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KINGSMEAD COUNCIL

Chairman: Mr H.P. de Villiers; Deputy Chairman: Mr L Lucas-Bull; Members: Mr D. Barrow, Mrs J. Fraser-Jones, Mrs A. Hancock, Dr J. Holmes, Miss H.V. Kay, Mr R.S. Napier, Mr R. Pennington, Mrs AT. Rennie, Mr G.H. Waddell.

STAFF MOVEMENTS

Arrivals:
Senior School — Mrs D. Buchan, Mrs L Came, Mrs J. Cleary, Mrs L. Di Bisceglie, Miss S. Hodgkiss, Mrs J.J. McGaw, Miss G. van Niekerk.

junior School — Mrs L. Barlow, Mrs A. Evans, Mrs M.J. Pakulski, Miss S. Rodwell, Mrs A.E. Schultz.

Administration — Mrs E. McCrorie.

Warden — Mrs H.M.A Hooker

Departures:

Temporary (Afrikaans) — Mrs S. Oosthuizen.

Matron — Mrs C. Concha

KINGSMEAD GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

We wish to express our grateful thanks to the companies and individuals who gave so generously in the form of gifts and of their time and energy for the Golden Jubilee Celebrations. Without their assistance these celebrations would not have been as successful as they were.

We also acknowledge with sincere thanks the many letters and telegrams of congratulations and good wishes which were received on the occasion of Kingsmead's 50th Birthday celebrations from Foundation Members, Old Girls and people with old and valued connections with the school. For their kind thoughtfulness we are deeply grateful.

SCHOLARSHIP CERTIFICATES

These are awarded at the end of the second and third terms. The minimum qualification for the subject is 80% in the school examination (75% in Forms IV and V) and A grade for the term, the right attitude towards study and a nomination by the subject mistress. Those who are nominated for four or more subjects are awarded Gold Certificates.

Second Term 1983:

Form IV: Helen Everett, Wendy Florence, Valerie Luyckx.

Form III: Katherine Frew, Vivienne Gray, Catherine Hallows, Patience Hull, Leigh Meyer, Jennifer Schultz.
Form II: Zaheeda Bhamjee, Jill de Villiers, Suzanne Calpin, Guiomar Garcia, Karen Liebenberg, Lori Manson, Stacey Perkins, Judy Wright
Form I: Karen Anderson, Sarah Babb, Rosalind Boa, Tanis Brown.

AWARDS

The Kingsmead 1983 Scholarship was awarded to Angela van Hoffen of Kingsmead Junior School.

Magazine Essay Competition:

Junior Section: Winner — Joceline Jones (Form II): Runner-up Vivienne Gray (Form III).

Senior Section: Winner— Sarah Brown (Form V): Joint Runners-up

— Yvette Wiseman and Siobhán Paterson (Form V).

Highly Commended: Julie Gordon (Form V).

The Inter-House Music Competition Trophy was won by Baker House.

The Inter-House Speech Competition: The cup for the best house went to Timlin. The best individual speaker was Julia Watson.

The Wolfowitz Prize: This prize for the best contribution to drama was awarded to Amanda Milroy.

Achievement Badges:

These are given to girls who, through activities outside the school routine, bring credit and honour to the school.

Awarded to: Anastasia Maw for her performance with the Equinoxe Dance Company; Jane Pank who was one of the first 100 in the English Olympiad 1983; Lesley-Anne Rainier, Roxanna Bateman, Sarah Brown, Tessa Hoyle and Fiona Stewart for their participation in the Business Games; Kathleen Dey for having two essays published in "English Alive"; Karen Foxcroft for her article in Training and Development Forum SASTD; Alison Blake for a painting in the calendar in aid of Operation Hunger; Faiza Garda, Valerie Luyckx and Arielle Griffiths for prize exhibits in Expo '83.

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GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We gratefully acknowledge the following:-

Debentures: Mrs H.F. Calame Olive Rawlings Wreath Fund:

The Vera Paver Bursary Fund:

The P.T.A

The Kingsmead Foundation Edison's Educational Book Company Mrs. E. Gehr Music Dept* Mrs Nini Stephens St.

Brigid's Chapel:

Mr and Mrs S. Smith — Statuette of Our Lady.

Mr and Mrs Rodger Martin and Mrs J. Greenop— a lectern in memory of Deborah Rodger Martin.

Miss Pyne Mercier — an altar cloth in memory of Miss Paver. Junior School — Organ.

Library:

Mr S. Smith — a set of photographic books.

Mrs M. Crosby — An album of photographs of the school.

The P.T.A.: Senior School Library R500

Junior School Library R500

AWARDS FOR PAINTINGS

SUBMITTED TO THE GRAHAMSTOWN ART FESTIVAL

GOLD CERTIFICATES S. Babb K. Dey A Eaton L Martin Y. Oka

B. Schell

C. Sack

SILVER CERTIFICATE

E. Manchester

BRONZE CERTIFICATE

A. Patmore

A. Steyn L. Martin L. Varnals

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EDITORIAL

This particular Kingsmead magazine is the second this year and paves the way for a change in the publishing time of

the magazine. It will now come out in the same year as the events published in it.

This past year at Kingsmead has been one of the most momentous in its entire history. Not only was it our Jubilee year but our new Headmistress, Miss Margaret Edwards, began her term of office. Our founder, Miss Doris Thompson, was able to be present at the Thanksgiving Service and the Jubilee Celebrations, making them doubly moving and memorable. She addressed the assembled school several times. Many girls were moved to tears. They may have hesitated to admit it but it proves that in a society where we tend to be rather cynical, the sheer courage and spirit of a single old lady can still touch some of us deeply.

For many of us, school is just a place to go every morning (much too early in most opinions) to learn all the usual academic and sporting attributes. What we tend not to realise is that in a school such as Kingsmead, part of what we are learning is just the barest skeleton. Lessons on life and friendship, differing cultures and religions and the conflicts, crises and triumphs of the outside world all provide memories to learn from and be treasured all our lives. Obviously some memories are bad and will be rejected but they are no less valuable for being bad. They are all part of growing. It is in a school like Kingsmead that we have the freedom and encouragement to learn about growth and it is up to all of us to have the honesty and loyalty to appreciate it.

Kathleen Dey

PREFECTS 1983

Back left to right V. Behr, T. Hoyle, L-A Daly, R. Bateman, S. Crimp, K. Boonzaier, R. Abrahamsen.

Front left to right C-A Melvill, F. Rennie, K. Dey (Head Girl), Miss M. Edwards, A Fuller-Cood (Vice Head-Girl) Y. Wiseman, A Weitzmann.

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MISS D.V. THOMPSON'S SPEECH AT ASSEMBLY, ON MONDAY 26 SEPTEMBER, 1983

Well, Miss Edwards, Staff, Girls, you won't be wanting or expecting a long speech from me but I must just say how thrilling it is for me to be with you and I would like to take this chance of saying again "Thank you" for those wonderful cards and messages for my birthday in June. The first one I opened had a lovely picture of beloved Etunzi by Miss Drummond on the outside. I was absolutely thrilled, and then day after day came one after the other of these cards and pictures and messages from girls and staff sent by you all from the tiniest little people right up to the top and it was absolutely thrilling. And now this week we are looking to the past to all those faithful and dedicated staff and girls who built up this happy school and we are rejoicing in it all; you young people who are looking to the future I cannot do better than say to you, whether you are still in the school or whether you are going out into the great world, whatever the future holds, to build it and keep it strong.

A very wise person said words to this effect: "Look upwards into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well", and so let us send our roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that we may grow towards the stars of our eternal destiny and if you keep following that then you can face whatever comes in the days of the future with courage and responsibility and service — do not forget service — that we privileged people owe to our country and to everybody in it.

LETTER FROM MISS THOMPSON

Pretoria October 5, 1983.

Dear Everyone,

I have been asked to write a special message for this Jubilee edition of our Magazine. I have specially waited till the main celebrations were over, and now I find myself so overwhelmed that I hardly know how to begin.

So far as the personal side is concerned it has been grand to be with you all even though my deafness has made it impossible to hear you and to communicate as I would wish. Generosity and hospitality of every kind.

My mind, very naturally, goes back to those challenging early days 50 years ago from the moment when I first entered Kingsmead's small front gate in dusty Rosebank Road, as it was then called, and knew instinctively that that was our place. This was to be confirmed after the historic meeting with well-wishers at the old Carlton Hotel in Victoria Street on what was to prove our birthday — October 10th, 1933.

With us at the Thanksgiving Service on Friday last was Cicely Colbourne in her wheel-chair, dignified and supremely mistress over all physical disabilities. She and I were the sole representatives of that fine pioneer staff during this happy weekend. Nearly all the others have died, but how their spirits lived among us during those two days and how they would have loved to be with us in person. What a glorious band they were!

A splendid group of pioneer girls responded magnificently. How happy it was to have with us over that weekend Joan Barrow (née Richards) our first Head Girl and several of our first prefects. There was an impressive group of others from those early days some of whom I had not seen for 30 years or more. But that did not matter. Links were renewed and the years faded away.

There were many Old Kingsmeadians of later years too, of course, not to mention present parents and pupils. It was a joy to see them too, though they will be the first to understand that I could not know them in the same intimate way. How often dear Vera Paver's name cropped up in talk and our "Parge" and others — Do you remember! Do you remember!

The music, the singing at the Thanksgiving Service when the Lange Hall was packed out, was very beautiful indeed and the whole worship one of praise and joy — It was so good of our Bishop to address us and that on his off-day too. Saturday, day of Fun and Games, was one long abandonment when everyone appeared to enjoy themselves and to enter into the whole spirit of Jubilee. Anne Hancock and her many helpers are to be greatly congratulated on a wonderfully organised and varied programme with everything planned to the finest detail. The flowers in the Refreshment Marquee were most beautifully made

and displayed and the birthday cake a master in itself. The Eurhythmics Display in the afternoon, the various Gym items, the Then and Now pageant — the Dress Modelling, all were excellent and delightful. Everyone concerned with the celebrations is to be most warmly thanked and I hope they all feel rewarded for their long and arduous preparations. It was a happy thought of Mrs. Porteous (née Grace Swallow) and her sister to give us trees in memory of happy Kingsmead days — and I have not mentioned the Ball earlier in the week which was such a happy night too. I must not forget the Museum which amazed me, particularly as we had so strangely lost those precious early records which Vera and I had sorted through in Britain after her retirement. One needed much more time and energy really to appreciate all that had been collected in that room — the room in which we had originally sewed on our dormitory curtain rings, from whose windows we saw the bus drive in! That room became successively dormitory, classroom, library, staff bedroom, sittingroom, off which was my tiny office — bedroom.

Half a century is a long time in anyone's life and in the life of a school, which is so much more than mere bricks and mortar. To all those who have moulded the personality of dear Kingsmead, we owe a tremendous debt — the pioneer staff, those chairmen and members of Council, the Kingsmead Foundation, the P.T.A, fairy godmother indeed from the beginning to today, our Headmistresses of Senior and Junior Schools, Prefects and girls, Old Kingsmeadians through the generations.

As I go back to Britain for the last stage of my pilgrimage, I go with deepest gratitude, and with assured faith that whatever the future holds, our beloved school is in good hands with Miss Edwards at the helm and Mrs Richardson in the Junior department, supported, both of them, by a splendid, loyal staff, and a Board of Directors under Mr de Villiers, our Chairman, giving us as ever, unstinted support.

It has been a great opportunity for me to meet and talk to Miss Edwards and I had the privilege of saying a few words to the school at Assembly soon after I arrived. I also met practically all the staff and our faithful African staff too. Changes there must always be if we are not to stagnate. Problems and challenges lie ahead as in the past, but we must go fearlessly forward, difficult though the way may often be, in sure and certain faith that Kingsmead has a great contribution yet to make in the service of this much loved, problem-riddled land.

"This is an age in which we must accept the fact that the cloth is being unwoven. It is therefore no good trying to patch. We must rather set up the loom on which the next generation may weave new cloth according to the pattern God provides". That is a wise

saying by a great woman of today in Oxford and I leave it with you with my love and blessing.

Doris V. Thompson

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MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

It is indeed a great privilege to be Headmistress of Kingsmead College and a tremendous challenge to be leading the School in this its Golden Jubilee Year. It is a challenge which I gladly accept. I find it very difficult to believe that I have been here a mere 10 months as I really do feel that I belong. This is, I believe, a tribute to the manner in which everyone in the School Family has done their utmost to make me feel welcome and has assisted and supported me at all times. You have all been extremely patient with me while I find my way. It is always difficult to single out people from such a host comprised of Council, Old Girls, Staff (Academic, House, Administrative, Catering, Grounds and Domestic), Girls, their parents, the P.T.A. and friends of the School, and I will not attempt to be more specific than that.

My heartfelt thanks go to you all for whatever role you have played in keeping the Kingsmead wheels running smoothly this year— our Jubilee Year. We are certainly blessed at this School by the wealth of goodwill, interest and talent upon which we can draw and rely.

How fortunate we have been to have our Founder, Miss Doris Thompson, with us during our Jubilee Celebrations. It has been a tremendous privilege for me to meet Miss Thompson and to be able to talk about the past, the present and

the future of Kingsmead College with her. We all salute this wonderful woman whose faith and courage brought Kingsmead College into being with the aim that each girl in the School should, as far as possible, leave here equipped academically, practically and socially to play a worthwhile role in the life of her community.

The Golden Jubilee in the life of a School is an important and exciting landmark. We can look back over the changes — and developments which fifty years have brought, and we can look forward, with gratitude to the past which has made it possible, to progress and further improvement in the future.

It is our sincere hope that at Kingsmead College the girls are recognising and maturing their own talents and interests and developing their individuality.

Education is a difficult business these days and the future is uncertain for us all. Schools have to prepare young people to go out into the world that has changed unbelievably fast in the life-time of their own parents. It is essential therefore that the girls learn to make good and full use of the many opportunities presented to them. As we move forward into the second fifty years of Kingsmead College, let us do so with a steadfast faith in the Lord, remembering the words of St. Paul to Timothy used by Miss Thompson when she opened the School:

"Guard that good thing which has been committed to your care".

2 Tim 1 v 14

Margaret I. Edwards

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SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF 1983 Back row, left to right: Sister Paterson, F. Came, McGaw, van Niekerk, M. Farrer, J. Cleary, D. Buchan, Vanderwalle, T. Cennrich, P. Ringer,

B. Collins, K. Cox, S. Brereton, S. Smith, N. du Toit, Miss /-looker.

Middle row, left to right: L Alp, B. McCrorie, L Toms, A. Hodgkiss, D. Rogers, P. Blundell, K. Blundell, J. Sewell, M. Salens, C. Reis, L di Bisceglie,

D. Larkin, M. Paton, M. Comley, I.B. GatcheU.

Front row, left to right: V. Goldstein, M. Miller, M. Lewis, K. Leybourne, J. Gosnell, P. Johnson (Vice-Head), M. Edwards (Headmistress),

J. Hughes, J. Unterslak, W. de Clerk, N. Anderson, S. Drummond.

JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF 1983

Back row, left to right: P. Young, A Evans, Pakulski, A. Schultz, L Barlow, S. Rodwell.

Front row, left to right: M. Bodley, S. Taylor, B. Bigham, M. Richardson (Headmistress), G. Wilkinson, L van Bergen, M. Maarschalk.

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SPORT

SWIMMING

Our promotion to 'A' League meant a great deal of hard work, effort and enthusiasm from all our swimmers and divers and under the leadership of Sally Kent and her vice-captain, Kate Boonzaier, this was certainly the case.

"Improvement — my challenge" proved to be a most successful motto.

The first gala against Rosebank Convent gave the swimmers the confidence to persevere as Kingsmead came second by only 2 points. A quadrangular gala was held at Rosebank Convent with Rosebank winning with 115 points, Parktown 95, Roedean 93 and Kingsmead 87 points.

The Inter-House Gala, although confidently won by Timlin with Kruger second and Baker third, provided us with a most entertaining and enjoyable morning.

The Inter-House Diving was also won by Timlin with Kruger and Baker second and third respectively. The Phyllis Amm trophy was won by Sarah Crimp of Kruger.

Even though the final result at the Inter-High Gala does not reflect a great success, full marks must be given to all the swimmers and divers who, without exception, gave of their best.

HOCKEY

Our opening match of a very busy and successful season was against the mothers and it proved to be both enjoyable and entertaining — the girls won 6-1. 55 matches were played this season with 30 won, 13 lost and 12 drawn. The 1st team, with Sarah Crimp as Captain, were placed 6th in the 'A' league and the 2nd team tied 2nd — our overall placing was 6th.

Our congratulations go to Sandra Scott who was chosen for the Witwatersrand Schools Team which participated in the South African Schools' Inter-Provincial Tournament The Under 15A team, in their league, were 2nd to St Mary's and in their tournament tied with Brescia house for 1st place in their section. The Under 15B team tied with Roedean for 4th position in the league and in their tournament were 3rd with St. Mary's.

The results of other matches played during the season:

1 st team vs mothers won 6-1;

1 st team vs Old Girls won 5-2;

1 st team vs fathers drew 2-2;

1st vs Amanzimtoti High School won 2-1;

1 st team vs staff lost 0-2;

2nd team vs mothers lost 1-3;

The Inter-House tournament saw some very keenly contested matches. The Open section was won by Timlin with 7 points, then Kruger —4 points and Baker — 0 points. Kruger won the Under 15 section with Timlin and Baker trying with 1 point each. The final results: Kruger 11 1/2 points, Timlin 7 points and Baker 1 point.

TENNIS

The Inter-House Competition was one of the highlights of the tennis season. Only 12 games separated the three Houses: Kruger won with 59 games, Baker was second with 56 games and Timlin was third with 47 games. It was indeed an enjoyable and closely fought tournament.

Our spirit during the league season was constantly high, although our success rate was only 43% overall. In particular our 5th team was very successful, losing only 2 out of 7 matches.

The Championships were held in Term 2 with the following results:

Open Singles — L-A Rainier U15 Singles — L Varnals Std. 6 Singles — S. Teren Open Doubles — S. Crimp/T.

Hoyle U15 Doubles — A Johnston/S-A Rolfe Std. 6 Doubles — J.BIack/J. Rolfe

All these players are to be congratulated on the high standard they have achieved and to all those who participated, the Championships provided a valuable opportunity to develop and

improve their game as well as their mental toughness and experience on the court.

The third term Mini-League for Forms I and II has been quite successful with 2 losses and 2 wins to date. The matches provide a great opportunity to gain match experience and it may give them some encouragement for 1984.

SENIOR SCHOOL SPORTS' DAY

After a telling drought, our Sports' Day was washed out without a shot being fired; however all went well at the second attempt, although it was more difficult for the parents to support the girls. They missed a very good morning of athletics with house spirit running high. This may have had much to do with the excellent performances of the athletes.

Twelve new records were made, whilst the house competition was much closer than last year.

Kruger won the house shield by a mere nine points from Timlin and Baker were not so far behind.

Nini Ligeti broke the 70m hurdles record and the 800m and cross country records. Justine Wollaston won the new junior cross country cup, kindly presented by Nina Ligeti, and added the Std 7 800m record to her collection.

Janet Mackenzie took the honours by breaking the Std. 8 100m record and also ran the fastest 200m of the day. We are grateful to Marcelle Loudon for donating a cup for this. Joanna Kalk raised the Std. 9 High Jump record by Fossburying over 1 m 46c. Stacey Teren broke three Std. 6 records: the high jump, 200m and 800m — Barbara Florence won the Std. 6 100m in 14,6 seconds and so is added to the record breakers' list, and Timlin's Std.9 relay team proved their fitness by breaking the record set in 1979. In addition, the J. Whittaker high jump cup was awarded to L-A. Rainier.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable morning and it was good to see so many girls involved in the proceedings whether competing, supporting or helping with the smooth running of the occasion.

The games' staff wish to thank the house captains for their part and for their help in the management of the major sports in the school.

Sally Kent — Swimming Colleen Lightbody — Tennis Sarah Crimp — Hockey

2ND TENNIS TEAM

Back row, left to right: S. Scott, S. Kent, K. Frew, V. Luyckx. Front row, left to right: A. Frew, Mrs N. du Toit, S. Vels.

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THE DOMESTIC STAFF

Starting from back row, left to right: Klaas, Simon, Minisi, Alfred, Patricia, Johannes (1), Absolom, Harrison, Margaret, Joseph, Ben, Johannes (2), John Roses, Frans, Michael, John, Jacob, Edward (1), Edward (2), Simon Stegana, Virginia, Bella, Deborah, Marie, Doris, Mary, Ethel, Simon Dube, Mr Smith, Miss Edwards, Mrs Hooker, Martina, Clara Josephine, Antonia, Tryphina, Beatrice, Daniel (1), Alfred, Oliver, William, Robert, Joseph, Felix, Philemon, Daniel (2), Million, Markus.

DOMESTIC STAFF WHO HAVE SERVED KINGSMEAD FOR 18 YEARS AND MORE

Back row (left to right) Felix, Simon Stegana, Simon Dube, Simon Minisi, John Roses. Front row (left to right) Doris, Ethel, Antonia.

