been the Upper IV class, now well-established backhere and proving themselves a mature and capable class. Many of them came to Roedean in Grade 0 and so they have completed eight years with us. Both classes are now ready and eager to travel on to their new destination — Senior School. We say au revoir and everything of the best.

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Luiza Cachalia's head gear on Easter Bonnet Day

Dignes of 1991

Keesje Avis, Chiara Cecchini, Natasha Doody-Pestell, Tassy Doucakis, Meggan Edwards, Danielle Gautier, Catherine Iley, Marta Pan, Shivani Ranchod, Teri Roberts, Claudia Thorpe.

Sub-Dignes of 1991

Caroline Bostock, Nancy Godrich, Catherine Madden, Melanie Manneville, Nicola Marais, Clare Marshall, Boipelo Mosaka, Masindi Mosendane, Jennifer Nel, Sharon O'Ehley, Lisa Osborn, Samantha Sing, Kate Victor, Susan Woodhead.

Junior Day on 26 October, was an enormous success, with two performances, the Upper Juniors in the morning and the Lower Juniors in the afternoon. Founders' Hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience of around five hundred adults and children at each show and the pupils shone individually and in the group, filling the building and the school with their happy singing voices.

Grades 0's headgear for Spring Assembly: Rumbani du Mhango, Camilla Leighton-Morris and Rebecca Dick.

Form II started us off on our trip with a jaunt to India to meet Mowgli, we returned to Europe with Form 11,1 to Amsterdam, then to Italy with Form 111,2. Lower IV whisked us off for some happy times in Texas and Oklahoma before returning home to South Africa with Upper IV.

Our second adventure began with Grade 0 taking us to the Land of Nursery Rhymes and we continued with Grade 1 to the Land of Toys, with Grade 2 to the Land of Sweets and Goodies and finally arrived in the Land of Ghosts and Witches with Form I.

As always, we are greatly indebted to members of the PTA, class mothers and many parents for their willing co-operation and assistance throughout the year.

As the term comes to an end, we look forward to various activities scheduled for the last weeks, particularly our carol service and nativity plays, which are always a fitting end to a very busy year.

The Interhouse Gala: Mrs L Thomas, Nicola Marais, Louisa van Tonder, Catherine Iley, Amanda Kay and Miss L du Plessis.

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Dignes 1991

Back row: Claudia Thorpe, Meggan Edwards, Danielle Gautier, Tassy Doucakis.

Front row: Chiara Cecchini, Shivani Ranchod, Marta Pan, Keesje Avis, Natasha Doody-Pestell, Teri Roberts, Mrs Loma Thomas.

Sport in the Junior School

Jm &

Candace Godrich

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Tennis

Back row: Sharon O'Ehley, Clare Marshall, Nicola Marais, Claudia Thorpe, Kathryn Victor, Natasha Doody-Pestel, Daphne Erasmus.

Front row: Philippa Nel, Virginia Quiding, Penelope Jarvis, Mariko Yuguchi, Samantha Sing, Lisa Osborn, Bianca Bodley, Christina Tsilimigras, Miss L du Plessis.

Swimming

Back row: Virginia Quiding, Caroline Edey, Chiara Cecchini, Zoe Momberg, Melissa Cox, Amy Stewart, Daphne Erasmus, Lisa Osborn, Samantha Sing, Kirsten Falconer, Claudia Thorpe, Andrea Gristwood, Louisa van Tonder, Nicola Marais, Marta Pan, Lynn Johnston, Natasha Doody-Pestell, Karen Rankin, Lauren Williamson, Sharlotte Sonnthall, Bailey Bosch, Amanda Kay, Bianca Bodley, Christina Tsilimigras.

Middle row: Roxanne de Villiers, Kezia Bosch, Sandra de Oliveira, Nicola Thompson, Sachelle Ruickbie, Georgina MacPherson, Lalage Avis, Sarah Schoeman Rebecca Patterson, Jenna Crawley, Mine Norval, Gayle Philip, Odette Weedon, Deborah Pearce, Philippa Nel, Sarah Kruger, Lianne Cox, Julia Windsor, Candace Godrich, Genevieve Reynolds, Darcy-Ann Bosch.

Front row: Miss Ldu Plessis, Taryn Thorpe, Roxanne Floquet, Tarryn Nel, Carryn Watson, Maxie Erasmus, Carla Tapson, Zoe Taylor, Maxine Wolfowitz, Viki Watson, Katharine Kilalea, Julia Schoeman, Caroline Whittle, Susan Aitken, Natalie Fauciglietti, Janna Kay, Tarryn Day, Nicola Merry, Georgina Michelmore, Mrs Sarah Arkwright.

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Shouting for Scott!

SWIMMING

The 1991 swimming season followed the normal pattern except for one rather unusual addition. This year we swam with 'boys'. K.E.P.S. partnered us in our galas and it was fun.

This term we have started swimming training really early. We train every Tuesday at the Capri Health Club. We want to show the boys what we are made of.

Thank you Miss du Plessis for devoting your Tuesday and Friday afternoons to us. Thank you also to Mrs Arkwright for her help. We really appreciate it.

LISA OSBORN

Amanda Kay

NETBALL

The netball season takes place in the winter term.

The tournament we participated in was fun. We played against various schools and we all enjoyed ourselves, except for those few moments when we were beaten. But win or lose, we still enjoyed playing.

