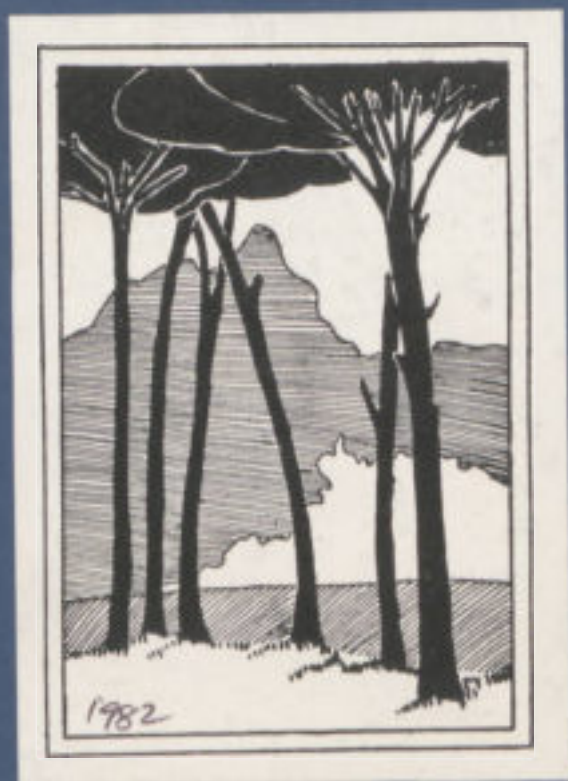




THE HERSCHELIAN

MEMBERS OF THE HERSCHEL COUNCIL

Visitor—The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

Chairman: Mr W. Marshall Smith

Mr C.J. Bettison

Mr T.N. Chapman

Mr R.L. Gawith

Mrs J. Heywood

Mrs B.L. Hoffman

Mr Patrick Kohler

Mr D. Loch Davis

Mrs M. Loggie

Mr M.J. Longmore

Advocate R.M. Marais

Mr J.E. Mudge

Mrs H. Newton Thompson

Mr R.H.C. Peters

Mrs A. Snyders

Mr G.J. van Zyl

Representative of Provincial Administration—Mr J. Campbell

The Editor thanks the Std IX typists and Editors of the House Magazines, Mrs L. Gower and Mrs S. Hudson for their cooperation and assistance. We thank Liza Rowland for her photographic coverage of the Fête and editorial assistance.

**The
HERSCHELIAN**



**Volume No. 57
1982**



MATRICS 1982

*Fifth Row: G. Mountain, E. Vorster, D. Kretz, K. Dower, B. Morris, L. Lybasi, N. Hommersum, M. Biebuyck, M. Mannion, D. Hine, A. Booth.
 Fourth Row: H. Jooste, Z. Looze, K. Krone, J. Balchelor, S. Commins, J. McMillan, K. Smit, F. Knight, K. Gottgens, S. Wynne-Edwards, S. Albertyn.
 Third Row: C. Krauss, S. Bryoni, R. Loch-Davish, K. Dicey, M. Thomas, L. Merrington, M. L. du Toit, C. Hemmingway, S. Bowley, M. du Toit, L. Bettison,
 W. Wilson, M. Louw.
 Second Row: E. Morrissey, G. Soekwa, D. Lengner, L. Beckerling, W. Sharples, N. Theophilou, D. Köster, L. Steytler, J. Steven, S. Cowie, F. Frazer,
 P. Littleford, M. Orford, M. L. van der Hoorn, L. Stamps, C. Marr, B. Pentz.
 Front Row: S. Seymour, R. Cooper, H. Marien, B. Longmore, C. Hales, A. McCallum, P. J. Tanfield, J. Quibell, N. Albert, J. Richards, C. Moul.*

Index

Headmistress' Report, 1982	1
Mrs V. Gilbertson	4
Chapel	4
Confirmations	4
School Prefects	5
Matriculation Results, 1981	6
Taalbond Results, 1981	6
Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1982	7
Ballet Results	8
The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examination Results, 1982	8
Christian Union	8
Choir	9
Orchestra	10
Music School	11
Oral Communication	11
Sociological Club	12
Historical Society	12
Library	13
Gifts to the Library 1981-82	13
Jagger House	14
Merriman House	14
Rolt House	14
Charities 1982	15
A Message from Mrs Payne	16
The History of Herschel	17
"Donny" 1936-	19
Oral Communication and Drama	20
Science Display	20
Sports Activities	22
Original Work	29
Preparatory School Report	49
Kindergarten Notes	53
Games Report	54
Original Work	60
Old Herschelians' Association	66
Sponsors	75
Staff	76
Term Dates for 1983	inside back cover



FÊTE





FEATURES





Headmistress's Report

SENIOR SCHOOL SPEECH DAY 1982

Ladies and gentlemen, and girls of Herschel,

Today marks the end of Herschel's sixtieth anniversary year—a year that has been made memorable first of all by our birthday celebrations on Founder's Day when we welcomed Mrs Barbara Payne as Guest of Honour, and then more recently by the Diamond Jubilee Fête in mid-October.

This was truly a joyous occasion. Blessed with glorious weather, young and old alike were able to enjoy different aspects of that festive day—whether hard at work making those delicious pancakes or that seemingly endless supply of hot dogs and hamburgers or relaxing in the shade of the tea garden, whether frantically selling white elephant items to early morning would-be bargain hunters or at the end of the day spending the last few coins in one's purse on yet another jar of lemon curd or just one more baby's dress, whether gasping with admiration for the parachutists who made such a spectacular and colourful landing or clapping in appreciation of the youthful charm and fresh beauty of our drum majorettes.

I am sure all this is fresh in your minds as it is in mine and you will therefore share my feelings of deep gratitude to all who worked to make our Fête possible—the parents who so unselfishly volunteered to be conveners, the mothers who gave unstintingly of time and effort in sewing, baking or craft work, the staff members and girls who showed enthusiasm and came forward with many original ideas, and, not least, our school servants who worked for long hours in a loyal and uncomplaining way. We thank especially Mr Rodney Cottrell, who with such good-humoured efficiency organized the erection of those professional-looking stalls and above all Mr Roger Hendry, who shouldered the main responsibility of the whole venture and with whom it was at all times a pleasure to work.

I am glad that our present Matric class had the opportunity to enjoy the Fête before their period of intensive examination study began. The sixty-six Matrics of this year form the largest Matric group Herschel has ever had (perhaps appropriate for a sixtieth anniversary!) When I first arrived in 1979 they were in Standard VII and perhaps at their liveliest stage in both Boarding House and classrooms. (I remember Miss Kable saying that they needed "firm handling"!)

Standard VIII was a somewhat more settled period and by Standard IX they emerged as strong competitors for staff favourite classes (I remember one of their Form mistresses, Mrs Westgate, for example, on the subject of how she could not have wished for a more charming and helpful class!) Then came their final year with all its pressures and responsibilities but all its fun and good fellowship too. We say goodbye to them now with appreciation for their strong school spirit and the good lead so many of them have given in the field of sport as well as in school work.

To the Prefect body, both in School and Boarding House, I say a special word of thanks. I have been grateful for your loyal support and hard work. In the Boarding House we have had particularly firm leadership from Tisa van der Hoorn who has shown courage, humour and a sensitive, caring attitude in a demanding position. As Head Girl of 1982, Lynn Stamper has been outstanding. Having been set a fine example by each of her three predecessors (I speak only for those I know), she has carried on the tradition of sincerity, graciousness and an endearing warmth of personality as well as Christian faith and plenty of determination.

At Speech Day it is customary to call to mind the Matrics of the previous year as we record their Joint Matriculation Board examination results. For the third consecutive year Herschel results showed a hundred per cent pass and, compared with previous years, there was an increase in the number of subject distinctions and a wider spread of good results among the various subjects.

We particularly congratulate Jane Yeats, who gained an A aggregate and distinctions in Biology and French, and Kate Saunders, who gained three distinctions in Afrikaans, Maths and Biology. We further congratulate the following girls who gained either one or two subject distinctions: Toni Beck, Ashley Chapman, Amanda de Villiers, Shane Fairhead, Maryke Hommersom, Lindsay Jones, Anne Meynell, Louise Morrissey, Toni Olivier, Jeneke Post, Myrna Rabie, Karen Reitner, Christina Rideout, Carole Roberts, Sonja Schröder, Alexa Singer, and Karen Visser.

Last year's Matrics, some of whom had had Mrs Gilbertson as their Form mistress in Standard IX and as their Typing teacher for four years, must have shared with us in the deep sense of grief we all felt at

her sudden, unexpected illness and death in the second quarter of this year. How very sad we were to lose her, and in remembering her we give thanks for many things—for her wonderful patience and caring as a teacher and friend, for her sense of fun and her lively spirit and lovely Scottish accent, for her serenity and beauty, for her firm Christian faith and strong sense of duty. She was certainly someone who made an impact on the School and enriched our lives as we came to know her.

Apart from temporary replacements during teachers' long leave or illness, there have been three newcomers to our Senior School teaching staff this year. The Typing post has been held for six months by Mrs Newsome whom we thank for her competent help at a much-needed time, wishing her well for the future as she seeks next year to broaden her teaching experience elsewhere with subjects other than Typing. When Mrs Martin, our well-liked Biology Teacher and leader of Christian Union, left us in July because of the expected birth of her baby, we welcomed Miss Hanssen in her place. In April, after a somewhat unsettled period for sport since Mrs Goosen's departure last year, we were very pleased to have Miss McKenzie come as Senior Physical Education teacher.

Partly because of her enthusiasm and hard work our Hockey teams have done splendidly this year. The first XI won through to the Finals of the Inter-Schools' Tournament, only just losing to Rustenburg in a final exciting game (a real "nailbiter" as one father, who was running up and down alongside the field, described it at the time!) and we were proud to have three girls chosen for the Western Province teams—Cecily Littleford and Tisa van der Hoorn for the A and Alison McMillan for the B teams respectively.

Other girls selected for Western Province teams were the following: in swimming, Monique Biebuyck, our Swimming Captain, whose prowess as a swimmer throughout her school career has been outstanding (she has been selected for the Western Province team in every single school standard!); in badminton, Sarah Cross; and in squash Sarah Cross, Nicola Newton-King and Jacqui Rathfelder for the Open team and Nicola Eckstein for the Under 13 team. Meanwhile in tennis and netball our teams, even if not achieving spectacular success, have nevertheless made a good steady effort throughout and I am most grateful to Mrs Hudson for her admirable example of loyalty and School spirit and for the way she has succeeded in giving so many girls the opportunity to play for a team—about 54 in tennis and about 48 in netball.

On the cultural side we have also had a full year. The

Senior Choir have on two occasions joined with the Bishops' Choral Society to sing in the Diocesan College Chapel—the Fauré Requiem earlier in the year and the St Nicolas Cantata by Benjamin Britten in October, both well received by appreciative audiences. The Carol service in St Saviour's Church is always a time of enriching beauty and spiritual inspiration, as is the service of Easter Music and we thank Miss Sweet for all she does to achieve this. It is surely because of her calm yet spirited leadership that our Choir members nearly always place Choir events highest of all on their list of school priorities and are likely in the future to treasure the Choir among the most precious of their schoolday memories.

Apart from music, drama is of course the other major cultural activity at Herschel. Our school play, "The Insect Comedy", was produced at the Civic Centre during the second quarter and once again we congratulate Mrs McClurg for her handling of an enormous cast with amazing originality and skill. The play contains a great deal that is both enchanting and amusing as well as much that provokes serious thought, moves one to deep sadness, or strengthens one's moral purpose.

Because of the time devoted to sport, music and drama there is not too much time left in the average girl's extra-curricular programme for other clubs or societies. However, the Christian Union has continued to meet regularly on Wednesdays during lunch-break and I am grateful to Mrs Martin and to Mrs Wood for their leadership here, as well as to Lisa Lyhne, Lucinda Richards and other members of the Committee who have worked faithfully to ensure a varied and worthwhile series of meetings. The History Society, too, under Mrs Stockwell's guidance, has had some interesting meetings this year, including a talk on Namibia, an outing to Simonstown, a talk by Mrs Di Bishop on the issue of detention without trial, and a slideshow by Miss Frater. On Founder's Day there was an exhibition in the History Room of the history of Herschel. The Debating Society has also had an active year with some lively and worthwhile debates or Forum discussion contests with other schools. I am really most grateful to Mrs Saffery for the coaching in public speaking which she has given to some of our younger debaters.

The Mountain Club, which has a small but keen membership, has arranged approximately one outing per term. The Camera Club, which struggled to exist a year or so ago, has had a new start under Liza Rowland, who has taken some of the photographs you will be seeing in this year's School Magazine. I wish Liza success in continuing this next year and I do hope

others are going to support her. The Bridge Club, started by myself, has now about fourteen members. We have enjoyed fairly lively practice sessions, and look forward to a match against Bishops early next term. (I might add that my father, who is critical of his daughter's play, avers that this is a decided case of the blind leading the blind!)

Because of the efforts for the Fête the annual class charity efforts were not attempted this year. Instead we have given a donation from our Fête funds towards each of the various funds we have supported in the past few years. The activities of our Social Responsibility Club have also been somewhat curtailed, but I hope next year's committee will give a stronger lead here. If there are parents who are prepared to assist in this sphere I should be glad of their support.

I must at this point not omit to record the activities of our Sociological Club, of which the meetings are held in school hours for all Standard VIII to X pupils. Meetings this year have included a great variety of interesting topics, for example, a lecture on Greek Tragedy by Mrs Mezzabotta of U.C.T., an up-to-date and penetrating analysis of the current political situation by Dr Alex Boraine, a programme by members of Rape Crisis, an Inter-Form debate, a talk on D. H. Lawrence, the film "To Kill a Mocking Bird", a talk on Responsible Parenthood, and several extracts from the "World at War" series as well as several career-orientated addresses.

It is of course Mrs Barbara McCormick whom we must thank for arranging such a stimulating and truly educative programme each year—in my opinion, one of the most worthwhile aspects of our entire curriculum at Herschel. We also thank Mrs McCormick for her very able teaching of French and English, her contribution as Head of Jagger House and her patient organization of our Staff Gift Fund, to mention but a few of her many Herschel activities. She retires this year after a total of 24 years on the teaching staff at Herschel and at this point I shall interrupt my report by asking "The Queen of Herschel" to come forward and receive a presentation from the Herschel Council in recognition of her loyal service to the School.

.....
 Birthday celebrations are usually connected with presents and in this Birthday year, although we have had birthday cakes—very generously donated to both Prep. and Senior Schools on Founder's Day by Mrs Ann Snyders—and the equivalent of a birthday party at the time of the Fête, we have not yet focussed attention on a birthday present. That is what I ask

you to do now as we give a "sixtieth birthday present" to the member of our School community who has been at Herschel for longer than anyone else. As Mrs Payne stepped out of her car on Founder's Day, she was delighted to be greeted by one familiar face, namely that of our School gardener, Mr Donny Pelston, who was here in her day, and in the time of three subsequent Headmistresses, and is still going strong today! After a total of 47 years Mr Pelston is still not yet considering retirement, but we felt that he should, in this Jubilee year, receive from us a birthday present with our heartfelt thanks for all his many years of devoted service in the beautifying of the Herschel gardens. May I ask him to come forward.

* * *

There is insufficient time to comment fully on every aspect of school life but I wish to include a brief word on the following—of thanks to Mrs Steytler and Mrs Feast for escorting a party of senior girls to the English Festival in Grahamstown during the July holidays; of my very real appreciation of Mrs Gillham's work on the School Magazine as well as that of the Standard IX girls who were editors of this year's excellent House Magazines; of farewell and thanks to our Home Economics teacher, Mrs Foster, whose calm, pleasantly unruffled manner and quiet efficiency set a fine example to her pupils in that department; of congratulations to Mrs Beames on yet another outstanding and exciting exhibition of Standard VI and VII Science projects; of praise for the three Standard VIII's, Nicola Caine, Stephanie Dutkiewicz and Nicola Newton-King, who won a prize for their model of a solar pump in the preliminary round of a national A.E.C.I. Science contest; of appreciation to Mr Gerrit van Zyl and others who helped with the planning of our new Physical Science Laboratory, which has been erected with remarkable speed and apparent ease and which, with keen anticipation, we look forward to using at the start of next year; of gratitude for the recent transformation of our Boarders' Sitting Room through the imaginative planning and generosity of Mrs M. Niven, one of our parents; of sincere appreciation to the St Saviour's clergy for their thoughtful lead in our weekly Communion services which for many have become a precious and very meaningful part of the week; and finally of thanks for the interest shown by members of the Old Herschelians' Association in the life of the present School.

I could continue this list for a much longer space of time but I must now bring this report to a close. I do so with the sense that Herschel is a fine School with

strong traditions from the past and great potential for the future. But the future depends on the present and on all of us therefore lies the responsibility for shaping something of value with the material and talents we are given. Let no-one here be guilty of wasting opportunities, of treating flippantly what we should thoughtfully cherish, of being deliberately disregarding of need in the society around us or of showing an attitude of apathy or carelessness in an increasingly challenging world. Let us rather dedicate ourselves afresh to Christ our Lord with the prayer "Lord, take me, use me as Thy instrument, fill me with Thy Spirit and make me a channel of blessing to others."

P. Geldard



MRS V. G. GILBERTSON

Vi Gilbertson came to Herschel in 1976 and within a short space of time had transformed Typing from a Cinderella subject into an exciting one, and the Typing room into a colourful area filled with flowers and pot plants, bright pictures and her warm presence so that it became the inspirational background to a great deal of sustained hard work and the springboard to consistently good results in Matric Typing each year, culminating in seven As in 1981.

I shall always remember Vi for her warmth and friendly understanding. She was the least 'school-marmy' person you could imagine and her presence added unmistakable glamour to the staffroom. Her vitality and wide interests, her sense of humour and friendly personality endeared her to both pupils and staff. Her voice enriched the singing during Assembly and added interest to any discussion with sensible or humorous comments made in an attractive Scots accent. Everything she did, she did with enthusiasm and efficiency whether it was her teaching, organising the School's text book order or a dog show for her class charity, studying languages through Unisa, joining in Scottish Country dancing, singing in the Church choir or gardening.

She had a particular love for flowers and it is with these that we shall always associate her. Her spirit and courage during her last illness will remain an example to us all. We shall not forget her.

Heather Montgomery

CHAPEL REPORT

Chairlady: Miss P. A. Geldard
Secretary: Kathryn Smit
Committee: Mrs H. Montgomery, Mrs S. Gillham, Mrs M. Browne, Lynn Stamper, Kathryn Smit, Miriam Thomas, Katherine Dicey, Fiona Fraser, Jackie Rathfelder, Rowena Evans, Nicky Newton-King.

The introduction of the hymn book "Sounds of Living Water—Fresh Sounds" has brought a new dimension into our evening chapel services. Mrs Browne has taught us many of the tunes. We extend our thanks to Rev. Cox, Rev. Taylor, Rev. Cook and Rev. Kirk who have taken several of our evening services. Other services have been taken by Miss Geldard or by various staff members or senior girls.

Services of Holy Communion are held every Wednesday morning at 7.50 a.m. During the course of the year it was made compulsory for all confirmed girls, both boarders and day girls, to attend at least two Communion services a term. This has made many girls aware of our Chapel. I would once more like to invite parents or other relatives to join us at Communion or any other Chapel services.

The Chapel Committee decided that something should be put in the Chapel in memory of Mrs Gilbertson and a beautiful copper vase was bought for this purpose. Her name has been inscribed on it.

In closing, I would like to thank Committee members for all they have put into organizing the services and especially Mrs Mary Browne for the time she spends in caring for the Chapel and for her beautiful flower arrangements.

Kathryn Smit

CONFIRMATIONS

On Sunday evening 12 September, the following girls were confirmed at St Saviour's by the Right Reverend G. A. Swartz, Suffragan Bishop of Cape Town, and received their first Communion straight afterwards:

Wilhelmina Bray
 Vanessa Clark
 Sally Dicey
 Susan Gatt
 Kim Jameson
 Margaret Malherbe
 Wendy Perold
 Sonja Petrus
 Juliet Postlethwaite
 Hillary Tasker

School Prefects 1982

Head Girl: Lynn Stamper

Head of Boarding House: Tisa van der Hoorn

Deputy Head of Boarding House: Karin Krone

Other Prefects: Jacqui Batchelor
 Monique Biebuyck
 Shona Commins
 Robyn Cooper
 Kathy Dower
 Cheryl Hemingway
 Karin Krone
 Rosemary Loch Davis
 Moira Mannion
 Judith Richards
 Hilary Marten

Heads of Houses: Jagger: Tisa van der Hoorn
 Merriman: Maggie du Toit
 Rolt: Janice McMillan

Boarding House Prefects: Lisa Beckerling
 Hillary Jooste
 Karin Krone
 Tanya Landless
 Margaret Orford
 Jacqui Rathfelder
 Kathy Smit
 Lynn Stamper
 Tisa van der Hoorn



Third Row: K. Krone, C. Hemingway, K. Dower, R. Cooper, J. Richards, H. Marten.

Second Row: M. Biebuyck, S. Commins, J. McMillan, M. Mannion, J. Batchelor, R. Loch-Davis.

Front Row: M. du Toit, Miss Geldard (Headmistress), L. Stamper (Head Girl), Mrs. Gillham (Deputy Head), M. L. van der Hoorn.



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS

*Second Row: M. Orford, L. Stamper, J. Rathfelder,
L. Beckerling, K. Smit.*

*Front Row: Mrs. Hurn, M. L. van der Hoorn (Head),
Mrs. Buntman, K. Krone (Deputy), Mrs. Lambert.*

MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1981

45 Candidates entered—No failures

M denotes a matriculation pass with university entrance
A denotes A aggregate

M ATKINSON B
M BECK T (Distinction in Biology)
M BREEN J
M CHAPMAN A (Distinction in Typing)
M DEAL N
M de VILLIERS A (Distinction in English and Typing)
M DIAMOND D
M DOUGLAS D
M FAIRHEAD (Distinction in Typing)
M HADEN R
M HART G
HILL P
M HOMMERSOM M (Distinction in Physical Science
and Typing)
M INCE K
M JACKSON C
M JONES I
M JONES L (Distinction in Typing)
M JOOSTE M
M KILCULLEN S
M LANFEAR S
M MACKENZIE G
M MARAIS M

McQUEEN F

M MEYNELL A (Distinction in Biology S.G. and
Mathematics)
M MORRISSEY L (Distinction in English)
M MUIR S
OELZ M
M OLIVIER T (Distinction in English)
M OVENSTONE C
M PAINE F
M POST J (Distinction in Typing)
RABIE A
RABIE M (Distinction in Afrikaans)
M REITNER K (Distinction in Afrikaans and German)
M RIDEOUT C (Distinction in Biology S.G.)
M ROBERTS C (Distinction in French)
M ROOMES T
M SAUNDERS C (Distinction in Afrikaans, Mathe-
matics and Biology)
M SCHRÖDER S (Distinction in Art)
M SCOTT T
SCHONFELD L
M SINGER A (Distinction in French)
M TRIPP K
M VISSER K (Distinction in Biology S.G.)
AM YEATS J (Distinction in Biology and French)

TAALBOND RESULTS, 1981

HOËR AFRIKAANS TAALEKSAMEN 1981

Hoër Graad

Suzanne Bryant, Katherine Ince, Inge Jones,
Bonita Julius, Myrna Rabie, Miriam Thomas.

Gewone Graad

Beverley Atkinson, Toni Beck, Lisa Beckerling,
Monique Biebuyck, Diana Booth, Susan Bowley,
Shona Commings, Susan Cowie, Katherine Dicey,
Katherine Dower, Magdalene du Toit,
Marie-Louise du Toit, Nadine Gramann,
Catherine Hales, Veronica Hommersom,
Catherine Jackson, Lindsay Jones, Hillary Jooste,
Mary Jooste, Faith Knight, Karin Krone,
Rosemary Loch Davis, Bridget Longmore,
Lisa Lyhne, Maryanne Marais, Catherine Marr,
Hilary Marten, Philippa McKee, Janice McMillan,
Linda Merrington, Belinda Morris, Emily Morrissey,
Rebecca Morrissey, Gillian Mountain, Monika Oelz,
Toni Olivier, Margaret Orford, Deborah Pargiter,
Carole Roberts, Catherine Saunders,
Wendy Sharpley, Kathryn Smit, Lynn Stamper,
Marie-Louise van der Hoorn, Karren Visser,
Elsa Vorster, Wendy Wilson.

LAER AFRIKAANSE TAALEKSAMEN 1981

Hoër Graad met Lof

Naseema Banderker, Joanne Hvidsten.

Hoër Graad

Sonya Bester, Jacqueline Kilcullen, Daniela Lengner, Julianne Walker.

Gewone Graad

Zainunesa Adams, Sarah Ashley, Deborah Bell, Rosalind Butler, Nina Claussen, Lindy de Waal, Shelley Durr, Rowena Evans, Kerynne French, Catherine Hudson, Kirsten Keirsgietter, Michele Kinlay, Caroline Lanfear, Sandra Newton Thompson, Liza Rowland.

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

SPEECH AND DRAMA

Solo Speaking

Honours	Julia Stallard
	Hilary Marten
	Claire Reilly
	Bridget Chapman
	Lesley Millar
	Christie Peters
	Bronwen McKellar
	Miranda Mosomothane
	Samantha Bendzulla
	Fiona Sass
	Samantha Sharp
	Vanessa Jacobs
Merit Plus	Helen Kaminski
	Marie-Lou Gillespie
	Alison Durr
	Stephané Poole
Merit	Melissa van Assen
	Peta Hosking
	Naseema Barday

Choral Verse Speaking

Std. V a High Honours

Std. V a Merit Plus

Improvisations

Peta Hosking and Vanessa Jacobs—Merit
Samantha Sharp—Merit.

ART

Gold Diploma

Michele Kinlay

Honours

Diane Taylor
Natacha Grosser-Hofer
Hillary Tasker
Britt Schrauwen

Merit

Susan Gatt
Stephanie Dutkiewicz
Christine Dunckley
Alison McMillan
Leanne Carlyle
Penny Thesen

MUSIC

Piano

Hillary Jooste	— Merit
Beth Stuart-Findlay	— Merit
Bridget Longmore	— Honours
Emily Morrissey	— Honours
Bridget Longmore	— Gold Diploma
Lucy Burns	— Merit

Recorder

Jeannette Krige	— 2 Honours + 1 Merit
Amanda Gersh	— 2 Honours + 1 Merit
Carol Millar	— 1 Honours
Deborah Mann	— 2 Merits
Fenella Ebbs	— 1 Merit
Julie van Rijswijk	— 1 Merit
Kathryn Crowther	— 1 Merit
Suzanne Louw	— 1 Merit

AFRIKAANS EISTEDDFOD

Piano

Lucy Burns	— 2 Merits
Nicolette Jordan	— 1 Merit
Bridget Longmore	— 1 Merit + 1 Honours

BALLET RESULTS

We are pleased to say that we have again had 100% passes in the recent Royal Academy of Dancing Examination. The examiner was Miss Moira Maudsley.