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JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS

Since the last magazine report we have played four friendly tennis matches with the following results:

Auckland Park:

St. Katherine's: St. Mary's:

St. Katherine's:

Kingsmead 1st team won 43-37 Kingsmead 2nd team won 61-19

Kingsmead 1st team won 45-18 Kingsmead 2nd team won 46-17

Kingsmead 1st team lost 26-37 Kingsmead 2nd team lost 26-37

Kingsmead 1st team lost 22-41 Kingsmead 2nd team won 51-12

We have plans to play Roedean, Parktown Convent and Pridwin boys before the end of term. Team practices have been well attended and the girls are making good progress.

Our Inter-house Swimming Gala was a close fought competition this year, with a five point margin for Thaness over Knights. It was a most enjoyable occasion with every child taking part in at least one event.

Inter-house Netball and Hockey matches were held in July, with Knights beating Thaness on goal average in the netball competition and Knights winning the hockey matches by one point

We did not do so well in our friendly matches but the experience was very worthwhile.

Std. 2 Netball v St Mary's:

Std. 4 Hockey v St. Mary's:

Std. 5 Hockey v Rosebank Convent:

Std. 5 Hockey v Auckland Park:

Std. 2 Netball v Auckland Park:

Std. 3 Netball v Auckland Park:

1 st team lost 0-1 2nd team drew 2-2

1 st team lost 1 -4 2nd team lost 0-1

1 st team won 5-0 2nd team drew 1-1

1 st team lost 1 -2 2nd team drew 0-0

Won 3-2

Won 7-1

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS

The Inter-house Sports held on 15 October were full of fun and good achievements and produced another closely fought competition.

Record times were taken for the first time in the 70m, 200m and relay events. They are as follows:-

Std. 5 70m N. Bulkin 10,05

Std. 4 70m N. Hancock 10,57

Std. 3 70m G. Barrow 11,00

Std. 2 70m J. Babb 11,11

Std. 1 70m N. Bester 11,32

Std. 5 200m A. Reeves 30,73

Std. 1 Relay Thaness 35,85

Std. 2 Relay Knights 34,67

Std. 3 Relay Knights 32,67

Std. 4 Relay Knights 31,73

Std. 5 Relay Knights 31,05

The introduction of records should serve to add incentive to the athletes, not only to improve their own times but try to better the school records.

Despite Knight's good relay results they had to give way to a slightly stronger Thaness team this year, who won by only 5 points; but this is the first time another house has won this competition since its inception in 1976.

THE INTER-HIGH GALA FROM A CHEERLEADER'S POINT OF VIEW

Suddenly the Inter-High wasn't just sweat and sunburn — it was get up and go! Beaming colours and whooping girls with pompoms in breezy sunshine made Ellis Park 1983 exhilarating.

Ashley Weitzmann

2ND HOCKEY TEAM

Back row left to right: C. Markantonis, L Rennie, J. Kalk, Miss Ringer, K. Wessels,). Mackenzie, E. Genovese, V. Gosnell. Front row left to right: L Heilman, J. Grey, K. Stowell, S. Corder (Captain), J. Jacobs.

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1ST HOCKEY TEAM

Back row left to right: N. Ligeti, L O'Flaherty, L-A. Rainier, Miss Ringer, C. Lightbody, S. Scott, N. Ravat Front row left to right: B. Mason, F. Rennie, A McLaren, S. Crimp (Captain), R. Abrahamsen.

SWIMMING TEAM

Back row left to right: M. Glover, C. Burke, L van Rooyen, L van Egeraat, V. Behr, T. Fleming, S. Corder, L O'Flaherty, E. Genovese, V. Myers, K. Stowell.

Middle row left to right: K. Bird, C. Walsh, J. Jacobs, A Dunlop, C. Quinton, L Rennie, A Thorp, R. van Hoogstraten, L Archbold, A Shields. Front row left to right: T. Brown, K. Tommasini, J. Wright, S. Kent (Captain), Miss Ringer, K. Boonzaier, S. Stevens, J. Rolfe, G. Shields.

1ST TENNIS TEAM

Back row left to right: F. Rennie, S. Crimp, T. Hoyle.

Front row left to right: L-A. Rainier, Mrs N. du To/t C. Lightbody.

THE INTER-HIGH GALA

INTER-HIGH

It was the heat and colours that I noticed the most. As the sun hammered down on us several girls went as green as their uniforms and the yelling cheer-leaders' noses grew rapidly redder. From the swimmers there was concentrated tension and bodies streaking past in a frieze of flying water, bright costumes and streamlined energy. It was a day of streamers, heat haze and throat-tearing encouragement

Kathleen Dey

INTER-HIGH DIVING 1983 "Gillian Jones

Reverse dive. Pike, one comma nine"

The Whistle blows and the water splashes delicately as she enters. Only two more people to go until it's my turn "Sarah Crimp

Back somersault, Pike, one comma six"

The whistle blows

You leaned on your take off.

Splash!

Can't you think when you're upside down?

Sarah Crimp

Tight smiles green costumes sunny Saturday morning

My stomach churns and my heart only beats occasionally There is a very official sounding voice droning in my head

War cries ricochet around the pool

The block is cold and scratchy below my feet Don't forget your double kick Don't breathe every stroke stretch your arms give it all you've got

Instructions fly from a nervous captain A gun-clap zings through my ears A clap on the back and the offer of a Super C

Tired smiles wet green costumes home

Kate Boonzaier

DIVING TEAM

Back row left to right: N. Ligeti, S. Eidelman, B. Mason, V. Luyckx. Front row left to right: S. Crimp, Miss Ringer, J. Hylton.

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HIGHLIGHTS AND ACTIVITIES 1983

GOODWILL SUNDAY REPORT

At 10 o'clock on Sunday 6 March, 1983, the Senior School of Kingsmead College was a hive of buzzing activity. Semi-chaotic order reigned with tables, chairs and bodies being regularly tripped over and cursed. Tennis players were running around wildly waving racquets, while hunting for their elusive partners, hoping to find them before the tournament began. At last, with everything assembled, the crowd began to arrive.

The day progressed, with money being spent freely by all on both food and entertainment. At the close of the afternoon, Miss Edwards handed out prizes to winners of the tennis tournament, Lesley-Anne Rainier and Rodney

Blackbeard, and runners up, Tessa Hoyle and Roy Williams. She congratulated everyone concerned on the success of this, her first Goodwill Sunday, which raised the sum of R2 508,50. The Goodwill Committee would like to extend their sincere thanks to Miss Brereton, Miss Leybourne, Miss Miller and all who helped to make this such a memorable occasion.

Tracy Lord

THE LA VERNA CONFERENCE

It was the day that we had been waiting for, for a long time. We clambered onto the bus, talking and laughing with anyone that we happened to bump into. At the end of the journey we felt that we had known everyone for a long time. During the two days at La Verna we saw a couple of films, listened to talks and participated in many discussion groups. We learnt how to relate to others and how other people of different religions and colours think. We discussed controversial topics concerned with racialism, which gave us a deeper understanding of other groups.

It was a very enjoyable weekend, spent singing guitar songs at midnight, cracking jokes, raiding the tuckshop, swimming, eating and getting to know everyone. La Verna was an experience that we will never forget.

Prudence Miller, Sarie Potter, Anna-Maria Georgitsis, Kelley Starke, Theresa Fleming, Arielle Griffiths, Valerie Luyckx, Jackie Murray, Karen Stowell

Matrics and Form Teachers of 1983.

13

ICL BUSINESS MANAGEMENT CONTEST SEMI-FINALS

Team: Roxanna Bateman, Sarah Brown, Tessa Hoyle, Lesley-Anne

Rainier, Fiona Stewart.

The Business Game semi-finals took place in the S.A Breweries building on the 7th of July. The teams we competed against were Brescia House, Hyde Park High, Northview High and Rosebank Convent, the latter being the winner.

We arrived at S.A Breweries in the morning and were greeted by a terrible shock: we were handed a piece of paper stating that the winners of the contest would now be determined from their "Return on Investment" and not from overall profit as it had been before. At this stage Miss Collins left us to panic it out by ourselves. The actual decisions were made in boardrooms (just like the real thing) in between talks and films by the S.A. Breweries P.R.O.

After lunch we were taken through to the conference room and slowly, decision by decision, our mistakes were analysed. We were pleased to see that our nett profit was much higher than everybody else's but our R.O.I. was not good enough.

We thoroughly enjoyed our day and would like to thank Miss Collins for her support and John Vice for his guidance in the previous rounds and, of course, the rest of the team who, because there were too many of us, could not participate in the semi-finals.

Sarah Brown Form V

POETRY CIRCLE

"A poem should be motionless in time As the moon climbs

Leaving as the moon behind the winter leaves Memory by memory the mind"

Archibald MacLeish from "Ars Poetica"

This quote encompasses the nature of all the poems we have studied this past year, beginning with Robert Frost His graceful style and images of nature spoke of serenity being achieved not through understanding but rather using the natural environment productively and usefully.

From Frost we went on to a special choice by Jane Cowley: a study of the simple but poignant verses of Rod McKuen.

We then studied Tony Connor whose stark and real writing brought to mind images of the rat race yet also the potential for life. We studied selected poets, including Lawrence, all enriching our experience of life.

We are now studying T.S. Eliot and his frighteningly real and bleak writing is a brilliant portrayal of man's isolation and emptiness.

The poetry circle would like to extend heart-felt thanks to Mrs Unterslak for leading us through some very special passages of English verse.

Anastasia Maw Form IV

88888888

BUSINESS GAMES TEAM Left to right: T. Hoyle, F. Stewart, R. Bateman, A Weitzmann, Miss B. Collins, L-A

Rainier, N. Nitschmann.

14

THE WILDLIFE CLUB

The Wildlife Club enjoyed many interesting and exciting events this term. We saw a great number of films including

"Castles of Clay" showing the fascinating building of Ant Hills; "Walk our Land" which gave us an insight into the pollution problem and how to combat it; "The Mighty Midge", "The Baobab Tree", "The Black Widow" and "S.A. Arachnida" and a slide show presented by Dr Smuts on Lions in the Kruger Park. The Blundels also gave a slide show on Johannesburg Garden Birds.

Mr Lockwood gave us a slide show demonstrating his studies with the Spotted Eagle Owl at the Florence Bloom Bird Sanctuary and showed us an example which was very popular. Mr Jim Benson delivered a talk on trees which was illustrated by many interesting specimens.

We also took part in many areas of wildlife by managing to support the "Feed a Vulture Fund" by our cake sales and newspaper collection.

Thanks to Miss Toms and all the wildlife members we have had a very successful term.

Kelley Starke Form IV

THE FILM CLUB

The Film Club had a most successful start with the screening of "Picnic at Hanging Rock", the first film of the season. Frowns were seen throughout the hive as the enthralled audience concentrated on grasping the basics of film producing.

"The French Lieutenant's Woman" continued the Film Club's success, its membership being considerably increased.

"Pink Floyd", the third and final film, brought the season to its climax. The hive was completely filled with members, eager to see this legendary film which proved to be an astounding success, not easily forgotten. The season was highly successful and it is hoped that next year's members will enjoy the benefits of the Film Club as much as this year's have.

Lisa-Jane Wilson Form IV

KINGSMEAD'S COMPUTER CLUB

At the beginning of this year the Computer Club was formed. There was a great deal of enthusiasm and two groups were organised each to meet once a week under Mrs Gosnell's supervision. The school has acquired, during the course of 1981 and 1982 an Apple

II computer, two disk drives and a print out machine.

Members were taught 'Basic' computer language and elementary programming. Activity in the club reached its peak just before Open Day, when a disk of computer games and quizzes was compiled for Kingsmead's Jubilee. These were very well received.

The computer Club has gone from strength to strength this year and we look forward to as much achievement next year.

Jennifer Boa

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY

The English Society, organised by Mrs Unterslak, meets once a week for an hour filled with interest and amusement. We are, of course, not subject to the restrictions of a normal school syllabus, so we touch on subjects which are varied, out of the ordinary, yet still relevant and thought provoking.

Our approach to a theme is often different. We may initially explore it through music, poetry or prose to provide a basis for discussion. Then we have a chance to air our views as well as listen to others, thereby being made aware of different opinions. Sharing responses in this way has proved interesting and stimulating.

So as not to engender a purely analytical response always but also allow for creative expression, we may interpret our ideas in words, actions or pictures.

The English Society is now in its second year of existence and its members look forward to many more hours of interest and enjoyment.

Helen Everett

THE DRAMA CLUB 1983

Committee: Karen Stowell, Jane Cowley, Victoria Straw.

The first term saw a production of "The Cradle Song" as well as our participation in the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers High School Public Speaking Festival. The adjudicators' comments about our four teams and one individual speaker, Julia Watson, were most encouraging.

For the R.A.P.S. Inter-High School One-Act Play Festival in the second term Britt Lilienfeld and Katherine Wessels produced "Let me Hear you Whisper". The play deals with the relationship between animals and man and focuses attention on scientific experimentation. The playwright proves that intelligence and morality are not necessarily linked. Various films on body actions enlightened us about this aspect of drama while the many productions we saw this year were powerful, inspiring and illuminating. These included Everyman, Agnes of God, Schreiner, The Night of the Long

Wake, Equinoxe Dance Theatre, for which Anastasia Maw dances, Night Mother, Something Happens and Consequences.

The format of the Inter-House Public Speaking Festival, adjudicated by Mrs Jessica Beam, was changed to try to create more team spirit and to involve more girls.

Regular club meetings were devoted to improvisation, the value of which is reflected in this old Chinese Proverb: I hear and I forget I see and I remember I do and I understand

A Mime Workshop was led by Andrew Buckland, an actor with P.A.C.T. In the small amount of time available we captured an entirely new world of movement and images. The impact of a Verbal Dynamics Workshop led by Jill Waterman, a movement teacher at Wits University, is captured in the following poem by Shauna McLaughlin and Lisa Allen:

Dynamics Fast Flowing Dance to Words Increasing rhythm, rapid tempo Beat.

We found time to organize the costume cupboard also. We have had an enormously fulfilling and active year.

Mrs A. Gennrich

STUDENTS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Our theme for the past year was "Love your neighbour" and, certainly, an attempt was made during this time to generate a feeling of fellowship, especially among the S.C.A. members. It was with this in mind that our Standard Eights started a series of 'youth groups' among their class, at which they saw Christian videos, sang choruses, and talked of their personal experiences. They hope to expand this to include other forms in the coming year.

In order to improve our knowledge of the Bible, a series of Bible studies were conducted every Thursday by Nick Paton and Nick Coetzee. Prayer meetings were also held every Monday and Wednesday in the Chapel, and fortnightly assemblies were conducted by the S.C.A members.

During the year, talks were given by various people: Eric Lay gave his views on relationships, Mark Knocker on Christian music, Sally Foxton on Prayer and Praise, and Father Rowan Smith on meditation. The highlight of our year was a series of talks by Jenny Whittaker on "What is a Christian" and "How to Become a Christian".

S.C.A was also given a talk and film on drought in the impoverished African countries, and we promised to support World Vision with their work in this field. In conjunction with this, we have been supporting Rose, a small black child, and I hope that people will continue to do so until her education is complete.

S.C.A's plans for the coming year include a visit to various churches around Johannesburg, several outings such as ice skating, and talks by Helen Ludlow, Ronnie Francis and Father Rowan Smith. However, I leave all this in the hands of Kelly Starke, our new chairlady, and hope that S.C. A will grow as an organisation that will be exciting, interesting and spiritually worthwhile.

Anne Fuller-Good, Chairlady

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1983 CHAPEL REPORT

The hard work of all associated with the chapel has contributed much to the success of all chapel activities this year. These included a new look, a new schedule and several well-earned outings for the Committee.

New thatching, an organ, chairs and hymn books have contributed to the Chapel's new appearance. In the middle of a busy school, the chapel in her tranquil surroundings provides a peaceful haven. This tranquility has been enhanced by Mrs Fergusson's tender care as she has spent many profitable hours this year making the chapel garden a special place. The re-establishment of an old tradition has encouraged many girls to experience a sunrise through the lead-paned windows of the chapel. The girls find the 06h30 Tuesday morning Eucharist an encouraging and uplifting start to the day.

As a committee we have enjoyed many happy outings together.

These included a fun-filled Sunday at Mrs Else's riverside home, where we spent the day canoeing, braaing and getting

to know each other better. As always, our dinner date at the home of Fr. and Mrs Hulley was an evening we looked forward to and spent in warm companionship. Our visit to the Russian Ballet at the State Theatre was a unique experience appreciated by the entire committee.

We take this opportunity to thank Father Hulley, Miss Edwards, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Lewis and the Chapel Committee for their continued support of the Chapel Committee and its work. May we extend our warmest wishes to them and we hope the coming years will be as full and happy as 1983 has been.

Heads of Chapel — Colleen Lightbody, Yvette Wiseman

■SSXSS:

Standing: Patience Hull, Caroline Jones, Samantha Eidelman, Samantha Conyers, Sarie Potter, Anna-Marie Georgitsis, Karen Stolle,

Sitting*Yvette Wiseman, Miss M. Lewis, Miss M.I. Edwards, Miss C. Wilkinson, Colleen Lightbody.

In front: Amanda Bruce, Samantha Lawlor.

17

THE MATRIC DANCE

The Matric Dance was all that its theme promised to be; a dream and an illusion, a once in a lifetime experience. It was a dream of young girls in bright dresses and young men in formal dress swaying beneath a ceiling of bright balloons which would pop occasionally, almost destroying the fantasy, but never quite succeeding.

Julia Watson Form V

We all arrived as balloons, swollen with pride. New haircuts, wonderful dresses, and matching accessories were bared throughout the room; supple figures, the result of many hours of torture in the preceding weeks, were flaunted before the crowds; dashing young men were introduced to flocking admirers, and hastily removed to a safer position.

Everyone was full of a robust cheerfulness and paraded, a colourful bunch, without noticing each other, bumping and speaking, bouncing and squeaking. Gradually, our shields lowered, and we began to deflate: some attempted to regain their former pomp and prowess by consuming life-saving liquids, but were soon leftfeeling heavy and flat, and still spreading. At twelve, we all finally returned to our pumpkin selves.

Fiona Rennie Form V

THE CHESS CLUB

The white royalty tries to defend its crown against the black royalty every Thursday afternoon. "Checkmate" or "stalemate" are popular words to be heard in the physics laboratory, as budding young chess enthusiasts try their skills. Miss Collins organises a ladder that holds a number of chess whizzes at the top, and people who have not yet grasped the aims of the game at the bottom. But wherever you are, the serious competition and all-round fun make this club a most successful one to join.

Arielle Griffiths

THE INTER-HOUSE SPEECH COMPETITION

I am sitting in front of a sea of two hundred and sixty faces, all Timlin supporters. My knees think they are castanets and are chattering away. I am petrified, but I am obsessed with the subject of fame. I stand up and inform that sea that fame is a bee and bumble bees cannot fly. I support this with scientific facts. They laugh.

I have a few more lines to go, but I am tired. I feel faint I finish and soon find myself drinking tea. I then am told that my mother had such little confidence in me, that she nearly fainted, because she thought I would faint Really, why was I scared?

Karen Anderson Form I

It was Monday night, and we had to speak soon. The rest of my team was getting nervous and so was I. The next thing I knew Baker had finished and Sarah was announcing us. I was the first speaker and as I started to speak my nervousness eased away. I could hear myself tumbling over my words but I couldn't stop. Then I had finished and I was very relieved.

Lisa Allen Form III

Sitting in room 12, prior to speaking, I was sure that everything would go wrong. I would muddle my cards, lose my voice and generally experience a dreadful dose of stagefright. Our team, however, managed to calm each other down — slightly.

When I in fact stood up, I relaxed and just said my speech. When we won, we were so pleased; we felt that it was worth all our nervousness.

Jenny Schultz Form III

GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN AT KINGSMEAD FROM GRADE 1 TO MATRIC

Back row left to right: Fiona Rennie, Roxana Bateman, Pamela Ussher, Carol-Ann Melvill.

Front row left to right: Amanda Milroy, Sandra Murray.

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MUSIC REPORT

1983 has been an exciting year, not only because of the memorable Golden Jubilee but also because of the increased activities of the Choir and the expansion of the music staff to include the teaching of more and varied instruments.

CHOIR

1983 has been extremely exciting and challenging. During the year the choir sang at the wedding of the three old-girls, Nini Leal, Patricia Winter and Michelle Else They also sang at the Ash Wednesday Service and at a mass at St. George's, Parktown. At the end of the second term the choir and recorder group went to Cyara Lodge for a "practise" weekend which proved to be very enjoyable.

In the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service both the Junior and Senior School Choirs excelled themselves. Were were most grateful to Miss Toms and Mr. Latimer for their help and support

For the first time the choir entered the Roodepoort International Eisteddford in October and, although not placed among the first three, they nonetheless sang extremely well. Dr J. Zaidel-Rudolph was invited to the School to hear the choir perform her composition, "Boy on a Swing", which was commissioned for the Eisteddford. The work is dedicated to Mr. A Cohen who was also invited to attend the concert.

The choir once again provided the music for the Confirmation Service at St. Martin's in-the-velde.

The very hectic choir year ended with a performance of Walter Deutsch's "The Christmas Story" in November. I am very proud of the high standard of the choir's achievement this year.

CONCERTS

The Inter-House Music Competition (won by Baker) was held in March, The adjudicators were Miss C. Maree and Mrs J. Kirkland.

Best presentation awarded to: A. Curteis, B. Mason and A Blake for their performance of "Dirty ol' Town".

Best ensemble or group awarded to: C. Lightbody (Recorder), J. Nagumo (Recorder), C. Foreman (Flute), S. Eidelman and T. Stoch (Guitar) for their performance of "Serenade" by Schubert.

