

NEWSLETTER: VOLUME 27 ISSUE 2

FOURTH TERM 2024

FROM THE EDITORS DESK



It has been an outstanding year for SADASA! We are immensely grateful to our SADASA friends, including school convenors, adjudicators, teachers, parents and learners. This year 86 festivals, and 8 teacher workshops took place between March and November. The numbers of learners entering our festivals has seen a steady increase. This is exciting news and bodes well for fabulous developments in 2025! Watch this space 🥰



Rosanne



SADASA MOVES OFFICES



Our SADASA office moved from Glenwood to Hillcrest, KwaZulu-Natal on 1 July 2024.

This proved to be a mammoth task as we sorted through 80 years of valuable archives and treasured material, ensuring that nothing was lost in the move.

Please note that our address on the syllabai books will only be changed when the new syllabai is printed in 2027. Our contact numbers, website, and email address remain the same.

Find us at our new home at Burnside Office Park in Hillcrest. We look forward to welcoming SADASA friends at the new office and hope many of you can attend our AGM early in 2025.




INTRODUCING...

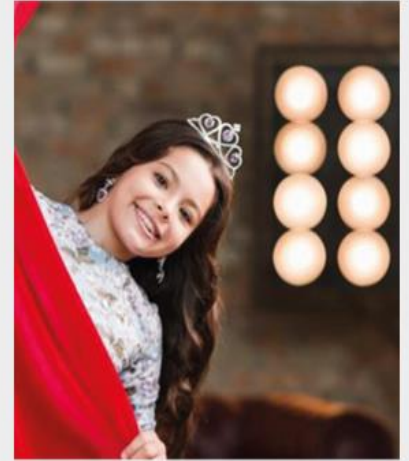
PRIMARY SCHOOL SHOWCASES

You suggested, we listened! In 2025 SADASA plans to introduce an amazing opportunity for our primary schools learners who show special promise, to perform at our Primary School Showcases towards the end of October 2025.


There will be separate Junior Primary and Senior Primary Showcases held on the same Saturday morning.

Adjudicators will nominate outstanding candidates at SADASA festivals held during the year. Only specified individual items will be showcased. This list will be sent to schools at the beginning of 2025.

 If your school has a suitable venue to host the showcase, please contact the SADASA office. We'd love to hear from you.



SADASA BURSARIES 2024

 Congratulations to all our tuition bursary recipients:-

SADASA ELIZABETH SNEDDON BURSARY

Inothando Gebe - King Edward High

SADASA HAZEL MEYER BURSARY

Wenzile Zuma - Berg Street Primary

SADASA JILLIAN HURST BURSARY

Makanaka Mudzudza - Glenmore Primary

D.P.H.S.

Thomas Walker

WESTVILLE SENIOR PRIMARY BURSARY

Kukhanya Xulu, Kyla Hattingh, Raya Moodley,

Siphosethu Zondo

MARGARET MARNEWICK BURSARY


Donated by Margaret Marnewick

Tao-Lee Hudnett - Rosehill Primary





BRUCE PIPER AWARD MONOLOGUE COMPETITION 2024

 Cowan House School theatre buzzed with excitement on Saturday, 12 October 2024. 10 candidates nominated to perform their monologues at SADASA's prestigious Bruce Piper Award Monologue Competition gathered. The mood was electric as the participants from King Edward High, Port Shepstone High, Grosvenor Girls' High, Wembley College and Dundee High took to the stage.

 Congratulations to our winner, Tina Nyembezi from King Edward High and our runner-up, Nokwazi Nyandeni from Dundee High 

We extend special thanks to our adjudicators, Dr Mervyn McMurtry and Mrs Julie Meiklejohn. Thank you to Mr Braans and the management of Cowan House for allowing us to use your beautiful venue.



2024 Candidates



A TRIBUTE TO COLLETTE SAID

This year SADASA heard the sad news of Collette Said's passing. Collette was a colourful, compassionate and highly talented drama practitioner and her memory lives on in all those who were fortunate enough to know her.