PRIMARY	—
Megan van Zyl	— Honours
Catherine Thompson	— Highly Commended
Eliza Martin	— Commended
Yasmin Amien	— Commended
Linda Boxall	— Commended
Mia de Bruijn	— Commended

GRADE I	
Chantal Pharo	— Highly Commended
Alexandra Smith	— Pass Plus
Carolyn Lander	— Pass Plus
Vanessa Cowgill	— Pass Plus
Charlotte van Dugteren	— Pass

GRADE II	
Catherine Southern	— Honours
Nadine Louw	— Commended
Pamela Thompson	— Pass Plus
Eva Disler	— Pass Plus

GRADE III	
Sandra van Hoogstraten	— Honours
Athene Pharo	— Commended
Elena Rista	— Commended

GRADE IV	
Gabrielle Raaff	— Highly Commended
Vaughneen Ricketts	— Commended
Inken Haldane	— Pass Plus
Janet Wray	— Pass

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC
EXAMINATION RESULTS

GRADE 1

Karen Bewick (Pass), Liesl Haldane (Distinction), Doranne McDonald (Pass), Susan Tyson (Merit).

GRADE 2

Sally Mackenzie (Merit), Keelyn Maisel (Pass), Debra Tyson (Distinction), Sandra van Hoogstraten (Pass), Elena Rista (Distinction).

GRADE 3

Diane Hathaway (Pass).

GRADE 4

Lucy Burns (Merit), Lee Hosking (Merit), Sally Orren (Pass), Lizette Preiss (Merit), Karen Snyders (Merit), Mary-Anne Wheeler (Distinction).

GRADE 5

Wilhelmina Bray (Pass), Joanna Growse (Pass), Alison Hundleby (Pass), Nicolette Jordan (Pass), Caroline Tedder (Merit).

GRADE 6

Michelle Kinlay (Pass), Hillary Jooste (Pass), Emily Morrissey (Merit).

General Musicianship—GRADE 6

Bridget Longmore (Distinction).

Reports

CHRISTIAN UNION

Teachers in Charge: Mrs Martin and Mrs C. Wood

Committee:	1st half of year:	2nd half of year:
Chairman:	Lisa Lyhne	Lucinda Richards
Secretary:	Lucinda Richards	Karen Dudley
Vice-Chairman:	Cheryl Hemingway	Ann Abdy
Others:	Gail Socikwa	
	Daniela Lengner	
	Diana Booth	

We have regular meetings held during Wednesday's lunch-breaks. Films and talks on interesting and controversial subjects have been arranged: from pop-music to Rev. Eve's stay in England. We have had people to sing for us too. A great favourite was Fred May.

We would like to thank Mrs Martin for all the help and guidance she has given us in CU, and all the time she has devoted to us. We wish her and her baby health and joy.

Lisa Lyhne, Chairman



*Fourth Row: R. Evans, B. Schrauwen L. de Waal, B. Morris, B. Oswell, C. Mannion B. Stuart-Findlay, M. Thomas, W. Wilson.
Third Row: L. Rowland, S. Cowie, L. Stamper, A. Moultrie, S. Ashley, S. Beckerling, A. Robins, J. Postlethwaite, M. Ross,
L. Horn.
Second Row: L. Eichler, C. Meredith, L. Haldane, K. Dudley, J. Hendry, J. Krige, M. Kinlay, S. Newton-Thompson,
A. Ovenstone, B. Longmore, S. Dicey, N. Jordan.
Front Row: A. Day, L. Hosking, S. Rogers, B. Pentz (Choirleader), Miss Sweet, E. Morrissey (Deputy Choirleader), H. Jooste,
F. Gilliland, N. Eckstein.*

CHOIR REPORT

This year has been a quiet one as we have not sung at many external functions. In the first term we sang at two weddings: Susan Tripp and Kathy Caradoc-Davies. We sang on Founder's Day and at the Easter Service, both held at St. Saviour's.

The second term was an exciting and rewarding one. Bishops and Herschel Choirs combined to form a Choral Society. We rehearsed once a week for an hour, about a month prior to the performance. On 7 May, we performed Fauré's Requiem, accompanied

by an orchestra, in the Bishops' Chapel. A large number of people came to listen and we were pleased to see Herschel supporters among the audience. Our next performance will be in the fourth term when we will be singing St. Nicholas by Benjamin Britten.

In the third term we were invited to sing at an Anglican Church, St. Aidan's. After the service we entertained the parishioners in the hall. The audience enjoyed the evening and we were aware of the warmth of the reception. We have also been invited to sing at Plumstead Methodist Church to the Plumstead Seniors' Club.

Each year ends with our Carol service for which we all work extremely hard to make it a magnificent and rewarding service. However, it is a sad occasion for the Matrics who will no longer be able to be part of the choir.

Belinda Pentz, Choir Leader

ORCHESTRA REPORT

Owing to the fact that there was a considerable difference in the technical abilities and ensemble experience among the different members of the orchestra, it was decided that the girls would be divided into two groups: the Junior orchestra, consisting of beginners, which met on Mondays and the Senior orchestra,

consisting of the more experienced players, which met on Fridays.

The Junior orchestra performed at two Prep. concerts at the end of the second term. At the beginning of the third term both the Senior and Junior orchestras joined forces most successfully. The new combined orchestra will be playing at several concerts in the fourth term.

The orchestra had a problem recruiting cellists and clarinetists last year but this has been somewhat abated. The orchestra's biggest problem is that there is not a room in the music department big enough for all of us to fit into for our rehearsals.

Michele Kinlay



*Third Row: L. Stamper, B. Longmore, M. L. Gillespie, R. Karjelker, N. Caine, J. Krige, B. Morris.
Second Row: L. Haldane, A. Gerish, E. Mallet, L. Hosking, D. Mann, S. Joyce.
Front Row: C. le Feuvre, A. Mallet, M. Kinlay, Miss Heathcock, R. George, C. Prescott.*

MUSIC REPORT

Head of Department: Miss C. Sweet

Music Staff: Miss Garnett, Mr C. Gibbins, Mrs J. Hagen, Mr T. Hanslo, Miss S. Heathcock, Mrs M. Loggie, Mrs C. Popham-Smith, Mrs A. Tyson, Mrs D. Walters

This year has been a busy one for the Music Department.

A Music Workshop was held at the end of the first term in which all music students took part. Judging by the performances of the girls, playing regularly before an audience is giving them more confidence.

In April and July, girls entered the Cape Town and Afrikaans Eisteddfod. There were more entries this year in both the Piano and Recorder sections and the results were most pleasing and encouraging.

In the second term, the juniors gave two concerts (Stds II and III one evening and Stds IV and V the following evening). On both these occasions, the junior choir and school orchestra participated. Thank you to Mrs Tyson and Miss Heathcock for producing such pleasant evenings.

The Junior Choir has been working hard this year and is singing well. We are looking forward to having its members singing with us at the Carol Service.

Early in the fourth term, we will have the Inter-House music competition. Each House will be expected to produce a choir, orchestral and an original item, the programme lasting ten minutes.

There will also be a music concert in the fourth term in which the choir, the orchestra and certain music students will play.

Thank you to Miss Sweet and the rest of the Music Staff for all their hard work in the Music Department this year.

Bridget Longmore, Head Music Student

ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA SOCIETY

Last year our Oral Communication and Drama Society was highly successful. Our Forum Discussion team won the 1981 Inter-Schools shield, but unfortunately lost it this year, although the standard of speaking was very high. We were very proud of our team. We hope that now that the new committee has been elected they will keep up the standard. Herschel also has many promising speakers for this coming year.

At the beginning of the fourth term last year a committee was elected for 1982:

Chairman:	Veronica Hommersom
Secretary:	Fiona Fraser
Caterer:	Karin Krone
Stage Management:	Hilary Marten
Wardrobe Mistresses:	Bennita Oswell, Lydea Horn

In the first term a debate was held against Westerford. In the junior section, the motion of the debate was "Elders are not our betters" and the motion was proposed by Herschel. The motion was carried by four votes.

In the senior debate, the motion of "Terrorism is a modern phenomenon", was proposed by Westerford. The votes counted seven for, seven against and five abstentions. As is obvious this was a very interesting and exciting debate.

Another Debate and Forum Discussion evening was held with Rondebosch Boys' High where "The Art of Dating" was discussed by Nicki Hommersom, Margie Orford and two Rondebosch speakers with Julienne Walker as Chairlady.

In the junior section, the motion that "The Motor Bike is generally known as a coffin on wheels" was proposed by Herschel and was carried by the majority.

Thus it is noticeable that the past year has been very successful for Herschel but we owe much of this success to Mrs Saffery, who spent much of her time helping my committee and me in organising these debates and forums.

At the end of the second term, a new Oral Communication and Drama Committee was elected, namely:

Chairman:	Sandra Newton Thompson
Secretary:	Nicola Caine
Caterer:	Simone Beckerling
Stage Managers:	Nicola Newton-King Stephanie Dutkiewicz
Wardrobe Mistresses:	Lydea Horn Roshan Karjicker Bennita Oswell

The new committee has already planned a debate against Herzlia and SACS and have also recently partaken in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion.

I especially would like to thank Hilary Marten for all the hard work and effort that she has contributed to the Oral Communication and Drama Society; without her help I do not think that we would have been as successful.

All that is left for me to say is good luck to our new committee, all speakers and debaters for future events, and I hope that this coming year will be as much fun for you as this year was for us.

Nicki Hommersom, Chairman

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

On Wednesday afternoons Standards VIII to X come together for Sociological Club. This year we have had a wide range of talks and films on very varied and interesting topics.

We were able to persuade several eminent members of our community to come to these meetings. Dr Alex Boraine spoke on South Africa Today and Tomorrow, and Mrs Di Bishop discussed the controversial Homelands Policy. These talks were most relevant and stimulating.

Four lecturers from the Classics and English departments came on different occasions to give us a series of talks on the Odyssey, Greek Tragedy, the Arthurian Legend and Norse legends as sources of English literature. We learnt a great deal about subjects only vaguely known by most of us before.

We began the year with a delightful film on one woman's experiences amongst chimpanzees in Tanzania. Still concerning animals but on a more serious and tragic note was Mrs Christine Berry's talk on Beauty without Cruelty. The horrors she shared with us made us all more aware of the necessity to protect our animals against exploitation for vanity's sake.

Although Rape is not a pleasant subject we greatly appreciated the comprehensive programme put forth by members of Rape Crisis. They advised on and discussed this subject making us at once more aware of it and more confident about avoiding such a traumatic experience.

Four films from The World at War series were shown this year: The Rise of Hitler, The Fall of France, The Desert War and the D. Day Landings. The Matrics were also especially appreciative of the film of "Sons and Lovers", their favourite set book, and of a delightfully informal talk and discussion of it by Michael Lee. In spite of a somewhat broken showing we enjoyed the film of "To Kill a Mocking Bird" as the book is such a favourite with many of us.

Talks given by three old Herschelians on their experiences abroad as exchange students produced much laughter and enthusiasm. They all seemed to have had such an interesting and wonderful time, which they shared with us, illustrating their experiences with some beautiful slides. Another light-hearted meeting was entertained by a scene from Noel Coward's 'Blithe Spirit' acted by two of Mrs McClurg's drama students and a charming programme of songs by the Bergvliet Primary School Choir.

We should like to thank all our speakers for the time and effort they have given to these interesting, enter-

taining and enlightening meetings, and most especially Mrs McCormick for all the arranging and organising she does to make our Wednesday afternoons so enjoyable.

Joanne Hvidsten, Secretary

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This year the Historical Society has been fairly active in the political sphere as many things have been happening around us in which we are interested. We have been very lucky in having two M.P.s and an M.P.C. to speak to us.

Mr Roger Huiley, M.P., came to speak to us on "Lessons to be learnt from Zimbabwe". He showed us that unless something is done quickly in South Africa we may be faced with the same future.

Another M.P., Mr Ken Andrews, explained to us the proposals made by the President's Council for a future South Africa. He showed us the dangers involved if some of the proposals were accepted. Yet he seemed to favour some aspects provided they benefited all race groups and were not done simply to satisfy Afrikaner Nationalism.

Mrs Di Bishop, M.P.C., came to address us on two occasions. The first time she spoke on some of the horrors associated with "Detention without trial" of some South Africans. The second time her subject was the tragedy of the Homelands Policy.

Early in the year two representatives from U.C.T. came to speak to the Society on Namibia. This proved to be an interesting, yet controversial subject.

Two World at War films have been screened up to date and they were of great interest to both the French and the History pupils as the French setwork is a play about the German occupation of France during World War II.

To celebrate the Sixtieth anniversary of the School, our Society organised an interesting and detailed exhibition of Herschel's past. Unfortunately this was visited by a mere handful of people.

I would like to thank Mrs Stockwell for her unfailing support and encouragement throughout the year. Without her enthusiasm and help I would not have been able to arrange so many interesting meetings this year.

As I hand over to a new committee next year, I hope the Society will continue to flourish and be a success.

Hilary Marten, Chairman

LIBRARY

Exciting things have been happening in the Duncan Baxter Library this year. Not only have we received some beautiful gifts, but we have also acquired many new and interesting books.

At the beginning of the year our Librarian, Mrs Steytler, spent some time with the experts at the Library Services, Education Department, and they helped us to introduce their recommended system. Our most urgent need was for a new catalogue, and this enormous task has been tackled by Mrs Meerburg (a qualified librarian and Old Herschelians), the Library Prefects, Mrs Steytler and Mrs Di Burns who finds time to help us sometimes in the mornings. We are particularly grateful to Mrs Meerburg for her enthusiasm.

Great progress has been made; the Memorial shelves, the Reference section, English literature, Afrikaans fiction, and several other smaller sections are now complete. Much re-classification has been done in all sections and new shelves have been ordered. The Library now has a neat appearance and a still more tranquil atmosphere. It is in constant use. It is a

special place where visitors always pause on their tour of the School and which Old Herschelians revisit with obvious pride and pleasure.

Anne Abdy, Senior Library Prefect

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY 1981-1982

We should like to record with gratitude the generous bequest made to us in her will by the well-known writer, Mrs Margaret Whiting Spilhaus, who died in 1981, at the age of 92.

Her younger daughter, Mrs Marian Robertson, who keeps in close touch with the School, told us that her mother was always deeply interested in children's reading and in her will left bequests to the many schools with which her children and grandchildren were associated. Her elder daughter, Patricia Ashby Spilhaus, who died in 1969, was the first pupil to be enrolled at Herschel in 1922 when the School opened.

Individual volumes have been donated to the Library by Lindsay Jones, by F.C. Harris, by Build a Better Society (BABS), by the Headmistress, by the Vice-Principal, Mrs Gillham, Mr Park, Mrs Hurn and by visiting student teachers.



Marie-Louise du Toit, Std 10

JAGGER HOUSE REPORT

Recently there has been a major change in Herschel's history, in that Jagger, having grown tired of always sitting at the bottom of the ladder, has won almost every Interhouse event this year. This has surprised not only the other two houses, but ourselves as well.

Interhouse swimming took place during the first term, and was a green victory. Although to a large extent we have our star swimmer, Monique Biebuyck, to thank for bringing us the cup, all the other swimmers showed much determination and many of them swam superbly.

Interhouse Hockey, Netball and Squash took place during the third term, and here again, Jagger was in the limelight. In the Interhouse Squash matches, Jagger just missed the cup by four points, but we were still proud to take second place. In both Hockey and Netball, we had excellent teams representing us, but in spite of this, our opposition was tough and we had to fight hard to come out on top. There are, however, many people who do not realize that no matter how strong the team, if there is no team spirit, there is very little chance of success. Fortunately Jagger has always had an overflowing abundance of spirit, not only in the team, but also in the supporters.

There are many members of Jagger who are to be congratulated for various outstanding achievements. In the sporting world, Monique Biebuyck was chosen for the South African National Swimming Championships and Sarah Cross for Western Province Badminton and Squash. Sarah Wynne-Edwards and Joanne Sedgwick did extremely well in Western Province Show Jumping, as did Gillian and Lesley Mountain in the Western Province Sailing Championships. Cecily Littleford and Marie-Louise van der Hoorn are to be commended on being chosen for the Western Province Hockey team. We congratulate Bridget Longmore for obtaining a gold diploma in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and also for her many other musical achievements.

In the academic field, the following girls deserve special commendation for their outstanding results: Linda Willis, Alison Moultrie, Lydea Horn, Tanya Elvin-Jensen, Nicolette Jordan, Andrea Lawrence, Kelly Myburgh and Chantal Simonis.

Every term, a small donation is given by each member of Jagger in aid of our charity, the African Scholars' Fund. As well as this, each girl brings a jersey and these are donated to Cafda. It is very rewarding to know that such a small contribution on our part succeeds in bringing happiness to a few of those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

Finally, I would like to express my sincere thanks to

the Jagger staff for their unfailing support at all times, and the same goes for the Jagger prefects. As for Jagger House itself, and that unique immortal spirit which lies somewhere in amongst you all, thanks for being such a great House, and for enabling me to say, in all sincerity, how much I have enjoyed being the Head of Jagger.

Marie-Louise van der Hoorn, Head of Jagger

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

Firstly, I must thank Nici Deal and last year's prefects for keeping up Merriman's spirit throughout the year. With their good leadership, we very nearly won the Efficiency Shield. I am confident, however, that this year Merriman will once again win the Shield which has been ours for so many previous years.

The jerseys knitted by Merriman girls this year will once again go to St. Michael's Home and the charity money collected will go to "Beauty without Cruelty" and the "Woodside Sanctuary".

The only Interhouse events that have taken place this year have been the diving and swimming. These sports have never been Merriman's forte and we unfortunately ended up third in both events. The day of the gala, however, was splashed with bright red. The house spirit was high and Merriman looked beautiful.

But Merriman has brains as well as beauty. Academically, we have always been, and still are, unbeatable. We have many hard-working girls to thank for this. Those who have achieved exceptionally high marks this year are: Natasha Theophilou, Cheryl Hemingway, Nicky Jones, Elizabeth Baker, Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Ingrid Hommersom, Wendy Perold, Esmé de Wet, Jahanara Williams, Sally Orren, Vanessa Sass and Nicola Westgarth-Taylor.

Lastly, I would like to thank Mrs Thompson and the other Merriman staff who are always so supportive and full of the red spirit. With their help, I'm sure that Merriman will triumph once again this year.

Magdalene du Toit, Head of Merriman

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

The time has come for me to write the Rolt House report. Before I begin this year's achievements (and failures) let me just say a big CONGRATULATIONS to Rolt for winning the Efficiency Shield last year for the second year in succession. Let's try to make it three years!

This year's Interhouse events have been mostly sporting events. However, we do have the Interhouse music at the end of this term and, of course, the magazine. The swimming this year was extremely exciting, with the diving being contested on a different day. We have won the Swimming Gala for the past seven years, but unfortunately, Jagger outswam us this year—well done Jagger! One thing, though, is that we definitely outsang them as the Rolt spirit was very good. A consolation to the loss of the swimming trophy, is the fact that we won the diving. Well done, Tanya Landless and team!

In the third term, we had three competitions—hockey, netball and squash. In the hockey, we had a very strong U15 team who won both of their matches. Special mention goes to Deidre Murray. The open team lost both of theirs, so unfortunately the cup found its way to Jagger's shelves once more. The netball was the same story with Jagger first, Rolt second and Merriman third. The netball team was a second and Merriman third. The netball team was a team with a difference in that, unlike Jagger who had six players from the 1st team, some of Rolt's players, including yours truly, had not played for several years. Nevertheless, when it comes to squash, that is just Rolt's forte. Our team of four did very well, particularly Nicky Newton-King and Jacquie Rathfelder, who won both of their matches. However, we had reckoned on winning the squash, without considering the gutsy determination of Jagger. The end result was decided on actual points, Rolt winning by a mere margin of 4! Anyway, everyone in the team played so well that we really deserved to win.

I would like to give special mention to 4 of our girls who made W.P. teams:— Alison McMillan (Hockey), Jacquie Rathfelder, Nicky Newton-King and Nicki Eckstein (Squash)—well done!

That's all the news about past events. Good luck to all those involved in future ones—may the Rolt luck be with you. On the academic side, Rolt is doing very well with the help of some really sterling efforts by various girls. The Rolt Std 6's are to be especially congratulated in this field.

Unfortunately, not all Rolt news is happy news. We were all very sad when Mrs Gilbertson, our second 'Rolt Mother', passed away last term. We have the most beautiful memories of a really lovely person. Thanks, Mrs Gilbertson, for all you did for us.

Now is the time to give my thanks to all the Rolt staff and girls—thanks for your support. To my prefects—Moiria Mannion, Karin Krone, Kathy Dower and especially Lynn Stamper, our Rolt Head Girl—thanks for being there when you were needed. And last, but

by no means least, to Mrs Stockwell, who is Rolt with a capital R, thanks so much for everything.

Good luck to next year's Rolt prefects! May you enjoy being in Rolt as much as I did. Keep the Rolt spirit high and the cups rolling in!

Janice McMillan, Head of Rolt



J. McMillan (Rolt), L. Stamper (Head Girl), Miss Geldard (Headmistress), M. du Toit (Merriman), M. L. van der Hoorn (Jagger).

CHARITIES 1982

African Scholars Fund.
Beauty Without Cruelty.
Tembaletu Day Centre.
World Vision.
Blankets for Helen Keller Home.
S.A. Christmas Stamp Fund.
Peninsula School Feeding.



Mrs Barbara Payne and Lynn Stamper, Head Girl.

A Message from Mrs Payne

2 March 1982

Dear Miss Geldard,

We left Cape Town, sad to go after Herschel's lovely welcome to us. We send our thanks to you, the Governors, staff and girls, and old Herschelians for the happy birthday party: the gap of thirty-five years just melted away, especially when I saw Donny!

I am pleased for you all that Herschel progresses well, and in spite of growth in numbers and buildings, the School still has the happy atmosphere, so that education, wherein Christian values

and quality are paramount, flourishes. How important that is, when everywhere one sees education carried out simply as instruction.

It was an especial privilege to be with you at the Service in the School Chapel on Sunday morning. I do not need to tell you how much that meant to me.

With love to all Herschelians, past and present.

*Very sincerely,
Barbara Payne*

The History of Herschel

Herschel was founded on 19 February 1922 by John William Jagger (after whom our house was named) and this year celebrates her Sixtieth Anniversary. Miss Barbara Elcome who was the third Headmistress of Herschel (1945 to 1947), was our special guest for this memorable occasion. Miss Elcome gave us all an account of Herschel as she remembered it and had the honour of cutting the Birthday Cake.

Since the beginning of her "life", Herschel has undergone several major changes and has developed considerably. Unfortunately, not many of us Herschelians know much about her fascinating history, and for this reason, you will undoubtedly find this account an interesting one.

THE HOUSE IS BUILT

Early Claremont was made famous by Sir John Herschel, son of the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel. The Herschels lived on the large Feldhausen estate.

"Herschel" has existed as a separate property for one hundred and twenty years. At first it was a small portion of the vast Feldhausen estate, only about three to four morgen in extent. Today, the main part is Herschel School for Girls. The English Church Schools Association bought the property in 1921. This saved both Herschel and the neighbouring Claremont Park from being the victims of urbanisation, which is what became of many suburban estates. Although surrounded by huge blocks of flats, Herschel has succeeded in maintaining much of her Victorian charm. Old oak trees (more of which have recently been planted) still give a unique beauty to the school buildings and playing fields.

The original house was built in 1835 by Valentinus Alexius Schonberg. In 1825, Schonberg became the owner of the farm, Veldhuijzen, which he renamed Feldhausen. It was one of the farms lying near the banks of the Liesbeeck River, between Stellenbosch and Boshof.

When Sir John Herschel offered Schonberg three thousand pounds for the property, he accepted the offer. Herschel generously allowed him to keep a strip along the southern border where he could build a house for himself. In February 1835, the main part of the estate was transferred to Sir John, and the smaller part to V. A. Schonberg, Mr Schonberg's only child, then twenty-four.

It was an outstanding position on which to build a house, with sloping grounds and wide views of the countryside, as well as being situated close to the Main Road and having a spring of its own. The house was built in the "modern" style, having a slate roof and eight rooms. There were stables as well as a coach house, a small orchard, a vineyard and a garden. Mrs Schonberg was so delighted with her new home that she called it "Herschel" after their benefactor.

As time went by, various owners enlarged and improved the house, meanwhile Feldhausen grew more and more dilapidated. In fact, there came a time when strangers would immediately presume that it was the "handsome country residence" that was Sir John's home, and not Feldhausen.

Unfortunately, however, when in 1839 Mr Schonberg died insolvent, Mrs Schonberg had to put the property up for sale.

Captain Thomas Harris of the Bombay Service bought the property early in 1840. He, together with his four children, their stepmother, her mother (Mrs Rose) and younger brother moved in almost straight away.

MRS HARRIS'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

A few years after the death of his first wife, Captain Harris married Caroline Rose, daughter of a certain Mrs Rose. After the death of her husband, Mrs Rose established "a boarding school for young ladies in Stellenbosch". But, after her daughter's marriage, she and her son decided to join the Harris establishment which already included the four children from Captain Harris's first marriage.

In August 1840, Captain Harris died very suddenly, leaving his young wife to support her four stepchildren. As the property was virtually all they had, it was decided that a seminary for young ladies should be opened, and after some time, the number of pupils attending had increased considerably.

In spite of its success, Mrs Harris's School nearly ended in disaster when, in the middle of 1848, two little girls from Mauritius remained at the school for the holidays. While playing with a lighted candle in their dormitory, the younger child's nightgown caught alight, causing her fatal burns. Mrs Harris was terribly distressed about this tragic incident, and even considered giving up the school. Fortunately, however, the excellent reputation of both Mrs Harris and her

school rendered this step unnecessary. The little girl's father, Mr Kelsey (a widower), came to the Cape from Mauritius and soon satisfied himself that the school could not in any way be blamed for his child's death. Shortly after having met, Mrs Harris and Mr Kelsey decided to get married. After sorting out all her business affairs in Cape Town, Mrs Harris went to Mauritius where they were married. Unfortunately, the marriage did not last long as almost the entire family was wiped out owing to a cholera epidemic.

In January 1849, Herschel was taken over by Mrs G. R. Midgley, who had up to then been running a very successful school in Cape Town.

MRS MIDGLEY CARRIES ON

Mrs Midgley ran Herschel very well, and her success continued until, in 1854, she retired and the house became the home of the Hon. H.E. Rutherford and his family.

The fees at Herschel at this time were as follows:

Boarders	£9 a quarter
Weekly Boarders	£7 a quarter
Day girls	£2 a month

The brothers of Herschel girls would then probably have attended the Government Boys' School, Sunning Hill, Wynberg.

A rival to Herschel at this time was Bellemont House School, behind St. Paul's Church at Rondebosch.

A FAMILY HOUSE

Mrs Harris had already enlarged the house to accommodate her school, and Mr Rutherford did so once again. When he left in 1860, the house was double-storied with eleven rooms on the ground floor and five upstairs. The spring on the property made it possible to have water laid on throughout the house, and baths and indoor sanitation of the most modern type were installed. Extra woodland was added to the property, which extended it to almost ten acres. Large stables, cowsheds and a hayloft, as well as the orchard, vineyard and oak avenue still remained on the ground. Lovely gardens surrounded Herschel, primarily because gardening was Mrs Rutherford's chief interest. The Ardernes next door were in the process of establishing their garden, which was later to become famous.

The Rutherfords lived at Herschel until March 1860.

The next owner of the property was C. E. Hedley, a prominent businessman in Cape Town. The following list of owners, as given by the Registrar of Deeds, shows names well known in Cape Town commercial circles of the Nineteenth Century:

"On 30th March 1870 the properties were acquired by Ralph Henry Arderne who transferred same to Charles James Busk on 31st May 1870.

On 5th November 1872 Charles James Busk transferred same to Henry Knight Tredgod who, on the 4th August 1892, transferred to John William Wood. On the 30th April 1908 the estate of John William Wood transferred same to Mary Jane Mossop, born Trediga, married out of community of property to Thomas Mossop who, by Deed of Transfer No. 6631 dated the 14th July 1921 transferred same to The English Church Schools Association (Incorporated). The last mentioned Association then consolidated the holding under the Certificate of Uniform Title No. 10312 dated the 1st July 1935."

