



**THE
HERSCHELIAN
1995**

**WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE FOLLOWING
WHO HAVE GENEROUSLY SPONSORED
A FULL PAGE OF**

THE HERSCHELIAN 1995

**Mr and Mrs P. Boers
Citrusdal Toyota
Ferucci Family
Honeysett Family
Labia Family
Liddell Family
Lloyd Family
Medallion Mushrooms
Norwich Life S.A. LTD
Porter Motor Group
Progro Consultancy Group CC
Venus Factory Shop
Visconti Garment Hangers**

Front Cover: Herschel at Night
Back Cover: Mary Muller Picture of the Year - Keri Davies
Photographers: Derek Morgan (Front Cover)
Mike Wesson (Art works)
Jenni Case (School Photographs)

THE HERSCHELIAN 1995



SCHOOL FORUM

Back: *H. Wilson, I. Groepies, L. Schönborn, A. Soltynski, N. Wood, A. Clegg, S. van Hoom, M. Watt, A. Wright, S. van Dijk, S. Perioli, L. Deakin, P. Carr, K. Mullord, D. Wolff, B. Berry, P. Caradoc-Davies, K. van Ryneveld*

Middle: *K. Louw, P. Gogela, C. Boyes, N. Crowhurst, G. Elliot, N. deWet, L. Jeffery, C. McGahey, M. Haw, C. Delson, V. Rose, B. Magnus, C. Brown, C. van Hensbergen, T. Fowler, S. J. Morley, M. Johnson*

Front: *S. Burton, J. Sale, C. Diedericks, Mrs R. Hugo, J. Bradshaw, Mrs P. Duff, L. Mandy, Mrs L. MacIntyre, A. Franks, Mrs J. Lones, R. Garratt, D. van Hoom, Z. Quail*



1995 MATRIC CLASS

Back Row: Thea Markovina, Shazelle Denovan, Helen Fernior, Taniath Stubbs, Shannon van Dijk, Daphielle le Roy, Joleene Volkmann, Sarah Peroli, Taryn McCabe, Jennifer Bradshaw, Zaru Quail
 4th Row: Dorothy van Hoorn, Alexandra Soltynski, Philippa Carr, Lucy Deakin, Catharina Smith, Megan Berry, Bianca Berry, Julia Rate, Robyn Garratt
 3rd Row: Susan Weinberg, Keri Davies, Sarah Burton, Hayley Walker, Amanda Boardman, Anouk Espi, Natalie Wood, Irma Groepies, Deborah Wolff, Nicola Ballance, Caroline McGahey,
 Gillian Watson, Angela Franks, Lindsay-Ann Coetzee
 2nd Row: Emma-Jane Barker-Goldie, Shelley van Niekerk, Nadine Bowers, Simone Lyons, Chené Roberts, Shelley Robertson, Romy Stansfield, Vanessa Rose, Samantha Coucoubros,
 Candice van der Hoven, Nicky de Wet, Robyn Gagliano, Leigh Tacuber, Jacki Gordon, Carolyn Reid, Samantha Hendricks, Caroline Loughton
 Seated: Chloë Kensley, Lisa Moorsk, Bridget Magnus, Tarryn Stewart, Mrs Kurtz, Lauren Mandy, Mrs Duff, Carina Diedericks, Mrs Bearnies, Alexandra Learmonth, Mrs Erasmus, Nina
 Crowhurst, Celeste Abels

CONTENTS

Staff	4
-------	---

SENIOR SCHOOL

Speech Day	6
Results	14
House Reports	18
Boarding House Report	21
Activities	22
Sport	38
Original Work	46
Staff News	58

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Reports and Original Work	60
Sport	78
Staff News	84
Old Herschelians	85
This and That	88

Editor
DTP
Wordprocessing
Artwork Selection
Assistants
Printer

Jane Kurtz
Judith Herbig & Joan Houston
Brenda Roberts & Jean Pollock
Caroline d'Unienville
Helen Lightfoot & Caroline Meihuizen
Creda Press

STAFF

STAFF

HEADMISTRESS

Mrs P J Duff, BSc, UED(UCT)

DEPUTY HEADMISTRESS

Mrs L MacIntyre, BSc, UED(Natal)

SENIOR TEACHERS

Mrs P L Allen, BA(Hons)(UCT), HED(Unisa), SRN

Mrs C Brathwaite (until 30 June)

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs I C J Adley, BSc, HED(UCT)

Mrs D E Beames, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mrs H Botha, Dip(Hons Phys Ed)(Bulawayo)

Miss J M Case, BSc(Hons)(Stell), HDE(UCT) MEd(Leeds)

Mr S D Chapman, BMus(Natal), (HDE)(UCT)

Mrs L Crutchley, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs A. Diedericks, BA, HDE(Pretoria)

Mrs C Engelbrecht, BA, Phys Ed, HDE, BSc(Med)(Hons),
Sports Science(UCT)

Mrs B Erasmus, BA(Rhodes) UED(Durban)

Mrs C Esterhuysen, BA(Stell), UED(Rhodes), HDE(UCT)

Mrs A Golding, BA(Rhodes) HDE(UPE)

Miss A M S Gough, BA(Rhodes), GRSM(Hons)

LRSM ARCM(London), HDE(UCT), FTCL

Mrs J Herbig, BA(Drama)(UP), HDE(Unisa)

Mrs A M Hugo, BA, (HDE)(Unisa) BEd(Natal)

Mrs J M Houston, BSc(UCT), TTHD(Jhb)

Mrs M Kershaw, HED, Phys Ed

Mrs J M Kurtz, MA(Rhodes), HDE(UCT)

Miss H Lightfoot, HDE(UCT) Home Economics(Sec)

Mrs J M Lones, NTD Commerce

Ms M Mallengret, BA, HDE(Natal)

Mrs C Marrier d'Unicville, NTD(Fine Art)(Natal)

Mrs M E Patrick, BSc(Hons)(UCT), HDE(Unisa)

Mrs M J Peacock, BA, STD(Stell)

Mrs B P Poulter, BSc(Hons), HDE(UCT)

Mrs S C Ryan, BA, BEd(Rhodes), DSE(Sch Lib)(Unisa)

Mr A P Scott, BA(Stell), Dip IR(Damelin)

Mrs C E Speck, BSc, HDE(UCT)

Mrs H Stanford, BA, HOD(Stell)

Mrs T Steyn, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs S Steytler, BA(Hons)(Lon), HED(Unisa), MSAITINT

Mr R A Suttle, BA(SA), UED(Rhodes)

Miss C E Sweet, MMus(Unisa), LUCT

Mrs R Taylor, BA, HDE(UCT), LTCL(Lon)

Mrs K van der Merwe, BSc(Hons)(Stell)

PART TIME STAFF

Rev J Atkinson, School Chaplain/Divinity

Mrs P C Dingle, Mathematics

Mrs J Douglas, Pottery

Mrs C Dunleavy, French/English

Mrs D Powell, Music

Mrs R Sellars, Pottery

Mrs M Stephens, English

BOARDING HOUSE STAFF

Mrs V Bester, Lady Warden

Mrs J Normanton, Matron

HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs J Thompson, PTD (CTTC)

DEPUTY HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs M E Bray, TC(Birmingham)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs M Cowling, (TC)(Hertford)

PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M Bonellie, NTSD(Pmb)

Miss W I Boy, HDE (GRTC)

Miss M S Gibbings, NTSD, HDE(Pmb), MA(South Carolina)

Mrs P Hanekom, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs J D Henderson, BPrimEd(UCT)

Mrs C Hirshon, HPTD(UCT)

Miss L Jefferson, HDE(Phys Ed)(Edgewood)

Mrs R L Joyce, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs C Meihuizen, BA, HDE

Mrs L Pullen, TTHD(JCE)

Mrs C Tatz, HDE(NCE), DSE(Remedial)(Unisa)

Mrs A Tyson, NTD(Natal), LRSM

Miss J Ward, BMus, LRSM(Clarinet), HDE

Mrs A L Woolley, NTSD, LTCL, Dip Sp Ed(Rem Ed)

KINDERGARTEN STAFF

Mrs H J Bailey, HDE(Paarl)

Mrs G Bakker, BPrim Ed

Mrs M Butler, PTC(CTTC), DE(Natal)

Mrs A Mace, TTD Junior Primary

PRE-PRIMARY STAFF

Mrs J M Munro, NTD Pre-Primary(Barkly House)- HEAD

Mrs C Blencowe, HDE Pre-Primary(Barkly House)

Miss G Young, HDE Pre-Primary(Barkly House)

Mrs S Bossr

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mr P B Oertel, CA(SA), School Bursar

Mrs B S Roberts, Headmistress's Secretary

Mrs J Pollock, Receptionist/School Secretary

Mrs V J Speedy, Fees Officer

Mrs D Bunn, Senior Bookkeeper

Mrs M Newitt, Assistant Bookkeeper

Mrs T Palmer, Admin Assistant

Mrs F Cochrane, Laboratory Supervisor

Mr M Bold, Estate Manager

Mr E Nickloes, Assistant Estate Manager

Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory School Secretary

Mrs M Sleight, Assistant Preparatory School Secretary

Mrs M Buys, Caterer (until 30 June)

Mrs J Rothquel (from 1 July)

Mrs K le Roux, Assistant Caterer (until 31 May)

Miss T Smith, Assistant Caterer (from 1 June)

COUNCIL MEMBERS

VISITOR: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

CHAIRMAN: Mr D Loch Davis

Mr G Barr

Mr W Marshall-Smith

Mr J B Gardener

Ms M J Morifi (from Aug)

Mr R Hendry

Mr J E Mudge (until July)

Prof C Johnson

Mr R H Peters

Countess Labia

Mrs L Reid

Mr G Louw

Mrs A Snyders

Mr J R Millar

Mr D Wallace



ACADEMIC STAFF

Front: Miss Sweet, Mrs Adley, Mrs MacIntyre (Deputy Headmistress), Mrs Duff (Headmistress), Mrs Brathwaite, Mrs Allen, Mr Chapman
 2nd Row: Mrs Engelbrecht, Mrs Patrick, Mrs Stanford, Mrs Lones, Mr Scott, Mrs Poulter, Mrs d'Unienville, Mrs Ryan, Mrs Peacock
 3rd Row: Mrs van der Merwe, Mrs Beames, Miss Case, Mrs Taylor, Mrs Cochrane, Mrs Hugo, Mrs Crutchley, Mrs Erasmus, Mrs Speck
 4th Row: Mrs Kurtz, Mrs Steyn, Miss Lightfoot, Miss Gough, Mrs Houston, Mrs Golding, Mrs Herbig, Mrs Diedericks, Mrs Botha
 Absent: Mrs Kershaw, Mrs Steytler, Mrs Esterhuyse, Mr Suttle



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Standing: Miss Smith, Mrs Newitt, Mrs Bunn, Mrs Bester, Mrs Cochrane, Mrs Palmer, Mrs Normanton
 Seated: Mrs Speedy, Mr Bold, Mrs Roberts, Mrs Duff, Mr Oertel, Mrs Pollock, Mrs Buys



Lauren Mandy (Headgirl), Mrs Duff, Carina Diedericks (Deputy Headgirl)

SPEECH DAY

Mr Chairman, honoured guests, friends and young ladies of Herschel - welcome to our 1995 Prize Giving ceremony.

A warm welcome to members of the Herschel council, especially Ms Mary-Jane Morifi who is with us for the first time.

I have always appreciated this annual opportunity to thank the many people whose contributions ensure the successful life of the school: the members of council, the supportive parents, the staff - administrative, house, catering and grounds, the estate managers and, in particular, the teaching staff. A special thank you to new deputy headmistress, Mrs Lesley MacIntyre, and head of preparatory, Mrs Jenny Thompson - they have both brought fresh ideas and a calm, competent serenity to their demanding roles.

Conversely, it is always sad to say goodbye to long-serving loyal members of staff who have become good friends to their colleagues and pupils. This friendship and affection was clearly demonstrated when the whole school sang "As Time Goes By" for senior teacher, Chris Brathwaite, who left at the end of the second term, after fifteen years at Herschel. It is lovely to have her with us today.

And, sadly, at the end of the year there will be more staff changes:

Standard 1 teacher, Colleen Tatz, returns to Natal after two-and-a-half years at Herschel. Jenni Case and Bryony Poulter joined us at the same time four years ago, and now they leave together, but for very different reasons - Bryony is looking forward to an addition to her family, while Jenni leaves to continue her educational research and to teach in U.C.T.'s engineering faculty. Joan Houston leaves after more than nine years at Herschel, to enjoy retirement and travel with her husband. Joan has laid the foundation for computer literacy at Herschel - vital expertise for the future.

And, after two periods of teaching at Herschel, totalling over thirteen years, we are really going to miss our vibrant art teacher, Caroline d'Unicville - the outstanding matric art on display today is testimony to her dedication and success as a teacher.

Then, our saddest farewell is like losing a bit of Herschel's seventy-three year history. One teacher has been associated with the school for forty-three of those years; she started teaching at Herschel in 1953 at the age of twenty and Old Herschelians returning to visit are all adamant that she still does not look a day older. The high standard and fine achievements of the choir, the chorale and of her individual pupils are a tribute to an inspiring, much loved and admired teacher - Cynthia Sweet.

Cynthia Sweet is very modest and shy, not one to boast about her achievements or to seek public recognition. She has told me that she wants no farewell party or speeches in her honour - but, she has a delightful and slightly whimsical sense of humour and so was tempted by my invitation to make a speech herself!

Every year our Prize Giving guest of honour has been chosen as a role model to represent successful women in a wide variety of fields - medicine, opera, politics, business - and this year I had to look no further than our own ranks to invite a respected academic and talented musician to address you. I ask you to welcome our 1995 guest of honour - Cynthia, please join us on the stage.

I mentioned Herschel's history - there are many wonderful people who have contributed to the life of our school and I pay tribute to three more today. Firstly, Mr John Mudge, recently retired from the Herschel council after twenty-two years' loyal service to the school. His keen interest, wise counsel, sensible advice and practical help have been immeasurable. His deep love for music is shared by his wife, Pauline, and in spite of Johnny's and Pauline's ill health, they have always been there to support our concerts, plays, carol services and many other functions. At council meetings we shall miss Johnny's incisive comments, his great sense of humour and his warm infectious chuckle.

Secondly, I acknowledge the contribution made by Mrs Barbara Payne (née Elcome), Herschel's third headmistress - from 1945 to 1947 - who passed away on the 10th of April this year. Barbara came from England at the end of the Second World War and found a school that had suffered

in the isolation caused by the war. In recent years, she lived in Guernsey and I had the good fortune to correspond regularly with her.

I quote extracts from notes Barbara sent me last year, entitled "Thoughts of Herschel on D-Day 1994":

"I arrived in February 1945. Cape Town looked very beautiful and so peaceful and Herschel was unbelievably lovely, I felt as if I must be in a Hollywood set! The white buildings with their Dutch gables softened in the moonlight that evening are as clear to me now as they were unreal then.

The most outstanding feature of Herschel was the Duncan Baxter Library, a gracious room commemorating the founding of the school by the Baxter/Jagger family. There was a good swimming bath, though at that time we could not see the lines on the base because of red silt in the water! The dining room was a spacious room with a vista of trees when the doors were opened in hot weather at one end - but the kitchens left much to be desired."

There was indeed much to be done and Barbara set about it with great enthusiasm - a new kitchen, a boarders' sitting room and the making of a crypt chapel, designed by the girls. We salute the memory of Miss Barbara Elcome.

The third person is Mr Donnie Pelston - gardener at Herschel from its inception, he worked for all eight headmistresses to date. He welcomed me in 1986 - a gentle man of great dignity and humility - Herschel was his whole life until he retired in 1987. His recent passing has left us the poorer.

At this same occasion last year, I said that Herschel was not a collection of school buildings, Herschel is a living entity - a family of people, but none more important than the present pupils. At the beginning of the year we welcomed our biggest ever number of new standard sixes, ninety-two girls divided into four classes. This was made possible because there were four matric classes last year and when they left we had both classroom accommodation and teachers to cope with the numbers. But, this cannot happen every year! Next year we return to having three standard six classes.

The 1995 matrics have all made very positive contributions to the academic, sporting and cultural life of the school. Our head girl, Lauren Mandy, has set a fine example - a modest, unassuming, sensible, sincere leader who has been extremely loyal to the school. She has been ably supported by her lively, enthusiastic deputy, Carina Diedericks, and a reliable, super-efficient forum secretary, Jennifer Bradshaw, together with an interesting team of prefects. We are a democratic school - a microcosm of the new South Africa - for our prefect body is democratically elected by pupils and teachers. As in all democracies, there are in our community, real leaders who may not be elected to office. But Herschelians do not allow this to deter them from contributing to their school - there are many such in the 1995 matric class and I name a few: Zara Quail for 'security awareness', Nina Crowhurst for 'environmental awareness', Lindsay-Ann Coetzee for 'service to the library', Nicola de Wet for 'boarding house leadership', Sarah Burton for 'help in the music department', Fiona Wallace for 'work in the school archives', Bridget Magnus and Alex Soltynski for 'backstage work in the theatre', also the sports team captains and forum representatives - these young women (and many others) will go far in the future, for their reward is in the personal satisfaction of service well done and not in affirmative accolades or titles.

As in the past and in recognition of the contribution made by the matrics, I invite two of them to share this occasion with me, by giving their own accounts of a few highlights of the year:

ACADEMIC, SPORTS AND OUTINGS

by Gillian Watson (Co-head of Sport)

For the last three years I have listened with awe as a confident matric addressed you on "sport and other activities". (Incidentally, it is a good thing that this is a solid lecturer, so you cannot see my knees shaking!) and it has always interested me why they also commented on successes in the academic Olympiads, because the Oxford Dictionary definition gives an Olympiad as "a period of four years between celebrations of Olympic Games, used by ancient Greeks in dating events", but our academic Olympiads happen every year - so I looked at the next dictionary definition - 'olympian' - it says: "magnificent, superior, a person of great attainments." That sounded nearer the mark!

Herschel participates in annual South African schools' academic Olympiads - English, Afrikaans, Science, Mathematics, Home Economics and Latin. This year we have had special success in two events and the results are listed in your programme. Special congratulations to Amy Burdzik, who came second in the standard 9 section of the Latin Olympiad (A little bird told me that she did better than the standard 10 winner!). And she was invited to a special 'classics day' at the University of Pretoria.



Amy Burdzik with her cheque for coming second in the Standard 9 section of the Latin Olympiad

The refurbished Science block was officially opened in May by Dr Jean Bradshaw, great grand-daughter of William Jagger, our founder. The 'new' Biology and Science laboratories are wonderful and we are both proud and appreciative to have such excellent facilities at Herschel.

In spite of the lack of space, Mrs Duff hasn't stopped yet! She is determined to give girls facilities equal to (no, better than) those in boys' schools! The present Prep. school hall is much too small for the whole school to meet for assemblies and so a start has been made on a new hall, sited at the far end of the hockey field. And, our one swimming pool at the senior school has really been over-used. Everyone is excited about the new pool now being built at the Prep. school. Although our space is limited, we do have great sports facilities and opportunities. We have made good use of the new Sports Centre, particularly for squash, indoor hockey, circuit training and for the modular lifeskills programme. and we are proud of all our sports-girls who have made Western Cape and South African teams. I should like to specially mention Jane Woodard who represented South Africa with such success at the recent All-Africa Games in Zimbabwe, and at the International Age Group Championships in China.

In local Interschools' sporting events we have more than held our own against the large state schools and won the U/15 Water-Polo Tournament. The second annual sports-girls' dinner was a highlight of the sporting year - thank you, Mrs Kershaw. And, special thanks to Mrs Botha for all that she does for Herschel sport.

Several of our teams went on tour: water-polo and netball to Port Elizabeth and tennis to Pretoria. We welcomed touring teams from other provinces, as well as hockey and tennis teams from Felstead school in England. I hope that Herschel will be able to arrange an overseas sports tour one day.

Twenty-seven girls did go overseas to France in July. They all enjoyed staying with French families and attending a language school. Then - Mrs Steytler and Mrs Kershaw had their hands full chaperoning the group in Paris! Nearer home, twenty-seven girls had an Orange River adventure, bravely led, once again, by Mr Scott and Mrs Ryan, while Standard 9s and Standard 7s enjoyed their annual camps at Hermanus and Rocklands. Thank you to all the teachers who do so much for us both at school and beyond.



We matrics will remember our matric dance - we could hardly recognize the Mary Jagger Hall, transformed into "Monet's Garden". A big thank you to the standard 9s - and as a special thank you, we bequeath/leave to you our Common Room re-painted and chairs re-upholstered. I hope that you can keep it tidier than we have done. Good luck for next year.

CULTURAL AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

by Zara Quail (Head of Security Awareness)

Last year as I watched two matrics read their reports to you, little did I dream what fate awaited me - but I am very proud of this honour. It is hard to believe that our school days are coming to an end and, for me personally, thirteen very special years at Herschel. They have raced by - because there is always so much to do here - clubs, societies, sport, outings, camps, Olympiads, plays, concerts and, of course, academic work!

Our fourth 'Cabaret' was again staged in the atrium and matrics relished the opportunity to take part in this, their

last school production. The success of the venue inspired our new drama teacher, Mrs Tessa Steyn, and the Director of Music, Mr Simon Chapman, to stage 'Godspell' in the atrium. What a transformation! A special stage was built, huge scaffolding seating erected, ladders perched precariously and a swing hung from the rafters. Months of rehearsal paid off in a vibrant and very moving production - congratulations to all concerned.

Music and drama play a very important part in the life of Herschel as witnessed by our own annual Herschel Eisteddfod and our successes in Cape Town Eisteddfods. In addition to numerous individual honours in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod, the wind band also gained honours; the flute ensemble - honours plus; the chorale - honours plus, plus; the string ensemble - a diploma and a cup, and the choir received a diploma and the Zwaanswyk Cup for school choirs.

It is fitting that in Miss Sweet's last year at Herschel, both the choir and the chorale (which is a smaller chamber choir) should be keeping such a high profile. After submitting an audition tape, the chorale was invited to participate in the prestigious Roodepoort International Eisteddfod earlier this month. Generous sponsorship enabled us to compete and twenty-eight excited choristers, accompanied by Miss Sweet, Miss Gough and two parents, set off for Gauteng.

Soon, Miss Sweet faxed the school: "Over the moon! We won a **gold** medal in the barbershop competition. Great jubilation! Yesterday was also very successful as we won a **silver** medal in the school choirs section." Subsequent to this fax, they won a second **silver** medal in the ladies' choirs section.

What a wonderful 'cherry on the top' for Miss Sweet to add to her accomplishments, and her memories of Herschel.

Herschel's art has always had a fine reputation and art pupils are really going to miss Mrs d'Unieville - perhaps they can visit her in France next year. Most of our matric art practical is painting, but this year Samantha Hendricks has chosen ceramics as her field - and her spectacular life-size Icarus - a 'flying man' was the centre piece of the recent vibrant ceramics exhibition in the Mary Jagger Hall.

This year matric drama pupils write the Natal Senior Certificate examination for the last time and I should like to express our appreciation of this. Special thanks to the dynamic, enthusiastic practical examiner, Mr Hugh Thompson, for his constructive criticism and encouraging comments. From next year, drama will be one of the Western Cape Certificate exams.

Five girls had an incredible learning experience as they worked with students they had not had the opportunity to reach out to or relate to before. In a project using drama skits to explain the new constitution, they met pupils from Manenberg Senior Secondary School. Interactors are also able to meet, to help and to serve other communities. Interact is our biggest and most active club, but there are many others, including debating and the Christian Union, which sometimes meets in the chapel.

Our beautiful chapel has been well used this year - for weekly eucharists, boarders' chapel services, quiet prayer times and also for two Old Herschelian weddings - the beautiful brides were Bridget Chapman (matric 1987) and Cindy McPetrie (matric 1990). Cindy's lovely flower arrangements were still in place when the Afrikaans department also held "troues" in the chapel with everyone appropriately dressed, "die bruide" arriving in chauffeur-driven cars, and "n fotograaf" much in evidence. All proceedings - the hymns and bible readings were in Afrikaans. At a 'reception' held under the ilex tree, all the girls (sorry, all the guests) had a chance to speak - the 'speeches' seemed never ending!

I think that is a hint for me! Mrs Duff - thank you for inviting Gillian and me to share the spotlight today.



One of the "Afrikaanse troues."

MRS DUFF CONTINUED:

Thank you, Gillian and Zara

In all honesty I must admit to standing in awe of today's young Herschelians. I do not believe that I, or any of my contemporaries, would have had the poise and presence to address you so confidently when we were at school. However, they are not unique - teenagers the world over can hold their own under formidable circumstances. In July I was privileged to visit Australia, seeing seven very different schools before attending the Second International World Convention of Principals in Sydney. On several occasions the nearly two thousand delegates were addressed on a variety of issues by confident, clear thinking, well spoken, sensitive teenagers - they merited hearing and serious attention. And with our internet and e-mail links, Herschel pupils can communicate, exchange ideas, discuss, learn and help to teach their contemporaries in other countries.

For years we have been speaking about computers with a mixture of wonder, suspicion and scepticism; that time is now past. Computers are essential educational tools that make us an integral part of the "global village". Our planet has shrunk! Air travel, telephone and fax links and now interaction via cellular phones, computers and the information highway, mean that we can be a part of the real world. South Africans must reach out and be a part of this world. I should like to quote Australian researcher, Ms Dale Spender: "For the past few centuries we have had an education system based on print and the presence of a stable body of knowledge. Teachers have been **knowers** - those who have learned book information, who have kept it in their heads, and passed it on to the next generation. And students have been required to learn what the teachers know; through examinations they have been tested on what they can recall in order to become knowers.

"But computers have taught us that heads are no longer good places for keeping information in. That so extensive is the information in a computer based world that even the term **knower** is no longer appropriate. This is why a new educational theory and practice is called for - in keeping with the new forms of knowledge and learning.

"We are moving from a system based on **answers**, to where **questions** are the norm; from being able to **recall** to being able to **retrieve**. From **knowing** to **doing**. And this places very different demands on traditional education administrators and policy makers."

This can be aptly summed up thus: "Teachers will have to move from being the sage on the stage to being the guide on the side" - a teacher will act as facilitator and supporter, stimulating within pupils the interest and desire to learn. But, when there is change, people focus first on what they are going to **lose**, not what they are going to **gain**. We can appreciate the sense of loss and regret that some people feel about

this transition to electronic communication and learning. It can be likened to the experience of the monks when hand written manuscripts were replaced by printed books.

An enormous challenge confronted them as it confronts us today. In the dark ages the monks were the greatest knowers. They had to come to terms with the enlightenment when knowledge became available to all through the printed word. This led to the cultural upsurge, and the scientific and industrial revolutions of the renaissance and after. We now appreciate that this present transition is giving way to the same unknown cultural, intellectual, scientific and industrial possibilities of the cyber-era; with a deafening knowledge and information explosion that is not being contained by pen and ink, books and paper.

I want particularly to say something to you and this is as good a place as any: that as the slate pencil gave way to the lead pencil, followed by the pen and ink, and then the ball point pen - so, too, I believe, the lap top computer could soon replace the pen and paper as an educational tool, a far more efficient and all encompassing educational facility than anything we have previously used.

There is much truth in these words: "Today's relevance is tomorrow's redundancy."

For much of human history, the most reliable, the most credible, the truest information has been the **oldest** information associated with the written and, later, the printed word.

Whether we like it or not, this is now changing. The new communications revolution means that the most reliable, the most credible, and authoritative information is not the oldest - but the **newest**. It is the most recent information that we need now in order to live, to be well informed, to organize our social, political and economic institutions.

"When did you find that out? Oh, that's yesterday's information. We need today's " - to conduct our business, to create our education system, to run our world. The Herschel school council and teaching staff have recognized this fact and are prepared for the challenge. A forthcoming strategic planning exercise will clarify our future goals.

"If you have a goal - write it down. If you don't know where you are going, you'll probably end up somewhere else."

Teachers at both the preparatory and senior schools are familiarizing themselves with the educational potential of computers and their world-wide links. We are budgeting to upgrade our hardware and software to give our students access to the information highway of the world.

"We cannot always build the future for our youth, but we can build our youth for the future." (Franklin D. Roosevelt)

Doctors from last century would not be able to cope in an operating theatre today. Teachers of that time would feel comfortable in our classrooms. Not only will classrooms have to change, but Dale Spender throws out a challenge to educationists by saying: "Examinations will have to go in their present form - they are not compatible with computers." Certainly a thought-provoking challenge.

Examinations - I have not yet mentioned our excellent 1994 Cape Senior Certificate results - a 100% pass with 87,7% achieving university entrance requirements with matriculation exemption. There were fifty-eight subject distinctions and twelve girls achieved A's, now called Category 1. Particularly pleasing was the fact that each girl aimed for her personal best, encouraged by her teachers, and so another forty girls obtained a category 2 pass; this means that a total of 75% of last year's matrics gained top class passes. And we were very proud of last year's dux, Olivia Will, who obtained five subject A's.

This year we write the last Cape Senior Certificate as we know it. Next year the Standard Tens will write the new Western Cape Certificate of Further Education, set by the Western Cape Education Department (an amalgamation of the former four separate departments - Houses of Assembly, Delegates, Representatives and the Department of Education and Training) and this new examination will be written by all schools. We believe that the 1996 examination will differ little from the one we are used to. But, curricula and syllabuses are changing and this examination is also certain to evolve into something different. We shall monitor the situation and plan accordingly.

It will be stimulating to welcome new teachers next year who will bring to Herschel fresh ideas and creative energy. Staff posts for 1996 have been filled with teachers who have a high level of qualification, experience and teaching ability. Rest assured that Herschel's fine record of achievement will continue.

We value our exchange programmes - with Brooks School, Massachusetts, and with the Rotary scheme. Other schools in America, England and Australia are keen to arrange exchanges with Herschel and we hope to initiate these next year. To widen horizons by living in another country is an additional enrichment opportunity for pupils. It develops

an ability to cope on one's own, to deal with new situations and to learn about other people, as well as about oneself.

Here at Herschel in a modular programme for standards eight and nine, we aim to provide opportunities to develop life skills. Furthermore, the ability to cope with the challenges of life requires the possession of a sound value system. We have been blessed by the guidance provided by our Chaplain, Father John Atkinson, assisted by Mr Colin Tonkin. Both are leaving us this year and so we say a special thank you for all that they have done for Herschel. There are numerous pressures and influences on our teenagers, there will be more for them to face as adults. It is our responsibility to care and, in turn, to teach Herschelians to care about themselves, their families and friends, as well as about those less fortunate than themselves and for their environment.