Most original item awarded to: C. Lightbody (Sopranino recorder) accompanied by K. Stowell (piano) for her performance of "Overture" by Rossini.

Best pianoforte item awarded to: A Johnston for her performance of a Beethoven Sonata

Best solo singer awarded to: A Curteis (guitar and vocal).

Best instrumental solo awarded to: C. Foreman (flute).

A two-pianoforte concert was given by the teaching staff and students from the Wits Music Department in the Lange Hall.

For the first time for many years, Kingsmead was able to produce a 29-member orchestra (leader V. Gosnell) which played in the Thanksgiving Service. Members are drawn from the Junior and Senior School. Prior to the Service, the guitar group, the choir and the orchestral groups entertained visitors.

Throughout the year, we have enjoyed a variety of short concerts given by the girls themselves during Thursday morning assembly.

In the last term the musical activities culminated in the Junior and Senior School Carol Services, the School Concert, Guitar Concert and the regular end-of-term concert for the pianists.

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SENIOR SCHOOL CHOIR 1983

Back row T. Stoch D Modi, V. Crosby, L Arazym, N. Suter, M. Kwakkestijn, M. Tainton, E. Genovese, J. Miller, G. Garcia, K. Braun, K. F oxer oh. Middle row T Gallagher, V. Le Roy, A. Rowand, J. Ehrentraut, A. Blake, S. Conyers, K. Cromhout, C. Jones, S. Radlovic, J. Nagumo, T. Ligetti. Front row: E. Gordon, J. Cowley, E. Madden, L Allen, K. Starke (Vice-Head), Mrs L Di Bisceglie, B. Mason (Head), S. Eidelman, E. Beaton, V.

Straw, L Armstrong.

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INSTRUMENTAL

The recorder group (R. Boa, T. Brown, A. Clark, J. Nagumo, V. Le Roy, C. Jones, C. Haslam, L. Armstrong, C. Lightbody, K. Stowell and R. Servadio) has met regularly throughout the year taking part in the Cyara Weekend and performing in several concerts.

The piano quartet practised throughout the year (V. Gosnell, L. Armstrong, E. Manchester later replaced by V. Luyckx, and the interchanging pianists, R. van Hoogstraten and K. Stowell) and gave excellent performances at the two concerts.

The flute trio (C. Foreman, A. Blake and E. Manchester (later replaced by S. Vels) practised throughout the year and showed a high standard of performance.

The guitar group got off to a good start in the first term with regular meetings of the 17 members involved, but unfortunately it had to be disbanded owing to lack of rehearsal time. Nonetheless, A Blake, B. Mason, J. Cowley and K. Starke have made a great contribution to the guitar and folk music throughout the year.

EXAMINATIONS

In the second term, the annual pianoforte Grading examination took place and in the Senior School of the 32 students who all passed, 3 gained Distinction certificates (A Blake, S. Conyers and K. Tommasini) and 5 gained Merit certificates (R. Boa, K. Formanek,

C. Hallowes, M. Malan and Y. Stern). In the Junior School 27 students passed: 5 gained Distinction (M. Brodie, N. Long, L. Kohler, J. Ball and D. Ventre) and 8 gained Merit (M. Browne, K. du Plessis, C. Butler, G. Enthoven, C. Fynn, L. McGaw and C. Shone.

JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC

The Choir and Std. 5 produced an Easter Service under the guidance of Miss Wilkinson. The choir sang: "The Crown of Roses" and "Easter eggs". At the end of the term concert the Std. 4's and Std. 5's performed extracts from Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical "Cats". The orchestra included all the classroom instruments glockenspiel, xylophones, chime bars, recorders and percussion instruments.

During the second term each class from Std. 3 to Std. 5 prepared an instrumental accompaniment to a hymn for assembly on Fridays and several small recorder groups played.

Mrs D. Larkin and Mrs L Di Bisceglie

ORCHESTRA

Front row left to right E. Manchester, A Wesley (cello).

Next row: N. Bester, B. Fynn, I. Waddell (violins), I. Craig, K. Lange (flutes), C. Jones, V. Le Roy, A Clark, J. Nagumo, T. Brown (recorders). 3rd row: V. Rae, E. Clowes, M. Enthoven, J. Trubshaw (violins), A Blake, S. Nixon-Browne (flutes), R. Boa, K. Stowell, C. Lightbody (recorders). Back row V. Gosnell, C. Manchester (violins), V. Luyckx (clarinet), S. Vels (flute), C. Haslam, R. Servadio, L. Armstrong (recorders).

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GEOGRAPHY HIKES

1983 has seen the survival of our élite group of hikers through three hikes, the Fanie Botha, the Gold Nugget and the Klipspringer trail. Surviving temperatures of well below 0° and well above 40°, getting lost, running out of petrol, forgetting some food and chasing Fiona with a frog, have not discouraged our resourceful band.

The Fanie Botha Trail in the Eastern Transvaal was undertaken in February and was filled with crunchies in the night, a rat called Gail, a pregnant stallion, plastic snakes, lack of water, tremendous heat and lots of fun.

On the second trail, Miss Cox was so intent on searching for gold nuggets that we traversed much unknown terrain, and not so much trail. A gallant group of fellow hikers helped by rescuing us on many occasions.

On the last trail, to the Augrabies Falls and Fish River Canyon in South West Africa, Miss Edwards accompanied us and proved to be a true hiker. We all managed to stay on top of the Falls and struggled up and down the Fish River Canyon without any injuries.

Thanks to Miss Cox and Miss Edwards for putting up with us.

Fiona Rennie, Fiona Stewart, Carol Anne Melvill, Tracy Lord, Nadia Nitschmann, Bronwyn Wilkinson, Lesley-Anne Rainier,

Colleen Lightbody, Anne Fuller-Good

Did you ever see a lady-bug?

Glassy-coated, camel-humped, brittle-bellied.

Barbara Florence Form I

Did you ever smell a spray of jasmine?

Bell-skirted, dangling-stemmed, starry-fragrance Crispness.

Sarah Babb Form I

Have you ever seen a daffodil?

Yellow-profusion, trumpet-headed, bees galore.

Amanda Bryant Form I

DROUGHT

The heavenward roots

plead with the dusty clouds.

Thirsty baobabs.

Yvette Wiseman Form V

OVERNIGHT HUT ON AUGRABIES KLIPSPRINGER HIKE Back: L-A Rainier, N. Nitschman, Miss Cox, Miss Edwards, A Fuller-Good.

Front: F. Stewart, C-A Melvill,

B. Wilkinson, F. Rennie, S. Brown,

C. Lightbody.

Scrambling over the rocks beside the Orange River on Klipspringer

Trail.

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THE ENGLISH FESTIVAL

In October a group of 38 Form Fours attended the festival held at Wits. Their responses were as follows:

The English festival was a wonderful and enriching experience. The lectures were stimulating and the various productions were thought-provoking. The fact that setbooks were not only concentrated on broadened my outlook

Wendy Florence

Brontë and Brecht were brought to life.

Anastasia Maw

The plays about Winston Churchill and Olive Schreiner were especially powerful. Both gave a glimpse of a forceful, yet sensitive character.

Helen Everett

TOUR OF ISRAEL — 1983

Netanya — hot beach;

friendly people — brown, smiling.

— pavement cafes; spicy schwarma;

Masada

looms;

up at three a.m. hazy desert dawn —

panting, cursing moaning, sweating — relief: at the top!

Jerusalem

Moseying down ancient alleys; drab market — hot, sticky, dirty, bustling exciting Gay colours and clothes, sweat greasy Arabs.

Churches, mosques — windows, arches and altars

Altogether very interesting and informative, although some parts did not inspire me in any way.

Ann Ritchie

We had the opportunity of being able to see and learn about so many new aspects of English. The lectures were always interesting and the Brecht was incredible since it was wildly unusual. We have now more insight into the exciting world of English.

Amanda Hall

What a wonderful way to discover Brecht!

Mary Evison

I found the three days too history oriented, but the poetry collage and the Brecht were fantastic.

Theresa Fleming

Why isn't school more like this? You learn much more!

Linda Kelly

An extremely rewarding experience. I was particularly impressed by David Horner's performance of Churchill and by "The Caucasian Chalk Circle".

Jane Pank

I was totally impressed by the Olive Schreiner play which reveals the struggle of women for identity in society at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Donia Papageorgiou

We indulged ourselves in the sheer brilliance of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" which ended a three day festival that was a thought-provoking way of learning, free from racial barriers.

Britt Lilienfeld

dark winding water tunnel —

Dead Sea Salty, warm, strange sensation; Caravans — laughing, running, hot, humid, night air.

ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG — ISRAEL TOUR

The Citadel, Jerusalem Left to right: Andrea Burgener, Lori Manson, Susan Bannister, Kate Frew, Karen Braun, Karen Daly.

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POTTERY

THE WINDSURFING CLUB

There was much excitement as the windsurfing club met on their first outing at Emmarentia dam this term. We arrived with many different kinds of sailboards, and headed straight for the water. Fortunately there was just enough wind for our first race and we all took great advantage of our day out As the term progressed we have had outings where the weather conditions were extreme either there was no wind or there was too much; nevertheless we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and thanks to the efforts of Mr Rogers, the club has had fun and action.

Kelley Starke Form IV

J. Watson Form II

With compliments from Amelia Brown

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Back: Bev Mason (left), Samantha Binckes (right). Anastasia Maw as Sister Joanna and Bonnie Rodini as Teresa.

Front: Anastasia Maw (left), Mandy Milroy (right).

THE FOUR NOVICES

The audience is silent as the choir sing the introductory song. We walk into the spotlight. Calm, serene nuns. A sharp contrast to the inner excitement.

Catherine Flallowes — Mistress of Novices Mary Evison — The Prioress Jane Pank — The Vicarress

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JUNIOR SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Visits have been many and varied this year. Standard 5 went to Fernwood Field Centre, in Natal, for the second time. The five days spent there were of immense value to the girls in many ways. This the parents realised at the Sectional Meeting when the girls reported on their trip. Eight of the Std. 5 girls were chosen to attend a special leadership course at Fernwood during the August holiday and this proved challenging and valuable.

Standard 3 will be going to Bushtrail for a four day stay in November. If this proves a success it will become an annual Std. 3 activity. Other interesting visits included a papermill (Std. 5), Santarama (Std. 4), the Produce Market (Std. 3) and a Bakery (Std. 2). Std. 3 to 5 visited the Gold Mine Museum and the Grades went to a dress factory, the shops and the Johannesburg Zoo. The Lippizzaner Training Centre now offers facilities for school, visits and these proved

popular and interesting.

Among the visitors to the school were Dr Hammar from the Family Guidance Unit, Mrs Leslie who spoke about the Anti-Litter campaign and Mrs Hepker from Select-a-book who introduced a new idea in the choice of library books. A new event was Hobbies Day held at the end of the second term. Not only did this provide a glimpse at another side of the girls but it should serve to encourage the pursuit of hobbies in those who do not yet have any. The parents who came to the display were impressed by the variety of the exhibits.

FUND-RAISING AND CHARITY WORK

The Mini walk and Fête brought in the incredible amount of R9 000. Before the event some was committed to the paving of the area under the playground trees. The Library has benefited from the purchase of many new fiction books and several new framed pictures have been provided for each classroom. Grade I has a new covered, paved area outside the glass door which is proving a real asset.

The largest single donation made was to the Zoo. The children suggested that we should sponsor an animal and chose a brown bear. They named him King Franc. ('King' for Kingsmead 'Franc' for Franc Ha Leal). During the year donations have been made to a Creche, needy old people, the African Children's Feeding Scheme, Ekuteleni, the S.P.C.A. and the P.D.S.A

The Junior School won the Lions Club of Horizon Floating Trophy for the collection of used spectacles for Operation Brightsight.

GIFTS

The school is most grateful for the generosity of the PTA and individual parents. The PTA has paid for paving the driveway and donated R500 to the Library. Mr and Mrs Fergusson must have special mention as they have given hours of their time and effort as well as a considerable amount of money. Mrs Fergusson landscaped and redesigned the gardens so that they look really lovely. Mr Fergusson supplied all the materials and built the beautiful animal cages in the Grade 'O' playground. Their kindness and efforts have brought joy to the children and to all visitors to the school. Resting after strenuous exercise at Fernwood Field Centre. Anthea Wesley, Janine Vaughan-Brown and Nicole Jaques.

STAFF

Five new members of staff joined the Junior School in January.

Mrs Pakulski (part time) Gr. II Mrs Evans — Std 1.

Mrs Schultz — Std. 2.

Miss Rodwell — Std. 4.

Mrs Barlow — Music.

Mrs Bigham has decided to retire at the end of the year. She first taught here temporarily for one term in 1975. She soon returned to take charge of the Afrikaans department in the Junior School. Her great efforts and stimulating approach to the teaching of the language resulted in enjoyment on the part of the girls and a very high level of achievement. We wish Mrs Bigham a well-earned retirement and much joy in her new role as a full-time grandmother.

With compliments from The Star

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On a Wednesday in the second term, the Junior School Fete was held. It started off with a Mini-walk which was tiring but fun. Then there was a rush of Standard Fives to prepare their stalls before everyone dug out their money.

There were different kinds of stalls including the Tombola which was great fun. The Junior School hall was made into a tearoom with charming waitresses (the Standard Fours). Next there was a bookstall selling many titles, and cake and gift stalls which were also popular.

The games stalls run by the Standard Fives showed an interesting variety and Miss Edwards thoroughly enjoyed herself trying her luck at every stall while Mrs Richardson kept an eye on all the activities.

Angela van Hoffen and Michele Kyriakos busy at the games stalls of the Junior School Fête.

STANDARD 4 AT SANTARAMA

The Dromedaris was interesting, enjoyable, realistic. The boards creaked. The Mini town was fun, educational, tiny and cute. The little trains went racing round the track.

OUR SCHOOL FÊTE

First we had assembly. The Std. 5's set up their stores before the proper time so Mrs Richardson said, "I told you to set up your stores only after assembly so you might have to take down a few things." After that we got ready for the walk. My number was 17 and Amy's number was 19. I walked round 17 times and Amy 14 times. I raised R110,50. After the mini walk I had a drink then went into the tearoom and saw my Mum and she said to me "go and choose some cake then pay the girls." Then we went to this table with a match box pyramid. I won two books and a pencil then we had a

go at knocking these silvertins down with tennisballs, my Mom had two trys and I had one. I knocked one and so did my Mum but the last ball did not hit a tin. Then we went to the tombola. I won a Chomp and a sucker. Then we had a pony ride. I went on the high one and Amy went on the low one. Then lastly I had a go at dipping your hand in some shaving cream and finding a key that will fit into a lock and I won a pencil.

DonnaHutchesonGr.il

THE FÊTE

STANDARD 4 AT THE LIPIZZANER DISPLAY

I now know how clever horses can be. Amazing, beautiful and graceful. I loved the way the horses pranced around. I was very impressed by the strict discipline and love. The horses were brave and gallant, pretty and fascinating. At 10.40 the Seniors visited us and the tearoom was invaded by hungry boarders. There were raffles with lovely prizes and the pony rides were a great success.

All in all it was a wonderful day and everyone went home tired but happy.

Amber Reif and Justine Winn Std. 5

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STD 3 VISIT TO THE PRODUCE MARKET

On July 19 Std. 3 went to the produce market with Std. 2. We all got on the bus at quarter to eight. When we arrived at the market Mr Pretorius took us around the vegetable market and then hetook us around the fruit market where we each got an orange. Then we went to the ripening fridges. Some fridges were cold and there was a big hot room. J ust as we were about to leave we saw a 2 kg packet of chips, so Mrs Schultz and Mrs Bodley bought them for us. When we got to school we ate them.

Gillian Barrow and Deborah McElligott

Z I B I

A few weeks ago a lady came to tell the school that we must keep our beautiful country South Africa clean.

She showed us a short movie on children who try to keep their countries clean.

She told us to choose a representative from each class to attend a meeting at which Mr Zibi would present each representative with a Zibi badge. Zurieda Garda Std. 3

Mrs Bodley at the Gold Mine Museum with Lindy McGaw, Paula Dredge and Elizabeth Clowes.

TWIN TRAGEDY!

We left the paper mill with interesting memories. We could still hear the thundering machines drumming in our ears.

As we were travelling at 95 km/h we realized the bus in front of us was pulling off the road.

The bus door slid open and out poured 16 hysterical Kingsmead girls and a bewildered teacher. Steam erupted over the top of the radiator under the front seat, sending what the girls thought was smoke into the air.

The teacher in the first bus decided the radiator had leaked, and we needed water desperately, unless we wished to spend the entire night by the side of the road. It was decided that the second bus and some girls would return to the paper mill to get the essential water.

As the teacher proceeded through the entrance of the paper mill she turned, and had a slight argument with the barrier pole. The screeching sound of metal versus metal reached our ears, and we all said on cue "Oh no!" The sliding door of our bus was ruined, unfortunately. No one could get out so we clambered over the front seat and out once more into the parking lot of the paper mill.

Our teacher looked rather like a ghost as she spoke, her voice barely above a whisper, "Girls, stay here, while I go and get the water for the other bus". The bus that was stuck fast on the pole had to be removed, so some kindly gentlemen helped by bouncing it off.

By this time the teacher had returned with the water. We climbed back over the seat and sat soberly while the teacher drove us back to the broken down bus.

The water did not improve the situation. There we would have remained for endless hours had it not been for the help of a kind mechanic.

Alison Reeves, Susan Ochse, Clare Walsh, Alice Rennie Std. 5

OUR VISIT TO THE BAKERY

Yesterday we went to the Bakery. Mrs Schultz drove one bus and Miss Wilkinson drove the other. When we got there we met Mrs Cloete and she showed us around. She showed us the dough and then we went down stairs to see the dough being cooked. It was measured, then flattened and rolled up and put in baking tins and cooked and then put onto trolleys and taken up stairs and put into the trucks. At the end they gave us a baker's hat and a loaf of bread each and then we went back to school.

Vanessa Balsdon Std. 2

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Guinea pigs, rabbits and ducks are now happily housed in the new cages.

The paving under the trees in the playground.

Hobbies Day— the first of its kind was a tremendous success. There was a great variety of hobbies on show.

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OUR TRIP TO THE ZOO

On 14 September we went to the Zoo. When we started the bus we found there was a flat battery. So Mrs Young had to go and get the keys for the other bus. After a long drive we got to the Zoo. It was so funny. We didn't have to pay to get in. First we saw our bear King Franc'. In the cage next door, the zoo keeper was spraying water to clean it. But it was at that time that the bear peeked

through the hole in the wall and got sprayed in the face! So King Franc tried to push the water back with his paws. We said good-bye to King Franc and went to see the elephants. They were sticking their trunks through the window. Next we went to the tigers. They were lying in the sun. The peacocks were strutting about.

Amy Knowles Gr. II

>

King Franc in the background is not very interested in the adoption ceremony attended by Grade II Red, Mrs Richardson and Mr. Willie Labuschagne, the curator of the Johannesburg Zoo.

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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

50TH-ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

From early morning a kaleidoscope of human life converges on a gleaming, beribboned school, transformed by painstakingly put up displays inside and large, colourful marquees in the grounds.

The air hums and crackles like a million distorted radio stations bouncing out all at once through a giant stereo and into your befuddled ears.

The diet-conscious mourn over the candyfloss and ice-cream; the thin smile smugly and carry on eating. Lipstick and eyeshadow wear off in the heat and shoes are discarded. Clothes get dirty and skins get brown (or in some cases, red). Finally the gym display's turn comes, ushered in by green, leotard-clad bodies and problems with th? music. The parents clap wildly and the girls groan in relief that it's over.

Finally it's the eagerly-awaited fashion show and (equally important) tea and cake. Beautiful people prance down the ramp to invigorating music and applause. After that, the raffle tickets are drawn, and Miss Edwards wins the Krugerrand. When you make absolutely certain that you haven't won the big prize, it's time for home — some to rest, and others to return for the Barn Dance.

All told, the fiftieth anniversary celebrations went down like a combination of fireworks and champagne. To better them, the centenary celebrations will probably need a rocket to the moon.

Vivienne Gray Form III

The past, future and present —
Our school all in Gold,
Memories in a life time.

Sally Kent Form V

The preparations involved were quite extraordinary. Medieval costumes were created from present-fashion knickerbockers and frilly-shirts from which doublet and hose were improvised and parents sweltered in the sun while watching extracts from Shakespearian comedies and tragedies, quite different from that of the 'Elizabethian Era!'

Daniella Goldman Form III

I reminisced as I worked creating new faces for children who were delighted as they were transformed into clowns, rabbits and dolls. I looked round the junior school and recalled with nostalgia the moments of nonchalance I had spent there. I thought of other people as I saw them walking around dazed by memories. I thought of how many memories they must have if I who am still here, hold many dear to my heart.

Nerine Kahn Form IV

"MEMORIES ARE THE STUFF THAT NOSTALGIA IS MADE OF"

The sun beat down and the stores were set up. Music blared out as we rushed from the Krugerrand and Treasure Hunt to the hotdog stall. Clown faces and pirates happily licked ice-creams as they marched around between old girls and memories. The afternoon ushered in a Pageant followed by a gym display and a fashion show ended the afternoon's celebrations. 'Then and Now' flanked the ramp in a continuous stream of colour. The spirit at the barn dance in the evening was magical.