On the opening day of Herschel School for Girls, as it is still known today, the following articles appeared in the local newspaper:

"The new English Church School for Girls, Herschel School, was officially opened yesterday by the Right Hon. J. X. Merriman in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering. The proceedings took place in the grounds, which are very beautiful, the building being situated amid oaks and on the Claremont slopes of Table Mountain. Prior to the ceremony, a brief service was conducted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Cape Town. At the conclusion of the service, the Dean, who was accompanied by the Rev. R. White, the Archbishop's Chaplain, took the chair on the stoep, and was supported by Messrs. J. X. Merriman and J. W. Jagger, Mr Gardner (the Mayor) and, amongst others, Miss Ralph, the first principal of the school, who was formerly principal of The Diocesan School for Girls at Grahamstown.

The second article is part of the opening day speech given by J. X. Merriman. It concerns John William Jagger, founder of both Herschel and our house, Jagger.

"It is a matter of general knowledge that the formation of the English Church Schools Association is due to the generous action of one man. Just when it seemed impossible really to get to work, Mr Jagger came to the rescue, and on two occasions since then he has done the same thing. It was one of Mr Jagger's conditions that the money made available by him should do more than establish a girl's school; it was to form the financial nucleus of such an Association as I have described. In opening this school today, therefore, we desire to do special honour to Mr Jagger, who is really its founder, and to express as well as we are able our deep appreciation of his public spirit and generosity."



"Donny" (Mr. Adonis Pelston) our devoted and much-appreciated gardener, who deserves special mention in our Diamond Jubilee Magazine.

He joined the Domestic Staff as a cleaner in 1936 and therefore holds the record for long-service and loyalty to the School. Having known and worked for six of Herschel's seven Headmistresses, he has many interesting anecdotes to tell.

HEADMISTRESSES OF HERSCHEL

Miss Morley Ralph	from 1922 to 1933
Miss Harriet Robinson	from 1933 to 1944
Miss Barbara Elcome	from 1945 to 1947
Miss Caroline Mclean	from 1947 to 1962
Mrs Mavis Kittow	from 1962 to 1970
Mrs Helen Brownell	from 1971 to 1972 (acting Headmistress)
Dr Barbara Silberbauer	from 1972 to 1978
Miss Pamela Geidard	from 1979

AD DEI GLORIAM

Bibliography

"Claremont Album" by Joyce Murray
Miss Ralph's Diary

Kerynne French, Std. 9

ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA

The highlight of this year was, of course, Dawn McClurg's mammoth production of "The Insect Comedy" by the brothers Capek. This play gives ample opportunity to the imaginative director, and when that director also has a tremendous desire to give all the children who want to act (from Standard Three to Matric), their chance to do so, the results are very impressive!

The logistic problems were daunting, as we had to hire the Claremont Civic Centre for the production, but somehow or other, they were surmounted, through the co-operation of the entire Herschel establishment, from office to classroom to workshop and back again.

The Cape Town Eisteddfod did not see quite so much of us this year because our main preoccupation was with "The Insect Comedy", but we did have some very successful entrants from both the Prep and the Senior school, who came home in triumph with Honours and Merit grading.

At the half year we said goodbye to the Matrics on our Oral Communication and Dramatic committee. They were Veronica Hommersom, Fiona Fraser, Karin Krone, Hilary Marten, Margaret Orford; and we thank them very much for all they have done.

Serving from the third term 1982, to the middle of 1983 are Sandra Newton Thompson as Chairman, Nicki Caine as Secretary; Committee members are Shelley Durr, Joanne Hvidsten, Julienn Walker, Rosalind Butler, Simone Beckerling, Lee Hosking, Alison Moultrie, Nicola Newton-King and Stephanie Dutkiewicz.

In the Forum Discussions this year, organised as usual by S.A.C.E.E., we acted as hosts for one of the Heats and on that occasion Herschel won, which was very gratifying. The finals were held at Pinelands High School, and the winners were Bergvliet High School, whom we congratulate.

Herschel is an extremely busy place and our target of at least two debates per term is often very difficult to achieve; however, in the first term we had two very pleasant evenings in the Drama room, first debating with Rondebosch Boys, and then with Westerford. At the time of going to press we hope to meet Westerford again this term.

We are trying to encourage our younger speakers, and to this end are meeting once a week for practice sessions. Girls from Standard 7 come to these, and we recently recruited two from Standard 6 as well. We have some very promising material here.

Towards the end of the year we are hoping to have one or two "Show Case" evenings, in order to show parents what their "Drama-for-Matric" girls are doing. Drama is a subject in which it is impossible for the student to do other than improve! And sometimes that improvement is quite startling.

It is very seldom indeed that we single out any girl for thanks and praise, but this year we must do so. Hilary Marten's contribution to our achievements has been outstanding. Not only has she always performed at an Honours Standard in Speech Examinations and Eisteddfods, but she has filled every other rôle in the book; stage managing, lighting, and sound. This "Jill-of-all-Trades" did the lot. She was always ready to help, efficient, inventive and completely unflappable. Thank you Hilary. Margaret L. Saffery

SCIENCE DISPLAY

At the end of the third term a Science display was held in the hall. On display were Std 6 Biology and Std 7 Science models. The theme for the Std 7 project was "How it works" and the Std 6's had to collect and display various natural objects. The collections ranged from bark and shells to different kinds of hair! Some of the collections were extremely well presented. The Std 7's made cranes, games, volcanoes that erupted and even an alcohol-distiller. There was really something for everybody to look at. The display which was arranged by Mrs Beames was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody who participated in, or visited it.

Thanks to Mrs Beames for all her hard work and enthusiasm. Sonja Petrus, Std. 7



Michele Kinlay, Std. 9, Eisteddfod Gold Diploma

Sports Activities



1st HOCKEY TEAM

Third Row: H. Jooste, K. Kilcullen, R. Cooper, N. Jones.

Second Row: N. Newton-King, L. Willis, M. Biebuyck, D. Crane, A. McMillan.

Front Row: M. du Toit, M. L. van der Hoorn (Capt.), Miss McKenzie, J. McMillan (Vice Capt.), L. Stamper.

Absent: C. Littleford.

BADMINTON REPORT

First Team

Sarah Cross
Hilary Marten
Belinda Morris
Nicola Newton-King

Second Team

Diane Hathaway
Lydea Horn
Bennita Oswell
Daniela Lengner

This year two teams were entered in the Schools' League. The first team played for the first time in the A-league and the second team played in the C-league.

The first team maintained a very high standard throughout the season and achieved remarkable success by winning the A-league. In spite of the fact that the opposition was very strong, all four girls played very well and most matches were won 7-1.

The second team progressed well in their league and at every match has gained more experience. This is the first year that they have played in the league and they have met this challenge very well.

Sarah Cross must be congratulated for being chosen to play in the Western Province team and going on two tours, one to Port Elizabeth and one to Pretoria. Well done, Sarah. Keep it up!

I should like to thank our Western Province coach, Mrs Sharon Dunt, for giving up her time to coach and support us. Our results show how lucky we are to have her.



1st BADMINTON TEAM

Second Row: N. Newton-King, S. Cross.
Front Row: H. Marten (Capt.), B. Morris (Vice Capt.).

This has been a most successful year for us and I hope that with the many girls who wish to start playing next term, badminton will flourish and produce even better results.

Hilary Marten

HOCKEY REPORT

One of the saddest times of the year for the hockey girls is to come to the end of the hockey season. A spirit of determination and a bond develops between the players in the team and is not readily forgotten.

This year the standard of hockey and the spirit amongst the team players grew from the beginning of the year and culminated at Interscholls Hockey, where the supporters for the school lined a whole side of the field, singing songs and shouting chants. Unfortunately, someone has to win or lose and luck just didn't seem to be on the first team's side. They managed to get into the finals but missed, by only one goal, being awarded that shining trophy. However, the U15 team came 3rd at their Interscholls event and, if they strive for that perfection of hockey that the 1st team was aiming for, they should have the opportunity to hug the trophy in future years.

Many girls from the 1st team were chosen for Western Province trials, namely Tisa Van der Hoorn, Hillary Jooste, Cecily Littleford, Nicky Jones, Alison McMillan and Linda Willis.

Tisa and Cecily were chosen for the "A" team and Alison was chosen for the Peninsula "B" team. They went to Wellington on a tour during the June holidays, where they learnt from watching the excellent standard of hockey and gained through participating in it.

Interhouse Hockey was very exciting and challenging. After a long struggle between the Green, Red and Yellow houses, Jagger house just succeeded in walking triumphantly away with the cup. Other internal events of some interest which took place at school were the match between Bishops and the 1st team (which magnetically attracted the most spectators of the year), the Old Girls, Parents and Teachers matches.

Herschel Hockey has been of a high standard as has the spirit since the days of Mrs Goosen. I hope that this will continue to be so in the future and that those who succeed us (the veterans) will pick up where we left off and not only make it better but the best. Finally, I would like to thank the 1st team for being The Best Team anyone could ever have asked for.

Tisa Van der Hoorn, Hockey Captain

SWIMMING REPORT

Once again Herschel showed her strength and talent in the swimming pool. Through hard training, enthusiasm and tremendous team spirit, we managed to win most of our weekly Friday afternoon galas. However, 13 March proved to be an unlucky day for Herschel when we were beaten into second place by Rustenburg, our traditional rivals, at the Inter-Schools Gala. I should like to express a real big thank you to the whole school, staff and parents who came to cheer us on. I know that the whole team really appreciated your support and excellent singing!

Naturally the most exciting event of the year was the Interhouse Gala where Jagger finally managed to snatch the cup from Rolt for the first time in ten years! However, Jagger was not without competition as Rolt and Merriman put up an incredible fight! Thanks to Tisa for her support and well done to all those who broke records and won cups. Another incredible feat achieved at the Interhouse Gala was by the 1982 Matrics who, for the fourth year running, won the Inter-form relay!

Congratulations to the people who were awarded their half colours—it was well deserved; also to Monique Biebuyck for representing Western Province at the South African National Championship in Pretoria.

Lastly I should like to thank every single member of the swimming team who gave me so much support and satisfaction by giving up hours of their time before and after school to train. It all paid off didn't it?! Special thanks also go to Mrs Hudson, who was always willing to help and advise me out of difficult situations; Mrs Murray, who very kindly gave up her time to coach us at the beginning of the season and to Moira Mannion, Vice-Captain, for her constant support.

Well, good luck to all swimmers for the coming season. Make it a good one and see if the rightful owners of the Interschools Cup can take it back from Rustenburg!

Remember, swim or sink!

Monique Biebuyck, Captain

SAILING AND WINDSURFING REPORT

Last year we had one entrant for the Interschools Dabchick competition who did very well, coming ninth in her class. This competition is coming up very soon again this year, and will be followed shortly afterwards by the Inter-Schools Optimist Competition. Hopefully we shall be able to enter at least two teams for this.

The Inter-Schools Windsurfing Competition was a great success, with a total of 150 boards entered. (More than in the Nationals!) I am very pleased to report that Herschel entered three enthusiastic teams. Our First team consisted of Lucinda and Judy Richards, as well as myself. Janine van Assen and Sonya Bester made up the Second team, and the last participant was Penny Cheesman from the Junior School, who formed a team by herself.

Judy and I were the only ones to finish the race, but Lucinda was not far behind. Unfortunately, we came in about five minutes after the specified time limit, and so our positions were not recorded.

The Bishops A team won, and Springfield took the Girls' School trophy. We were not very far behind, so perhaps next year Herschel will win it.

Carolyn Mayhew, First Team Sailing

MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

Leaders: Mr and Mrs Fletcher

Committee: Judy Richards and Katherine Dower

We try to organise two Mountain Club outings a term. During the first term we had a successful weekend at Steenbokberg. Steenbokberg is in the Bainskloof area, below Bailey's Peak. About fifteen of us managed to climb almost half way up. It was very strenuous but very beautiful as our path took us up the bed of a dry stream. We had a well-earned swim when we returned to our camp, in a large natural pool.

Owing to rain, we only managed one trip up Table Mountain. Mr Fletcher led us up Slangolie Ravine and we lunched as we sheltered from the wind, looking down over Camps Bay. There were lots of new faces among our climbers and everyone enjoyed descending to our combi via Kasteel's Poort.

The highlight of this term is the possibility of a trail in the September holidays. It is great to have so much freedom to go where we choose on foot with only a rucksack.

Judy Richards, Chairman



SWIMMING TEAM

*Third Row: C. Lanfear, C. Mannion, C. McGhie, M. Smith, J. Clark, A. Bareiter, C. Christie.
 Second Row: P. Bryan, F. Gilliland, L. Challis, N. Caine, V. Sax, G. Niven, C. Hudson, N. Hanekom, S. Meyer, H. Dacey.
 Front Row: R. Cooper, N. Gramann, M. Mannion (Vice Capt.), M. Biebuyck (Capt.), A. Abdy, M. L. van der Hoorn,
 J. Rathfelder.*

Absent: T. Landless, C. Littleford.

DIVING REPORT

The Herschel Diving Team did very well this year to be placed 2nd in the Inter-Schools Diving Competition. They were very fortunate in that they were able to receive coaching at Newlands every Monday afternoon.

The Inter-House Diving Competition was won by Rolt for the ninth successive year. The School Championship was won by Tanya Landless, second was Clodagh Mannion, and third was Nadine Gramman. Colours were awarded to Tanya Landless and a new badge was awarded to Nadine Gramman.

On behalf of the divers I would like to thank Desiree Tavener for coaching us and giving us all the confidence we needed to do so well in Inter-Schools.

Tanya Landless, Diving Captain



1st NETBALL TEAM

Second Row: A. McMillan, J. Rathfelder, L. Merrington, L. Willis, P. J. Tanfield.

Front Row: R. Cooper, Mrs. Hudson, S. Commins (Capt.), M. Biebuyck (Vice Capt.), J. Batchelor.

NETBALL REPORT

As the 1982 season closes, it is pleasing to note that, although not having been highly successful, we have had a most enjoyable season, where the team spirit has been high throughout.

Mrs Hudson, as usual, has coached us with patience and enthusiasm and has been rewarded by having two of our members, Peta-Jane Tanfield and Robyn Cooper, reaching the final round of the Western Province Schools Trials.

It is encouraging to see that we have a number of promising players in our junior teams: Jenny Saunders, Vanessa Sass and Susan Tudhope—these three need

special mention. Thanks to the Captains of the teams, Debbie Pargiter, Jenny Saunders, Tanya Smithers and Lerrisse Maisel, for all your help during this season.

Well done to Alison McMillan and Linda Willis for a very good season.

In conclusion, on behalf of all our netball players and, in particular, myself, I should like to say a very special thank you to Mrs Hudson for all her encouragement and organisation. Good luck to all of you next year!

Shona Commins, Netball Captain



1st TENNIS TEAM

Second Row: J. Kilcullen, R. Cooper, S. Bowley, S. Commins, M. du Toit.

Front Row: J. Rathfelder, Mrs. Hudson, J. Batchelor (Capt.), J. McMillan (Vice Capt.), A. McMillan.

TENNIS REPORT

The 1982 tennis season has been one of excitement and enjoyment with the 1st team coming third in their league and fourth in Inter-Schools.

The 1st team had a very successful year and I thought it was so fantastic when the Cape Times wrote, half way through the season, that we were unbeatable—a pity we didn't quite make it.

Congratulations to all those U15's who showed promise during the year and to Maggie du Toit and Susan Bowley who are both members of the 1st team, for obtaining their half colours. Congratulations to Jackie Kilcullen and Alison McMillan for getting

through to the finals of Inter-Schools. They put up a tremendous fight before going down to a very strong opposition. It really was a very exciting game.

All the girls, I'm sure, will join with me in thanking Mrs Hudson for being such a super coach and friend to all of us.

My thanks to all the members of our teams for the terrific support they have given me and for making it such a successful tennis year.

I hope that next year's captain will get the same support and enthusiasm.

Jackie Batchelor, Tennis Captain



1st SQUASH TEAM

*Second Row: N. Newton-King, J. Kilcullen.
Front Row: M. L. van der Hoorn, J. Rathfelder (Capt.),
S. Cross.*

SQUASH REPORT

In the Inter-Schools tournament Herschel entered an A and B team. The B team unfortunately did not do too well but the A team managed to reach the semi-finals against Fish Hoek. We lost to Fish Hoek but went on to beat Rustenburg in the deciding match for third and fourth position. Herschel therefore came third which is a very pleasing result.

An encouraging number of girls were chosen for W.P. Squash trials and four of them were chosen for the W.P. team. Nicki Eckstein was selected for the U13B team and Sarah Cross, Jacque Rathfelder and Nicky Newton-King for the U19B team.

All in all we have had a very enjoyable season and on behalf of the squash teams I should like to thank Jill Eckstein, Julie Smith-Chandler, Mrs Hudson and Miss McKenzie for their help and encouragement throughout the season.

Jacque Rathfelder, Captain

Nicola Eckstein entered a slogan competition, the prize being the opportunity to be coached by the eight times World Squash champion Geoff Hunt.

Nicola had to say in ten words why she wanted to be coached by Geoff Hunt and her slogan was 'My Mom's the best — but I'd like to try Hunt'.

On the day she had the opportunity of playing a game against him. Hunt then gave a coaching clinic and the afternoon was attended by over 200 boys and girls from various schools in the Peninsula.



INTERPROVINCIAL

*Second Row: N. Newton-King (Squash), J. Rathfelder (Squash), M. Biebuyck (Swimming), M. L. van der Hoorn (Hockey).
Front Row: A. McMillan (Hockey), N. Eckstein (Squash),
S. Cross (Badminton and Squash).
Absent: C. Littleford.*

Original Work

BEING A NEW GIRL

Snugly in my calyx with my brilliant pink petals wrapped neatly around me, I listened excitedly to my propagators proudly telling everyone that I was a new variety of rose called "Queen Elizabeth".

Suddenly my calyx began to open and light poured into my enclosure. I was very excited and pushed my creased corolla eagerly out of the unfurling calyx. When I finally appeared I stretched and opened my eyes to find all the people gone and hundreds of different and very disapproving roses clustered around me. They all turned their colourful corollas away from me and I was left alone.

I felt very unhappy after this strange ordeal and looked around me. I saw a flag at one end of the fenced piece of ground on which we all sat. The flag read: "Rose Competition September 23". Now I knew why everyone was so horrible; they were scared that I was going to win. I tried to hide myself beneath my calyx but it was no use. After a while two workers came and put us in a straight line. I was put between two extremely vain roses, a red one and a yellow one. I bent over and asked the red one who she thought would win. She looked down her nose at me for a few minutes and then said, "Well, if you really want to know, it will be either myself or 'Peace' on the other side of you. But definitely not you because you are new!" She sniffed and turned away.

People started to stream through the gate and I began to cry. "Why had they put me in this competition if I was so dreadful?" I kept asking myself. When the judges came around I stopped crying and my tears sparkled elegantly in the sun. They came up to me, stopped, and whispered excitedly to each other. Later over the loudspeaker they announced that there had been a tie for first place between the yellow rose 'Peace' and the pink rose 'Queen Elizabeth'. Everyone turned and looked at us admiringly. We were lifted up and placed in a white tub and then left alone as the people went to have tea. The rose 'Peace' was very nice to me and introduced me to all her friends who congratulated us both and wished us a happy life together.

After a while we were taken to the front of the Prime Minister's house where I lived happily with my best friend 'Peace' and was totally accepted amongst the roses. Luckily I had been neither so beautiful as to beat 'Peace' and make them all hate me out of

jealousy, nor so ugly as not to get placed and therefore be ignored by them. My ordeal as the new girl of the roses was over.

Nicolette Jordan, Std. 6

A VISIT TO A MUSEUM

Having eaten the fur, I was just tucking into the stuffing when a long pink thing came sliding towards me. I dug deeper into the stuffing of my quagga. I was being moved.

My current home was a very rare quagga. My weevil buddies usually shared it with me; but, alas, they were visiting their relatives in the lion. I was very lonely. I wondered where I was going this time. I had been to America on a giraffe and had luckily come back again to London in a puma.

Everything went black and I went to sleep. When I woke up there was a lot of commotion going on around me. Large, round, some not so round, pinkish things were peering at me, or should I say at the quagga, from all angles. I was very annoyed as I was not accustomed to so much noise and so much attention. After a while the noisy things left and I was left in peace to have a snack.

A little while later a number of long pink things were placed on my quagga and off we were carried. Foul smelling white powder was sprinkled on the quagga. I realised what was happening, the quagga was being rid of all the bugs and weevils that lived on it. I scrambled across the animal's back and slithered down its left foreleg. I was just in time because another shower of powder came floating down on the quagga which would have surely been the end of me.

As I was making slow progress over the floor I came upon another animal smelling strongly of the white powder. Staggering away from this animal was another weevil, much older than I. Together puffing and coughing from the potent fumes of the powder we made for the door. Once out breathing the fresh air the old weevil turned round and pointed to a sign on the door which said: Natural History Museum of London.

I there and then decided I would never visit any museum ever again.

Katherine Abbott, Std. 6

LION OF A STORY

Five years ago, when we lived in London, we used to visit the London Zoo quite frequently.

I particularly remember the first visit. After looking at the lions, the rest of the party hurried on to see the monkeys' teaparty. As I was about to follow, my hat blew off to land on the other side of the fence. Quickly, I climbed over and, just as I was about to pick it up, the wind blew it a few metres nearer the sleeping lion. I crept closer and suddenly the wind blew it right into the lion's face. I picked up my hat and ran. With a roar he woke up and charged me. As I climbed over the fence, he pulled at my leg—just as I am pulling yours!!

Sarah Crawford-Browne, Std. 6

A VERY SPECIAL FRIEND

If there's someone you can talk to
Someone no one can replace
If there's someone you can laugh with
Till the tears run down your face
If there's someone you can turn to
When you need a helping hand
If there's someone you can count on
To advise and understand
If there's someone you can sit with
And not need to say a word
If there's someone you can trust
To keep each secret she has heard
If there's someone you think more of
As each year comes to an end
You're a very lucky person
For you have found . . .

. . . a very special friend

Gina Niven, Std. 6

L'ARAIGNÉE

(Dans le salon il y a trois personnes, Louise, Mme Le Feure et Mme Châtel)

Mme Châtel: (à Mme Le Feure) Avez-vous de la farine pour moi? Je n'en ai pas à la maison. Je désire faire un gâteau.

Mme Le Feure: Mais, oui assurément.

Louise: (à Mme Le Feure, sa mère) Maman, je désire un biscuit. Puis—j'en prendre un?

Mme Le Feure: Oui.

(Louise va à la table où sont les biscuits. Tout à coup elle crie très fort.)

Louise: Oh là là! Voilà une araignée!!!

(Elle laisse tomber son biscuit et puis elle saute sur la table)

Louise: Voilà! elle est par terre!!!

(Les femmes sautent aussi sur la table)

Les femmes: Aïe!!

Louise: (Elle indique l'araignée) Elle va sous le piano!!

Les femmes: Aïe!

Louise: Je vois un homme dehors . . . (à l'homme) Monsieur! Il y a une araignée dans cette pièce. Venez nous aider, s'il vous plaît.

L'homme: D'accord.

(Il entre dans le salon où il trouve l'araignée. Puis il jette l'araignée dehors)

L'homme: Voilà! Maintenant elle est dans le jardin.

Les trois personnes: Merci beaucoup, monsieur.

L'homme: C'est un plaisir, mesdames.

(L'homme quitte le salon)

Lizette Preiss, Std. 6



Daryl Louw, Std. 6

AFTER THE RAIN

The exhausted clouds still hung limp and empty over the saturated land but already tiny wisps of cloud had drifted away and out into the open sky, diffusing, coalescing, vanishing, reappearing, oblivious to the destruction they had so innocently caused.

"The rains are finished!" The joyous cry penetrated and echoed in the wet silence. Slowly, like squirrels after a hazardous winter hibernation, the people emerged, blinking in the glare and frowning as their eyes focused on the flood before them. The crude stick structures, which had served as their shelter, were slowly sinking into the soft mud, breaking and collapsing without foundations. All about them, submerged in water and mud, lay their few primitive possessions, vandalized by the water.

Possessions, fear and babies abandoned, every man and woman moved as fast as the conditions could allow them, to where their few remaining livestock struggled and writhed in the water. No panic was evident, as dead goats and cattle were dragged out of the kraals and placed gently in piles, their skins already grey and bloated. The young naked children, free from their parents' disciplined presence, ran happily to play in the drowned wheat fields, to roll and splash in their parents' flooded wealth.

Only when every surviving animal was safe and dry did the people think of salvaging their own possessions, strewn across the whole camp. Beautiful homespun blankets floated heavily, while the brilliant dyes spread into the murky water, colouring the legs of the salvagers. The silence was now replaced by a vague murmuring of disbelief as indistinguishable objects were dragged out. From somewhere on the outskirts of the village faint sounds of acute distress could be heard, but although everyone heard, no-one heeded.

After an hour thin milky rays of sunlight shone weakly down, warming the backs of the salvagers and the babies strapped down loosely under blankets. The sickly smell of bad meat drifted from the piles of rotting livestock, and the brilliant flies hovered and clustered about them in delight. Neat stacks of clothing, pots and other precious articles were placed in drier areas and under trees.

What would a white man do in their position? Run away or have a break down. The black man has the instinct to pick up the broken pieces and start over again. With patience and endurance they accept.

The level of noise had risen considerably as each person had thawed in the sun, but suddenly everyone stood motionless and ceased all noise. The haunting

song of mourning echoed and shivered in the air, icy fingers creeping and curdling in the silence.

For a long time no one moved, and the voices of death floated nearer, until the small procession could be seen. A young man held a tiny baby, limp and broken in his powerful arms, his eyes swimming with anguish as he stared at his daughter's unseeing protruding eyes. As if associating the child in his arms with the pile of bloated animals, crawling with insects, he covered her gently with his shirt, as the tears spilled once again over his glistening cheeks. He drew the lifeless bundle tightly to him, and stepped out into the sunlight.

Jennifer Saunders, Std. 7

LOOKING OUT OF MY BACK DOOR

The thin grey fingers of dawn steal through the uncurtained windows and another day begins. Shivering with cold I reluctantly throw off my coarse blanket and make the painful journey to the kitchen where my black cat is waiting to be let out. The back door creaks on its hinges and in front of me lies the dreary scene that I will never be accustomed to.

Backyard rubble and tumbledown sheds, no soft green grass or even a tree brightens the cold winter morning. People are stirring now and the wailing of a hungry child haunts the air. I close the door and light the stove, enjoying the warmth as it burns. My fingers are cold and thickened from the cold air and I make a clumsy attempt to open the coffee can. How lonely it is and how different to earlier years when my life was filled with the laughter and demands of children. As I sit here and drink my black coffee, old memories of our little cottage in Newlands come back to me.

What wonderful days those were! My old man would be sitting mending the saddles and harness which the white people brought to him. He was known to be the best leather-worker in Cape Town. Those were the happy days when the family used to have picnics on the slopes of Table Mountain. I still remember some of the liedjies we used to sing. Yes, I remember our cottage so well—little white roses climbing up the wall fence, smelling so sweet. Isaak, my old man, had his little vegetable garden small but bursting with goodness. We reared nine children in Newlands. How sad it was when we had to leave. I hear the white people have changed all the cottages and some even have red and yellow doors.

It is no use regretting those days. They are gone and so have my children. Dear old Isaak died many years ago. I open the door. The cat comes in and we sit alone.

