



THE HERSCHELIAN

1986



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THE HERSCHELIAN

1986





Founders' Day
Mr Bill Marshall-Smith (Chairman of Council), Mrs P J Duff (Headmistress), The Most Reverend Philip Russell, The Archbishop of Cape Town

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MATRICES 1986



1986 Matrices

Back Row: L. Bailey, C. Simons, S. Drummond-Hay, K. Hoffman, M. Stronck, C. McGie, M. Milner.

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Mr F Coetzee, Flute

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Mrs M Nixon, Secretary

BOARDING HOUSE

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Mrs M White, Matron

Mrs P Hum, House Mistress

Miss K Bluett, Preparatory

JMB RESULTS 1985

Subject distinctions in italics

A Aggregate Matriculation

Bladergroen Marian (*Afrikaans*)
 Bottger Susan (*Eng, French*)
 Edmunds Marion (*Eng, French, Hist*)
 Heppner Claudia (*Maths, German*)

Matriculation

Bosma Jo
 Christie Caroline
 De Wet Esme
 Dudley Karen (*History*)
 Ferguson Linda-Anne
 Frith Sandra
 George Robyn
 Growse Joanne
 Hanekom Nell
 Hofer Natacha (*Typing*)
 Ince Nicola
 Isted Caroline
 Kantor Lisa (*Typing*)
 Knight Fran
 Kolbe Jackie
 Mandindi Pamela
 Moultrie Alison (*English, French, Latin*)
 Muir Philippa
 Murray Deirdre
 Murray Shirley
 Oswald Bennita
 Petrus Sonja (*Art*)
 Pratt Kyra
 Ross Marsail
 Stamper Catherine
 Stringer Diane (*Typing*)
 Stuart-Findlay Beth (*Afrikaans, Physical Science*)
 Tedder Caroline
 Van Der Spuy Tonia-Cara (*Speech and Drama*)
 Van Reenen Janine (*Typing*)
 Williams Jahanara (*Afrikaans*)

School Leaving Certificate

Baillie Laura
 Botma Helen
 Clark Joanne
 Kebble Alison

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

Honours

Elena Rista

Merit

Samantha Mackay-Davidson
 Elena Rista
 Karen Snyders
 Lucy Burns and
 Samantha Mackay-Davidson (2 pianos)
 Viola Lengner (*flute*)
 Samantha Mackay-Davidson (*flute*)

Pass

Lucy Burns
 Sarah Crawford-Browne (*clarinet*)
 Nicole Retief and Elena Rista (2 pianos)

The Associated Board of the Royal School of Music

Examination Results

Distinction:

Arlene Benjamin (Grade 3); Sacha Hartz (Grade 3); Leanne Louw (Grade 2)

Merit:

Francis Kiewitz (Grade 4); Samantha Mackay Davidson (Grade 8 - Piano - and Grade 6 - Flute); Elena Rista (Grade 6); Grethe Zwieglar (Grade 3)

Pass:

Belinda Boyes (Grade 4); Lucy Burns (Grade 8); Victoria Loesch (Grade 2); Heloise Martin (Grade 1); Allison Porter (Grade 2); Catherine Roberts (Grade 1)

Theory Examination Results

Grade V:
 Anthea Achilles

PRIZE LIST 1986

FORM PRIZES

STD VI	1 Jane Eedes 2 Victoria Loesch 3 Ceiridwen Davies
STD VII	1 Julie van Rijswijk 2 Sandra van Hoogstraten 3 Elisabeth Mallet
STD VIII	1 Larissa Peter 2 Fiona Sass 3 Inken Haldane
STD IX	1 Catherine Gibaud 2 Serin Gowdy 3 Natasha van Zyl

STD X SUBJECT PRIZES

English	Kelly Myburgh <i>The Lady Woolley Prize</i>
Afrikaans	Kelly Myburgh
French	Kelly Myburgh
Xhosa	Susan Tudhope
Mathematics	Tanya Elvin-Jensen <i>The Liz Gibbons Prize</i>
Physical Science	Chantal Simonis
Biology	Kelly Myburgh
Geography	Kelly Myburgh
Art	Vanessa Sass
Speech and Drama	Charlotte Saunders
Home Economics	Charlene Kendal
Typing	Alexandra Bottger
Sub A -Matric	Alison Barett Nicola Eckstein Tanya Elvin-Jensen Liesl Haldane Kerry Hoffman Nicolette Jordan Catherine McCarthy Carolynne McGhie Michelle Milner Linda Newton-Thompson Kim Porter Vanessa Sass