All our thanks to Miss du Plessis and Mrs Arkwright. Their confidence really helped us and we thank them for all their help and hard work.

MASINDI MOSENDANE

TENNIS

This tennis season was one of mixed fortunes as far as results were concerned. However, the team thoroughly enjoyed every match.

Both Miss du Plessis and Miss Pruim were masters of patience.

The U IVs shall all miss playing for the Junior School which has given us all so many hours of fun and happiness.

NATASHA DOODY-PESTELL

Louisa van Tonder is weighed down with silver

HOCKEY REPORT

The highlight of hockey this year was our trip to Newcastle. We spent a weekend there playing against Auckland Park and St Mary's. We also learnt new skills in passing, defence and attack.

We enjoyed our matches against other schools, during the term, winning some and losing others. Thanks to Miss du Plessis training the Form His. The Lower IVs and Upper IVs would like to say a special thank you to Mrs Wilson and her whole family for helping us so much with our hockey skills.

LISA OSBORN

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Junior Netball Squad

Back row: Maxie Erasmus, Lalage Avis, Odette Weedon, Caroline Edey, MineNorval, Deborah Pearce, Zoe Taylor, Carla Tapson, VUd Watson, Maxine Wolfowitz. Front row: Mrs Arkwright, Janna Kay, Amy Wilson, Roxanne Floquet, Taryn Thorpe, Carryn Watson, Candace Godrich, Nicolette Solomon, Taryn Nel, Nadia Desai, Tarryn Day,

Miss L du Plessis.

Senior Netball Squad

sTmaZhILsînRg): Em"m* Cawline Bostock> Mcola Marais' Ck™ Marshall, Marta Pan,
Rmhika VaUabh'MetSSa C"" ** MOMBerg'NmaSha Manko Yuguchi, Chian, Cecckini,

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Junior Hockey Team

Back row: Sarah-Jane Ogle, Reeshika Vallabh, Zoe Momberg, Lauren Williamson, Melissa Cox, Katharine Turner, Gayle Philip.

Middle row: Sarah Kruger, Alexandra Ward, Deborah Pearce, Jenna Crawley, Victoria Grulke, Odette Weedon, Sarah Webber, Rose Jesse.

Front row: Taryn Thorpe, Nicolette Solomon, Sachelle Ruickbie, Georgina MacPherson, Sarah Schoeman, Lianne Cox, Mandy Wilson, Nicolenedu Toit, Miss L du Plessis.

LIV and UIV Hockey Team

Back row: Shubnum Omar, Claudia Thorpe, Boipelo Mosaka, Louisa van Tonder, Meggan Edwards, Matshego Nkwe, Danielle Gautier, Nicola Marais,

^MULéde row: Natalie Tambourlas, Penelope Jarvis, Daphne Erasmus, Karen Rankin, Sharon O'Ehley, Marta Pan, Lynn Johnston, Samantha Sing, Christina Tsilimigras, Katherine O'Callaghan.

Front row: Philippa Nel, Mariko Yuguchi, Tasneem Domingo, Natasha Doody-Pestell, Lieze Norval, Lisa Osborn, Jennifer Nel, Bumca Bodley, Mrs M Wilson.

Music in the Junior School

It is hard to believe that a year has passed since my last report. Time goes quickly when one is happy, and I have again very much enjoyed my classes in the Junior School. The girls respond so well and I am delighted with their enthusiasm and efforts.

The events during the year have been similar to those of the previous years, with perhaps a slight variation here and there. We were invited to participate in a musical evening at Brescia House. I selected the Lower IV classes, and was promptly put in my place when the Upper IVs won the Interclass Music Trophy that term! However, Lower IV responded by winning the Competition at the end of the second term.

We have some talented pianists in Upper IV and because they assumed my role of accompanist I was able to conduct the instrumental items in that class. Thank you girls, I enjoyed the change!

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Mrs ValLord, ourmusic maestro in the Junior School

Next year I intend inviting the pupils to present projects. The girls in the St Margaret's Block who made musical instruments in 1989 will now all qualify for the Senior Section and will research a composer or the instruments of the orchestra. All the 1992 St. Margaret's girls will be able to make their first instrument. I hope the response will be as good as usual. The best projects will be displayed on Junior Day.

During the year we discussed the instruments of the orchestra and the pupils attended an enjoyable concert conducted by Richard Cock. The instruments were played by professionals, and were on display after the concert.

We have been busy and I believe much has been achieved. Keep up the good work girls. You make teaching a great pleasure.

MRS VAL LORD

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Linda Thompson, Justine Bell, Jinty Deacon, Nasreen Domingo and Lara Fredericksz on Spring Assembly morning
Junior Day clowns Jessica Deckers, Cathy Rees and Katie Townshend

SPRING ASSEMBLY JUNIOR DAY

At the beginning of Spring when the flowers had popped out, St Margarets' girls did Spring Assembly. The stage looked so pretty that it looked as pretty as a picture. The Grade Is and IIs made coronets at home with flowers. The Form Is made their coronets at school. Every one had alotof fun. We had a few teachers on the stage. One of them was Mrs Dartnell. Poorpoor Mrs Dartnell came walking on the stage with crutches. After the assembly was done we all went to our classes to do our flower arranging. It took us quite a long time to arrange them. We all took our own arrangements to the gym so Mrs Nelson could judge all the coronets and flower arrangements. After every thing had

been judged the form ones went up to the Johannesburg Hospital to give all the sick people there our flower arrangements and the sick people were very happy with them. I gave my arrangement to a young boy with cancer. I was pleased that I could make his day much happier for him.