"This above all: to thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." So wrote Shakespeare in words both elegant, unambivalent and timeless.



Lauren Mandy (Head Girl), Miss Cynthia Sweet (Guest Speaker), Mrs Pamela Duff (Headmistress)

JENNY BRADSHAW'S INTRODUCTION OF MISS SWEET

When Mrs Duff asked me to introduce our guest speaker today, I must admit that I was surprised to have been chosen, yet also honoured. This is because our guest of honour today is a very special person who is extremely dear to us all at Herschel. Thus it is my great privilege to welcome our guest of honour, Miss Cynthia Sweet, and to tell you a little bit about her.

Miss Sweet was born in Cape Town on 29 April 1932 and has two brothers - Leonard and Lionel - and a sister, Sylvia. She attended school at The Star of the Sea Convent in St. James. Her exceptional musical talent was already showing itself in those early days.

After leaving school, Miss Sweet studied at the South African College of Music at the University of Cape Town where she obtained Licentiates in both the organ and the piano. Once thus qualified, she started teaching at Herschel in 1953 for the princely sum of twenty-two pounds (R44) a month.

Like other young teachers, she was a resident mistress and did boarding house duties. The resident teachers lived in a house across the road from the school - No. 16 Herschel Road.

After six years at Herschel, Miss Sweet resigned in December 1958 and had a two-and-a-half year break from school teaching, before starting again in July 1960 in a quite different setting - Rondebosch Boys' Preparatory School. However, after two years of teaching little boys, Miss Sweet once again rejoined us here at Herschel in October 1962 and has been here ever since.

This is a total of thirty-nine-and-a-quarter years teaching here at Herschel. She has served the school loyally under five headmistresses - Miss McLean, Mrs Kittow, Dr Silberbauer, Miss Geldard and Mrs Duff.

In the 1970s Miss Sweet studied further and obtained degrees through the University of South Africa, firstly a Bachelor of Musicology, followed by an Honours degree and, finally, in 1984 she became a Master of Musicology.

Many Old Herschelians carry fond memories of Miss Sweet, as she is someone that we can all look up to and admire. Her devotion to the choir, chorale and all her pupils is clearly evident in the fact that she is at school by 7:00 a.m. (often earlier) to start her teaching day. Miss Sweet's dedication and the time and effort she puts into Herschel were recently rewarded as the choir won the Zwaanswyk Trophy in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod and the chorale did exceptionally well in the Roodepoort International Eisteddfod. This is the final triumph to a rewarding career here at Herschel. But Miss Sweet is more than just our music teacher. She is someone in whom we can confide and she has a lovely sense of humour. She is a wonderful teacher, as well as a friend to her pupils.

Miss Sweet will be sorely missed at Herschel next year because of this, but we know that although she retires from Herschel, she will continue "to make magical music" as she begins a new chapter in her life.

After so long at Herschel, I am sure that Miss Sweet has much to share with the Herschel family.

Thus, I am proud to ask Miss Sweet to address us today.

MISS SWEET'S SPEECH

Mr Chairman, the Headmistress, Staff, Girls and Parents Mrs Duff loves surprises and this occasion is no exception! Your astonishment at seeing me standing here today does not measure up to that of mine! It seems unbelievable.

When Mrs Duff invited me to be the Guest Speaker on Speech Day, I was dumbstruck but, when I saw her facial expression, I realized that she was absolutely serious. My first reaction? One of incredulity! I was asked to go away and think about it, and this caused me many agonizing moments during the next three weeks. When I accepted, Mrs Duff assured me that my speech did not have to be long, whereupon the thought passed through my head: "This speech will probably go down in the Guinness Book of Records as the shortest ever."

Mrs Duff, this is a very great honour and compliment and I thank you for it.

When I was a young student at the University of Cape Town, Herschel approached the Faculty of Music and asked them for the name of a prospective graduate to fill a vacancy in the Music Department. I was approached and accepted, but then left Herschel after a few years with no intention of ever returning. God had other plans. One evening the phone rang and it was Herschel again, pleading with me to return. After much deliberation I did, and though many times I have prayed for direction when I have considered it time to move on, His command has been very forcibly and clearly given to me - "I put you there for a purpose. Stay!"

One of the first people I met when I came to Herschel in 1953 was Mr Duncan Baxter, the son-in-law of the founder of this school, Mr John William Jagger. He was a very elderly man and intensely interested in music. Once a month his chauffeur used to fetch me and I spent the evening with him discussing and listening to music from his large record collection. Little did I know at the time that this was the beginning of a long and happy association with his descendants. His granddaughter, Mosa le Roux, was Choir Leader in 1964 and his great-granddaughters, Mary Henderson, Lindi le Roux and Jenny Bradshaw, Choir Leaders in 1994 and 1995 respectively. It leaves me with a sense of pride and joy that my career at Herschel should begin and end in close association with the Founder's family.

My long sojourn at Herschel has been kaleidoscopic. Yes, I have weathered five headmistresses who have all, in their diverse ways, contributed so much to the cultural and academic richness of our school's heritage.

Looking back over these years, you may well ask: "In your opinion, has the teenager changed?" In my privileged position as a music teacher, thus being able to have a closer relationship with the girls than most other teachers, I am able to say most emphatically, "No". Basically they are the same - eager for life, earnest, fun-loving, vitally alive and alert, outgoing, imaginative, compassionate and intensely loyal.

This morning I wish to speak briefly about a matter very close to my heart. It can be summed up in one word - INTEGRITY. The dictionary defines it as "complete sincerity, loyalty to a code of moral values. Unimpaired. Soundness and trustworthiness."

(i) Complete sincerity. One of the most difficult things to do is to be completely honest with oneself. Dislike or fear of a person, greed, jealousy, avoidance of an issue, any unwelcome change in our circumstances, all can contribute to our deviating from complete honesty with ourselves. It is only natural to try to convince ourselves that we are in the right, or that we are the one that has been wronged, or blame circumstances for our present dilemma, but are we being strictly honest with ourselves? Are we not, in a large measure, personally responsible for our feelings of dissatisfaction, frustration, and self-pity? Until we face these issues and examine ourselves, there will be no sense of true inner peace or fulfilment in our lives.

(ii) Our integrity as far as others are concerned. Are we truly trustworthy? The tongue, the teeth, and the lips are instruments of blessing or great hurt. Integrity demands that we always speak the truth, but the manner in which this is done is crucial. Sarcasm, derision, spitefulness, and tactlessness can cause great distress.

A tender seedling has to be nurtured and protected, then, when it has grown into a sturdy and healthy plant, will give joy to many by flowering abundantly. When its life is over, the plant may appear to die, but the seed which it produces lives on and, if it is good seed, the plant will multiply and spread and so cover ugly bare patches with their beauty.

The words of that simple but meaningful song from "Good-bye, Mr Chips" illustrates this so beautifully and makes us examine our lives:

"Did I fill the world with love my whole life through?"

We can achieve nothing in our own strength. We - all - are hopelessly inadequate and do not realize how far short of perfection we fall. Only through allowing Christ into our lives; surrendering all to Him; acknowledging that only He is able to lead us in the way of truth, and letting His Spirit permeate our very being, will He be able to show us our true selves: be able to help us overcome all pettiness, smallness, and meanness. He will enable and inspire us to strive towards a life of integrity and love.

In speaking to his son, Laertes, Polonius in Hamlet stated: "This above all - to thine own self be true."

I would like to change that slightly, and add:

"This above all - to thine own self and Christ be true

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee."

To the Herschel Council, the headmistress, and staff - who are the very pulsation of Herschel - my sincere and best wishes for even greater success for our school in the years to come. I treasure many pleasing and worthwhile endeavours mutually accomplished. One cannot accentuate too clearly how accord, harmony and conformity are the lodestar of achievement. May your time at Herschel be one of happiness, success, and a sense of real fulfilment. Under you and because of you, may this wonderful school be elevated to even greater heights.

SWEET is the satisfaction of success!

To the Herschel parents I extend my heartfelt thanks for the encouraging and supportive role you have played in my life. Your support has enabled me to endure and maintain the high standard one sets as the ultimate attainment.

To the Old Herschelians, who are very dear to my heart and many of whom have become close friends, I send my love and thank you for your steadfast loyalty to me.

To the girls? Why, you know that I love you and always will be interested to learn of your achievements and success in life. Keep in touch.

To you all, and to myself, as I say goodbye to you, I pray that God will be ever near to bless, love, and hold us safely in His keeping.

'Vayan con Dios' - May you [and I] go with God.

HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH

Good Morning, Mr Chairman, Honoured Guests, members of the Council, Mrs Duff, staff, parents and fellow pupils.

I am honoured to thank Miss Sweet for her most inspiring and thought-provoking speech. Thank you very much for sharing with us some of your wonderful memories and wise words about honesty, integrity and faith which have clearly led to fulfilment and success in your life. You are really a wonderful role model for all of us and we greatly admire you. Thank you.

Recently, I overheard two young men talking to each other. "When it came to my education," said one, "my father wanted me to have all the opportunities that he never had."

"So what did he do?" asked the other.

And his friend replied, "He sent me to a girls' school."

Humour and innuendo aside, "girls' school" can definitely be replaced by 'Herschel'. At Herschel we are provided with ample opportunities to broaden our academic capacities, develop our sporting talents and enrich our cultural interests as well as being given the opportunity to develop ourselves. There is tremendous scope for freedom and individuality and we are not regarded as just numbers, but, instead, as young people in our own right. Each and every girl is encouraged in the areas in which she is interested and talented and this encouragement extends beyond the Herschel gates, as external achievements are always given the credit and recognition which indeed they deserve.

At Herschel we are given the opportunity to learn in a positive and creative atmosphere which makes it the special school it is, filled with lovely girls and happy spirit. In addition, we learn in beautiful surroundings with outstanding facilities. Few schools can boast a science block, a resource centre, a sports centre, a beautiful chapel or even a theatre such as ours.

Appropriately, we also have the chance to reach out into the broader community through the "Outreach Programme" and the Interact Club.

But, I think, most importantly, we are given the opportunity of being taught by the Herschel teachers who are definitely in a class of their own. I think that it is, sadly, only in matric that we realise just how much time and care goes into us. They are dedicated, not only to preparing us for the major academic test that we will face shortly, but also to nurturing our developing personalities, looking after our feelings and extending our personal growth. We are often very demanding and I would like to thank you most sincerely for all your patience and perseverance. At this point I would like to thank all my subject teachers for ensuring that my years at Herschel have been smooth and enjoyable and especially Mrs d'Unienville, my tutor and art teacher, for all her help and guidance.

Mrs MacIntyre, I hope that your first year at Herschel has been a happy and rewarding one. Thank you for always being there when I needed an opinion or assistance, for supporting me and for trusting my judgement. It was wonderful having someone who could relate to us as teenagers, having a matriculant daughter yourself. I have really enjoyed working with you.

I would also like to thank Mrs Roberts and Mrs Pollock for their friendly, efficient and tireless assistance despite the fact that I returned again and again - even during the holidays - like the proverbial bad penny.

When I was first made Headgirl, I received a very special letter from someone with whom I would work closely during my term of office. Mrs Duff, that letter really started me off on the right foot and your continued support, caring and advice have been an extremely positive influence on me. Your insight, vision, thoughtfulness, attention to detail and your ability to analyse people so accurately are admirable qualities which enable you to run the school as brilliantly as you do. Thank you. Herschel is indeed fortunate to have you at the helm.

To all the Herschel girls: I would like to thank you for the support, encouragement, respect and friendship that you have given me. Your smiles, both at school and elsewhere, have really brightened my year. The effects of your support were visible to my dad in a big way during the Argus Cycle Tour. I think he wished that there had been Herschel girls all along the route as the spurt of energy obtained as we passed you unfortunately dwindled once you were out of sight! To the one or two of you who have been slightly otherwise, thank you, too, for you have made this year acharacter building one?

Std Sixes, you are a great bunch. In my opinion, you lost your nerves in February and have settled down completely since then. Mrs Poulter and your Standard Six class, thank you for looking after my paintings so carefully on Monday mornings. Standard Sevens, I think that this is the worst year of school; next year things will improve, I promise. Standard Eights, you are over halfway and working towards Standard Nine, who now are about to accept the huge responsibility that matric hands you. To you all, including the new leadership team, I wish you the best of luck. Enjoy it!

To the matrics of 1995, thank you for your friendship, loyalty and co-operation - you have been great. We have been a really united group. When Mrs Duff said to our parents last year that the school would be in good hands with us, prefects and non-prefects alike, she obviously foresaw what a successful year this would be! A special thank you to Nicola Ballance who has been such a wonderfully supportive friend, always ready to help in her quiet, competent and conscientious manner. PLEASE come to U.C.T., Nicola! I would also like to thank the girls who have shared my study period with me. Your company has made getting through all the homework infinitely more bearable.

To my fellow prefects: thank you. You have all been extremely efficient and helpful and I believe we have developed into a great team. I cannot single any one of you out, so thank you, Carina, Jenny, Amanda, Robyn, Natalie, Dot, Angela, Jenny and Debbie.

Lastly, but most importantly, I would like to thank my family: Mum, Dad, Guy and Simon for your love and continual support and for lifting me up when I was down, particularly you, Mum. At a recent Matrics and Mothers Luncheon, Mrs Duff told us that our mothers were our best friends. Some of the matrics looked very sceptical, but I certainly am not. Thank you, Mum. I love you.

Matrics, from being the big fish, we are about to plunge into obscurity, the majority of us becoming no-account first year students. But, we shall do as the Standard Sixes have done and learn to swim out beyond the protective reef that is Herschel, into the uncharted waters that lie ahead. Professor B.F. Skinner said that Education is what survives when what has been learnt has been forgotten. I really believe that Herschel has given us a true and multi-faceted education which will serve as a solid grounding for the challenges of the future. We are about to be thrown into the turmoil of life to be buffeted by freedom and independence. However, this is an exciting time of our lives and, as far as I'm aware, no-one is yet daunted by this prospect.

I have really enjoyed my years at Herschel and I have been honoured and privileged to serve as your headgirl this year; it has been the cherry on the top for me. That you have asked for my help and valued my opinion has made things particularly worthwhile. I must say, though, that I am pleased that I will no longer have to be a dragon on Monday mornings and bring the excited chatter about your weekends to a halt. I hope that I have left a part of me with you, because you are all in my heart - in fact more like a lump in my throat at the moment - and I will miss you very much.

I will close with an old Irish blessing, given to me by a long-standing and close friend of our family:

*"May the road rise to meet you,
 May the wind be at your back.
 May the sun shine warm upon your face.
 May the rain fall softly on your mountains and fields,
 And may your days abound with grace.
 May your pleasures be many,
 May your troubles be few,
 May love shower you like rain,
 And may God hold you in His hand
 Until we meet somewhere again."*

AD DEI GLORIAM!

Thank you and goodbye.



MARIKE BOTHA



ASHLEY FORD



One of Brenda Roberts' s beautiful flower arrangements.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1994

Distinction Matriculation (Subject distinctions in brackets)

Feltz, Kirsten (Afrikaans, German)
 Gooden, Sally (Biology, Geography)
 Leinberger, Lucinda (History)
 Lowy, Nicole
 Martin, Heloise (Biology, Geography)
 Mohamed, Nadia (English, Afrikaans, Mathematics)
 Nkuhlu, Unathi (Physical Science, Xhosa)
 Raimondo, Domitilla (History, Art)
 Robertson, Frances (Afrikaans, French, Latin)
 Serritslev, Andrea (Mathematics, Geography)
 Will, Olivia (English, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Latin)
 Wolff, Shelley (Afrikaans, Physical Science, Biology)

Matriculation Grade 2

Baxter, Anna (Mathematics SG)
 Berry, Tarryn
 Blignaut, Robyn (Afrikaans)
 Bracher, Robyn (Mathematics SG)
 Carter, Sarah (Geography)
 Cattell, Susan (Mathematics SG, Art)
 Christian, Toni (Mathematics SG, Biology)
 Collocott, Karin (History)
 Collocott, Nicola (Mathematics SG)
 Cowan, Lauren (Biology, Geography)
 Crowhurst, Gia
 Dryden-Dymond, Nicola
 Durr, Kim-Hayley
 Fowler, Misti (Art)
 Gant, Linden (Mathematics)
 Gray, Donna
 Hannath, Erica (Geography)
 Harvey, Emma
 Jackson, Kim (Art)
 Le Roux, Lindwe
 O'Hanlon, Jessamy (Mathematics SG)
 O'Hanlon, Tamsin (Mathematics SG, Art)
 Pickup, Linzi (Physical Science SG, Biology)
 Reid, Lisa (Art)
 Scholtz, Wanda (Afrikaans)
 Shimange, Masingita
 Siebert, Thandi
 Spreckley, Shaune (Art)
 Stableford-Smith, Philippa
 Strachan, Sally (Mathematics SG)
 Thomas, Louise (Geography)
 Van der Mescht, Christine
 Voigt, Taryn
 Wallace, Julia
 Watson, Nicola (History)
 Watts, Catherine (Geography)
 Woods, Sarah
 Yelland, Ruth

Matriculation Grade 3

Bravington, Helen
 Christie, Gahi
 Cronin, Nicola
 Cuturi, Helen-Marie
 Dorrington, Clare Louise
 Engel, Angelique
 Katts, Eloise
 Khan, Farahmaz
 Krottenberger, Caroline
 Lowy, Alison
 Royds, Kathryn
 Rutherford, Tanya
 Schweitzer, Victoria
 Spengler, Marie-Louise
 Whitaker, Emma

Matriculation Grade 4

Du Preez, Michelle
 Fisher, Linda
 Roman, Samantha

School Leaving Certificate

Barnard, Nicole	McKay, Leigh
Botes, Dominique	Shulver, Robyn
Feracci, Claudia	Thompson, Lauren
Kajee, Naadira	Willis, Karen
Kane-Smith, Caroline	Young, Katherine

PRIZE LIST - 1995

CLASS PRIZES

Standard 6

- Marguerite Gie
- Kirsten van Ryneveld
- Caroline van Hensbergen

Standard 8

- Kate Bloch
- Cindy Lloyd
- Paula Boers

Standard 7

- Sarah-Jane Morley
- Mary Haw
- Fleur Beamish

Standard 9

- Amy Burdzik
- Susanna van Hoorn
- Kathleen Mullord

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Standard 6

Vicki Anderson
 Vanessa Christie
 Chantal Delson
 Margie Gie
 Tarryn Golding
 Monique Johnson
 Roxanne McKaiser
 Parusha Pillay
 Monique Rodwell
 Louise Schönborn
 Marie Snyman
 Caroline van Hensbergen
 Kirsten van Ryneveld

Standard 8

Anisa Ahmed
 Shireen Amien
 Lisa Bester
 Paula-Dee Böttger
 Helen Buley
 Inge Haupt
 Vashini Pillay
 Kerry Ramsay
 Marie Sherwood
 Sonia Constan-Tatos
 Angela Vasiljevic

Standard 7

Fleur Beamish
 Susan Boome
 Marike Botha
 Catherine Bothwell
 Kim Brice
 Catherine Day
 Alexandra Durrant
 Linda Evans
 Mary Haw
 Frances Koep
 Sarah-Jane Morley
 Erin Tuomi
 Katherine Twycross
 Joni Watson

Standard 9

Catherine Ballance
 Victoria Blumberg
 Justine Brice
 Nicola Brice
 Wendy Christian
 Amanda-Jo Clegg
 Inge Croy
 Nicole Doherty
 Catherine Futter
 Silje Hovstad
 Katie Miller
 Suzanne Pullinger
 Lauren Robb
 Réghana Taliep
 Pia Taylor
 Michelle Watt
 Jane Woodard
 Heather Yelland

Standard 10

Emma-Jane Barker-Goldie
 Sarah Burton
 Keri Davies
 Robyn Gagiano

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Celeste Abels	Chlöe Kensley
Bianca Berry	Taryn McCabe
Amanda Boardman	Allison Porter
Nadine Bowers	Zara Quail
Jennifer Bradshaw	Chéne Roberts
Angela Franks	Alexandra Soltynski
Jacki Gordon	Natalie Wood
Samantha Hendricks	

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

Herschel Middle School Scholarship

Caroline von Hensbergen

Fenella Douglas Scholarship

Inge Croy

Music - Middle School

Lucie Jeffery

Art - Middle School

Chloë Townsend

Archimedes Prize

Kate Bloch

Lantern Prize

Amanda Clegg

Current Affairs/General Knowledge

Philippa Carr Kate Louw

German Consulate Prizes

Std 7 Frances Koep

Std 8 Hayley Blaauw

Std 9 Kirsty Learmonth

The Clegg Award for outstanding academic and sporting achievement by a girl in any standard

Caroline McGahey

The Hannath Trophy for the most outstanding sports achievement of the year

Jane Woodard

The Sister Foster Fellowship Award for Boarders

Marie Snyman

Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics

Helen Fermor

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Keri Davies

Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English

Sarah Perioli

Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism awarded to second language pupils

Lauren Mandy

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French

Amanda Boardman

Jane Haram Prize for Drama

Jennifer Sale

McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts

Bridget Magnus

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Anouk Espi

Choral Prize

Jennifer Bradshaw

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library

Lindsay-Ann Coetzee

Dr Silberbauer Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences

Nina Crowhurst

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities

Lauren Mandy

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy

Dorothy van Hoorn

Sportswoman of the Year

Caroline McGahey

Prize for Good Sportsmanship

Angela Franks

Rotary Prize

Philippa Carr

Herschel Honour Award

Nicola Ballance Emma-Jane Barker-Goldic

Sarah Burton Bridget Magnus

Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-round

Participation and Achievement

Jennifer Bradshaw

Proxime Accessit

Nina Crowhurst

Dux of the School

Lauren Mandy

The Headmistress' Prize for Service to the School

Carina Diedericks

Zara Quail

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Nadine Bowers

The Old Herschelian Award for Service,

Loyalty and Leadership

Lauren Mandy

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (The Lady Woolley Prize)

Sarah Perioli

Latin

Nicola Ballance

Biology

Natalie Wood

Mathematics (The Liz Gibbons Prize)

Deborah Wolff

Physical Science

Deborah Wolff

French

Deborah Wolff

German

Carina Diedericks

Afrikaans 2nd Language

Carina Diedericks

Xhosa

Caroline McGahey

Geography

Caroline McGahey

History

Hayley Walker

Art

Lauren Mandy

Art - Practical

Bonnie Quibell

Home Economics

Dorothy van Hoorn

Music

Gillian Watson

Speech and Drama

Jennifer Bradshaw

Robyn Garratt

Zara Quail

Business Economics

Shannon van Dijk

ACHIEVEMENTS - 1995

W.P. Schools Waterpolo

W.P. Junior Biathlon (Capt.) < Kirsten Locke

W.P. Senior Biathlon

Springbok Show Jumper

W.P. Show Jumping

W.P. Dressage < Vicki Sheppard

W.P. Equitation

W.P. Senior Swimming Amanda Clegg

W.P. Showing Team Alex Hills

W.P. Junior Showing Team Shelley Robertson

W.P. Junior Eventing Team Carolyn Martin

W.P. Polocrosse Carla Ferucci

W.P. Schools Tennis Nicola Ballance

W.P. Junior Tennis Squad Catherine Ballance

W.P. U/14 Squash Aaltje van Hoorn

W.P. U/16 Squash Diane Gordon

W.P. U/16B Hockey Angela Vasiljevic

W.P. U/16B Hockey Carrie Nixon

Caroline McGahey: -

W.P. U/19A Squash (Capt)

Played in the All-Africa Tournament in Johannesburg

Ranked 10th in South Africa

Ranked 18th in Africa

Holly Christie: -

W.P. Senior and Schools Synchronised Swimming

National Synchro Team

S.A. Synchro Junior Team to take part in the World

Championships in Bonn

Jane Woodard: -

W.P. 1m and 3m U/16 & Open Diving Champion

S.A. 1 m and 3m Diving Champion

S.A. Team to China for World Age Group Championships

S.A. Team to All-Africa Games in Zimbabwe

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF ROYAL SCHOOLS MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Distinction

Jennifer Bradshaw (Piano Grade 8)

Merit

Tanya de Nobrega (Piano Grade 2)

Catherine Day (Violin Grade 4)

Sarah Gilbert (Piano Grade 6)

Tasneem Ismail (Flute Grade 2)

Lucie Jeffery (Piano Grade 7)

Olivia Rumble (Piano Grade 3)

Carrie van der Hoven (Flute Grade 5)

Pass

Justine Brice (Flute Grade 5)

Amy Burdzik (Piano Grade 7)

Katherine Carkeek (Flute Grade 2)

Emma Corder (Piano Grade 1)

Nicole Doherty (Violin Grade 8)

Hayley Dutton (Piano Grade 5)

Selena Holmes (Piano Grade 1)

Beth Housden (Piano Grade 1)

Silje Hovstad (Piano Grade 5)

Katherine Ann Louw (Piano Grade 3)

Megan McDonald (Clarinet Grade 6)

Helen Mitchell (Clarinet Grade 6)

Yvette Pelser (Piano Grade 4)

Amy Phillips (Flute Grade 4)

Jacqueline Pickup (Piano Grade 1)

Aty Snoek (Flute Grade 4)

Bridgette Spence (Piano Grade 4)

Alex Trengrove-Jones (Violin Grade 4)

Katherine Twycross (Flute Grade 2)

Caroline van Hensbergen (Flute Grade 3)

Susanna van Hoorn (Cello Grade 7)

SPORTS AWARDS

SWIMMING

U/14 Medley Alexandra du Toit

U/16 Medley Amanda-Jo Clegg

Open Medley Kirsten Locke

Open Crawl Kirsten Locke

Backstroke Cup Helen Fermor

Open Butterfly Kirsten Locke

Freestyle Cup Amanda-Jo Clegg

U/14 Champion Alexandra du Toit

U/16 Champion Amanda-Jo Clegg

Open Champion Kirsten Locke

DIVING

Diving Champion Jane Woodard

SQUASH

Most Improved Player Diana Prosser

HOCKEY

Most Promising Player Kate Taylor

NETBALL

Most Promising Player Clare Thomas

Most Dedicated Player Suzanne Pullinger

WATER-POLO

Most Improved Player Debbie Wolff

Most Dedicated Player Nina Crowhurst

INTERHOUSE EVENTS

Swimming Merriman

Diving Jagger

Tennis Jagger

Squash Rolt

Hockey Merriman

Netball Jagger

Water-polo Rolt

Fun Run Rolt

Public Speaking Rolt

Drama Rolt

Singing Merriman

Eisteddfod Merriman

Sports Day Rolt

Basketball Merriman

Indoor Hockey Rolt

AFRIKAANS OLYMPIAD

The results of the Afrikaans Olympiad for English speaking pupils:

6 222 pupils participated from 360 schools - an increase of 27% from 1994.

95% (8th in South Africa):

Amanda Boardman

Carina Diedericks

Lauren Mandy

Amy Burdzik

(9th in South Africa):

Susanna van Hoorn

94% (10th in South Africa):

Dorothy van Hoorn

Amy Burdzik and Susanna van Hoorn have been invited to Pretoria next year in July.



Back: Amy Burdzik, Susanna van Hoorn, Dorothy van Hoorn
Front: Lauren Mandy, Carina Diedericks
Absent: Amanda Boardman

(It has just been announced that Carina has won an Yvonne Parfitt Bursary. Congratulations!)



1995 PREFECTS

Standing: *Amanda Boardman, Dorothy van Hoom, Natalie Wood, Deborah Wolff, Robyn Garratt, Angela Franks*

Seated: *Jennifer Bradshaw, Mrs Duff, Lauren Mandy (Head Girl), Mrs MacIntyre, Carina Diedericks (Deputy Head Girl)*



SUB A TO STANDARD 10

Standing: *Amanda Boardman, Alexandra Soltynski, Natalie Wood, Jennifer Bradshaw, Taryn McCabe, Zara Quail, Bianca Berry, Angela Franks*

Seated: *Celeste Abels, Samantha Hendricks, Chenē Roberts, Mrs Duff, Jacki Gordon, Nadine Bowers, Chloë Kensley*

Absent: *Bonnie Quibell and Allison Porter*

JAGGER



Jagger's outstanding characteristic has always been its spirit which abounds, whether we're winning or losing (especially the former!). We've won our fair share of events, including the tennis, diving, general knowledge quiz and interhouse plays (ably directed by Vicky Blumberg) and there are still several events to come which will determine the year's total.

The school Eisteddfod was a great success and it was super to see some of the new talent that joined Jagger this year in Standard Six. In the Interhouse Singing Competition, we presented a laid-back, island-style version of "Montego Bay" which was a lot of fun. The crit stated that we were perhaps 'too relaxed', which resulted in our coming second, but the singing was a wonderful testimony to the fun that can be had in a group performance. Overall, in the Eisteddfod we came a close second to Merriman. All three houses wish to thank Mrs Brathwaite for all her hard work, which gave everyone an opportunity of showing their talent.

The House Braai was held at my home in Constantia and was a most successful day, ending in a raid by Merriman. Fortunately, this was anticipated and so our Jagger 'warriors' were armed with shaving cream and a hose and were able to chase Merriman away after a battle of momentous proportions that showed girls are not all 'sugar and spice'!

I want to thank everyone in Jagger for giving me this opportunity to lead them and for showing such enthusiasm at all the events. It has been a very special year and I hope I have helped maintain the friendly atmosphere and incredible spirit that makes us **SIMPLY THE BEST!**

AMANDA BOARDMAN

MERRIMAN

Wow! What a year!

1995 was an outstanding year for Merriman. Not only did we win many of the events we took part in, but we enjoyed every second of it.

Our year began with sports day! A hush fell over the crowd as the "Red Ants" marched on to the field. Although we didn't win the sports day, the spirit and enthusiasm made the event a great success.

On 5 February, we had our house braai. The day began with a cake-eating contest, which I will never forget. We raided Jagger successfully and a fun day was had by both pupils and teachers.

We won the swimming gala with a splash, thanks to our brilliant swimmers who sped along the lanes to lead us to victory.



Merriman actresses took the stage at the interhouse play on 16 February in a performance of "A Rhino for the Boardroom". After many hours of practising, Merriman came second. Thank-you to our directors, Carrie Nixon and Kathy Crabbe. The first term was filled with sport events - ranging from water polo to indoor hockey which was a first. We also played basketball, cheering all the way.

"We have a dream" was the theme of our fun-filled "Red Merriman Day". The day was a success and was enjoyed by all, except when we knocked the table of cats over during our luncheon!