PRIZES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

STD VI	Donna Christie Monica Drummond-Hay Ashleigh Dunn Jane Franco Suzanne Louw Pamela Thompson Emer Uttley
STD VII	Hilbre Cardwell Nina Daniel Keelyn Maisel Carol Millar Leigh-Anne Mountain Elena Rista Susan Snyders
STD VIII	Mairi Hendry Caroline Maconachie Aswe Magida Roshon Omar Joy Parker Deirdre Williams
STD IX	Nazeema Ahmed Zaneta Bacela Lesley Millar Cocoka Mnyani Melissa van Assen
STD X	Samantha Drummond-Hay Liesl Haldane Nicolette Jordan Carolynne McGhie Lynette Murray Gina Niven Nicola Westgarth-Taylor

SPORTS AWARDS

Diving Champion	Kelly Myburgh
Under 14	
Swimming Champion	Nicolette Retief
Under 16	
Swimming Champion	Theresa Bridgman
Open Swimming Champion	Laura Meiring
Under 16	
Squash Champion	Melissa van Assen
Open Squash Champion	Lucy Burns
Most Improved Squash Player	Nawal Mohammed
Most Promising Hockey Player	Michele Kroon
Most Improved Netball Player	Inge Hanekom
Std.6 Tennis Singles	Theresa Bridgman
Std.6 Doubles	Theresa Bridgman and Lucinda Lombardi
Under 15 Singles	Elena Rista
Under 15 Doubles	Mairi Hendry Elena Rista
Open Tennis Singles Champion	Ann Paxton
Open Tennis Doubles Champion	Lynette Murray and Ann Paxton

INTER-HOUSE AWARDS

Badminton	Rolt
Diving	Rolt
Hockey	Rolt
Netball	Jagger
Squash	Rolt
Swimming	Rolt
Tennis	Rolt
Drama	Jagger
General Knowledge Magazine	Jagger (1985) Merriman

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship	Jane Eedes
Junior General Knowledge	Elisabeth Mallet, Linda Wilson
Senior General Knowledge	Naseema Barday, Lyndall du Plessis
Art (Middle School)	Lori Myburgh
Biblical Studies (Middle School)	Deidre Williams
Music (Middle School)	Elena Rista
Music (Senior School)	Samantha Mackay-Davidson
Archimedes Prize	Fiona Sass
Lantern Prize	Catherine Gibaud
Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics	Catherine McCarthy

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Vanessa Sass
Sonia Beck Essay Prize
Michelle Booth
Abe Bailey Prize for Spoken Afrikaans
Lynette Murray
Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French
Chantal Simonis
Jane Haram Prize for Drama
Joanna Collie
Stobie Musicianship Prize
Jill Hendry, Nicolette Jordan
Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences
Kelly Myburgh
Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library
Sarah Crawford-Browne, Heather Dicey
Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-round Participation and Achievement
Susan Tudhope
Best All-round Sportswoman of the Year
Kelly Myburgh
Prize for Good Sportmanship
Lynette Murray
Proxime Accessit
Chantal Simonis
Dux of the School
Kelly Myburgh
The Headmistress's Prize for Leadership
Vanessa Sass
Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize
Lynette Murray
Old Herschelian Award
Kelly Myburgh