On Friday afternoon, the Shakespearian production on new Koch steps "Macbeth" said: "Out, out brief candle..." But for all present on the first of October 1983 the candle will never die out.

Britt Lilienfeld Form IV

Open Day eyes peeled for projects.

Frances McElligott Form

JUBILEE MUSEUM

It tasted like memories

It smelt of the past

Schoolgirl giggles from wrinkled faces

And a feeling of nostalgia.

Pamela Ussher Form V

A corner of the Museum which will be a permanent feature of Kingsmead from now on.

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JUBILEE ENTERTAINMENT — 30 SEPTEMBER

DRAMA AND MUSIC

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The Saturday Celebrations

As fizzy as coke

And as rich as a late white wine

Gillian Hofmeyr Form V

Have you ever tasted candy floss pink fluff, there then gone sticky.

Kim Strickland Form II

Did you ever feel the warmth of Moving-memories, harmonious-ha|

SCHOOL

Grass-green-uniformed, brown-beret-headed laughing, learning, rejoicing Reputable, honourable, dignified, renowned Kingsmead

Samantha Goldman Form II

D.V.

Heart-warming, pleasure-filling, exciting, exhilarating, interesting, powerful, fragile, wrinkled face, Ours.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

There was a gargling'funness' that seemed to whirl around joyously in the atmosphere. Everybody lost themselves and each other in the laughing chaos. The day whizzed by in a huge dust cloud and settled later on the vacant sleepy premises of the "Birthday girl".

Kate Boonzaier Form V

34

ie?

nings, tomorrow's-tale

Amanda Hall Form IV

Candace Rivett-Carnac Form I

Drunk from the sun I remembered I had won Three bottles of wine

Donia Papageorgiou Form IV

THE BARN DANCE '83

When supper time finally arrived, everyone trooped to where the food was being served, rubbing red hands (from all the clapping) and bruised feet. If you were really sensible, you sat outside, under the stars, and allowed the dust to settle on those sitting inside.

Nicola Suter Form III

HAIKU

Golden Jubilee A celebration to conjure Sunlit memories.

Lauren MacArthur Form III

CANDY FLOSS

Sweet coloured clouds of melting moments Sticky disintegration

Alexandra Koch Form IV

Have you ever entered Iron Maid Competition?

Netball-throwing eager faces cheering, moaning 76 points.

Junko Nagumo Form III

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THEN AND NOW

SATURDAY OCTOBER 1

The youngest and the oldest Kingsmeadian

Model,

Glamorous, eyecatching flouncing, flirting, prancing Stardom in an instant.

Chic. Joceline Jones Form II

PAGEANT

MODELLING

I smiled

and sauntered

The picture of confidence

While trickles of perspiration dripped down my side and my stomach churned

Bridget Babb Form III

I waltzed past the candy floss stall, wrinkling my nose at the thought of the spinning stickiness when a hand grabbed my arm and a voice implored me to take the place of the second shift which hadn't arrived yet Yet? Unfortunately it had no inclination ever to appear and within half an hour I discovered to my horror that I was in charge of hundreds of sticky ten cent pieces and a strange foreign bowl. I later discovered that whatever talent it took to spin floss, I sadly lacked it. Occasionally the machine ceased functioning while at other times it regurgitated far too much. I was incapable of twirling clouds of floss onto sticks, which, in their turn poked my eyes out while I short-changed a four year old its two-month's pocket money and battled to disengage another stick which had been viciously spiked into the centre of the machine emitting ominous grinding noises. When relieved of this disastrous duty I discovered to my raging indignation that my teeth had turned a pale shade of blue from sampling the candy floss. Happiness and light-hearted entertainment abounded and even I forgot about my blue teeth and smiled and enjoyed the day.

Prudence Miller Form V

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Games gone by

PART OF THE 'THEN AND NOW' PAGEANT

Open air gymnastics before equipment

THE GYM DISPLAY

Form III

Hiding their faces in utter embarrassment,

The girls wait in silence for the following harrassment, The guys are screaming, yelling and whistling,

And we're standing, dying and cringing,
The music starts and we all run on,
Of course everything had to go wrong! Jessica Jones

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GOLDEN JUBILEE — THE JUNK)R AND SENIOR SCHOOL 1983

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"The Ballad of the Bus" — illustrated after the Jubilee Pageant.

Delia Sievers Gr. 1

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AFTER THE TREE-PLANTING CEREMONY ON JUBILEE DAY

Trees were planted for each of the Headmistresses of the Junior School and the College.

Left to right: Miss Maisie Waite planted a tree in memory of Miss Vera Paver, Miss Cecily Colbourne

— in memory of Miss Elspeth Bradford — Miss Peggy Crowther-Smith, Miss Doris Thompson, Mrs Jane
Grounds.

Miss Thompson with Mr and Mrs snri de Villiers — Chairman of the Kingsmead Council.

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Yael Stern Form III

MAGAZINE ESSAY COMPETITION

We thank Mr Digby Ricci for adjudicating the essays once again. He made the awards as follows:

Senior Section:

Winner: Sarah Brown

Runners-up: Siobhán Paterson and Yvette Wiseman Highly commended: Julie Gordon

Junior Section:

Winner: Joceline Jones.

Runner-up: Vivienne Gray.

THE GREATEST PLEASURE IN LIFE IS DOING WHAT PEOPLE SAY YOU CANNOT DO

The greatest pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do, especially if those people happen to be your parents. How many children have experienced the glee of testing the breaking point of their parents?

At a young age your loving mummy and daddy are reasonably lenient and your wicked actions are dismissed as "michieveous pranks". As you get older however you are expected more and more to "behave" and by the time you have become a teenager the number of things your parents allow you to do decreases incredibly.

Their reason is that you are too young; too young to go out and stay out as late as you wish, too young to decide how much homework is necessary, too young to stay up all night doing it because "you should know better". You should know better that you are too old to watch the "kiddies" programmes on television, too old to misbehave, too old to have a messy room and too old "still" to appreciate "that pop music".

In proportion your pleasure increases; think of the excitement in the breathless rush to the front door at two minutes to twelve when your heart almost stops in case you are late. Think of sneaking into age restricted movies or discos; piling on makeup and playing eighteen.

I remember the boy friend they did not approve of, all six foot one inch of him. His long lean body towered above me and his blond hair made a frame around his face. I remember the way it grew curly before he went into the army (I still have a photograph) and I remember then the bristles and the fun it was brushing my hand along them the wrong way up.

I saw a lot of the back of his neck when he took me on his motorbike, and the lights reflecting like pools of blood on the wet road. It was exhilarating; the wind whipping my emotions into a frenzy of delight mixed with fear.

My parents prohibited me from seeing him or riding on his motorbike, ("that noisy machine"), and I ran to my room crying. He still phoned and I still went out, telling my parents that I was "going to movies" with girls from school. The fear of being found out sent my adrenalin pumping and I was almost on a permanent "high". Of course they found out I was still seeing him and this time they told me that they did not trust him with "their little daughter".

We planned a picnic on a Sunday but it poured with rain, so we went back to my house because my parents were out. I remember that he was just too long for my bed and that he ate all my mother's peanut butter biscuits.

I remember when the monsters of my parents dreams were unleashed yesterday, the day he had the accident. He was showing his brother how "to pull a wheelie". The bike flipped over onto his chest. They said his heart stopped beating immediately.

There was silence. And through the cold I felt my father's arm around me and I understood his fear.

Sarah Brown Form V

A SENSE OF TIMING

The faded, yellow sunlight hung at slanting angles between the trees. On the grass, the shadows of the poplars etched delicate lace patterns across the green. A peaceful silence permeated the garden, punctuated only by the odd scuffle amongst the leaves at the foot of the trees, or the cool crow of a cuckoo. The air was full of quiet hush, and I wondered if I would ever tell of this garden to unknown grandchildren.

Beyond the pool on my left, the cat gambolled with the dog — patting his nose, advancing, retreating, and rubbing up against his flank. The flapping of water against the pool sides reminded me of a sail, rippling languidly before a lazy breeze. The smell of newly cut grass tickled my nostrils, as did some blunted blades. As I watched, an ant wandered through my line of vision, toiling up and down steep inclines for what seemed to be no purpose. I crushed it!

The garden tap was dripping slow, rounded drops into the pool formed at its base. Each drop began the descent as a silvery tinkle in the air, to become a plop and a ripple on the dappled pool. Green moss crept shyly around the rocks, seeking out the water and yet afraid to approach too near.

A bird of mixed grey and blue dipped out of the sky toward the Eucalyptus tree, which bore our carvings from years ago — KM L SP. The vines dangled lazily from the pillars above me, offering unripened fruit to the sun. Once ripe the grapes were very sour, but strong and refreshing to a hot mouth.

Then Mr Rosie next door began to mow his lawn. He had just acquired a new XL Rotary motored machine I crept inside and repented for having killed an ant

Siobhán Paterson Form V

SCAPEGOAT

On the horizon a sway of sturdy back supporting heavy pots moved slowly on. The gang of village women was on its way to the river to do the washing. The rhythm of their exertion was measured in their song as each squelching cloth met a rock and slipped off.

A scream sounded from the river and the gurling song stopped. A horde of women surged past with their skirts above their knees. When they had reached the village the women went straight to their chief and explained how Mary had been eaten by the "creature that dwells beneath the green waters". The chief smiled for now the village spirit was truly avenged for the death of the witchdoctor two moons ago. The village rejoiced and the drums pulsed far into the following day.

Downstream from the washing place where the river is deeper, a dark face can be seen resting in the mud, and a large body merging into the wet earth. This form struggles up and manages to crawl a few yards before collapsing once more. It is Mary. After a rest she labours to her hands and knees again as she journeys to the village.

The village rejoicing continues as the feast is prepared for noon. The youngmen stamp wildly to the traditional beat and the rhythm of each other's bodies. Power is seen in the glistening limbs and pride in the intricacy of the dance. The women's bangles jangle as they work. The goats are prepared and the men begin to eat.

After many strenuous hours Mary saw an end to her ordeal as the village was ahead. She could not wait to see the joy on her husband's face when he saw that she was alive. The women would have said that she was dead but she had survived. The village would rejoice and her sons would be proud of their strong mother.

A woman saw her in the dirt and thought she was the gruesome ghost of Mary. She fled screaming and the warriors came forward with rocks to chase away the spirit that had come back to haunt the people of the village. And so the stones hailed down upon her body.

Later the hyenas came, and then the vultures. A hot breeze blew over the plain and some dust came to rest upon a pile of ravaged bones.

Yvette Wiseman Form V

FRIDAY NIGHT IN BRAAMFONTEIN

Friday night, and I'm sitting here like an old age pensioner, working! I suppose if it was Monday, or the revolting equivalent thereof, like Thursday for instance, I would be full of Friday festivity, not working of course, and feeling guilty for not feeling guilty about it. Such is life, such is my life, always three days behind. I was probably born late or something. The coke sign is flashing monotonously and a moth is screeching in my ear in an excited frenzy. Quite uncanny how similar to moths the "Friday-night Freakout" seems; sad grey beings emerge from unknown places and flutter and buzz in a frenzied search for light, glamour, excitement and memories. For a while we forget that we are merely grey moths revelling in artificial light until the light is extinguished, or one of us flutters too near the globe. Oh! How depressing. Why is the detached narrator always the cynical, depressed figure in literature— sour grapes, maybe? Or maybe only sober, pensive moods are truly perceptive. I stare through the white squares of the lace curtain at the streets, lost in profundities. "Prince Albert! Hey, Prince Albert!" I look up, across the road a man in a vest is waving his beer can at me. Oh well, anything can happen after a Badedas bath.

Julie Gordon Form V

YESTERDAY DON'T MATTER IF IT'S GONE

The alarm rang. I scrambled out of bed only to whack my head on the low, swinging reading lamp. I staggered to the bathroom, and peeped into the mirror. This was more painful than my throbbing head. With my snarled hair, and the black shadows beneath my eyes, I looked like "Lady Dracula".

Spilling it down my shirt at the same time, I poured milk over my cornflakes. Cautiously tasting, I discovered that the milk was completely sour. Giving up, I went back to my bedroom to get dressed. RATS! I couldn't find my tie. Pulling my hair into a messy ponytail, I carried my case to the top of the stairs, but fate struck again and I fell, giving myself several nasty bruises.

Eventually arriving late at school, I found that I'd learnt (or tried to learn) for the wrong test. Thinking that it was too late to do anything about it, I wandered into assembly. Just my luck! They had decided to give out the certificates, and I was a receiver. I managed to walk up the stairs reasonably graciously for once! Reaching out to shake the headmistress's hand, I tripped, and in an effort to balance myself, I caught the headmistress on the side of her face with my hand. The lectern and I went crashing over the edge of the stage, and then everything went blank.

I woke up later to find myself in the 'san'. It was almost time to leave. Dizzily, I sat up, then managed to walk out and make my way to the classroom. I succeeded in picking up my books and catching the bus, without too many problems. When I got home, I walked into the kitchen and, dropping my case on the table, I sat down. ALAS! The case split with a creaking sound, and in dismay I watched each book fall one by one onto the floor. Just to be safe, I went upstairs on my hands and knees, then climbed onto the bed. Of course, I cracked my head on the headboard, but, bythistime, I didn't really care. As it was Friday and I didn't have to do a lot of homework, I went to sleep. I didn't wake up until Saturday morning. Sitting up carefully I thought about the incidents of the day before — not very pleasant memories! I decided to try to forget that day completely, because yesterday doesn't really matter if it's already gone!

Joceline Jones Form II

Vivienne Behr Form V

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STEPS

The bomb exploded at 4.30 p.m. Eleven people were killed outright, four others died within the hour. Over a hundred people were injured, and a man was flung from one end of the street to the other. In the middle of the pavement, an expensive pair of high-heeled shoes stood neatly side by side, as though their owner would be gone only for a moment. It was more probable that she would be gone for eternity ...

Revulsion welled up as we watched the television's beady eye, filled with scenes of such madness as only man can dream up and execute. Each of us in that room felt some little detail to be the embodiment of all things sick and insane. For me, it was the sight of those shoes ...

I imagined the woman who had worn them stepping down the pavement a minute before. She would have been stylish, confident

— like her shoes. Each step she took would have been carefully controlled, graceful and fluid, and she would have known exactly where she was going. Where was she going? Where did those steps lead to?

I closed my eyes as the unfeeling television still hurled its images in a never-ending stream of horror. But still more awful were the feet marching across my brain. I could even hear them — click, click, click. I tried to shut them out, stuffing my fingers in my ears. At last

— silence!

But now, other images appeared. I thought of the feet taking other steps — "steps" up the social ladder, running,

driving, riding, dancing. I saw feet on the beach, leaving marks on the wet sand. Was I just another neurotic teenager? I decided that I was, and firmly opened my eyes. Nothing happened. No footsteps — just the noise of the television. I looked towards the corner as a body was poured onto the screen. I closed my eyes again in horror, and the steps started up again. This time I was powerless to stop them, powerless even to open my eyes.

The steps were more urgent now, coming faster and faster. It was as though "something" was trying to show me the story of a life — a life cut off in mid-afternoon. Thud, thud, thud, came the noise. Click, click, click I couldn't stand it any more. I couldn't —

The footsteps stopped and I was free to open my eyes, just in time to hear the end of the report issuing from the lips of a little man I couldn't stand.

"And from this scene of horror, we — urn", (looking at his notes) "leave you with this thought — live for today; take life a step at a time. Good night"

"Yes," I thought wearily, "live life a step at a time, but what can prepare you for the sight of your ladder blowing up in front of you?"

Vivienne Gray Form III

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Katherine Warner Std. 5

ORIGINAL WRITING

STEPS

Stained, white paint was peeling off the table. I eased my nail under it until the brittle layer touched my skin. I moved it, gently, and it strained away from the wood. I jerked my nail and flicked the bit away. A waitress slapped coffee and a roll down, grunted and slouched away.

In a dim corner of the cafe a child whined and wriggled and finally spilt its milk. I wonder what I was like as a child? Dim memories of splashing in a pool of a friend and the oh-so-very blue sky leaked into my mind. I wonder if I gurgled and laughed? How did I feel when I walked my first steps? How long did I balance there and then did I fall in a defeated puddle, on the floor?

My first steps — how many steps have I plodded or leaped since then, to get to where I am now?

I took many steps at school, to school and from school. I didn't much like it there, with its dingy walls and filthy floors. There were wild children, and children who were as vicious as can be and there were doormat children. I remember I was a bit out of it.

In those days people always stepped too fast or too slowly for me.

Has it changed? I doubt it — there is no one, so far, whose steps fit mine perfectly or even not-so perfectly. I've strained and twisted, walked only on the cracks or only on the grey ones, but my gait is different.

Many times have I chased after butterflies with eager steps and as many times have I slithered into chasms, dark and deep, with steps as unknowingly eager. The butterflies always escape and the chasms are deep. There have been times when I could just walk. I was free and happy and felt good.

I wonder when I will have walked as far as I am destined to go. Will I totter to the end and creep away like an injured insect? Will I just stop walking? That is the best, I think, just to stop walking. At least it's dignified

The coffee was cold. It had changed colour and blobs of oil slipped across the surface. I pushed the cup away. The roll was old and as wrinkled as tired jeans. I broke a chunk off and chewed it Yes, I decided definitely that I wouldn't eat it. I paid the bill.

Outside the sun was shining. I felt it on my back. My first steps were joyful, I remember.

Karen Foxcroft Form IV

SONNET — JOY OF A RIVER

The sadness of a world, in a sorry state,

Is like a mill wheel, weighed down by its stone,

Whilst in the river, rocks determine fate.

The cheerful babble changes to fruitless moan Yet persevering, on the river goes,

Trusting in the evenness of its bed.

A ripple from a pebble outward flows,

Formations stirring water: never dead,
A gentle murmur is yet ever there,
A hint of something latent in its voice.
The sorrows, worries, hatred and the care,
Give way to let the gurgling brook rejoice.
It has beauty, grace and sweetness like a dove,
And sadness turned to joy may turn to love.

Jane Pank Form IV

Caroline Diessel Form Vc

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TAMA

He was a mongrol-cross Labrador, Boxer. But he was my very best friend.

When I was sad or lonely, I could tell him everything, anything. His face was all wrinkles and toothers he would have seemed ugly. We called him 'Bugl', our name for beautiful and ugly. His name was Tamagagaanboigle, and caused my Standard I teacher a lot of bother when I asked her to spell it. For convenience he was Tama.

It was Tama who exhausted us by pinching our tennis balls. It was Tama who picked fights with every dog and cat when the Siamese scratched his nose, he was soon back for more. It was Tama who dribbled all over the floors. And it was Tama who died at twelve years old, leaving me with just a photo.

Karen Anderson Form I

THE ECHO IN MY HEAD

There was a tiny lady I once knew — she wasn't even five foot tall. She came from the Scottish highlands bringing with her a beautiful accent and a whirl of mysteries.

She was small, very small, carrying a spare tyre round her waist. Potatoes were her favourite, I remember. Her hands and feet were unusually small as though she were oriental. They were ruined, all wrinkled and blotched with plump blue veins, but her nails were long and youthful and always painted a bright red colour. Her hair wasn't grey, but silver, and she owned a pair of small hazel eyes flecked with gold. Her odour was one of an old person, offensive to my nostrils, but nevertheless I had always taken a firm grip of her hand and patiently walked with her, taking three steps before it was necessary to rest. From the car to her chair and back again seemed to be the only exercise she ever got.

I remember how she would sit in her chair all day long, clutching her cigarette between her short fingers and sighing. "Aye", she would say over and over again. Her face was worn, covered in fine lines, telling a long story which I never learnt. Her eyes were always sad and withdrawn, staring ahead of her — until someone teased her. Then, her body would become rigid, her eyes alert, her lips thin and she would jump to her own defence.

I was not too sad when she passed away. I felt relieved for her. I do wish, though, that I could have known just a few of those sorrows behind her flecked eyes, and perhaps grown closer to her.

Amanda Milroy Form V

UNPREDICTABILITIES

I sit twirling my pigtail with one hand. I can feel the wisps of hair spring loose and tickle their way through my fingers until my hand looks like a soft porcupine. I am touching without feeling. Then I let go and my pigtail springs loose and spins frantically until it is a tangled bunch bound up with a piece of creased ribbon.

The afternoon sun leans heavily on my back. There is a broken jigsaw of shadowed leaves chasing each other in front of me. I am looking without seeing, my eyes fixed hazily on the dancing shadows, chasing, leaping, up, up, up. Down. The sun slips silently behind a looming obstruction. My shadows, like fallen warriors, begin to fade.

The wind continues to move the leaves, and they jiggle and vibrate, but their grey mirror image has been left somewhere.

The sun attempts a little shine and I can almost hear the excitement. There is a rustling and a scratching as the leaves gather their fallen pride. The sun is encouraged by their enthusiasm and soon there is a moving kaleidoscope.

My mind churns heavily, my thoughts are dull. What am I thinking?

The shadows are still there, but the wind has stopped.

My vulnerable pigtail is now half coiled, it will not spin anymore but is distorted and uncomfortable, strangled by the ribbon.

The sun comes up, the sun goes down. The shadows dance, the shadows lie still. My pigtail is half curled, the other half uncurled.

The afternoon is heavy and my thoughts are confused. I do not know what is next. Where is the sun? Where are the

shadows? It is all so unpredictable.