The Eisteddfod was the highlight of our year. The African beat came alive with "Spirit of the Great Heart" enjoyed most of all by the Zulu conductor. Special thanks to Zara and Chené for all your help. Merriman, you were great!

Not only did we win the singing - but we also took the cup for the whole Eisteddfod and, at the moment, we are winning the Efficiency Shield hands down.

Finally, I would like to thank Chené for being such a reliable and helpful vice-captain. Thank-you, Mrs Adley, and all the Merriman staff and matrices, for all your help. Being head of such a wonderful house has given me great pleasure and satisfaction. Thank-you, Merriman, and good luck next year.

March us to victory!

ROBYN GARRATT



ROLT



All the house captains faced their first ordeal with the responsibility of Sports Day 1994. For a newly-fledged house captain, this was quite an awesome task and it was the support and encouragement of this radiant house that managed to keep Robyn Gagiano and me sane. With a little prompting and a lot of spirit, Rolt went on to win the event.

There were many more interhouse events which followed Sports Day - both cultural and sporting, in some of which we didn't quite take the cake, but in others we showed them who was boss ...!

The swimming gala is always a competitive event and although our swimmers and non-swimmers tried their best, we only managed third place overall. (There are only three houses at Herschel ...) Congratulations go to Kirsty Locke, who swam like a star, even though she had an injured elbow. Thanks, Kirsts!

Rolt had a very convincing win in the junior and senior waterpolo events and indoor hockey was definitely for us!

Every year the interhouse plays are directed by the Standard 9 drama students. We had only two drama students this year, but that definitely didn't stop Kirsty Locke and Suzanne Pullinger from putting together the most hysterical and well-produced play I could have imagined. You guys were amazing. Naturally, they could never have done it without a most talented cast. The best actress award went to Paula Caradoc-Davies, who is, obviously, in Rolt.

As I had been warned, many house-captains have found the Interhouse Singing rather stressful, because of the short amount of time allocated for preparation. The result, needless to say, was well worth it. I was truly honoured and proud to conduct such a superb group of girls. Everyone tried her best and that is as much as anyone could ask for. I want each and every member of Rolt to know just how much I appreciate that!

So often people who help out go unnoticed and the Rolt Matrics fell into this group. I hope you all realise that without your support, encouragement and input I would not be here to write this report. A special thanks goes to my bubbly vice-captain, Robyn Gagiano, who was a tower

of strength at all times without whose enthusiastic support I could never have managed - thanks, Robs.

Finally to the Rolt Standard 9s - you have a super group of girls in your standard, so make the very most of the short time that you have next year.

I hope the encouragement and support next year equal that given this year. Thanks are also due to our Teachers, Mrs Speck and Mrs Hugo.

Good luck!

NATALIE WOOD



BOARDING HOUSE REPORT

With only two matrics in the boarding house, our responsibilities have increased tenfold. The challenge was great, but, with the enthusiastic support of the Standard 9's, it was made relatively easy.

Our year started with a bit of a shock because of the abnormally large number of Standard 6's. The Standard 9's and matrics felt quite outnumbered, but the Standard 6's turned out to show a great deal of enthusiasm for the 'running' of the boarding house.

Our beautifully decorated boarders' sit has yet again proved very popular amongst the girls. This has been a ritualistic gathering place not only for 'soap' lovers, but also for junk-food-starved Standard 7's waiting in anticipation for their St. Elmo's pizzas ... or could it possibly be the delivery boy?

Once again it was the Standard 8 privilege to participate in ballroom dancing with the charismatic Bishops boys. Unfortunately, this year failed to create the same amount of buzz, as the girls seemed reluctant to attend. Nevertheless, the matrics took full advantage of the snacks provided afterwards.

As always the Standard 9's created a pleasantly relaxed setting for the annual Boarders' Christmas Party. Thank you for the super efforts of Mrs Rothquel and Thyra (our new caterers). The food exceeded their already high standards. The decor was enchanting and ethereal - an evening that will always be remembered.

The Standard 9's were also responsible for the organisation of the raffle to raise money for Sweetness, our super cleaning lady, who suffered a tragic misfortune with the loss of all her personal and household possessions due to a fire. The raffle was made possible by generous donations from many parents. The boarders also showed their care by donating useful baby goods for the baby of Sylvia, another helpful cleaning lady.

We have introduced the merit system, adjusted prep. to allow longer time in the afternoon for sport and extra-mural activities, and we are constantly redecorating the boarding house. Our newly decorated boarders' reception provides a warm welcome to parents and visitors.

The boarders have also been lucky to have a number of temporary guests, including a Rotary Extension student from St. Helena, Melanie Wade. A friendly and vibrant atmosphere was created immediately on her arrival.

I would like to thank Mrs Bester as well as Mrs Normanton, Mrs Duff and Mrs MacIntyre for being so supportive throughout the year. The experience, although challenging at times, was also a wonderful opportunity for me.

NICKY DE WET - HEAD BOARDER 1995



BOARDING HOUSE COMMITTEE

Standing: Julia Sanders, Katherine Ackermann, Abigail Simpson, Katherine Gant, Carla Ferucci

Seated: Mrs Normanton (Matron), Shelley van Niekerk, Nicola de Wet, Mrs Bester (Lady Warden)

ACTIVITIES

CULTURAL AFFAIRS REPORT

Herschel's cultural year began with an explosion of information about its clubs and societies. This presentation, held one Friday lunch time, seemed to trigger an enthusiastic response. Each club has been generally very well supported throughout the year.

One or two clubs began with a spurt of energy, then seemed to fade, while others are still bright ideas in the back of some minds. However, Interact has swelled its supportive team. The Environmental Club has successfully been recycling anything "green". Lest we forget that we are here to learn, Historical Society has been enlarging the knowledge, as well as the appetites, of many (what yummy lunches!).

Many girls have channelled their love of speaking through Talkshop with enlightening entertainment being on the Tuesday lunch menu. The Debating teams have also acquitted themselves exceptionally well.

Christian Union, which seemed to be a potential alternative to choir this year, has kept the joyful spirit very much alive. Early morning and lunch breaks are all part of a day's work for the choir, chorale, orchestra, windband and flute ensemble. All groups have performed to their full musical potential and have attained tone and quality of "note" in concerts and eisteddfods.

The busy cultural calendar has included House Plays, Founder's Day, Cabaret - "Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know!", Showcases, Lunch Hour Concerts, the Annual Eisteddfod and, of course, "Godspell".

It has been a wonderfully enriching year, but also a sad one as Herschel's culture has lost its essence in Mrs Brathwaite, who is greatly missed and has been a fantastic inspiration to the clubs and societies. I only hope now that, with no more "mother to keep the chicks in the nest", Herschel's cultural side will take flight and soar to even greater heights.

ZARA QUAIL

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society year started off with the matrics advertising membership to the rest of the school by performing past battles to the sound-track of "Carmina Burana". Evidently the mass death scene worked, for we had our first voluntary membership ever recorded!

Our first fun-filled meeting took the form of an Historical Banquet with group themes ranging from the ever-popular and ever-victorious Victorian Tea Party to Cape Malay traditional food. Another one of the many highlights was the annual treasure hunt, which - due to the large chocolate prize - saw eager girls madly trying to find the clues hidden in the school and library books.

A big thank you to Mrs Beames for her organizational help, the matric cabinet's much needed back up, and all the girls in the society who helped to make this the (dare I say it?) historical success that it was.

HAYLEY WALKER

THE ANNUAL HERSCHEL EISTEDDFOD

"Lights! Camera! Just do your best, darling!" and another absolutely fabulous Herschel Eisteddfod has whirled through the school and left its traces on the tired performers and house music directors.

The Herschel Eisteddfod is looked forward to by everyone. It is the culmination of Herschel's talent and cultural expression and this year was very well supported. There was something for everyone from art, photography and ceramics to doing the "Hakka", Y.M.C.A. or Priscilla dances. The music was of an exceptionally high standard and, believe it or not, the singing category was the most well-supported. Public Speaking and drama provided a range of audience delights.

And who could ignore the Interhouse Singing Competition. The question was, were the houses competing against each other or against time, but in three days everyone was insecurely prepared for the big night. Each house produced a vibrant rendition of "Ooblahi Ooblahi!" and their chosen song, but it was Merriman who proved that it had "The Greatest Heart". But "As Time Goes By" so did the Herschel career of Mrs Brathwaite and the farewell songs and tearful goodbyes ended the Eisteddfod on a warm, sensitive note.

Herschel applauds Mrs Brathwaite for her keen ideas and establishment of this wonderful tradition.

ZARA QUAIL

ARCHIVES REPORT

The Herschel Archives is one of the school's best-kept secrets. It houses a range of documents, articles and photos - from the first register of admissions and withdrawals and the diaries of the early headmistresses, to a current scrapbook covering the activities of present and past Herschelians. There is plenty in it to see and absorb.

Of particular interest this year, is a series of photographs taken in 1983 and labelled the "New Science Block". These clearly illustrate the advances Herschel has made. If you have any Old Herschelian memorabilia, photos or newspaper cuttings that you think might have a place in the archives, please could you send them to the school.

FIONA WALLACE



HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Front Row: Lindsay-Ann Coetzee, Mrs Aggenbach, Hayley Walker, Dorothy van Hoorn, Nadine Bowers
Back Row: Tanith Stubbs, Fiona Wallace, Jennifer Sale, Amanda Boardman, Philippa Carr, Carina Diedericks

DRAMA SOCIETY REPORT

There is considerable interest at Herschel in drama and this motivated us to encourage participation in the Drama Society, which started dramatically enough this year, as existing society members from last year enticed interested new members into the club with a riveting performance in assembly.

The Standard Sixes and Sevens who make up most of our membership enthusiastically take part in each weekly meeting and enjoy exploring the realms of the stage and also discovering that they are capable of so much more than they realise. The exercises done have served to increase many people's self confidence, voice projection, movement and general ability to express themselves. We have had many humorous incidents, where people's imaginations have run away with them, and the meetings have been thoroughly enjoyed by all who have attended.

It is sincerely hoped that this society will continue to be well attended in the future as it has provided our members with a rich extra-mural experience.

DANILE ROY

"MAD, BAD AND DANGEROUS TO KNOW!"

CABARET 1995

Taking its name from a description of the poet Lord Byron by one of his lady friends, this year's cabaret explored the crazier aspects of life and love. With direction from Mr Chapman and Mrs Steyn, the many hours of rehearsal resulted in a fun-filled and enjoyable production. The programme comprised a rapidly flowing medley of music, song and dance. Most of the songs were contemporary, with a few old favourites added for any sixties 'flower children' among the audience members. The girls displayed their very dynamic talents through the varying music forms, namely, rap, pop, jazz, rock'n roll as well as some lovely choral work. The dancers added a new rhythmic dimension to the show and the audience response was terrific and helped to give the performance enthusiasm, vitality and spontaneity. In the words of Elton John's 'Crocodile Rock', Cabaret '95 "was outa sight!"

ZARA QUAIL



DRAMA SOCIETY

Danielle le Roy, Robyn Garratt, Bridget Magnus

"GODSPELL"

Climbing up ladders, sliding down banisters, jumping into one another's arms, falling all over the place ... Herschel's production of 'Godspell' was an unforgettable experience. Under the dynamic and capable direction of Mrs Tessa Steyn and Mr Simon Chapman, a group of twenty girls workshopped and rehearsed very hard for almost three months, before 'Godspell' was staged from 11 to 16 September.

Performed in the Atrium (which was totally transformed with extra stage space added and huge rugby stands erected) 'Godspell' played to a full house every night and proved to be a great success.

All involved learnt a great deal - especially time management skills!) and many new friendships were formed.

KIRSTY LOCKE

TALKSHOP

Talkshop this year has become an immensely popular society with the Standard Sixes and Sevens. Initial "Just-a-Minutes" and Parachute Debates aroused some interest and as soon as the Standard Sixes realised that they could publicly do what they do best (talk!) formal debates were introduced and the support was overwhelming.

The Standard Sevens competed on a round-robin basis in formal debates, with Seven Disa coming out victorious. The rather serious topics revolving around our constitution were keenly tackled by our Standard Sixes. There were discussions about euthanasia, murder and parental control. I hope all our Standard Sixes remember what was said! The floor always had much to say and on numerous occasions I had to close the debate with much protest. Each class scrambled to ensure that they had the most support and, as a result, the class debating with the most members of their class listening usually won!!

I hope all those keen supporters of Talkshop this year will continue to support Talkshop and Paula Caradoc-Davies next year. Good luck and keep talking!!

JENNY BRADSHAW



THE SUCCESSFUL 1995 DEBATING TEAM:

Front Row: Mrs Golding, Claire Bloch, Carina Diedericks, Sarah Perioli, Jennifer Bradshaw

Back Row: Bianca Lipshitz, Kerry Sherwood, Kate Bloch

LIBRARY REPORT

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." (John Milton 1608-1674)

True to this quote, in the library we strove to encourage a love of books and did this by making the books more accessible - a new computerized index and cd rom system enables information to be literally at one's fingertips.

The librarians on hand to assist last year were: Nadine Bowers (Deputy Head), Amy Burdzik, Pia Taylor, Jackie Snyders, Wendy Christian, R ghana Taliep, Jehan Jacobs, Zena Williams, Louise van der Bijl, Anne-Marie Norman and Nicola Brice

A new addition to the library team is Mrs Martin, who is helping Mrs Ryan in the capacity of Library Assistant. On behalf of all the librarians and the school, I wish to thank Mrs Ryan and all the mothers for the time and effort they put into making the library an environment conducive to the acquisition of this lifelong treasure.

A special thanks to the unknown person who returned Volume E of the World Book Encyclopedia - it was a welcome return!

LINDSAY-ANN COETZEE



Dedicated Computer Room Monitors who assist pupils and ensure that law and order prevail in the busy computer room: Danielle Jeftha, Megan Buchanan, Lara George, Suzanne Pullinger, Anisa Ahmed, Shireen Amien, Hayley Blaauw

TUCKSHOP REPORT

The Tuckshop - an essential part of every Herschel girl's life!

The tuckshop is run by about ten Standard 9 Business Economics students. As a token of appreciation, the girls get 'paid' a small sum by the tuckshop to make them feel their time was worthwhile. The profit made from sales goes back into the tuckshop, and the money put aside by Mrs Bunn was divided between the Matric Dance Fund and charity. From last year's money we were able to buy a pie oven, the contents of which have proved quite popular!

LYNDA DAVIES



LIBRARIANS

Zena Williams, Lindsay-Ann Coetzee, Jehan Jacobs, Wendy Christian, Anne-Marie Norman, Louise van der Bijl, Nicola Brice, Mrs Ryan, Jaclyn Snyders, Pia Taylor, Nadine Bowers, Lisl Robertson, Amy Burdzik, R ghana Taliep

ILEX REPORT

3:00 a.m.: The computer continues to tick away as last-minute articles are typed to be ready to meet the printing deadline of 8:00 a.m. the same morning.

Despite the aforementioned scenario occurring without fail at the end of each term, because most of the articles are handed in late, producing "The Ilex" was great fun.

Articles were written on subjects ranging from "Sleeping" to "Spink before you Theak", as well as interviews with visiting exchange students and a list of activities for bored goalies written by two enthusiastic Standard Sevens. It is always interesting to see the content of articles intended for fellow pupils.

It is a pity that more people don't contribute to "The Ilex" as those who do produce some excellent articles that always provide entertainment on break-up day.

My thanks to Mrs Cochrane, for printing "The Ilex", Mrs Crutchley and all those who assisted with the typing, decorating and layout.

LAUREN MANDY



TUCKSHOP

Back Row: Emma Shulver, Danielle Jeftha, Caron Nixon, Brenda Vos, Vicki Sheppard, Taryn Weldon, Suzanne Pullinger

Front Row: Carla Ferucci, Bronwyn Crofton, Lauren Robb, Roxanne Segers, Vanessa Rose, Lynda Davies, Wendy Christian, Mrs Lones



KATIE MILLER



KERRY TODD



EMILY WANDLESS



LAURA SIEGERS



JUSTINE BRICE



CATHY HUGO



DANI LOUREIRO



CATHERINE DAY

INTERACT REPORT

It is with great pride that I submit the Interact Report for 1994/95. This year the club has once again been the most popular one in the school and it is because of the people involved in Interact that we all enjoy what we do. This year has been no exception and the club has been extremely busy.

Our major projects have been:-

Helping at the Argus Cycle Tour. The whole Interact club was involved in helping get 'the Argus' off to a good start.

The Odd-Ball Olympics. We teamed up with an underprivileged child and competed against other pairs doing an obstacle course.

One-to-One Day. A group of Interactors paired up with retarded children and took them round a carnival hosted by other Interact members.

We have also been very involved in the development of a farm school in Philipp. This school has approximately 450 junior school pupils and does not have the facilities for the children to learn. We provided the school with books, stationery and teaching equipment. We also provided the school with sandwiches every Tuesday. For a Christmas present each child was given a gift pack with toilet soap, toothpaste and toothbrushes. To watch these children's faces when they receive what we think of as daily requirements was a truly humbling experience.



INTERACT COMMITTEE

Standing: *Cheré Roberts, Robyn Gagiano*

Seated: *Sarah Burton, Amy Phillips, Miss Lightfoot, Philippa Carr, Mrs Speck, Lauren Mandy, Carolyn Hannath*

ENVIRONMENT CLUB REPORT

Our main focus this year was to improve and encourage recycling at Herschel. The Environmental Committee organised a termly Interclass Recycling Competition, with a prize awarded to the class which contributed most by bringing paper, glass and tins for recycling. There was a super response, particularly from the Standard Sevens. The competition was a great success, and it has proved to be a really effective way of promoting and encouraging recycling at Herschel.

It was decided to donate half the funds raised through our recycling programme this year to The World of Birds, an organisation desperate for financial assistance. This was a really worthwhile and deserving cause, as was the community-based 'outreach' programme, which also benefited from some of the money.

Congratulations and thanks to all those who participated in recycling this year - I hope the interest continues, and that everyone becomes more aware of, and responsive to, the need for and importance of recycling. Thanks also to Miss Case and Mrs Adley for their enthusiasm and assistance throughout the year.

NINA CROWHURST



Claremont Rotary Christmas Pudding Mix held at Herschel.

This year we also initiated standard projects. We did this so as to include all members in all standards in a project. Each standard was asked to decide on a charity, which they, as a standard, felt they would like to assist and then they organised and carried the project out. As their standard project, the matrics took a group of elderly ladies out for tea at Kirstenbosch. These elderly ladies could not believe that young people wanted to spend free time with them - the "Fuddy-Duddies" (as they called themselves.)

We also visit Arcadia Old Age Home weekly and girls enjoy helping and chatting to the elderly.

This year Interact has had a wonderful committee who have always been able to laugh and have fun. And that is definitely what Interact is all about. I must thank Mrs Speck and Miss Lightfoot for their dedication and encouragement throughout the Interact year. Many thanks also to Mr Lee (the Rotarian-in-charge of Herschel Interact) for his dedication and commitment to the club.

"We give only little when we give of our possessions. It is when we give of ourselves that the greatest gift is given."

This really sums up what Interact should strive for in the coming year. Good luck to the new committee and may they have as wonderful an experience as the outgoing committee has had.

PHILIPPA CARR



ENVIRONMENT SOCIETY/RECYCLING TEAM:

Samantha Hendricks, Alexandra Soltynski, Lisa Morkel, Caroline McGahey, Nina Crowhurst, Simone Lyons, Jacki Gordon, Miss Jenni Case

HERSCHEL REACHES OUT

What a queue! One of the highlights of our outreach activities this year was a maths workshop hosted by the Preparatory School and presented by teachers from the independent schools for teachers involved with the University of the Western Cape's Primary Maths Programme. Teachers on the Primary Maths Project had been visiting maths classes as observers and this was now an opportunity for them and their colleagues to share ideas and expertise. The Prep School prepared bravely for 350 visitors, but the buses kept on arriving. Eventually the buildings bulged with 460 people from Atlantis to Mitchells Plain for a very useful afternoon. Hats off to the wonderful parents of the Junior Primary pupils who fed this multitude, to the charming hostesses from Standard Five, to the teachers from all the Independent Schools who worked so hard to make this a success, and to Marge Cowling who was persuaded to make this her vision in the first place!

The Preparatory School has also maintained its close links with the John Pama School in Nyanga. I visited the school in September, and was warmed to hear of the great affection in which Herschel is held by the staff there, to see the playground equipped with a jungle gym that past Standard Fives had provided, to hear how the horizons of the pupils had been expanded by the outings made possible by the funding of buses by our girls. Our horizons are widened too as we see the courage and perseverance that makes this little oasis of learning and nurturing possible in the poverty of the rapidly pressing in informal settlements all round.

In the High School an important learning experience was the Drama for Social Action Project which was run by Warren Nebe and Diane Koch. As part of the Modular Programme a group of Standard Eights and Nines collaborated with pupils from Manenberg Senior Secondary School in a series of drama exercises designed to enable them to understand each other better. Then five pupils from each school, under the aegis of Street Law and UCT Drama Department, workshoped short pieces illustrating aspects of the new constitution, which they then performed in a number of schools. All participants found this a life-changing experience, and we hope that next year we can do something else along these lines.

Our work with the President's Award Programme continues. Each Wednesday a number of pupils from a range of schools on the Cape Flats come to us to develop keyboard skills and basic computer literacy as they work towards their skills certificates at different levels of the President's Award. A small group also learned to sew, and proudly produced tracksuits and rucksacks by the end of their course. Many thanks are due to Mrs Christine Tyler who administered the programme, to the tutors who worked under challenging circumstances, to the Interact girls who helped facilitate the courses, and to Rotary for their generous donation which helped to make the courses possible.

It is very important for our own growth and enrichment that we make these links with the greater community and we have valued the contacts we have made in our work. The school needs to be part of the real world, and to play its part in the healing of the many problems this country faces.

MRS ALLEN



Happy smiles reflect the mood at the PMP workshop where teachers exchanged skills.

CHRISTIAN UNION

C.U. started off the year with a bang (and a lot of prizes!) and the year has been a busy and eventful one. In the annual slot for clubs and societies to advertise themselves, we shocked the entire school by our rendition of "I Will Follow Him" from the sound-track of "Sister Act" - priest's collar included - which I don't think anyone has forgotten.

A Pick-a-Box Show seemed like a good way to start the term and knowledge of biblical trivia was tested, with prizes ranging from chocolates to matches. A Question Box was held for those taxed by moral issues. They picked the brains of several well-informed teachers. Thanks to Mrs Suttle, Mrs Taylor and Mrs Poulter - I certainly didn't envy any of you! Speakers are not to be forgotten and Morne Stewart spoke on inner and outer beauty: the way in which the world looks at it versus God's acceptance and love for us - no matter what. Other activities included a weekly coffee morning (begun in the third term), which is informal and nutritious (coffee and biscuits are provided).

Although the year provided numerous interruptions, Christian Union has continued to meet regularly with God and one another.

"Keep the Faith" - 2 Timothy 4:7

NADINE BOWERS



CHRISTIAN UNION

Mrs Crutchley, Carina Diedericks, Nadine Bowers, Lindsay-Ann Coetzee, Mrs Hugo



CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Back Row: Sarah Perioli, Chloë Townsend, Natalie Ammann, Abigail Simpson, Shelley van Niekerk, Mrs Allen, Katherine Gant, Carla Ferucci, Karin Koep
 Front Row: Tina Harsant, Ashley Ford, Geraldine Eliot

CHOIR AND CHORALE REPORT

Being a member of the choir or the chorale this year has truly been a rewarding experience. The high standard that we maintained meant that all our efforts were duly recognised.

The carol service ended 1994 on a very high note. It was a beautiful service enhanced by the magnificent singing of the choir and the chorale. With such a high standard to maintain, the choir and chorale set about work for Founder's Day with much enthusiasm. Our work was cut out for us in the first term with Founder's Day, the Easter Service, and chapel services. But the choir rose to the occasion and performed well each time.

During the second term, much time was spent on preparation for the Afrikaans Eisteddfod. Both the choir and the chorale put in many extra hours. All this effort paid off as the chorale was placed second with an honours plus plus

and the choir received a diploma and was placed first. The adjudicator had nothing but praise for the choir and the chorale. The choir was later invited to sing at the prize-winners' concert and were awarded the Zwaanswyk Trophy for Girls' High School Choirs.

The chorale practised all the way through the September holidays for a tour to the Roodepoort International Eisteddfod where they did exceptionally well.

I know I speak for the whole choir when I extend my thanks to Miss Gough for accompanying the choir and the chorale and especially to Miss Sweet for all her hard work. Without Miss Sweet, the choir and chorale would not have done as well as we have this year.

All of us are looking forward to a very special carol service in St George's Cathedral this year and we wish Miss Sweet all the best for the future.

JENNY BRADSHAW & ALLISON PORTER



CHOIR

Back Row: A. Franks, S. Burton, D. van Hoom, K. Hutton, C. Diedericks, K. Mullord, S. van Hoom, A. Simpson, A. Mallet, M. Louw, N. Brice, Z. Williams, Z. Quail, A. Soltynski, A. van Hoom, A. van Hoom, A. Espi
 Middle Row: C. van Hensbergen, J. Gordon, A. Steynor, S. Cattell, J. Miller, M. Haw, I. Groepies, P. Waller, B. Vos, K. van Ryneveld, L. Jeffery, N. Doherty, G. Eliot, S. Coomer, C. van der Hoven
 Front Row: A. Snoek, A. Burdzik, S. Hovstad, C. Chuver, G. Reader, J. Bradshaw, Miss Sweet, A. Porter, P. Gogela, T. Hayden, K. Miller, S. Lee Pan, P. Pletzer



ROODEPOORT EISTEDDFOD SUCCESS:

Susanna van Hoorn, Miss Sweet, Miss Gough, Amy Burdzik, Nicole Doherty

ROODEPOORT EISTEDDFOD '95

A generous donation from our sponsors, ABSA, and two anonymous donations from parents enabled the chorale, all twenty three of us, plus Miss Sweet, Miss Gough and Mrs Miller, to attend the Roodepoort International Eisteddfod in October. We stayed at the Alpha Training Centre, in Broederstroom, where we spent the first two days practising, eating and swimming. Our first competition was the schools' under-19 category, where we were placed fourth - with a silver medal. Determined to do better, we threw ourselves into practising for the Barbershop Harmony competition the following day and succeeded in beating many professional groups, including the well-known "Cape Tones".

We won second place and a gold medal. This was cause for great celebration! In our final competition, Ladies' choirs, we were up against adult and international choirs, and tied for third place with a silver medal.

All in all, it was a worthwhile and most enjoyable experience which taught us a great deal about singing and working as a team. We would like to thank Mrs Miller for accompanying us (as doctor!) and Miss Sweet and Miss Gough for all their time and effort.

AMY BURDZIK & NICOLA BRICE



CHORALE

Back Row: *C.Van Hensbergen, N.Doherty, A.van Hoorn, K.Mullord, S.van Hoorn, N.Brice, M.Louw, B.Vos, Kvan Ryneveld*
 Middle Row: *A.Burdzik, L.Jeffery, C.van der Hoven, S.Cattell, A. Espi, M.Haw, A.Steynor, K.Miller, C.Reader, P.Gogela*
 Front Row: *I.Groepies, Z.Quail, S.Burton, J.Bradshaw, Miss Sweet, A.Porter, A.Franks, J.Gordon, D.van Hoorn*

THE
 HERSHEL CHORALE
 WOULD LIKE MOST
 SINCERELY TO THANK

ABSA BANK

FOR THEIR GENEROUS
 SPONSORSHIP

MUSIC REPORT

The Music Department has had an extremely busy, but highly successful year with all music pupils becoming enthusiastically involved in the many areas of music at Herschel.

The introduction of "entry" music, as well as the playing of hymns and prayers by the girls in the Monday assemblies, has been a great success due to the keen response of those pupils approached to play.

Once again, Herschel girls have truly "shown their stuff" with the many successes in the Royal Schools and Trinity College examinations, as well as in the Cape Town and Afrikaans Eisteddfods. In the Cape Town Eisteddfod, we congratulate Jacki Gordon who walked away with the Sight Reading Trophy.

The String Orchestra, Flute Ensemble and Wind Band played in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod, achieving a Diploma, Honours Plus and an Honours, respectively. All teachers and pupils are to be congratulated on these good results. Special mention must be made of the String Orchestra, Choir, Sarah Gilbert and Anouk Espi who all won trophies. This year has provided a feast of musical productions,

including "Godspell", the ever popular "Cabaret", two Showcases, Assemblies, Lunch Hour Concerts and the Herschel Eisteddfod and Interhouse Singing. We encourage the support of family and friends at these really enjoyable performances.

Music badges have been introduced this year to award those senior girls who have shown dedication and enthusiasm in the various fields of music at Herschel. The first recipients of the award in the second term were Jenny Bradshaw, Sarah Burton, Jacki Gordon, Anouk Espi, Alex Soltynski and Zara Quail.

And finally, a limerick by Ezra Pound to encourage budding Beethovens (to practise harder)...

There was a brainy baboon
Who always breathed down a bassoon,
For he said, 'It appears
That in billions of years
I shall certainly hit on a tune!'
So keep playing, singing and achieving!

SARAH BURTON



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: *Susanna van Hoom, Anouk Espi, Nicole Doherty, Katie Miller, Aty van Hoom, Miss Engel, Catherine Day, Jessica Miller*
Front Row: *Rosemary Hartley, Lucie Jeffery, Caroline Robertson*

ORCHESTRA REPORT

Arriving early on a Friday morning, one might be met by a bunch of instrumentalists heading hastily towards the sounds of tuning emanating from the music block.

Coming a little closer, one will see an array of string-instrumentalists, consisting of violin, viola and cello, arranged in an intimate circle. This unusual format follows that of a Baroque string ensemble.

Miss Engel coaches the orchestra from her chair, thus giving them the benefit of her violin skills and her insights

into orchestra playing, gained through her years of experience.

A wide range of music covering all the musical periods has become part of the orchestra's repertoire.

The orchestra has enjoyed a full year of music and some great moments of fun. Thanks go to Miss Engel for all her work with the orchestra.