ACHIEVEMENTS 1986

1st TERM	Tailboard Cup – Awarded to the school with best achievement in the examination in 1985 in the Cape Province.	
	Best Achievement Trophy at Peninsula Schools' Athletics Championships	Tasha Horn (Std 9) for 1st place in U19 Hurdle – 1.65m 2nd place in U19 100m Hurdles
	Western Province Life Saving	Jessica Opie (Std 9)
	Western Province Equestrian	Angela McDaniel (Std 9)
	Victoria Ludorum in Equitation at Goodwood Show	Alison Sedgwick (Std 9)
	Capt. of Western Province Junior Show-jumping and Equitation	Judith Sedgwick (Std 10)
	1986 Deputy Mayor – Cape Town Junior Town Council	Caroline Symons (Std 9)
	1986 Junior Town Council Executive Committee	Claire Reilly (Std 9)
2nd TERM	Western Province A – Hockey	Lynette Murray (Std 10)
	Western Province B – Hockey	Inge Hanekom (Std 9)
	Top 100 in English Olympiad	Catherine Gibaud (Std 9) Jessica Turner (Std 9)
	1st in S.A.C.E.E. Spelling Competition	For 3rd consecutive year – (Std 6)
	Solo Recital Award for Junior Bursary at Cape Town Eisteddfod	Chantal Rutherford (Std 8)
3rd TERM	1st in Inter Schools Sailboard Regatta	Vanessa Sass (Std 10) Kelly Myburgh (Std 10) Susan Tudhope (Std 10) Fiona Sass (Std 8)
	Rotary Scholarships for 1987	Sarah Crawford-Browne Carolyne McGhie
	U16 Western Province Squash Team	Michelle Godson (Std 8) Melissa van Assen (Std 9) Natacha van Zyl (Std 9) Inge Hanekom (Std 8)
	U19 Western Province Squash Team	Nicole Eckstein (Std 10) Lee Berzack (Std 7)
4th TERM	3rd Prize in Geography Section of the Science Expo	Serin Gowdy (Std 9) Penny Cheeseman (Std 9)
	Highly Commended in the Biology Section of the Science Expo	Natacha van Zyl (Std 9) Catherine Gibaud (Std 9) Bridget Chapman (Std 9)
	1st in Enviroscape Competition. They were presented with R500 and a weekend away	Lynne Bird (Std 7) Michelle du Toit (Std 7)
	2nd in Alliance Française	Kelly Myburgh (Std 10)
	3rd in Alliance Française	Chantal Simonis (Std 10)
	Herschel obtained 2nd place for the trophy	
	Western Province Junior Equestrian Capt.	Angela McDaniel (Std 9)
	Yvonne Parfitt Bursary	Chantal Simonis (Std 10)

SPEECH DAY 1986



Dr Hannah-Reeve Sanders, Kelly Myburgh, Mrs Pamela Duff.

Headmistress's Report

Ladies and gentlemen, girls of Herschel, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you today and to present my first Speech Day Report. I especially welcome our guest speaker, Dr Hannah-Reeve Sanders, a dynamic and successful woman, an example from whom we can certainly learn. We are privileged to have her here today.

The success and the achievements of a school are a reflection of the dedication, the active support and the efforts of many people who work as a loyal and efficient team. I have been overwhelmed by the assistance that I have received from numerous people in this my first year at Herschel; they deserve a special thank-you and I am starting off by thanking them all, altogether, because I cannot make a list. I must name, in his absence, only one, Mr Bill Marshall-Smith. His advice, encouragement, enthusiasm and support have been invaluable. What a splendid man! I have also received wonderful guidance and help from all members of the School Council, Old Herschelians, present pupils, parents, friends and school staff, academic, administrative and domestic. To all I extend my heartfelt thanks.

Successful academic achievements require dedicated instruments to effect results. These instruments are the teachers who actually stand at the workplace of the classroom and the sportsfield. Without these very special people there would be no fine school here today, so, on behalf of the girls and their parents, I pay a special tribute to a loyal, dedicated and effective team of teachers.

At the end of the year, we lose two long-standing members of the team. Mrs Jean Marr will be remembered for her genuine concern for each individual pupil and Mrs Heather Montgomery will be missed as we recall her meticulous methods and high standards. Their departure will leave a very real gap in our ranks.

We have been greatly encouraged by parental support at school functions, particularly at Preparatory and Senior School parents' meetings; parents are an integral part of the school team.

I should now like to express a public "Thank you" to the girls. Their efforts, co-operation, loyalty and love for Herschel make it the happy

friendly place it is. I have enjoyed working with the Headgirls, Kelly, Vanessa, Susan and Nicola. They have led a fine team of prefects who have performed their duties conscientiously and reliably. This year's Matrics have all given of their best in diverse ways and have provided an interesting challenge to their teachers. I wish them every success in their final school examinations and happiness and fulfilment in the future.

Although each year it is sad to say goodbye to the Matric girls, it is reassuring to see in Standard IX positive signs of leadership and strength. I feel certain they will bring fresh vision, new ideas and inspiration to their united role as leaders of the school next year.

I feel that Speech Day is really for the girls (and only incidentally for their parents) so it is only right that they should play an active part. This year I am both pleased and proud to ask two matric girls to assist me by presenting their reports on a few highlights of school life: Susan Meyer — SPORTS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES and Charlotte Saunders — CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE.

SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

It is my privilege to report to you on the 1986 Sports and Social scene at Herschel, and this year has certainly been a busy and varied one. None of our activities would have been possible without the provision of facilities and, on behalf of all the girls, I thank the Estate Managers, Mr Park until last month, and now Mr Greenwood, for all they do in this regard.