Kate Boonzaier Form V

A SENSE OF TIMING

It was not without the slightest sense of trepidation that I pulled on my costume. "Are you coming Elsa?" With a sigh I took one last, long glance at my own snowwhite inadequacies before turning to meet my slender, bronzed cousin, Gillian.

Together we walked down the cool, leafy lane, and as I felt the gentle patches of sun, on my face, I was glad that I had come to stay with my cousins for the summer. Gilly linked her arm in mine, and together, with more confidence than I felt, we sailed onto the beach.

"Gilly, who is that?" I shook her out of her reverie, and as one we turned to follow his departing back with our eyes. I began to feel a bit like someone from a comic book, with little red hearts around my head, my hands clasped in adoration, and a gentle, glazed look in my eyes. In actual fact, that was how I did feel, because he was so gorgeous: tall, blond and bronzed, and all the girls were running after him. (Partly, I think, because he had such a long stride, and they were unable to walk next to him.)

A little excited, we began to splash suntan lotion around a bit more extravagantly than usual. However, I knew I would never qualify, the girls around him were slender, tall and blond as well as being tanned. My lily white rolls precipitated another sigh.

From a distance we watched him — at least, I know I did; Gilly pretended to be asleep. He seemed so powerful as he braved the waves. All the poems we had ever studied in English came to mind.

It was with great difficulty that Gilly extracted me from the beach that night I say extracted, because I felt a little like a leech as I sat there staring hopefully and in vain at the spot where his motorbike had been parked.

That night I carefully curled my hair, and even more carefully plastered cream over my sunburn. Perhaps he would notice me the next day. Gillian watched quizzically and then gleefully imparted the news to her family: I was in love. I came in for much teasing that night and began to be grateful that my sunburn hid my blushes.

"Gilly, aren't you ever going to be ready?" Laughing, she came running gracefully down the stairs. "Don't worry, we'll still be there before him." It was all in vain, however, he remained a distant figure on the beach that day.

Finally, after much teasing from Gillian, I agreed to go for a swim. In fact, the cool waves looked so inviting to my hot lobster red body. Arm in arm, we splashed into the waves, feeling that first ice cold gasp of contact. Our swim was beautiful, and I began to forget about my carefully curled hair, and intricately made up face.

We began to swim further and further out, feeling slightly daring at facing the big waves. I miscalculated one, and was caught up in it as it whirled toward the beach. In my dizzy, green, sandy world, I wondered if I would ever come up. If I did, how would I extract the sand from my costume without anyone's seeing? Finally, I was released, and tossed upwards only to bump straight against someone. Before I went under again, he grabbed me, and I surfaced spluttering into a well known bronzed, blue-eyed face.

It was, you might say, a sense of timing.

Anne Fuller-Good Form V

MONOLOGUE

"I know exactly how you feel. Your stomach is churning frantically, you feel slightly nauseated, and everytime you lift your eyes from the page you get so overridden with guilt you can't even turn your Rosary beads properly! Yes, I have had it all. You can brand me as being highly experienced in the world of exam writing. But you know for yourself there is no point in lounging around in front of the heater. You should be bolt upright at your desk. Pythagoras said something to the effect of 'never horizontalise your perpendicularity' but don't take that too seriously because I might have misinterpreted the statement. That was I think round about the time I called Pythagoras a blithering idiot, and my maths career came to a rather abrupt end.

But going back to the guilt causes of exam preparations . . . my rosary beads are getting quite thin.

Kate Boonzaier Form V

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Painting by Alison Blake aged 14 - "Jesus on the Cross" was chosen to be included in the 1984 Calendar of St Manf's Cathedral.

47

"WHAT AN EXISTENCE"

I am woken up a fraction too late every morning, and enter the seminary in a rush and a flurry, and battle to avoid the early morning "Good Afternoon, Victoria" from a bright, wide awake Mrs Hughes. Sedate girls who don't seem to have any trouble being on time begin the taxing day. I wander to assembly over the pleasant green of Kingsmead's

lawns ...

In this existence, it is not necessary to give a thought to harrassed people, starving hordes, droughts and detainees. There are, however, those of us who do and suffer from typical middle class guilt complexes. Our mothers join Black Sash and Race Relations and ineffectually attend morning markets and "do their duty".

My home is warm and loving. A good day's work is done by my parents; then they have dinner and retire to watch TV. Our discussions are typical of ordinary armchair liberals. In the morning my mother will pay a passbook offence as a maid's child has been on the premises. For us the summons means inconvenience and money. We do not suffer the humiliation and degradation. Our Sabbath candles are lit in peace. Our links with an age-old religion carry on. We know the joy of a traditional meal. Nobody is persecuted here. We cannot understand the pain.

So I sit at Kingsmead College and I wonder about the decisions that I will make that I have never needed to make before. I review my options. My ambition bubbles forward. There is so much to be done. I know we girls have much to give. There is only that constant worry of one day aiming to get my washing "whiter than white", cooking for executives, or dropping my children at school in a buff BMW. It is an easy rut to fall into. We are all the products of that rut. I fear being forced into it

The four o'clock bell rings. I stumble to the lower drive to be met by my mother and tomorrow I will wake up just a fraction too late.

Victoria Bronstein Form V

GOING HOME

Nearing the time to go home Day to go home

People get excited. The noise increases. We don't do our homework. We make as much noise as we like when we go to bed. Arguments start. People say what they are going to do in the holidays, whom they are going to go out with. We start cutting down on food so we can fit into our jeans again. So we don't have to ask Mr Smith if we can borrow a pair of pliers to pull up our zips. We start growing our nails. The excitement increases. People start to sing "Only one more day of school, one more day of sorrow, one more day in this old dump and we will be home tomorrow".

Instead of dragging ourselves out of bed with the thought of another lousy day of school ahead of us, we jump out of bed at five o'clock, rush to the mirror to see if we have any spots. Satisfied we take an admiring look in the mirror, toss our heads and smile and walk off. Run your bath and put in loads of bubble bath. Step in and relax. When we have finished trying to beautify ourselves, we put on our green space suits known as uniforms and go down to breakfast We hardly eat a thing because we are so excited to be going home. Then we go upstairs to pack the rest of our belongings. Finally we go and wait for the S.S. Servicable Sisters to come and pick us up.

We go to the check-in counter. We fill in our forms. By this time we can just keep our mouths shut We can hardly even keep still because we are so excited. We go through passport control, board our flight and sit down; check out the guys who are sitting near us. Satisfied we read, sleep, talk, listen to music and eat. Once through passport control at the other end, we stand around waiting for our cases. Soon we will be seeing our parents. We check in. Then board our next flight By this time we cannot keep our excitement in. Our hearts beat faster every minute. When our plane lands we are up and out of our seats in a matter of seconds and standing waiting to get off the plane. When they open the door we all fly down the steps to meet our parents and, hurray, we are nearly home.

Amanda Bruce Form I

MEMORIES OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was never a dull moment — ouractive minds dreamed up all kinds of imaginary games and mischief.

My best friend lived around the corner and I often used to ride as fast as my little bike would go to her house.

Together we rode up and down the hills in the neighbourhood, going so fast that we would get 'speed-wobble', and would have to slow down. We would ride to the café to raid the bottle-opening device for the tops of Coke bottles.

Inside were precious sticker-like objects which we collected and bragged about We saved up to buy ding bats and yo-yos.

Together, my little sister and I took bananas to put in the road. We used to giggle with delight when a car rode over them. Our house was on the top of a ridge and the people below us had a flat corrugated iron roof and a pool which we overlooked. We had two naartjie trees growing on the top of the cliff as we called it. Often in the naartjie season naartjies got hurled into the beautifully clean pool and onto their iron roof which made fascinating thumping and echoing sounds all round their garden, not to mention inside their house. The neighbours often became furious and ran outside threatening to call our parents. We ran away and hid. Next door lived an old couple who did not appreciate us either, and sprayed us with their hose if we ventured into their garden.

As a result of all the activity hardly a week passed when nobody had bruises, cuts or broken bones. I often skinned my knees and elbows and stubbed my toes when biking without shoes. When visitors and their children came for tea we

played 'nurse and doctor' in Grannie's room when she was away. It was downstairs so we could make as much noise as we liked, plus the added bonus of an en suite bathroom and toilet (to be used as a casualty room). Mom had many bottles of harmless Vitamin C tablets which were orange and tasted like oranges. If a patient was very ill we administered one of them.

Once Mom read 'Swallows and Amazons' to us and the next few weeks were spent playing 'Swallows and Amazons' with wheelbarrows as boats as well as tents of blankets and sheets. Another occupation was climbing trees. I remember 'parachuting' from branches down to earth. We broke many branches in the exercise.

Upon finding an empty nest in a tree, we often placed two eggs from the kitchen inside it, in the hope that they would hatch. We buried dead birds and made elaborate graves for them. Our house has always had many animals: cats, dogs (which we used to dress up), bunnies, hamsters and tortoises.

I can't ever remember being bored, there was always so much to do!

Jenny Boa Form III

Tanis Brown Form I

48

THE DORMITORY IN THE MORNING

In the morning at about 6 a.m. the dormitory is so quiet and very dark, but out of the big window we can see the sun rising and that's the only way we can really tell it's nearing six o'clock or rather nearly time to get up.

Everyone's breathing is quiet, and then the first bell goes at 6.20 and that breaks the silence. Everyone just turns over and sighs and then all is the same again. Then at 6.30 the matron comes in, saying "Good morning" and telling us to get out of bed, and what the weather is like. She shakes ones who are still sleeping. If they don't stir, she pulls back their covers.

Then there are real moans and people go stamping out to the toilet. So by then most of us are up and pulling our drawers open to get out our clothes. By then we're all talking, putting on tape recorders and stripping our beds.

Then the 6.40 a.m. bell goes and those two or three still lying in bed get out lazily and start to dress. Then the toilets are flushing one after the other, baths are being run, and the curtains on the rails of the cupboards are also rattling backwards and forwards.

The 7.05 bell goes and everyone rushes out to polish her shoes quickly and then runs downstairs into the diningroom. After breakfast, as we all come back upstairs, we switch the tapes back on. There is laughing and talking while we are making our beds. When all the beds are made, and our cubicles are tidy, people start going down. The talking ceases until there are only two or three voices raised, and then there is just the noise of the dormitory across from us.

Clare Gowans Form I

TREES IN A STORM

Lightning strikes startling silver on black skeletons exposed.

Ula Burger Form II

THESE I HAVE LOVED.. .

These I have loved:

The bright sun breaking through on a crisp winter's day
Dewdrops gliding down a cream tinged rose
The heavy rich smell of percolating coffee
A bundled up child with a healthy pink nose.

The lick from your dog that goes beyond love;

The luminous sparks in the waves at night
The age softened skin of my grandmother's hand
The colourful tail of a high crazy kite.

A teary love story with a sweet cup of tea
Strong sun on your skin as you lie in the sand;

The sway of an agile dancer to music

The fast frantic rhythm of the latest rock band.

Shauna McLaughlin Form 111c

DIE KAGGELVUUR

Die vuur het in die kaggel gedans — 'n mal, vreemde dans wat oor die mure gesprei het. Rooi, rooi in die vuur en op die mure en in die oë van die mense rondom. Dit was amper soos die klank van die vuur wat in die siele van die mense weerklink gevind het en uit hul oë geskyn het.

Daar was net die geknetter en die golwende gesug van die vuur en die gespat van die vlam-swart hout Maar andersins was daar net 'n warm stilte wat in die mense ingekruip het Hulle het stil gesit en stadig na die vlamme gestaar. Lewers in hulle het lui gedagtes gerol, en nog later is hulle geherkou en gesuiwer. Die droë wit wyn in die glase het soos druppeltjies vuur gerol en gesprankel.

Die vuur het gedans — in die kaggel, op die mure, in die wyn en in die mense — 'n eienaardige "mal" dans . . . en tog

'n basiese element wat warmte afgee aan alles en almal, hoe hulle dit ookal benut

Karen Foxcroft Vorm IV

Kathleen Dey Form Vc

49

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

Most certainly the best things in life are free — the ability to think, speak and act with no restrictions, to make your own choices and to carry the decisions out and to have freedom to do as you please.

Money cannot buy peaceful sleep,

The warm sun when it rises.

Long walks in country lanes.

Streams and flowing water, jumping in puddles,

throwing stones into a still lake and watching the many ripples. Money cannot buy a beach, the sea, fresh air, wind and sun — climbing a mountain and feeling pleased when you reach the top, exploring caves and rock pools.

Love; being together.

Watching the sunset.

Fun and friends.

Riding a bicycle.

Pressing flowers and milking cows.

Painting pictures.

Planting vegetables.

Dancing, reading, day-dreaming

Caring for a lost kitten or playing with a puppy.

Getting a package and opening a letter.

Letting your hair blow in the breeze.

Trusting your sister

Following your dog to see where he goes.

All these things and many more, have no value.

They are the best things in life and they are free.

Samantha Smirin Std. 5

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Melanie Blue Gr II

LION'S HAIR

Long spikes dusty hard sometimes glossy and rippling soft exceedingly sleek.

Janet Barrow Std. 4

THE VOYAGE OF THE DROMEDARIS

I am one of the crew who sailed on the Dromedaris. My name is John. Before we left we put many things aboard like fresh meat and salted meat, spices and herbs, firewood and other odd things. We set sail on Christmas Eve in 1561.

For the first few days we ate fresh meat and the weather was good. We slept on the floor down below at night and

whenever a wind was blowing it would go through the holes where the cannons were and make the ship very cold. After we had been sailing for about two weeks we started to eat fish and bread. Jan van Riebeeck, David de Coninck and the ladies had much nicer food than we did. We were given a little food once a day, and some men were weak. One of my mates was so hungry one day that he tried to steal some food. He slipped into the kitchen because he saw the cook talking outside. Just as he was taking some delicious food, the cook walked in. He tried to run away but the cook, who was a big strong, man, grabbed him by the collar.

The cook took him outside and tied his hands to a pole. He then whipped him. My mate was helpless and it was horrible to see him suffering. I wanted to help but I was too scared to because I knew I would only be beaten too. In the end his back was covered with red streaks. He could hardly stand up straight but he was still forced to work. That night he went into an uneasy sleep. He was so hungry and sore that it was not surprising that we found him dead the next morning. The other men did not seem to care much as they just threw his body overboard. I watched it float away.

From then to the end of the journey no one else died except for one man who got scurvy, which is not surprising. A few other men were beaten but they somehow managed to survive. Our journey was three and a half months long. During that time we met many storms. Eventually, in the end, we arrived safely at the Cape of Good Hope.

Joanna Ball Std. 4

MY VRIENDIN

Sy is 'n snaakse kind van dertien jare Sy het lang, pikswart hare.

Sy is nie te dom nie, maar sy is nie te slim nie.

Sy is net in die middel en sy is my vriendin.

Anthea Wesley Std. 5

Caroline Waddams, Std. 3

50

WIMBLEDON

"Came Mr McEnroe. He leads by five games to two and two sets to love." What a boring match! At least the crowd's enjoying the show, even if Chris is being given a hiding. "Time, Gentlemen." If there's one thing I do not enjoy it's this ladedah accent I have to put on. I wonder what the Duke would do if I lapsed into cockney? I'd better keep my thoughts on this match. Good shot, Chris! show them what you're really made of — Oh! Bad Luck! "Fifteen Lo-ove" At least that man over there seems to be enjoying this, what with his binoculars perched on his nose; look at that woman's hair. Carrot-sticks sprouting obliquely at all angles....."Thirty ... lo-ove."

Oh, no! Was that in? Ah, out from old Bill on the tram-line. Please, John, not now!

"The ball was out, MrMcEnroe. I begyour pardon? No it was out... Thir-rty-fifteen." He doesn't need to show me where it landed. I'm sure it fell there anyway. He's been quite restrained this season — thank goodness! I find it rather embarrassing handing out warnings like a teacher to a petulent kid. Whoops! "For-rty-fifteen."

Why hasn't Charles called a net — or is it let? I could have sworn... Yes! now I'm for it

"That was a let!"

"Yes, I'm sure it was."

Time for me to step in. "First service, Mr McEnroe." This is really dragging on; I wish there'd be a bit more life in this game. Chris is probably going to be the next heartthrob on the tennis scene; I can see why the girls would fancy him. Oh, good! Finished. This microphone is really irritating; I've got to stretch my neck like a giraffe... "game, set and match Mr McEnroe..." Golly! I can't get a word in edgeways, what with all this cheering! "...sets six-two, six-two, six-two. Thank you ladies and gentlemen."

Fiona Rennie Form V

TO FORM I

This is written to the whole of Form I To wish you a clear and happy run May your years at Kingsmead be happy ones Full of God and friends and cheery fun.

By the end of year 1 you have the feel Of traditional ways and "Franc ha leal"

Std. 7's the time to join in more And in doing so make friends galore.

You blink and you're in Std. 8,

Not too bad, in fact it's great,

But in Std. 9 the time for work has come You blink once more and your course is run Too soon! Now "adult" life's begun.

So enjoy the years of high school fun 'Cause time is short and too soon done.

Yvette Wiseman Form V

MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Looking back on my childhood, after the first cursory glimpse, there doesn't seem to be much in the way of crazes and fads. I remember the other things which invaded the classroom — diverse novelties ranging from green slime, to ball games, to collecting notepaper of every colour and size — but I myself never felt the urge to indulge in these whims and fancies. I don't think I needed that kind of mental stimulation. Happily or unhappily, whichever the case may be, I was a bookworm. When the latest craze came along, I was usually too engrossed in my latest adventure. And by the time my next book had been finished, well — so had the craze.

But of course, it wasn't all books. I remember making some mudpies when my mother was nextdoor. Only the mud wasn't quite the same as that of the beach — it was dirtier, for one thing. And you couldn't build nicely with it So I gave up in disgust and went to get clean again — that is, a five-year-old's idea of clean, which isn't very.

When school came along, I was engaged in the time-honoured practice of Growing my Hair. Consequently I arrived the first morning with two microscopic little bunches, and from them derived my first nickname of Piggy.

When my first birthday as a school-goer came along, unlike most of my friends, I didn't have a birthday party. I did something different.

I got measles.

As the years rolled by, I took up some more grown-up hobbies, such as roller-skating, stamp-collecting and highland dancing. In Grade I, I had done what most little girls of that age do. I had taken up ballet, and got on swimmingly. It was great fun. Then one day, standing right at the end of the line, going up and down on the bar, I suddenly noticed something. And I gave up ballet for highland dancing shortly afterwards. You see, it isn't nice when you suddenly realise that you are fatter than everyone else. Especially not in those brief little leotards.

As far as rollerskating went, I was quite good at it, until the day I was at a friend's house, and we had to share one pair of rollerskates between us. I put my rollerskate on my left foot and careered off. "Can you do this?" I enquired, with my right leg completely off the ground, and pointed to the sky most artistically. I turned my head to see if Debbie was watching. The next moment, I slammed headfirst into a brick wall, and, not unnaturally, got concussion. Stars were practising dive-bombs on me, and birds were sweetly tweet-tweeting. And that wall has never been the same since.

In Std. 3 it was discovered I had a lisp. I went to speech therapy and was told my tongue is too big for my mouth.

Anyway, I went to Speech Therapy every Friday, and learnt to speak properly. But, at home it sounded too much as though I was whistling every time I said an "sss". So I merrily carried on lisping.

And, for better or for worse, I still lisp slightly today. But I couldn't care less about it Because that lisp, just like my childhood, is part of me.

Vivienne Gray Form III

Alison Blake Form IV

51

WATER

Daar kabbel dit oor die klippies van die sprankelende stroompie. Dis kristalhelder water wat soos diamante in die son se glans dans. Langs die stroompie glimlag die madeliefies en die groen wilgerboom staan daar met sy neerhangende takke. Al hierdie weelderigheid is te danke aan die lewe-gewende bron: water.

Water verskyn in groot hoeveelhede in die see. Die ewige geklots van die golwe teen die rotse ken geen stilstand nie. Onder hierdie groot kombes van blou water lê nog meer water wat as huisvesting vir miljoene reënbooggekleurde vissies, skulpe en draadjies seewier dien.

Die teenoorgestelde van 'n groot hoeveelheid water is die vreeslike droogte. Ons weet nou wat droogte beteken weens die lang afwesigheid van goeie deurdringende reën. Die boere bid vir reën en die diere snuif afwagend in die lug vir enige tekens van reën. Ons is so afhanklik van hierdie noodsaaklike natuurlike grondbestanddeel.

Waar daar water is, is daar lewe — maar dit is nie net lewe nie. In die natuur is dit vir my die kwas wat die bome en blomme met ryk kleure verf. So sien 'n mens hoe belangrike water is, want van die kleinste lewe op aarde tot die grootste — almal benodig water!

Renée Abrahamsen Vorm V

Gillian Hofmeyr Form V

With compliments from Delizia Bakery

STRAATGELUIDE

Skielik is alles stil. Ek mis die straatgeluide die meeste. Hier in die vertrek, bokant die woelige Hillbrowstrate, is dit eienaardig om alles en almal te sien beweeg, maar niks te hoor nie — selfs as die venster oop is. As ek nie by die venster staan en uitkyk nie, wonder ek dikwels of die lewe daar onder nog aangaan.

