

I am very privileged, more than some, to have been born in Muizenberg, grew up in Muizenberg, went to school, Muizenberg Junior and High, Matric class of 1961. Married a Muizenberg boy, Leslie Sherman, in the Muizenberg Shul. We lived in Muizenberg and sent our children to Muizenberg Junior School. We only left Muizenberg 18 years after our marriage because of the call of a Jewish education at Herzlia. My grandparents and parents also lived in Muizenberg in a house on the Main Road. They bought the building of two flats where we were living as children in Wherry Road. They moved in downstairs and we moved upstairs and that's how we remained for the rest of their lives.

At one of the Muizenberg School reunions the band leader asked if anyone could remember the school song. Mervyn Rosenberg and myself put our hands up and were asked to sing the song: We are a very happy band and that's how it should be. We're all of us from Muizenberg, the school beside the sea. I won't continue, although I could as I remember all the words on the song but the band leader told me never to sing in public. He was referring to the fact that I'm not much of a singer.

Jon Brandon may have felt we resented the visitors. I need to assure him that we loved all of them. It was like being on holiday with them from November to March.

Both Leslie and I lived on the other side of the bridge to those mentioned many times previously. In fact I lived in Wherry Road almost opposite the Talmud Torah Hall which was rebuilt into the Herzl Hall. It was one road down from False Bay Station, the one before Muizenberg station. I had my batmitzvah in the Herzl Hall with a group of girls of similar age. You have the picture which also appears at the beginning of Memories of Muizenberg. We carried baskets of fruit on our shoulders. It was Shavuot and we sang "Saleinu al catfeinu. Rasheinu Aturim". Our Hebrew teacher was Morah Smolensky.

I remember many of the old people from Wherry Road, William Samson and my grandfather, Dovid Resnick. If I went to shul with him I would sit next to him very near the Aron Kodesh. One evening Granny came home and didn't have a front door key and sent me to fetch the key from *tateh*. I found him and his *chevra* learning in one of the classrooms. He was at the head of the table with a large hat like a chef's, only in black. Others from Wherry Road were the Shirks, Julius and Ray Shirk whose daughter is married to Colin Shapiro. And Julius' brothers Robbie and Solly. At the end of the road was Mrs Laubschers pre-school which many of us attended, and just next to her were the Rosenbergs, Pam and Lynn who was a tap dancer. Anybody remember her doing the Mexican Hat dance? I asked my sister who else she could remember from Wherry Road and there were too many that she remembered to me to include. (*being restricted to 5 minutes*). Mr and Mrs Derman lived in Pelican Park at the end of our road overlooking the vlei. They ran a grocery shop in Palmer Road.

A quick mention of the above vlei. We bought line, hooks and sinkers from Mr James Morom on the Main Road near the Junior School. And that was our very simple fishing tackle. Someone earlier mentioned the enormous fish he caught one night from the sea near Abe Bailey's cottage. Well the fish we caught were somewhat smaller, about 5 or 6 inches.

There's been much talk about Scouts and the wonderful Bertie Stern. Very little mention of Habonim to which my sister, Rose, and I belonged. Our Madrichim were Bernie Singer and Pese Kagan (now Nowitz). We learnt many things, sang songs, spoke about Israel and ended every meeting with Hatikvah, and a final Chazak V'ematz. Camps were wonderful events, sleeping in tents, songs by the fireside, cooking stew on the fire.

My husband played badminton and table tennis teaching kids in the Herzl Hall. On a Saturday night he and four Muizenberg friends of his, Seymour Stoch, Frank Gordon, Ivan Barnett, would hire a band and run dance sessions. I remember a new band called "The Idiots" who started with us and went on to fame? Also hired a man with his sniffer dog who could smell if anyone was smoking dagga. They made some money from the dance sessions and donated it to the shul or Police Widows and Orphans. The police would visit the dance sessions just to ensure law and order.

Can I squash in some more?

Trek fishermen brought in fish ... my mother made tasty sweet and sour haarders.

Ray Cohen regularly collected what was in our blue boxes for the *Keren Kayemet l'Yisrael*.

Colin Rosenberg's duck dive : a short fast run along the sea edge then sliding on his stomach into the waves. My brother Colin copied him at a young age.

Very little mention has been made of Gerald Musikanth who did much for the promotion of Muizenberg. He and my husband could play beach bats for ages together. They were champions. His wife, Celia, was the person chosen by Bertie Stern to manage the Masque Theatre. She did this very ably for many years promoting theatre in her very talented way.

Bok bok : one person standing against the bathing box, the rest bending down to form a line of bare backs. Then the guys would take it in turns to jump onto their backs. Just before they collapsed someone would shout "Bok Bok staan styf. Howevel vingers op my lyf.

Then I need to mention something a Cape Town friend of mine told me. He was travelling somewhere in the States and happened to attend a lecture. The lecturer spoke about a beach in America saying there was nothing to beat it bar one place. At that my friend's hand shot up because he knew "the one place". Of course it was Muizenberg. There is nothing like Muizenberg, the sea, the fine white sand, the water for bathing.

Lastly, that fresh air!!! My father would say that he drove into Muizenberg, tired and weary from a day in the city. As he took the bend before False Bay station, he would wind down the window of his car, let the Muizenberg air in and be completely refreshed. That's our Muizenberg! Nothing to beat it!