The following article is written by Collette Said's daughter, Gabrielle Yetter.

On July 24, on a warm summer afternoon in Eastbourne, England, my mother, Collette Said, took her last breath.

She was 96.

Best remembered in South Africa as a leading speech and drama teacher until she moved to England in 2006, she was a woman ahead of her time in many ways. One who travelled across the world in the 1950s when her first husband took a job in Ceylon and she catapulted herself into a brilliant singing career. A woman who, at the age of 52, chose to study as a speech and drama teacher in Durban. A woman who, at the age of 78, packed up an entire home in South Africa, made arrangements for her granddaughter Emma to travel with her and, once again, started a new life, this time in England.

Her love of theatre, opera and musicals was well known to everyone who knew her - a path that began when she was a child and she was selected from her singing class as the one with the golden voice. The voice opened many doors and introduced her to a world of travel, glamour and celebrity. She loved to tell me about performing Noel Coward's *Bittersweet* in Ceylon, where she received glowing reviews and Jack Hawkins would come to her dressing room every night with a bottle of whisky, and how she'd get on safari trips with the nephew of Ceylon's Prime Minister. In England, she toured the country with a repertory theatre group in the 1940s. In Bahrain, where she lived with her family for 10 years, she was the star of local music circles and always sang the main soprano role in their shows, and in South Africa she created a new career as a teacher after her three children grew and left home.

She was strong and capable - enduring the Second World War from her home in Liverpool, surviving smallpox, malaria, and amoebic dysentery while living overseas, and soldiering on after the devastating loss of her beloved daughter Katy and baby grandson, Sven, in Durban.

After moving to England in 2006, she volunteered at Age Concern, phoning housebound people every week, spent time with family and friends, indulged her love of animals by sponsoring a cat, a dog, and an owl, and indulged her love of scones by visiting every coffee shop and garden cafe in the region.

She leaves behind a daughter (me), a son, Jonathan, grandchildren Emma, Samantha, and Otto, and a lifetime of memories.





D.P.H.S POETRY POTJIE

Opportunities knock for aspiring young poets from D.P.H.S. to unlock their creative writing potential.

Enjoy reading these imaginative poems by Yusuf Chenia, Rayyaan de Vasconcellos, Azhar Cossack, and Myhir Bedhran.

THE AFRICAN SUNRISE

When you wake up in the morning,
just as the day is dawning.
You hear all the amazing sounds.
In the sky there are no clouds.
All the birds cry as the sun
rises into the sky.
And you see all the colours,
the pinks, purples, and oranges.
You see all the silhouettes,
of the birds that fly like jets.
Now you stand outside
As the owls go and hide.
Drinking a cup of coffee,
you watch a little dassie.
There is no sunrise more beautiful,
than the African morning.
Now as the big ball of fire,
starts to climb higher,

The day has begun.

Written by Yusuf Chenia



MAN OF THE FUTURE

I am a child,
born with my family's love of cricket.
I've already scored a hundred,
hoping for many more.
My dad is a maths enthusiast,
it's in our DNA.
My mom is an awesome doctor,
her caring hands heal me too.

I am all that I hear,
the crack of the cricket ball hitting my bat,
and running away for four.
I am the azaan,
calling us to pray.
The sweet, smooth voice of my mother,
soothing me to sleep.
I am the rustling leaves on a tree,
dancing in the wind.

I am all that I remember,
the thrill of the chase,
the yelp of the wild dogs,
the impala's last breath.
Then the overwhelming smell of blood and
carnage,
in the massive Kruger

Written by Rayaan de Vasconcellos





" Genuine Poetry can communicate before it is understood."

T.S. Eliot

"You can find poetry in everyday life, your memory, in what people say on the bus, in the news, or just what's in your heart."