CARRYN WATSON Form I

The opening bars at melodies chime, as our hopes and fears begin to climb.
The sound of laughter from the hall, as we psyche ourselves and stand up tall.
Noises stop and the curtains are drawn and the wonderful play is about to be bom.
The Zulu dancers sing and chant, as the audience an encore they want.
The English march to a military song, and the Coons sing and “jol” dong.
Evita, the star of our show,
in all her pomp and splendour glows.
As the Upper IVs sing their final song, to say goodbye, then run along.

SAMANTHA SING Upper IV

Lindsay Taylor and Kate Midgley lead the Lower Junior School up to Founders’ Hall

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Assemt

beautiful day.

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Nicole Vfee

then it ’s turn but

Alexandra was absent Mrs

fruger looked hard at Nicole

»le sp exenam is,

every one 1

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by Jinty Deacon - Grade 2

Junior School Literary Contributions

TRIUMPH MY MOTHER

An icy wind sweeps round defenseless figures, muscled bodies tense with excitement.

The sea-gull shriek of the whistle rings, across the strained faces.

Muscles taut, as bodily frames surge forward.

Their minds sharing the same thought...

Winning!

Limbs stretched to cross the line, that divides the winners from the losers.

A head held high in elation, the rest hang theirs, as shoulders hunch forward and disappointment fills the air.

A cheer goes round,

as the winner’s house shares its glory.

The losers forgotten like dead leaves in the wind.

Once again the whistle blows, and bodies heave into action.

KATHRYN VICTOR Upper IV

AN ACCIDENT

When I was in Grade I my teacher invited us to her house and she allowed us to swim. I made a somersault into the water and I hit my head on the edge of the pool. I told my friend Stephanie that my head wasn’t bleeding then I did a cartwheel. I felt my head and there was a big hole in my head. I went to my teacher and she looked at my head. She phoned the hospital and before we left her house she gave me a glass of sugar water. I drank it all up. We went to hospital and I had five stitches. My mum came to the hospital and she asked if I was finished and I said yes. Then we went back to my teacher’s house. I was not allowed to swim and then we went back home. I told my brother that I had five stitches in my head and I told my dad that I had five stitches in my head. The next morning all of the children came running to me and I went crazy the whole day. I was so happy when I went home because I would not have to

go crazy.

ELIZABETH WEPENER

Grade 2

I love my mother because she brought me into life. She is a wonderful mother. I love my mother for being herself. She is kind and warm and loving and caring. My mother won't be here for Mother's Day and that makes me very sad. I feel so special to be loved so much. My mother is very special to me and she means so much to me. My mother is in Taiwan and she will come back on June 28.

LOUISE LIU Grade 2

Samantha Sing in triumph holds up the St Margaret's Day trophy for Scott

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BRAINSTORMING BY GRADE 2

WHAT MY FAMILY SAYS

Unpleasant feelings failed tests cakes that flop diets

homework bathtime and hidings fighting with my brother eating liver and cabbage nightmares

accidents and burglaries injections and operations when my brother bites me when my mum goes away cancer and

death castor oil greedy people sad movies noise

baby-sisters that cry X-rays and broken arms scorpions and snakes BOYS!!!

Pleasant feeling Jesus and Christmas mum and dad sisters (sometimes) a new dpg people who share chocolate holidays

colouring and drawing hugs and kisses Madam!! (unprompted) when my daddy acts funny the zoo ice-skating flowers

in gardens clowns at the circus happy music ice-cream and chocolate sauce

waking up on my birthday Afrikaans lessons storytime and break

HAIKU - DUSK

Sun changes with moon, damp breeze folds over the tops, chill takes you inside.

GISELLE WALKER Lower IV

My daddy says you had better finish your homework. My mummy says get up now.

My sister says stop teasing me stop it.

My baby brother says Claire can you get me some juice. My granny says please get me my glasses.

My grandpa says Claire please make me some coffee. My madam says even if you go to tea with the queen you have to do your homework.

CLAIRE FULTON Grade 2

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK

Cold is the winter, dark is the night.

The wind, it blows with all its might.

Out on the prairie the sound of feet,

Galloping through the snow-white sleet.

People in their beds fast asleep.

Dogs are howling at the unknown feet.

People wake at the noise,

Children holding onto their toys.

Still today the mystery goes on.

The faint sound of feet patters on.

Still the night is cold and dark,

And still the dogs continue to bark.

HARRIET' MOORE Lower IV

SHADOWS

Through the window, soft they crept,

Silhouetted against the sky,

Slender fingers, quick and deft,

And feet that seem to fly!

NATASHA STAPLES Form III

FIREWORKS

Bang! Up, up the coloured sparks go,

Higher, higher to let everyone know,

Like a golden bird soaring through the air.

As fun as an amusement park or fair.
Running here and running there,
The poor dogs get such a scare.
Sparklers making a sizzling sound,
You see them go round and round.
All is quiet, not a sound,
As everything falls to the ground.
CARYN PHILIP Lower IV

86
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FUN AT BUSH PIG BUDDIES

I enjoyed the stay at Bush Pig Buddies very much. This is the thing which I enjoyed most. I rode a horse for the first time in my life. Once I rode a donkey, but I was very small and I can't remember anything. When I was looking from a distance at the horse I thought it was a little pony, but when I was standing near it, I thought it was a few metres high. I held it by its neck, but it didn't help me, I was frightened. The horse was going slowly, so I had time to get used to it. When the horse was going back, I realised I was nearer the ground than the sky. I wasn't frightened at all. I had enjoyed my first horse ride very much.