All girls are expected to play sport and, with increased awareness of the value of exercise and the benefits of physical fitness, girls are taking greater interest in and are deriving more enjoyment from their gym and games.

We have had a successful sporting year, starting with the exciting Girls' Interscholarship Gala in which we came third. Our tennis, hockey, netball, badminton and squash teams have all had good seasons. Girls have also participated in life-saving, windsurfing, equestrian events and cycling. Individual achievements recognized at both school and provincial level are listed in the programme. We are truly proud of these girls who have brought great credit to the school.

Contact with other schools has not only been on the sports field. We have welcomed debating teams and forum groups from Bishops, Rustenburg and Wynberg. Boarders enjoyed a social with SACS. I think I have been asked to mention this event because one school Head refers to socials as "home or away fixtures".

Standards VIII and IX held successful form dances while the formal matric dinner dance in April was a magnificent and memorable occasion. Although the decorations and preparations gave us many headaches, it was all worth it. This hall was delightfully transformed into a "Peppermint Lane".

Several girls went on a wonderful trip to France in July, while, nearer home, expeditions ranged from the beach to the mountains. We have walked the Boland Trail and visited numerous places of interest in Cape Town. Our school life is certainly never dull. There hardly seems to be time for work!

The many inter-house activities have been well supported and keenly contested this year. Reports on these can be found in the magnificent

House Magazines. They have to be seen to be appreciated. Congratulations to all concerned.

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

On behalf of all the girls, I should like to express our sincere thanks to our teachers who show such dedication and friendly, loving concern for us and our education. Not only are we proud to have high academic standards and sports successes, but also to have the chance to enrich our lives in so many other ways. Mention has been made of numerous excursions this year. On these occasions, teachers give up their free time, even over weekends. We do appreciate all that you do for us, even though, at times, we may not show it. Thank you!

We have the opportunity to attend lectures, films, concerts, plays, ballets, symposia and to participate in competitions, debates, festivals and speech contests. Within the school, all tastes and interests are catered for in the many cultural clubs and societies. Activities which have been well supported this year are the Wild Life Society, the Scientific Meetings, the Keep Fit classes, the Computer Club, the Sociological Club and the Pottery groups. The latter are presenting an exciting Exhibition of Ceramic Art, which opens tomorrow.

An activity which aroused great interest and enthusiastic participation was ballroom dancing. Could it have been because our partners came from Bishops?

Our active Drama department staged an ambitious and very successful production of "The Crucible". The senior choir participated in a combined schools' cantata, "Hiawatha", and they have also enjoyed singing at several weddings of Old Herschellians.

In our small way we have found reward in helping those less fortunate than ourselves. Class and house charities have been well supported but the biggest and most heart-warming response came during the Crossroads Crisis. Next week, we undertake a sponsored fun-run in aid of the Peninsula Schools' Feeding Scheme. Please help us to help others.

The spiritual life of the school is quiet but sincere. We are wisely guided by the Reverend David Cook and appreciate assistance from many people who help with Sunday Chapel services. The Wednesday assemblies, led by individual classes, have been both innovative and moving, while the Christian Union group meets regularly.

It has been good to see the school buildings being repainted and we are especially proud of the refurbished dining hall. But perhaps our favourite room is pink and yellow, the Guidance Centre.

This year has seen the introduction of regular school forum meetings. This forum comprises representatives from staff, the prefects and the form captains. The Standard VIII's, IX's and X's have also had open discussion sessions with Mrs Duff. Both girls and staff alike appreciate the opportunity to give their views on matters they consider to be of top priority in the school. It is very rewarding to see the first tangible results of our suggestions: the Guidance Counsellor, the Computer Teacher and the new school laundry.

1986 has been an eventful year in many, many ways. Certainly we shall have happy memories to recall when we matrics meet again as Old Herschellians in 2011.

It has never been my practice as Headmistress to recite a list of the past year's achievements; these are all contained in my newsletters and in the school magazine. However, I cannot entirely abrogate my responsibilities and feel it necessary to make some comments on the school at present and as I see it in the future.

When a new leader is appointed in a country, a city or a business, some changes are expected; indeed they are inevitable. A school is no exception and I feel proud and challenged to be here today at a time when the rate of change in our country appears almost to have outstripped our abilities to cope with it. It is this accelerating change which will characterize the world into which each Herschel girl must shortly step.