Carol Ann Duffy

WHO ARE WE?

Myhir Bedhram

Good morning sir, Good morning mam,
listen to me now, hear who I am!
We're tall, we're proud
and can scream out loud,

Hear us now, listen and heed our call,
we strive for success; we will not fall!
We don't need war cries; we don't need screams...
Watch us now as we chase our dreams!

Our teachers, our leaders, they help us grow...
Watch our world never forget our glow...
Honour, respect, that's all we want to earn,
thank you, teachers, for helping us learn!

In the class and on the field,
we will succeed, we will not yield!
This is our grounding, our path to success,
wear me now as we will do our best!

We will carry our name with dignity and pride,
those who have come before us,
walk with us stride for stride.

When I leave here, I leave a man...
we have been grounded enough,
we could rule the land!

You've made us strong,
you've made us bold...
watch our world as we glitter like gold!

Take heed now world, we are coming for you...
we are so incredible you won't know what to do.



Est. 1910

ATTACK

Azhar Cossack

With a piercing scream,
Everything goes quiet
I feel like some people
Are starting to riot.

Then, I see something
Fly through the air
Suddenly, the ground shakes
And starts to tear.

Within a millisecond,
Everything explodes!
Probably hurt thousands,
And destroyed countless homes.

I gather myself
And walk out the door,

Just to see about fifty people
And, likely, even more.

Each one standing still,
Holding a weapon,
Their faces showing
Extreme aggression

Then, they do the unspeakable.
They shoot rapidly
Our people eventually
Got them to flee

Two things were everywhere
Carnage and blood
And I just stood there,
In a puddle of mud.

And when I trembled,
And turned my back,
I realised what happened.
It was an attack.



HILLCREST SENIOR PRIMARY POETRY POTJIE 🎤


Hillcrest Senior Primary learners, Vayush Rajoo, Anathi Ndlovu, Mackensie Silva and Keagan Hodgkinson are shining creative writing stars.

These young people enjoyed not only writing original poems, but reciting them at their school's 2024 SADASA Speech and Drama festival.

Well done! Keep developing and honing those creative writing and performance skills. 🎉👏👏👏

WAR	<i>Vayush Rajoo</i>	GOLF	<i>Keagan Hodgkinson</i>
Men fighting, running and busy in the trenches. No time to rest on their garden benches. Bullets flying in the air. In this deadly game, nobody plays fair.		Roses are red Violets are blue I like playing golf, and what about you?	

<p>People do a lot of this stuff in war. It's so bad, I don't think anyone would want more. Bombs rain down and kill people in many places. This fact makes my heart sore because of the grazes.</p> <p>Men sprinting through the brown, muddy field. The smart way to protect yourself was to use a dead body as a shield.</p>	<p>Golf is such a great game for kids to play, even if it takes the whole day. I play golf in the rain, wind and sun, because hitting a little white dimpled ball is so much fun.</p> <p>Off the tee box you try hit it clean hoping to get the ball sunk on the green. Hit the ball with a lot of spin to try make the ball come back and hit the pin.</p>
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<p>Battles going on day and night. Men surrender, die, not wanting to fight.</p> <p>People's bodies all over the ground. Half of them isn't even found. Generals shake hands when it's over while that mother's still waiting for her son to come home.</p> <p>War is not about who's right but who's left alone.</p>	<p>Bogie, birdie, eagle, albatross if I don't make a hole in one, I will be very cross. You have to drive the ball so far, and you would be lucky to even make a Par.</p> 
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THE DAY I TURNED BLUE

Anathi Ndlovu

Yesterday was the day I turned blue,
so, I went to the forest and looked for bamboo,
then realized I stepped on monkey poo.

I found an old bamboo stick but wanted
something new.

It started to rain so I knew I would get the flu,
so, I went back to put on warm shoes.
When I got home, I ate honeydew.