DOMINIKA TOMASZEWSKA

Form II
Hayley Dutton — Form III
Chislett

Benita Mudge - Form III

At Bush Pig Buddies with Mrs

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87
We're on the g-g-g-g-ghost train!
A WITCH'S SPELL
The nasty witch made a brew of -
One ugly slimy snail
Two slippery lizards
Three scary rats
Four fat frogs
Five muddy snakes
Six nasty cats

Stir them. Stir them round and round.

You shall find what will be found.

DOROTHY LAM Grade 2

NOW YOU SEE THEM, SOON YOU WON'T

The cheetah moved swiftly across the open veld. A gunshot was heard and he fell to the ground. The rhino rested contentedly in the cool shade of a tree.

A greedy poacher couldn't wait to get his hands on the horn.

The klipspringer looked so beautiful standing on the rock.

An arrow sped swiftly through the air.

A giraffe delicately plucked the leaves off high branches. His body fell to the ground filled with pain.

The sable antelope walked proudly around the waterhole. He did not see the barrel of a gun behind a tree.

The young kudu male felt the breeze blowing in his fur. He took one step and was caught in a snare.

A cunning black-backed jackal drank the cool water. A bullet hit him between the eyes, and he fell to the ground motionless.

An eagle's feathers glistened in the morning light as he soared over the land.

A bullet hit his wing and down he came, never to see the dawn again.

LIANNE COX Form III

JUST CALL ME...MR HANDYMAN

Swish, swash as I go around the sink I go along walls of blue and pink.

I'm all grubby and tatty and full of dirt.

I'm lonely and sad and very hurt.

I start off in the morning with Sunlight and Preen, Then the windows and screen.

I clean the dishes, pots and pans As well as the glasses, cups and cans.

I have no company while I work,

Except for that loud-mouth dishcloth, Burt!

He nags and screams around the room.

All I hear is boom, boom, boom!

All day long I clean every room From top to bottom.

I'm in a zoom!

My real name is Silly Sam

But you can call me... Mr Handyman.

DESIRÉE SON Lower IV

DREAMS

Once I had a dream that I flew up on a cloud.

The cloud was soft and silky and I felt so very proud.

I floated like a bird and not a sound was heard.

I wondered if a sudden clap of thunder

could tear my cloud apart?

It gave me quite a start.

And then a bolt of lightning that was very very frightening exploded all around and I fell down to the ground.

I thought that I was dead but I woke up in my bed.

MAXINE WOLFOWITZ

Form II

MORNING SOUNDS

Brrr Brrr goes the car,

the milkman's coming from afar.

Groan, groan

are the noises at our home.

Ring, ring goes the phone, when dad has a call.

Thump, thump, that's Sooty, when she has a fall.

Clink, clank, go the pots and pans when they're handed to our Nan.

"Oh, oh! I want my tea," yells out mum in agony.

"Yes, yes," yells back dad, but you know you've already had.

KATHARINE KILALEA Formffl

AN ADVENTURE IN KOBIE

WHAT I WOULD DO IN CASE OF A FIRE

Kobie was a very bright 4-wheel-drive. It was a very very fancy car. It even had a little kitchen, and even a tiny fridge full of food. Kobie was like a little house that could be driven.

One day his owner (David Croucher) wasn't looking and drove into a ditch. He was very angry because that was his best and only car. He ran to the garage and called a very shiny tow-truck. The tow-truck was Kobie's best friend and his name was Goody-Goody but for short they called him Goody. Goody was a very friendly car and always helped people as you should know.

Goody went to help Kobie but he didn't know it was actually Kobie that was stuck, and when he saw it was Kobie he was cross with David. Goody went to help Kobie at once and, when Kobie saw it was Goody, he tried to get himself out but he couldn't. Then there was pushing, pulling, lifting and looking but still Kobie was not out of the ditch. Then Goody tried and out of the ditch came Kobie. He was so glad. David was also pleased but a bit afraid that something valuable in the kitchen was broken. Unfortunately, there were one or two things broken and David was sad.

CARLA TAPSON Form I

I LIKE DOING THINGS

I like to do art at school and at home.

I like to give Pluto a bone I like to learn about birds.

And when my mother cooks I put in the herbs.

I like learning about elephants,

And reading about pelicans.

I like picking flowers,

And having cool showers.

I like playing netball.

And I'd like to go to a ball in a huge hall.

VIKISOTIRIOU Form I

If there was a fire and if someone is dying you should do mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Everyone must get away from the fire as fast as possible. Someone should find a phone that works and phone the fire brigade. The number is 999.

The firemen will save anyone stuck in the burning building.