Diana Symonds, Std. 7

'N INSKRYWING IN MY DAGBOEK

Ek is bang! Waar is hy! Wat sal gebeur as hy nie terugkom nie? Wat sal van ons word? Wat van Ma, Rita en klein Dawie? Dawie wat nog skaars twee jaar vir Pa ken! Ek weet ek moet nie sulke dinge dink nie. Hy sal terugkom! Hy en al die ander op die skuit! Ek kan nie wag om weer, weer soos toe ek klein was, op sy skoot te sit nie. Hoe snaaks klink dit nie nou nie, maar dit is waarlik my grootste begeerte op hierdie oomblik.

Vanoggend was almal so gelukkig en opgewonde. Die manne was vuur en vlam en het weddenskappe aangegaan wie die grootste vis gaan vang. Daar was geen plek vir vrouens en kinders op so 'n skuit nie. Dié het maar geduldig kosmandjies reggekry. Pa, die stil een, het niks gesê nie en met 'n geheimsinnige glimlag sy towergoedjies bymekaargekry. Sy towerhoed sê hy altyd, is die belangrikste, want daaraan vasgemaak is iets van elkeen in die gesien. Dit bring geluk!

Teen sesuur het hulle vertrek. Soos gewoonlik is ek met 'n glimlag en 'n knipoog gegroet. Die weer was perfek. Na hul vertrek het alles normaal verloop. Anna het so teen tienuur vir my kom kuier. Ons het heerlik beskuit gebak. Dit was vir ons pa's wat vanaand doodmoeg en honger sou terugkeer—O, ek sien hom smul aan sy gunsteling koekies!—Teen vyfuur het ek 'n paar wolgies gewaar, maar dit was niks om te vrees nie. My pa ken mos die see, het ek gedink.

Toe hulle teen sewe-uur vanaand nog nie terug was nie, het ek en my ma onrustig begin word. Nie alleen die feit dat hulle nog nie terug was nie, maar ook die feit dat daar teen daardie tyd 'n storm verder uit oor die see gewoed het. Teen agtuur het mevrou Aukamp, vriende en nog 'n paar dames wie se mans op die skuit was, hier aangekom. Ek het toe vir die eerste keer 'n sweempie van paniek gevoel. Vriende en die polisie is genader en 'n soekgeselskap is uitgesuur. Nog meer mense het hier opgedaag, want van ons huis af het 'n mens 'n beter uitsig oor die see.—Dit was waarom my pa hier kom bly het. Die uitsig oor die see waarvoor hy so lief is.—Ons het almal paniekerig geword. Ma en ek het al 'n paar keer vanaand in trane uitgebars. Mevrou Gampies moes so 'n rukkies gelede na die hospitaal geneem word, nadat sy ineen gestort het.

Dit is nou middernag. Dit storm het bedaar, maar daar is steeds geen teken van hulle nie. Niemand in die huis slaap nie. Selfs die klein Dawie nie! Ek voel so eensaam tussen al die mense. Ek weet nie hoeveel langer ek hierdie spanning sal kan verduur nie. Ek

weet wat ek moet doen. Ek moet hoop en bid. Hoop en bid, maar sal dit help?

Ek verlang na Pappa!

Sonja Petrus, St. 7



Natacha Grösser-Hofer, Stl. 8. Eisteddfod Honours

LOOKING OUT OF MY BACK DOOR

My backyard is a foundering sailing ship, over-loaded with already-grey sails which billow and fly in the pallid breeze. The flapping pirate flag is a coalminer's jersey and the clambering crew are little children, shouting words as unmentionable as those of their adult counterparts, entangled in the sheets and losing their footing on the heaving decks of their tumultuous lives.

The polluted whirlpool, begrimed with coal-dust and factory smoke, swirls only a few metres away from the unsteady helm of my ironing-board at the kitchen door, on the other side of the yard fence. I know, without looking, the set-jawed wearied look of the people streaming past, lines of worry engraved on their perspiring foreheads. On they trudge; one of hundreds back from his morning shift sags his shoulders, lowers his head, lives only for those few hours rest, with bed the only target to reach. Others go the other way: Reluctantly, resentfully, they duck under the washing lines, unlatch the yard doors and are sucked into the crawling current. Each clutches his midday buttered bread. Some have jam and some have nothing, but all are bound for the same destination.

Children of eight or nine come crying, crawling home, limp as juice-extracted lettuces, hack-coughing coal dust, with lungs blacker than tar, they come to sleep; one day never again to waken to the grey drudgery.

My man goes, my children come. I cannot move out of the house so I work and wait at the back door for people who sometimes never come, or come never to go. When I let go of the helm and the ship sinks they will sink too.

Alison Moultrie, Std. 7

"WAAROM"

"Waarom?" — dit is 'n belangrike vraag en 'n geleerde man sou waarkynlik u 'n antwoord soos, "waarom — nie?" op hierdie vraag gee. Maar ek dink dat hierdie woord baie belangrik in 'n mens se woordeskat is. Van kleins af word so baie vrae gestel en mits ons nie iemand het wat vir ons die antwoorde kan gee nie, word ons verstandelike ontwikkeling vertraag.

My grootste vraag vandag is, "waarom moet mense soveel pyn verduur en dan sterwe?"

My ouma was 'n aktiewe mens wat 'n avontuurlike lewe gehad het. Sy was altyd daar wanneer jy haar nodig gehad het. Niks was te moeilik of te uitdagend vir haar nie en met haar ryke verbeeldingskrag het sy my jonger broer en suster vermaak, boonop was sy 'n mens wat elke "waarom?" wat jy haar gevra het, kon beantwoord.

Toe, skielik, twee jaar gelede, het sy een agtermiddag flou geword. Van daardie oomblik af het ons geweet dat daar iets ernstigs met haar verkeerd was. Dit was asof 'n lig uit ons lewe skielik verdwyn het.

Twee jaar lank het sy doodstil in haar hospitaalbed gelê, haar maer gesig doodsbleek en bedek met onverklaarbare pyn. Haar toestand het met rasse skrede versleg. Dit was 'n treurige ondervinding, want elke keer toe ons haar besoek het, was sy net nog maerder en bleker.

Uiteindelik op 'n triestige winterdag, het sy gesterf. Eintlik was haar dood 'n lafenis, maar die hele familie was geskok. Ons het geweet dat sy moes sterf; en tog het ons aan 'n klein flikkering van hoop vasgeklou. Ouma was *rêrig* dood.

Almal weet dat mense lewe en dat hul moet sterwe, maar die onstellende vraag is, "waarom moet hulle so ly?" Sou Ouma ook dié vraag kon beantwoord het? Ek glo nie, want ek dink dat net die Here *hierdie*, "waarom?" kan beantwoord.

Linda Willis, Std. 8



Hillary Tasker, Std. 8. Eisteddfod Honours

UMAKHULU UBHUBHILE

Wemk' ekuseni
Akazange aphind' abuy' amakhulu
Wayethembis' ukukhawulez' abuye
Wasishiya sodwa umakhulu.

Samlinda ekhaya
Samphekela isidlo sakhe asithandayo
Bafika ubusuku, kwasa—
Akazange aphind' abuye

Kwakubanda, sigodola
Umoya uvuthuza ngaphadle
Ukusi—ukusishiya kwakhe
Umakhulu.

Gwen Siyotula, Std. 8

A MAN IN A HURRY

Pain, unbearable pain. A tiny prick; a stab of pain, growing into a sword which sliced through his veins, striking into his head till it throbbed wildly.

"The names, Joshua. Tell me the names."

The pain was mounting. Every time he tried to marshal his thoughts together they would be dispersed in all directions. He must not think! "The names, Joshua, the names . . . the names . . . the names . . ."

"No!"

- He was falling through the blackness. He wanted to sleep; he wanted to rest, but there was something he must remember first.

"The names, Joshua."

He was in his cell again, the cold, stone-walled cell. He was lying on the hard bench against the wall, staring at the grey, dirtied ceiling. It was very quiet outside—no sound from the guards; no cries of pain from down the corridor—only complete silence. He placed his feet on the stone floor, stood up, uncertainly, and stumbled to the door. He steadied himself, gripping the iron bars tightly. The door swung open.

He stared at the open doorway, the empty corridor, the sunlight pouring in through an open window. It was an hallucination—he knew that. He stepped apprehensively into the corridor. This wasn't real. It was all a trick, a trick to make him tell them all they wanted to know. He waited, took another step—letting the door swing shut. He looked around the corridor, his eyes coming to rest on the door, far down the other end of the corridor, where they were waiting for him with their needles. He could not stay here—he must escape.

He must hurry. He must hurry so that they would never be able to catch him again. He began to run, down the corridor stopping only for a moment at the open window, leaping out into the sunfilled courtyard. He did not stop to soak in the warmth, but hurried across to where the great trucks stood. He scrambled up onto the back of one, where he hid himself under the enormous sacks. If only the truck would leave soon—before they discovered that he had escaped. Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry.

The truck was moving—the gates slammed shut behind them. He was out, but he was still not safe. He must hurry. Hurry, when he jumped down from the truck. Hurry, across the green field with the birds singing in it. Hurry, into the sleepy village, where hens still clustered in the street. Hurry, towards the white house with the laden apple tree. His wife was standing

in the doorway, dressed in the blue dress she had worn when he was taken away. She was smiling, her blue eyes filled with tears. He must hurry to her and take her in his arms—before he found that it was all a dream.

"The names, Joshua. Tell me the names!"

Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Std. 8

HAPPY

Carousels twirl, a whirl of colours and smiles. Happy faces everywhere, in the land where only fun and children exist. Laughter drifts high into the air like pink sugary candy-floss. Carnival music provides the background to useless idiotic chatter as families step quickly around the stalls and happy faces that surround them, toffee-apple-sticky fingers clasped.

Hysterical screams float high above the laughter from the dipping steel construction; happy screams, let-all-your-frustrations-out screams. Dusty feet in dusty sandals tramp the endless lanes of expensive pleasure. Pink teddy-bears adorn every female arm and luminous bands surround every neck. Uninhibited, businessmen and housewives, college students and postmen frolic in the sea of faces, oblivious to others, but happy.

Gunshots pop, mocking war and killing, advertising cracked bowls and blue rag-dolls. Grinning clown faces turn this way and that, mouths agape receive red tennis-balls. Magnetic fishes cling to lines and tiny wooden horses charge along glossy green-painted tracks. Miserly fathers toss coins to their children, thinking that tomorrow they will count their losses as they laugh their way from stall to stall, world to world.

Streams of hair fly out behind bubble-cars as they rush across the floor, trailing a line of sparks, to crash into other rubber-sided cars. Laughing, chattering girls seat themselves in train seats and prepare to be terrified, screaming gamely through the black tunnels and laughing gaily in the sunshine.

Gyrating bubble-shaped seats throw exhilarated passengers against cracked plastic-upholstered back-rests. Crowds gasp with one breath, as a daring young motorcyclist races around a perpendicular wall as if suspended by an invisible rope.

Hot dogs and cokes are sold on every corner and popcorn falls like hail to be trampled underfoot by the fun-seekers. Red balloons rise gas-filled into the dim air, like the happiness of the fairground crowd, to burst in the silence of the lonely, dark night.

Wendy Perold, Std. 8

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

The cloudless, blue sky promised another scorching day. The soft, onshore wind did nothing to cool the unbaked sand. Even the small, slow-moving waves seemed listless, as if the heat had already taken hold of them.

A seagull circled the turquoise-coloured sea, hesitantly. He seemed uncertain, cocking his head to the side occasionally, as if trying to discover the reason for his nervousness. A heavy whine settled his doubts. He swerved sharply to the right and with a fast, downward thrust of his wings, was gone. The droning noise continued, increasing steadily in volume. Six black specks appeared high up in the sky, moving quickly. As they drew closer they began to take shape; German aeroplanes.

Down below them, an old man walked with his old Alsatian—Min. He rested his hand on the dog's neck, each trusting and loving the other. He talked softly to her, knowing that his companion would always listen. "Min, old girl, it's going to be a scorcher today. You and me have seen worse, though, ain't we? You know, Min, as two are gettin' on now. We ain't as young as yesterday. My bones are cracking up—I feel it. Must admit you look like a puppy still. But me; why I look like a right old doddering fool. Remember what I said, girl? I said I never wanted to get old. I couldn't bear to sit in an old-age home, slowly going senile. Well, Min, I've decided the time has come for me to lay down my head, forever. I thought about you, and, though you like to pretend you're a puppy, you are getting on top, you know. So I've brought my old Webley. Remember it from the first World War? You weren't born yet, but I used it then. It worked well. Thought it might as well work for a last time—today. How about it, old girl?"

The dog looked up with adoration in her soft brown eyes. She wagged her stiff tail slowly. She would go wherever her master went, do what he wanted her to do. They walked on, until they were over the ridge, descending into a thin, rocky cover.

As the waves broke on the smooth, weathered rocks, the old man paused, with a sad look in his weak eyes, before continuing. "Min, I've heard that England is going to war again. I wonder who'll win this time, how many lives will be lost and how long it will last. I'm glad that I won't be fighting, that I won't be around to see if England loses or not. Well, we won in the end, didn't we? You and me, we won!"

Two quick shots followed. The waves crashed endlessly against the rocks, the wind ruffled the hot sand, the beach was empty and far to the east several bombs

shattered the peace. As the day drew on, the tide crept up the beach. The liquid fingers gently erased the signs of civilisation imprinted in the sand—a man and a dog's footprints.

Leanne Carlyle, Std. 8



Jacqueline Steven, Std. 9

DIFFERENCES

Why make enemies
Out of those
You do not understand
Why not give them
A chance
To prove themselves
Why not remind yourself
That they may feel
The same way
About you.

HAPPINESS

Happiness
Cruel
Short-lived
Misleading
Why strive for an ideal of
happiness?
Is it not enough
Is it not better
Just to be—
content?

Kerynne French, Std. 9

'N OU FOTO-ALBUM

Ek blaai deur die album. Dis wonderlik hoeveel op 'n stukkie glansende papier vasgevang kan word. Daar staan oom Norman langs sy boot—vet en jolig. Ek lag skielik, want ek dink weer aan die tyd hoe ek die vakansie by hulle deurgebring het. As hy gaan visvang, het hy partykeer mans wat wou gaan, saamgenoem, maar hy het geweier om vroumense saam te neem; tot een dag. Ons het gereed gemaak om aan boord te gaan toe 'n vroumens haastig na ons aangekom het. Haar blonde hare was styf op haar kop saamgevat en sy het haarself gebalanseer op haar hoë hakke. Sy wou asseblief saam het ons kom; nee, sy sou nie seesiek word nie, asseblief, asseblief, asseblief, kon sy nie saamkom nie; sy sou baie goed betaal; sy wou so graag. Uiteindelik het oom Norman ja gesê, met 'n glimlag in sy oë.

Die dag was pragtig. Die wind het effens gewaai, die branders het geskitter en die see was soos blou sy met stukkie wit borduurwerk daaraan—wel, dis hoe ons sjarmante reisiger dit beskryf het. Sy het geglimlag, haar hande in die lug gewaai en alles was net: "Wonderlik, on-ge-loof-lik en pragtig!" Oom Norman het net by homself geglimlag terwyl sy aanhoudend gepraat het. Maar toe het ons op die oop see gekom. Dit was nie meer blou satyn nie, meer soos satyn in 'n wasmasjien! Skielik sien ek hoe mejuffrou wat so lekker gesels het, stiller en stiller word. Sy gryp die reling vas en staar voor haar uit asof sy enige oomblik 'n gedig gaan opsê. Skielik buig sy vorentoe, maak haar mond oop en begin, op haar manier, die vissies voer. Oom Norman het weggedraai met 'n skalkse glimlag en ek kon ook nie anders as om te glimlag nie. Daardie arme elegante vrou het niks meer van daardie "fantastiese reis op blou satyn" geniet nie.

Ek draai om en sien 'n prentjie van Horatio—ons oulike hondjie. Toe ek hom gekoop het, wou niemand in my gesin iets met hom te doen hê nie. Hulle is almal dierehaters. Maar hy was tog slim en het stilletjies in almal se harte ingekruip. Dit is bewys toe hy een aand nie terug huis toe gekom het nie. Al daardie mense wat "niks van honde gehou het nie", se gedrag was veral verbasend. My suster was histories, my moeder het huil-huil 'n advertensie uitgeskryf terwyl my vader met 'n baie ernstige uitdrukking op sy gesig belowe het om die polisie te bel as Horatio nie gedurende die volgende uur opdaag nie. Maar toe hy opgedaag het, was hulle almal baie verloor. Ek het gelag, want nie een van hulle kan weer dreig om Horatio weg te stuur nie, nie na hulle optredes nie.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std. 9

IXESHA LONYAKA ENDILITHANDA KAKHULU

Xa ilanga liqala ukuphuma empumalanga kusasa, liqaqambe kude kubesebusuku; xa iintaka zicula kakhulu, iintyatyambo namakqabi amatsha, aluhlaza, ehluma; xa kungabandi, kungabandi kakhulu; xa iinyosi zisenza ubusi kwiintyatyambo ezinevumba elimnandi: yintlakohlaza! Abantu abaninzi bayawathanda la maxesha. Bathanda ukufudumala kwakhona.

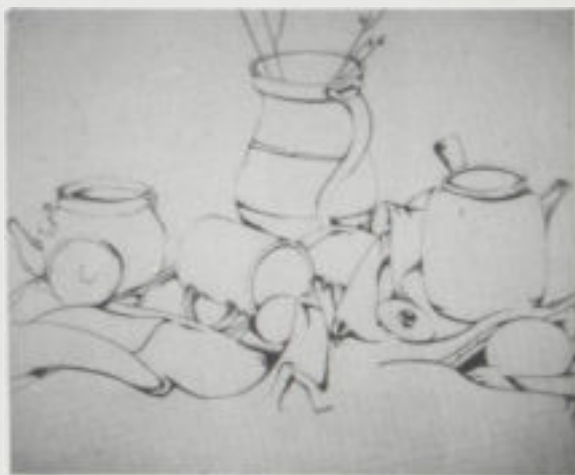
Ehlotyeni, eKapa, siya elwandle. Bonke abantu bayalala, badlale, badade elwandle. Bathanda la maxesha kakhulu kodwa eTranskei kukho imvula yehlobo, akuni ebusika.

Kodwa ixesha endilithandayo, bubusika. Ndithanda ingqele, imvula nomoya, ngakumbi ikhephu ezintabeni zase Matroosberg kuba ndithanda ukudlala ekhephini. Ndithanda kakhulu ukuhlala phambi komlilo, ekhaya. Ngeli xesha, bonke bahlala ekhaya kuba kuyabanda kakhulu.

Apha, eKapa, sifumana imvula yethu ebusika, kodwa eTranskei, ebusika, kukho indlala kuba ziyafa isilimo. Akukho manzi, akukho nto emadloleni. Ndifuna ukuhlala eGoli kuba apho kuneziphango neendudumo nemibane.

Ehlotyeni, ekwindla, ebusika nasentlakohlaza ngaseGeorge kuluhlaza lonke exesha. Hayi! Ndisakhetha ubusika!

Sandra Newton Thompson, Std. 9



Lindy de Waal, Std. 9



Wendy Lyhne, Std. 9

LA FIN DES VACANCES

La fin des vacances... quelle pensée terrible! et ces quatre mots me signifient beaucoup de choses.

D'abord, ça signifie la fin d'une époque heureuse et mémorable avec ma famille, avec mes amis et quelque fois aux lieux lointains et exotiques, et aussi ça signifie le retour à l'école, ce que craignent la plupart des jeunes. C'est normalement le dernier jour des vacances que je m'occupe à regarder sans cesse la pendule tout en regardant s'écouler les minutes alors que je finis de lire les livres que j'ai dû lire pendant les deux semaines précédentes des vacances!

Ce jour épouvantable, je trouve que ma jupe d'école ou ma robe me serre la taille et, tout en regardant dans le miroir, que j'ai les bourrelets de graisse. Je me jure que ces bringues délicieuses sont maintenant terminées pour jamais et le régime va forcément commencer le lendemain. Je ne me soucis pas de combien de temps ça durera, ça c'est le problème!

La fin des vacances signifie être obligé de faire front à des réveils à quatre heures et demie du matin pour apprendre des leçons au lieu des moments délicieux quand je suis paresseuse au lit indéfiniment.

Les pressions et les tensions de la vie à l'école, les querelles et les bavardages qui ont lieu parmi les jeunes écolières, autant qu'on essaie de les éviter, commencent, et la corvée d'emballer et de défaire ses valises doit être faite à ce temps là.

Pour conclure, tout ce que je peux dire c'est que la fin des vacances n'est jamais un moment plaisant dans ma vie parce qu'il exige une attente de dix semaines avant que la vie de disco et de distractions recommence!

Rowena Evans, Std. 9

COMPARAISON LITTÉRAIRE: L'OISEAU BLESSE ET L'ENNEMI

Voilà ici deux contes écrits par les auteurs différents, mais nés, les deux à Nîmes à 1900. Tous les deux contes sont les histoires de jeunes adolescents en train de devenir adultes.

Dans le premier, on a une épisode dans la vie d'une jeune fille, Annie, qui est au début de son adolescence. Le changement est présenté ici avec simplicité et avec une vraie tendresse. Elle est à la fois enfant et jeune fille et son père, un homme sensible, la trouve mystérieuse et charmante—"Ce qui lui donnait de la joie et de la crainte". Il adore sa fille et il veut la comprendre.

La solitude et le désespoir qu'elle éprouve au moment où elle apprend que le mort est un fait de la vie est très bien exprimés dans ce conte.

La confrontation avec le cadavre de l'oiseau est pour elle la vraie réalité. Elle le comprend quand le père lui explique les choses de la vie et cela renouvelle le bien entre les deux.

Il y a un moment de suspense où elle se rend compte que la vie est cruelle et indifférente—réellement elle fait face à la vie pour la première fois.

L'action dans le deuxième conte est différent. Ici aussi on a l'histoire de jeunes adolescents. Mais le suspense est développé lentement dans l'aventure des garçons dans leur rivalité et dans leur passion d'atteindre ce qui est insurmontable. Le conte a lieu dans un paysage raboteux, dont la dureté s'accorde avec la résolution et la détermination.

Le vrai thème de l'histoire et peut-être les préjugés imposés par la société aux jeunes garçons—les anciennes croyances sont perpétuées d'une famille à l'autre.

Les jeunes garçons découvrent, devant la provocation des montagnes, qu'ils se ressemblent—après tout—avec la même peur, les mêmes rêves et la même ambition. Pendant l'aventure ils perdent leur rancune—ce qui a commencé comme une sorte de duel, finit comme un danger partagé et leur vieilles animosités sont oubliées. Ils sont unis par leur origine et par ce pays de Cévennes. Au retour, le désaccord recommence—la honte aussi, et la société l'attend Malgré les préjugés, ils conservant leur jeunesse et leur innocence.

Ici le paysage domine le conte. Dans tous les deux, l'innocence—celle de la jeunesse est essentielle.

Elizabeth Baker, Std. 9

JULIA'S WEDDING

I do not remember how long ago it was; perhaps I was six, or seven, or nine, or ten. I do not know; I cannot remember any dates or times. But the way I experienced life then was not the way I do now. It was hot, boiling hot. It was also Julia's wedding. I am not even sure who Julia was, perhaps a cousin removed once, twice or three times, or perhaps no relation at all.

I was, however, in the car, off to Julia's wedding. My grandmother's pink lipstick had melted on her lips and was oozing into the deep creases of her wrinkled face. Periodically she patted her handbag. It was navy blue, the same colour as her shoes, which fitted so tightly on her stockinged feet that the fat on them climbed up and over the rim of the shoes.

My toes already felt squashed and cross inside my white socks and black patent-leather shoes. As I wriggled and my father reprimanded me, I remember thinking that I must try to be good—I don't know why, I just did.

My mother and father were silent, except for when my father gruffly asked directions and my mother, after consulting the paper on her lap, would answer in her "Now let me see, I think it's right, well at least I hope so" voice. Even at that age I knew my mother well. She never held any surprises, no interesting changes for me, but she did care for us very well.

The church was trying but very good for me. It was an excellent lesson in sitting still and also in making up stories. "Dearly beloved" . . . there is a funny little man in those long metal pipes . . . "We witness this joyful" . . . he has a most exciting house and . . . "the marriage of" . . . sometimes he climbs out . . . "Will the congregation please" . . . ooh, look, he's sitting on the minister's head and . . . "I now pronounce you man and wife" . . . isn't it funny. I giggled just then. My mother was furious.

The reception was hot, like everything else. So many grown-ups in floral dresses, striped dresses, plain dresses, hats, red, green, blue, orange, daisies, ivy, dancing music, silver wish-bones, Collie dogs, swish, swish of the bride's gown, snacks, sweets, spicy foods, sweets, . . . swish . . . swish . . .

I woke up from my sleep, my neck stiff and lolling with the movement of the car. My collar was wet where I had dribbled on it. I stayed quite still, still floating between sleep and waking.

"Yes, well, it's very difficult to say why, but I must say . . ."

" . . . living together for . . ."

"What does her mother . . . Oh, adopted . . ."

"I don't know . . ."

"Lovely looking girl though . . ."

"But it is so wrong for young people to . . ."

"Well, at least it wasn't obvious . . ."

"Awful colour dress . . . could have been more subtle . . ."

"Beautiful farm . . . very rich."

"At least Terry . . ."

My mother and grandmother continued talking as I fell back to sleep once more. I have never spoken to them of it again, but I often think of Julia's wedding. I don't know why, I just do.

Joanne Hvidsten, Std. 9



Christine Dunckley, Std. 8

MOMENT MAGIQUE

Pour n'importe quelle jeune fille, quand elle reçoit son premier baiser, c'est un moment magique. C'est quelque chose dont elle rêve jusqu'à ce que le moment arrive.

J'étais à Paris, gai Paris pendant l'été. Ce soir—là tous mes amis sont allés à l'Opéra. Mais, comme tous

les jeunes gens, nous l'avons trouvé ennuyeux. Donc, nous sommes partis et avons décidé plutôt d'explorer les magasins (les magasins sont toujours ouverts à Paris.)

Parce que c'était l'été, il faisait encore jour. Il faisait aussi très chaud et j'ai décidé que je voulais boire quelque chose de frais pour me désaltérer. Donc, je suis allée au Café de la Paix et j'y ai trouvé une petite table libre dans un coin. J'ai oublié que j'étais en France, et c'était peu de temps avant qu'un jeune homme, très gentil, s'est assis à côté de moi. Je l'ai aimé tout de suite, et il m'a dit qu'il était étudiant à la Sorbonne. Nous avons bavardé avec enthousiasme et sans cesse, notre conversation un mélange d'anglais et français. Les heures ont disparu comme les minutes et, tout à coup c'était l'heure de partir.

La main dans la main nous avons passé de l'autre côté de la rue et nous sommes arrêtés devant la fontaine éclairée. Tristement nous nous sommes séparés, pleins de chagrin que nous avons dit au revoir.

Puis, je me suis rendue compte qu'il m'a embrassée.

Kerynne French, Std. 9

JULY 1982

It was a lunch-hour rush in London. Tourists catching cabs, builders opening lunch tins, businessmen rushing "downstairs" to grab a hot-dog and a beer, aristocratic ladies were being dropped at Fortnams for lunch with the "girls" while their chauffeurs sat in the Rolls under some trees with the Daily News and a sandwich. It was also time for the Changing of the Guard. Everything was in perfect routine.