ANOUK ESPI



FLUTE ENSEMBLE

Standing: *Caroline van Hensbergen, Kirsten van Ryneveld, Carrie van der Hoven*
 Seated: *Justine Brice, Samantha Coomer, Mr Chapman, Nicola Brice, Anne-Marie Norman*

FLUTE ENSEMBLE

It is said that music is the food of the soul. The Flute Ensemble meets on a Thursday afternoon from 4.30 to 5.15 p.m. It takes us a while to settle down, but eventually we get down to serious practising. Mr Chapman takes well-known pieces and composes two or three other parts for us to play. This year we entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod and gained honours. We also played in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod and

again gained honours. At the end of the second term, the Flute Ensemble played in our school Eisteddfod and once again it was honours for both pieces that we played. I have enjoyed heading the Flute Ensemble this year. I hope the enthusiasm and commitment will be just as strong next year. Thank you, Mr Chapman, for giving up your time to help us.

SAMANTHA COOMER



WINDBAND

Standing: *Megan McDonald, Ingrid Serritslev, Nicola Brice, Lucy Deakin, Alexandra Soltynski, Justine Brice, Samantha Coomer, Laura Middelman, Michelle Berrangé*
 Seated: *Carrie van der Hoven, Mr Chapman, Monique Zürich*

WINDBAND REPORT

The first half of this year was relatively quiet for the windband, with the ten members only meeting once a week - Wednesdays at lunch break. However, the third term was considerably more active. On the 28th August we took part in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod at Rustenburg Junior School, in which we gained "Honours". Then on the 8th September

(much to our embarrassment!) we performed for the school in the 'Friday Talk Slot'.

The whole year has been great fun, and on behalf of the rest of the windband, I would like to thank Mr Chapman for his enthusiasm - he has given up his time to reach us "rowdy lot"!

ALEX SOLTYSKI

RIDING REPORT

Herschel's riders have had an interesting year, with many ups and *downs* - unfortunately, some too literally. We had great expectations at the Annual Interschools Show-jumping Competition, being the current holders of the trophy and bravely - or foolishly - entered four teams. Our junior team had a good start to the day by coming a close second to Springfield. Our senior first team, comprising three of the top Western Province show-jumpers, excelled themselves by coming ... last, owing to one member taking the wrong course, another having an uncalled for dismount and a third going through the jumps, instead of over them. However, our second and third teams kept the Herschel flag flying by coming 4th and 5th. Wynberg won, but don't worry, we'll get them next year!

The South African Championships, held in Johannesburg, (or should it be ... Gauteng?) had four of our Herschel girls taking part. The following riders received their Western Province Colours: Carolyn Martin for Eventing, Shelley Robertson for Showing, Alex Hills for Show-jumping and Vicki Sheppard for Show-jumping, Equitation, Dressage and Eventing. Vicki Sheppard has also been chosen to represent South Africa for the second time, but this year in the show-jumping team.

Many of our riders also took part in the Cape Show. Vicki Sheppard and Kathy Crabbe tied for first place in the Dressage Championships. Alex Bairnsfather-Cloete won the Novice Equitation; Kathy Crabbe, the Intermediate and Vicki Sheppard, the Open Equitation. Megan Aubin, Shelley Robertson, Morgan Adams, Alex Hills and Tiffany Rademeyer also gained places.

So altogether the year has been filled with many successes. Herschel has always been very active in the riding field and, at present, there are many talented riders of whom we are very proud. Keep it up, Herschel, and try to stay in the saddle!

VICKI SHEPPARD

ROCK-CLIMBING

Rock-climbing is the ultimate test of strength, going where man has thought of going, but didn't have enough willpower to go. This has changed, more and more people are getting involved with sportclimbing and even bouldering. You may ask yourself the question ... why? The answers vary. I essentially started climbing because I wanted to overcome my fear of heights and I liked bouldering, so, as soon as Herschel offered rock-climbing as a sport, I decided that this was what I wanted to do. Simon Larsen was a patient coach and the kind of man who could handle about twenty-five girls whining, "I can't do that," or "My nails will be damaged". Some people enjoyed the hands-on experience and others preferred watching.

Rock-climbing is a spiritbuilding sport. I can tell you that, judging by the four competitions I have entered, I highly recommend sportclimbing as a comradely sport, where your opponent will be with you before the climbs, during and after. The sportclimbers are a friendly bunch of people who fit in well together. They will share their equipment with you, their warming-up gear and even their food!

I know that at Herschel sportclimbing got off to a good start. There were many interested people wanting to go on climbs and warming up sessions. I just hope they keep up that buzz and continue climbing.

IRMA GROEPIES



SCHOOLS' SHOW-JUMPING COMPETITION

Herschel Team: Vicki Sheppard, Megan Aubin, Shelley Robertson and Alex Hills.

KARATE REPORT

Karate was introduced after a very informative self-defence talk in the first term. Sensei Sanette Smit is a 5th Dan (for those who have any Karate knowledge) and is the highest qualified female Karate instructor in South Africa.

Karate commenced in the second term and, since then, we have learned effective defence techniques and I'm sure that 99 percent of the Karate pupils are much fitter now than when they first began.

We will be graded for our first belt (yellow) in the last week of August.

Sensei Smit is incredibly inspiring and has made Karate very enjoyable for all her pupils.

TINA HARSANT

DANCETARIA

Dancetaria is a jazz-dance studio run by Vanessa Clarke. The studio consists of over 100 pupils of all ages. Dancetaria is known for its relaxed and fun atmosphere.

The studio participates in a number of annual events, including the Cape Town Eisteddfod, the Wynberg Girls' High Dance Festival, and the Autumn Festival held at Bergvliet High School. Dancetaria takes part in a number of exams, including a Funk Exam which is totally non-competitive and is aimed at the pupils' enjoyment.

This year we staged a show called 'Steps Ahead' in the Bergvliet High Theatre. Vanessa is also busy organizing a possible overseas tour to America at the end of the year, during which pupils will participate in a number of competitions and classes.

This year has been a busy one for all pupils and we look forward to the year ahead!

ANNE-MARIE NORMAN & JANET LIGHTBODY



GODSPELL



BALLROOM DANCING

The first lesson brought with it many anxieties and fears: "Would I look like a fool...?" "Would people laugh at me?" "Was I doing that step right?"

By the end of the evening, however, we all felt far more confident, and although we weren't exactly Arthur Murray graduates yet, the idea of ballroom dancing lessons every three weeks did not seem as intimidating any more.

The first dance of each evening was a waltz, and I think that by the last lesson, most of us had at least perfected that one. As for the rest of the dances, the degrees of ability varied greatly, but, all in all, a great improvement was noticed by all at our final lesson ... The Grand Ball.

After filling in our dance cards (a fairly blush-inducing procedure, I might add), we moved to the dance floor with our first partner for the evening. Among the traditional ballroom dances, we also had a broom dance, won by Sacha du Plessis and Meg Summs, a rock 'n roll competition and a limbo competition. Claire Rule and Jonathan Greeves were definitely the crowd favourites in the rock 'n roll section, but Lindie Dippenaar and Michael Wright beat everyone to the "how-low-can-you-go" prize!

At the end of the evening, everyone admitted to having had a ball (excuse the pun!) and I would definitely like to recommend this beneficial opportunity to next year's Standard Eights.

PAULA BOERS

THE 1995 FRENCH TOUR

Led by Mrs Steyler and Mrs Kershaw, twenty-seven French pupils (the largest tour yet to leave Herschel) departed for France on 16 June. After stopping in Johannesburg and London, we arrived at Orly Airport. Our bus then took us via Versailles to Rambouillet, the Prime Minister's country residence, then on to Angers, in the Loire Valley. There was a steady downpour as we emerged apprehensively, one by one, to be carried off by our individual French families. We were to spend our first weekend alone with them and this was our first opportunity to speak French.

The intention of the French Tour is not only to improve our French but also to teach us about French life and culture. We attended classes every morning at the Centre d'Anglais et de Français (language school) where the teachers were excellent and we were encouraged to speak French at all times. Outings were arranged for us every afternoon and we visited museums, châteaux and monasteries, the Saumur riding school, the Cointreau factory and the Anjou slate workshops. We rode horses and hired thirty bicycles to explore the banks of the Loire. We danced and sang in the streets of Angers at the mid-summer music festival. The highlight was a visit to the Puy du Fou, in Brittany, the scene of the Vendée uprising during the French Revolution. We wandered in many acres of park and watched jousting, a display of falconry, and many other aspects of life in a medieval village. In the evening we watched a magnificent sound and light show in which 800 villagers in costume take part, bringing the ancient castle to life from earliest times to the present. We finally got to bed at about 3.00 a.m.

Our French families made every effort to make us feel welcome and we were sad to leave them after three weeks in their homes. However, we were on our way to Paris! We stopped to look at Chartres Cathedral where we listened to Mass as it was Sunday, and stared at the amazing stained glass windows. In Paris we stayed in the very comfortable

ARGUS CYCLE TOUR

On Sunday 19 February, Mary Haw (Std 7), Helen Buley (Std 8) and Louise Spence (Std 6) took part in the Pick 'n Pay Interscholar Cycle Tour.

The 66 km long tour started in the Blue Route Mall parking lot and took a gruelling course up Ou Kaapse Weg, down to the Simonstown area, up the notorious Red Hill and back up Ou Kaapse Weg from the other side. The finish line was back at the Blue Route mall parking lot.

The Herschel under-16 cycling team won their section and each got a medal and the team got a trophy. The whole team tried very hard and it was a wonderful day.

Because it was the first time that this cycle tour had taken place, there were not as many entrants as we might have expected, but the people who took part were very enthusiastic and hopefully next year Herschel can provide more than one cycling team.

MARY HAW

and convenient Hôtel Moderne in the Latin Quarter. We walked flat out for four days, in spite of the exceptional heat, and managed to see the Eiffel Tower, Pompidou Centre, Notre-Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Louvre, Les Invalides, the Rodin Museum, the Musée d'Orsay, the Champs Elysees, l'Opéra, the Orangerie. We also managed to do a fair amount of shopping, and when we arrived back at Cape Town Airport we were heavily laden.

The four weeks in France were thoroughly enjoyed by all of us and not only has our spoken French improved, but also our knowledge of French culture. We would like to thank Mrs Steyler and Mrs Kershaw for organising the tour and for accompanying us. Given the chance, we would all love to go again!

PAULA CARADOC-DAVIES



RÉUNION TRIP - DECEMBER 1994

I was very fortunate to win a two-week trip to the island of Réunion (near Mauritius) through the Alliance Française in Cape Town.

About twenty pupils in Standard Nine from all around South Africa were chosen after writing an exam called the D.E.L.F.

We had never met one another before and came from a variety of racial, cultural and religious backgrounds, but soon became friends as we had the common ground of being South Africans on a French-speaking island! We spent two days at a language centre and then a week and a half staying with families and attending school with a pupil of a similar age. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of my stay and learnt far more than French during this time. My host family went out of their way to make me feel welcome and my host father cooked a different Réunion speciality every night. I realised what a difference it makes if you reach out to someone in their language, no matter how silly you think you sound. I formed many lasting friendships with pupils at the school I attended and still correspond regularly with my 'family' there. The trip was an invaluable experience and perhaps most importantly, I came to understand how much South African teenagers have in common despite our various backgrounds and I am filled with optimism for our future.

AMANDA BOARDMAN



BROOKS EXCHANGE

The two Americans, Nicole Mallen and Alana Murphy, who came to us and Inge Croy and Sally-Ann Cattell, who went to Brooks.



BROOKS EXCHANGE '95

From dissecting a frog in Biology to visiting the Press room in The White House, Brooks provided Inge Croy, who went with me from Herschel, and me with an experience that we will never forget. We were able to meet people of different cultures and traditions from all over the world.

Brooks resembles an old New England village, set on 250 acres overlooking a beautiful lake. Seventy-three percent of the students at Brooks are boarders and there is a close relationship between students and teachers. (The proportion of teachers to students is very high - 1 to 5). The subject choice is much wider than in South African schools and ranges from Journalism, Filming and Photography to the more academic subjects like Latin and Greek. The average number of pupils in a class is twelve and the classes are very much discussion orientated. Brooks offers twenty-one different sports, including lacrosse and softball and has eleven playing fields.

The students at Brooks were extremely friendly and there is always someone willing to help you. An energetic weekend committee sponsors films, dances, carnivals and concerts.

While at Brooks I attended the Green and White (the annual school dance) and, to my surprise, I was chauffeur-driven with a group of friends in a white "stretched" limousine to the dance. In the spring there is a weekend called Woodstock when all the school bands perform on one of the school fields. Every Sunday you have dorm parties where you get to know your fellow pupils better. I really developed a close relationship with the students and most evenings I would spend in friends' rooms, talking and working.

As part of the exchange programme, Inge and I and the four Kenyan Exchange Students were flown to Washington for four days and to New York. In New York we were fortunate enough to meet Mrs Whitney and the other sponsors of the exchange programme. We watched a musical with them. The experience goes well beyond seeing the country - the real value of an exchange is interacting with the people. The friends that I made at Brooks I will never forget and the memories will last forever.

SALLY CATTELL

BRIDGE BUILDING

If you asked Caroline McGahey, Sarah Burton or Jenny Bradshaw which day we will remember best of our matric year, all of us would answer without hesitation, 'The day we did our bridge-building'. The reason is quite simple: the day was hilarious for us.

None of us had any idea how to build a bridge. We had drawn a scale diagram of a previous design and we just hoped that it would work. With limited time, we set about cutting the pieces of wood and sticking them down onto the paper with our design on it. This was when we hit our first problem. When we tried to remove the paper from the sides that we had glued down, half the paper came with it. As presentation was taken into consideration, this did not bode well!

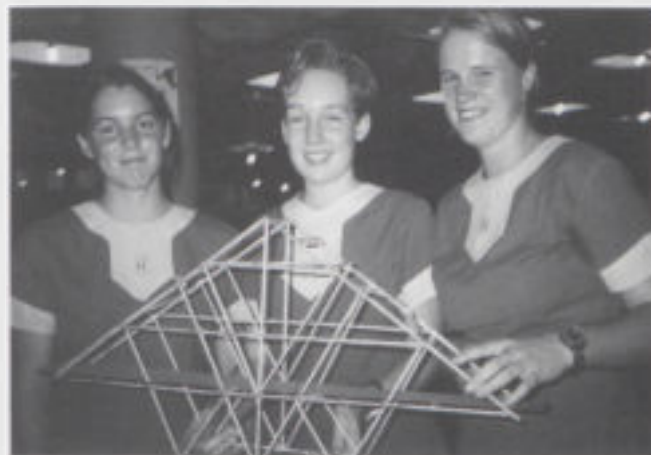
With either side of the bridge in our hands, we then had to put the cross sections in between so that the bridge would be able to stand up properly. While Caroline and I held the two sides of the bridge together, Sarah attempted to glue the cross pieces of wood into position. But because Caroline and I were giggling so much, the bridge wasn't held in position properly and when we let go, the whole thing collapsed! However, not even this could dampen our spirits. With Mrs MacIntyre watching us tensely from her seat and just itching to help, we attempted to re-construct our bridge. It wasn't long, however, before we discovered that we had run out of glue! The reason was soon apparent. Sarah had so much glue on her fingers, that they were glued together!! Sarah and I sent Caroline on a glue hunt. Eventually she returned with glue begged from some of the boys who had been so rude and mocking.

Eventually, we were told that our time was up, but that we could still add finishing touches. Our finishing touches were actually getting the bridge to stand! As we were so busily working, others were wandering around having a look at other people's bridges. I did not notice that some Rondebosch boys (who else?) had put a bridge on my chair. As

I sat down, all I heard was the terrible sound of breaking wood. My only thought was, 'I've broken someone's bridge! How could I?' Looking like a red tomato, I turned round to face three rather disappointed-looking faces. As it turned out, the bridge that I had sat on was only a practice bridge that they had made beforehand!!

When it came to putting weights on the bridges to test their strength, the three of us were quite sure that it would collapse with only a kilogram on it. As they put more and more weight on it, we got more and more excited. Eventually, our bridge collapsed, with thirteen kilograms on it. But, as only Herschel girls could do, we had not read the rules properly and had made our bridge about a centimetre too short. We were penalised 20% of the weight and were eventually placed fourth. We were the only girls' team to be placed, so, to all the men out there, watch out! Caroline, Sarah and Jenny are coming into the engineering world.

JENNY BRADSHAW



BRIDGE BUILDERS:

Caroline McGahey, Sarah Burton, Jenny Bradshaw



HERSCHEL CERAMICS

The Herschel Ceramics Department has had a particularly busy and exciting year. Creative activity reached a pinnacle in the third major exhibition, 'Herschel Ceramics 1995' - comprising over 500 works. The focus of the exhibition was the collection of ceramic sculptural pieces by Samantha Hendricks, who has been a member of the studio since she was in Standard Two.

Ceramics study is available to all pupils from Pre-Preparatory to matric when, as a matric art subject, it becomes the practical alternative to painting. The studio itself is a very dynamic area where the physical and creative energy of the 160 pupils is channelled into a purposeful and strong output. Each class has a maximum of seventeen girls with two qualified artists and trained teachers, Janita Douglas and I, to guide and discipline each child's creative work. Clay is freely available to the children and each year eight tons are used, three quarters of which are dried, fired and glazed. The use of two large, efficient kilns enables us to run the classes smoothly and efficiently, and we are particularly grateful to a most able studio assistant, Priscilla Mbang, whom we have trained to pack kilns, mix glazes and recycle clay.

As a tool, clay can be used in any number of ways and is widely considered a perfect medium for creative development. It is cheap and readily available, its uses are extensive, it is easy to manipulate and it allows the user direct tactile contact. Teaching children with clay as an educative medium is one way of satisfying the ethos of Design Technology.

The Herschel Ceramic Studio provides this.

ROSEMARY LAPPING-SELLARS



Science and Biology staff at the official opening.



Science Laboratory



Biology Laboratory

OPENING OF SCIENCE LABORATORIES

On 3 May 1995, the new science block was finally re-opened. Relief was written on every science girl's face. We had all decided that the drama room was definitely not made for scientific purposes!! There was a small ceremony attended by guests, staff and Matric biology and science pupils. The science block was officially opened by Doctor Jean Bradshaw, an Old Herschelian and mother of present matriculant, Jenny Bradshaw. She gave a brief speech encouraging us to make the most of our new facilities as the world of science has opened up for women. (This has since become Miss Case's new campaign: to get us to work in the scientific field!)

The new laboratories are absolutely wonderful with lecture theatre type seating and special practical areas in the upstairs science laboratories and beautifully refurbished new biology laboratories. I know I speak for everyone when I say, "Thank you" to Mrs Duff and the Herschel Council for making this possible for us. The only thing the school is wondering is, "What next?"

JENNY BRADSHAW



Jeannie Bomford, winner of the Western Province Science Expo and of a gold medal in Johannesburg.



Mrs Burns, Dr Bradshaw, Jennifer Bradshaw, Mrs Duff and Mrs Simons

MATRIC DANCE

The 1995 Matric Dance was, as always, a huge success, efficiently organised by Mrs Kershaw and the Standard Nines. The theme of Monet's Water Garden provided a tranquil backdrop for our dresses which ranged from traditional ballgowns to rather revealing little black numbers.

The menu consisted of butternut soup, followed by delicious crumbed chicken and finally chocolate gateau for dessert.

Sadly, the girls only sampled the food, in order to avoid spilling out of the dresses they'd spent all month dieting to fit into, but voracious male appetites more than made up for this. (N.B. There is no cause for concern, as the new microwave and fridge in the Matric Common Room have ensured that all the lost kilograms are well and truly present again!)

The dancing was opened by Dr Duff and Lauren, while her trembling partner accompanied Mrs Duff. They were soon joined by the other couples who 'raved' to a variety of music into the early hours of the morning.

Thank you to everyone who helped make this such a memorable evening.

AMANDA BOARDMAN & LAUREN MANDY



Cruising down the river - the Orange, September 1995.



Std 6 D - showing off their Divinity Theme cake.

SPORT

SWIMMING REPORT

The 1994/95 season has been a really successful one. A dedicated team started getting fit after the long winter of 1994, with "challenging" 6.30 a.m. sessions! Our weekly galas were always a highlight, because of an altered system. We had more relay galas; often with boys. This was great fun and everyone swam her hardest - only stopping for walls.

Our main interschools event was, of course, the annual gala held at Newlands Pool. We came third, only just beaten by Wynberg and Rustenburg. The interhouse gala was also a wonderful day with lots of cheering, spirit and even some swimmers who had painted their entire bodies - leaving a trail of their house colour behind them in the water! Merriam won, but not without Rolt and Jagger giving them a run, or should I write "swim", for their money!

Besides all of this, our talented Amanda Clegg and Kirsten Locke once again excelled. Amanda was selected for the South African National Championships in Durban, and Kirsten was the captain of the Junior Western Province Biathlon Team. Well done, guys!

Thank you, Mrs Botha, the backbone of the team, for all your encouragement. And to my deputy, Thea Markovina, without whom the team would not have developed as they have.

I have been very proud to be a part of such a close and enthusiastic team. We have had many good laughs, and I wish the same for the next team. Good luck, and keep up the Herschel tradition of good sportsmanship. You are definitely the best!

ANGELA FRANKS



SWIMMING TEAM

Back: *S. Rose-Innes, S.Louw, M.Berrangé, C.Townsend, A.Clegg, J.Bomford, C.Munnis*
Front: *H.Wilson, C.Ferucci, T.Markovina, Mrs H. Botha, A.Franks (Capt), T.Hayden, D.Gordon*

HOCKEY REPORT

Herschel has had a very successful season this year. All twelve hockey teams have maintained a high standard of play and the interaction between members of each team has improved.

We have a total of five U/14 teams, which is very encouraging. It would be wonderful to know that this enthusiasm will remain with these girls all through senior school.

Both the U/16A and U/16B teams have played exceptionally well, and are amongst the top teams in their age group. There are a lot of very skilled players with definite potential.

Our open section, consisting of five teams, has achieved highly, but, more important, they have learned how to play successfully together and have improved their tactical play.

The first team, who are an exceptional group of players with outstanding spirit and a great sense of humour (which is necessary in moments of defeat), have assured their position in the premier league.

Thanks to Mrs Kershaw and Mrs Botha for their excellent coaching and endless dedication, especially on Saturday mornings. Mrs Kershaw, the first team loved trying to win for you (on the odd occasion that we did - Jokes!)

To all the teams, good luck for next year and, Nixon, keep talking to those fairies!!

NATALIE WOOD



U/ 16 A HOCKEY

Back: R.Farrell, L.Jeffery, E.Murray, P.Waller

Front: M.Ramsay, C.Lloyd, A.Vasiljevic (Capt), Mrs H. Botha, T.Fowler, T.Lindsay, K.Huber

Absent: Z.Crombie and K.Locke



U/14 A HOCKEY

Back: S.Milne, E.McAdam, M.Berrangé, J.Eccles, J.Harris, P.Carter, L.Fernandes

Front: L.Middelmann, E.Basson, L.Brain, Mrs M. Kershaw, K.Taylor, N.Vasiljevic, P.Pletser



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Back: *C.McGahey, C.Bloch, C.Nixon, C.Hannath, A.Franks, L.Shimange*

Middle: *J.Woodard, L.Deakin, J.Bradshaw, Mrs M. Kershaw, N.Wood (Capt), H.Fernor, D.van Hoom*

Front: *I.Serritslev, K.Bloch, H.Gangraker*



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back: *N. Ballance, A.Vasiljevic, A. Clegg, L. Middeltmann, A. van Hoom, C. McGahey,*

Front: *C. Ballance, V. Sheppard, C. Nixon, C. Ferucci, D. Gordon*

INDOOR HOCKEY REPORT

With the arrival of Herschel's very enthusiastic and dynamic sports coach, Mrs Kershaw, the interest in Indoor Hockey has strengthened enormously. In previous years, the school has fielded only one team, but this season we boasted five teams. Many of the new recruits had no knowledge of this sport and so the year got off to a rather slow start. However, the girls were very enthusiastic and great fun was

had by all. It was wonderful to play in our new sports centre, which is one of the best in Cape Town. It received many compliments from admiring visitors and all the players were very appreciative of the greatly improved facilities. Even though our lack of experience in this sport meant that we did not achieve many victories, all the participants gained a great deal from their involvement.

DOROTHY VAN HOORN



INDOOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back: *H. Gangraker, A. Biden, T. Harsant*

Seated: *C. McGahey, N. Wood, Mrs M. Kershaw, J. Bradshaw, A. McMullen*

VOLLEYBALL REPORT

Volleyball is for those girls who are not that energetic, but enjoy light exercise. It is a sociable sport and the only time during the week to catch up on gossip and have some exercise all at the same time.

We have played a few tournaments and have had two of our girls go for Western Province trials. We have met many interesting people from different schools and have formed

good friendships with our common ground of volleyball. We are extremely proud of our wonderful coach, because he is the coach of the South African National Volleyball Team and he is also part of the South African Veteran Volleyball Team.

It has been a great year and we thank Meyrick very much for all his enthusiasm.

JOLEENE VOLKMANN

NETBALL REPORT

Netball is a sport taking the world by storm. South Africa has featured a lot in international sports, now that apartheid has been done away with. This was emphasised when South Africa just missed the international netball title. The girls in the South African team have a great deal of potential that they displayed to the world, fighting for the title against the defending champions.

The same can be said about the Herschel netball team, which has probably reached its peak in the netball season. The girls have proved time and time again that they can grab whatever they want! And grab they did.

Out of all the league matches played, Herschel U/19A lost only one match - to Westerford with a score of 20 - 4. We played as a team in our first match of the season. Since then we have proved to be an unbeatable team.

Match tactics were improved in those who attended the UPE Sports School - 1995, where great coaches such as Oom Oppies, Bennie, Charmaine, Anneen, Margot and Jance showed us how to handle ourselves on court and how to play a "running" game of netball.

In trials, many of the girls who tried did very well. Unfortunately, none of the girls was chosen. Just keep trying, girls, success comes with practice.

IRMA GROEPIES



1ST NETBALL TEAM

Standing: *S.Komeni, C.Reid, C.Smith, J.Volkmann, S.Pullinger, I.Groepies (Capt), Mrs M. Bonellie*

Front: *R.Gagliano, C.Bruins, L.Shimange, C.Ferucci*

SQUASH REPORT

Our squash season started with fantastic enthusiasm, which was greatly inspired by Mr Scott's fitness sessions. He felt that piggy-back rides, push-ups and wheelbarrow races would improve our stamina!

This year we had three teams entered in the league and over sixty girls participating in squash lessons. We are very proud of both our second and third teams who won their sections - well done!

The new squash courts were a definite inspiration and largely responsible for our improved skills.

Our first team successfully defeated Strand, Wynberg B, Rhenish and Bergvliet, but Rustenburg, Wynberg A and Edgemead provided more challenging experiences!

Congratulations to Dianne Gordon, Aaltje van Hoorn and Caroline McGahey for being selected to play for Western Province and to Anne-Marie Norman who was chosen as a reserve.

We would like to extend our thanks to Mr Scott for his enthusiastic coaching and for transporting us to various venues. Our teams have had great spirit throughout the year and I wish them all the best for the future.

CAROLINE MCGAHEY



1ST SQUASH TEAM

Standing: *N. Amman, K. Campbell*

Seated: *D. Gordon, Mr A. Scott, C. McGahey (Capt)*

TENNIS REPORT

The 1994/95 tennis season has been a successful one for Herschel.

In the Senior Interschools Tournament, Herschel did well to come third to Wynberg and Rustenburg. Well done to the Standard 6 teams on coming second.

In February, our top seven players went on tour to Pretoria. The team excelled themselves in the Independent Schools' Tennis Festival, narrowly losing in the final. In the third term, they also did very well against Felstead, a touring side from England.

Congratulations to Catherine Ballance and Laura Middelman on being selected for the Western Province Squad.

We would like to thank Mrs Kershaw very much for organising the Parents/Girls Tennis Day which was a great success.

Thank you very much to Mr Scott and Mrs Kershaw for the interest, enthusiasm and time they devote to our tennis practices and matches, and to Mrs Botha for her continued support.

NICOLA BALLANCE



FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Standing: C. Lloyd, J. Bradshaw, L. Middelman, L. Jeffery

Seated: N. Ballance (Capt), Mr A. Scott, C. Ballance

WATERPOLO REPORT

The 1994-1995 waterpolo season started off with great enthusiasm with afternoon training at Loop Street before the season officially started. For the first time, the 1st team comprised many talented junior players, which is encouraging for the forthcoming seasons.

Waterpolo competition this year has been of a very high standard and our main disappointment was losing to Springfield 1 - 2 in competition for the Plate in the Waller Cup. Our team has been extremely united but, without the dedication, support and skills of Mr Morelli, we would not have been able to improve our skills while thoroughly enjoying the sport.

The season ended with our tour to Port Elizabeth. We had a fantastic time and came second in the competition - losing by just 1 goal to our host school, Alexander. Thanks to Mr Morelli and Mr Locke for putting up with all our nonsense. Thanks also to Mrs Botha and Theresa Bridgman for their encouragement and support this season.

Good luck for next season!

NATALIE WOOD & DEBBIE WOLFF



Debbie Wolff in action during a league match - she has just scored a goal!



1ST WATER-POLO TEAM

Standing: P. Caradoc-Davies, C. Nixon, A. Wright, B. Berry

Seated: H. Wilson, D. Wolff, Mr P. Morelli, N. Wood (Capt), A. Vasiljevic

ORIGINAL WORK

STANDARD 10

THE NIGHT

When is a cupboard no longer merely a cupboard, but, instead, a cave full of monsters and skeletons and creepy things that squelch under your feet? When is a curtain no longer gently moving with the wind, but rather writhing and seething with all manner of snakes and contorted organisms, their pitiful shrieks filling the air? And when does the tree outside that taps on your window become a dead man calling your name? Why, when the light goes out of course.

For when the night comes and darkness rushes in, it takes hold, twisting, contorting and disguising. Once familiar forms melt into strange shadows and shadows meta-morphose into new forms. The night brings with it life, giving breath to tables and chairs and roads and buildings, making them live and dance and hunt and talk until the first streaks of day dissolve their personalities into hard, cold, geometric forms.

The night brings with it energy and vitality and a surreal splendour, captured in the wink of an eye and then changed, like the swirl of a highwayman's cape.

The well-lit streets are brighter and livelier than even the busiest shopping day. The same drab building with its broken, fizzing neon sign, is transformed by magic into a glittering palace and Cinderella goes to the ball of her dreams.

The splendour of the darkness is the ultimate escape from reality. The harsh light of day illuminates the cold realities of hunger, poverty, drabness and pale people with washed-out lives. But at night, everything becomes bigger, bolder, gaudier, glitzier and one can become something one is not. Decisions made, although often absurd, make much sense at three a.m. Many-a-time have the problems of world peace, food shortages, wars and destruction been solved over a late night drink and then dismissed or forgotten in the harsh reality of the day.