Toe die dokter die nuus meegedeel het, was ditasof die wêreld ten eiendegekom het In my gedagtes het al die

straatgeluide wat ekal gehoor het, skielik in my ore weerklink en 'n harde crescendo bereik. Al die motorfietse het deur my ore geskel, gevolg deur loeiende ambulanse en brandweerwaens. Die snyende sirenes het die roomysjoggies van hul fietse afgeslaan en hul klokkies het te kere gegaan — die geklingel het in 'n geklop verander. Die bulderende verkeer het vinniger en vinniger gery en verbygegons. Die voetgangers het al hoe vinniger geloop, totdat die klip-klop van die skoene 'n harde geskreeu geword het Die geroep van die koerantklonkies het skril geluid word en al die kinders in die wêreld het almal gelyktydig gehuil. My kop wou bars. Toe het alles gebots en in skerp flentersgespat... Eksou nooit weer kon hoor nie! Ek is DOOF.

Ashley Weitzmann Vorm V

52

A LETTER TO MY GRANDFATHER My Dearest Grumps,

I would just like to tell you how much you really mean to me.

I have often heard from many people how grandmothers and grandfathers shower you with gifts and kisses, spoiling you in every way, but you Grumps, you are different. You shower me with love and joy and whenever I see you I know that on that day I will be given love and my heart will be warmed.

Although I have often been rude and insolent, inside me, deep down below, I am not, and I love you dearly.

When Grandma died I was filled with sorrow, but you seemed to be filled with courage and carried on, taking things in your stride.

You have often comforted me when times were bad, and without your loving reassurance, I don't know what I would have done.

Dear Grumps, please remember that to me you are not just a man getting on in life but my strength and guidance, remember that always.

From your loving granddaughter,

Janine. Janine Vaughan-Brown Std. 5

WIND

I am the wind. I play in the trees. I play with people's hair and blow papers into the air. I can turn myself into a whirlwind and a hurricane. I blow all over the world.

I toss the ship at sea and bring the rain.

Alessandra Cox Std. 1

CINQUAINS BY STD. 4 Fossils

scary, rattling, sad, old, cold extinct bones of animals sticks.

Nicole Ferguson

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MY HOBBY

JJ hobby

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Tracey Croad Gr II

Last
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I
rms
Lion's mane long, knotty, hairy.
Sticks up when angry dry grass.
Nicolette McGaw

Candle
smooth, waxy, burning, trickling, flickering carols by candlelight dancing fairies.

Sandra Milne

INSPEKTEUR

Ons moet leer! Ons moet leer!
Want more kom die inspekteur!
Lank is sy neus,
sodat hy kan lees,
sonder om sy bril te laat val.
He skree!
Maar nee ...!
Hou op, want ek het geklop.
Hayley Schonborn Std. 5
Amanda de Nicola Std. 3

53

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RUNNING WILD

STEPS

"It's when the disillusion sets in that you wish you'd never committed the deeds , was the advice my elder brother, Thomas, handed to me.

"Oh what rubbish," I chirped oblivious to the fact that I might be wrong. I warn you now, Lady Jane, don't come running back with tears in your eyes and expect me to put my arm around you".

Thus, the lecture was administered and the lecturer turned his back on me and stalked out of the room. I buried myself further in the duvet and revelled in the fact that I was on holiday. The sound of Thomas leaving for work reminded me that I was alone in the house until evening. My parents were 10 000 miles away, gone for a month, and I was entrusted to the care of Thomas. I put on the kettle and sat on the phone to Kimberly, gleefully telling her my plans. By the time the plug on the kettle had blown, as it would do when boiling fresh air, our plans were complete.

An hour later, Kimberly and I stood on the main road in carefully contrived way-out clothes, hitching to town after having left an informative note on the fridge door in the form of 'gone out, back late!' Three lifts and much hysterical giggling later we found ourselves on the steps of the theatre where we watched Ster Kinekor's 'heartthrob of the year' break Ster Kinekor's 'darling of the year's' heart. The viewers sat engrossed, and only occasionally complained when a misjudged piece of popcorn got hurled into the eye instead of the mouth. Following the sentimental movie, we attended a drunken party in a converted studio, with so many people that one needed a smoke mask to find one's way to the other side. Copious quantities of alcohol flowed into paper cups and left puddles on the floor. At two o'clock,

somebody attempted to play Simon and Garfunkel on the clapped out old piano, while everyone sang Supertramp. Kimberly talked someone into giving us a lift home. I ended up doing the driving and after nearly coming into close contact with several lampposts we arrived home as the sun rose.

Thomas's anger rose the following morning when I asked him for several disprins. I crept back to bed and slept until sunset. I woke when Kimberly pulled me out of bed. After spending two hours in the bath and beneath a hairdryer, we crept from the house leaving yet another note on the fridge door. Reversing the car from the garage proved to be more difficult than expected. Of course, once we moved from neutral to reverse, the deed was done and, with a chip off the gatepost, we set off to a party in Kensington. This time it took place in an old apartment. Females shrieked with mirth. One sobbed all evening while her attachment attached himself to some-one else. Eventually, with her face clashing with the orange of her dress, she fell asleep. Once again we arrived home at dawn. Parking the car was not as successful as reversing it My bank balance was lowered considerably.

The Rebellion continued with gusto from my side and despair from Thomas's. Daily nourishment consisted of junk-food in junk boxes bought at junk shops. Kimberly reinforced it occasionally with coffee at her house. My shoes were wearing thin from hitching and my new hairstyle was beginning to droop when my parents arrived home.

Amidst shrieked greetings and hugging, my mother remarked on the state of my being. For the first time in months I was fed breakfast She ordered me to bed at a reasonable hour and the next morning I woke feeling like a human again. I guess the stunt was over.

"It's when the disillusionment sets in you know it's not worth it", I remarked to my younger sister.

"Oh don't be so old-fashioned!" she shrieked as she blew a large pink bubble in my face and popped it with her little finger.

Prudence Miller Form IV

A MOMENT

A shadow careered across the ground and I looked up to watch the seagull lance into the uninterrupted blue. The sun brooded over the sand dunes which stood, transfixed in their shadows. The water stirred, but that was all. My eyes swung from the uncertain horizon to jolt once again over the silhouette of the clifftop. I realized, with a shock, that this was the last time I would ever be here, like this. And I retraced each outline so I would remember everything, but they are fuzzy now.

Helen Everett Form IV

The sign stared me in the face, the letters branding themselves into my mind.

EMERGENCY EXIT STAIRS

There were 365 stairs ahead of me, the steps to my death.

Ten. Twenty.

Thoughts screamed through my brain, crashing, sliding, moving over one another. Hatred, fresh in my heart tore through me. Pain, silencing my fears, was driving me on. The trust I once had in people lay crumpled like a torn pink nightie, thrown on the floor in a mist of passion.

The stairs were blurred. I stumbled, then picked myself up, and, through a shield of tears, I started to climb again. How many was that? Fifty, seventy? The numbers were playing hopscotch through my brain. A question halted my movements. Was he worth it? Was he worth my life? No! But the death of the pain he had caused was worth it Again I moved on, one hundred steps, perhaps more?

Not only was my brain tired from the overwhelming emotions, but the climbing was beginning to make me physically tired. Two days of no sleep steepened the steps, and made my body more weary. I sank down on a step and closed my eyes, as my head dropped into my lap.

The scene in the bedroom floated in front of me. NO! I must go on. How can I live after what happened! Suddenly, with renewed energy I got up and continued. Three hundred steps and then a shaft of sunlight came into view — the end. I opened the door, the bright light making me momentarily blind and then slowly I walked to the edge. I looked down ...

The distance to the ground shocked me, the vision of my shattered body lying on the pavement below, repulsed me.

"Tracy darling."

The voice penetrated my thoughts, the voice I had so often listened to, but had never heard.

"David!"

I swung round —

"Tracy, I want to explain. It meant nothing, it's you whom I love. You mean everything to me. Darling, Please! Come down from there. I promise we'll be together, alone forever. Please!"

A smile lightened my face.

He cared, but what was it worth? Let him suffer as I did! Impulsively, a wild, angry laugh broke from my lips, as I saw his helpless look

Then the world ceased to live ...

Lori Manson Form II

SUNSHINE

When I awoke, my mood was as black and as dirty as the sky was. It had all started the night before, when my father and I had had a savage fight which had all but lifted the ceiling off our house.

I staggered from my bed, stubbing my toe against my bedside table as I went. After getting dressed, I walked to the kitchen where every morning I devour breakfast. It has been known to be edible within living memory. This morning, however, was not one of the better mornings. While waiting for me in the warming drawer, the egg had obviously given up all hope, and died.

In the car on the way to school, my mother started to remind me in no uncertain terms that the last time I cleaned my room was when I was still in nappies. This indictment lasted all the way to school, and did nothing to improve my mood.

I somehow managed to get through school without too much exertion, grunting cursory replies to any question I was asked. I left school and walked towards the bus stop still contemplating the uselessness of life. As I entered the bus I realized I had left my bus money at home. After a long, embarrassing argument with the bus driver, who finally allowed me to pay double the next day, I flung myself down in my seat still contemplating doom. As I stared out of the window, I realized tomorrow was Saturday; I would be going riding and, joy of all joys, I would be able to sleep late! As I realized this, a glow of joy spread itself across my countenance — and the sun broke through the clouds.

C. Evans Form I

55

DIE VELDBRAND

Elke jaar word mense, diere en plante se huise, skuilplekke en velde afgebrand. Die weerburo waarsku mense as daar 'n brandgevaar is, maar koppige mense wat sigaretstompies by hulle vensters uitgooi, of die wat vure maak om vleis te braai en hulle nie deeglik blus nie, is die skuldige mense wat verantwoordelik is vir die dood van baie diere, mense en plante.

Almal in hierdie wêreld is nie gevoelloos nie; daar is dié wat vir die beseerde diere sorg en dié wat vir die daklose mense sorg. Gedurende 'n veldbrand is daar die brandweermanne wat die vuur probeer blus en die wildbewaarders probeer om die diere van die vuur te red; nogtans gaan daar jaarliks miljoene diere in veldbrande dood.

Die ding is: - wat gaan 'n mens vir ons medemense en diere wat doodgaan doen? Moet ons wag vir 'n veld om aan die brand te raak, of gaan ons probeer om ons wild te bewaar deur versigtig te wees; om te dink as ons 'n sigaretstompie by die venster uitgooi dat hy deur ons nalatigheid mense hulle lewens gaan verloor, dat ons, ons mooi land van son, die land van blomme en diere net sommer gaan verloor deur vuur?

WAT GAAN JY DAAROMTRENT DOEN?

P. Manga Vorm la

MA-MEILLEURE AMIE

Tu es toujours la, mon amie, chaque jour tu es avec moi, prête avec ta magie hypnotique. Tu portes avec toi ton manteau d'amusement, tu as toujours des surprises — tu m'amuses et m'enchantes avec la sorcellerie de Merlin. Tu es une amie spéciale, mystérieuse et puissante, et tout de même tu me comprends.

Tu t'adaptes pour moi. Tu peux être romantique, amusante, paisible ou vive. Tout dépend de mon humeur. Avec toi je suis une autre personne, parce que tu me complémente, tu fais ressortir le meilleur en moi.

Tu es aussi très belle avec ta beauté sombre. C'est une beauté rare que tu as, une beauté qui dure. Tu ne seras jamais ennuyeuse, tu me laisses avec une sensation de paix chaque fois que tu me laisses. Oui, tu es spéciale, mon amie, la Nuit

Bridget Babb Form III

'n MENS SE TONG KAN GEVAARLIK WEES My liewe tant Angelique, 'n middeljarige vrou, wat nooit getrou het nie, het besluit om 'n week by ons huis deur te bring. Ek was amper in trance. Om saam met daardie deftige "heks" vir selfs net een week te bly, is net so goed as om na dieselfde langspeelplaat vir een week te luister. Boonop moes ek my slaapkamer opgee en in die sitkamer slaap.

Die Sondag toe sy by ons huis aankom, was sy^ pragtig aangetrek. Sy het eerstens vir my ma gevra of vir my te sê dat my musiek te luid was. "O nee!" het ek gedink, "hier gaan ons weer! Ek moes my tuiswerk los om haar te gaan help uitpak. Ek het dit maar gedoen, maar net toe ek die laaste tas wou oopmaak, het sy gesê: "Nee, ek sal daardie een self uitpak dankie. Daarin is my rok vir die partytjie op Dinsdagaand. Ek het dit self gemaak en ek hoop tog Cecil hou

daarvan." Sy het so dromerig gelyk en ek het besef dat sy sterre in haar oë gehad het.

Dinsdagmiddag, om drie-uur, het Tante haar hare gewas en gekrul. Sy het vir my ma gevra om haar te grimeer. Ek het dit gedoen en toe het sy besluit om aan te trek. Ek het geweet dit was te vroeg om te begin, maar ek het niks gesê nie. Om sesuur het die gaste begin aankom. Tante Angelique het so baie gepraat dat ek amper uitgeskreeu het dat sy moet ophou. Toe onthou ek dat sy gesê het dat sy haar rok self gemaak het. Ek was egter seker dat ek dieselfde rok in die winkel-venster van "Blanchez" gesien het. O so! Sy het dus vir my gelieg!

Die "Cecil" van wie Tante so baie gehou het, het uiteindelik opgedaag. "O, Angelique, jy lyk so pragtig, my liefling," het hy gesê. "O!" het sy gegiggel, "Ek het die rok self gemaak. Dankie vir die kompliment." Ekweettotvandagtoe nie wat myoorgekom hetnie, maar ek het skielik gesê: "Maar Tante, dit lyk dan net soos die rok wat ek gister in "Blanchez" se venster gesien het. Het u dit nie dalk daar gekoop nie?" Sy was bloedrooi van woede en verleentheid. Cecil het eenkant gestaan en hard probeer om nie te lag nie. Ek was daarna regtig spyt dat ek dit gesê het en al hou ek nie van my tante nie, moes ek nie dit aan haar gedoen het nie.

Van daardie dag af kry almal in die huis, behalwe ek, geskenke, briewe en allerhande goed. Dit wys maar net dat 'n mens se tong baie, baie gevaarlik kan wees.

Zaheeda Bhamjee Vorm II

Clare Walsh Std 5

56

MA MAISON, MON JARDIN

Le vent laisse échapper un soupir au dessus du parterre chauve et jette en l'air des poignées de sable. La-bas, l'herbe clapote la plantation d'arbustes. Je regarde les nuages dans le del. Ms flottent avec moi.

L'arbre derriê moi redevient la vigie d'un voilier. Les buissons, se tassant, se transforment en les murs de ma maison secrete. Les feuilles sont métamorphosés en choux, haricots, tranches de viande et les brindilles en fourchettes et coutreaux. Je jette un regard sur le jardin de rocaille. C'est la cave de la maison. Mes yeux traversent de nouveau des routes cachées qui le traversent, employées par des contrabandiers.

Un autre jour c'était le désert — tout infertile et essayant des lézards mais c'était aussi un bon endroit pour regarder les fourmis. Pres de la, j'ai dressé ma tente et nous avons ioué sux sioux.

Au fônd de la maison, il y avait un robinet. C'était un endroit idéal pour trouver de la boue. Les meilleurs gâteaux tartes et biscuits y ont été mélangés. Quelques fois, si vous aviez de la chance, il y avait aussi des grenouilles. Deux pêcheurs se poussaient dans un petit coin. Les féés habitaient la parce-que certains matins, on y a decouvert des petites ailes sur l'herbe.

Une fenêtre est allumée et je remarque pour la premiere fois qu'il fait noir. Je me lève et retourne dans la maison. La maison concrétise un sentiment indestructible dans un monde effrayant parce-que tout est éphémère. C'est un abri contre la pression exercée par la vie. On se fie aux meubles familiers et la securité de sa chambre qui lui appartient. On croit qu'on est individuel. Dans cette atmosphère généralement agréable, on peut penser et commencer á comprendre la vie.

Dans l'avenir peut-être, la maison me restreindra, mais ma maison et mon jardin resteront l'emplacement de mes heures les plus heureuses.

Helen Everett Form IV

MAANDAG EN VRYDAG

Ek en Maandag is vir nege jaar al vyande. Ons verhouding teenoor mekaar het versleg toe ek in standerd ses by Kingsmead arriveer het. Twee jaar later, in standerd agt, het sake regtig agteruitgegaan. Elke Maandagoggend moet ek my uitgeputte liggaam dwing om van die warm, gerieflike posisie waarin ek lê, te verander. Vir wat? Is dit vir die rewolusie toe Napoleon of Hitler mense vernietig het, of vir 'n biologiese dieretuin, wanneer ek al die morsige, bloederige organe van die diere moet bekyk, of vir 'n uur Wetenskap wanneer my hele liggaam — elke minuut daarvan elektriese skokke ondervind? Dit is hoe ek 'n Maandag op Kingsmead ondervind. Dis 'n rewolusie wat my slaap versteur; 'n dieretuin wat my brein verwar; elektriese skokke wat my uitgeputte siel vernietig.

Vrydag! O, lieflike Vrydag! Elke dag van my lewe sal ek hom verwelkom. Ek sal glad nie kwaad wees as elke dag van die week Vrydag genoem word nie. Ek moet vir vier dae, ja, ses en negentig ure na hom verlang en na die naam wat vet in my skooldagboek uitstaan, verlang. Ek hou baie van jou Vrydag en ek sou, as ek kon, al die wetenskaplike breine in hierdie wêreld vernietig want hulle verwoes ons dag met TOETSE. Behalwe vir daardie arme verwarde breine bly Vrydag my geliefkoosde dag.

Zureena Hassim Vorm III

MY LIFE IS MADE OF PATTERNS THAT CAN SCARCELY BE CONTROLLED

It was raining but the sun was still shining. Typical, I thought, neither here nor there, not black or white, indefinite and

mixed up, as I used to be.

My parents were fighting. Every meal was a torment. If there wasn't an argument we would sit in silence after our conversation had run out. The clink of our knives and forks was our only communication. After meals we would take our regular seats in the family room. The click of my mother's knitting needles replaced the clink of knives and forks as she mindlessly knitted a straight brown scarf. A brittle rustle of my father's newspaper would break the monotonous clicking as the used pages fell to the floor around him.

I wasn't surprised when they got divorced. I didn't cry, neither did my mother or father. It was all clear-cut and organised, not like the tearful, heartbreaking divorces I had read about. Maybe it was because we had all accepted the situation such a long time ago.

Then Rael sauntered into my life. He was in Standard nine and he took the whole school by storm. He was the perfect image of a tall, dark stranger. Every girl dreamed about him. He didn't even know I existed until he came to our house looking for his dog.

That surprised me. I didn't think Rael cared about anything, but standing on our doorstep he was almost human. I helped him look for his dog. It was drizzling and I prayed that Rael wouldn't notice how my hair went into tight tendrils when it got damp. We finally found the dog in the park. Rael barely thanked me, and disappeared.

At school the next day he talked to me. My voice sounded high-pitched with excitement, but he didn't seem to notice. I choked on a few facile questions like "How's your dog?" but he kept on smiling and talking in his husky voice. Rael was everything I dreamed of yet more.

Our first date was magical. The cinema was a fantasy of colour; the coffee shop was filled with delicious fragrances ... Then things started to go wrong. Rael was selfish. We always had to go where he wanted to go and do what he wanted to do. It became worse and worse.

I had nothing more to say to Rael, and he had nothing to say to me. I could see the pattern unfolding before me, but it was beyond my control. I couldn't fight it, or accept it.

Neither of us accepted our failure. We would sit together at school but Rael never saw me after school. He took up motor-cross so I never saw him over the weekends.

The following year Rael matriculated and he had to join the army. Then we broke up. I didn't cry, neither did Rael. We had both accepted the situation a long time ago.

Shauna McLaughlin Form III

ONE STAGE

The boy is sent to school, away from the nest and mother's wing. Unused to his new environment, which is shared by many other woebegone fledgelings, he sheds a tear at the separation. Soon all are busy learning each other's ways and familiarising themselves with the classroom. Home is forgotten as minds are filled with story books, figures and thick crayons. His vocabulary and marble collection increase in magnitude. Ball games, dinky cars and nature are all in his way of life. His breaking away steps to maturity have begun. Later he begins to shoot up and leaves his childhood games and toys for new awakenings and crazes. This is his spring of life.

Jenny Boa Form III

It is sad when birds
of a different feather are forced
to flock together.

Kathryn Sims Form V

Janine Vaughan-Brown Std 5

57

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For further information telephone Jimmy Dean at 319181.

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n__z==^== natal college of business administration ===—

A member off the RRC Group

58

THESE I HAVE LOVED:

WHEN I'M GONE

The confident gleam of diamonds;
The beseeching cry of the fish eagle;
The streamlined, bewitching beauty of the cat;
The opulent sheen of a fur coat;
The evocative swirl of colours in a painting;
The glossy coolness of magazine pages;
Spitting fires on a bitter winter's day;
The bottle-green freshness of breaking waves;
The downy comfort of a warm duvet;
The decadent luxury of breakfast in bed;
The excited hum of the city at night;
Twinkling lights warding off the danger of the dark;
The burning fire of a strong liqueur;
The creamy splendour of a rich milkshake;
The satin-smooth texture of newly washed skin;
The solid, reassuring chiming of a clock;
The vacant face of the New Wave singer;
The hard, reassuring touch of a newly-oiled saddle;
The whispering stroke of a feather.

Leigh Meyer Form III

WINE

White, red soft, splashing dry, sweet cold unique wine

Caroline Bruke and Emily Móslein Form II

When I am grown up and far away from home, what will I miss most of all of my childhood at home? I have a little brother, James, who is 9 years now, very naughty, very irritating when he wants to be, very stubborn, and I love him. He is the one "thing" I will really miss.