LINDA PHEIFFER Form I

A SWEET DREAM

Once I dreamed that I was in a strange house which was made of chocolate and marshmallows, and all sorts of sweets and goodies. For a moment I wondered where I was, then from behind the big trees, little men with pointed hats and shoes which had bells on the pointed ends, came singing down the path. In their hands they carried large sticks covered with chocolate and white icing, which they dipped into a bucket of ice-cream. I felt very hungry, so I went up to them and said: "May I have a sweet please?" They stared at me with gleaming eyes then one of them said to the others: "Let's turn her into our chocolate doll for our Candy Cottage." They picked up their pails and started throwing ice-cream at me. I began to run, and fell into a big pan of sticky marshmallows and tried to get free... And in a flash I found myself fighting with my duvet!

VICTORIA MENDELSON

Form II

A BEAUTIFUL FEELING

When I pick up a suffering butterfly I hold it in my hand, and I feel its delicate wings fluttering and struggling against me. Inside I feel a little bit hurt because the poor weak thing is going through such pain but the other half of me is proud to be holding in my very own hand one of God's wonderful creatures.

DANIELLA DU PLESSIS

Form II

Roxanne Floquet, Jennifer Davidge-Pitts, Zoe Taylor and Carta Tapson

Sharon Neoh, Lindsay Wallis, Kate Wilson, Linda Pheiffer on their way to Spring Assembly

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Zoe Momberg — Form III
Holly Blackburn on Easter Bonnet Day
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MOON

Yellow with holes Just like some cheeses Tempting to eat.

SACHELLE RUICKBIE Form III

Mrs M Wilson

BRAIN

A brain is like a book of knowledge Storing information, like a computer

ALICE LIU Form III

Mrs N Chislett

LIONS

Lions are like gold when they are in the sun Quiet like a mouse when they hunt And sleep so soundly.

LAUREN WILLIAMSON

Form III

Mrs J McFarlane

OWL

The owl stares, glossy eyed, Like the ugly painting on the Still and never moving wall.

Mrs J Dickinson

DEBORAH PEARCE Form III

Mrs P Lake

Soft, smooth and thin Like petals of a rose Falling to the ground.

Mrs C Tapson and

Mrs J Lane

REESHIKA VALLABH Form III

91

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Bontle Mokoka — Form II

A visit to the theatre by Anja Senekal - Form I

Kelly the Clown and his python by Julia Jansch - Form I

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Carra Day - Grade I (written in Term 2)

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THE DAY A DRAGON CAPTURED MRS SIMPSON

One cold winter s morning a dragon was walking through Roedean School. He wanted a fat old juicy teacher but there were not any fat old juicy teachers, so he decided to catch a tall skinny teacher then he could have a little thing to keep him happy. Now comes the horrible part. He goes into Mrs Simpson's class. Ohno! Whenthechil-dren saw the dragon they gave out a yell and ran outside. Then most of them hid in the bushes. OOOoooo! But some of them tried to climb out of the window. And Mrs Simpson of course hid under her desk!

When Tony found out, he charged and then he remembered the sword for decoration on their bedroom wall. He charged back again and got it. By now the dragon was furious and he was so cross that he bashed the building down trying to find Mrs Simpson who was so frightened that she was shivering under her desk and crying huge big tears that made an enormous puddle of water. At that moment Tony dashed into the class jumping over the pieces of the building. He ran towards the dragon and stabbed him in the heart. Tony and the children ran and gave Mrs Simpson a great big hug. Then the children returned to their parents, all safe and sound.

ROXANNE FLOQUET Form I

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Kim sat cross-legged on the wooden floor of her room. In her trembling hands was a leather-bound diary, open, its face staring out at die disorganized room, the tear-stained face above. The page itself was blurred, the words smeared by salty tears that were emitted from the grey eyes of the young, nine-year-old girl — Kim. The door creaked open. A pair of mournful eyes peered round the door.

"Kimmy, my doll's 'inthesines' are felling out," sobbed Stacey, the first of the twins. Kim rapidly pushed the diaiy under the bed and wiped her eyes.

"Come here Stace," she beckoned to the little girl, "Ydut doll hasn't got intestines or 'inthesines' as you call them, and she can't feel anything. Don't worry, I'll stitch it up for you."

When she finally got rid of the three-year-old, Kim walked downstairs, with the yellowed diary and the photograph she had found in her hand. As she entered the warm, oak kitchen, she closed the door behind her. Suddenly she released her anger. Her anger at not being told about...

"Why didn't you tell me?" she screamed at her mother. "It's my business to know I'm adopted — that I'm not your child," suddenly she broke down, the tears pouring down her pink cheeks. Now there were those arms around her — the arms she knew so well.

"My baby, my little baby," her mother stroked her hair, "Don't you realize that I did tell you by putting the diary where you would find it. I love you very much even if you're not my child."

Kim was finally brought to understand her parents' death. She would always love the picture in her mind of her parents, but she had a new life and the photograph was only part of her past.

SHIVANIRANCHOD Upper IV

DEFORMED VICTIMS

Fear of man Hate of mankind Those are their feelings.

Just because they're different Man shuns them.

They are helpless, struggling,

In a sea of repulsion.

Wave upon wave of hate engulfs them Until they give in.

The current of fear drags them down,

And a whirlpool of isolation Claims more victims.