But we must not think of change as some new happening. Change is continuous, and, as certain as life itself. It is the ability to adapt to change that signifies success. It was with interest that I read Dr Silberbauer's words in her Speech Day report in 1976, a decade ago. I quote: "We can look realistically to the future of our country and role of schools in an age of change and plan accordingly. We may not have as much time as we think, we cannot indulge in short-term thinking, it is our bounden duty to take the long view so that when the time for change comes, as it surely will, we are ready. We must ensure that the daughters of South Africa, whoever they may be, will be educated in the broadest sense in order to overcome the challenges they will have to face."

Since that day, Herschel has accomplished a great deal and internal changes have been worthwhile. A fine Music, Drama and Art block as well as new classrooms and laboratories provide excellent facilities. As you have heard, a variety of talks, clubs, societies, outside visits and sports cater for the interests of all pupils, and service to the wider community is encouraged. Sympathetic counselling and careers guidance reinforce the continuing hard work in the classroom. Basic knowledge is consolidated and high academic standards are maintained, without losing sight of the fact that each girl is an individual who must be encouraged and guided to realize her own unique potential in her particular field. Entrance examinations ensure admission of pupils of a uniformly high standard. Our school, comprising pupils of all races, reflects a microcosm of South African life, albeit unbalanced if comparative numbers are analysed.

So, Herschel has not been standing still. What questions should now be posed?

"What future changes should be made?"

"How are we going to effect these changes?"

"When are we going to implement changes?"

There is no doubt these questions must be asked and answered. Staff development courses will allow our teachers to consider these questions and to provide the best possible answers. Such courses directly involve teachers and so aid professional growth and, hopefully, increase job satisfaction which, in turn, will surely be reflected in greater awareness of pupils' needs, improved teaching and even higher standards.

In the dynamic world of the 1980's the speed of change is nowhere more apparent than in the area of computers in education. With the recent appointment of a computer teacher, we are prepared to meet this challenge and intend to stay in the forefront of educational

change where we believe it to be important, relevant, worthwhile and necessary.

Future plans include study methods courses, a new timetable to include private study periods and the possibility of a seven subject matric, leadership courses, extension of able pupils and enrichment courses. I consider a well-balanced Guidance for Living Programme including sex education, the art of communication and preparation for marriage to be of vital importance in a world experiencing shaky standards and increasing advertising pressures.

Although we live in a big, fast-moving city and are prey to the pressures of the modern world, it is essential that our integrity should not be eroded: standards of behaviour in dress, manners and actions, and an attitude to life which others might find old-fashioned, are, I believe, to be prized and treasured. It is my avowed intention to maintain, at Herschel, the highest standards for which the school has, for so long, been so well respected.

Our Music, Art and Drama departments not only have excellent reputations but also fine facilities. It, therefore, saddens me that our plays and concerts cannot be adequately staged in a venue worthy of them. This hall is clearly no longer adequate for our needs. It is surely important that we plan actively for a new hall-cum-theatre if only to alleviate the pressure you suffer annually on this occasion! New eyes also see new needs, at break-time it saddens me to see girls sitting on the tarmac drive or using classrooms when it is raining. We surely need an Amenities Centre to provide common-rooms, a tuck-shop or canteen and rooms for specialized hobbies and clubs. I think, for example, of pottery and photography. A modern Resources Centre would more effectively house our computers and provide additional facilities to equip our girls for life in the 21st century, which is just a blink away.

There is truth in the saying, "We teach not for school but for life; we train not for time but for eternity." Of even greater relevance and importance to Herschel is the statement of Ruth Marikan: "If you educate a man you educate a person, but if you educate a woman, you educate a family." In this regard, we, at Herschel, have a real responsibility and so too have the girls themselves. I trust that it will never be said of a Herschel girl that she was one of those people who did not drink at the fountain of education, but just gargled.

With the variety of enrichment opportunities already offered and with those planned for the future, we certainly try to ensure that our girls are never bored. On the other hand, it is also valuable to experience some quiet times, to spend them day-dreaming, wishing and planning; for some of the most creative thoughts and ideas are conceived at just such quiet contemplative times, times that seem all too infrequent in a world of continual canned entertainment.

It is vital that we encourage girls to have faith, to think, to question, to comment, to analyse, to decide for themselves and so to be prepared to meet the challenges of the unknown future, to cope with the pressures they will surely experience and the stress that is inevitably associated with them.

This then is the shared responsibility of teachers and parents of Herschel girls. I am confident that together we will succeed. Perhaps what we are trying to accomplish at Herschel is best summed up in the words of Prof B S Skinner, "Education is what survives when all that has been learnt at school has been forgotten."