And I'll miss supper-time, and evenings in front of the TV set with the radio and hi-fi on at the same time, and having a whole house full of people to fight with, and my mom.

But I'll miss James most. He's a little pain, and spoilt, but cute, so my friends tell me, and I reply, "You don't have to live in the same house as he." But he is cute, and sometimes my mom can't make him bath, or do his homework, and I take him, and seat him next to me, at my desk, and we work together, and I tell him how to spell the easy words, and he tells me how to spell the hard ones, and we look up the very hard ones.

And we try to play tennis together, and I tell him to watch the ball. "It takes co-ord! It just takes co-ord!" And we laugh.

He's growing up, I know he is, and I don't want him to, but I am too, and we'll drift apart unless we are very lucky, or try very hard, and it will happen slowly, so that we don't notice, and then we'll wonder why, and I will miss him.

Lara Rennie Form II

WINTER LEAVES

Springy and crackly Autumn shades of paint to change in Spring.

Ula Burger Form II

ssaásijS

Kate Boonzaier Form II

With compliments from Berson, Wittert & Company

"The Gables", 7 Cleveland Road, Cleveland, Johannesburg 2094. Tel: 616-1940. P.O. Box 2516, JHB 2000.

59

EK WENS...

Ek wens ek was 'n vlieënier,

Met 'n mini jet
En 'n groot wit vliegtuig
Wat ek kan bestuur.
Of ek wil ook 'n groot sjef wees,
Wat skoon wit uniform kan dra En ek sal koeke, terte en lekkers bak Soe! Wat 'n fees!
En ek sal perdery
En ver oor die berge spring
Ek sal ook 'n hard hoed dra,
Wat 'n lekker ding!
Ek wens ook dat ek 'n prinses kan wees,
Wat 'n diamant tiara kan dra
En ek sal altyd glimlag
Wanneer die mense skree, "O kyk daar!"
Ek wens ek was 'n krokodil,
Met o, so groot 'n bek Ag , tog, ek is net bly Dat ek is ek!
Angela van Hoffen Std. 5

TALL BUILDINGS

Everlasting towers up in the sky,
Loom above the roar of busy cities.
Above the morning sunshine seems to fly,
While golden windows glitter ceaselessly.
Yellow sunbeams touch the elevators,
While they go up and down continuously.
The tall trees in the park seem small.

Nerina Hynd Std. 4

THINGS WHICH GIVE ME PLEASURE

It gives me pleasure when my cat is on my bed.
Then I stroke him on the head.
He purrs and purrs and purrs.
Then the dog comes in and my cat sticks up his fur.
It gives me pleasure when we have break at school.
And it gives me pleasure when I have a swim in the pool.
There are many things that give me pleasure.

Victoria Robinson Std. 2

PLEASURE

I like to hear the birds That twitter in the sky.
I like the animals that take me for a ride.
I like the spring for it
brings me joy when I see the flower buds.
It brings me joy to go riding on a horse.
And to get a good report.

Claire Halbert Std. 2

THE PLAYFUL WIND

The playful wind is out today, so watch out or you'll be blown away.
He's coming from the South, laughing and joking on his way.
He came over my house and I was scared because he blew the roof off, so I said wind wind go away and I didn't do anything wrong today.

Catherine Maker Std. 1

Ílííí:

Justine Winn Std. 5

60

CREATION

When the moon rises to her position of glory in the eternal dark skies,
I wonder at the beauty of creation,

And at the majesty of the Lord on high.
The universe, planets and satellites,
The warm rays of the sun, the shining stars,
All reach down to give the troubled world light;
To bring comfort and joy to every heart.
The miracle of each mountain and sea;
The grandeur of each tree or plant or flower;
The delicacy of each ant or bee,
Are all on us by the Almighty show'ed.
Lord, when You made this vast immensity Did You, in all Your magnitude, make me?

Wendy Florence Form IV

RAINDROPS ON A WINDOW

The raindrops hitting the window slide down until they meet other drops. Faster and faster they go. They seem mournful and sad, wanting to come inside the warm house where I sit. The rain stops and a rainbow begins slowly to appear in the East. The earth is drenched and the roads are shimmering. The sun begins to appear behind a mass of white clouds and starts to dry up the forlorn raindrops clinging to the window and I watch them slowly die.

Tanis Brown Form I

EK IS TER DOOD VEROORDEEL

Ek het Horn gesien — die man wet ek vermoor het. Ek sit op 'n rots en daar is geen hof nie, geen prokureur nie, maar ek is ter dood veroordeel. My regter is my gewete en die vonnis is skuldig. Ek sal selfmoord pleeg, maar dit is net die voltrekking van die vonnis en nie 'n ontvlugting nie. My gedagtes gaan terug ...

Sonlig straal by die grot in en dans om Horn. Daar is kinders — soveel kinders en Hy glimlag. Daar is gelag soos druppels sjampanje wat teen 'n glas bars. Daar staan ek, ek die vreemdeling. Ek was altyd die vegte, ek was die een wat te veel "waarom" gevra het en nooit die antwoorde aanvaar het nie.

Voor my is daar bloed, of is dit rooi wyn — 'n uitgestrekte arm, of is dit 'n brood? Nog steeds sien ek die silwer muntstukke wat my hand vashou en ek hoor die gekletter as my hand hulle teen die muurgooi. My hand, my arm, my lyf, mybrein — ekhetmos geweet wat ek gaan doen ...

Ek begin vinniger en vinniger hardloop en voor my sien ek duisende mense en 'n donkie, duisende uitgestrekte hande. Ek hoor niks nie — net my asem wat soos die donkie na Jerusalem se asem klink — hard en raserig. 'n Donkie, dis wat ek is, en ek is verlate in die donkerte van my skuld.

Nou neem ek die tou en maak dit vas om my nek. Ek moet nou na die hoogste regter gaan en vir Horn sê: "Ek is Judas Iskarioten ekhet U Seun vermoor!"

Anastasia Maw Vorm IV

Marisa Dean Gr 'O'

VELD

Out there in the nowhere there is silence — a sort of natural quiet that shivers with life. The sun sits restfully in a corner of the ever-on-going blue and spares indulgent smiles for the outstretched land. The air was still but my movement through it billowed out my hair and ruffled all the sunwaves.

I stepped away from the horsey smell and let it blend in with the grass and sand and rock and bluegum. I leaned forward with each sniff to capture more. The dry grass rustled to itself. Speckled lizards crept into the sun. I knelt down and reached for handful after handful of "fairy caps" and dribbled them through my fingers to form a golden mound at my toe.

I plucked a leaf off a twig with a small deep sound and listened to it as it crackled in my fingers and smelt the crushed new smell and rubbed my green stained fingers and tried the sap-sticky clinging-together. The dry grass stretched far into the faraway and turned to tiny blue mountains.

I crunched my feet on the burnt black stumps and made my way to the top of the koppie. I sat in the shade of a thorn tree and I looked out and out into the blue, blue. I snapped a thorn away and pressed it to my thumb, and pressed. My thumb reflected its shape in relief.

I scratched a grinning face in the sand and picked a berry, for each eye and feathered its head with grass seeds and smiled for my silly seed-and-berry person and left it there for the veld to enjoy.

I stepped on and hand-and-bottom slithered down into a red-veined gorge. Layer upon layer of years rose up around me and dwindled me to a doll. I crept about splashing in the watertrickle and hallooing into the forever for an answer and starting when the forever boomed back at me. I grabbed at faceted stones and at coloured river-smooth pebbles and juggled them and was peppered by them raining down. They bounced off me and leapt down the slopes to land

plash in the trickle.

I scabbled up and up into the sun and sat dangling my legs and holding a warm bright stone and just feeling the sun. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a shimmer. The dassie with one long brown look turned and dissolved into the grass. I laughed gently, stood up and called my horse, and rode out into the grass that stretched so far into the faraway.

K. Foxcroft Form IV

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A member of the URC Group

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HERFS — DIE MOOISTE TYD VAN DIE JAAR

Herfs is vir my die mooiste tyd van die jaar. Alhoewel dit so koud is, is alles vars en fris. Almal is ook so besig, want die lang, koue winter kom en soveel moet voor dit gedoen word. Die voëls moet na ander, warmer lande gaan en dis 'n geskarrel om genoeg kos te bêre vir die lang wintermaande.

Die blare lyk net soos 'n vuur, want hulle het kleure soos bloedrooi, goudgeel en pampoenoranje. Die gras is vaal, maar dis die blare wat jou opval — vriendelik-ritselend, altyd pragtigen al dartelende grond toe.

Dit begin ook nou tyd word vir die heerlike kaggelvuur, 'n dik, spannende boek en 'n beker warm sjokolade.

Ai herfs, bly met jou heerlike sonnige dae en moenie verbygaan nie.

Lesley Livingstone Vorm 2

FROM FORM III:

THESE I HAVE LOVED. . .

The intimacy of an endearment, thoughtlessly uttered.

Susan Fuller-Good

Hail type-writing on a tin roof,
the honey-velvet feel of yellowwood,
the bony fingers of a tree scratching the sky's back,
gravel scraping a welcome in the driveway,
the smell of smoke tendrilling from a campfire,
the pied piper sound of beating music.

Bridget Babb

The powdery smell of marshmallow fish,
the silhouette of trees against the glow of the unborn sun below the horizon.

Loren McArthur

The papery fragility of a poppy,
the crisp contrast between reaching trees and cloudless sky, the spicy aroma of boxes of tea, conjuring Eastern images,
Caramel centre oozing from its confines of milk chocolate, snakeskin smoothness of sanded wood.

Lindsey Beverdige

WAT IS 'n PA?

'n Pa is iemand wat vir jou dinge doen wat jy altyd sal onthou. Hy is die beste, liefste Pa in die hele wêreld.

Caron Walsh

My pa is werklik 'n fantastiese man en dis vir my wonderlik om sy dogter te wees. In al die jare kan ek nooit sê dat ek iemand ander sou wou he vir my pa nie.

Lisa McKane

Ek dink my pa is die beste pa wat daar is. Hy is baie vriendelik en het 'n goeie humorsin. Soms wanneer ek stout is, word hy kwaad, maar hy is nog die beste pa in die wêreld.

Vanessa Crosby

Ek het nie my pa verstaan toe ek 'n kind was nie. Vandag dink en weet ek hy het tog betekenis aan my lewe gegee. Hy is 'n baie diep denker en iemand wat baie geduldig met jou probleme is.

Delia Sergeant

My pa is 'n baie vreedsame, stil persoon. Hy kan ons egter dissiplineer sonder om 'n pak slae te gee. Ek is baie lief vir my pa.

Andrea Shields

IEMAND WAT EK NIE KAN VERDRA NIE

Die persoon van wie ek die minste hou, is die nare, bese skelm wat vir dertien jaar Sadisme, Tandheelkunde en Metaalwerk studeer het. Die ongelukkige voorwerp van al my gekonsentreerde wrok is natuurlik my tandarts vir wie ek elke nag 'n bese toorgesang sing terwyl ek naalde in die mond van 'n pop, wat ek na sy monsteragtige beeld gemaak het, steek.

Hy is 'n vet, kaalkop skepsel wat in sy vrye tyd dooie mense opsny en probeer om nog 'n "Frankenstein" in die lewe te roep. Cedurende kantooreure sny hy lewende mense op en laat hulle soos "Frankenstein" lyk. Om alles te kroon, vra hy 'n yslike vergoeding vir al hierdie pyn en hartseer wat hy veroorsaak. Ek hoor uit 'n betroubare bron dat hy al sy spaargeld aan die "Maak die klein robbe dood"-fonds skenk.

'n Week voor al my afspraak met hom is ek alreeds n bewende senuweewrak. Ek is seker sy gunsteling pasiënt, want as hy my sien, grinnik hy onheilig. Hy vrywe sy hande en haal dan die skerpste, "einaste" instrument uit wat nog ooit vervaardig is. Ek weet nie wat hy eintlik met my tande doen nie, want gewoonlik val ek flou van bloedverlies en pyn in die eerste tien sekondes. Elke keer kom ek egter van sy spreekkamer af met nog meer Yskorstaal binne-in my mond. Ek weet dat daar 'n paar positiewe eienskappe in elke mens behoort te wees, maar ek verkies liever om 'n veilige afstand te bewaar en liever te wonder hoeveel my mond in tye van depressie gaan werd wees.

Heidi Hirner Vorm III

ICE-CREAM TALKING

Softly I yielded

melting in the wet embrace;

ice-cream in the rain.

Self confidence of a teenager: The butterfly on a rugby field.

Zarina Jeena Form V

Sarah Brown Form V

Elizabeth Rogers Std 3

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MOUNTAINS

High above the valley are the mountains.

Rising jagged and tall, touching the sky.

Sparkling water gushes forth in fountains.

Tearing at the foliage as it goes by.

Shadows of blue, purple and pink leave stains.

Where sometimes many birds, big and small, fly.

Few brave climbers have seen the grassy plains.

Where a flower is born to bloom and die.

Furry animals hop round on the ground.

Only disturbing the green tufts of grass.

Searching for food, without making a sound.

Quite unaware of the hours that pass.

The mountains are majestic and tranquil.

Where everything, including time, stands still.

Nicola Hancock Std. 4

THE SEA

Tall menacing cliffs tower above the shore.

A vast stretch of blue water.

Never ending.

Nicole van Gemert Std. 5

LONELINESS

They look so happy

I am sad
They hate me
I know so well
If only I could be like them
To join in their fun
I am so miserable today.

Elizabeth Rogers Std. 3

THE DAY AHEAD

The hazy calm of sleep fell on my eyes,
Dreams, too, seem like a moment of silence.
The shrill of my alarm clock slowly dies,
I bring myself into the present tense.
I hear a scream, "Sam, get ready for school!"
I find her voice at that time depressing.
My sister and I have a constant duel.
She complaining, I'm too slow in dressing.
Breakfast is a catastrophe of life.
The scream goes on because I'm always late.
We never seem to be without strife.
My tomatoes keep slipping off my plate!
It seems my headache will never cease.
At last, I get to school, and rest in peace.

Samantha Bateman Std. 4

LITTER BY STD 1

L is for less — less litter on the ground.
I is for invisible — we wish it was.
T is for tidy — not people who mess.
T is for tins, tea, tobacco that lie around. E is for everyone, let's take a stand.
R is for rubbish — so help if you can.

GOLDEN POND

Glittering, shining, beautiful and still, silence, a bird's song clear and crisp. Splash, a duckling learning to swim. First unsure, then more confident, stroke by stroke, venturing to the middle of the pond. An achievement, triumph and victory. Then silence. The rustle of leaves as a gentle wind blows. A ripple in the water and an insect is trapped, fighting for survival; an endless struggle and then all is still. The sun drops slowly behind the hills and leaves the pond dark and lifeless until the sun returns.

Sue Morris Std. 5

Nicola Bassett-Powell Grade 'O'

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J. Waddell Gr. 2

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IN THE GARDEN

Scarecrow-children, splashing the ponds for secrets.
"Did you hear about the ladies-committee tea-party?"
Natter, titter, buzz
And I snuggling unseen,
in the boughs of my favourite

old apple -blossom tree,
giggle, and count
on my fingers
the days till summer.

Alison Blake Form IV

Cheetah vicious beauty graceful, smooth, repetitive Extinct

Lesley Livingstone and Stacey Perkins Form II

HER LIFE IS A PERFECT GRAVEYARD OF BURIED HOPES

A gloomy figure, she sat in her room. The walls were plastered with paintings she did not particularly like. She would gladly have preferred a large poster of David Essex, instead of the tasteless adornments which reflected no personal touch of the teenager. The room was so overcrowded, so elaborately festooned, from the wallpaper with its gaudy flowers to the ornaments on the dressing table. It lacked a sense of personal belongings, a "lived in" quality. This room was the special creation a well-meaning mother.

Her dim reflection in the mirror revealed a spotty, pudgy face lacking vitality. Devoid of sparkle, her eyes were dilated with boredom and resignation.

She had become a lethargic child hovering in her mother's shadow. Her whole life was organised for her, and her rebellious spirit, seldom asserted, was always blackened by that shadow of autocracy.

Her clothes, conscientious efforts by her mother, stood out among the jeans and knickerbockers of her friends. The painful taunting of the other children made her an outcast, distrustful and lacking confidence.

Her life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes, but, one spring, will there be green plants creeping out near the tombstones?

Zarina Jeena Form V

Siobhan Paterson Form V

With compliments from The Star

THE FISHERMAN

He sat on a rustic, crudely-made stool, holding a well-used fishing rod, humming to himself and frequently stopping to listen to the waves washing against the rickety old jetty.

With his brown, weather-beaten face turned in the direction of the sea, he would gaze contentedly upon the clear blue and white waves. A slight smile beginning to play around the thin hard lips, his small grey eyes would flutter, then close.

Sometimes he would sit calmly and stroke the silver-grey beard in deep thought, then tilt the faded straw hat over his eyes, the wind gently blowing the torn, grey trousers and the worn blue shirt.

On the rare occasions when he did catch something, he would beam with satisfaction and give a good-hearted chuckle.

Angela van Hoffen Std. 5

PRESERVING THE PAST

The past is one timeless realm, which is constantly revealing itself to us. Why is it so important to care, cherish and preserve this realm?

Take for instance a large, rich, industrial city. The business men of this city are not going to want to work in old rotting buildings, but in new modern skyscrapers. But shouldn't we preserve the old historic buildings which tell us about so many aspects of the past? A building from the past can tell us what era the city was built in, how the people lived, the climate and so on. Without its quaint old buildings, Pilgrim's Rest or Kimberley just wouldn't be the same as they are today.

But then, shouldn't these useless creations be taken down to make way for the more necessary buildings, such as — hospitals, houses and schools?

The buildings of Kingsmead are relics from the past, Kingsmead House, Seven Pines, The Warren and Mornington. Our school would lack much of its friendly homeliness without these reminders of the past.

Caron Beaton Std. 5

'N MUSKIET SE STORIE

Ek is 'n groot muskiet wat in Natal woon. My naam is Flip en my van is Malaria Ek woon in 'n blompot in die van der Merwe se huis. Dit is 'n groot huis met drie slaapkamers, een vir ma en pa, een vir Lina en Piet en die laaste vir die baba.

Ek slaap gedurende die dag maar snags om twaalfuur is ek wakker. Dis my beste tyd want dit is etenstyd. Ek gaan eers na ma en pa se kamer om lekker te fees. Ek gaan zoem by ma se oor en dan by pa s'n. Pa is so kwaad vir my dat hy sy hande in die lug waai en toe klap hy ma op die kop. Ma skree vir pa en pa skree vir ma en daar is 'n groot geraas in die

kamer.

Toe stilte weer heers, gaan ek na ma toe, en ek byt haar op die oor. O, ma smaak heerlijk! Ek hou nie van pa nie, want hy is te bitter! Toe gaan ek aan Lina en Piet se kamer. Lina is soet maar Piet is 'n bees, want eendag het hy my met 'n boek geklap en dit was seer! Ek gaan nie na Piet se bed nie, want hy het nuwe Super Doom, en dit is gevaarlik.

Toe gaan ek na die baba se kamer. Die baba is die soetste van die hele familie. Weet jy wat hulle met my moedergedoen het? Hulle het haar met Baygon gespuit en toe het sy op die grond neergeval. Piet het haar weggegooi. Ek was baie treurig. Eendag sal ek daardie Piet soveel byt dat hy dit nooit sal vergeet nie!

Michelle Kyriakos Std. 5

LONELINESS

When I am happy I feel glad.

But when I am lonely it's as terrible as war.

It was the first day of school, and I was a new girl.

I felt like crying.

It was like the bottom of a swimming pool.

It was dull and dreary.

I couldn't seem to make friends.

But then I met Lizzie, and my skies turned to blue.

Deborah Sharwood Std. 3

AN UNSPOILED PIECE OF AFRICA

The golden arms of the early sun stretched across the still Crocodile River. The first sound of the morning was from an elegant fish eagle seeking her prey. A rippling sound in the water disturbs the quiet and the huge goggle-like eyes of a croc appear on the surface. With ease he glides along the murky, opaque water also seeking food.

In the early mornings, the game comes to drink at the river. First the dainty buck of all kinds come. Then the long-legged, timid giraffe amble up and drink without ease, staddling their long legs. Afterwards the bigger game too come down to drink.

As soon as the crocodile saw the first timid, graceful buck he shut his first set of eyelids, and ever so quietly slid down into the water. A ewe was drinking quite unaware of what the croc was planning.

The crocodile, as quietly as possible, slid through the water towards the buck. Suddenly, with all his force, he threw his tail back and slashed the buck so hard it was enough to knock a lion off balance. This made the other animals run with fear, every creature wary.

Suddenly a lion pounced on the dead buck before the crocodile could pull it into the water. As satisfied as if he had caught it himself, he pulled it through the brush and lay down beneath a big boabab tree. He and his family ate it hungrily. Afterwards he gave a satisfied roar and the pride settled down to sleep.

A bit of meat, bones and the head of the buck was left.

The evil laughter of the hyenas was heard.

They had no worry about the lions attacking them because they knew they were too full to think about hostility. Then they started on the carcass that lay just about two feet away from the lions! They stripped the carcass leaving only fragments for the vultures. The vultures had been circling above the carcass ever since the lion had caught it. When they saw the hyenas had finished, instinct told them it was their turn to pick the bones. When they had finished with it, there was not a scrap left except fragments of bone which were left to rot.