They can't change the way they were bom.
 Why should they be hated?
 The unjustness of man Is beyond comprehension.
 Why does nobody see
 The look of desolation on their faces?
 Why does nobody think About their feelings?
 Once more, injustice Takes its toll.
 We, who are not different,
 Should take the responsibility Of caring for them, loving them, and giving them dignity.
 To them, we are strangers,
 Aliens from another world,
 Skilled in torture of the mind.
 Jeers, repulsion and hate Are our weapons.
 Sharper than the finest sword,
 Stronger than the greatest blow.
 They have a rhythmic beat,
 Chop, chop, chop
 At the hope in their hearts.
 SUSAN WOODHEAD Upper IV

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 A visit to the theatre — Marguerite Gautschi — Form I
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A RIDDLE
 We are any colour, and get watered everyday.
 I live in the garden,
 yet golden treasure in the middle of me is hidden.
 All of us have leaves so green, and we go to sleep at night, you see.
 We rise in the morning, and sometimes die.
 What are we?

CANDICE DALTON Form I
 SOME 'INTERESTING* SPELLINGS FROM FORM I

1. mexelz
 2. egzozted
 3. cayotick
 4. bjamis
 5. samwig
- qoiMpires •£ seureiXd 'p opoBip •£ pajsnmpra £
 S3JSB9UI x

Byglraes in Afrikaans
 AS EK TWEE WENSE KON WENS...

As ek twee wense kon wens sal ek die eerste gebruik vir 'n vreedsame wêreld. 'n Wereld waarin al die mense al die ander mense aanneem sonder enige onderskeiding teenras, godsdiensenvelkleur. Mense moet leer hoe om saam te leef. As al die mense meer verdraagsaam is, sal hierdie wêreld 'n beter plek wees.
 My tweede wens is vir my. Ek wens om gelukkig te wees. Om gelukkig te wees moet ek goeie gesondheid hê. Daar-na moet ek suksesvol wees. Ek glo dat om gelukkig te wees moet 'n mens in jouself glo. Jy moet ook positief wees, en die sterkte hê om te veg vir dit waarin jy glo.
 Daar is soveel meer waarvoor ek wens maar ek weet, dat in my eie wêreld moet ek my probleme kan oplos en my klein deeltjie doen. Dis binne my om gelukkig te wees, daar is nie towerkuns in hierdie wêreld nie, maar ek sou graag towerkuns in my gemoed wou hê. Maar ek moet die werklikheid aanvaar!

SHIYANIRANCHOD Lower IV
 Christy Eyles, Jeanne Nkuna, Danielle Beckett and Nazreen Mahomed

KERSE

Kerse is baie belangrik. Hulle gee ons lig en hou ons warm. Hulle is pragtig om na te kyk wanneer hulle in die pikdonker helder skyn.

As jy versigtig in 'n kers kyk, kan jy verskillende kleure sien soos groen, oranje, perskegeel en 'n baie ligte wit. Hierdie kleure skyn onmiddellik in jou oë. Kerse kom in verskillende kleure, groottes en vorms. Kerse kan in enige winkel verkoop word en hulle is verkrygbaar by enige plek. Jy moenie die geringste kans laat verbygaan om kerse te koop nie, want dit is 'n geleentheid om vreugde te gee en te deel. Koop 'n kers nou en jou hart sal gloei met warmte en vreugde.

AMANDA KAY Lower IV

GEDAGTES

Gedagtes is die verlede, maar die toekoms ook,

'n wens en 'n visioen, eintlik vir ons soveel te doen.

Gedagtes is reenboë en goud, roomys, sjokolade, vrugte, of by die strand, met sterre ligte.

Gedagtes is ook spoke wat ronddwaal in die kop, en spinnekoppe wat buit, maar hou jou nogtans dop.

Gedagtes, ja gedagtes, is belangrik vir die mens, om sy lewe op te bou, en soveel te wens.

TERI ROBERTS Upper IV

SAORA NEWS

OFFICE BEARERS 1990/1991

Hon. President Sue Leuner (Roberts) until March 1991. Jenny Adair (Colere) after March 1991.

Hon. Vice President Sally Davison (MacKay) Megan Maynard (Pilcher)

Hon. Treasurer Margie Finsen (Newth) Committee Members

Hon. Secretary Jean Merry (Snow) Wendy McConnell (Stallard) Elin Morris (Hammar)

Board Representatives Anne Jones (Roberts) Helen Norman (Duke)

Margie Finsen (Newth) Pam Spencer (Gibson) Paula van Deventer (King)

Hon. Committee Members Mattie Read Bridget Wessels (Hahn)

Liz McLaren (MacNab) Helen Windsor (Baikie)

NEW MEMBERS

1990 MATRICS Nicole Devarenne Mary Morgan

Leanne Adnams Kate Giemre Tshina Mosendane

Leighanne Allen Bronwen Gush Tumi Motlana

Kirsten Anderson Marcia Hadjihambi Shauna Mottair

Candace Barrett Angela Herring Tanya Mulholland

Tatiana Bertoldi Deniz Houssein Deborah Perry

Sarah Bester Angela Hunt Talisha Pienaar

Abeda Bhamjee Mokgadi Itsweng Genevieve Pittorino

Sheila Boniface Annabel Jacquesson Marina Smithers

Deborah Boscarino Laurence Jeuniaux Nella Souris .