Away from the hustle and bustle of London in a deserted farmhouse in the North of Ireland, three men sat around a table discussing plans for the future bombings. These men were the top men of the Irish Republican Army. Another bombing crossed off the list, Hyde Park. Have they thought what else goes with it: women, children, men, horses—all innocent and defenceless?

Meanwhile in Hyde Park an elderly vagabond had placed himself on the grass. He took out his lunch and filled his bottle up with water from a nearby tap. He sat down and waited for the small group of black horses and their red-coat riders which trotted past at the same time every day. The old man had never missed those beautiful horses walking through the park, and he wasn't going to miss them today.

A proud mother walking towards the pond in Hyde Park pushed a pram with her baby. The baby in the pram was propped up by a couple of cushions—he

was a little overweight with a small knitted jersey and cap on. His mother picked up the bottle and gave it to her baby, who drank the milk greedily. She decided to sit on a nearby bench so she could see the horses as they came by. This woman is one of the many women who walk in Hyde Park every day. Walking down from the tube station, a party of really excited schoolboys from Brixton Preparatory School led by the school master walked towards Hyde Park. This, for most of the boys, was the first time they had ever seen London, and watching a small group of the Household Cavalry walk by was going to be the highlight of their outing. They were half running to get to the Park. A few minutes later they were all seated on the grass, waiting expectantly.

Here was the most beautiful free open space in London. Green trees, innocent people, excited, waiting. In the distance they heard the sound of hooves against the tar on the road. The children hushed as they saw the magnificent shining black beasts. These horses were as shiny as new shoes—every muscle stood out on their moving bodies. The horses were powerful and yet harmless.

A blue car was parked nearby... horses squawking, men howling, children running. Chaos. A woman lay, choking in her blood. A baby not recognisable from the blast. Horses refusing to die, lying in blood.

Why?

Anthea Ovenstone, Std. 9



Diane Taylor, Std. 8. Eisteddfod Honours

THE HOUSE THAT I WOULD BUILD FOR MYSELF

What does it look like? Well, it's quite small (or rather, *looks* small), built of warm, mellow stone, is double-storeyed, and has lattice windows. I'm not actually sure of the details, but anyway, it's meant to look like an English village house of the type that features in jigsaw puzzles.

I'm afraid you'll have to knock on the door—no doorbell, I felt it would be an anachronism. And you'll have to knock long and hard too, because certain rooms are insulated against sound . . . but finally the door opens.

The entrance hall is terribly formal, with many dark, and obviously valuable, antiques, a stone and marble inlaid floor and a couple of gloomy paintings. The general effect is designed to be imposing and intimidating to unwanted visitors and ego-boosting for myself. But since you're a welcome guest, you'll be shown out, and into one of two sitting-rooms—which one depends on your personality.

The first is modern, casual. In my own mind I think of this as the living-room, the other as the sitting room. It's wall-to-wall carpeted with a thick, double-thick, carpet and has a sunken area about three by three metres in the middle. This is a pale elegant blue, but in case you're not feeling in a pale, elegant mood there is a cupboard set in its side filled with cushions of every colour. A feature of this room is that there are no chairs, only pouffes, ordinary cushions and large moulded foam-rubber cushions (from which you can fashion nest-like armchairs). The only other features here worth mentioning are the four speakers—plus—headphones—plus—everything-else Hi-fi and the enormous sliding glass doors which lead onto a vine-covered patio.

I'll take you on to the other sitting-room by way of the library, as both sitting-rooms lead into it. The library is a small room with one sash-window looking out at the side garden. It has no decor to speak of except books; books from floor to ceiling, and one academic-looking pot-plant on the window sill. The books are all neatly arranged in alphabetical order (a task I enjoy doing) and—careful you don't trip—there are always boxes of newly acquired books on the floor.

Just take a quick look at the next room, it's really rather ordinary, what I call the Granny-room. It tends to look very sleepy and bleary in the sun, but comes into its own on cold winter nights when the fire's crackling happily, you've the knee-rug made of crocheted squares over your legs and a cup of thick creamy cocoa in your hands. The faded black and

white photo you're looking at is of my mother, aged four. We bought that doll in Bruges and the heart-shaped copper ashtray was inherited from an uncle in Rhodesia. The vase was a present from Martha. Yes, that's right, the kitchen's next.

The kitchen has a tasty smell. The modern fridge and stove are tucked away in the alcove behind the bead curtain. Well, I think its patterns are extremely attractive. The shelves are yellowwood and the lower cupboards white oak. The warm red-brown of the floor is mahogany—the finish is completely accident-proof of course. We actually do use the fireplace for cooking, which is why the stone hearth is so large. Fire cooking takes a quarter of the time of ordinary cooking—and is much more fun. I see you've noticed the "jungle"—that's the herbs, succulents and pineapple-tops you see growing in friendly profusion on all the windowsills. By the way, I will have no fluorescent lighting in the house whatever. It is too cold and harsh and I hate it.

There are two staircases going upstairs, so we'll go up the grand one in the hall and down the creaky one at the side. The hall staircase draws itself up in two sweeping flights, each symmetrically flanked by a stone Italian-style banister.

The first bedroom we enter is unusually finished for a bedroom. Firstly, it has a piano, and secondly, no bed. But it's simple to make one: just take out and unroll one Japanese mattress-mat—like that—add a duvet and hey presto! a bed. The wardrobe is built in; and so is the dressing-table. The wardrobe is so deep it is possible to walk in. It's more like an alcove than a cupboard. You're just able to notice that the walls are filled with scenic animal posters before we withdraw.

When you enter the next bedroom you feel you've walked into a garden, half the room is taken up with a solid green mass of plants, the other contains a bed and more plants in large containers. A sliding glass door opening onto the balcony forms one wall of the room. There is a gleam of water from amongst the plants, and when you walk closer you see it is a real pond. I never sleep here at night, only rest here during the daytime or spend the whole day here when I am sick.

I can see you are confused—the garden room was the last straw, I hurry you through a Beatrix Potter bedroom and down a rickety stairway where you almost stumble, and out into the garden through a side door.

"I like it—some of it", you say hesitatingly. Of course you do. My house is a character, a personality. The rooms are facets of its character. Certain facets, as

with people, they appeal to you, others not. And with this piece of wisdom, which falls flat, we take our leave.

Natasha Theophilou, Std. 10



Penelope Thesen, Std. 9

INDLELA ENDASINDISA NGAYO ABANTWANA ENDLWINI ETHSHAYO

Ummelwane wam unabantwana abathathu uThemba uThandeka, noSipho. UThemba noThandeka basesikolweni, kodwa uSipho akafundi uneminyaka emihlanu.

NgoMgqibelo ebusuku abazali babantwana baya emgidi. Abantwana bashiyeka ekhaya. Ngethamsanqa ndandisekhaya kanjalo

Ummelwane wam uhlala ecaleni kwehlathi. Ehlotyeni kushushu kakhulu kwaye ihlati lomile. Ngobo busuku ihlati lalisitsha. Umoya wawuvuthuza kakhulu. Ndathi ndakujonga kwakhona ndabona indlu yommelwane wam isitsha ngoba ifulelwe ngengca. Ndabaleka ndaya endlwini yabo ukuya kubaxelesa ukuba indlu yabo iyatsha kodwa ndathi ndakufika ndafumanisa ukuba iminyango neefestile zivaliwe. Ndeva amazwi abantu ngaphakathi. Ndabona ukuba imoto ayikho ngaphandle.

Ndabetha ifestile ndizama ukungena ngaphakathi. Ndafika ngaphakathi ndafumanisa kuzele umsi, ndathabatha itshefu ndavala iimpumlo zam. Ndakhwaza abantwana kodwa ababinakho ukundibona apho ndandime khona. Andizange ndibe nako ukufikelela kubo ngenxa yamalangetye.

Ndazisongela ngelaphu lokuvala ifestile, ndabaleka phakathi kwamadangatye. Ndathi ndakufikelela ebantwaneni ndafika belila. Ndaphula ifestile kwakhona ukuze ndibe nokufika ndibancede. Ndafikelela kwangethuba ndabanakho ukubasindisa emlilweni omasikizi.

Abazali babo bavuya kakhulu ngokuba abantwana besinde ekufeni.

Karin Krone, Std. 10

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Drip, drip, drip
Monotonous sounds fill the room
Echo, echo, echo
Resounding from the stone walls
of solitary confinement.

Drip, drip, drip
Never a different sound
resounds from the walls of my mind
The echo, echo, echo,
driving me insane.

That drip, drip, dripping
Ticks away the years of my life
Spent in riots, murder, bloodshed, madness
and finally
Solitary.

Peta Jane Tanfield, Std. 10

VOORUITGANG: DIE MONSTER WAT ALLES UIT SY PAD VEEG

Die gevoel dat dit binnekort die einde van gelukkige tye sal wees, is nie aangenaam nie. Ek het my hele lewe op die klein stukkie grond net buite 'n groeiende stad deurgebring. Toe ek baie klein was, was die stadligte snags ver van ons huis af, maar nou kan jy van soggens tot laat snags die gedempte gedreun van motors en fabriek hoor. Hierdie beheerde geweld het my altyd beangs laat voel, maar my ingebore liefde vir die grond waarop ek gebore is, en waar my pa gebore is, is sterker. En nou is dit alles amper verby.

Die gulsige stad, wat alles insluk wat in sy pad lê, het gewen; ons land is gekoop en oor 'n paar maande sal daar 'n snelweg in plaas van 'n gesellige huis en 'n bont tuin wees.

En nou dwaal ek doelloos rond. Dit ontstel my, hierdie vernietiging waarin ek geen sin kan sien nie. Ek voel uitasem en onbelangrik voor die geweldige krag van die spoed en die gevoelloosheid en die tempo van ons eeu. Ek voel naak en hulpeloos, amper soos 'n voëltjie wat te vroeg uit die veiligheid van sy warm nessesie gesmyt is. Ek staan nou onder die groot boom,

met sy beskermende takke, wat so baie van my weet. As kind het ek daar skuiling gesoek as ek bang was en ek het daar gespeel. Ek glimlag effens toe ek die swaai van my kinderdae sien. Dit hang nou skuins en beweeg heen en weer in die koue windjie wat skielik opgekom het. Die boom kraak en die geluid klink soos 'n ou man wat snik oor die dood van een wat hy baie liefgehad het.

Die hele tuin lyk vaal en afgemat asof al die lewe stadig daar uitgepers word. Ek voel dieselfde uitgeputheid. Dan is daar 'n skielike bitterheid, 'n woede teen dinge wat ek nie kan verander nie. Hoekom met ek padgee omdat iemand 'n snelweg wil bou terwyl daar alreeds 'n pad is wat goed genoeg is? Die geweld van my emosie is net so skielik verby en dit laat my leeg en moeg voel. Ek sit op die ou swaai wat soveel vreugde gebring het en staar voor my uit sonder dat ek enigiets raaksien. Ek voel niks meer nie, want ek ken die antwoord: alles moet padgee vir die ding wat die naam van "vordering" het; alles wat stadig beweeg; alles wat tradisioneel is; alles wat ek liefhet, moet padgee.

Ek kyk na die wolke wat met die rook van die fabriek vermeng is. 'n Paar vuil druppels val, onseker en eensaam. En dan kry ek 'n onverwagte gedagte: dinge moet verander, ek is jonk en ek kan weer begin! Ek loop doelbewus na my motor toe en trek die deur oop. Ek kyk net eenkeer om, maar die pyn en die verlange van tevore het alreeds vaag geword. Ek voel kalm en vasbeslote toe ek wegry en die gedagte aan verandering en nuwe plekke laat my opgewonde voel. Die son breek skielik deur die wolke: ek glimlag.

Margaret Orford, Std. 10

AN EMPTY PEDESTAL

This essay was written in response to a picture of three young boys running through long grass.

How strange it is that such a happy photograph should evoke such strong memories. Even those with us that day who were not personally involved in what happened later do not enjoy looking at this picture. It may seem odd to you that a picture of three carefree young boys running through golden grass should symbolise anything unpleasant but perhaps you will understand when I have told my story.

It was my brother Dave's eighth birthday and, with his friend, Sam, our family had just finished a picnic in the clearing in the picture. Despite the full meal, Dave, Sam and I did not share the others' drowsiness and eventually our mother agreed to let us explore the

woods. She took this picture as we ran through that hot summer grass to the densest looking part of the forest. David, with his school tie flapping, and Sam ran ahead of me, but I did not mind my temporary abandonment. Although David was my mentor and hero, I knew that his friends commanded more attention than I. All I wanted was Dave's protection when I needed it, and this I had.

Three years his junior, it was always a wonder to me that he did not ignore me as other boys his age did, nor did he alternately cuddle and scold me as my sisters did. Dave accepted me and I knew that I was never entirely forgotten. I was content to be with him, a boy on whom one could mould oneself, for, in my eyes, he was clever, athletic, strong and, above all, brave. I knew that no one could accuse my brother of being "chicken".

So I was happy as I scampered along behind the older boys. Even now I can feel the strong sun sucking the sweat out of us and the sudden deep cool of the forest when we entered it. A sense of age-old mystery enveloped us and our pace immediately slowed. All around us were long aisles, secretive clusters of bush and shadowed hollows. Each invited us to explore and so we did, drifting a little away from each other.

Suddenly David called and we ran to where he had discovered a small river. He was the first to wade into the shallows. When Sam and I had joined him, we played for a while, but as time drew on we grew bored. Knowing that, even for David, a strong swimmer, it could be dangerous to wade into the middle of the stream, we clambered up the high banks. It was there that David found the small suspension bridge and it was probably the excitement of the day that prompted him to make his fatal suggestion. He turned to us and said, "Let's go over it."

"You first," Sam and I chorused, but David stood still.

"Why don't you, Sam?" His friend hesitated but saw the glint in David's eye. I realised that he, too, admired Dave, and did not want to be mocked by him. He shrugged and, disregarding the apparent fragility of the bridge, walked quickly onto it.

I hear, even now, the slow, sickening cracking and Sam's high scream as the structure collapsed. Even as it happened I turned to David, expecting him to run down to the river. I knew that he would be able to swim into the stream and save his friend, but he stood still. His face was blanched and, as he whispered, "Don't tell I made him do it," I realised that he was not a hero.

Katherine Dacey, Std. 10

'N RY OU GEBOUE WAT AFGEBOUE GAAN WORD

Verlate staan die ry afgeskilferde geboue. Alleen en vervalde gluur hulle in die verte. Die naaktheid van hul verwaarloosing lê ontbloot aan die wat dit sien, onbeskof in hul volslae herinnering aan 'n verlede wat lewer vergeet wil bly.

Hulle het geen verligting van die wreedheid van nuuskierige oë wat hulle elke dag bekyk nie. Die vensters wat op 'n dag met 'n fier houding op die verbygangers afgeloer het, frons nou neerslagtig met hul gekraakte ruite en versplinterde luike. Die verf wat voorheen helder geblink het, is vaal van die jare se reën en wind en algemene verwaarloosing wat dit geleidelik afgemat het. Hier en daar is die onbeskofte tekeninge en skrif, wat die lot is van sulke oues van dae van ons samelewing, duidelik op die mure te sien, en dit is asof die ou geboue dit as 'n teken van die wêreld se houding teenoor hulle beskou, want hul skaamte is aan almal ontbloot. Die teëls van die dakke waarop die inwoners van die stad lank gelede so trots was, is lankal of stukkend of gesteel. Nou gaap die openinge soos die monde van aaklige ondiere wat graag die ganse hemel in hul leë mae wil insluk, en jy verbeel jou jy gewaar 'n rilling van walging wat skielik deur die ou geboue trek. Soos verstotelingte staan hulle daar, verwoes en wanhopig. Hul deure staan styf toe en soos mense wys die moedelose ontsteltenis van die uiteindelige besef van hul treurige toestand, duidelik in hul voorkoms. Agter die deure wat hard steun soos mankes wat onwillig hul stywe ledemate weer beweeg, lê die stof dik op die vloere en die muur se reuk wat soos mis in die lug hang en in jou keel vassit sodat jy benoud voel, beweeg swaar om die klam vertrek. Sodra jou oë gewoon raak aan die dynserigheid, kan jy die vaal beeld van die ou trap sien. Onder jou kraak die ellendige vloerplanke en dis asof hulle smeek om hulle te red van hierdie ewige hel waartoe hulle veroordeel is. Verder wil jy nie stap nie, verder kan jy nie stap nie, want die teneergedruktheid van die atmosfeer begin jou verwurg. Jy kan voel hoe die ysige kloue van gister en eergister jou probeer verswelg en skielik moet jy weggom uit hierdie verskrikking. Buite draai jy weer vir 'n oomblik om, om 'n laaste vlugtige blik op hierdie herinnering aan die verlede te werp, voordat dit vir ewig uit die weg geruim word.

Daar staan die ou geboue weer, nes voorheen, eensaam en vergeet, die ellende self staan op die verbrokkelende mure in die onsigbare skrif van wanhoop. Vir die mens wat in sy vooruitgang dit nie kan bekostig om gister te onthou nie, het hierdie ry ou geboue afskryfbaar geword.

Miriam Thomas, Std. 10



Elizabeth Doyle, Std. 9. Eisteddfod Pass

IMPRISONMENT

Life: the ultimate imprisonment,
Death: the ultimate freedom,
But we do not understand death
So it is safer to remain chained to life.
The Church, and fear of liberty—
They are the wardens of the prison of existence;
The first condemns and the other—
It paralyses any attempts at freedom.

If I am isolated I must be free.
Then I will not owe,
Then I will not be bonded.
Love and convention I reject.
People and emotion I reject.
I do not care, they no longer care.
Now I must be free.

I have startled society and am shunned.
Where is the ecstatic elation I expected?
I do not feel. I cannot feel. *
There is a wasteland within me
Where even hatred is no longer nurtured.
I am not free. I have merely nullified all meaning.
And yet, I exist.

And as the solitude intensifies
Fears of madness jar my brain,
And I creep back like a shellless snail,
To be fettered by forgiveness;
I feel safe.
I gorge myself on restrictions and love
And at last I am sated.
Sated, but not fulfilled.

Margaret Orford, Std. 10

MOMENT OF TRUTH

I, like many teenagers, was obsessed with myself and the cocoon I had spun around myself and my interests. I lived from day to day oblivious of the world around me. The news about the rest of the world did not penetrate my little world. The wars, starvation and other world crises seemed far away.

My friends and I chatted about the new season's fashions and what new outfits we would wear. We gossiped about the guys we had met and what we did on the week-ends. For me, my life was already planned. I would finish my secondary education at school and then go to university where I would further it. Later I hoped to get married and rear a family of my own. I visualised my life as comfortable; maybe a little dull but it was what I knew and what I knew was safe.

It was one of those beautiful clear mornings that we often experience in the Cape. It was a Saturday and I had decided to go shopping to see what clothes I could buy for winter. Many other people must have had similar ideas as the streets were thronged with people. Some were hurrying along with a determined stride while others loitered looking at the luxurious items displayed in the windows. After my morning of shopping I returned by train and it was while I was waiting for my father to fetch me that the incident occurred that changed my life.

While I waited, I watched the people entering and leaving the station. Most of the people were black and they scurried along laden with packets. It was then that I saw a police van idly yet ominously drive around the square in front of me. Suddenly it stopped and two men climbed out. They approached a black man and asked him something. I saw fear flash across his face, followed quickly by relief. He fumbled in his pockets and pulled out something that looked either like a book or a piece of coloured cardboard. The policeman nodded and turned away.

The rest of the people looked apprehensively around and began to hurry away. A black woman quite a distance from me was unaware of the situation as she was wiping her son's nose. I saw the policemen approach her and their shadow fell threateningly over her. Hastily she stood up. Her back was towards me and out of curiosity I walked nearer and stood behind another interested passer-by. I heard the police ask her about a pass. In a panic she looked around for someone she knew. The fear on her face made the whites of her eyes stand out against her dark skin.

It was then that I recognized her as Ethel, our maid. I knew she had no pass and I was helpless. All I could do was watch in horror as she was bundled into the

van with John, her son, screaming in terror. The door clanged shut and I saw her terrified face behind the wire mesh as the van drove away.

I had known her for fifteen years but how little of her family and her people I knew or of the fear that they lived with in our country. That was my moment of truth and I vowed to do something for my and their country. No longer would I allow myself to be obsessed with my own trivial world.

Kate Hales, Std. 10



Lindy de Waal, Std. 9

AFSKEID

Dis net 'n stukkie grond, maar dis my lewe. Ek is hier gebore, die enigste dogter onder ses seuns. Ons het in armoede gelewe, maar ons was gelukkig. En toe, een na die ander, het die voëltjies die nes verlaat—getrou, hulle eie plase gekoop, of in die stad gaan werk. Behalwe ek. Ek is die dogter en dit is as vanselfsprekend aanvaar dat ek by die huis moes bly en ons ouers versorg. My ma het eerste gesterf. Pa kon nie sonder haar klaarkom nie en het haar kort daarna gevolg. Nou is daar net hierdie stukkie grond wat oorbly.

Ek voel bitter, ja. Hulle betaal geld. "Jy's 'n gelukkige mens, Mejuffrou, want die grond is glad nie daardie prys werd nie." Hulle verstaan nie wat dit beteken nie.

Geld het geen betekenis as jy 'n deel van jouself verloor nie. My netjiese kombuis, my vyboom, waarvan ek honderde potte vyekonfyt gekry het, die reusagtige kaggel in die sitkamer, wat op wintersaande lewendig van die vuur is—hulle sal almal verdwyn en 'n gladde pad vir Mercedes Benze van ryk Johannesburgers sal oor hulle grafte loop. Ag, ek raak sentimenteel.

Woorde lyk altyd so dom en lomp as jy jou gevoelens wil neerskrywe. Maar hoe kan ek my gevoelens anders beskrywe?

Hoe kan ek my gevoel van verlies beskrywe? Dis soos 'n droom wat ek jare terug gedroom het, toe ek my eerste nag weg van hierdie huis geslaap het. Ek was in 'n hoë gebou, in 'n kamer met vensters tot by die grond. Die grond was nie stil nie en ek het stadig venster toe gegly, alhoewel ek desperaat na die meubels gegryp het. Stadig na die venster wat gelyk het asof dit nie daar was nie; stadig na die eidelose val gegly. Toe het ek wakker geword. Nou voel ek dieselfde vrees. Die fondament, die sekerheid van my lewe is weggeneem.

Ek is oud; ek is alleen. Ek kan nie by my broers gaan intrek nie, want ek wil nie 'n gas vir die res van my lewe bly nie. 'n "Gerieflike" ouetehuis is my toekomstige tuiste. Daar sal ek eindelijk sterf, 'n vaal ou vrou. Ek voel heeltemal leeg, wanhopig, want my band met die lewe is verbreek.

Natasha Theophilou, Std. 10

heeldag met haar rug en kop amper teen 'n klein, oop venstertjie gesit het, waardeur 'n mens haar pragtige lang hare kon sien. Ons het stilletjies daarheen gekruip. Ek het my hand met die skêr deur die venstertjie gesteek en in 'n japtrap het ek groot trosse los bruin hare in my hand gehou, maar toe ek my hand vinnig buitentoe teruggebring het, het ek die skêr laat val. Andrea het verskrik omgedraai en die skêr met die hare op die grond gesien lê. Ons het net tyd gehad om haar verskrikte gesig te sien voordat ons weggehoel het. Ons was amper by Oupa se huis toe sy met kort hare uit die poskantoor gehardloop het, maar sy het ons gesigte gesien.

Die volgende paar uur was nie baie aangenaam nie. Ons het dae daarna nog met seer bene rondgehoel, want dis daar waar Oupa ons geslaan het. Maar ons is uiteindelik deur Andrea vergewe toe sy uitgevind het dat Faans meer van haar as van haar hare gehou het. Dit was selfs sy wat gesê het: "Toe maar, ledigheid is die duiwel se oorkussing en daar is tog niks om op hierdie dorp te doen nie."

Katherine Dicey, St. 10

LEDIGHEID IS DIE DUIWEL SE OORKUSSING

Die spreekwoord lui dat ledigheid die duiwel se oorkussing is. Ek glo heeltemal daaraan, want ek het dit toe ek omtrent tien jaar oud was, ervaar.

Ek en my klein sussie, Magda, was met vakansie Brakfontein toe. Dit is 'n klein dorpie in die Karoo waar ons oupa gewoon het en hy het ons ouers genooi om ons daarheen te stuur "sodat hulle 'n bietjie outydse dissipline kan ontvang". Ons was al twee weke by Oupa gewees toe iets gebeur het waarvan ek nooit sal vergeet nie.

Ons het verveeld rondgedwaal toe ons die dorp se telefoniste by die poskantoor sien ingaan. Sy was alreeds bekend aan ons. Ons het ook haar gewoontes geken—sy het heeldag óf met haar kêrel gepraat óf haar hare gekam—en ons het al 'n paar keer tevergeefs ons ouers probeer skakel toe haar kêrel by haar was. Hulle wou oor twee maande trou, maar selfs hulle ouers was siek en sat van die verloofdes se gedurige gepraatery. Hulle was werklik onafskeidbaar, maar daardie dag het ek aan 'n heerlike plan gedink. Toe ek vir Magda gesê het: "Faans is heeltemal dol oor Andrea se hare... ek wonder wat sou gebeur as sy dit nie het nie..." het sy dadelik geweet wat ek bedoel het. Ons moes nou ons plan in werking stel.

Eers het ek Oupa se skêr gaan haal en toe het ons poskantoor toe gestap. Dit was nie baie moeilik om te doen wat ek wou doen nie. Ons het geweet dat Andrea



Suzanne Louw, Std. 10

BOTTLES

I was transfixed. The light whispered through the painted window and rested on the large arrangement before me. They were in the same positions. The old man had not moved them since my last visit. I could even see the fine layer of dust that shrouded them. How beautiful they were! I wanted to touch them but was unable to move. I was sitting on the ground, looking at them at eye-level. I was entranced by the playful reflections I could see of my own round face in the larger ones. Their transparent quality intrigued me. Through the large white one on the left I could see the thin grey one, its elongated neck, twisted, towering above the flat square one before it. I could also make out the distorted outline of the far blue one through the first two. If I moved I would be able to see the delicate pink one too but I couldn't. I hardly dared to breathe.

A sudden transformation took place. It was sudden but complete. Electric lights had been turned on. They were alive, and even more beautiful now. I wanted to sing to accompany their dancing movements. The delicate pink one was no longer subtle and harmonious but bright and aggressive. My eye was suddenly drawn to a luminous green one beside it. I had seen it before but it had not struck me as being important. Now it held my attention, conflicting with the adjacent dark pink. I held my breath, tense, and then allowed it to escape with a sigh of relief as I noticed the curvilinear grey one beside it. It was graceful. A smile played on my lip as my eyes rested on the stout specimen beside it, the dumpy figure so incongruous next to the elegant grey.

My eyes wandered over the adjacent ones, none held my interest. Then with a shock I saw the ugly angular one. Under the lights it looked more frightening than it have ever been before. I wanted to look away but the terrible contorted form would allow no escape. This one disturbed me every time. I was puzzled. Something was different. I waited, my eyes resting patiently on the orange form. It was only after quite a while that I became aware of the delicate, fragile shape before it. It was about two centimetres high, its neck opening into a wide rim. Why hadn't I seen it before? Had the old man added it in since my last visit? Perhaps it had been there all the time. My eyes moved back to the deep pink and green ones to the left and centre and then to the greys and whites, intimately playing on the right. Once again my wandering eye was captured by the orange one. Where was the small one? I waited and then it slowly took shape before me. I now ignored the orange and concentrated on the blue before it. The blue became green, blue again. I was fascinated.