Except for the bones nobody would realize a kill had been made.

This just shows how much more 'civilized' nature is than civilized man. That evening when the sun was setting, the animals came down to the river to the same stillness and peace as the morning had known.

Clare Walsh Std. 5

Walking through a crowd

They stream monotonously down the road;

Coloured sweets flowing from a broken slot-machine.

Pamela Ussher Form V

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Leigh Greenland Gr II

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Janine Vaughan-Brown Std 5

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PEAS

EXAMS

Little green balls In a pile

sitting on my plate And looking rather vile.

There we sit and stare at one another

But never seem to come in contact with the other.

Tanis Brown Form I

Anxious, nails, quiet, learn Shiver, shudder, stare Papers, white, worry, turn Caught, tears, unfair

Justine Wollaston Form II

A glazed empty look of fear First symptom of the will to win — the fear of losing.

Sally Kent Form V

C. Hofmeyr Form V

Spring

Beautiful, budding

Fresh, flowing, flowering

Warm, refreshing, wonderfully reborn

New

Nicolette Rice Form I

AUTUMN COLOURS

Poplars, elms and every tree on fire;

The world through crimson coated glasses.

Pamela Ussher Form V

Rustling taffeta

As the dress dropped to the floor —

He saw cellulite Sarah Brown Form V

My mother

Small and white

against the floral cushions.

My heart sunk very low Does hers still beat?

Elizabeth Manchester Form IV

With the compliments of Formulations S.A.

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OLD KINGSMEADIAN MEETING IN ENGLAND 1982

October 9th, the second Saturday in October was bright and sunny so a lovely day for the annual meeting of Old Kingsmeadians living in England.

The lunch-time meeting took place at 39 Sandfield Road, Oxford, and was quite well attended. Three members of staff and a number of old girls were present.

We were delighted to have Miss Thompson with us. She mentioned the possibility of attending the school's 50th Anniversary celebrations in 1983 and commented that travelling by air could indeed be simpler than travelling by British Rail! Her final decision regarding the trip would, however, be made at a later date.

The sad news received by those present at the meeting was of the death of Barbara Hunt, Nancy Watkins and Deborah Martin. Our thoughts are with their dear ones.

Miss Tuke, who taught Biology during the school's first years, had travelled from Mayfield in Surrey. She continues to attend the annual meeting of The British Association for the Advancement of Science and derives much pleasure from it.

Miss Cumberledge, now living in London and involved with social work, was able to join us and so renew many acquaintanceships. She is clearly enjoying her change of occupation and retirement.

Sister Anna C.S.M.V. was able to give us a little information about the history of Kingsmead book as Miss Thompson had asked her to read the manuscript Sister Anna was working at Springfield St Luke but is due to return to South Africa to the Irene Homes in February 1983.

Elsbeth Parry, accompanied by her daughter Charlotte, was on the point of leaving England for Zimbabwe where she is to take up the post of Physiotherapist in charge of the Rehabilitation Unit in Bulawayo.

We always hope that our dwindling membership may be increased by Old Kingsmeadians who have left the school in recent years and are now living in England, or maybe are just on a visit

Please do get in touch with me at 39 Sandfield Road, Headington, Oxford. Telephone Oxford 65553.

Unity Coe (Harris), Secretary

PRESS RELEASE

Willie Louis Brown Jr., Speaker of the Assembly of the California Legislature recently appointed Lorraine D. Segil to the Board of Directors of the California Home Loan Mortgage Association. Ms. Segil will be representing Lenders on this Board. Speaker Brown commented that Ms. Segil's knowledge and experience with the problems in the financial industry will be a significant contribution to the important work of the Board. Currently Ms. Segil is Chairman of the Board of Marina Credit Corp and also a Director on the Boards of Marina Bancorp and Colonial Thrift and Loan which have offices in Southern California. She is also President of Lared International, a multi-national trading company and export clearing house with offices in the U.S., U.K. and the Far East She also currently chairs The International Law Committee for the American Bar Association Young Lawyers Division, and is the liaison for the Section of International Law and Practice for the Young Lawyers Division. From 1979 to 1981, she represented the United States in a 45 country International Bar Association AIJA. Her corporate headquarters are presently in Century City, Los Angeles.

Ms. Segil obtained her undergraduate education at The University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa, obtaining her Bachelor of Arts degree with honor there. She commenced her law studies at the School of Law at that University, completing her studies with the obtaining of a J.D. at Southwestern University School of Law, Los Angeles.

Ms. Segil is married to Clive M. Segil M.B.B.Ch., F.R.C.S. also a Wits graduate and a practicing orthopedic surgeon in Beverly Hills, California.

Ms. Segil (nee Lorraine Wolfowitz) graduated from Kingsmead College in 1964.

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Loren McArthur Form III

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OLD GIRLS'NEWS

TIME GROUP 1933-1939

PAMELA GRANT: nee MACKENZIE has two grandchildren, one, Tracey Croad is in Grade 2 at Kingsmead.

MAUREEN HUTTON: née SHEFFIELD works in the Falcon Bookshop in Birnam.

LIZ SULIN née KNIGHT has 7 children and is an avid bridge player.

ALICE HIBBITT née STRIDE has two children, several grandchildren, one of whom is at Kingsmead.

MADLINE VARTY née HELLIER has two sons who run Londolozi Game Reserve.

MARGARET DURRANT née WHITE has a son doing modern drama in Cape Town.

VIVIENNE SIMPSON & KAY WITHINGTON née KEEGEN are ballet examiners all over South Africa and South West Africa.

BARBARA HAMILTON née MACKENZIE. Her hobby is artificial flower arrangements in porcelain. She plays a number of sports — golf, tennis, etc.

TIME GROUP 1940-1949

LINDSAY KARNOVSKY née SILBERT chaired the committee of Old Girls who produced the Old Girls Cookery Book. She travels widely and is very interested in arts and the theatre.

CECIL J. COLBOURNE — Foundation Vice-Principal, Junior School, is living in Fleming House, Johannesburg and would love to see more Old Girls.

NAN TROLLIP née UNGER is very active in the nature conservation field.

JOAN PARE has just attended the International Protea Convention in Seattle, U.S.A. and then on to Washington to the American Institute of Floral Designer, Convention. She is one of the seven foreign members.

MARY HAYWARD née WEBB recently had a get-together of all the Old Girls of her year from all over the country. Her two sons are now grown up.

JOAN HOLMES née JOPLING spent 3 months in Britain and Europe in 1982 studying landscape design in West Sussex under

Leanne Thomas Gr II

With compliments from Dr & Mrs L. Radlovic.

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John Brookes and enjoying the gardens of Europe with her husband, Richard. While in England she saw her cousin GWEN RIGBY né JOPLING who is now free lancing in publishing.

JOAN MACKAY née HOSSACK is doing graphics at U.N.I.S.A.

KATHELEEN LE ROUX née LANGE was up in Johannesburg recently for the 50th Jubilee Celebrations with her sisters Peggy and Irene.

TIME GROUP 1950-1959

DALE HAMMER née DICKINSON is still living in Blantyre and studying birds.

MERLE WYLY née DOHERTY. Her daughter is in travel, and she has a son in the army.

LOU DANDRIDGE née DE BEER is a teacher and does programmes for African nursery schools.

PATRICIA FULLSTON née BOXALL is now living in Somerset West with her husband, daughter Samantha and son Justin.

LOUISE VAN BREDA née MAASDORP has two teenage children and is very active at their school and with the church.

MADLINE JASPER née HORNE has just returned from Mauritius and intends going with her family to the Olympic Games next year.

TIME GROUP 1960-1969

MARY MILNE née BARROW. Her daughter Margaret, spent a year in U.S.A. as an A.F.S. scholar.

TRISH ZSCHENDERLEIN and her family have moved to the Eastern Cape to be near Woodridge School where their children are being educated. While living in Johannesburg she met CAROL SCHROEM né WEPENER, WENDY

MAXWELL née COLLINS and MADELEIN E JASPER née HORNE who have children at St. Stithians, PHILLIPA HALL and ALISON GEORGE née BROTHERS have children at Brescia House. Trish is a judge at horse shows.

PENNY BIRCHMORE née ANDREWS lives in Trichardsdal.

BARBARA KENT is living in Grahamstown.

ANNE AKEROYD née COLLINS finally arrived back at Halfway House after 3 years in the Transkei. Her 3rd baby Katherine was born in February.

DI HEARN née HARKNESS is coaching tennis in Bryanston, while PAM MEARA née BLYTH, coaches the game in Rivonia.

MARCI VAN DER VLIET née LORD lives in Pietermaritzburg and manages Comair.

ANNE HANCOCK née LUCAS-BULL has 3 children, her son has won the scholarship to Hilton. She is very active on the Kingsmead P.T.A

CHRISTINE SUZMAN née EGELAND has two sons and a new baby girl called Victoria. She sculpts birds and horses.

JUDITH DE ROBECK has given up her interior decorating business to devote her time to her two daughters. She is expecting a third child.

SUSAN KOCH née OSBORN travels widely.

JEN HEARN née MILLER will be studying interior decorating next year.

CAROLINE TINDALL is working for J.S.E.

SUSAN WATKINS-BALL née NELLIST has returned from a two year sojourn in England.

PAT LLEWELLYN works for British Airways in Johannesburg.

CYNTHIA KIRCHMANN née BARROW lives at Halfway House, and is very active with P.T.A/s, choir and her smallholding.

SHIRLEY SMITHIES née DICKINSON has a beautiful baby girl.

SHIRLEY COLES is living in Cape Town.

RUTH FIELD née DUFFIELD and husband plus 3 children visited South Africa last Christmas. They are happily settled in Wellington, New Zealand. Ruth teaches clarinet and recorder and her children are all musical.

FELICITY BURGERS née DUFFIELD and husband, have two sons, with a third baby due in October, are busy on their farm in Golden Bay, New Zealand caring for sheep, goats and cows. Felicity spins the wool and her husband teaches in nearby Takaka.

JENNI NEWMAN now managing director of Errol Fyfe (Pty) Ltd, largest public relations company in South Africa, lives in Melville.

DI NEWMAN is Curator of the art galleries at Wits.

JANE KLEIN née EVANS and husband Anthony farm in Viljoenskroon.

LORAINÉ SEGAL née WOLFOWITZ married to Clive, a surgeon and is living in Los Angeles. She practises as a lawyer.

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Bronwyn Broekman Gr II

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TIME GROUP 1960-69 (cont.)

MARY ANNE VERSTER née BIESHEUVEL has an M.A in psychology and is married to John, a psychologist, and they live in Melville.

RUTH LANGRIDGE née DICKINSON is living in Simonstown and translating for the Navy after a period of lecturing.

NESTA CRAMER née FOXON returned to South Africa after having spent 26 years in Salt Lake City, Utah while her husband Dr Larry Cramer was Special Projects Manager at Kennecott Copper Corp. She has two sons, Scott aged 5 and Matthew aged 3 and they are living at Swartklip in N.W. Tvl. where her husband is now Metallurgical Manager with R.P.M.

WENDY BALCOMB née FOXON is still living at their farm at Kearsney. Son, Lawrence will attend Kearsney College in 1984 and her daughters attend Stanger School.

ANNE SOLOMON née KRAMER lives in Michigan U.S.A. is a doctor, and spent a year in Texas, doing Cancer Research.

DEBORAH GOULDING née STARFIELD lives with her husband at Michaelhouse where he is a teacher.

PENNY LITTLE was married on 16th April '83 to Peter de Villiers The wedding was held at PAT CRITCHLEY's (née COCHRAN) garden. Pat's daughter is in Grade 2 at Kingsmead and she has a son at St. Peters. Pat sees a lot of

SALLY FIASCONARO née BURTON. News is that GAIL WILSON née TEN NAT, with her husband, son and daughter, has moved back to Cape Town after 3 years in Bloemfontein.

LYNNE BOWDEN is in South Africa at present but has plans to return to the U.K.

JAN BLOEM née BALLENDEN has 2 daughters at St. Mary's and a 2 year old son.

CHRIS JONES née CHERRY lives on a smallholding near Fourways. She has two daughters.

BIDDY NASH née PARROTT has a son and daughter and lives in Benoni. She and her husband have recently been to America.

PENNY CLARKE has a daughter.

JANE WATSON née POWELL lives in Bryanston and has a son Courteney.

LINDYVAN SANTEN née SOLOMON has 2 daughters and lives in Parkmore.

TESSA GOLDSWORTHY née LOW has a daughter, Ann in Grade 2 at Kingsmead and a son at St. Peters. She had

another son, Peter, last September

PAM RON BECK née LEEDS has a daughter, Angela at Kingsmead in Grade O, and a son at St. Peters. Her sister, SUSAN HERRICK, has a daughter, Jane at Kingsmead, and her son Christopher is at St. Peters.

MARGI WILSON née WATSON has twins, a boy and girl, and lives in Gallo Manor.

JOAN BUCHANON née COCHRAN lives in Morningside and has two daughters, Nicky 6 and Gilly 4.

LYN WALKER lives in Johannesburg with her husband and two children.

BARBARA SOLOMON née KRAMER lives in Connecticut, U.S.A. Has a little girl and is expecting a second child.

ELAINE LIPMAN has settled in Toronto, Canada.

V. Behr Form.V

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TIME GROUP 1970-1979

CAROLINE WENTZEL née TENQUIST lives with her husband, Peter in Morningside, Johannesburg. She is a manager of Barclays Bank and is an international tax consultant.

SERENA CRAWFORD née TENQUIST is living temporarily in London with her husband, Murray and their daughter Clementine Teriqua, aged 1 year.

DEBBY TENQUIST is currently in London doing a course at Sothebys.

NINI STEPHENS née LEAL is managing a computer company in Johannesburg.

CELESTE VON GLEHN née LOWSON is living in Cape Town and loving it.

PATTI BAGG née KRAMER works as a physiotherapist at the Hillbrow Hospital in Johannesburg and is expecting her second child.

DI SPANJARD née SILBERMAN lives just outside Johannesburg, and has a boy and a set of girl twins.

MARY CASSIDY née BARKHUYSEN is married and working in Johannesburg.

JENNY CHALMERS née MANTEL had a baby girl in May'83 named Heather Leigh.

SHAUN JACOBS née COLLINS had a baby boy in January 83, named Denver.

PETA GORSHEL is practising law as an attorney in Johannesburg.

MARY LAYARD née PATCH ITT has spent 9 months in England with her husband, a doctor. She worked for a short time at Brighton Hospital. Their plans for the future are uncertain but they are likely to return to Zimbabwe in November.

SUE LARGIER née BALK has recently married Patrick and is living in Cape Town.

SARAH DANDRIDGE married name unknown is living in Malawi with her husband.

ADIE BRUMAGE is living in Cape Town where she is still studying and lecturing.

SHEREEN McLINTOCK will be the O.K.A. chairperson next year.

LISA de ST CROIX has been chosen as one of the 4 most talented artists in New York. She will be having a one-woman exhibition here in December-January 1984.

BEVERLEY COLLINS graduated from U.C.T. in December'82 (B Social Science) now working for Quest Personnel in Cape Town as a Job Consultant.

BARBARA UPFILL-BROWN is living in the United Kingdom.

TIME GROUP 1980-1982

MARGARET POSTAGE, LINDSAY JORDI, LYNNE MORRISON and DEBBIE SMITH are all doing B. Comm at Wits.

MARGIE WEBB is at U.C.T. studying for a Bachelor Social Science.

COLLEEN McIVER is studying medicine at Wits and doing very well.

CAROLYN RAINIER is studying Town and Regional Planning at Wits.

KAREN MARTIN is studying architecture at U.C.T.

FIONA & BARBARA MITCHELL are both presently at Rhodes University studying for social science degrees. In July the Mitchell twins were both Champagne Queens.

FIONA HARTLEY and FIONA MITCHELL were 2nd in the Rhodes Braai competition.

EDITH and SUSAN GEHR. Sue has appeared in "5th July" by Pieter Toerien, "The Rivals" for Pact and has been touring schools with a play built around "King Lear" which ended at Grahamstown Festival this year. Edith is working part-time at Wits as a research assistant for Professor Nabarro and is enjoying it very much.

COLLEEN DAVIS is in her 2nd year of B. Comm at Pietermaritzburg

University together with SUSAN ZINGEL 1st year B.Sc, ALISON SCOTT — 2nd year B.A., DONVE MACLEOD — 1st Year B. Soc. Sc. and ANNA-LISA MELVILLE.

MONIQUE CORDER is at Rhodes University.

AUDREY ROBINSON is reading pharmacy at Rhodes University. NATALIE EDKINS is at Rhodes and was crowned Miss Freshette 1982.

CATHY BELL is studying engineering at Wits.

MOLLY CROSBY has retired from Kingsmead and is Treasurer for the Old Girls. Her daughter, KATHY SEVENOAKS has recently given birth to her second son.

FRANCES RETIEF has been at a finishing school in the Loire Valley France since January, 83 and will return to Johannesburg next January to read psychology at Wits.

We are always eager to hear from our OLD GIRLS. If we do not have your address or if you would like to send news of yourself and other OLD GIRLS, please cut out the form below and sent it to the School.

OLD GIRLS

Name: _____(Please print)

Maiden Name:

Address:

Code:

Telephone Number:

Years spent at Kingsmead (dates, please): From _____ to _____

News:

With compliments from The Star

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JUNIOR SCHOOL

AWARDS:

First Term:

Knights won both the Achievement and the Efficiency Cups

Thames won the Grading and Games Cups

Cartwright Goodwill Cup — H. Clark

Art Cups — Std 5, Gr. MR, S. Smirin

Music Cups — Std 3, Gr. MB, C. Beaton

Speech — Std 5, Gr. MB, A. Rennie

Afrikaans — Std 3, Std 1, M. Kyriakos

Reading Cups

Std. 1 — A Cox

Std. 2 — L Thomas

Std. 3 — C. Shone

Std. 4 — N. Hynd

Std. 5 — R. Bridgman

Department Badges — C. Beaton, J. van Wyk, C. Walsh,

A von Hoffen

Headmistress' Award for Special Effort — C. Beaton

Second Term:

Knights won the Achievement, Efficiency and Games Cups and shared the Grading Cup with Thames

Art Cups — Std. 4E, Gr. MB, A Rennie

Music Cups — Std 3, Std 1, D. Fleming, A. Wesley, A Reif

Speech — Std 3, Gr. MR, R. Bridgman, I. Glazer

Afrikaans — Std 4 Set b, Std I, M. Anderes

Reading Cups

Std. 1 — V. Bostock

Std. 2 — T. van Niekerk

Std. 3 — G. Barrow

Std. 4 — L Ehrentraut

Std. 5 — R. Bridgman

Department Badges — J. Barrow, M. Browne, H. Clark, B. Fynn,

M. Kyriakos, S. Raath, K. Warner

Headmisstress' Award for Special Effort: M. Browne, S. Maker and A. Reeves

Chairman's Report of the old Kingsmeadian Association

What a wonderful fun filled year 1983 has been with the Jubilee Celebrations to which our dear founder Miss Thompson was able to come all the way from England! The Old girls' main contribution to the festivities was the launching of our very own cookbook "Convenience Cookery" — which has proved to be a great success. The cookbook was started last year by Lindsay Karnovsky and her assistants. It was then launched in June at a cocktail party held at Miss Edward's home for some fifty guests and Old Girls.

In July we had the Old Girl's annual lunch party. This was superb fun — well attended by many Old Girls and their respective partners all chatting non-stop about the old days. In the afternoon we only managed to field one hockey team against the school — this slight lack of interest was due to Wimbeldon and the Durban July on TV.

Unfortunately we did not win this match.

At the end of September we had the Golden Jubilee Ball. This was a very grand occasion with the men in BlackTie and the ladies in long ball gowns. This function was organised by the PTA who should be highly commended for their effort. It was such a shame more Old Girls did not come to the ball which was held at the Inanda Club — with beautiful flowers, a delicious dinner and an excellent band.

The following week, on 1 October, the Official Jubilee Celebrations were held. Again this was well organised by the PTA with stalls for the children, a delicious lunch, pageant in the afternoon followed by a Garden Tea Party and fashion show, with a Barn Dance in the evening.

Once all the celebrations had settled down, the Old Girls' AGM was held. The main business was to update the Constitution — with the invaluable help of Mary Hayward. Also to vote a new committee for 1984 with Sherreen McLintock as Chairlady, Jen Hearn as Vice, Molly Crosby as Treasurer (for which we are most grateful) and Wendy Maxwell as Secretary. It was also decided to make a second bursary for 1984 — the Jubilee Bursary.

Wishing you all a very happy 1984 — looking forward to seeing you at next year's events.

Nini Stephens (Leal)

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AUTOGRAPHS

With compliments from The Star

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ft NEDBANK

As a matter of interest: It is as much the size of The Nedbank Group's assets (today close to R7 billion) as it is Nedbank's progressive and innovative approach to the scheduling of intricately detailed loan packages that have persuaded major corporations to use Nedbank. It is also this unique approach that Nedbank applies to all its customers. Whether your loan requirements or general financial needs are big or small you will be getting Nedbank's flexible, personal and professional approach to banking. An example of Nedbank's simple philosophy that combines quality thinking with management experience. And one of the reasons why people and companies interested in wealth-enhancing techniques bank with Nedbank. People who fake money as seriously as their bank. grey-philups.

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