Belinda Bowling Miranda Kinghorn Maria Steyn

Frances Brooks Jane Kirby Michelle-Ann Sursok

Penelope Cavalli Philippa Kohler Jane Sussman

Michele Cowan Amanda-Jane Logan Akiko Ueno

Clare Cutland Amy Maddams Amelia van As

Helen Dagut Sanchia Markgraaff Amanda Vivian-Smith

Romilly de Buck Catherine Marshall Elsa Young

NEW HONORARY MEMBERS

Val Lord Jinny Price Beverley Green

RECENT ACHIEVEMENTS

Fiona Welch (1981) obtained her BA degree in Geography and Economics from Wits in 1990 Tassy Bewsey (1983) graduated from Wits with a BComm (Legal) in 1989

Dominique Roberts (Laroque) (1983) obtained a BComm degree from Wits, studying part-time. She also holds a BSc Quantity Surveying degree from Wits (1987)

Paula Kingham (1983) obtained a BA Hons degree in English Literature from Wits in 1988 Caroline Farrant (1984)

has completed an Honours degree in Psychology and is presently doing her Masters Katherine Gale (1985) obtained

her Honours degree in Maths from Southampton University in July, 1990 Alison Hawthorne (1985) and Elizabeth

Crouch (1985) both completed their BMus (Education) degrees in 1990 Michele Corbin (1985) is training for an operatic career and is presently in London for a year's study. In 1990 she had her professional South African debut with NAP AC playing the part of Lola in Cavalleria Rusticana Linda Murray (1986) has graduated from Wits with a BSc Honours degree in Botany Roselee Richards (1986) has obtained her BA degree in 1989 and is continuing with her Honours Angela Neill (1987) and Joanne White (1987) both completed their BA degrees at UCT in December, 1990 Georgie Shields (1987) graduated from Natal University (Pietermaritzburg) with a BA degree Amy Leuner (1987) obtained her BComm degree from UCT in December, 1990 Penny Jones (1987) has completed her BA degree at Natal University (Pietermaritzburg)

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FOUNDATION DAY 1991

CLASS OF '61 30 YEAR REUNION

At Foundation Day the matric class of 1961 held their "30 years on" Reunion. We were thrilled to have so many people from so far away. Tishy Fleming came all the way from Switzerland; Liz King, Hilly Newth and Hilly Grimmer from Australia and five Capetonians flew up for the weekend. We were very sad that so many of us are living so far away and were not able to be with us. We had telegrams and letters from Tigger Walton, Sally Milligan, Di Hamilton, Camilla Woodhead, Sarah Murray-White and Sue Curtoys.

Foundation Day was all too short with so many people to "catch up with", so many changes at the school to see and, most importantly, so much to remember! After chapel we enjoyed our first experience of the "new Roedean" with the most delicious breakfast (a la Southern Sun). We then had a chance to walk around the beautiful gardens and admire the improvements to Roedean - not for one moment did any of us feel anything had been "lost" of what we had remembered and loved. During the meeting and lunch we had a chance to catch up with friends from other classes and discover that we could remember all the words of the school songs!

In the evening we had a dinner at our house and, as it was where we had lived as children, it was wonderfully familiar and welcoming to everyone. We invited our husbands and the 38 of us had an incredibly happy time. We had drinks with Sal Mackay on Sunday and so had a chance to see some of the people who had not been able to come to dinner. It was very special to be surrounded by so many real friends, people who were really interested in you and with whom so much has been shared. Life has been kinder to some than others, but we were all very aware of the confidence our shared schooldays has given us in dealing with others in the last 30 years.

The general impression I have of our reunion was the incredible fun we had together; it was great to be able to giggle again! -the joy at discovering how pleased I was to see everyone and actually how pleased others seemed to be to see me! I also felt sad that it all seemed to go so quickly and afterwards there was so much more I wanted to say to people and share with them - also very sad that a lot of people couldn't share our reunion - we missed Margie Shaw particularly; she would have loved every minute. We were happy to give a wooden bench to the school in her memory. We were all determined to meet again in 10 years time and hopefully we will have more long-distance travellers. I really hope that everyone else enjoyed it as much as I did!

Anne Jones.

BENCH DONATED TO ROEDEAN IN MEMORY OF MARGARET SHAW. Left to Right: Iona Malone (Cochrane), Patricia Fuchslin (Fleming), Hilary French (Newth), Carolyn Buchanan (Ludwig), Jane Jones (Henderson), Elizabeth Howard (King).

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Back Row : Jane Jones (Henderson), Iona Malone (Cochrane), Sally Davison (MacKay), Jean Searle (Garthwaite), Carolyn Buchanan (Ludwig), Linda Godlonton (Inchbold), Julia Nash (Beith), Hilary Amm (Grimmer), Jane Wimble (Tyrell), Diana Gaylard (Roper), Mary Gaylard (Stratton), Ann Fairweather (MacWhirter) Front Row : Elizabeth Howard (King), Jane Matthews (Henwood), Patricia Pilcher (Bell), Karin Steven (King), in front, Anne Jones (Roberts), Jackie Clemitson (Williams), Maureen Gerber (Williams), Patricia Fuchslin (Fleming), Patricia Coombe (Lister), Hilary French (Newth).

1966 REUNION

Unfortunately we were not able to contact ten classmates from the 1966 Matric year. Of those we managed to contact, 22 attended a get-together at Sarah Edwards' (Davis) house on Friday 1st March, 1991. Everyone went home hoarse from catching up on 25 years' news. As Frannie Winckworth (Wells) so aptly wrote: "I am amazed by how little we have all changed and how easy it was to recognise each other. It was fun to find out what everyone has been doing for the past 25 years. I still can't believe that it is that long since we left school." Jean Rees.