What lurks in the darkness? Fear's temptation; or a whole new world? Oases of pleasure are scattered like the stars across this unknown kingdom. Psychedelic scenes fill the mind and soul, transporting one to another dimension, permeated by the primeval beat and the occasional scream of delight. But in the piercing heat of the day, this oasis dries up and disappears, leaving only an empty shell of bland mortar and steel.

But, if you've seen the other face of darkness and the night has wrapped its damp tendrils around you and held you in its icy grip, the music of the night acquires an entirely different sound. For then the night distorts reality into a huge, dark, monstrous thing and plays havoc with all the clocks until time ticks backwards and every second is eternity. And in that second that you've thought you've won and you snap on the light, dissolving all the shadows, the darkness lurks outside your window, tapping on the glass, while you make immediate plans to cut down that tree.

So when the first threads of spun gold dissolve the shadows, destroy the cave and the last snake wriggles away - is there a feeling of relief or regret? If you listen for a second, you can still hear the final snatch of the music of the night as it is whistled away on a brightly lit wind until the next time ...

SARAH PERIOLI



The writer, Marita van der Vyver, came to talk to the Std 9's about her book "Dinge van 'n kind", which is their 1995 setwork book. Liza Lucani and Danielle Jeftha chatted to her afterwards.

DAARDIE DAG

Een oggend staan sy op met 'n snaakse gevoel diep binne in. Sy kry 'n gevoel dat die dag anders gaan wees. 'n Glimlag speel om haar mond as sy dink aan al die lekker dinge wat moontlik kan gebeur. Miskien het sy 80.1% gekry vir haar Geskiedenis-toets. Ai, dis darem 'n bietjie vergesog. Dalk het die kersieboom aan die onderkant van die tuin sy eerste bloeisel skaam begin wys, maar dis nou eers Augustus. Sê nou maar net sy ontmoet die vleispaleis op die prentjie in haar dagboek! Maar op Saterdagmiddag het sy alle hoop en belangstelling in hom verloor.

Sy stut haar elmboog op haar knie en begin ingedagte haar duimnael te kou soos sy altyd maak as sy behoorlik dink. Wat is dit nou wat sy dolgraag wil hê en die dag anders sal maak? 'n Motor? Ja, maar sy het nog nie haar lisensie nie en as 'n mens oordeel aan al die naelmerke in die paneelbord, gaan dit nog 'n tydjie duur. Sy het nie meer 'n obsessie met die rok in 'Underworld' se winkelveenster nie.

Sy het ook gelees dat daar 'n paar dinge is wat 'n mens nooit sal hê of kry nie, al bid en wens mens hoe hard. Dinge soos Brad Pitt, 'n sjokoladefabriek, 'n pikswart perd en 'n pa is nou nie juis op Vader Kersfees se produksielys nie.

Die dag lyk skielik nie meer so watwonders nie. Traag staan sy van haar bed op en gaan gee haar goudvisse kos. Daar is wel iets wat sy graag wil he, maar dit sal seker maar net 'n wens bly. Al wat sy wil hê, is dat die storm binne in, diep binne in, moet bedaar. Die storm wat verwoed losgebars het en verwoesting saai. Flitse van herinnering spook en koggel en krap en vryf sout in die rou wond wat die storm nalaat met konstante nuwes en geesdrif. Weer en weer en weer. As die trane dalk weer eendag kom en strelend, saggies gesond maak, sal die storm bedaar. Daardie dag sal 'n reënboog na bo sukkel. Daardie dag gaan anders wees.

Sy kyk vir oulaas na haarself in die spieël, trek haar vingers deur haar hare, gryp haar boeksak en wil net by die kamerdeur uitgaan toe sy weer omdraai. Sy het amper haar masker vergeet.

CARINA DIEDERICKS

NOG 'n DAG IN DIE PARADYS

Sarie Venter is op pad huis toe na die eerste frenetiese dag van haar splinternuwe pos as privaatskretaresse vir 'n deftige advokaat. Ja, dit klink goed. 'Mej. Sarie Venter, privaatskretaresse vir Jonathan MacCallum van 'MacCallums' advokate'. Sy sê dit weer en giggel van opgewondenheid.

Een-en-twingig jaar oud, met haar hele lewe voor haar, en sy het in so 'n gawe pos beland! Sy kan dit nie glo nie! Sy skakel die radio aan en sing saam met haar geliefkoosde liedjie... "Oh, think twice, just another day for you and me in paradise..."

Haar vingers tik ritmies op die stuurwiel en sy dink terug aan haar wonderlike dag ... die woedende blik van die ander sekretaresse toe Johnny, (hy het haar genooi om van hierdie 'troetelnaam' gebruik te maak!) 'n ruiker vir haar gegee her ... haar eie, sagte-pienk en beige kantoor ... alles is soos 'n droom, en sy is die prinses.

Sy hou voor die rooi verkeerslig stil en probeer om 'n band in die stukkende bandopnemer te sit. O, maar Fanie (die naam van haar beminde Volksie) is 'n regte ou wrak, dink sy. Skielik raak sy bewus van 'n beweging voor die motor ... 'n Groot, swart, reus van 'n man het voor die motor gestaan, met sy bene ver uitmekaar mekaar geplant en 'n AK47, wat na die motor gemik is, in sy hande.

Sarie het geskok na hom gekyk. Sy kon dit nie glo nie. Dit was soos een van daardie tipiese middernagse polisiedramas.

Sy het eers gramskap gevoel, ongelowig dat hierdie vreemde deling so 'n grap kan maak. Maar, hy was ernstig, dooernstig, en haar ongelowigheid het gou na pure vrees verander. Wilde beelde het binne haar gees geflits ... moord ... hoekom ek? ... verkragting ... hoekom ek? ... diefstal ... hoekom ek? Gehoorsaam het sy uit die motor geklim en hy het haar venynig op die harde pad gegooi. Toe het hy haar teen Fanie gedruk, en in gebroke Afrikaans het hy geld en juweliersware geëis.

Met swetende palms en bewende hande het sy vir hom alles gegee - dertig rand ... pereloorbelle ... haar splinternuwe horlosie en ring wat 'n geskenk van haar kerel is ... en Fanie se sleutel.

Asseblief, iemand! Iemand help my! Hoekom ek?

Hy het deurdringend na haar gekyk en na 'n ruk het hy die AK opgelig en na haar gemik.

Asseblief, asseblief, iemand! Help my!! Hoekom?

Met 'n dreigende glimlag en 'n sarkastiese "dankie" het hy stadig begin om die sneller te druk. Stadig en tergend.

Dit was soos 'n vertraagde rolprent, en sy kon sy vinger sien beweek, sentimeter vir sentimeter. Sy is heeltemal gehipnotiseer deur die stadige aksie van sy winger wat die sneller trek, en die loop wat 'n bietjie gebewe het.

"Totsiens, White", en toe, skielik ...

"Cut!" skree Paul Slabolepsky, direkteur van die plaaslike produksie "Nog 'n Dag in die Paradys."

"Passie, Nowsizwe! Passie! Passie! Passie! Sê dit asof jy haar regtig haat. Jy moet die weersin in jou bene voel! Stadig en vasberade!"

Hy het diep in sy hoe stoel gesink en 'n sug geslaak.

"En Annemarie, ek wil die absolute vrees in jou oë sien. Kom nou, mense, ons is almal professionele akteurs en aktrises. Julle moet dit weer doen! Almal reg?"

"Nouja, Take 5!"

SARAH BURTON

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S JOURNEY

Lying awake in bed at night, I wriggle and squirm as sleep fails to conquer my ever-active mind. I stop moving then. As my heart beat regains its steady thumping, the sounds from outside my window reach into my conscious.

At first just the cricket, rasping in time to my bedside clock, then the sound of the road beyond my wall. The regular beat of a drum sounds out the party down the road. I long to slip outside, out into the warm air, to roam the quiet streets of my city.

Slowly, my mind slips free of my body and clad only in thin cloth, I float outside into the street. The images, now, are seen through spirit eyes. The eyes that see all, yet as though they are on another plane. The tar is rough, its tiny stones reflecting the sand underneath. The hedges and walls that fence in the road seem a labyrinth of Cretan design, housing the mountain and the myriad of lights that is town at its centre obeys the rules of the night and leaps from pool of light to pool of light, avoiding the surrounding dark caused by broken street lights. I feel the other spirits in the darkness and, as I hurry, so the images around me speed up and become disjointed.

The cars parked outside driveways, where teenagers say their last goodbyes, the sound of argument and violence from one house, from another passionate whisperings. Two dark houses next to each other - both silent, yet their silences have different qualities. One is an icy silence of broken promises and disappointment, the other a warm and comfortable silence. I pass flashing lights and hear the anguished cries of a young wife holding her husband's hand as he is loaded into an ambulance. Curious, I join her, trying to will his heart-beat's continuation. We speed through suburbs, through town and reach a hospital.

Here it doesn't seem like night. People bustle, intercoms sound and the lights are brighter than the sun. Women cry out as a child is born, as a child dies. Fearing the light, I move onwards, towards the throbbing heart of the city.

The neon flowers of this Garden of Eden flicker as glitterbabies, skinheads, punks, ravers and grungeheads meet, in an assortment of ways. The ritualistic dancing, the flicking of hair, the hushed deals made with pieces of paper all have their place here. Then, with my mind buzzing, I flee to the tranquillity of the mountain monuments.

From here I can observe the whole city as one unit. The network of fairy lights lies strewn as far as I can see, and I know that the undertone to the silence around me is the throb of human life. It is here that I find other spirits, playing in the ruins and, like me, watching from a distance, the life that we live.

Night is like a drug, it can fill the senses and make one reel with pleasure or pain. It acts as a curtain for the shy, and its lights as spotlights for the bold. It gives hiding places for the hunter, and refuge for the hunted. It is the livelihood for some, and the ruin for others. Love is found in the night, bought in the night, lost in the night. Night is one of the few constant things in our ever-changing lives.

Slowly I make my way home, as the light threatens to banish the Night. I treasure the last sensation of my weightless spirit and feel the warm air and its remembrances swirl around me. Then, exhausted, I slip back into my body and close my eyes.

JENNIFER SALE.

WORLD CUP

What was significant about 25 May 1995? It was thirteen days until exams? Hymn Practice? We wrote our English Setwork exam? No.

For people around the world, the dawning of May 25 meant that the waiting was over: the Rugby World Cup opening match was less than eight hours away. Billions of people on all the continents on earth would plug themselves into their televisions with invisible "do not disturb" signs printed on their foreheads. Banks closed, businesses shut their doors and those who could made their way to Newlands Rugby Ground.

Unfortunately, there were a few "minor" obstacles which were unavoidable and had to be dealt with before we could get into the whole vibe of the day. One of these was a rather important English Setwork paper: Othello and dame Eliot's domestic problems just were not on my mind and I suspect that this will be justly, although dismally, reflected by the mark total appearing on the top of my paper ...

But who was counting marks on a day like that? It was points we were counting - tries, penalties, conversions - and the number of people with South African flags still fully painted on their excited faces. How many television cameras were there? How many empty seats were available for those arriving late?

After bustling along the banner-decorated streets and pavements crammed with happy people, expensive souvenirs and cars with their radios on full blast, we entered the stadium and we knew that we had finally arrived.

As we clasped our South African flags in one hand and a packet of lunch in the other, the loudspeaker announced that the opening ceremony would begin in ten minutes.

Prior to that, the Springboks, proud and strong, ambled onto the field and a large number of screams and cheers erupted from the fifty thousand-strong crowd.

They sauntered around and tested the wind. Tension, tension, tension.

The field was then flooded with colour as representatives of every participating country danced, and flaunted oversized flags. The highly emotive World Cup theme song echoed around the stadium, slightly drowned by the over-excited throngs of people packed into the stands. Mandela spoke and the Rugby World Cup was declared officially open. Tension, tension, more and more, rising up and up like a balloon being filled with water, the crowd couldn't take any more.

The field was cleared quickly, effortlessly and efficiently, just as the service in a good restaurant should be.

The crowd waited, the atmosphere was indescribable; the silence broken only by the cracks of coke cans being opened and bursts of adapted versions of "Shosholoz". Adrenalin pumped thick and fast. Plagues of butterflies had a wonderful time scrumming and performing fantastic "up-and-unders" in everyone's stomachs. It was worse than the climax of an Oscar-winning film, worse than Speech Day.

And then the balloon burst and the game began. The crowd bellowed their support and kept their eyes glued to the ball as if their lives depended on it.

As the final whistle blew and South Africa emerged as the clear victors, the crowd performed a spontaneous Mexican wave before the scholars spilt out onto the field to attempt to touch their heroes; Joost perhaps?

A carnival erupted in Cape Town's streets and in the hearts of all those supporting the Springboks. It was a fantastic day that will never be forgotten, a perfect day when the entire nation stood together as one, in unity.

LAUREN MANDY

I.C.U.

I stumble through the front door. "How did it go?" my mother asks. Her question lacks conviction and her eyes are circled by dark rings. Her face is too pale.

"Well," I reply. "We were better than them!"

"That's good."

"I'm hungry."

"There is food in the microwave."

"Where is dad?" This question unsettles her for a second and she runs a shaking hand through her hair with an audible sigh.

"He won't be with us for a few days. It's nothing serious," she adds quickly, as she sees my face, "he'll just be in the hospital for a while."

Life goes on. To be honest, I hardly notice his absence as we seldom see him anyway. He is always "at work". The only change in our routine is the vigilant locking of doors at night and the ceaseless nagging ring of the telephone.

"We can go and visit your father today."

"Where is he?"

"In the Vincent Palotti I.C.U."

"What is I.C.U.?"

"Some sort of optometrist, I expect," says my brother with the characteristic sarcastic grin.

We arrive and enter the lift up to the I.C.U. "What actually happened?" I ask carefully.

"He was just overcome by stress. Now be quiet - there are people trying to sleep."

We walk along the long white corridors, our footsteps echoing atop the pristine tiles. Mother seems to know the way and we pass under an arch declaring "Intensive Care Unit" which my brother is not allowed past, as he is too young. He moans, but not a lot - I don't think he likes hospitals.

My mother and I are led to a little cubicle - above which rests an array of flashing screens. I do not recognise the body in the bed at all. It is a mistake - this is not my father. My father would never stand having a thick tube, dark with blood, protruding from his neck, bigger than the one in his nose and bigger than the half dozen hanging tenaciously onto his purple-black blood-bruised arms. My father would never put up with humiliation like this! There must be a mistake.

But there is no mistake. My mother advances and wipes the hair out of his eyes. She talks and he grunts or moans in reply, I cannot tell which for I am not listening. I am in a bubble - it is a bubble of grief, it is a bubble of confusion and it is a bubble of ignorance.

I stumble out and stand just outside the door. I am wet with cold sweat and barely notice the hand on my arm.

"You're Mr Porter's daughter, aren't you?" I nod dumbly in reply.

"You're very lucky, you know. I have seen lesser men die from this. But he will be alright now. You just have to be strong for your mother. Shame ...," she shakes her head appreciatively and waddles on down the passage.

"Men die from this", "be strong"? How can I be strong when I don't know what is happening? How can I be strong when my only source of information is a complete stranger? Tell me, how can I be strong when I don't know what to be strong for?

On the way home, the car is silent.

"He will get better in time," says my mother, painfully.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think it would help you to know. There was so much blood ... It was so awful, awful ..."

"Why didn't you tell me? Mother, why didn't you tell me?"

ALISON PORTER



SAMANTHA COUCOUMBROS



CHENE ROBERTS



LAUREN MANDY



NADINE BOWERS



BONNIE QUIBELL - STANDARD 10



LAUREN MANDY - STANDARD 10



TARYN McCABE - STANDARD 10



SAMANTHA HENDRICKS - STANDARD 10

TODAY'S GOLD PRICE: 100 LIVES

Today mommy took Patience and me to see "101 Dalmations". It was so much fun because we went on the train to town and got off inside the biggest building I have ever seen. I thought it was strange that we stopped inside a building, but it was raining, so I am glad we did. I also thought it would be very funny if the train did not stop and just went crashing through the building, but mommy showed me the big steel thing that made sure the train stopped at the end of the line.

Patience and I ran around inside the big train building. We almost lost mommy, but she found us. Patience lives with us because her mommy works for us. She is my best friend and we do all kinds of naughty things together. Once we took all of mommy's gold jewellery, put it in a treasure box and buried it in the garden. We were pirates, you see. Mommy got so angry with us, so we became miners and dug it up.

Patience's daddy is a miner. He works in the gold mines in Johannesburg. I think that he is so lucky. On television, I see how expensive gold is, so he must be really special to work with gold. It must be so exciting to go so deep underground in a lift. I went on a lift in Gold Reef City once. There was a huge wheel on top of this strong tower that went round and round and made the lift go up and down. I told Patience all about it, because she could not come to Johannesburg with us. I liked it, but she did not seem to think that it would be much fun.

But we had fun together today. The movie was so funny. There was this ugly, greedy lady who stole a hundred and one dalmation puppies. She was not nice because she was going to make a fur coat out of them. My mommy does not like fur coats. She says that it is cruel to wear beautiful things that are from dead animals. I think so too! Why could that horrible witch lady not just buy spotty material that looked like the cute little puppies' coats? She never

got her coat anyway. The puppies escaped. A mommy and a daddy dalmation helped those puppies to disguise themselves so that they could get home safely without anyone seeing them. They all rolled in soot from coal and looked so black that you could hardly see them.

My grandpa was mine manager of a coal mine. He spoke to his miners in a funny language which was a mixture of languages galore. He said that it was a bit like scrambled eggs. You could cook eggs in lots of ways, but if you just mixed them all together they still tasted the same, so all the miners understood each other.

The movie ended happily and Patience and I were tired so we fell asleep on the train home. We got such a fright when it stopped, that we jumped up. It was time to get off anyway. When we got home, Patience's mommy was standing outside the front door. There were little wet patches on her overalls and she just stood frowning at the ground. She took Patience into her arms and squeezed her tightly. I liked it when Patience's mommy did that to me. It was so warm and comfortable.

While our mummies spoke in the kitchen, Patience and I just sat side by side on the steps leading down to the storage room. Patience said that her daddy and a hundred of his friends had fallen down in the mines. When I asked if he was hurt, she just smiled gently and said that he was feeling nothing at all.

That night, while I was waiting to watch "The Simpsons", I saw on the news that a train in the Johannesburg mines was not stopped by its steel stopping thing, and fell down on top of a lift to the bottom of the mine. There were a hundred and one miners who were all squashed and they could not find the right legs and arms ...

Patience saw Mandela at her daddy's funeral. Gold miners must be really important if Mandela goes to their funeral.

ZARA QUAIL



SHAZELLE DENOVAN



TARRYN STEWART

STANDARD 9

LIFE COULD BE A DREAM

The little girl skipped along the sandy path in the bright sunshine, humming as she went. Her small feet were tired, but she was not thinking about them; her mind was far away in the distance, somewhere calm and contented, and as she slowed down to climb the stairs, she breathed deeply and prayed for everything to be as she had left it.

She entered her castle, a queen. Her soft pearly white dress lightly stroked the polished marble as she moved, gracefully, across the floor. Through a clear glass window she could see the birds winging their ways in the sky, the gentle rolling of the dunes and the swells and sighs of the sea.

She admired it for a long time, her palace, her haven, enjoying the simple luxury and beauty. She knew the silky draperies would hang undisturbed forever, breathing and growing like the rest of the castle. The coral walls and soft lights, the gentle touch of tapestry as she brushed against a corner, smells of sweet and sticky honey and new velvet-skinned peaches: this was her palace, her heaven.

She stepped out into the sunshine, and the sun kissed her little face gently, like the slightest touch of a butterfly's wing. The garden was filled with brightly coloured flowers and tall trees, and the grass was long and inviting. Busy insects travelled to and fro, collecting pollen, singing while they worked. She felt so peaceful, so happy.

She leaned onto the grass and felt it prickle the back of her neck as she lay down. Looking into the sky, she saw birds of all kinds, flying high and free. Tiny breaths of cloud were scattered along the horizon, and, as they tickled the sea, it smiled and rippled softly.

The little queen heard music, floating in with the tide: a violin, soft and sweet as the hummingbird's tune. She closed her eyes and danced on light feet, spiralling and swaying, her long dress flowing and falling like the salty water. How she loved to dance! A release from the world, alone with heaven's songs, the deep, wide sky above her as she danced her way through many worlds. Her light steps carried her far, yet her feet never tired, never strained.

All I saw when I opened my eyes was a tiny figure in a small cotton dress, dancing and singing, with her arms spread wide and her head held high, into the sea.

And all around me, the crickets fell silent, and I was sure I could hear someone crying.

LISL ROBERTSON

THE DRY THROAT

*Multicoloured words flow through the air
and stream together into tuneful melodies.
But the waves diminish to ripples until
Dry sand bakes in the choking heat
While impatient ears wait
Waterfalls of nectar tenderly caress his vocal chords
Relief.*

*The water-wheel creaks
then turns again*

KATE MULLORD

WASTE

*Of the long cold pistol
Came a short sharp crack
In the cool dark evening
lay a boy upon his back
And as the crowd of terror
was carried on its way
Was the night all silent
As it waited for the day.*

*Emptiness surrounded
The spot where he'd stood
And the warmth of the sun
healed what it could.
But the memory was there
of a life that left this world
Of a child who was helpless,
and in a corner, curled.*

PAULA CARADOC-DAVIES

OFTEN AT NIGHT

*Often at night you are in my view,
But in winter, clouds obscure you,
Lovers swoon and wolves howl,
Monday is yours.*

*You watch over me at night,
And sometimes in the day,
You are a satellite,
But not made of chips,
You continuously circle me.*

*There is no man living on you,
But maybe on another,
You remind me that we aren't
The only being in this universe.*

*I watch your pale yellow face,
Forever changing,
Forever staying the same,
You are my inspiration,
I am your tides.*

INGRID SERRITSLEV

DESERT SCENE

The blazing sun burns fiercely down on a flaming sea of golden sand. God's fingerprint on the earth, the expanse of tiny unique, intricate ripples melts into rolling and tumbling dunes, like a wavy sea with its water bed. They are waves frozen in time, a dry watery ocean, where delicate wave crests will never crash onto a rocky shore, but, through endless time, will trickle downslope to a torrid grave. A blazing inferno rises from the immense heat, engulfing the last of the remaining, cool air. A watery blur gathers on the hazy horizon incessantly promising a soothing sanctuary. An optical illusion, an unattainable hope, a fabrication of a million years.

The sand dunes rise up to the sky and somewhere in this lifeless land, heaven and earth meet. Somewhere, a wave swells up, and reaches out, to touch the hand of an angel, a glistening, shimmering star in the pure luminous sky. Here, during this split second in time, there is total peace and harmony between the ethereal forces of the world.

The moment is broken as a dust devil gathers momentum and spins rapidly, skimming effortlessly along, the sandy surface. A presence reminding us of the eternal forces of good and evil. It is an entity swimming aimlessly in a calm, motionless sea of sand, a sweltering heat.

AMANDA CLEGG



AMANDA ABLAS

POEM

*Your hand gripped my shoulder as we flew.
 A shudder vibrated through me as your claws
 dug into my flesh
 Your pokey fingers shot out of their clench and caught my
 fleeing body.
 The laughter was carefully bottled and kept waiting on the
 shelf,
 As you turned, left the world behind and fled,
 The earth crumbled and wept.
 Words flew like umbrellas in the wind.
 Captured and magnified, I was left for the others.
 I glanced upwards, through the bars and realised
 Your mouth opened, revealing your cruel fangs as you
 laughed -
 And the tartan winked.*

PHILIPPA GRAY

VICTIM OF SELF

*I, too, can be beautiful
 Like the girls in those pictures
 "Waif-like" they call them
 So fragile and perfect
 How strong I am, how well I resist.
 My wrists frail and pitiful
 My ribs deeply corrugated
 My skin netted with purple lines
 No more disfiguring flesh,
 To obscure my clear, sharp form
 Strong, pure and free, I ignore the cries -
 I'm in control*

KATRINA WEIXELBAUMER

TEA AND CAKE

The telephone rings. Immediately our house comes to life as two teenagers' feet thunder across the carpet to answer the call. Younger sister wins the race, but receives no great trophy. Covering the mouthpiece, she says more than slightly disappointedly, "It's Gran," and whispers imploringly. "Please will you deal with it?" I take the telephone out of her hand.

The grandfather-clock chimes in time with the buzzing door-bell. My grandparents always were very punctual people. "Tea-time is at four o'clock," Gran always says. I open the door hesitantly to welcome the smiling faces, open arms, puckered lips and comments as to how much I've grown. I take Gran's gently wrinkled hand and support her down the short flight of steps into the lounge. Mum and Dad follow with pillows and cushions for the bad backs in need of extra support. Soon Martha enters - the clinking tea-tray, set with silver forks and crisp white china, between her hands. Younger sister emerges, the end of the procession, with an impressive grenadilla cake balancing on one hand. "Be careful not to drop it! We wouldn't want such a beautiful home-made cake to be spoilt!"

"Yes, Gran," she replies with effort and turns to walk back to the television.

"Hardly 'home made'! You know I'm hopeless when it comes to baking, Mother," Mum comments.

"How about putting some time and effort into it. Every woman should be able to bake!" Gran proclaims. The first shots had been fired and the ruffled frill around her neck trembled.

"I don't think it is at all necessary in this day and age for a working woman to be able to bake. Besides, I have no time to waste on such things."

"Although I have already spoken to you about this matter, I find myself repeating my advice. Having children means an end to any career you may have wanted to follow." At this point Gran crossed her ankles, clasped her hands and asked: "Where is the bell? I want to call the girl to serve the tea." Even I knew that this was like dropping a bomb in Mum's territory. Gran wanted the war to begin.

"Mother! You know as well as I do that we do not treat Martha like a slave! What's wrong with you? Can't you even pour a cup of tea? I can't believe you! Haven't you changed in the last twenty years, because everyone else has and you were left in the thirties when black people were treated like slaves, and women spent their lives baking. I am embarrassed to know you sometimes, and in front of the children!"

"Oh dear", I mumbled realising that I was being dragged into what had turned into a full scale war in only a few sentences. Both Dad and Grandpa had wrinkled brows and neither looked at either warring party. The carpet and skirting boards were suddenly great works of art to be gazed at.

"Well, Kate? Do you agree with your mother that the way of life I am accustomed to is old-fashioned and to be embarrassed about?" Gran almost spat out the last few words. I shrank ten inches, edged to the rim of my seat and began tip-toeing towards the door, mumbling words like "Test tomorrow, homework" and "nice seeing you, Grandpa." Luckily Mum saved me from imminent destruction.

"How dare you involve her in our discussion! This had nothing to do with her!"

In the cool, peaceful hallway I could still hear the voices. Mind you, there were only two voices. A frantic loud one and a calm, determined, strong one.

Mum always taught me not to rise to a dare. "Rather be the mature one and back down before the situation gets out of hand," she always tells me. She gives good advice.

KATE MULLORD

THE VALLEY

I lay there.

The sun wrapped its warm, delicate rays around me. The grass padded a pillow for my head, and the soft sand cradled my body.

And I lay there, asleep.

Encircling me were mountains, friendly mountains, my mountains. With their high embrace they protected me, with all-seeing eyes they watched over me, and with nimble hands they stitched my soul together.

I awoke, rolled stiffly onto my back and surveyed my surroundings. My spirit soared up high.

I stood up, strong now, and started to stride, purposefully, nowhere in particular. Like a faithful dog, the wind darted about my heels.

I was king, king, and this beautiful valley my realm.

With an absurd hop and a skip and a jump I began to run, faster and faster. Faster and faster I wanted to explore every crevice of every forest, climb every tree, count every fish in my river and visit all my subjects on land.

So much to do, so little time.

Tick, tick, tick, tick.

STOP. And I stopped. The thorns prickled beneath my feet.

My crown, my robe, my sceptre - they crumbled and turned to dust. I was just Lucy - the girl next door once more.

Someone had penetrated the valley.

HEATHER YELLAND

THE ANT

Black streams with purpose

Build a certain destiny

Marching undeterred

KATIE MILLER

CHANGE

It lies gently, tickling the sand

Glistening pink, pale orange ripples

soothing purple music,

it calms me

Like my mother, my shelter

my comfort.

Her arm is on my side,

with her tender thoughts.

It opens up in anger and rage

no reason, erratic, powerful

It bursts into flame,

striking at every move,

Raging with anger,

How it has changed.

She changes too

from passive to thunder.

I cringe.

Overpowering waves come over me

Sinking under the weight,

under the words.

ALI BIDEN

A FAIRY-TALE FOR THE NINETIES: LITTLE RED GUCCI CAPE

There was once a young lady who lived in a large exquisitely furnished house in the middle of Constantia. The plot was five acres and the gardens were kept spotless by three gardeners. Tiffany had married well and was now a glamorous wife who spent her time shopping. Her favourite item of clothing was a little Gucci cape which suited her perfectly.

One day Tiffany decided to visit her old mother, who lay ill in a small house in Fish Hoek. She knew she should take her mother, something but could not be bothered to make it herself, and so she popped in to the Old Cape Farmstall, on her way out, to buy some fresh home-made biscuits.

Along the road to her mother, there were very many robots and at one of these, a huge black man wrenched open the door of her car and jumped in placing a knife against her throat. He wanted all her jewellery. Tiffany did not mind parting with it as her husband had given it to her and she had had it valued and found out that it was not real. So she gave it to him and asked him to leave her car. He did this, happy to have obtained the jewellery so easily. Looking slightly perturbed, Tiffany carried on.

When she reached her mother's house, she rang the doorbell and spoke in the intercom, so that her mother would open the safety gate and unlock all the locks on the front door. Her mother managed this eventually, and led her inside. The home was dingy and the furniture was old. Tiffany sat down to tea with her mother, hardly disguising her disgust and embarrassment. They talked about Tiffany's life as a wealthy man's wife, and about Tiffany's enormous home and ten servants, and about Tiffany's new B.M.W. They were just about to start talking about Tiffany's affair with a director of Woolworths, a man wealthier than her husband, when in burst two thugs.

"I knew I was stupid to come here!" screamed Tiffany hysterically. "I've been mugged and now I'm going to be killed."

Her mother, however, was wise and used to living in the 'new' South Africa, and pulled out a gun, shooting them dead. "Don't worry about the mess, dear, and no-one will even miss these two. We'll just put them out in the street."

The neighbourhood was quiet except for the sound of rushing traffic. No-one had heard the shots, and even if anyone had, they had taken no notice.