Mesmerized, I lifted my hand, my eyes fastened on the object and shaking I reached out to take the bottle. I wanted it for myself. The nail of my small finger touched the bottle on the right and I saw the tiny dust particles angrily rising in the air. I held my breath and waited. Slowly I edged my hand forward again. I was touching the magic bottle. I fingered it curiously. My hand closed around it. It was in my hand. My heart was beating fast as I stood up and moved away from the antique collection.

"You off, lass?"

I nearly dropped it. It was wrong. I knew I should put it back but it was mine. It was mine now. I walked slowly out of the shop.

"Goodbye", I called to the old man.

When I was safely away from "Todd's Antique Shop" I opened my hand. Inside lay a dull green bottle. It was lifeless. It was ugly.

It was not mine.

Suzanne Louw, Std. 10

DISCO

Disco. A concept familiar and yet frightening. Its existence is paradoxical for it is not only modern and sophisticated but also timeless and primitive. The word evokes so many contradictory images. Disco is a product of the last couple of decades. It attracts youth but it is a form of escape. The music is so loud, the beat so primitive that all thought is obliterated. The music is confined to a small, dark space and becomes overwhelming. Seemingly mindless people gyrate desperately and uncontrollably. The violence of the unrelenting beat takes complete control of limbs and emotions until both are channelled into frenzied motion.

Bodies are packed, sound is all-encompassing, but there can be no communication, no speech. In the senseless, unreasoned rebellion of youth there is an inexorable conformity and all ideals of civilisation seem nullified. Why, with all this motion and the proximity of so many of one's peers, is there this desperate isolation and a helpless core of silence within one? The surroundings are sordid and littered with cigarettes, bottles and the human debris of our civilisation. Amongst all the dirt people flirt and kiss and make suggestive promises to strangers. In this furnace of sound and flashing light the only communication possible is sexual and because we are so alone it is what we resort to.

But are not our escapes merely a reflection of our circumstances? We are living in a time in which we are so far removed from the natural being we originated from and the rhythmic pulse of disco music is reminiscent of the dance tempos of primitive people. People congregate when frightened and subconsciously we are frightened because the foundations of our society are being systematically destroyed. An emergence of the desire to be obscure and hidden is the natural instinct with which people react to destruction and chaos. And our retreat is hollow. It supplies no meaning and no comfort. People cannot recognise that their fear is universal and so they involuntarily turn their emotion inwards, refusing all communication. So the loneliness is agonising and unrelieved.

A disco is a place of entertainment which should give us pleasure, but it doesn't. You are left feeling drained. The movements are violent, the sound and lights are violent and the words of the music are violent. So

many idols advocate destruction of established norms but no alternative is offered. We search, but for what?

The form is new, but the emotion is ageless. Is man not always afraid, always searching and always trying to blot the fact from his consciousness? Are we not trying to hide from our fear of a tempo that is too fast for us and from a callous universe that we can never comprehend because we search for a meaning where there is none? The disco seems almost to be a microcosm of our world—a confined place of clashing noise and dazzling, exposing lights which reveal but never explain the meaningless jumble of movements and limbs and instincts which make up humanity. But the basic animal rhythm is captured. Disco seems so superficial and yet it reflects not only our times but also succinctly expresses the fear of all men of all ages: the fear of being physically alone and thus having to face our own unimportance beyond the confines of our private world.

Margi Orford, *Std. 10*



Wendy Wilson, *Std. 10*



PREP SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: D. Hosking, K. Dean, D. Carson, N. van Zyl, L. Burns,
 Middle Row: C. Peters, M. Wheeler, J. Ople, K. Christie, N. Lloyd-Roberts, K. Snyder,
 Front Row: S. Poole, M. Booth, Mrs. Brown, C. Symons, Mrs. Bray, B. Godson, L. Millar

Preparatory School Report 1982

1922-1982. This is our Jubilee Year, and what a great deal has been accomplished in 60 years! From small beginnings, the school has grown into an establishment which is well-known for its high and challenging academic standard, its wide and varied cultural activities, its sporting achievements in many fields, and above all for its Christian teaching and witness.

Founders' Day was a happy occasion when we joined with the Senior School in the Services at St. Saviour's. On our return to school, our whole school family, house, domestic and teaching staff, girls and some mothers, assembled under the plane trees on the terrace, where a large 60th Anniversary cake, decorated with 6 candles, awaited us. The candles, each representing ten years in the life of the school were lit by various members of the staff and the girls. Mrs Popham-Smith, who has 30 years of service at Herschel to her credit, lit a candle on behalf of the Staff; Rachel Phillips who has been with us since 1966, lit a candle on behalf of the Domestic Staff; Elizabeth Nash, the youngest girl in the school represented the future generations who will attend Herschel and she had a little difficulty in reaching her candle! The three House Captains, Caroline Symons, Bridget Godson and Michelle Booth, each lit a candle on behalf of the girls in their Houses: Rolt, Jagger and Merriman. The day was sunny and warm but there was a slight breeze and there were a few tense moments when we thought that the candles would be blown out by the wind. However, they burned brightly while Mrs Davies and her Kindergarten staff and children sang Happy Birthday. Mrs Timoney, who has been on the staff of Herschel since 1967 blew out the candles and did the honours in cutting the cake. There were many anxious little faces as the cake was distributed but there was plenty to go around! After a cool drink and time to play, the morning came to a close as the girls watched a film.

We are fortunate in having a staff of dedicated teachers who give themselves so whole-heartedly to their task of education. They seek to stimulate and motivate their pupils to explore the many avenues of interest in the world around them and to do this effectively they must keep abreast of modern trends in teaching by reading and attending lectures and seminars whenever possible. We must not discard what is good and acceptable, but try to combine the old and the new into a balanced programme which meets the needs of the children.

Mrs Purcell, one of our Standard V teachers, attended a symposium on gifted children at the beginning of the third term. We have devoted a good deal of our free time to discussing the various aspects of this challenging study, and Mrs Purcell has guided our thinking with the knowledge and understanding she has gained. The number of actually "gifted" children is not very high but we have adapted many of the ideas in our teaching. In the past we have tried to "stretch" the bright pupils by giving them extra work of interest and I feel we have been fairly successful here. At all levels and in all our classes we are now working on a differentiated system. The slower pupils are being taught the basics, those of average intelligence are being given tasks to stimulate them to apply what they have learnt and the bright girls are challenged to interpret, create, analyse and evaluate. This approach is very much in keeping with modern teaching patterns and we are well aware of our responsibility to give each girl a chance to develop to her full potential. We need to ensure that our resource material in the library is sufficient for this new type of programme. Examinations do not fit so easily into this mode of teaching and we need to look at our system of assessing our pupils and institute some changes where necessary.

A practical extension to the classroom is to be found in the many and varied outings which have been arranged. The Tokai Forest, the World of Birds, the South African Museum, the Art Gallery, the Malay Quarter, the offices of the Argus, the Nico Malan, the Groote Kerk and the Cathedral are some of the places of interest which have been visited.

We invite outside speakers from time to time and Miss Tremble came to speak to the Standard V's on "Wartime Britain". This was sparked off by the project on "When my Mother or Grandmother was young". Mrs Louw from the National Cancer Association kindly came to address the senior girls on the effects of smoking, and a member of the Narcotics Bureau came to talk to them about the growing problem of drug abuse in this country. After class discussions on the subject, Professor Opie spoke to the Standard III's and V's on "The Use of Animals in Medical Research".

Outdoor Education has been with us for some years and one must not underestimate its value. The approach at School in the Wilds is much more relaxed than when we attended our first Camp in 1975.



A group of girls preparing to set off on the Big Walk.



Sally Orren at the High Jump.



Rolt Staff Members encouraging the Tug-of-War Team.



Sticky marshmallows at the Std 5 braai.



The Standard Fives outside the Bo-Kaap Museum.



Once more, Mrs Timoney.

Nevertheless, the expedition is well worthwhile and serves not only to widen knowledge and experience, but also to establish a bond of mutual respect and trust between staff and girls. For the first time this year, the Std V classes spent three days at Hermanus in the care of their teachers. We were accommodated in four houses lent by friends and parents, and several mothers accompanied us to help with catering and supervision. Our programme was orientated to Biology and English and we were able to observe sea creatures and flora in their natural habitat. The beauty and fascination of the rock pools and their inhabitants kept us busy and as we studied the structure and mode of living of molluscs and echinoderms we glimpsed another facet of the order and wonder of the Universe and its Creator. We see these three-day expeditions as being an integral part of our teaching and plans are afoot for a similar project next year.

Our two Std V teachers decided to organise a "braai" followed by a film for their classes. This took place one Wednesday evening in the second term and was a happy occasion. The girls provided their own meat and Mrs Purcell and Mrs Bray did the cooking while Mrs Gray organised games on the field. Marshmallows were handed out and toasted for "afters". In November, the Std V's will be spending a day at Hout Bay, now an established tradition. The weather is usually good and warm enough to swim, and after lunch the girls trail across the beach to the harbour where they board the launch to see the seals in the Bay. This is the last time they go out together as a group in the Prep. School and it is a memory to be cherished.

As a private school we are committed to the Christian way of life and assembly and prayers are part of each day's programme. During Scripture periods Bible Stories and passages are studied, and each class is responsible for presenting devotions from time to time. I am well aware that although we are trying to lay a foundation of spiritual knowledge, what we accomplish here is only a drop in the ocean. Parents should see this area as their particular responsibility and encourage their daughters to attend services and other youth activities within the established Church. I am grateful to Staff whose Christian witness and example is an inspiration to all. In particular I should like to thank Mrs Hammond and Mrs Sneddon who run the Scripture Union Group which meets on Wednesdays at lunch time.

We try to help the girls develop a social conscience and to be aware of the needs of others and each term 50c is brought for charity. This year we bought blankets for the Helen Keller Hostel as our project for

the Year of the Aged. Blisters for Bread is an annual event and, for many, a family occasion and this year we raised almost R1000.

We are grateful to the Music, Speech and Ballet teachers who give their lessons faithfully week by week and work so hard to prepare their pupils for the Eisteddfod and Examinations. The Music and Ballet Results are just in hand and we congratulate Debra Tyson, Elena Rista and Mary Ann Wheeler on their distinctions in music and Megan van Zyl, Catherine Southern and Sandra van Hoogstraten on achieving honours in ballet. The Std V's entered the Speech and Drama Eisteddfod again—the VA's were awarded a merit and the V Alpha class high honours.

Sport continues to play a prominent part in the lives of the girls and we thank Mrs Gray for the long hours she has spent coaching. The House System which works so well in motivating and stimulating the pupils to achieve academically is also carried over into sport and here there is much excitement and friendly rivalry. The House Teams give many girls an opportunity to participate in the Competitions, and in the Swimming Gala we aim to have every girl, however weak a swimmer she may be, taking part. Mrs Gray leaves us in December after 5 years service but we know that she will be back to show us her twins in due course. I should like to thank her publicly for her hard work, the genuine concern she has for each child and for her loyalty to me and the school. She has the courage of her convictions and will speak out against any form of injustice. I have been able to depend on her at all times.

My thanks to the mothers who are on the Flower Roster and to Mrs Hardy, the organiser. The vestibule is always so welcoming with its bowl of fresh flowers each week and I have appreciated the flowers in my office too.

Mrs Mills, Mrs Parker, Mrs Dowie-Dunn, Mrs Haldane and Mrs Kodę have been regular helpers in the Library and Mrs Godson, Mrs Durr, Mrs Kohler, Mrs Cottrell and Mrs Kempthorne have run the Second Hand Clothing Shop most efficiently. Thank you all for your efforts on behalf of the School.

We are looking forward to the lunch which the Std V girls provide for the Staff at the end of each year. Much time and thought goes into the planning of this event and we are always amazed at how well and sumptuously we are entertained. The Std V's work throughout the year for their parting gift to the School. Money is raised by holding cake sales and raffles and judging by the amount raised so far, it looks as if the girls will beat all previous records!

The Boarding House has been enlarged and the accommodation is now much more comfortable. The two big dormitories are most tastefully decorated and curtained and the fresh pine furniture fits in with the new decor. Several lovely pictures adorn the walls and the overall effect is very pleasing. After the June holidays the Secretary's office, which has been the cubby-hole under the stairs for many years, was moved to the Staff Room and the staff took over the large room next to the kitchen which used to be the Pre-School Classroom. In turn, the Pre-School moved up to the end room in the boarding house where they now have ample space for all their activities. Their door leads out onto the play area, making supervision so much easier. The Secretary's office now boasts several large cupboards where stocks are kept, a new desk, and room for the files etc. Other changes to make the room functional are still to be carried out. The staff room has been painted in a biscuit shade with white woodwork. Sixteen easy chairs, upholstered in blue, fawn and toning cretonne have made such a difference to our comfort. The floor has been covered with carpet tiles, and occasional tables and a large work table will complete the furnishings. We are grateful to Mrs Hoffman and Mr van Zyl who have helped us in our efforts to provide the staff with a pleasant, light and airy room in which to work and relax.

The Jubilee Fête has provided us with many opportunities to work together as a family, and I must thank the parents who have been so generous with their time and talents. October 16th promises to be a very full day, and the girls at the Prep. are eagerly anticipating the event. Our Fête competition which has been on a class basis has been a great success and now we wait eagerly to see who will be the winner!

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Mrs Collins, Mrs Britton and Mrs Kidwell who took charge of the two Std IV classes and the Std II Alpha class. When Miss Flint, our extra Speech teacher left in June, Mrs Johnson ably filled her position. Std IV Alpha was taken over by Mrs Sneddon at midyear when Mrs Britton left. Mrs Gray, Physical Education, and Mrs Potter, Pre-School, both leave us in December and we wish them well as they start a new phase in their lives as young mothers.

It was with a sense of personal loss that I accepted the resignation of Mrs Eve. Although she worked only on a part-time basis, she has given freely of herself and her time. Her previous experience as a School Secretary has been invaluable and she has planned more effective and efficient systems to ensure the smooth running of the school. I thank her for her wise

and considered counsel and I want her to know how deeply I appreciate all she has done for me and the school.

I should like to thank Miss Geldard for her help and interest; Mrs Davies and Mrs Bray for their support on every occasion, the Teaching Staff for their hard work and concern for the children in their care; the House, Senior School Office Staff, Catering, Domestic, Maintenance and Garden Staff for the responsible way in which they have carried out their duties.

For me, the significant feature of 1982 has been the excellent spirit of all involved with the school. Each person has contributed to the close-knit family and I look forward with optimism to 1983.

Ad dei gloriam

P.R. Brown

PREPARATORY LIBRARY REPORT

1982 has seen the library receiving a much needed tidy-up. All the non-fiction and reference books have now been accessioned and classified. With the generous help of a few dedicated mothers, we have inserted new stamping sheets, book-cards and pockets as well as carrying out covering and repair work on the books.

Although we have been busy with this largely functional work, the library has obviously still been open for use. All girls from Std I upwards are welcome in the library during breaks while each class has one period of book-education weekly. During this time they exchange books, discuss enjoyable titles and learn basic library skills.

As a result of two parents' meetings held early this year, I am delighted to report that new non-fiction books to the value of R1250 were generously donated by parents. Parents were asked to select a book on display to donate to the library in their child's name. I should like to thank all these parents again for their interest and support.

Some new furniture (shelving, desk unit and periodical stand) is to be fitted during September and we are looking forward to moving all the books as our present shelves are bursting.

We hope during 1983 to complete the overhaul of the library to enable it to indeed take its rightful place as the educational nerve centre of the school.

Kindergarten Notes

J is for Jubilee

This 60th year in the life of Herschel means the end of an era for some and here at the "beginning" part of the school, the start of an era for others. But for all it is a year of celebration and joy in the achievements and growth of a school, set in beautiful surroundings to whose motto "ad dei gloriam" should be added "Jubilate Deo" for this year.

U is for Unity

I would like to thank Miss Geldard, Mrs Brown and the staff for the interest shown and the help they have given to me this year. The sharing of ideas, problems and experiences has drawn us together and made us into a team. We will be sorry to lose Mrs Potter from the team next year. She has made the move of the Pre-Prep. to their new quarters so easy and we thank her for all she has done to improve and consolidate this very important "first" class of the school. We wish her good health as she leaves us to await the arrival of her baby.

Mesdames Byers, van Dugteren, Landers, Barr, Hammond, Walker and Behn formed the Delicatessen committee for the Jubile Fête. Their teamwork was tremendous! My grateful thanks to all the parents and friends who made the vast quantities of pickles, preserves etc. that we had for sale. We made R1900 at our stall!

B is for Busy

The Sub A and B classes have had interesting themes developing this year which have kept us all very busy. "People who help us" led to a visit to the Fire Station. Our concert theme led to much being learned about China, the Eskimos and Holland. A "Holiday" theme led naturally on to "Transport" and the Sub B classes went to visit the Main line train at Cape Town Station and also took a trip around the docks on a cruiser. My family, Easter, Autumn, Winter, Spring and My Pets are some of the themes enjoyed and explored by the children this year.

I is for Interest

The parents of our children are most encouraging and their sincere interest in our activities and their daughters' progress is most appreciated by the staff.

L is for Learning

Learning to read, write and calculate with numbers is our primary task, but we also try to develop those spiritual qualities of consideration, concern and helpfulness to others which is the hallmark of a Herschel girl.

E is for Energy

Children have boundless energy and it is good to see it channelled in so many ways in the Kindergarten. Ballet, tennis coaching, extra swimming, gym clubs, speech and drama classes are well established and flourishing activities. We will all miss Mrs Gray, our physical education teacher, and wish her and her husband well with their two bundles of energy (if they take after her) that she is expecting soon.

E is for Easy

Adults often try to make life too easy for small children by doing too much for them and thus depriving them of the joy of discovery through experiment. Although we must still protect, let us all be careful not to take away the challenges that this wonderful world gives to today's children.

Marguerite Davies, Head of Kindergarten



GAMES REPORT

This has been a busy, rewarding year with the girls showing tremendous enthusiasm in their class and extra-mural activities. Confidence has been gained, new skills acquired and each pupil has progressed at her own rate.

Do parents realise how vital it is for their children to learn to play? This includes teaching them to run, jump, hop, skip, and catch and hit a ball. If these skills are not acquired at an early age the child is at a disadvantage when she comes to school as she is not able to participate with her peers in their games. Socially she becomes one of those who sit on the sidelines rather than join in with the others. These children are often excluded by their peers from playground games as they do not know how to "play". This in turn causes the child to feel frustrated and rejected and emotional problems arise.

Apart from this aspect, physical skills are used in learning to read and write and those children who have not learned the basic movements have difficulty in gross and fine motor movements and are at a tremendous disadvantage at the beginning of their academic lives.



INTER HOUSE GALA

Tessa Mills in the U-12 Butterfly, ready to break the record.

SWIMMING

Captain: Katie Christie

Vice: Jessica Opie

Most people are attracted by water in one form or another and yet it never ceases to amaze one how often parents neglect to prepare their children in water-safety. To bring this aspect to the pupils' attention a water-safety programme was started with the older pupils which led to tests being done through the South African Water Safety Council. Firstly they became fit and learnt what to do if they found themselves in difficulties, then they progressed to helping would-be drowners in easy situations by using objects such as ropes, floats, boats to assist them. Lastly, they were taught the method of carrying someone out of the water. The following number of pupils were successful in attaining certificates

90 Preliminary Water-Safety
18 Advanced Water-Safety
13 Elementary Life-Saving

From the above parents should realize that the aim at junior school level should be to teach each child from non-swimmer to team-swimmer, the advantage of being water-safe and knowing that one can enjoy recreation in or on the water with relative security. Too much emphasis is sometimes given in trying to train the fastest swimmers to gain the most points at Interschools galas. However, at Herschel all aspects of water-education are covered and we are not only interested in breaking records.

To give the girls an insight into two watersports, Mrs Jo Cheesman and Mrs Kay Lander were invited to our poolside to demonstrate their hobbies. Mrs Cheesman brought her sailboard along and explained the rigging. She then lowered the board into the pool where balancing, catching the wind and sailing were shown. All Std. IV and V pupils were then allowed to try their luck at sailing across the pool. Many did not get very far as they found the balancing a little tricky but enjoyed the opportunity to have a go. Mrs Kay Lander arrived with all her scuba-driving equipment which she carefully laid out for everyone to see. She first spoke about the safety aspects of this sport and demonstrated the use of various life-jackets. She then meticulously explained the use of each article needed for scuba-diving and donned her gear which included safety-jacket, wet-suit, hood, booties, gloves, watch, weight-belt and finally the diving-tank was placed on her back. She slid into the pool, swam along the bottom and stayed submerged for a length of time which delighted the girls.

The girls found these demonstrations great fun, but at the same time learnt much about the safety aspect of these sports. I feel sure that several of our girls will now be tempted to tackle these sports.

Team swimming has included pupils from U-8 to Open this year so with a larger range of ages extra time has been devoted to training sessions with Mrs Sneddon assisting. Stroke correction was concentrated on in the first half of the season combining this with fitness and speed in the latter half. We participated in three friendly galas; the Co-Ed Interschools gala at Boston, the Gordons Club Fun Festival and the Girls Interschools Gala at Newlands which is always a highlight of the season. We gained 4th position with the relay races being the most exciting. The Inter-House gala got off to a good start with much cheering

and singing from the various houses. A pleasant morning was spent with all pupils competing and 12 records being broken, as it is only the second season in our new standard-sized pool. The final races of mums, staff and prefects was a happy way to end the day. Merriman walked off with the cup with Rolt second and Jagger third.

A number of pupils participated in a Big Swim held in aid of W.P.A.S.A. and six were awarded prizes. We ended the season with an individual gala for the Kindergarten. All Sub A's swam widths while the Sub B's and Std I did lengths as well as an underwater race. We ended the morning with a relay race. Unfortunately the weather was cold and overcast and the rain poured down as the last race was being swum. Merriman won with Jagger second and Rolt Third.



SWIMMING TEAM

Third Row: T. Mills, K. Donnelly, A. Opie, N. van Zyl, D. Hosking, F. Sax.

Second Row: K. O'Neill, S. Low, A. Mallet, K. Cartoulis, P. Hosking, E. Wynne-Edwards, D. Hopkins.

First Row Standing: S. Mayer, J. Wimbush, N. Lloyd-Roberts, C. Symons, M. Booth, S. Smuts, L. Kode, S. Emmerich.

Seated: T. Fourie, M. Godson, K. Christie (Captain), Mrs. Gray, J. Opie, H. Cardwell, S. Le Fevre.

Front: H. Sparks, B. O'Neill, B. Boyes, C. Lander.

TENNIS

Captain: Caroline Symons Vice: Lesley Millar

Initially this is a difficult and unrewarding sport to learn as the eye-hand-ball-co-ordination needs constant repetition. With only a half hour of tennis a week and then not hitting the ball all the time the pupil cannot learn to play a game if there is no reinforcement away from school. The ball-machine has been a great help in the upper standards and now that Mrs Julia Smith-Chandler is coaching the Sub A & B's as well, the pupils are acquiring good skills at a young age. The tennis ladder accommodates 20 players who are constantly challenging one another for higher positions. It has stimulated a keen interest in the sport and pupils from Std III are in a position to challenge. We have had 3 teams entered in the league and each played 5 matches. Our A team played 7 league, the B team 10 league and the C team 11 league. We participated in two Interschool Tournaments, one being the Co-Ed League on the 26 March and the Girls League on the 25 March. We were knocked out early on both days. The Inter-House matches are still to be played.



TENNIS A TEAM

Back: L. Burns, M. Hendry.
Front: C. Symons, Mrs. Gray, L. Millar.

NETBALL

Captain: Natasha van Zyl Vice: Sally Köster

We have had a very full netball programme this season with all eight teams playing matches as often as possible. All players have given of their best, tried hard to improve their skills and combined well as teams. There has been good team spirit and enthusiasm shown throughout the season. Our A teams played 13 matches and our B teams 10 matches. The Inter-Schools Tournament held on 9 September was most exciting. We entered 4 teams with the U-12A team reaching the semi-finals and the U-11A team the finals, losing to Wynberg. It was thrilling to see the girls combining so well and playing so hard.

We concluded the season on a cold, windy day in September with three teams from each house competing for the cup which went to Jagger, with Merriman second and Rolt third. A very sincere word of thanks to the 'mums' who so willingly transported the teams to and from matches. There was never a problem in getting the 58 players to a game. It was a pleasure coaching such enthusiastic and co-operative girls.



U-11 A NETBALL

Back: C. Sparks, S. Hardy, J. Wimbury, F. Saxs.
Seated: A. Scott, Mrs. Gray, M. Hendry.
Front: M. Godson.

GYMNASTICS CLUB



Captain: Diana Carson

Vice: Sandra Smuts

Over seventy girls have benefited from the club this year. Emphasis has been on a more difficult form of competition, training pupils to greater self-discipline by teaching them the set exercises for S.A.A.G.U. with the result that ten of our pupils entered the Western Province Trials. It was a thrill to see Herschel colours on the floor even though the pupils found the experience nerve-racking and some shed a few tears. At the end of the long competition they were relieved it was over but agreed it was a worthwhile experience. They are looking forward to the competition next year now that they know what is expected of them. It was noted how many pupils wanted to give up gymnastics when faced with the challenge of the Inter-House Competition. It is important for the pupils to learn loyalty towards the activity they are involved in and also to practise discipline of mind and body. Too often they participate in a sport for a short while and when the going gets a little difficult they are allowed to give

it up. This leads to some pupils thinking that they can withdraw from any situation they are unable to cope with whereas a little encouragement, effort and determination would bring them out on top.

The Inter-House Competition called for discipline, so was not as interesting to watch, as each pupil was marked on a set exercise at the four pieces of apparatus, these being the beam, unparallel bars, vault and floor. This gave the gymnasts an idea of the amount of work required to become fairly competent at competition work.

Our three coaches: Jenny Le Roux, Alison Glanz and Jennifer Foster are busy working out a programme for a display at the Fête where we hope to use the mini-trampoline which was purchased this year. We have also acquired a springboard with air-bags and our top gymnasts look very neat in their new lycra leotards. We can congratulate Susan Snyders, who received her Western Province colours again this year.

HOCKEY

Captain: Melissa van Assen Vice: Penny Cheesman

This has been a popular game amongst the Std V pupils who have put a lot of time and effort into improving their game. It is encouraging to coach pupils who are prepared to listen to advice and then put it into practice as this group has done. Our first two teams have played matches against five schools and 3 teams participated in a Mini-hockey festival. Mini-hockey is a 6-a-side game played over a quarter of a field and this is now becoming popular in junior schools as it teaches the girls good stick-work and quick passes and the play is more controlled.

DIVING

Captain: Natasha van Zyl Vice: Diana Carson

A great number of girls showed interest in diving in class and worked hard at improving their skill. This sport has not gained in popularity as an extra-mural activity as so many pupils find they get extremely cold while awaiting their turn. All trained hard for the Inter-House Diving Cup which was won by Rolt, with Jagger second and Merriman third. Mrs Joy Whitson is to be thanked on coaching the team for Inter-Schools where the divers acquitted themselves well.



HOCKEY A TEAM

Back: C. Symons, J. Opie, K. Christie, M. Booth.
Middle: D. Carson, C. Reilly, N. Lloyd-Roberts, T. McLullich.
Front: B. Godson, P. Cheesman, Mrs. Gray, S. Koster, M. Mosomothane.