I was so blue because I was going to ride a canoe,
and I was looking forward to seeing the brown
statue,
but I knew that was going to be a big issue,
I let out a big sneeze and needed a tissue,
that's when I realized I had the flu.

I looked out through the dew,
and thought it was a huge tub of glue,
then I remembered my mom had a BBQ,
but that day I was feeling like tiramisu.



NOT WHAT I EXPECTED

Mackensie Silva

I came home from school with a plan
but first I did my homework and then began
I went down to the basement and had a look
but what I thought was there left me shook

Maybe an animal but with long pointy ears
or an Alien with strange fears
it could be a person that has broken in
or just some fruit in an old smelly tin

I started to walk down the stairs
but then I heard the sound of bears
I took a deep breath and opened the door
but all I saw was the dusty floor

What I saw left me confused
it was horrid and unused
it was a box, of smelly socks
and a couple of old and useless clocks.





HOWICK PREPARATORY POETRY POTJIE

The Grade 3's at Howick Preparatory had so much fun presenting their Choral Verse at the 2024 SADASA festival. One of their classmates, Heath, persuaded his dad to write their poem. The poem is entitled 'Sick Today'.

Thank you, Barry Hullett for sharing your poem with us.

SICK TODAY

Written by Barry Hullett (Heath's dad)



I think I'm feeling sick today,
I said as I got up,
And stumbled through a hazy daze
To wake my parents up.

My stomach isn't feeling good,
And my eyes are seeing double,
I'm sure if I'm at school today
You'll both get into trouble.



STOMACHACHE



TOOTHACHE



ALLERGY



BROKEN

Kids at school can drop like flies,
With upset guts and doubley eyes.
It's not a thing to mess about,
One foot in school and it's lights out!

And gone will be your favourite child
No more cuteness running wild,
And all because you didn't listen,
When I told you how my health went missing.

'It's Saturday today' I'm told
From a sea of pillows, lumps and folds
And just like that I'm feeling great
'I think I'm healed, let's celebrate!'

Uhh, - can we get Ice Cream for breakfast?!!



MEASLES



COUGH



FEVER



DIARRHEA



THANK YOU...

Convenors and teachers for working with SADASA to provide a platform for your learners to improve and encourage proficient communication skills and to build our young people's confidence.

Thank you to members of the SADASA committee, Dr Mervyn McMurtry (Chairman), Margie Marnewick (Vice-Chairman), Les Coull, Mbali Nguse, Philippa Savage, David Spiteri and Jean Van Elden for giving up your valuable time to share your expertise, maintaining the high standard expected from our organisation.

We said a sad goodbye to popular adjudicator, Seren Coetzee who has relocated to the U.K. with her family. We will miss you Seren, but wish you great success in your future ventures.

We were thrilled to welcome back Carmen O'Donoghue to the adjudicating panel along with new adjudicators, Carien Wandrag and Tracy Laubscher.

Thank you to all members of our adjudicating panel for travelling far and wide in 2024 to adjudicate rural and urban festivals. Thank you, Cathie Brooks-Neil, Sharon Colby, Les Coull, Seren Coetzee, Tracy Deeb, Sandra Fourie, Ida Gartrell, Rosanne Hurly-Coyne, Tracy Laubscher, Barbie Meyer, Margie Marnewick, Mbali Nguse, Carmen O'Donoghue, Philippa Savage, David Spiteri, Carla Tate, and Carien Wandrag.

Thank you, Loud Crowd Media and Fenella Rivalland for keeping us up to date and current in 2024.



HAPPY FESTIVE SEASON

On behalf of the SADASA chairman, Dr McMurtry and the executive committee we extend best wishes for a safe, relaxing and joyful festive season enjoying 'downtime' with loved ones.

Wherever you go, whatever you do, enjoy this special time of the year.



1 Builders Way, Burnside Office Park, Hillcrest
Cell: 082 603 9080 Email: rosanne@sadasa.co.za

www.speechanddrama.co.za

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