FISH

*I look through the glass bubble that divides our two worlds
And I meet your vacant stare.*

Your glassy, emotionless eyes gaze,

Unblinking.

One single small life suspended in water;

One tiny goldfish floats in its bowl

You senselessly circle the perimeter of your stagnant world;

Without a thought, without a worry

Without a point

JANEY WINHALL

STANDARD 8

THE WISE OLD WOMAN

*Thick grey hair
drawn into a dark brown net,
This was her crown of age!
Wrinkled, freckled skin
folded loosely around her arms, legs and neck,
This was a sign of the years gone by!
Pools of deep blue, thin eyelashes -
beautiful eyes -
hidden behind horribly thick glasses
Thin, straight lips
cracked with age,
brightened with a dash of pink.
"I'm eighty-four," she said, smiling,
Obviously proud of her age, her past golden years.
"But I'm contented," she continued
Glad that she had lived life to the full
Glad that she had no regrets.
Her smiling face suddenly looked tired
as if she had won a long race,
the race of life.
Life has worn her out
Life has satisfied her
And now,
life will leave her.
"Don't ever get old," she warned
Telling the world in fast words
to make the most of life
and to grow old
in the contentedness she found
"Enjoy your life while you're young, Honey! she chuckled
and continued,
"So, when death comes for you, you'll be ready!"*

ZENA WILLIAMS

PLEA TO THE GODS

*Apollo, rising in the east,
Bring with you the morning sun
Diana, wake your sleeping beasts,
All their dreams and slumbering done
Jupiter, brighten up the sky -
No more black, but sparkling blue
Hear the lark's new morning cry
See grass glisten with its clinging dew
Saturn, bless the lands and fields,
Ceres, the animals that they may bear,
May the crops please by their yields
Keep them in your loving care,
Gods and Goddesses, we ask of thee
Hear your mortals, hear their plea.
(A sonnet to the Roman gods and goddesses)*

HAYLEY BLAAUW

THE EYES OF MY SOUL

In his soft palm he holds the model of a dove carved by tender hands as a symbol of love.

Near our house there is a small stone church, next to which there is an even smaller graveyard. In the centre of the graveyard grows the most beautiful Silvertree I have ever seen. Each morning the light of the rising sun glistens on the dew which forms on its soft, silver leaves. If you take a step closer, and part the leaves to the trunk, you will see a plaque which bears the name of the grave: this name is Michael.

It is milky white and made from lifeless tusk. Its ivory features seem to glow in the dusk. And if by a miracle as with the love this wondrous creature grows from fledgling to dove.

It was his eyes I first noticed. The eyes that showed no expression. They were pale blue, speckled with grey flecks like foam tattooed on the sea. They were beautiful eyes. Yet, because of an accident, he could not see.

Even without his eyes, there was so much Michael could see inside me. He was the best friend I ever had. His favourite thing was nature, especially a glen with a river running through it. I can see it from the graveyard. He could sit there for hours and just listen.

Though his eyes hardly bothered him, he hated being in a confined space with no escape.

*From the branches of my heart a sweet song is heard,
Uttered by the beak of a single white bird.*

I can remember the day it happened so clearly. I only heard when I got home from school. His soul had been taken by the soul carrier, the crow, some hours before. They said it was instant. The pain pierced my heart like a knife of sorrow and my heart wept cold tears of warm blood.

So in sight of morning he swells up his chest and twitters joyously; love pounds in my breast. But the boy-child is stumbling, the trinket will fall like the unmissed toy of a child this small. So love's own preacher is pierced through the heart and the knit of my soul is torn apart.

It was a Thursday morning at twenty past eight, Michael's bus was heading towards his school. As usual he sat in the back. The bus stopped at a train crossing. The gates were open, but, as it began to cross, the bus stalled.

The busdriver opened the doors and fled. Some of the more able children followed. Michael, because of his phobia, knew the perfect escape. He kicked out the back window. Instead of saving himself he helped the children to escape. The bus must have been rattling as a train approached and Michael's acute hearing must have picked up every sound that train made.

And the shattered model dove whose life's blood is bled like my beautiful love is now pronounced dead.

The train driver hit the emergency brakes, but still the train slammed into the bus at 30 km/h. There was an explosion. Colours lit the sky. Shattered souls became lonely stars. Six children and Michael were killed.

So we learn that the fate of beauty even so small could be, should we not stop it, the fate of us all.

Michael's eyes can see me in my dreams. Those eyes like tender comforts, like the eyes of an ancient guardian, keeping watch. Life and death are separated by so fine a thread, yet the difference can make one's soul weep

CIARA LOUW

IMAGES OF YOU

The world is dark around me as I lie awake and think. Think of you. I think of this mystery thing. Someone or something: a phantom, perhaps, which haunts my mind. I cannot see it, but I can hear, smell, touch and taste it. It tortures me, swirling around in my head, making me sick. But what or who is it?

I can hear its breathing. The strange, distorted sounds fill my ears and mind. Are they words or are they just rasping, gasping, groaning, spitting, grating, hoarse sounds?

I can smell it. The vulgar odour, like that of sweat or vomit, of cod-liver oil or urine. The pungent smell invades my nose, like the troops on Normandy. That vile reek just will not go away!

I touch it. It is rough, like the tongue of a cat. Its jagged edges cut deep into my skin and tear me apart. The calloused feel of it makes me shudder and jerk my hand away.

I can taste it. It is foul and I feel sick. My stomach burns and groans and my mouth spits with disgust. It makes me retch.

My eyes glare when I hear it, they shut tight when I smell it, they burn when I touch it and they water when I taste it. But why do they not see it? What and where is this thing that haunts me?

My brain begins to swell and swirl. I feel as though I am tumbling through the air or as though I am drowning. I feel faint and cannot stand up straight. My legs are weak and I cannot feel my toes. My arms are like lead and hang like a piece of meat on a stake. My mouth tries to say something, but only sounds of a dying bird escape. Saliva drips from my lips and my teeth chatter and bite my tongue. My nose runs and I gasp for air.

I begin to sob. Tears roll down my cheeks and wet my hair. They roll like boulders caught in snow in an avalanche. But why am I crying? What is it that fills me with fear, anger, anguish and sorrow? The realisation that this phantom, this monster, is actually me! Not any more are they images of you, but of me.

Why me? The terrible thing wraps around me like a black cloak. It envelops me and will not let me go. My wheelchair grips me in the day and my straps do so at night. A disease runs and ruins my life. A disease which I cannot cure, one that cripples me for life: cerebral palsy.

Every night, I lie awake and think of you. That terrible monster, which does not live normally. I try to imagine it as you: a phantom. If only this could all be yours and not mine.

KATE BLOCH



PENNY WALLER

A DAY IN THE LIFE ...

The clock on the office wall ticked five and Mr Cleary finished off the last bits of paper work, before locking up the office and beginning his leisurely stroll home. What a relief. Another working week had come to an end and Mr Cleary could feel the huge grey cloud being removed from above his head, as he began his walk home along the busy streets, with his stick tapping on the pavement. It was getting on towards Christmas and signs and decorations in the brightest colours were up everywhere for the city to admire. But it was the smell of the pine trees and the beautiful songs of the carol singers that Mr Cleary enjoyed and he breathed in the freshness and hummed along to the carols as he walked.

As planned, Mr Cleary made his way to the small toy shop owned by his friend, Ms Ellie. He was a regular customer there, for he loved to spoil his grandchildren with gifts, especially at Christmas time.

The next fifteen minutes were spent 'oohing-and-aaahing' various toys with Ms Ellie.

"How about this lovely pink one?" she would say, but in the end it was the one with the softest touch and cuddliest feel that Mr Cleary would choose, despite the colour. Eventually a fully laden and undoubtedly poorer Mr Cleary left the toy shop and continued his walk home.

As he rounded the street corner and made his way towards the park, a few children swished by him on their bicycles, almost sweeping him off his feet. "Watch where you're going, old timer!" they shrieked as they passed, laughing at the same time. Mr Cleary chuckled to himself at the irony of the statement and then went on to think about the coming holidays: Christmas lunch with the whole family, and other Christmas related things.

In the park, children laughed and screamed hysterically and dogs ran aimlessly around, marking their territories in any place possible. Beautiful white swans swam gracefully in the pond and a few people stood around and threw bread-crusts to them, their eyes filled with admiration for such heavenly creatures. But Mr Cleary walked on, with not even a glance.

The air was chilly and the city was getting dark by the time Mr Cleary arrived home. A warm fire awaited him, as did a delicious cooked supper, prepared by his housekeeper, Maria. He ate hungrily, for he'd been too busy at work even to think of food.

When Mr Cleary finally did go to bed, the bright moon shone powerfully through his bedroom window, backed up by its army of stars. Whereas most people would have drawn the curtains to get rid of the light, Mr Cleary left them open. For the brightness of the moon and stars did not bother him. He didn't notice it, just as he hadn't noticed the colour of the teddy bears in the shop or the magnificence of the swans in the park. For Mr Cleary was blind; he knew not of the beauty of light and colour; only of darkness. And it was in that darkness that Mr Cleary fell into a deep sleep.

LUCIE JEFFERY



LIZZY BIGGS



CAROLINE BOYES



PATRICIA ANGELUCCI



CATHERINE BRUCE

STANDARD 6

MY BEDROOM

The white door is open. Covering it is a delicately cross-stitched sign saying, "Victoria's Bedroom". It gives the impression of neatness and beauty and then there's Brad Pitt! Pulled out of a "You" magazine and standing next to another poster, this time Leonardo di Caprio, another impression is made - a teenage girl. Under Brad and Leonardo is a giant-sized poster of Randy Gardener and Tai Babilana, two ice skaters who were brilliant just a few years ago. Already parts of my life are revealed.

Take two steps in and look around, Dieter Brimmer, clothes, a bed, surfers, Josee Chouinard, cupboards, magazines and ice skates! It's not a large room, in fact, quite small, but it's full of life. Through the windows, over the bed, the sun streams in and makes the peach and cream colours brighter. In a few hours this light will die and the shadows of the afternoon will take its place, giving a peaceful and cool look. Movement - a lazy, ginger cat stretches his limbs and snuggles deeper into the cushions on the green couch. Above him are many posters of famous ice skaters and a huge one of a girl holding a rose. This poster's in black, grey and white with only a bit of colour dabbed here and there. On the back of the door is a large piece of construction paper, messages, pictures and signatures are written

Cast your eyes to another place. Ah, a desk, it's cluttered with photographs (framed, of course), make up, brushes, papers and other memorabilia. A cassette lies half-on and half-off the desk - "Aaliyah".

About half a metre away from the desk are cupboards. These too are covered, only this time they are only skating things. Good luck cards, articles from magazines, I.D. cards from various competitions and newspaper clippings. If you dare to, open one of the cupboard doors. A large, black C.D. player lies in the bottom of the cupboard, shoes and C.D.s surround it, and there is a second pair of ice skates. Raise those curious eyes of yours and see the row of different coloured garments. Brown, black and cream seem to be the dominant colours here. Close the door.

Have a last look around.

This is my bedroom - the biggest key to opening the door to my life.

VIKKI BELCHERS

THE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

The big, white book with loose pages that are falling out is my memory. It's my memory of the past and filled with my dreams for the future. Without it, without the photos that make my memories come alive, everything I remember would just be one big blur of events from the past to the present. There are photographs from when my granny was a little girl to the present day and every one of these has a special meaning and a memory for me.

Leafing through the pages filled with memories I remember some things that I want to and some that I do not, but have to. I look at my favourite photo. One of my granny. It is so old that it is brown and curling at the corners. My granny is smiling and laughing. I never saw her smile in real life. She had diabetes and was depressed. My granny passed away last Friday, and I don't want to remember her as a frowning old lady. The photograph helps me to erase that particular memory and in its place have a pretty, happy lady as my granny.

My dreams for the future begin around the middle of this treasured book with my parents' wedding photos. Both of them are smiling broadly and I dream of the day that I will be smiling the same way too. I wonder if I'll wear a simple, white dress like my mom's or an elaborate one, like those one sees in magazines! Hopefully, I will marry someone slightly better looking than my dad!

Then there is a photograph of each of the stages of my life. Nibbling my toes, crawling, walking, going to school ... my whole life is in that album!

There are thousands of photographs in my album and I could write an essay on each and every one, because each of them is so amazingly special and important.

So, I close the family photograph album, with a big bang and bury it under all the other meaningless albums. The book might be closed, but thoughts are swarming through my head like bees. My memories are alive again.

MARGIE GIE

I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FINEST COUPLE I KNOW - MY PARENTS:

They are not the ordinary, nagging, old-fashioned parents - they are my parents, and I love them with all my heart. I love their old stories about when they were young, and, I love especially their thoughtfulness. If they hear that one of their children is down, they immediately know how to make him or her happy again. I don't know what it is, but it is obviously something parents are blessed with.

As I am the 'laat lammetjie' of the family, everyone says that I know my parents backwards. Well, I suppose I do. I know their expressions, their thoughts and especially what they are going to say next. For example, when my dad is pleased with something he usually repeats what he says, and it's so funny because sometimes I repeat it with him.

My mum, on the other hand, is just as loving and wonderful as my dad is. She is the one who holds the family together. For example, my older brother and sister live away from home, out of Cape Town actually, and she is the one that picks up the phone to ask them how they are. If it weren't for her we would be as isolated as two snails on either side of a tennis court.

But wonderful as they are as individuals, they are more wonderful as a couple. Together they could conquer the world. The most important priority in their lives is their children and if they aren't happy, my parents aren't happy. I suppose that shows how strong the link is between parents and their children.

They are also the funniest people I know and if one gets them on a roll, they usually never stop! What fascinates me the most are their marvellous stories about when they were young. It amazes me to think how different it was for them, growing up, and having to adjust to the 1990's.

They are also very flexible, in the sense that they don't nag and nag, but know where to draw the line. The nice thing, though, is that I think that I am mature enough to know what to ask them and what not to ask them. If I do ask them something, I usually know what their reaction will be and I sometimes agree. If I don't agree, on the other hand, I know deep inside that what they are saying is right, but I like to have my say anyway.

Last of all, I would just like to add that if you haven't met my parents yet, you are missing out on something huge!

EMMA MCADAM

HOW TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL PARTY

First of all you have to consider why you are having a party? Is it a birthday? Is it seasonal? Is it a surprise?

For a good party, your choice of guests is critical. At a child's party you don't want Great-Aunt Mavis droning on about the time her cat got stuck up a tree, or Uncle Cyril telling you about the war, and Bert's life revolves around cigarettes, beer and T.V. Rather invite Mike, who's the funniest guy you know, or Katie, who's a great dancer.

The number of people is something else you have to work out. See how much room, money and food you have before inviting five hundred.

Where you have your party is very important. You are not going to have Percy's one hundredth birthday in a disco, or Jamie's Christening at a football club.

Now, are you going to drink from paper cups or crystal glasses? Are you going to use chopsticks or fingers? Will there be a clown or a stripper? Think carefully.

The day before the party

Put up any decorations, tidy the house, buy the drinks. Try to make any food that you can. Of course, if your dinner is coming from Chu-Ling's down the road, at about six tomorrow evening, you don't need to worry.

The party

Ding Dong!

ARGH! The first guests are here, and they're half-an-hour early. Keep calm. Invite them in and talk about the weather. Offer drinks and snacks. Conversation will turn around. The other guests start arriving. Put on music, dance, karaoke, anything, as long as you don't show home-movies about Charlotte's first steps or Jason's trip to a brick factory.

Soon, the time will come for your guests to leave. Thank them, and offer them some cake to take home. Say good-bye, and go to sleep!

VANESSA CHRISTIE

I AM A CAT CONVERT

It is understandable why many people prefer dogs to cats, especially, I would think, the male sex. A cat will not run up to you in manic ecstasy, fawning at your feet, enthusiastically slobbering on your shoes and lashing its sides with its tail. Nor will it come and lay its head in your lap, nudging hand with nose for attention. It will not sit and stay and fetch and jump on command.

The cat is, generally, far less expressive than the dog, to the point that some people would consider it as having a cold personality. But the cat's warmth and charm, its magic, is in that exact subtlety of nature.

Is it not much more special and meaningful when the cat awards preference to your lap over the couch or hearth? That silent leap, the soft landing, the firm kneading motion and the hypnotic purr rising in the cat's silky throat is in its own way far more touching and bonding than the dog's immediate rush for attention at every opportunity. One feels the cat is giving you attention, doing you a favour, rather than the other way round.

The fact that it much less readily obeys a command can be misunderstood as arrogance. See it rather as a friend, not a pet, and your relationship with your cat will improve and deepen. The cat has needs and a right to respect. The cat deserves privacy, time alone, a space to be natural and follow its instincts. These are all very human characteristics, and a closer look reveals many more. The cat experiences embarrassment and sensitivity to emotions. It understands politeness and is neat and hygienic.

If you strive to understand the way your cat's mind, and other cats' minds, work, they will appreciate your efforts. If you come across a strange cat you wish to befriend, do not by any means run and pick it up. The fear of being entrapped is the worst for any cat. Do not even try to stroke it. Instead drop to your haunches, stay still, and blink your eyes several times slowly in the cat's general direction, but not directly to its face. This is a "peace" or "I'm friendly" signal and the cat may react in any way from dropping its guard very slightly to bounding over in delight at your courtesy. Follow by holding out your fingers - a titbit between them might help. One cat may be much warier than another, but on no account make the first move forward. If the cat approaches you, try sniffing noses in greeting.

I own two cats, an elegant ginger-and-white male, Sassy, and a fluffy calico queen, Peppermint. They are very different characters, but both respond appreciatively to being understood and respected, and in turn reward me with their tolerance and the odd friendly gesture here and there.

The friendship of a cat is a special thing, and I have never stopped enjoying the quiet, mysterious and fascinating magic about them. When you experience this, you'll be a cat convert too.

JULIA SMUTS-LOUW

AUNT MILDRED'S DRIVING LESSONS

Good grief! Dad was rather upset! Who could blame him? His precious "family car" was in quite a state. It was partly his fault, I suppose. I think it was dad's old college friend, George's, idea. Dad invited him over for "a drink or two", that's when it started.

It was more than two, I can tell you, and somehow Aunt Mildred came into the conversation (how, I still don't know). George wanted to know how she was getting on, and dad told him the truth - she was a dotty old woman who thought she was the "World's No. 1 Grand Prix driver" and spent hours in the bath "revving" the plug.

"Why don't you let her give it a try?" asked George.

"Never!" said dad. "I think that beer's too strong for you."

"No, seriously, Bill, think of the advantages. If she doesn't manage, let her stick to changing gears on the hot tap, but if she does, you won't have to be the family's taxi driver any more."

"Yes, but ..." protested dad. In the end George won him over and Aunt Mildred was informed.

They started with something simple, like how to work the indicators. I personally thought that showing her how to unlock a door would have been more appropriate.

The day came when dad was going to let Aunt Mildred drive the car down the street by herself. She hadn't been more excited since the tenth anniversary of the day when Farmer Brown's cow gave birth to twin calves. She phoned all her bridge partners the night before to come and watch her.

Crash helmet secured firmly on her pale blue perm, Aunt Mildred eased the car out of the driveway, and "CRASH!!!" collided with the postbox. Great Aunt Martha thought it was part of the show and was very proud indeed. Dad wasn't. The fender came off and the postbox broke. Aunt Mildred was rather impressed with herself and said she thought it looked "just like the movies!"

Aunt Mildred did not have another driving lesson.

LAUREN MORLEY

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF NEWS

CHRISBEE - A TRIBUTE TO A SENIOR TEACHER AND FRIEND

When I arrived at Herschel fresh from teaching at an all-boys' school in Athlone during the heady days of school boycotts in the mid-eighties, one of the first people to greet me was Chris Brathwaite. And what a relief to find someone who understood me in my state of culture shock, because her work for the Black Sash meant that she felt deeply about the political anguish of life in the townships then. And then what fun it was to talk about books, and find that she was a prodigious reader who had nurtured the school library into a centre of enrichment and exploration. As I began to become involved in the chapel and Christian Union, there was Chris, whose deep faith made her a bastion of the Christian life in the school - many Old Girls will remember fondly those camps at Baines Kloof and the Transkei Mud waiting for us at the end of a long hike. And every Standard Nine will remember the amazing food at the Hermanus Camps - not to mention the Staff and those lemon meringue pies!

Then there was the Herschel Appeal, which led to the building of the Theatre and the transformation of our school life. Somehow the theatre still echoes with Chris. I wonder how many people remember the staff play, "See How They Run", and a certain inebriated spinster with big bloomers! And the growth of the Resource Centre - and all the functions which happened so smoothly because Chris organised everything. I think even the girls were aware of the anguished cries that often rose in the staffroom: "Where is...?" or "How can I...?" which were met with a mixture of Chris's motherly concern, firm handling and the solving of all our problems.



It was probably the experience gained through her great zest for life and her willingness to face challenges even at the risk of falling flat on her face - which very rarely happened - that gave Chris her great understanding and concern for people. She was for us the archetypal mother. Girls and staff alike were supported again and again by her capacity to listen and to understand what they were going through, and her ability to provide practical solutions to problems. This must be one of the factors which made her so eminently suited to her new work with St Luke's Hospice, which she started in July. We wish her every success and happiness. We miss her.

PADDY ALLEN



Ann Thompson and "Mevrou"

TOTSIENS MEVROU!

In the annals of Herschel, is daar nou 'n legende
'n naam wat by almal is herkende!
"Wie is dit?" vra jy?
'Is it someone we know?'
Ek is trots om te sê dit is Bernice Louw.
She's worth millions to Herschel
Ja - die hoogste prys!
'Cause, jislike - sy kan onderwys!
She is so conscientious - sy werk soos 'n slaaf!
By Vrydag se vergadering, is sy vas aan die slaaf!
There's a message here for you Mrs Duff ...
These meetings have gone on quite long enough!
Remember us all, wees dit sonskyn of reën
As jy speel by die huis met jou oulike kleinseun!
We're all sorry you're going and we want you to know
Ons sal almal verlang na ons liewe Mevrouw!

BARBARA ERASMUS

Hatched!



*Lucy van der Merwe
born November 1994*



*David Taylor born
September 1995*



*Megan Engelbrecht
born October 1995*

Matched!



*Helen Lightfoot and Wayne Burnett
to be married in March 1996.*



*Andrew Scott and Paula Do Rego plan to
marry in November 1996.*

And Moving On!



*Joan Houston looks forward to the
tranquillity of Mc Gregor.*

Caroline d'Unienville moves to France.

*Bryony Poulter expects her first baby in Fe-
bruary 1996.*

*Jenni Case moves to UCT's Engineering Fa-
culty.*

PREPARATORY

PREPARATORY SCHOOL REPORT

I am happy to report that my first year at Herschel has been a pleasant learning experience. The staff, parents and our pupils have been most welcoming and I have made many new friends.

It is an interesting and exciting time to be involved in education; not only is schooling in our country faced with major structural and budgetary changes, but there are challenging new fields such as the Integrated Thematic Approach to teaching and the Internet information highway to be explored and mastered. It seems that the global village has contracted quite markedly during the last year.

Despite these advances in technology and teaching, we must not forget that we are each unique beings and that the basic requirements of security, nurturing, guidance and love have not diminished in importance. Indeed, there is a perception that some of our children are growing up "too quickly" and that these essential human needs are being overlooked.

The greater emphasis on the individual has brought with it the need to ensure that our children are equipped with the life skills necessary to cope with the demands of modern society. The increasing equality of the sexes has brought about a situation where girls as well as their male counterparts need to have such diverse skills as entrepreneurship, financial acumen, combined with careful career planning. Career paths are less defined than they were relatively a few years ago.

We are moving ahead with our efforts to deal with some of the issues that I have raised. An exciting development for next year will be the introduction of an Integrated Thematic Approach to teaching. This method involves the teaching of skills, concepts and attitudes applied to a diversity of subjects. It has been found to be particularly effective in retaining the interest and attention of pupils, who are able to employ skills such as problem solving, research and reasoning in the acquisition of knowledge.

I hope that you enjoy this section of the magazine which reflects the achievements and interests of the younger members of the Herschel family.

MRS JENNY THOMPSON

REPORT ON JOHN PAMA CONCERT

The visit to Herschel by the John Pama choir has become a highlight of the school calendar. Led by Lydia Ciya, the choir sang a combination of English and Xhosa songs, culminating in both the choir and the school singing "Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika." The Standard Fives were invited onto the stage to join the choir in singing the national anthem and, had they been allowed to, the whole school would have joined them on stage to stamp feet, hold hands and dance at this happy occasion.



LYNDALL TUFT

PREP SCHOOL PRODUCTIONS

We have had two productions in the Preparatory School this year. In March, the Standard Fives, along with Western Province Preparatory School, presented a one act play. "Abu Hassan pays his Debts" was the story of a wily Arab who manages to scheme his way out of a tricky situation.

In June we had our major production, involving all the girls in Standards Four and Five. A pantomime version of the Cinderella story was presented, with staff members playing the roles of the ugly sisters. It was a happy production and a real Prep School effort, with help and support from many staff members and parents. Musical direction was by Mrs Alison Tyson, Annette Woolley was the producer (otherwise known as Bella and Ella).

MRS ANNETTE WOOLLEY - Drama Teacher



ROMY FUCHS





PREPARATORY STAFF

Back Row: *Mrs M. Soole, Mrs A. Tyson*

3rd Row: *Mrs R. Rosenbaum, Mrs C. Blencowe, Mrs B. Lawrence, Mrs M. Bonellie, Miss S. Gibbings, Mrs A. Mace, Mrs L. Pullen, Mrs P. Hanekom*

2nd Row: *Miss G. Young, Mrs J. Henderson, Mrs C. Tatz, Mrs H. Bailey, Mrs A. Woolley, Mrs C. Meihuizen, Miss L. Jefferson, Miss W. Boy, Mrs G. Bakker*

Seated: *Mrs Bossr, Mrs M. Nixon, Mrs J. Munro, Mrs E. Bray, Mrs J. Thompson, Mrs M. Butler, Mrs M. Cowling, Mrs C. Hirshon, Mrs M. Sleigh*



PREPARATORY ORCHESTRA

Back: *Nathalie du Preez, Tamsin Ranger, Gaia Giovannini, Madalena da Camara, Anna Raimondo, Vicky Sweatman, Kate Chambers, Jacqui Grouwstra, Debbie McDonald*

2nd Row: *Lauren Heller, Kerry-Anne Heeger, Lauren Woolley, Nicole Fasham, Leigh Duffett, Fiona MacKay, Alex Trengove-Jones, Sarah Wesson, Tatum Cochrane*

3rd Row: *Katy Carkeek, Ilhaam Crombie, Kate Mann, Tadinka Vasiljevic, Emma Whitehead, Lisa Meintjies, Katherine Pickard, Marina Pape,*

Seated: *Lee-Ann Dell, Victoria Madden, Victoria Gull, Miss J. Ward, Jacqui Pickup, Julia Thorpe, Kayleigh Davel*



PREPARATORY CHOIR

Back Row: *Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes, Bridget Cochrane, Alex O'Keefe, Lauren Elliot, Anna Raimondo, Gaia Giovannini, Juliette Bryant, Vicky Sweatman, Yvette Pelsler, Jacqui Grouwstra*
 2nd Row: *Pippa O'Donoghue, Olivia Christian, Sarah Wesson, Helana McKenzie, Kim Round, Fiona McKay, Tamsin Ranger, Nicole Fasham, Alexandra Trengove-Jones, Leigh Duffett, Louise Milne, Alex Cawood, Ilhaam Crombie*
 3rd Row: *Lauren Heller, Kim Whitaker, Lauren Woolley, Bianca Vos, Vanessa Wood, Chessa Louw, Leanne Dittmer, Tanya de Nobrega, Anne-Marie da Camara, Megan Lucas, Romy Vietri, Emma Whitehead*
 4th Row: *Angela Church, Kim du Preez, Caryn Buchanan, Debbie McDonald, Lauren Steyn, Zuki Dhudla, Madalena da Camara, Alex Pattison, Angela Rawson, Candice Klotz, Jayne Hendrikse, Mrs A. Tyson*
 5th Row: *Maja Snoek, Megan Lloyd-Roberts, Cailey Gordon, Holly Atkinson, Sheenagh Bruce, Jade Watkins, Tegan Boyd, Kayleigh Weldon, Kayleigh Davel, Beth Housden, Tiffany Vos, Victoria Gull, Jessica Schipper*
 6th Row: *Sophia Lehr, Mary Waller, Tacinka Vasiljevic, Lauren Clifford-Hobmes, Catherine Stuart, Fiona Bain, Megan Hatton, Mary-Kate Versveld*
 7th Row: *Selena Afnan-Holmes, Nisha Desai, Katherine Pickard, Lara Bechet, Phillipa Slingsby, Marina Pape, Sarah Whitehead, Tammy Farrell, Ashleigh Kohn*
 Front Row: *Qaqamba Gqobo, Jo-Anne Haw, Cassie Weir, Victoria Madden, Katy Carkeek, Pia Minchener, Andrea Larson*



PREFECTS

Back Row: *Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes, Bridget Cochrane, Madalena da Camara*
 Seated: *Leigh Duffett, Zuki Dhudla, Mrs J. Thompson, Lauren Elliot, Mrs E. Bray, Caryn Buchanan, Harriet Beamish*

STANDARD 5

PRAYER BEFORE BIRTH

*I am not yet born, Oh hear me
please help me to make my fear of
losing people disappear and make
me not afraid of the dark.*

*I am not yet born
If it is not a problem
please provide me with long blonde
hair and a slim body,
and the willpower not to bite my nails.*

*I am not yet born
Please help me to treat people well
so that they will treat me as I treat them.
Please prepare me for what life may have in store for me
and let me deal with it in a mature way.*

*I am not yet born
Help me to work well
and help me to fulfil my dream
of being able to perform in
front of people.
And finally becoming a famous actress.*

LOTTE EGERTON-HOBBS



MARINA PAPE

MY GRANDMOTHER

My grandmother is old and grey but she tries to be cheerful. She lives alone with only the walls to talk to. Her eyes are sad and you can see her loneliness. She is an excellent cook but now has no one to share her meals with. Spread around her house are photos of all her memories through her life. She loves to read about her home, East Africa, and think of my grandfather. I used to go to her house so often as a small child, and talk to her about things that I couldn't talk to anyone else about. Now, as I am growing older, I hardly ever get to see her and I feel sad and I think she does too. She lives in a block of flats next to a canal and she loves to go and walk down the canal right to the end and along the way she just sits on the old wooden benches and thinks.