DIVING TEAM

*Back: D. Hopkins, B. O'Neill, D. Tyson, A. Scott, E. Wynne-Edwards, K. O'Neill.
Front: C. Symons, N. van Zyl, Mrs. Gray, D. Carson, B. Godson.*

SQUASH

Captain: Lucy Burns

Vice: Bridget Chapman

This sport has gained greatly in popularity this year and we now have a record of thirty pupils receiving coaching at school. The squash court is used every break-time and pupils are constantly challenging one another for positions on the ladder. There have been a number of tournaments and courses run by Mrs Jill Eckstein which the pupils have attended and thoroughly enjoyed. During the first term a Mini Inter-schools was held and in the second term the Inter-school matches in which we reached the finals and lost to Camps Bay. A few round robins have been played on Saturday mornings against other schools and these proved to be fun. A number of pupils competed in the Western Province Championships and Lucy Burns was selected to represent Western Province in the U-13B team that travelled to Pietermaritzburg during the July holidays. The Inter-House Cup was won by Jagger with Rolt second and Merriman third. The School Championships is still to be played.



SQUASH A TEAM

*Back: P. Cheesman, B. Godson.
Front: L. Burns, Mrs. Meyer, M. van Assen.*



LITTLE FIRE-FIGHTERS

Eight sub A pupils of Herschel Primary School at the Bellville Fire Station. Front, from left, Geraldine Self, Alison Sturgeon, Nicola Munroe, Sarah Worthington and Jaqueline Evertse. Back, from left, Lisa Williams, Leanne Louw and Karen Swire.

Original Work

MY DAD

My dad has hazel eyes that twinkle and he works at Truworths he smokes Texan and my dad is going away on a work trip. my dad is plumpish my dad is tall and dark. my dad mows the lawn every Saturday and he gets prisoners every Saturday. my dad used to have a moustache, my dad reads Afrikaans books and he gives me and my brother some pocket money.

Emma du Plessis, Sub. A

I WOULD LIKE TO BE —

I would love to be an author. I would like to work in a quiet place. So that I can think of more to write. I always write long stories in school. News is best. Sometimes I have to draw small pictures. Because I write long stories. I write a lot at home so I can make books out of paper. I made a story called the lost leaf. That is why I love writing. It is very good to write then you can get very clever.

Arlene Benjamin, Sub. B

MY PETS

I have got some rabbits and the rabbits like to lie on the top of their little house when the sun is shining. my rabbits are white and brown and sometimes I let them stretch their legs. I have some garbals and I put some wool in the cage so that they can make a nest and sleep in it.

Leanne Louw, Sub. A

THE SQUIRREL

I am a squirrel. I do not hibernate all through the winter. On sunny days I wake up and look for nuts to eat and when it gets to cold for me I go back to my drey or if I find a hollow tree with a hole in it then I could sleep there. I will bring lots of dead leaves and lie in the leaves. When Spring comes I wake up and look for things to eat because I am very hungry after my long winter sleep.

Ayesha van Graan, Sub. B

A TRAIN JOURNEY

We went to Cape Town station. I said good-bye to Mum and set off. It was lovely puffing along. The compartment had a basin, table and a bunk. I had a good time exploring. We met some people and had supper with them. The waiters were men.

That night it was bitterly cold because there was snow on the Hex River Mountains. The countryside was very dry.

We arrived at Potchefstroom at one o'clock and we were met by some friends of Grandpa. We visited the Old Age Home where Grandpa lives. He was very shaky. The people we stayed with had a trampoline. I mostly talked to old people.

After two days we came back on the Trans-Karoo Express.

I was glad to see Mum who scrubbed us both down as she said we smelt of trains.

Sally Mackenzie, Std. 1

MOTHERS' DAY

Mothers' Day is a day for mothers to relax. No cooking no housework and no mopping the floor. We got up early and made Mummy's breakfast, it was bacon and eggs and toast. We went upstairs and when we went in she was awake so we gave Mummy her breakfast. After her breakfast I gave her the nicest present she had ever seen, she kissed me and thanked me. I gave her two books about Lady Diana and Prince Charles. The day was going so quickly and soon it was lunchtime, we cooked the lunch. Then the afternoon went by quickly and soon it was supper time and we had pancakes, and after that we went to bed.

Sarah Rice, Std. 1

KINDERGARTEN CONCERT

Mice Who Lived in A Mill in Amsterdam.



I WISH I WISH . . .

I have often watched and heard birds, the way they glide down to sit on a branch and sing. I actually would love to be a bird even if it were only for a short time. I would like to be one because I would be able to fly up so high and I would just spread my wings out and glide along I'd see the houses far below like little dolls houses. Then I would fly down to sing my heart out.

Simone le Fèvre, Std. 2

AUTUMN

Autumn is coming with its companions, hot creamy soup, thick blankets, fires to sit by and hot chocolate to sip. It dresses the trees in gold and red, yellow and brown. It puts a brown coloured crown on the grass. Animals get woolly, lovely and cuddly; and birds fly away all over the country. Swimming pools, oceans and lakes are too cold to swim in, for you go numb. I dress warmly in jeans and jerseys. People are planting bulbs to flower only months later. In the mornings my windows are frosty and I have to wipe them before I can see the lovely scene before me.

Linda Wilson, Std. 2

MY OUMA

My ouma is baie oud. Sy dra 'n bril en haar hare is grys. My ouma woon in 'n woonstel met Oupa en Amber, haar hond. My Ouma hou van tee, boeke en blomme. My ouma bederf my, want altyd as sy vir my sien, gee sy vir my iets. Ek is lief vir my ouma.

Taryn McLullich, Std. 2

THE BATTLE OF CECRÉ

I am Lord Edward's son and my name is Robert.

The battle of Cécéré all started on a cold moonlit night when I heard a shout from the waste land. I sat up startled in bed, when it came again. I charged through the curtains which separated my room from Fathers. I woke him. He grabbed his night gown and thrust his head out of the window. The Vikings were invading.

He told the guard who shouted the message to all the rest of the people in the keep. All of a sudden the castle was alive with excitement. The guard blew his bugle and the people in the manor started gathering their livestock and goods. The drawbridge was lowered and all the peasants but one small boy got in. I told my friend the guard to let down a rope. He did and the

boy was lucky because he only got a few scratches. The Vikings brought a battering-ram and tried to crash through the gates, but our gates had a good structure. My father had designed the gates to have an iron structure. They brought their giant catapult and started sending the rocks over the castle walls. Archers shot arrows over at the defenders. Thrice I heard a cry of agony and a soldier fell from the battlements. Defenders poured hot tar from the murder holes which killed about thirty Vikings. Our archers shot arrows down at the Vikings.

In the end we won the battle of Cécéré. A great feast was prepared for all the knights. Soldiers and my family feasted merrily. There were jesters and jokers and also minstrels. Dishes of meat and vegetables and after the feast everyone could eat no more. Everyone slept in peace and pride. We had won the battle of Cécéré. We had beaten the Vikings for the first time.

The next morning all the villeins and peasants were busy making new houses for they had been ruined by the Vikings.

Claire Howse, Std. 3

MY BABASUSTER, AINE

Aine is my babasuster. Sy is die babatjie van die familie en sy is baie stout, maar ook baie skerpinnig. Sy het kort hare en dit is krullerig en bruin. Sy het bruin oë, hulle skitter altyd omdat die cienes altyd gelukkig is. Aine se stokperdjie is om moeilikheid te soek. Sy verjaar op 23 Mei en sy is twee jaar oud. Almal hou van Aine, want sy is net soos 'n poseleinpopp.

Elisabeth Mallet, St. 3



Peta Hosking, Std. 4

'N SNEEUSTORM!

Ek en my broer het op die vliegtuig geklim om na Kanada te gaan. My ouers was al daar en ek kon net nie wag om die sneeu te sien nie.

Ons het 'n lang ruk gereis en uiteindelik kon ek 'n wit laken in die verte sien. Skielik het die wind die vliegtuig heen en weer gewaai. Ek het buitentoe gekyk en gesien dat dit 'n sneeustorm was. Daarna het die vliegtuig begin val. Voordat ek besef wat gebeur het, het ek op die sneeu gelê. Ek het my broer gesoek en toe ek hom gevind het, was daar bloed op sy kop en 'n diep sny in sy wang. Nadat ek sy pols gevoel het, het ek geweet dat hy dood was. Ek was baie hartseer. Ek was die enigste oorlewende! Toe ek omdraai, het ek twee wilde honde gesien. Ek het gehardloop en gelukkig 'n hut gevind. Nadat ek die deur gesluit het, het die honde teen die deur gekrap. Ek het gedink dat hulle die deur sou oopbreek, maar na omtrent 'n halfuur het hulle weggegaan. Ek het nog 'n rukkie gewag en toe skielik het dit begin dreun. Dit was 'n sneeustorting! Die sneeu het oor die hut geval en dit was meer as drie meter diep van die dak af.

Ek het my probeer uitgrawe, maar dit was hopeloos. Twee uur, drie uur het verbygegaan en die sneeustorm het erger en erger geword. Na omtrent vier uur het ek iets aan die dak hoor krap. 'n Hond se poot het deur die dak gekom. Ek het gedink dat dit die wilde honde was en toe het ek gesien dat dit die soekgeselskap se honde was. Later het ek in Kanada aangekom en ek wil nooit, nooit weer in 'n vliegtuig ry nie.

Tracy Foulkes, Std. 4

THE OLD FISHERMAN

As he walks along the beach, drops of salt-water sparkle on his tattered, grey beard. He drags his bare feet wearily along the damp ground, and the folds of his too-long, grey jeans hold more and more sand. Slung over his drooping shoulders are a dirty fishing rod, a string of freshly caught fish and an old, tattered crawfish net. A thin bony hand holds a torn 'Checkers' bag that contains some smelly red-bait.

His green eyes pierce the clammy mist angrily when he becomes aware of all the people staring at his bony fingers. The clothes that he is wearing are old and have many differently-coloured patches on them. However, they are sewn on neatly, and he is not at all dirty.

Karen Preiss, Std. 4

SW



Gaby Raaff, Std. 4

SHIPWRECKED IN 1700

It was dark when I awoke, and the moon shimmered like a silver ball against the black night. I sat up on the wet sand, hungry and bewildered, not knowing where I was. Then I remembered the nightmare that caused my being there. The huge manta was still fresh in my mind. I turned towards the interior of the island, and a magnificent sight met my eyes.

Tall palm trees surrounded by lush, green grass and shrubs swayed gently in the moonlight. I could smell the sweet scent of the tropical flowers drifting through the cool, night air. I gazed as if in a trance at the beautiful forest. I was at last compelled to tear my eyes away from the enchanting sight which held them. I heard a queer noise behind me; I turned to see a large, comical bird prancing around, proudly swelling its breast in a stately manner. I stared fascinated at the strange fowl. It had blue, red, yellow, green and white luminous feathers, its beak was pale orange and its eyes held a bright mischievous gleam in them. The bird, seeing it had captured my attention, began flapping its wings, doing a little dance and squawking. I laughed as I thought what a born clown it was.

Natalie Bennet, Std. 4

LOOKING AT MYSELF IN A MIRROR

Posing proudly
on a sun-kissed face,
is a peeling nose
and a mouth full
of
metal!

Caroline Symons, Std. 5

THIRTY

Waking up at seven o'clock,
By the old alarm clock
Making the breakfast in a dream,
Dressing the children, seeing they're clean.

Into the car and on to school
Back to the house to sweep the pool,
Into the shops to buy for supper
Meat and vegs, bread and butter.

Tidy the house and eat some lunch,
Into the garden to pick a bunch
Of beautiful flowers for Granny who
Is sick in bed with a terrible flu.

Back to school to fetch the boys,
They've finished playing so pick up the toys,
Before their daddy comes home for dinner
Steak and chips will be a winner.

Seven o'clock and into bed
I can relax and rest my head,
Take up a book and read a few pages,
And fall into dreamland for ages and ages . . .

Dale Hosking, Std. 5

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

Reflections on our visit to Hermanus.
(Apologies to the Sound of Music.)

A house by the seaside and fresh air that freezes,
Honey Crunch breakfast and walks in the breezes.
Apples and sweets we remembered to bring.
These are a few of my favourite things
Climbing the mountain and hiking on beaches
Whistling and smiling at our unfit teachers.
Midnight feasts slept through when clocks didn't ring
These are a few of my favourite things

Though we quarrelled
And we argued
And we fought a lot
We wouldn't mind doing the whole thing
again if we're allowed or not.

Alison Durr, Std. 5

DAWN

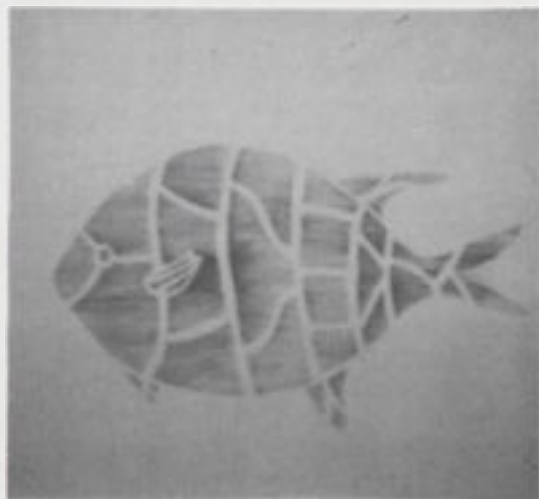
Glorious waking
Of universe, mind and sun
Inspirational.

Michelle Booth, Std. 5

LOVE

A warm happiness
Tingling, enfolding with its
Radiance and hope.

Michelle Booth, Std. 5



Jenny Koster, Std. 5

ONS SKOOL IN DIE JAAR 2000

In die jaar 2000 sal ons nie uniforms dra nie. Ons sal in elke klas borrelgom kou en die onderwysers sal robotte wees. Ons sal rekenaars hê om ons met ons werk te help en ons sal gemaklike stoele en lessenaars hê. As ons lus is om te eet, sal ons net 'n knoppie moet druk. 'n Stuk papier en 'n potlood sal uitskiet en jy skryf daarop wat jy wil eet, druk weer die knoppie en binne vyf minute sal jou kos daar wees.

As jou klasse jou verveel, kan jy na musiek luister. Jy kan die hele dag aan sport deelneem. Daar is baie sportsoorte om uit te kies, soos perdry, tennis, muurbal, atletiek, swem, netbal en ballet. Sie skool begin om tienuur en sluit om twaalfuur.

Jy hoef nie alles te leer nie, net wat jy wil. Jy hoef nooit eksamen te skryf nie. Jy skryf altyd met tikmasjiene en kry nooit huiswerk nie.

Ek dink dat ek na hierdie skool moet gaan!

Lynette Dicey, Std. 5



Eisteddfod Diploma
Amanda Porter, Std. 5.



Eisteddfod Honours
Laetitia Bruggman, Std. 5.

Old Herschelians' Association

MINUTES OF THE 54TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION
HELD IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL ON FRIDAY 19TH FEBRUARY 1982 AT 12 NOON.

PRESENT: Miss Geldard (President), Fenella Douglas (Vice-President), Mrs. Payne, Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Chair), Diana Burns (Secretary/Treasurer), Ann Snyders (Committee Member), Mandy van Dugteren (Magazine), Staff members and 46 Old Herschelians.

WELCOME: Brenda-Lynne Hoffman welcomed Mrs. Payne and Old Herschelians to the meeting.

MINUTES: As these were published in the 1981 magazine, they were duly signed as correct.

TREASURER'S REPORT: Cash in hand R612.85. We still owe R344.26 on the 1980 magazine. The 1981 magazine cost R3.63 per copy compared with R4.22 for the 1980 edition. A letter from Miss McLean asked that it should be pointed out that the donation received from the OHA by the London Branch was £50 (or R89.68) and not R50 as stated in the London report of the 1981 magazine. It was announced that a very generous donation of R200 has been received from Pauline Friedman (Machanik). Pauline was Head Girl of Herschel in 1947, which was Mrs. Payne's last year as Head Mistress.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

1. Magazine: Anita Gilmour reported on the results of her investigation. She said sponsorship and advertising are essential. Mrs. Gillham said that several printers have been approached for tenders, and other schools have been consulted with regard to costs of their magazines. They all amount to R5 or more. Ideally, one should have advertising at the back of the magazine, sponsorship of individual pages and a subsidy from the school. A committee is to be formed to investigate magazine costs and means of reducing them.

2. Newsletter: Joan Grover congratulated the committee on the newsletter, which has been very favourably received. It was agreed that it should be issued annually.

3. Entrance to the school: The Council has laid down a maximum of 25 pupils per stream, or 50 per standard. There are 44 names on the waiting list for standard 6 in 1983.

4. Matric Luncheon: This is an annual event and will be held on Wednesday 22nd September this year.

5. Subscriptions: Twenty-seven new members were welcomed to the Association. As matrics are rather

dilatory about completing membership forms and submitting subscriptions it has been decided that the subscription will appear on the final school account of all school-leavers, to be deleted if not desired. Council approval of this scheme has already been granted.

6. Matric Reunions: Ideally these should be held at 5-year intervals. As 1982 is the 60th birthday of the school it is considered that this would be a good year to hold re-unions.

7. Functions: Ann Snyders reported that a wine-tasting evening is planned for Tuesday, 4th May and a cookery demonstration in the SASKO kitchen on 22nd July. A Ladies Luncheon has also been suggested. The young Old Herschelians would prefer evening functions as many of them are working.

8. School Play: 'The Insect Comedy' will be produced in the Claremont Civic Centre in April. Old Girls are asked to support it.

9. Kate Saunders was congratulated on receiving the Old Herschelians prize. This is not automatically awarded to the Head Girl each year, although they have won it on merit in the past.

10. Representative abroad: Hilary Hansen (Simpson) has agreed to be the OHA representative in USA. We require a representative in Australia and Margie Watson was suggested.

11. Plaques for staff members: This proposal has been approved by the Council. As yet no nominations have been received.

12. Government Representative: A member of the Education Department is required to be present at meetings, and Mr. Campbell, an Inspector of Schools, is a member of the Council in this capacity.

13. Hats: There was much lively discussion on whether hats should be retained as part of the school uniform. Miss Geldard feels that it would be a retrogressive step to abolish hats. The 1981 prefects and the Preparatory school parents are in favour of retaining hats. However, there were many comments on the untidiness of hats and the poor image they give the school when worn badly or in poor condition. It was decided to put the subject to the vote.

Hats to be abolished:	7
Hats to be retained:	21
Hats only worn on special occasions:	20

14. Miss McLean's letter of congratulations and best wishes on the occasions of Herschel's 60th birthday was read to the meeting. Birthday wishes were also received from Diana Brook Muzik, Joy Grove and Rosanne Bicker Caarten.

Three members of the 1980 matric class gave very interesting accounts of their activities during 1981. Clair Grootendorst and Leigh Mukheiber spoke of their experiences as Rotary Exchange Students in the USA and Suzanne Ackerman told us of her visit to Switzerland and her 6 months at college in the USA.

Mrs. Payne addressed the meeting and told us some very amusing stories about her early days at Herschel. She said that Old Herschelians are always very welcome to contact her or Karen Cooper when visiting the UK. She said that it costs £49 to circularise the members of the OHA in the UK.

Brenda-Lynne thanked Mrs. Mary Browne for her help and co-operation in all matters concerning the OHA.

Miss Geldard thanked the OHA for the flowers.

Brenda-Lynne thanked Miss Geldard for her hospitality and also thanked the Committee members for their loyal support and hard work.

The meeting adjourned at 1 p.m. for lunch.

THOSE PRESENT AT THE 54TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—19TH FEBRUARY 1982.

Miss Geldard, F. Douglas, M. Robertson, G. Durr, S. Terrapon, J. Grover, B. Versfeld, L. Crawford-Browne, E. Fourie, E. McCarthy, H. Husby, J. Smuts, C. Grootendorst, C. Shortt, L. Groenewald, J. Keyser, S. Sturgeon, M. de Villiers, P. Diemont, Y. Stockwell, C. Sweet, H. Dicey, V. Huxter, M. Browne, E. Stockwell, M. Loggie, J. Dicey, T. Campbell, S. Ackerman, L. Mukheiber, S. Burns, J. Eckstein, B. Atkinson, M. Morris, T. Scott, H. Harsant, B. McCormick, L. Southern, M. van Reenen, A. Fouche, K. Saunders, T. Beck, L. Jones, E. Ivey, J. Williams, A. Gilmour, A. Wilkinson, C. Symons, S. Lowe, R. Butters, R. Fletcher, Mrs. Payne, B.-L. Hoffman, A. Snyders, M. van Dugteren, D. Burns.

THE OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

To circle A: J. Lawrence.
To circle C: M. Robertson.
To circle M: M. Brooks, P. Davies.
To circle DD: L. Southern.
To circle SS: S. Nichol.

To circle UU: T. Beck, A. Chapman, N. Deal, S. Hammond, K. Ince, L. Jones, M. Jooste, S. Kilcullen, S. Lanfear, G. MacKenzie, F. McQueen, A. Meynell, C. Ovenstone, J. Post, K. Reitner, C. Rideout, C. Roberts, T. Roomes, S. Schröder, K. Visser, J. Yeats.

Others: S. Sparks, F. Chambers, J. Park.

PLEASE NOTE: FOUNDER'S DAY AND OLD GIRLS DAY WILL BE HELD ON FRIDAY 18TH FEBRUARY, 1983. ALL OLD HERSCHELIANS ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND THE SERVICE AT ST. SAVIOURS, TEA ON THE LAWNS AND LUNCH. PLEASE DIARISE THIS DATE AS INDIVIDUAL INVITATIONS WILL NOT BE SENT. FOR DETAILS PLEASE TELEPHONE DIANA BURNS (64-1647) OR THE SCHOOL (64-4010).

1982 COMMITTEE

President: Miss P. Geldard
Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas
Chairman: Mrs. Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers)
Hon. Sec./Treas.: Mrs. Diana Burns (Dicey)
Functions Sec.: Mrs. Anne Snyders (Steens)
Games Sec.: Miss Ruth Butters
Directory: Mrs. Adele Fouche (Jooste)
Magazine: Mrs. Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes)

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A—H)
Miss Fenella Douglas, 1, The Albany, Oak Avenue, Kenilworth (77-4631)

Group 2 (I—Q)
Mrs. Adele Fouche (Jooste), 23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth (71-5374)
Mrs. Tanis Robins (Guicherit), 7 Marne Avenue, Ropdebosch (61-5627)

Groups 3 & 4 (R—Z)
Mrs. Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), Box 93, Lansdowne (71-5094)
Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes), Aragon, Pear Lane, Constantia (74-1367)
Mrs. Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 113 Sandown Rd., Rondebosch (66-8158)

Group 5 (AA—EE)

Mrs. Janeen Keyser (Klipps), 12 Irene Rd., Newlands. (65-2447)

Mrs. Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes), 3, Alphonse Close, Constantia. (74-1237)

Mrs. Carolyn van Zyl (Wood), 45 Palmboom Rd., Newlands (69-5878)

Group 6 (FF—JJ)

Mrs. Delia Charton (Beck), 7, Severn Rd., Diep River. (72-0752)

Group 7 (KK—OO)

Mrs. Sally-Ann Silberbauer (Wells), Apple Garth Farm, Main Road, Hout Bay. (70-7126)

Mrs. Terry Morrison (Lloyd-Roberts), 19 Norwich Ave., Bishopscourt. (71-3049)

Mrs. Sally Ann Brown (Brimble), c/o 113, Sandown Rd., Rondebosch. (66-8158)

Group 8 (PP—TT)

Mrs. Judy van Aswegen (Wilson), 8 Woodland Rd., Rondebosch. (69-5726)

Miss Yvette Stockwell, 8 Ceres Road, Bergvliet. (72-1806)

Miss Susan Burns, 6 Rose Street, Newlands. (64-1647)

ENGAGEMENTS**BETTISON—ROWSE**

The engagement between Jane, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Bettison of Constantia and John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowse of Lusaka was announced in April.

JEAREY—STEPHENSON

The engagement was announced between Barbara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jearey of Rondebosch and Peter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson of Bryanston.

STAMMERS (nee DICEY)—O'MOLONY

The engagement was announced between Sue, daughter of Mrs. Dickey of Kenilworth and the late Mr. Dickey and Allen, son of Dr. and Mrs. O'Molony of Gwelo, Zimbabwe.

MARRIAGES**CARADOC-DAVIES—WHEELER**

In March 1982, at Christ Church, Kenilworth, Kathleen, daughter of Mrs. K. S. Caradoc-Davies, and the late Mr. J. M. Caradoc-Davies, to Philip, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wheeler of Tokai.

DE KLERK—OXBERRY

In May, 1982, Val, daughter of Mrs. L. de Klerk and the late Mr. Theo de Klerk, to Daniel Oxberry.

KINLAY—JOUBERT

In February, 1982, Hazel, daughter of Mr. D. J. Kinlay and the late Mrs. Margaret Kinlay of Rondebosch, to Michael, son of Mrs. L. R. Bijl of Saudi Arabia.

LESLIE—ROBERTS

In September, in Sussex, Sarah Leslie to Nicholas Roberts.

NAUDE—BUYS

On the 12th December, 1981 at St. Thomas, Rondebosch, Fiona, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Naude of Rondebosch to Lauron, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Buys of Durban.

SMITH-CHANDLER—LOOTS

On 23rd April at St. George's Church, Groot Drakenstein, Stacey, daughter of Mr. M. J. Smith-Chandler of Claremont and Mrs. D. E. Grinstead of Kenilworth, to Jozua, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. G. Loots of Kimberley.

BIRTHS

BEAMISH—To Diane (Doveton-Kay) and Richard in London on March 5th, a daughter.

BROWN—To Sally (Brimble) and Kelvin a daughter on November 19th, 1981 in Cape Town.

CORNISH-BOWDEN—To Janet (Gant) and Martin, a son on February 21st, in Johannesburg.

DRYSDALE—To Chloe (Knight) and Gavin a daughter on April 29th, in Cape Town.

KAREMACHER—To Elizabeth (Cooke) and Andre, a son, in Sydney, Australia on April 14th.

LANG—To Jane (Haran) and Neil, a daughter, Brenda-Louise on June 4th in Glasgow, Scotland.

PARKER—To Lynne (Cunningham) and Bruce a daughter on September 29th in Auburn WA, USA.

PIERSON-JURRIAANS—To Rosemary Anne (Fowkes) and Allard on November 23rd, 1981 a son in Somerset West.

SILBERBAUER—To Mary (Bettison) and Clive on August 26th, in Cape Town, a son.

SNYDERS—To Anne (Steens) and Jack on April 3rd, a son, in Cape Town.

WILSON—To Marjorie (Aitchison) and Kevin in August, 1981 a son in Norwich, England.

WOMERSLEY—To Daphne (Susman) and Daniel on September 18th, in Port Elizabeth, a son.

DEATHS

MILLWARD: Evelyn died peacefully in Cape Town on 3rd September, 1982.

MARTINO: Betty (van der Byl) died suddenly in England on 25th July, 1982. Dearly loved sister of Vivienne Southern.

NEWS ROUND-UP

News Editor: Mandy van Dugteren

ABBOTT (1968) (Mrs. Ryan) Sally and her family are still living in Umtata, she is now lecturing Geography at the University of the Transkei.

ABBOTT (1970) (Mrs. Landman) Edwina and her husband are moving back to Cape Town from Umtata at the end of the year. Edwina has been lecturing at the Teacher's Training College and in June she and her husband spent a holiday overseas.

ABBOTT (1965) (Mrs. May) Lucinda, her husband and son live in Johannesburg where she is working in the travel world.

AITCHISON (1968) (Mrs. Wilson) Marjorie and husband now have three sons and are living in Norwich where Kevin teaches.