Back Row: Gill Patterson (Price), Jean Rees (Boright), Heather Drake (Whyte), Laurian Rose (Dempster), Viv Lindsay (Smith), Quitta McKowen (Smith). Third Row: Sherida Letten (Long), Sue Collins (Lurie), Georgina Trollope (Power),

Sarah Edwards (Davis). Second Row: Dagmar Comoretto (Zavichak), Jane Aardweg (Wilkinson), Sally Moon (Girdwood), Jane Warren (Mulesberry), Sally Matthews (Anderson). Front Row: Frannie Winkworth (Wells), Jane Simaan (Harriss), Sue Abernethy (Adams), Sue Duff (van der Veen), Gill Nicholas.

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GREAT GRANDDAUGHTERS, GRANDDAUGHTERS AND DAUGHTERS AT THE SCHOOL IN 1991

Nicola Merry Julie Smith

Danielle Beckett Suzanne Cohen Harriet Crawford Nicola Duff Nicola Durrant Tandi Hattingh Sally-Anne Jones

Alexandra Kane Jacqueline Kane Catherine Lapping Fiona and Laura Laughland Nina Leuner Katherine Norman

Nicola Saner Caroline Serebro Deborah White

Wendy Beaumont Janine Beron Georgina Berry Claudia Bleyenheuft Veronica and Caroline Bostok

daughter of Jean Snow granddaughter of Margaret Fouche great granddaughter of Queenie Fouche daughter of Gillian

Allen granddaughter of Monica Smith great granddaughter of Marjorie Davis

daughter of Kim Lappeman granddaughter of Lydia Albert daughter of Carina Rayment granddaughter of Claire

Livingstone daughter of Jennifer Anderson granddaughter of Cynthia Stock daughter of Susan van der Veen

granddaughter of Rhoda Knight daughter of Pam Smith granddaughter of June Campbell-Begg daughter of Michele

Powell granddaughter of Reina Albert daughter of Anne Roberts granddaughter of Lulu Joris daughter of Sally-Ann

Kay granddaughter of Pamela White daughter of Rosemary Kay granddaughter of Pamela White daughter of Ronwen

Lewis granddaughter of Pamela Reunert daughters of Diana Laroque granddaughters of Sheila Henderson daughter of

Susan Roberts granddaughter of Lulu Joris daughter of Helen Duke granddaughter of Joan Devonport daughter of

Janet Anderson granddaughter of Daphne Deacon daughter of Janet Isaacs granddaughter of Gene Mendelsohn

daughter of Valerie Lister great granddaughter of May Lister

daughter of Valerie Scorer granddaughter of Thelma Ziman granddaughter of Ann Walker granddaughter of Paddy

Bredell granddaughters of Megan Evans

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Claudia Cannata Mary Carman Lisa Davison

Roxanne and Melissa de Villiers

Alexandra Diepering

Natasha Doody-Pestell

Nicola Drake

Meggan Edwards

Daphne and Maxie Erasmus

Natalie Fauciglietti

Roxanne and Samantha Floquet

Kate Gaylard

Susan Gaylard

Anne Hadingham

Natalie Kenyon

Sarah Kirkland

Victoria Kruger

Gudrun Lake

Nicola Lawrence

Robyn Lister

Tessa and Penny Matthews Alison Matthews Colleen McConnell

Nicole, Victoria and Davina Mendelsohn Kate Murray Maria Nakios

Katherine and Danielle O'Callaghan

Leigh Phillips

Deborah Pienaar

Talia Planting

Wendy and Catherine Rees

Julie Sander

Nichola and Kelly Sanders

Kathleen Slaughter

Donna Spencer

Camilla Thomas

Claudia and Taryn Thorpe
Christina T silimigras
Nicole Vize
Lisa Wepener
Kathryn Wessels
Caroline Whittle
Sarah Williams
Candice Wilton
Julia and Marina Windsor
Susan and Pamela Woodhead
daughter of Catherine Constantinides
daughter of Jillian Barry
daughter of Sally MacKay
daughters of Michelle Prien
great granddaughter of Annie Barca ORA
daughter of Winifred Doody
daughter of Heather Whyte
daughter of Sarah Davis
daughters of Daphne de Klerk
daughter of Jane Pick
daughters of Wendy Mullins
daughter of Di Roper
daughter of Mary Stratten
great granddaughter of Adrienne Anderson
daughter of Karen Grimaldi
daughter of Philippa McDougall
daughter of Rosemary Wright
daughter of Paddy Wright
daughter of Veronica Devonport
great granddaughter of May Lister
granddaughter of Penny Mudd
daughter of Jane Henwood
daughter of Wendy Stallard
granddaughters of Joan Jacobson -
daughter of Jill Schermbrucker
daughter of Robin Allen
daughters of Fiona Linsell
daughter of Nicola Wilshere
daughter of Julia Ferguson
daughter of Rosemary Webster
daughters of Jean Boright
daughter of Heather Gillespie
great granddaughters of Daisy Hamilton
daughter of Jennifer Bosazza
daughter of Pamela Gibson
daughter of Anne Bengier
daughters of Margaret Doody
daughter of Carolyn Sutton
daughter of Karen Grobler
daughter of Elizabeth de Klerk
daughter of Bridget Hahn
daughter of Beverlie Wilson
daughter of Xanthe Japhet
daughter of Helen Taylor-Smith

daughters of Helen Baikie
daughters of Sandra van de Pol
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Quarto