She does not care for television or anything modern and I think she wishes life was like it was "in the good old days!" as she calls them. She used to live in a flat with a garden which she loved to work in. It was very small but pretty. She has since moved to another flat and she has all her plants, which she really cares for, sitting on the balcony.

PIPPA O'DONOGHUE

DEATH OF A TREE

*On top of a hill
Stands a tree.
It's not an ordinary tree,
It's my favourite tree.
It stands there naked
in the wind,
It's anorexic branches
tossed about aimlessly.
They do not grow
They do not shrink
The arms that stretch out for more.
The roots sleep quietly
in the dark.
Their job is done
they can relax.
The leaves that once cloaked
this magnificent tree have disappeared years ago.
On top of a hill
Stands a tree.
It's not an ordinary tree,
There it stands
Struck by death,
For lightning killed it
piercing it's heart.
It stands there all alone.*

KATE MANN

GOODBYE

*We were all standing there
waiting for it to happen
my mother, my dad, my brother and me.
I could feel the lump in my throat,
and already felt lost,
My mother made jokes to cheer me up
but inside I felt sad and unhappy.
We sat there in silence,
and then they called out our flight.
I felt worse than ever,
tears were running down my face
my brother and I said goodbye
and departed.
I sat down,
and the loneliness and emptiness,
was unbearable.*

VICKY SWEATMAN



KERYN MOORE

Std 5 Activities 1996



Camp at Melkbos



"Die Sirkus"



Tins for Claremont Shelter



Table Mountain: a clear, cold stream!



Walking Club

Brede River Weekend





Std. 4

Betty's Bay Camp



The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe party



HAPPINESS IS.....

What a delight it is
when I lie in the pool,
with ice cream dripping
down my face
and the cool water beneath me

NICOLE FASHAM

What a delight it is
to be having a bad dream
and then wake up
to find that it
is not true

LOUISE MILNE

What a delight it is
When you've had a hard week,
And you come home to the weekend
with no school work to do,
just fun ahead of you.

OLIVIA CHRISTIAN

What a delight it is
Every Thursday evening,
to go down to Hout Bay.
Get on the back of a beautiful horse
And ride till you drop.

LEONIE KIDD

What a delight it is
when I stand on a scale
that tells nothing but lies
and says I look like
a champion model

CRISTI LITTLE

What a delight it is,
To sit in front of a roaring fire,
Toasting marshmallows and reading a good book
Watching the flames leap up the chimney
And warming my cold body.

BIDDY COCHRANE

What a delight it is
When you know that you
haven't got any home-work,
And you can lie on your bed
and read an interesting book

GAIA GIOVANNINI

What a delight it is
When I go home and see my mother,
who's always there to greet me.
With her warm smile as big as ever
And a loving hug.

SHAKEELA ABBAS

What a delight it is,
to climb out of the bath
and snuggle up in bed,
on a cold winter's night,
with a real good book.

MADALENA DE CAMARA

What a delight it is
when in the morning I awake
and think that it is Wednesday
but then I realize
it is Saturday

CAILEY GORDON

What a delight it is
when I wake up in the morning
and my brother is sick
so I can go to the ice rink
with a friend instead

JULIA WINFIELD

What a delight it is
When I'm having an argument
with my sister,
and my mother
takes my side

ROBYN FERGUSON

What a delight it is
When my mom decides
To boil up the last of the spinach
Then changes her mind
And bakes potatoes instead

JACQUI GROWSTRA

What a delight it is
when my dog, Jessy, digs my mom's plants
and she finds out that
where Jessy has been digging
There is a dead mole.

CARYN STANLEY



ALEXANDRA ROBINS



OLIVIA RUMBLE

STANDARD 4

AN ANGRY FOUNTAIN

*It used to be like a quiet mountain
But now it's like an angry fountain
Throwing out flying stones
Which land on the poor people's homes
Red hot lava pours down its slopes
All the people have their hopes
As it stops
The noise drops
Now it's like a quiet mountain
Not like an angry fountain.*

PHILIPPA BRAITHTWAITE

GUIDEDOG

*Here we go out of the house.
Whoops! don't chase after that mouse.
Slowly now as we cross the street.
Careful, beware of the people we meet.
A cat! Do not bark.*

*Up the steps one, two, three
Through the door go you and me.
I greet all the people that I see.*

*At his work, at last we're here!
A place where all the people care.
I sit and wait till half past four.
Then it's time to walk out of the door.
And make the journey home once more.*

KIRSTEN BEETS

ANIMAL CARS

*An ageing anaconda,
From the Amazon, drove a Honda
A youthful polar bear,
Resided in the rear.
Thus seated, some say, these two
Drove right around the zoo!
A European Bison
From Frankfurt, drove a Nissan
A large brown bear named Rolf,
Owned a speedy little Golf.
These two, racing at Killarney,
Were a splendid sight to see!*

MELISSA LOUDON

WHERE DID THE MOON GO?

*I never saw the moon that night
There wasn't even a star in sight
The night was as silent as can be
There wasn't a wave upon the sea
I saw a figure in the distant light
I jumped out of bed and turned on the light
I saw him more clearly as he hobbled along
I wondered if he was hungry or if something was wrong
He came to the door, he was tired and thin
So I opened it wide and let him come in
I gave him some clothes and a pair of shoes
I gave some food - but not any booze
He told me he was from the moon
and God had sent him to my room
He said the stars and the moon would be back at seven
He needed them as there was a power failure in heaven*

ANGELA RAWSON

SERENGETI

*The sun beats down on the barren land,
Gnus are galloping, kicking up sand,
They're looking for grass, searching the plains,
Thirsty, hungry waiting for the rains.*

*A few days later, they begin the trek,
For some Gnus their lives it would wreck,
Moving day after day, 5000 miles or more,
Always in danger, from the animal with the roar!!*

*They're hot and tired but wander on still,
A leopard's in the bushes picking its kill,
She silently slinks through the grasses and reeds
And Waits for her chance as they quietly feed.*

*They reach their destiny, they're finally there,
Luckily few have died (that is very rare),
Across the sky rolls a dark looming cloud,
From the heavens there's thunder, it's very loud!*

*They need no more time there, they have to go home,
Along with their newborn, southwards they roam.
They start the long trek, but they'll be back next year,
Another long journey of triumph and fear.*

FIONA MACKAY

EVERYBODY'S A WINNER

A couple of days ago, the Jungle Olympics of '95 were held in the Toshakana Jungle. This year it was well hosted by the Gorillas. About 200 years ago they hosted it and it was the most spectacular day.

The day started off well for the kangaroos, seeing that they won the hurdles, the high jump and the long jump but when it came to the other events, they had no chance at all. In all the water events, it was obvious that no-one would give the hippos any competition. As a result the champions came out of the river smiling from ear to ear.

Every single athletic event was won by the cheetahs. In the end the cheetahs won overall by a mile. The most important thing was the participating and not the winning.

GABY PHARO

WORLD CUP '95

*Everyone wants to jive.
Because it's World Cup '95.
Thursday was a happy day,
When we made the Aussies pay.
When the Boks scored a try,
The crowds weren't shy.
It wasn't easy
Because the Aussies had Campese.
We say Good Luck to our team.
And hope they'll keep it clean.
We hope we'll win the World Cup '95.
And show the world that we're alive!*

JESSICA STUBBS

WHERE IT GOES NOBODY KNOWS

*I see the tornado coming
Immediately I start running.
I see a tree being whisked away
It seems as if it is no longer day.
It comes and goes, as if it knows
How quickly it can destroy
Something as if it were a toy.*

JOANNA RYAN

THE JUNGLE OLYMPICS

On Friday the annual Jungle Olympics was held in the heart of the jungle. It was a spectacular event! Everybody in the jungle turned up, even some foreigners. Before the events began, there was a wonderful parade held by all the competitors. The cheetah made up his colourful costume by stringing all his rosettes together. He had to hire three monkeys to carry the never-ending trail of rosettes. Afterwards a graceful water ballet demonstration was displayed by the local hippos. The hurdle event was a tight race between the giraffe and the kangaroo. In the end the kangaroo came out tops! The otter from South Westbanks managed to win the blue ribbon in the swimming race, and the cheetah won the short distance running. Giraffe won the high jump and the antelope won the long distance running. Last, but not least, the ants won the best sportsmanship cup. After an exciting, but tiring day, everyone went home smiling.

OLIVIA RUMBLE



GENIA NOWICKI



VICKY SHERWELL



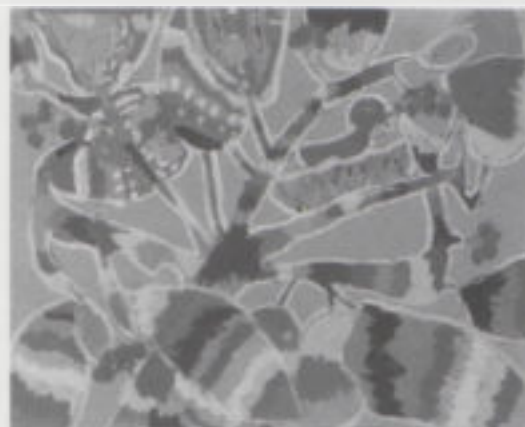
LISA COATES



BETH HOUSDON



JENNIFER STEYN



NATASHA HARDCASTLE

STANDARD 3

HOW THE OSTRICH GOT ITS NECK

One day Mrs Ostrich was walking in the field where she lived, when suddenly she saw a little hole, and out of the hole popped Mr Mole. They greeted each other and then Mrs Ostrich asked Mr Mole, "Mr Mole, what's it like living underground?" He said he loved it because it was cosy and it was just the way he liked it.

"Although I don't think you would like it because it's very dark, and I have always lived in the dark, but you have always lived in the light."

"Well, goodbye then," said Mrs Ostrich feeling startled, and they said goodbye and she left.

After she had been walking for about ten minutes she came to another hole, and out popped Mrs Snake. They said hello and then Mrs Ostrich asked Mrs Snake, "What's it like living underground?"

Mrs Snake said, "Well, I like it because it's cozy and just right for me, although I don't think you would like it because it's quite wet and you might be rather cold." So they said goodbye and Mrs Ostrich walked on.

After she had walked for about half an hour Mrs Ostrich came to another hole, but nobody popped out! Now Mrs Ostrich had been dying to see what it was like underground so she decided to pop her head in, and she did! In fact she stuck her head in so far underground that it got stuck and she pulled and she pulled and she PULLED, and every time she pulled her neck got longer and longer and LONGER, and at last her head popped out, but after it had popped out it felt very weird. Her neck felt big, so she ran to the nearest water hole and she looked in and saw a beautiful new ostrich! (You see she felt very proud.)

As she walked back to her little hut all the other animals cheered and shouted. They thought it was so nice, and then all the other ostriches saw her, and they all rushed off to go and find holes to stretch their necks and look as smart as Mrs Ostrich did.

And so from that day onwards, ostriches have always had long necks, but don't you go sticking your head in other people's holes because you might end up like Mrs Ostrich, but you WON'T be happy at all!

SOPHIE SUSMAN

MONSTERS

Do monsters exist in the world of children? Do they only come out at night, when all are sleeping, calm and still? Are they fierce, ferocious and bloodthirsty?

Or are they kind, generous and gentle?

Are they ugly, or pretty? Are they weak, or strong? Thin or fat? Or do they only exist in your imagination? If so, do adults imagine them too?

"Monsters probably don't exist at all," a grown-up would say. But a child would insist upon Monsters being real. "Rubbish! Look, I'll come upstairs and check under your bed and in your cupboard so you can see there are no monsters in your bedroom!"

That grown-up was able to show the child that there were no monsters in her bedroom but they are out there all right. What about poverty, sickness and death? They're monsters too, you know.

MEGAN LLOYD-ROBERTS

WORLD CUP RUGBY 1995

For me, the opening ceremony was very emotional

ANNE-MARIE DA CAMARA

The best part of the opening ceremony was when all the countries had a chance to waive their flags.

TERRI VAN DER LINDEN

The opening ceremony was great. The whole of S.A. went wild! I can't believe we won! I'm very sad that that player from Cote d'Ivoire was paralyzed.

LOUISE PARK-ROSS

The World Cup has affected our country. In some way people seem to be happier lately. I've also learnt a lot about the flags.

KATHY LOUGHTON

I can not believe South Africa beat Australia in the first match. I have started to like rugby better by trying to keep the score.

OLIVIA GARSON

After the first match we went home, and at the robots everyone was hooting their hooters because they were so happy that South Africa had won.

MARY WALLER

The most disappointing moments of the whole World Cup for South Africa was when our hooker was sent off after being in a fight with two Canadians. The World Cup affected me because my mom is watching rugby all the time and we can't do most of the things we normally do.

KIM DU PREEZ

ANIMAL ALLITERATION

*An Amazing African Ant Anxiously
Called the Cunning Crocodile Closer*
VICTORIA GULL

*The Keen Kind-hearted Khaki Koala
Carefully but Clumsily Climbed up
and Cuddled a Campher Tree*
LEXI LAMOND

*Enormous Elephant Esther was Exhausted
after Telling Enchanting Tales To the
Edgy Earthworm.*

BETH HOUSDON

WHY THE ANT IS SO SMALL

Long ago ant was not so small at all, in fact he was about as big as his cousin baboon. He had a whole army of big ants and he and his army used to boss the other animals around.

They would say "Cousin Ostrich, why aren't you working your hardest?" and cousin Ostrich would sigh and work her hardest which was very tiring. They went to cousin Zebra and said "Cousin Zebra, why aren't you working your hardest?" and cousin Zebra would sigh and work her hardest.

They saw cousin lion and said, "Cousin Lion, why aren't you working your hardest?" and cousin lion just sighed and worked his hardest. Soon the animals decided to hold a meeting about ant. "Right," said cousin lion (who was boss).

"We must think of a plan to stop ant being bossy." All the animals thought. Then cousin Hare said, "I know, I will go to the clever creator and ask him for help." The animals agreed.

Cousin Hare went to the creator, who was very clever, and said, "Clever Creator, ant and his army are bossing animals around." The creator got so cross that he made the ants small so that they could not boss animals around. The animals often tease ant and say, "Ant, why aren't you working hard?" and ant sighs and works his hardest. Now ant is still small.

GAIL WOMERSLEY

BOOK REVIEW

This book is called "The Fantora Family Photographs." The author's name is Adele Geras and the pictures were drawn by Tony Ross. The book was first published in 1993 in Great Britain. The book is fiction and a very exciting adventure. There's the grandmother whose name is Filomena and she tells the fortune in her knitting. The other characters are Eddie, who can grow anything anywhere and Rose, who can fly and loves to cook, and three children, Bianca, Marco and Francesca, who also have unusual powers. There is also Auntie Varvara who is a vegetarian vampire! The whole story is told by Ozy the cat.

One of the incidents I enjoyed was when Bianca went on camp to Henston Hall, and found one of the tough boys crying with homesickness. The other incident I enjoyed was when Marco had to go invisible at a cricket match, because the others were cheating.

HOLLY ATKINSON

HOW THE ZEBRA GOT HIS STRIPES

Long ago, at the beginning of the world, when God made the animals, the zebra was white. There was not a stripe to be seen. He was very proud of his strong, creamy, white colour. Then, one day, as he was looking at himself in the mirror, the tiger ran past. "Look at me, look at me, look at my wonderful stripes," he shouted as he ran. The zebra looked at him. "How come he has those special markings?" he said to himself, but as he thought about it, he preferred his creamy colour. Just then the leopard ran past. "Look at my wonderful spots!" he shouted. Soon more and more animals ran, hopped, slithered and flew past him. They all had special things on them. The peacock had a beautiful tail, the hedgehog has pikes, the python had lovely markings and so on.

"I can't believe God gave me no special markings," he thought to himself. I will have to go and get some. He walked boldly up to God. "What may I do for you, Zebra?" said God. "I would like some colourful stripes," said the zebra. God got out his paints and began to paint colourful stripes on the zebra. "There," he said with satisfaction, "I'm finished." "Oh my goodness! I look lovely," said the vain zebra. "Thank you." "Now remember, the paint is still wet. Do not go near a rainbow," said God. "I won't," said the zebra and he walked off proudly through the jungle.

Later on he saw a rainbow. Now in those days rainbows were black and white and they were like mirrors.

Totally forgetting God's warning, he rushed up to it to look at himself. As he did so, the greedy rainbow snatched up his colourful stripes and put his own black and white stripes on the zebra's body. There stood the colourful rainbow and the dull black and white zebra. That is how the zebra got his stripes.

LYNDALL TUFT

THE BICYCLE RIDE

I am tired and sweating. I'm puffing and panting and red in the face. It feels as though I'm in slow motion and my legs feel like jelly. Oh, I'm never going to get there, it looks like miles to the top. I'm hungry, I'm thirsty. Actually, I'm very, very thirsty. Ooh, I'm so high. Good, that must mean I'm nearly there. I can already picture a big tall glass of ice-cold lemonade. No, make that two, big, tall glasses of ice-cold lemonade.

I've made it. I'm so happy and relieved (I thought I would never make it). Whee, I'm whizzing down the hill. The pedals are going by themselves WHIRR (that's them). The trees and bushes look like blurs. My hair is whipping behind me. Oh what fun it is, it feels as if I'm flying.

Oh no! My brakes have failed and there's a huge rock ahead. I try to swerve round it, but I can't, too late! Ahhh!! I go flying in the air. I do a triple somersault in the air. Oomf! I've landed on something soft. Oh, oh, I've landed on our neighbour's prize pansies. I get up quickly. Ouch! I feel all bruised and sore. I limp over to my bike. Whew, it's fine, thank goodness! Oh dear, here comes our neighbour. I'd better go before she sees her pansies.

LYNDALL TUFT



ALEX MEYER



ASHLEY POLLOCK

Std 3 Camp



THIS picture
is of the
Herschel Her School
at the
Blairmont
7700
8 May 1995

Dear Beverly

Thanks a million for
letting us stay with
you its a real treat
getting away from
school with you
and the pony. The
horses were beautiful
and the lambs were
so sweet. Anns looked
furry and her pig
lets were so small. I
thought the ram was funny.
Alec probably had diff-
erent ideas. The picnic

was really fun, and
I liked playing with
the mud. Thanks again.

Yours sincerely,
Tiffany



STANDARD 2

ORANGE

*Orange is the sunset, high in the sky
When down goes the sun, I will say goodbye
Orange are the ice-lollies I have in summer
Orange is my costume that reflects in the water
Orange are the nasturtiums that I pick in the fields
Orange is my chair that I sit on at school
Orange are the oranges on the tree, that are picked
for you and me
Orange are the starfish that at the beach we see.*

ASHLEIGH KOHN

CHILDREN IN THE MARSH

Once upon a time on the bank of a river two boys were fishing under the oaks. Across the marsh on the ledge of a bridge sat two children. The children's names were Meg and Mikey. The children who were fishing were called John and James. Now the children who were sitting on the bridge were not aware of what they were sitting on. The bridge was made of rotten wood. And it just so happened that a sudden gust of wind blew and the bridge CRACKED. The children fell into the marsh. They were frantic. The quick-thinking boys jumped into the marsh and swam as fast as they could. They caught the children and brought them ashore. John told James to run to the nearby hospital and get an ambulance. The ambulance came and took the two home. A week later the Mayor phoned the two boys, and said, "You have won a gold medal for saving my grandchildren". The boys were delighted.

JESSICA SCHIPPER

LIMERICKS

The Lady who wanted to be a Fairy

*There was a young lady called Mary
Who wanted to fly like a fairy
She climbed up the wall
And then had a fall
And that was the end of poor Mary.*

VICTORIA SHERWELL

DOLPHINS

*Diving in, in the deep turquoise water,
Over the lapping waves,
Lives the calm and peaceful dolphin.
People coming to take him,
Hears the calls of his family.
Incredible ability to jump,
Never angry, even with his enemy.
Singing the sounds of the sea.*

JOANNA CRUSE

WHAT IS BLACK

*Night is the time of day when everyone sleeps.
Coal is black turns to red when it is lit.
Hair that blows in the wind.
Blackbird is a bird that builds its nest in the roof-tops.
Middle of a sun-flower is what parrots eat.*

SHANE HODGES

THE MAGIC RING

One day I was walking down the road with my friend when we saw something strange on the ground. It looked like an old ring with a dazzling diamond on it. I picked it up and held it in my hand. I showed my friend Jean. Then I put it on... it started to glow. I felt Jean clutch my hand. There was a whizzing and spinning noise and we found ourselves in this spiral sort of thing. It whizzed and spun, until finally we saw an opening. We tried to crawl to it, but we couldn't. I tried to take off the ring but it wouldn't come off! "What can we do?" I screamed.

"Hold my hand!" Jean screamed back at me.

I woke to silence. I looked around me and saw Jean lying next to me. I shook her and she woke up.

"Where are we?" I whispered.

"I don't know," she replied. I looked up and saw someone looking at me.

"Hello," she said, "I am Blossom, Queen of the Flutter Fairies. "Don't be afraid," she said.

Only she didn't realize I was only getting up onto my elbows.

"I am Emma," I said, "and this is my friend, Jean".

"We didn't know you were coming, so I don't know whether there's a flower. Well, at least, I don't think so. You see we sleep in flowers and, well, don't worry. I'll send someone to check."

"Hold on," I said. "What makes you think we're even going to stay here?"

"I have to tell you something," Blossom said. "We need your help. Well, the queen before me had a ring which was gold with a dazzling diamond on it."

"I hadn't thought about the ring I had found since that spiral thing I had been in. It only occurred to me now that I could be wearing the queen's ring." Blossom went on, "One day she was flying on a bird when she dropped her ring and it fell. She went to look for it but she could not find it. After two years she began to die. If you don't have the ring for two years you will die," Blossom explained. I carefully slipped the ring off and held it out so Blossom could see it. "This ring?" I asked in a soft voice. There was a long unexpected silence. And then I faintly heard Blossom's answer, "Yes." I put the ring in her hand and closed it. "Thank you," she said delightedly. "As your reward I will give you each an everlasting flower. Whenever you look at it you will remember this place. Here is some potion to get you home," Blossom said. We both took our flowers and sipped the potion. Immediately we were once again on the forest path. Then we turned and headed for home. And from that day on we never forgot about Flutter Fairy Land.

EMMA CORDER

WHAT IS YELLOW

*Yellow is the colour of my house,
Roit the best one out.
Yellow is the colour of that lovely lemon so juicy and
sweet and sour.
Yellow is the colour of the sun's pretty beams.
Yellow is the colour of the rim of the clock that goes tick,
tick, tick all day long.
Yellow is the colour of chalk that squeaks on the board.
Yellow is the colour of sweet honey.*

CASSIE WEIR

STANDARD 1

Dear Lord Jesus,

I pray that my family and friends are safe. When I see people who are hurt I feel sad and sorry for them. I wish nobody would murder, but I do not think that is possible. Thank you for this earth and all the things in it especially for our trees, because they give us lots and lots of oxygen, and food and water. Amen

NICOLE LEE

Dear God,

Thank you for the world that hangs in your arms forever. We shall improve. Thank you for Mummy and Daddy. Thank you. Amen

DILLY KIDD

MOODS

*Sometimes I'm in a dizzy mood
I fall all over the place.
Sometimes I'm in a sad mood
I feel like I'm going to cry.
Sometimes I'm in a lazy mood
I lie in bed and read.
Sometimes I'm in an angry mood
I want to hit my brother.
Sometimes I'm in a warm mood
I want to cuddle my teddy.*

ZOE MCCLARTY

WHY I WANT TO GO TO THE MOON

*I can jump high.
I can see the planets.
It feels funny when you take off.
I will see the earth.
I will see the craters.*

JUDY RAUCH

I WISH

*I wish I was a mouse
So I could creep around at dinner
I wish I was a rottweiler
So I could have chicken for dinner every night.
And I wish I could be a tree
So the children could climb all over me.
Oh, and I wish I was a teddy
So my brother could hug and cuddle me.
I wish I was a cat,
So I could get my way by looking cute and purring.*

MELISSA MCKEY

I FELT AFRAID

*I felt afraid when someone knocked on the door
and I thought it was a robber.
I felt afraid when I thought I saw someone
walk in my sister's room.
I felt afraid when I heard someone shake the pills
and it wasn't my sister.
I was very scared when the alarm went off.
I felt afraid when the bell went
and a scarebomb was in school.*

HILARY IONS

HOW THE ROBINS GOT THEIR RED BREASTS

One bright and gay morning in the holidays while Redland Roofing were painting the roof red, I came across a robin. He was going mad. He was flying around and around. He looked as though he was at a disco. After a while he got a little bit tired but he could not find a place to lie down. So unfortunately he had to lie on the painted roof. He wriggled and he jiggled in the paint. He looked like he was having a paint bath. The next day Redland Roofing came to finish painting the roof. Then one of the men, Charles, found the little robin. He looked like he had just woken up from being in a fire, a hot one too. Charles gave me the robin, and I took him inside. I rubbed and scrubbed him until he was clean. But something peculiar happened while I was drying him. All the paint came off except for a patch on his breast. And that's the story of why robins have red breasts.

JULIETTE ARRIGHI

PETS

I have dogs and cats. First I want to tell you about my cats. I have cats called Ginger and Peugeot. Ginger is my cat and Peugeot is my brother's. Ginger is a boy and Peugeot is a girl. Ginger is a very loving cat but Peugeot on the other hand, is a very playful cat and she loves chasing my old dressing gown belt. Ginger eats a lot and he is very fat. So is Peugeot. That's why we agreed to give them only half a tin of food. I love my cats very, very much.

Now I can tell you about my dogs. Their names are Chanel, Coco and Archie. My dogs are French Poodles. In the beginning we only had two dogs, which were Coco and Chanel. They were just puppies when we went on holiday, but when we came back they were very big. Nothing exciting happened until I think I was six. My brother and I were asleep and my mother came to put the dogs at the back of the house and found Coco dead. We thought he had been knocked over by a car and had then run in through the gates. Then we got Archie. And when I was eight Chanel got knocked over. But she is not dead and I am very happy.

I am still eight but we have moved and we had to give Archie away. Chanel went to live with my grandmother and the cats came to live with us in the flat.

CAMILLA STEWARD

JOURNAL ENTRY OF A
SETTLER IN NORTH AMERICA

3 August 1584

Dear Diary

We arrived 6 days ago, I have had a scary day today even though I know the Indians have no choice but to capture us to get us off their land. I was terrified when I bumped into a little girl about my age. She also froze but then we both unstiffened because we knew that we could not kill each other. I did not know what to do but she did. She came up and shook my hand. I was so surprised I forgot to be scared. Then she did some hand signs which I did not understand. I knew she was making friends so I shook her hand. I did not know what I was doing because one man in our group had said, "If you see an Indian, kill it." But I thought he was mean and greedy and I knew deep inside me that I was doing the right thing. I pointed to the tree to mean Climb! So we ran to the tree. People always say I am a monkey but Woa! she really was a monkey. We played for a long time. Then I knew it was time to go. So I slid down the tree pointing the way to our camp. She understood so we separated. I did not tell anyone about my secret friend.

SARAH GIRDWOOD

A STRANGE VISITOR

It was the fourth of July, the day before my birthday. I was very excited, but bored. I went to my mum and said "I'm bored." My mum was startled. She told me to go outside and play so I did. I decided to lie on the soft grass and look up at the clouds. Suddenly, as I was looking up everything went very, very bright. So bright that I had to close my eyes. I groped about trying desperately to find the front door. Finally the light subsided. I opened my eyes very slowly wondering what I might see. When my eyes were completely open I got the fright of my life. I thought that I was going to faint right there and then. And I hoped that if I did I would find myself lying on the grass and it would all have been a bad dream. But of course I didn't. I tried to run and hide but I was too scared to do anything. This is what it was. It was an Alien. It was kind of BIG. Almost as big as me. It was light green and it had one eye at the top of its head. Slowly it started to smile. It was such a warm gentle smile that I could not help smiling back. Then he spoke, "Would you like to come to tea?"

I didn't say anything at that moment. But when I did speak my voice was rather shaky. I said yes and felt myself walking towards the flying saucer. When I got in, it looked huge, but from the outside it looked small (not too small). We had lovely tea but we did not talk so much. As I was coming back the alien spoke to me again, "Take this note but you may only read it when I am out of sight."

I took the note from him as we landed on the ground. Then I heard my mother calling me. I also felt someone shaking me. I opened my eyes and I was lying on the ground in my garden. My mother said in a stern voice "Why are you sleeping. Didn't you hear me calling you for tea?" I said no and anyway I was full. I don't know why but then I remembered about the Alien. I didn't believe it at first because how could I be asleep on the grass especially when I had got out of the flying saucer. It was all very strange. When my mom had gone I also remembered the note. I looked at it and it said:

"Dear Karen, I hope we'll meet again. Love, your friend, Alien."

After I had read it about three times over, I skipped up to my room in great joy and put the letter in a box. All my special notes go in there. And who knows, I might see him again!

KAREN MEYER

MOODS

Sometimes I'm in a cross mood

I stamp around all day.

Sometimes I'm in a happy mood

I laugh and jump and play.

Sometimes I'm in a hungry mood

I rub my tummy round.

Sometimes I'm in a quiet mood

I tip-toe without a sound.

Sometimes I'm in a drawing mood

I draw so lightly on my paper

Sometimes I'm in a lazy mood

I lie upon the sofa.

Sometimes I'm in an embarrassed mood

I act all bashful and shy.

Sometimes I'm in a sawing mood

I saw and saw like that.

Sometimes I'm in a cooking mood

I cook and cook and ... splat!

KATIE GULL

HEAVEN

I think that heaven is going to be free and fresh.

There will be no pollution and no violence.

There will be fresh fruit. I think there will be angels and I will see my family who died before I was born. I will see my pets that died too. I think I will be able to gallop on the clouds on a horse. I can see the dodos and dinosaurs. I can see Jesus and God. I wonder if my hair will grow?

JANINE FOWLER

WHEN I WAS SICK

When I was sick

I had a sore throat

And my mouth lay open

And my nose was snotty

And my tummy was sore

And my ears were blocked;

So my mummy phoned the doctor.

The doctor came with his bag and his hat

And knocked at the door with a RAT TAT TAT

The doctor looked at me and said,

"I think you have the FLU."

KATIE GULL

Dear God

*What makes me unhappy is when my mom
doesn't let me have things I want.*

What makes me glad is when things go

Just Right!