AITCHISON (1974) Libby and Barbara **WARD-ABLE (1974)** left Cape Town early in 1981 and have been travelling all over America and Europe. They have both worked as au pairs in London, and done some most exciting travelling—taking a barge trip into Wales, hitching up to the Lake District (triggered off by seeing Lindsay Kable's slides) and on to Scotland and the Islands—seeing Lindsay Loggion on Mull. They have also hitched round Spain and Portugal and when last heard from they were sitting on a station in Nîmes waiting for a train to Nice, hoping to travel to Italy, Greece and Turkey.

BAXTER (1938) (Mrs. Henderson) Sheila writes to tell us that her granddaughter, Jennifer Bradshaw will be starting at the Herschel Nursery school next year. Jennifer is the daughter of Jean Henderson (1965) and the first great great granddaughter of J. W. Jagger.

BECK (1968) (Mrs. Charton) Delia and her husband have recently bought a house in Constantia. They still travel a lot and this year visited Switzerland and Greece.

BAIGREE (1967) (Mrs. Best) Gillian, her husband and two children are living in London and are planning to visit Cape Town in January of next year.

BELL (1976) Shelley is now back in S.A. after a year spent in London working at the South African Embassy.

BORTON (1968) (Mrs. Crawley) Pru and her family are living in Stellenbosch where her husband farms mushrooms. They are busy renovating an old Cape Dutch farmstead and hope to move in next year.

BORTON (1969) (Mrs. Orpen) Jane has temporarily given up her orthoptic practice to look after her baby daughter born in February.

BORTON (1971) Susan is living and working in Cape Town and spends much of her free time flying.

BORTON (1973) Bridget has given up her work as an occupational therapist and is now into computers. She is now living in a house in Cape Town which she shares with, among others, Lynne Brailey (1973).

BRAILEY (1973) Lynne is still enjoying her job as home economist for Tupperware. She travels extensively to the main centres of the country and recently attended the national conference at Sun City.

BRAILEY (1969) (Mrs. Steven) Binny and her family moved into their new home in Kenilworth. She spent some of this year teaching at Barkly House.

BRAILEY (1967) (Mrs. Louw) Pat and her husband are busy with alterations to their home in Kenilworth. They recently spent a month relaxing in Greece.

BRIMBLE (1960) (Mrs. Wynne) Jennifer and her husband spent two weeks ski-ing in St. Anton, Austria in February, followed by a visit to Venice and Florence.

BROADBENT (1969) (Mrs. Goring) Pip, her husband and their four children regularly visit Cape Town and Hermanus from their home in the UK.

BOSMA (1976) Tanja finishes her medical studies at the end of this year.

BURNS (1967) Hilary is a lecturer in textile design at one of the London Polytechnics. She has a daughter, Emma.

CORDER (1957) (Mrs. Smuts) Judy's love of gardening has influenced her to start a landscaping and gardening service. She has also founded a gardening club which meets once a month and has many Old Herschelians as members.

CORDER (1956) (Mrs. Schreuder) Tessa and her husband Gerry run a restaurant in Johannesburg and Tessa does much of the cooking herself.

DE KLERK (1957) (Mrs. Oxberry) Val had been working as an artist and actress in Johannesburg until

she married Daniel Oxberry in May this year. They left South Africa to settle temporarily in Malawi and as her husband is with British American Tobacco it is likely that they will be transferred in the near future.

DEAL (1981) Nicola was due to spend 1982 travelling overseas before starting at university next year.

DE VILLIERS (1981) Amanda was going to Switzerland for two terms at finishing school before starting Business Science at UCT in 1983.

DICEY (1968) (Mrs. McNamara) Gail and her husband have a son and daughter, and have recently bought a house just outside London.

ENTHOVEN (1976) Helen is running her own Montessori nursery school in Rondebosch. She is also heavily involved in fundraising to further Montessori schooling in needy areas.

FAULDS (1968) (Mrs. Michie) Jo, her husband and children are living in London where, after three years they have almost finished the mammoth task of refurbishing their charming terraced house. Jo and Devon Lees (Mrs. Millman) see quite a lot of each other.

FOOT (1971) (Mrs. Humphries) Mary is expecting her first child soon. She and her husband live in Swakopmund, and recently went on a cricket tour of Europe.

FRANCK (1976) Jeanne is a qualified buyer for Truworthe's and travels overseas bi-annually on buying trips.

FINCHAM (1963) Gail received her Ph.D. earlier this year for her thesis on Joseph Conrad. She is enjoying teaching at Wits, and most holidays is able to visit her parents in Cape Town.

GILBERT (1968) (Mrs. Hall) Pauline has started her own Physiotherapy practice in Pretoria.

GROVE (Mrs. Weeks) Jennifer came to S.A. in February to spend her silver wedding anniversary with her mother, Joy Grove (Stuttaford). Jenny's eldest daughter is married with two children. Her second daughter has majored in medical photography and has a very interesting job at a skin-research hospital in London. Joy Grove is a great grandmother—she was Herschel's third Head Girl.

GUICHERIT (1953) (Mrs. Lindsay) Valma and her husband have returned from their annual holiday in Canada where they own an island with a holiday home on Georgian Bay near Toronto.

GURNEY (Mrs. Williams) After living in Canada for many years Jill is back in Cape Town. Her husband is at St. Thomas' Church in Rondebosch.

HAMMOND (1977) Janet is in her 5th year of medicine at UCT.

HARDY (1973) (Mrs. Bisogno) Gisele and her husband travelled to the USA and Canada last year and were able to stop in London for the Royal wedding. She is now working for a Standton Clinic Gynaecologist.

HARRIS (1945) (Mrs. Duckworth) Mary Jane has visited Cape Town over the last two Christmases, staying with her sister in Kalk Bay, and renewing old acquaintances. She is an examiner for the I.S.T.B.

HENNESSY (1958) (Mrs. Fleming) Libby recently spent a fortnight visiting her parents during which time she saw many old Herschelians. She enjoys life in Johannesburg and her husband John won the J.C.s Outstanding Businessman of the Year award.

HOPE ROBINSON (1976) Libby has completed a course in beauty therapy and is now working from home and at a salon in Cape Town.

HOWES (1976) Susan has achieved her B.A. Psychology and is now studying for her honours and assisting with Vocational Guidance at UCT.

HOWIE (1947) (Mrs. Morris) Nancy has enrolled at UCT and is taking the Xhosa Service Course. Her daughter, Jenny Morris has just left for London where she is studying physiotherapy, at the North London School of Physiotherapy for the Visually Handicapped.

JACKSON (1961) (Mrs. Sturgeon) Shona attained her M.Soc.Sci. in Clinical Social Work (Specialisation in Psychiatric Social Work), at the UCT mid year graduation. She continues to lecture at UCT in the Social Science Department.

KELLY (1969) (Mrs. Ridge) Gail and her husband are spending two years in Francistown.

KNIGHT (1968) (Mrs. Drysdale) Chloë and her husband and daughter returned to S.A. from Canada earlier this year and have bought a house in Mowbray.

LEES (1968) (Mrs. Millman) Devon is living in London. She and her family recently won a raffle ticket which gave them a free holiday in Santa Lucia.

LEISAGANG (1976) Tessa is now a trainee shoe buyer for Foschini after having completed her B.Soc.Sci.

LESLIE (1969) Sarah has returned to London after working in the Sultanate of Oman for four years. She has bought a small house in London and is busy doing it up. She was married to Nicholas Roberts in September, and as he is the training Officer on a sail training ship in the Sultan of Oman's Navy she could well be returning to Oman.

LOUW (1976) Jenny is to be married in December and at present is teaching in a pre-primary school.

LOCKWOOD (1955) (Mrs. Gilmour) Anita has undertaken a trip around the world for the latter six months of this year. She plans to visit many countries and see various old girls during her travels. She also plans to sail down the Nile.

MacGREGOR (1976) Juliet graduated from Stellenbosch University last year and is now working as an Occupational Therapist at Valkenburg Hospital.

MacKENZIE (1981) Gillian is doing a B.A. Art at UCT.

McQUEEN (1981) Fiona is at Helderberg College, Somerset West, doing a two year secretarial course.

MEYNELL (1981) Anne is at Winkfield College in the UK.

MAYER (1976) Linda is a qualified nursing sister and is presently doing a course in Psychiatry.

NEWMAN (1969) (Mrs. du Plessis) Jenny and Morne are busy house hunting in Cape Town. Their second child is due in December.

NOSWORTHY (1968) (Mrs. Edwards) Suzanne and her husband and two children live in Walvis Bay.

PARKER (1976) Caroline is the Personnel Officer for Rex Trueform.

PARK (1976) Jennifer has a Certificate in Modelling and Beauty Culture and is now at U.C.T.

PARKER (1960) (Mrs. Rowand) Lynn and her husband have recently been holidaying in Italy and France. At Hermanus in January two Old Herschelians and their husbands enjoyed an evening at the Rowands—Sally Stuttaford (Mrs. Sparks) and Jennifer Brimble (Mrs. Wynne).

PELT (1976) (Mrs. Long) Jeanne-Andre and her husband Doug moved to Durban in the middle of this year.

PETRIE (1941) (Mrs. Melck) Wenda's daughter, Susan, was married recently from Kersfontein, home of Melcks for seven generations. At the wedding were Old Herschelians Sylvia Sandes (Mrs. White) and Lynette Jooste (Mrs. Croudace).

POST (1975) Tjitske is back in Cape Town running the Sea Point, Rondebosch, Wynberg, Parow and Stellenbosch agencies for Avis Car Rental.

PYOTT (1958) (Mrs. Celliers) Sally and her husband visited the States this year where they stayed with Sue Elliott (Wray) and her family at their home in Houston, Texas.

RAWSON (Mrs. Collumbel) Betty and her husband, Don, have been visiting the Cape for several years. They have a married daughter living in Claremont at whose home a very happy get-together was held in February. Pam Risien (Mrs. Hofmeyr) and her sister Joan Gohl were present, also Peggy Stuttaford (Mrs. Murray), Rosemary Godbold (Mrs. Lieberman) and her sister Ann Burnett, Fanella Douglas, Lynette Jooste (Mrs. Croudace), and Pam Orpen (Mrs. Tyler) and her husband.

REILLY (Mrs. Du Toit) It was with great sadness that we learned of the crash which claimed the lives of Meriel, her mother and her three children, Cornelius, Sally and Guillaume when their bakkie left the road and overturned near Meiringspoort in February.

ROBB (1959) (Mrs. Ardington) Libby lives with her family in Zululand and she has been doing research for the Carnegie Commission which is an enquiry into poverty existing in South Africa.

ROCHER (1946) (Mrs. Harding) Lu is very involved with helping mentally retarded children in the Bantu townships, and is taking the Xhosa Service Course at UCT in the hope that she will be able to communicate more easily with the children in their own language.

SEYMOUR (1968) (Mrs. Buckland) Jane and her husband have bought the flat below theirs in Green Point and are busy turning the two into one.

SIMPSON (1960) (Mrs. Hansen) Hilary, her husband and two sons visited SWA earlier this year, and spent some time in the Cape with Hilary's parents. Hilary is living in San Rafael, California, where she runs a small flourishing business from her home making accessories for yachts, things such as curtains, cushions and sails.

SIMPSON (1967) (Mrs. Ternapon) Susan, her husband and two daughters visited Susan's sister in Ontario earlier this year. They travelled round Canada visiting family and seeing as much as possible, and managed a week in England on their way home.

SIMPSON (Mrs. Frater) Angela is busy doing a course in Cultural History at UCT. Last year she successfully studied French Intensive.

SHONFIELD (1981) Luanna is following in her mother's (Carole) footsteps and has entered the world of dress design. She has recently competed in the Cinzano Design Competition and has reached the top ten finalists. In November she will travel to Johannesburg where she will stay at the Carlton for the final judging, and she has been allocated two top models to show off her design.

SINGER (1981) Alexa is in New York on a two year modelling contract for John Casablanca. Before going to New York Alexa flew to Rome to model the Italian Collections for Harpers Magazine. She is having a marvellous time and is the first girl for whom John Casablanca has drawn up a contract without having met her. He chose her on the strength of two photographs.

SMITH CHANDLER (1976) (Mrs. Loots) Stacey, who married recently is now studying for her Masters Degree in Physical Education at Stellenbosch University.

SPIILHAUS (1937) (Mrs. Robertson) Marian's contribution to our historical conservation has been truly acknowledged now that De Post Huys has been completed and turned over to the Historical Monuments Commission. Marian was the first person to realise its importance as the oldest building at the Cape, and after tremendous research, digging and rebuilding it is now restored to its original look.

STUART FINDLAY (1976) Clare completed a Cordon Bleu Course at the Witkoppen school outside Johannesburg after graduating from UCT. She is now working for a subsidiary of Anglo American catering for executive luncheons.

SUSMAN (1968) Jennifer has her own computer consultancy firm which is based in London. She spends a lot of time travelling the world and this year has spent four months in Zimbabwe.

UNDERHILL (1976) Glynnis has been travelling overseas since February this year.

UNITE (1969) (Mrs. Middelman) Lindsay has started working for Garlicks again having stopped temporarily to look after her two sons and daughter.

VERSTER (1968) (Mrs. Norgarb) Gill lives in Swakopmund and is in her final year of draughtmanship. She has recently taken up golf and is the Swakopmund club champion.

VOGELPOEL (Mrs. Mann) Pauline and her husband are going to live in Basle, Switzerland.

VAN DER BYL (Mrs. Martino) It was with sadness that we learned of the sudden death of Betty on July 25th in England. She was at Herschel from its first year, 1922 and excelled in all sports, as well as being a very well loved and loving person. She continued her contact with Herschel by becoming the first riding mistress at the school. It is Betty we have to thank for the front picture on our magazine—she won the

competition to design the cover in 1927, and it has been used ever since. She married her second husband, Ted, about twenty years ago and they went to live in Sussex where she became a keen yachtswoman, and she and Ted spent many happy years sailing round England, Scotland, France and Scandinavia together. We send our sympathies to Ted, Betty's two sons and her sister Vivienne Southern.

WARES (1960) (Mrs. Burns) Lesley is very much involved in the physiotherapy world and works at the Eros School for Cerebral Palsied in Athlone.

WATSON (1969) (Mrs. George) Helen and her family live in Umtata where she tutors English at the University.

WHITE (1975) (Mrs. Twigg) Camilla is living in Johannesburg where she is a trainee buyer for Edgars and hopes to visit Cape Town on buying trips once she is qualified.

WILLIAMS (1976) After completing her C.A. Margaret passed her Board Exam this year.

WILSON (1976) (Mrs. van Aswegen) Judy and her husband will be heading back to Johannesburg at the end of the year having spent this year in Cape Town.

WOOLFORD (1953) (Mrs. Crookes) Moira writes from her farm in Natal to tell us of two sons of Old Herschelians who have excelled at Hilton—two years ago Michael Pfaff—son of Isabel Frith (1952) was Head Boy, and last year Stuard Mathews—son of Alice Hofmeyr (1953) was awarded the Ross Osborn Scholarship which is given to the best allround student. Moira's two sons are at present at Cowan House.

COOPER (1973) In 1982 Karen was appointed to be the Personal Assistant to the Deputy Principal of the London Business School. The London Business School is in the process of extension and has just received a bequest from the Salisbury family which aims to establish it as a centre comparable to the Harvard Business School. The programme on which Karen is engaged is challenging and stimulating and she is also to be the Registrar for the Stockton Lectures series held at the School each year. She is also being sent on a computer course by the School.

Karen is still the Secretary of the OHA in London and please do not forget that unfortunately, although there was no gathering in 1982, there will be one in Spring 1983. Anyone in London at that time, please get in touch!

VARSITY ROUND-UP

U.C.T.—FIRST YEAR: Suzanne Ackerman (B.A.), Beverley Atkinson (B.A. Drama), Toni Beck (B.A., L.L.B.), Jill Breen (B.Sc. Occupational Therapy), Rowan Haden (B.Arch.), Maryke Hommersom (B.Comm.), Georgie Hart (B.Bus.Sci.), Lindsay Jones (B.Soc.Sci.), Kathy Ince (B.Soc.Sci.), Suzanne Kilcullen (B.A.), Louise Morrissey (B.Arch.), Toni Olivier (B.A.), Chloë Ovenstone (B.Bus.Sci.), Karin Reitner (B.A.Lang.), Christina Rideout (B.Comm.), Carole Roberts (B.Mus.), Kate Saunders (B.Sc. Occupational Therapy), Tracey Scott (B.Soc.Sci.), Susan Stamper (B.A.), Jane Yeats (M.B.Ch.B.).

SECOND YEAR: Julia Singer (Sociology), Juliet Womersley (Speech Therapy), Tessa van Ryneveld (B.A.), Susan Burns (B.A.), Diane Cameron (B.Sc. Computer Science), Lindy de Kock (B.A. Drama), Jane Dicey (B.Sc.), Lilian Dudley (M.B., Ch.B.), Marjorie Filmer (B.Bus.Sci.), Jenny Gray (B.Comm.), Susan Ingram (B.A.), Jane Johnson (B.A.), Mistene Maisel (B.Comm.), Caroline Marten (B.A.), Carolyn Newton (B.A. Drama), Abigail Mathieson (Fine Art).

THIRD YEAR: Katy Brossy (B.A. Art), Celia Maud (B.A.), Pippa Leighton-Davies (B.A.), Therese Herbert (B.A.), Fiona McLennan (B.A.), Maria Stavrou (B.A.), Karen Coombe (B.A.), Ruth Butters (B.Sc.), Caroline Dowdle (M.Mus.), Yvette Stockwell (B.Mus.), Alison Marr (M.B.Ch.B.), Ceris Field (B.A.L.L.B.), Sandi Nichol (Sociology), Shirley Glyn (Nursing), Tina Louw (Architecture), Siobhan Mannion (B.A.).

STELLENBOSCH—FIRST YEAR: Cathy Jackson (B.A.L.L.B.).

SECOND YEAR: Pamela Boyes (B.Sc.), Fleur Hane-kom (B.A. Fine Arts), Tanya Honig (Art), Hilary Knight (B.A.), Susan Steenkamp (Graphic Art).

RHODES—FIRST YEAR: Shane Fairhead (Secretarial Degree).

SECOND YEAR: Susan Davies (B.A. Journalism).

BARKLY HOUSE—FIRST YEAR: Monika Oelz.

SECOND YEAR: Deirbhle Mannion, Vicky Huxter.

THIRD YEAR: Theresa Campbell, Jackie Dicey.

NURSING AT GROOTE SCHUUR HOSPITAL:

FIRST YEAR: Ashley Chapman, Anne Whiting.

SECOND YEAR: Jean Moodie, Philippa Gleimius.

MICHAELIS ART SCHOOL: Jill Mackenzie and Susie Muir.

Inge Jones is doing a Fashion Design course at the P.E. Technikon.

Amanda de Villiers is at a Finishing school in Switzerland.

Sue Lanfear is attending the Eastbourne College of Domestic Economics.

Dot Douglas is doing a Fashion Design course in Wynberg.

U.C.T. NEWS: Kathy Ince was part of Rag Royalty for 1982, and Tracey Scott and Bev. Atkinson are on the 1983 Rag Committee.



Old Herschelians' Association

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER 1982

EXPENDITURE			INCOME		
School Magazine—1981	842,80		Membership Subscriptions—		
Add Postage	<u>28,94</u>	871,74	Life	900,00	
Matric Luncheon		50,00	Annual (UK)	<u>10,00</u>	910,00
Petty Cash Expenses		32,73	Donations		299,00
Bank Charges		6,95	Proceeds—Winetasting		
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER		961,42	Function		186,00
EXPENDITURE		<u>433,58</u>			
		<u>R1 395,00</u>			<u>R1 395,00</u>

BALANCE SHEET AT 30 SEPTEMBER 1982

ACCOUNTS PAYABLE		CASH AT BANK	
School Magazine—Balance of			555,52
Account	344,26		
ACCUMULATED FUNDS			
Excess of Income over Expen-			
diture for the year ended			
30 September 1982	433,58		
Less Deficit at 30 September			
1981	<u>222,32</u>	211,26	
	<u>R555,52</u>		<u>R555,52</u>

I have prepared the above Accounts from the books of account and information received. To the best of my knowledge and belief they are a true record.

14 October 1982
MUIZENBERG

J. TRAILL-WOOD
Chartered Accountant (S.A.)

We wish to thank the following sponsors of our Magazine:

Full Page	Henshilwoods
	Ovenstones
	Foschini Ltd.
	Rentokil (Pty) Ltd
	Juta & Co Ltd
	Cape Concrete (Pty) Ltd
	Union Dairy
	McDonald's Department Store
	Checkers Supermarkets Ltd
	Irvin & Johnson Ltd
	Raymond Ackerman
	Barclays Bank
	Mr J. Ince, Bugler's Post (Pty) Ltd
	Maitland Farm Supplies
	Epic Oil Mills
	Solms van Niekerk (Pty) Ltd
Half Page	J. D. Haldane
	David Rice (Pty) Ltd
	Allan Porter: Volkswagen Motorsport City
	D. Cooper & Sons Ltd
	D. P. Cooper & Sons Ltd
	Caxton Bookshop
	Willis, Faber Employee Benefits (Pty) Ltd
	M. & L. Wholesalers (Pty) Ltd
	Neil McCarthy
	Pam Golding (Pty) Ltd
Quarter Page	E. G. Brennen (National)
	Nasionale Boekhandel
	Pepita Clothing Ltd
	Olympic Footwear Ltd
	V. L. Brink—Market Toyota
	Barlow Rand Ltd
	Newlands Pharmacy
	Kerr of Claremont
	Maskew Miller Ltd
	Claremont Pharmacy
	J. F. M. Sturrock & Co. (Pty) Ltd
	Plascon Evans Paints Cape Ltd
	Brian Porter Motors
	Hiring Supply Co (Pty) Ltd
	Versters Meat Market
	Cape Young Books (Pty) Ltd
	Stephen Jones (Pty) Ltd
	Byers Glass Ltd

HEADMISTRESS

Miss P.A. Geldard, M.A. (Cantab.), M.A., B.Ed.
(U.C.T.)

VICE-PRINCIPAL

Mrs S. Gillham, B.A. Hons. (Bristol), P.G.C.E.
(London), Dip. Clin.Rem.Ed. (U.C.T.)

SENIOR MISTRESS OF PREPARATORY

Mrs. P. Brown, P.T.C. (Grahamstown)

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs D. Beames, B.A., H.D.E. (U.C.T.)
Mrs J.P. Crosswell, B.Sc. (Rand.), T.T.H.D.
Mrs M. Crowther, B.A., S.T.D. (Stell.)
Mrs E.C. Feast, B.Sc. (Pretoria), H.E.D.
Mrs. A. Foster, N.T.D. (Home Economics) Johannesburg
Mrs L. Gower, N.D.A.D.
Mrs A. Hall, B.A., H.E.D. (Natal)
Miss R. Hanssen, B.Sc. (Hons.) (U.C.T.)
Mrs B. Louw, B.A., S.O.D. (Stell.)
Mrs J. Marr, B.Sc. (U.C.T.), H.E.D. (Unisa)
Mrs J. Martin, B.Sc., H.E.D. (U.C.T.)
Mrs D. McClurg, T.D., Speech and Drama
Mrs. B. McCormick, B.A. Hons. (London)
Miss H.C. McKenzie, Certificate in Ed. (Byo T.T.C.)
Mrs H. Montgomery, B.A. (Fine Arts), U.A.T.D.
(Rhodes)
Mrs B. Newsome, B.A., U.E.D. (Wits.)
Mrs M. Saffery, L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L.
Mrs V.L. Siyengo, H.P.T.C.
Mrs S. Steytler, B.A. Hons. (London), H.E.D. (S.A.),
MSAITINT
Mrs E. Stockwell, B.A. Hons., T.E.D. (Wits.)
Mrs A. Thompson, B.A., U.E.D. (Rhodes)
Mrs. F. Webb, B.A. (Natal), Dip.Phon., Cert de
français usuel (Sorbonne)
Mrs M. Westgate, B.A. Hons., P.G.C.E. (London)
Mrs C.A. Wood, B.A., S.T.D. (U.C.T.)
Miss M. Wood, B.Sc., H.D.E. (U.C.T.)

MUSIC STAFF

Miss C. Sweet, B.Mus. Hons. (Unisa), L.U.C.T.,
Piano, Organ
Miss E. Garnett, M.A. (Cello)
Mr C. Gibbins, M.A., F.T.C.L., L.R.S.M.
Mrs H. Hagen, U.T.L.M., L.R.S.M.
Miss S. Heathcock, B.Mus. (U.C.T.)
Mrs M. Loggie, B.A. (Mus.), Lic.Dip. (Rhodes)
Mrs C. Popham-Smith, A.T.C.L., L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L.
Mrs Pretorius, B.Mus. (Pret.) (Flute)

Mrs A. Tyson, N.T.D., L.R.S.M. (Piano)
Mr D. Walters (Clarinet)
Mr T. Hanslo (Guitar)

PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M. Bray, T.C. (Birmingham)
Mrs S. Burke, H.D.E. (PMB)
Mrs Y.Z. Collins, P.T.C. (Cape Town), D.E. (Pretoria)
Mrs V. Gray, H.P.T.D. (Grahamstown), T.D.P.E.
(Cape Town)
Mrs P. Hanekom, H.P.T.D. (Cape Town)
Mrs H. Kidwell, H.P.T.C. (Rhodes)
Mrs M. Moser, T.T.D. (JHB)
Mrs J. Purcell, B.Sc., P.G.P.T.D. (U.C.T.)
Mrs B. Robb, P.T.C. (Cape Town)
Mrs C. Sneddon, P.T.C. (Cape Town)
Mrs V. Timoney, P.H.M. (Grahamstown)

KINDERGARTEN STAFF

Mrs C. Beck, P.T.C. and I.S.T. (Grahamstown)
Mrs M. Butler, P.T.C. (Mowbray)
Mrs J. Cobern, Cert. Ed. (Leeds)
Mrs M. Davies, P.T.C. and I.S.T. (Mowbray)
Mrs A. Potter (Pre-Primary) Dip.Ed., Edgewood,
Pinetown

PART-TIME STAFF

Mrs C. Brathwaite (Librarian)
Mrs S. Dunt (Badminton)
Mrs J. Eckstein (Tennis)
Mrs S. Eve (Secretary)
Mrs A.A. Johnson, R.A.D.A. Dip., B.D.L. (Speech)
Mrs S. Hudson (Physical Education)
Mrs V. Meerburg, Cert. Lib. (U.C.T.), Cert. S.A.L.A.
(Asst. Librarian)
Mrs J. O'Connor (Pottery)
Mrs A. Raath (Ballet)
Mrs J. Taggart (Modern Dancing)
Mrs E. Wheeler (Remedial)

BOARDING HOUSE STAFF

Mrs M. Buntmann (Senior House Mistress)
Mrs P. Lambert (Asst. House Mistress)
Mrs P. Hurn (Matron)
Miss K. Bluett
Miss R. Foat

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mr L. Saxby, Business Manager
Mrs D. Duncan-Smith, Bursar
Mrs V. Devis, Secretary
Mrs A. Alves, Bookkeeper
Mrs M. Taylor, Caterer
Mrs M. Brink, Assistant Caterer
Mrs M.G. Browne, S.R.N., Liaison Officer
Mr R.B. Park, Estate Manager



PREPARATORY SCHOOL STAFF



GROUNDSMEN



KITCHEN STAFF



SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF



SUB A 1982

TERM DATES FOR 1983

1st Term Wednesday 19 January — Wednesday 30 March
2nd Term Wednesday 13 April — Wednesday 23 June
3rd Term Wednesday 20 July — Friday 23 September
4th Term Tuesday 4 October — Friday 2 December