Amen

BRIDGET WALL

HEAVEN

I imagine heaven is a world of new things to see, to do, to explore, with mines of glory all around us forever. With onrushing, unpolluted rivers with silver, gold, orange, ruby violet fishes that swim gaily through crystal clear waters, playing with mermaids that have gold, bronze, red and brown hair and green, blue, pink, purple and red tails. Me, Jesus, mummy and daddy walk in fields of bright yellow buttercups and stop when we reach the great sycamore. We walk out of the fields and Jesus tells his beautiful Dove-of-Dawn to fetch him the most stunning rose of eighty rose bushes, and more. Dawn (for that was the dove's name) flew off and when she returned, I knew that Jesus would give it to me, somehow. He put the rose in my hair. After that, I raced with Tinkerbell-cheetah and played with Cindy and Chequers. Heaven is the best!

TARYN MOLLER

TOMAHAWK

Tomahawks are Indian axes.

Our Indians are endangered

Many Indians are not living in their right habitat.

An Indian brave is a boy Indian.

Horses are called big dogs.

A brave is some-one who goes fighting.

Were Indians true?

Kiowa Indians hunt buffalo as well.

PIA VIGLIETTI



STANDARD ONE VISIT RONDEVLEI BIRD SANCTUARY



Sub A and B
Activities
Theme day
Autumn Harvest
Arbor Day
Spring planting

My dad

My dad is the best in the world.

I Love him and he Loves me. He works very very hard for money.

He spoils me. He

I Love him from my heart. I Love him

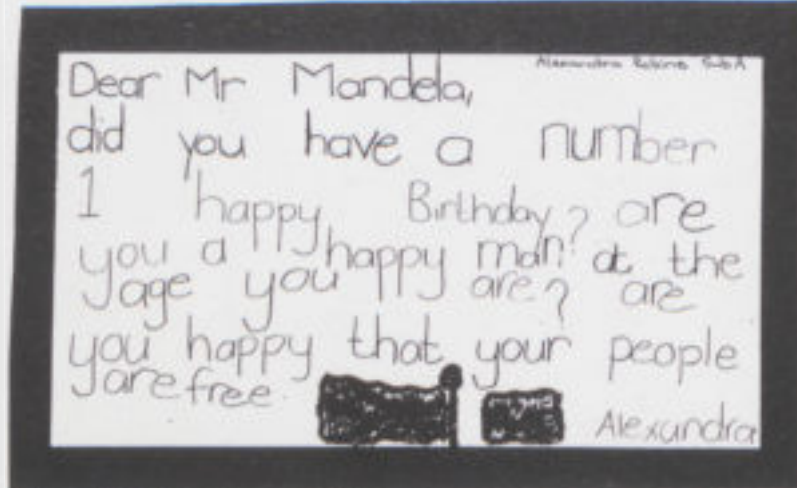
always. I will never leave him. He is very playful. He helps me.

Lara White
Sub A

Me

My name is Lauren. I am six years old. I like going cycling. I go to Herschel and I am in Sub A. I have a sister, her name is Jenna. I like writing stories. I like going to shows in the holidays.

Lauren Rooster Sub A



Arbor Day.
did you no that trees

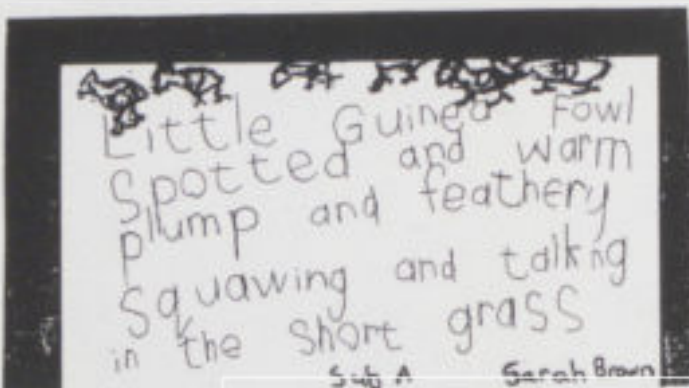
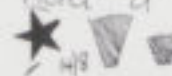
are alive they give us Oxygen and they give us shade and they are very important to the environment.

Some people don't realize. Not they are doing to the world when they cut down the trees

Lesley Ann Seideret Sub A

A taste of Japan

On Friday we tasted food from Japan. I liked the rice why? because it was sticky. At first I felt anxious and when I tasted it it was wonderful. The rice was cooked in a big pot that was called a rice cooker. I had some dried tuna flakes with my rice. And they moved because of the heat. I didn't want to eat it and then I tried some and it was oshii. We had some miso soup and it was different to our soup. We tasted green tea it tasted like hot water. We had a wonderful tasting.



Rice . S

Sticky yummy white
 As hard to eat as soap
 on a fork

S
 As hard to eat as a pease
 knife

S
 As dlishish as chocolit
 rice steaming in a pot

Sub B Jos

CHERRY BLOSSOM

Velvety perfumed silky
 as soft as a butterfly's wing
 drifting in the wind



Sub B Victoria



Save the animals

don't pollute are Earth

Environment day

Environment day is you
 must not pollute this world
 our animals will die
 ever cut down trees you must not
 they give us ear to breathe

you must recycle paper
 people don't care about this world
 when you peel your potato you must put
 it in the compost heap to make soil
 for your plants to grow. I can help
 to save water I can help to pick
 up plastic you can also put
 paper in the wow bin you
 can save lots of things
 when you brush your
 teeth you must use
 corn the

Save the World

Sub B

Dear President Clinton

My name is Georgina.
 I am 7 years old
 I have one persain Cat its name
 is Winston. We are learning about
 your country its so lovely I
 cant wait to go We learnt about
 the Statue of liberty, Empire state
 bulding and Mount Rushmore is
 it nice to live in the white house.
 Will they Put you on Mount Rushmore

lots of love

Georgina



Georgina Bradford Sub B

Founders day

on Friday we made the longest
 banana Split in world I put Smarties
 and nuts the School is 74 year old
 We celebrated founders day founders
 day is the day mr Jagger and mr
 Rolt and mr merriman found the School
 We had a lovely time.

★
 Nabesha Mohamed Sub B

Sub A and Sub B work

SPORT

Sport continues to play a very important part in the life of a Herschel pupil. Emphasis is placed, not on winning at all costs, but rather on participation. As we offer a wide variety of disciplines, our pupils lead a rather hectic extra-mural life. The aim of sport at Herschel is to promote healthy inter-personal relationships, sound value systems, a positive self-image, as well as the acquisition of skills.

MISS JEFFERSON



TENNIS A TEAM

Standing: *Saffron Hall, Louise Milne*
Seated: *Caryn Stanley, Miss Jefferson, Victoria Gull*

TENNIS

Captain: *Cristi Little*

Vice-: *Louise Milne*

Despite having a very young and somewhat inexperienced team this year, our tennis team players fared extremely well.

Herschel entered three teams in the Peninsula League. The A team beat Greenfields 32 - 15, Bergvliet C 36 - 17, and Wynberg B 36 - 25 and lost to Rustenburg A 16 - 32. The B team lost to Pinelands North 21 - 30 but beat Micklefield 30 - 22, Springfield 34 - 20 and Pinehurst 28 - 16. The C team beat Sweet Valley 32 - 19, Oakhurst 28 - 24, Springfield 27 - 18 and lost to Rustenburg 30 - 12.

Caryn Stanley, Louise Milne, Saffron Hall and Victoria Gull represented Herschel at the inter-schools tournament held at Sans Souci. The inter-house tournament was won by Merriman.

Thank you to all the parents for offering assistance with lifts and for your continual support.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: *Romy Honeysett, Andrea Larson, Kate-Lyn Bonellie, Lara Bechet, Vanessa Wood, Lisa Coates, Jacqui Pickup, Tiffany Harries, Miss Jefferson.*

2nd Row: *Bridget Wall, Tadinka Vasiljevic, Romy Vietri, Jessica Stubbs, Kerry-Anne Heeger, Carla de Nobrega, Tammy Farrell*

3rd Row: *Bianca Vos, Kate Chambers, Melissa Harries, Caryn Stanley, Lauren Elliot, Vicky Sweatman, Cristi Little, Tamsin Ranger*

Front Row: *Kristin van den Hoven, Jo-Ann Haw, Tiffany Vos, Marina Pape, Lexi Bechet, Victoria Gull, Selena Afnan-Holmes*

SWIMMING

Captain: Caryn Stanley

Vice: Lauren Elliot

The swimming season this year has been exceptional. It has been one of outstanding performances by all age groups from our 'nippers' in Sub B to our Standard 5 pupils. The commitment and enthusiasm contributed by everyone, were just the ingredients which made this season a grand success. The inter-house gala was won by Rolt with 406 points, followed by Merriman with 314 points and Jagger with 302 points.

No less than four records were broken, two by Caryn Stanley in the open individual crawl event and in the open individual butterfly event. Well done, Caryn.

The highlight of the swimming season is the inter-schools' gala which is held at Newlands pool to mark the end of the season. Once again Herschel swimmers proved that they are a force to be reckoned with.

Our under eight team won their age group trophy; the under eleven team came second in their age group, as did the under fourteen team.

The final points were: Wynberg Girls' Junior School: 257; Rustenburg Girls' Junior School: 194; Herschel Preparatory School: 185.

Thank you to Mrs Moira Bonellie who coached the under eight squad during her lunch hour, as well as for assisting with early morning training and to Mrs Farrell who also assisted with early morning training.



U/13 NETBALL

Back: Zuki Dhudla, Caryn Stanley, Cristi Little

Front: Belquees Banderker, Vicky Sweatman, Miss Jefferson, Madalena da Carrara, Caryn Buchanan

NETBALL

Captain: Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes

Vice: Vicky Sweatman

Netball is a very popular sport at primary level. The skills are not always easy to master, as good body and ball control are essential to enable a pupil to play well.

Herschel played in the Southern Peninsula League against Springfield, Wynberg, Simon van der Stel, Grove and Rustenburg.

Team	Played	Won	Drew	Lost	Goals
U10A	10	3	2	5	30
U11A	10	9	0	1	61
U12A	10	5	1	4	69
Open A	10	5	0	5	74

The season ended on a high note at the inter-schools' tournament which was held at Springfield. Seven girls' schools participated in this event and the results are as follows:-

U10	U11	U12	U13
Rustenburg	Wynberg	St Cyprian's	Rustenburg
Springfield	Herschel	Greenfields	Greenfields
Herschel	Rustenburg	Wynberg	Springfield
		Rustenburg	Herschel
		Herschel	Oakhurst
		Springfield	Wynberg
		Oakhurst	St Cyprian's

Hard luck to the U11 team who lost the tournament by 1 goal! Thank you to all the mums for your continual support and for your lifting on match days.



U/12 NETBALL

Back Row: *Angela Rawson, Tess Cowan, Yvette Pelser, Julia Thomas*
 Front Row: *Joanna Ryan, Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes, Mrs Bonellie, Melissa Louden, Jessica Stubbs*



U/11 NETBALL

Back Row: *Klaudia Weixelbaumer, Kate Chambers, Tessa Soole*
 Front Row: *Kate-Lyn Bonellie, Jo-Anne Haw, Miss L. Jefferson, Mary Waller, Tammy Farrell*



U/10 NETBALL

Back Row: *Nisha Desai, Fiona Bain, Mary-Kate Versveld, Morgan Jenkins, Eunice Komeni*
 Front Row: *Daniella Loubser, Jacqui Pickup, Mrs Bonellie, Marina Pape, Selena Afnan-Holmes*



TOURING WITH THE TWOS

The Pre-Prep class participated in Space Day



Customs in different homes



Block construction



A day at the beach

Pre-Prep 1995

Valentine's Day



Granny's Day

Sleep Over '94



Teddy Bears Picnic

Sports Day





SQUASH TEAM

Standing: *Debbie Mc Donald, Philippa Slingsby, Angela Rawson*
 Seated: *Louise Milne*

SQUASH -

Captain: Louise Milne

Herschel squash team has enjoyed an excellent season this year, vying with Oakhurst and Bergvliet for top position in the league. The team played three rounds of matches:

First Round		Second Round	
Position	Points	Position	Points
Oakhurst	42	Bergvliet	45
Bergvliet)	41	Oakhurst	38
Herschel)	41	Herschel	36
Wynberg	19	Wynberg	21
Rustenburg	10	Rustenburg	6

Third Round		Overall	
Position	Points	Position	Points
Bergvliet	23	Bergvliet	129
Herschel	20	Herschel	117
Oakhurst	3	Oakhurst	* 83

Congratulations to Louise Milne who was chosen to represent Western Province at the inter-provincial tournament, held in Durban.

I'd like to thank Mrs Marie Milne for the invaluable assistance she gave to the organising of the squash matches.



U/14 HOCKEY

Standing: Louise Milne, Harriet Beamish, Lauren Elliot, Cristi Little, Alexandra Trengove-Jones
 Seated: Belquees Banderker, Ilhaam Crombie, Mrs Botha, Leigh Duffett, Kerry-Anne Heeger



U/12 HOCKEY

Back Row: Tammy Farrell, Jessica Stubbs, Angela Rawson, Julia Thomas, Joanna Ryan
 Front Row: Philippa Slingsby, Miss Young, Lara Bechet, Mrs Meihuizen, Kate-Lyn Bonellie

HOCKEY

Captain: Ilhaam Crombie

Vice: Leigh Duffett

The 1995 hockey season has been a most enjoyable and successful one. This year we have had approximately seventy pupils participating in team hockey.

One has to arrive on a Tuesday afternoon to see the girls enjoying themselves to realise that in our stressed way of life this is the most important factor - enjoyment! Our results show that we do as well as most schools if winning is to be considered an important factor. International research has proved that the main sources of pressure experienced by young athletes are the school, the coach/teacher and the parents. Unfortunately, too many coaches have a "win at all costs" approach because they believe their suc-

cess as a coach enhances their reputation and their career prospects. Here at Herschel I am very proud of the teachers who commit themselves totally to the "well-being" of our girls. They approach their sessions in an organised and professional way and take an interest in each child as an individual. I do thank them for allowing the Herschel pupils to have the experience of learning new skills in a relaxed but structured manner.

I'd like to thank Ilhaam Crombie and Leigh Duffett for all their assistance this year. Lastly, I'd like to thank my team of coaches (Mrs Moira Bonellie and Miss Lynn Jefferson) for all their skills' coaching in the girls' games lessons.

U/10 - Wendy Boy and Caroline Blencowe; U/12 - Caroline Meihuizen and Gaye Young, your support and dedication this season have been much appreciated.



U/10 HOCKEY

Back Row: *Jacqui Pickup, Tamsyn Wood, Lisa Meintjies, Ashleigh Kohn*

Front Row: *Amy Slingsby, Miss Boy, Tiffany Vos, Mrs Blencowe, Marina Pape*

CROSS COUNTRY

This sport was introduced for the first time at the Prep. School this year. Although we had only a small group of runners (approximately fifteen), they were very keen and enthusiastic. Our U/11 runners ran extremely well and won their section. We are still looking for more U/9 and U/13 runners to make up a team. Our A team, Caryn Stanley (U\13), Andrea Larsen (U/12), Tammy Farrell (U/11), Marina Pape (U/10) and Fiona Mallet (U/9), did well to win the girls' section of the inter-schools cross country relay. I hope cross country will become a regular feature on the Herschel calendar.

Fiona Mallet - Sub B: I was eight years old when I started. All the girls are so nice to me. I love the exercise and the fresh air. I'm so upset that I can't do it until next winter.

Jessica Schipper - Std 2: I enjoyed meeting new people. I liked our runs in Newlands Forest and the greenbelt.

Tammy Farrell - Std 3: Cross country is great. The U/11 team (Tammy Farrell, Joanne Haw, Kate-Lyn Bonellie, Marina Pape and Maja Snoek) did very well and I think we came first in every race.

Maja Snoek - Std 3: I like cross country because we always go to a nice place to run. The only thing I don't like about cross country is that it is hard to get fit.

Shane Hodges - Std 2: I like running because it gets me fitter and I feel fresher after a run. I have learnt some running skills which help me run better and faster. I like running flat and downhill running is fun.

Joanne Haw - Std 3: I enjoyed running in the races and I hope to do cross country again next year.

Caryn Buchanan - Std 5: I enjoyed the Bishops run because our team came third. I also enjoyed it when Max and Tessa (Mrs Henderson's two Border Collies) came on our runs.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: *Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes (Rolt), Ilhaam Crombie (Merriman) Nathalie du Preez (Jagger), Caryn Stanley (Rolt)*

Front Row: *Lauren Elliot (Merriman), Mrs Thompson, Zuki Dlodla (Jagger)*

PREP SCHOOL STAFF NEWS

FAREWELL TO MARGIE DAVIES

After twenty years of teaching in the Junior Preparatory (as head of the Department for most of those years), Mrs Davies left us at the end of the first term. She will be missed by pupils and colleagues alike, especially for the many wonderful Junior Prep concerts she produced and the many original costumes she devised.



Margie Davies leaves Herschel after twenty years: Marjan Butler, Margie Davies, Avril Mace, Gilly Bakker



Standard One teacher, Colleen Tatz, leaves Herschel Preparatory to move to Durban, where her husband takes up a new position.



Caroline Christie married Robert Meihuizen on 1 July 1995



Lynn Jefferson became engaged to Graeme Lillie earlier in the year. They will be married in December.

OLD HERSCHELIANS

BIRTHS

ABRAHAM

To Cathy (Searll) and Steve a daughter, on 3 April 1995

BAILEY

To Kate (Saunders) and Gary, a daughter, on 25 April 1995

BARRY

To Kate (Philip) and Brendan, a son, on 23 April 1995

BONHAM-CARTER

To Vivien (Hart) and Charles, a daughter, on 2 September 1995

BOWNES

To Tania (Braun) and Ronald, a son, on 24 March 1995

BRIDGE

To Terry (Roomes) and Todd, a son, on 8 December 1995

BRINK

To Liz (Meynell) and Monty, a son, on 18 December 1994

BROWN

To Marjorie (Filmer) and Malcolm a son, on 16 June 1995

CATTO

To Penny (Sharpley) and Jon, a daughter, on 24 July 1995

CHAPPLE

To Jane (Johnson) and Graham, a daughter, on 12 February 1995

ELYSEE

To Amanda (de Villiers) and Michael, a daughter, on

12 September 1995

FRASER-GRANT

To Tessa (Douglas-Hamilton) and Peter, a daughter, on

1 December 1994

GEBERS

To Georgina (Hart) and Chris, a son, on 24 January 1995

GERHARDI

To Nicky (Dauncey) and Michael, a son, on 27 August 1995

GOLDING

To Tanya (Landless) and Andrew, a son, in November 1994

HARDCASTLE

To Penny (Cooper) and Justin, a son, on 27 December 1995

HEMM

To Fenella (Growse) and Geoff, a daughter, on 15 April 1995

KUTTEL

To Julienne (Walker) and P.J., a son, on 15 August 1995

LE ROUX

To Suzanne (Kilcullen) and Stephan, a son, on

23 November 1994

LEIGHTON

To Suzanne (Allen) and Ross, a daughter, on 1 October 1994

MCLENNAN

To Fiona, wife of Howard Pearce, a daughter, on

18 December 1994

MELTZER

To Jo-Anne (Sedgwick) and Mel, a daughter, on 18 June 1995

MOIR

To Katherine (Dicey) and Andrew, a daughter, on 5 May 1995

NEW

To Carolyn (Newton) and Mark, a son, on 14 November 1994

PUNZUL

To Alison (Bareiter) and Roberts, a daughter, in October 1994

ROBINS

To Kathy (Ackerman) and David, a daughter, on

14 August 1995

SCHEEPERS

To Joanne (Clark) and Kobus, a son, in June 1995

SMITH

To Shelley (Woode) and Richard, a son, on 3 October 1995

TOWNES

To Ilse (Richter) and Brent, a son, on 11 November 1994

WALE

To Bridgit (Borton) and Anton, a son, on 8 November 1994

WATSON

To Judy (Knutzen) and Jumbo, a daughter, in March 1995

WILENSKY

To Jackie (Batchelor) and Gavin, a son, on 8 September 1995

WILLIAMS

To Linda (Bettison) and Lloyd, a son, on 19 November 1994

ENGAGEMENTS

DRUMMOND-HAY - ACKERMAN:

Samantha to Jonathan

GWYNNE-EVANS - FRANZ: Sally to Cedric

HOFFMAN - OELZ: Kerry to Manfred

KAMINSKY - VARNEY: Helen to Bruce

KEBBLE - PARSONS: Alison to Phillip

MACNAB - DENNISON: Alison to Bruce

MAYER - PAINE: Sascha to Dominic

OVENSTONE - BECKENSTRATER: Anthea to Marc

PEPLER - DOBSON: Vanessa to John

SHUB - RADOWSKY: Catherine to Gerald

SHUB - SACKS: Nicola to Gary

SYMONS - HAMILTON-RUSSELL: Caroline to Patrick

TUDHOPE - MORGAN: Susan to Dave

VAN DER SPUIY - FORSTER: Tonia-Cara to Paul

MARRIAGES

BAILEY - HARDIE: Samantha to Chris in November 1994

BATCHELOR - WILENSKY: Jackie to Gavin in November 1994

CHAPMAN - BENN: Bridget to Mark in the Herschel

Chapel in January 1995

CHRISTIE - MEIHUIZEN: Caroline to Robert in July

1995

COURT - SEDGWICK: Philippa to Jerome in March 1995

COWIE - NEUMANN: Susan to Brian in January 1995

DICEY - RUTHERFORD: Sally to Tammy in March 1995

DUNCKLEY - PINKHAM: Christine to Chris in February 1995

KOSTER - ROUX: Sally to Japie in November 1994

KRONE - THOMPSON: Karin to Christopher in April 1995

MANNION - CURTIS: Clodagh to Charles in March 1995

McADAM - BARLOW: Katherine to Tom in February 1995

MACKAY-DAVIDSON - DALY: Samantha to Sean in

November 1994

McPETRIE-KNIGHT: Cindy to Anthony in the Herschel

Chapel in August 1995

PAXTON - GALLOWAY: Ann to Russell in April 1995

PELT - BACON: Corien to Colin in May 1995

STAFFORD - JONES: Elizabeth to Paul in September 1995

STRINGER - ORPEN: Diane to Tim in December 1994

DEATHS

ALSTON - Ann (Withycombe, 1952) in September 1995

BUCHANAN - Chloe (Osborne, Head Girl 1945) on 25

August 1995

GARLICK - Lolie (Burmeister, 1935) on 3 August 1994

HARDING - Lucille (Rocher, 1946) on

21 November 1994

PAYNE - Barbara (Elcome, Headmistress 1945 - 47) on 10

April 1995

WILLIAMS - Sheila (Buchanan, 1935) on 17 July 1994

TRIBUTE TO MISS BARBARA ELCOME - HEADMISTRESS FROM 1945 TO 1947

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Mrs Barbara Payne (nee Elcome) on 10 April 1995.

Miss Barbara Elcome came from Exeter, where she had been Senior Mistress at Maynard School. She held an Honours Bachelor of Science degree and a Diploma from The Institute of Education.

Although scheduled to be present when the school re-opened on 25 January 1945, her arrival was delayed until 1 February because the voyage from Britain had lasted 6 weeks - a circuitous route had been necessary to avoid war-time attack. When she was officially welcomed on 1 February 1945, there were many who wondered just how long such a young and pretty headmistress would stay!

From the outset she wanted the school to have its own chapel. The strong religious traditions from its inception seemed to her to merit a place more special than the hall, for the purpose of praise and thanksgiving. She searched the existing building for a suitable venue, having been told by the Council that new buildings could not even be considered at this time.

In 1935 major alterations and additions had been made and the slope of the land had necessitated the inclusion of a large basement to be used for storage. Part was situated beneath the large classroom and small staffroom (the typing room since 1978). Miss Elcome decided that this would suit her purpose. The area was thoroughly cleaned out and on 13 August 1946 the new chapel was dedicated by Archbishop Derbyshire, assisted by the School Chaplain, Reverend Gibbs. It was a very simple place of worship, with its plain white-washed walls, small windows with recesses for candles, the red-brick altar and rows of varnished wooden benches, but was the school's religious centre for more than 45 years.

Quite early in 1947, Miss Elcome informed the Council that she wished to resign as from the end of the winter term. She had become engaged to an Anglican Chaplain, the Reverend C.P. Payne, and their wedding was scheduled for 31 July.

Although her stay at Herschel was short, the school is indebted to Miss Elcome for many worthwhile innovations. She insisted on the appointment of a proper Housemistress; she demanded the purchase of a good typewriter, filing cabinet and the services of a part-time secretary; she found ways and means of improving the meals both in quality and quantity and, although unsuccessful in persuading the Council that the sleeping balconies should be enclosed, she was able to get agreement that these should be made more comfortable and that the old mattresses should be renovated.

It was a great joy for all who had known Miss Elcome during her short stay at the school, to welcome her on the occasion of Herschel's Diamond Jubilee in 1982, when she officiated at a special ceremony held in the arena under the Ilex tree. It was interesting to witness her reaction to the enormous size of the Ilex tree, which according to her, was of "fair size in 1947, but not all that noticeable!"

FROM MRS PAYNE (NEE ELCOME) - GUERNSEY THOUGHTS OF HERSCHEL ON D DAY 1994

Many here are thinking of the forthcoming D-Day celebrations and my thoughts go back to that day fifty years ago when I was appointed Headmistress of Herschel. From our terrace I can see the coast of Normandy as so many Islanders must have seen it as they waited for liberation from the German army of occupation. On that day I found myself in London for the interview, though I could not sail until Christmas Eve.

I arrived in February 1945, having been six weeks at sea in a 'Liberty ship' which had not been to sea before. I had left the port of Methil on a foggy evening and spent Christmas Day in that fog off the coast of Northumberland. As we passed the Thames estuary 'doodle bugs' rattled on their way to explode over London. We joined a convoy and proceeded down Channel and out into the ocean. Here the ship in front of us was torpedoed and our condensers failed so we spent the night at sea as a 'sitting duck' at action stations. Coastal Command found us the next morning and escorted us back to Milford Haven where, for a week, we were unable to communicate with the shore while we were refitted. We sailed on our own, relying on a zigzag course to evade enemy submarines. At one point the Captain decided to try out the ship's armament; a Portuguese ship thought we were firing at her so we had a parley at sea. We called in to deliver cargo at Ascension and St Helena; Ascension was taken over by the American army but St Helena had been isolated and impoverished by the war.

Cape Town looked very beautiful and so peaceful. No-one could have known of my arrival so I took a taxi to Herschel and astounded everyone as they did not know what had happened to me. I should have been there at the beginning of the January term! Herschel was unbelievably lovely; I felt I must be in a Hollywood set! I had left a school in Exeter of damaged buildings. It had been bombed in an air-raid in May 1941 and fire bombs had destroyed two boarding houses. The contrast was startling, the white buildings with their Dutch gables softened in the moonlight that evening as clear to me now as they were unreal then. The next morning the Reverend Gibbs introduced me to the school at assembly and I was soon busy 'taking over'. There was a lot to be done as the school had suffered in the isolation caused by the war, while, in contrast, education in England had made big advances.

The most outstanding features in Herschel were the Duncan Baxter Library, a gracious room commemorating the founding of the school by the Baxter family. There was a good swimming bath, though at that time we could not see the lines on the base because of the red silt in the water! The dining room was a spacious room with a vista of trees when the doors were opened in hot weather at one end - but the kitchens left much to be desired. There were some music rooms around a courtyard beyond the hall and what is now a Junior School was a private house. There was much to be done - new servants' quarters, a new kitchen, a boarders' sitting room, a filing system to be instituted, the making of a crypt chapel designed by the girls, the starting of a fund to extend the buildings. All this was achieved long ago and now I hear of a wonderful theatre and a new chapel. How I would love to see it all!

And I congratulate those who came after me - extending and developing the school, while appreciating all that was done before me by Miss Ralph and Miss Robinson. It occurs to me further that I can claim to be a link in the chain of Herschel's history in that I had letters from Miss Ralph and, today, from Mrs Duff.

OLD HERSCHELIAN SPRING CRAFT FAIR

The Old Herschelians' Committee held another craft fair in the Atrium on Friday 6 October 1995 to increase the Old Herschelians' Bursary Fund. The craftwork was even bigger and better on the whole than last year. We had wonderful pottery, excellent découpage, fun handmade cards, exquisite smocked Christmas decorations, lovely paper and dried flowers, interesting doorstops, educational toys, interesting jigsaws of scenes of the school (still available) and a host of other exciting things for Christmas presents. The fair opened with refreshments on Friday evening and we served tea and scones on Saturday morning.

There were also delicious samples from the Heat and Eat menu and, of those who came, no-one left empty handed. As was the case last year, there were far too few people who supported us and came even though the school had given plenty of notice. If we ever hold this function again, the venue should probably be in the Preparatory School where enthusiasm and energy seem to be at a much higher level! However, we all had a great deal of fun and I for one am highly satisfied with my purchases!

PRU CRAWLEY



TWO HERSCHELIAN GENERATIONS

Dr Jean Bradshaw and Jennifer, Mrs Lorraine Leonard and Caroline McGahey



MELISSA WEIGEL - STANDARD 7

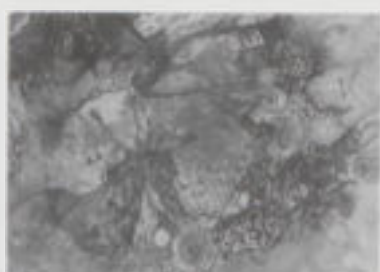


KIRSTY SHEPHERDSON - STANDARD 7

THIS AND THAT...



ANNEMARIE DE CAMARA



FLEUR BEAMISH



Second annual sportsgirls' dinner: Mrs Kershaw, Jane Woodard, Dr Hamman, Angela Franks, Caroline McGahey



Langford Cengani in his lovely garden



Helen Wilson, Clare Thomas, Tiffany Rademeyer, Candice Etzine and Tammy Combrink, who all had items published in "Speak Your Peace".



JADE WATKINS

**WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE
THE SPONSORSHIP OF
A HALF PAGE OF
THE HERSCHELIAN 1995**

**Vos Family
Moodie Family
Van Hensbergen Family
Hemmes Family
Ramsay Family
Lwazi Gqobo Family
Ruth and Terry Weldon
Wolff Family
A.R. van der Lith and Co
Roy Collocott and Associates
Alphen Farm Stall - Kwikspar
Callie Ambler-Smith
Murray Family
Twing and Sarah Louw
Constan-Tatos Family
Mandy Family**

**WE ALSO ACKNOWLEDGE THE
CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE FOLLOWING:-**

**Rumble Family
Braithwaite Family
Christian Family
Bester Family
Zena Williams**



THE MARY MULLER PICTURE OF THE YEAR - KERI DAVIES