Mrs P J Duff, (Headmistress),
Susan Tudhope (Head of Boarding),
Kelly Myburgh (Headgirl)



HEAD GIRL'S REPORT

I never thought that the time would come for me to write this report and I cannot believe that this year is nearly at its end. 1986 has been a thrilling year for me. It has been a great privilege to work with Mrs Duff. I am sure that Herschel is going to flourish in her very capable hands. It has also been a privilege to work with my prefect body, they have all been wonderful, especially Vanessa, my vice-head, who has been a pillar of strength throughout the year. I was very pleased when Tanya Elvin-Jensen was made a prefect in June, she has been an invaluable addition to the prefect body.

This year has been filled with exciting events and it has been a marvelous experience watching Herschel changing and taking shape. The whole building is gleaming with its new paint-job and the dining room looks elegant with its new decor. Mrs Duff's house is another addition to Herschel and I wish her happiness in her new home.

As a prefect body, we are proud of the changes we have introduced. Our Matric ties have been the subject of many compliments and we are very proud of them. I hope that next year's Matrics will decide to wear ties too. We also introduced a form of manual punishment christened "Worksquad". It has been a great success (some girls even enjoy it!) We hope that next year's prefects will be able to improve on our idea. The Inter-house and Inter-schools' events have been really exciting this year. We have many talented girls at Herschel and I wish them all the best for the years to come. Mrs Botha has done a wonderful job in the sports' department. We have done well in swimming and hockey as well as in squash, tennis and many other sports. Rolt has been victorious in most of the house events. Congratulations.

As usual, our teachers have gone beyond our syllabuses and organised many exciting outings. Plays, field trips and visits to farms have made our year more exciting and we thank them for all the time and effort they have put into these outings.

One of the highlights of our Matric year was our dance in April. We take pride in the fact that it was one of the most successful dances held at Herschel (or so we are told) and the beautiful decor designed by Mandy Thompson, Vanessa Sass, Kim Porter and many others, and painted by a large group of matric girls, was really stunning (if we may say so ourselves.)

I would like to thank everyone at Herschel for making this year a successful one for me, especially Mrs Duff, the staff, my friends and my teachers. I would also like to thank my mother and my sister for put-

ting up with "mad matric". Good luck to next year's prefects, the staff and also to all the teachers who are leaving: Mrs Montgomery, Mrs Wilkinson, Mrs Marr and Mrs Growse. I wish you all the best for the future. Herschel will always occupy a very special place in my heart and I will miss you all.

AD DEI GLORIAM

Kelly Myburgh

BOARDING HOUSE REPORT

This year the boarding house has undergone many changes. Mrs Buntman left the house at the end of the second term, to be replaced by Mrs McLean. Unfortunately Mrs McLean has been able to stay for only one term. Mrs Forsythe is to join us in the fourth term and we look forward to meeting her. We thank Mrs McLean and we wish her happiness in her future in the Transvaal.

We are sorry to say good-bye to Mrs Hum, who has become a part of Herschel over her many years here, and Mrs White, our matron, mother and comforter who, sadly, is leaving us too. We are going to miss these two special people very much.

Miss Greig joined the house staff temporarily this term and also filled in the position of assistant sports mistress. We are going to miss her friendship and help at Herschel next term. Mrs Cloete is to become Herschel's new matron and assistant Lady Warden next term.

Thanks to much hard work and many sleepless nights on Mrs Duff's part, Herschel can now boast a much needed laundry system. This would not have been possible without Mrs Duff's kind concern and the courage of Mrs Hanekom, in taking on the awesome task of dealing with all our laundry!

Another change that has occurred very recently is the remarkable metamorphosis of our dining hall. We are now proud to display our dining hall with its new pink and cream colour scheme, new lights, curtains and pictures. Many thanks to Mrs Gower for helping to make this transformation possible.

With all this change occurring in the boarding house, I sometimes cannot believe it is the same place I entered in Std 6. But the girls, who give the house its character, are still the same friendly, helpful and fun-loving girls I have always known here. These girls, and a most co-operative prefect and matric body, have made my duty as head of Boarding House just that much easier and more enjoyable.

Sue Tudhope



School Prefects

Back Row: L. Challis, C McGhie, C Searll (Head of Jagger).

Standing: L. Murray (Head of Roll), H Dacey, N Westgarth-Taylor, T Elvin-Jensen.

Seated: S Tudhope (Head of Boarding House), Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), K Myburgh (Head Girl), Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice Principal), V Sass (Vice Head Girl).



Staff

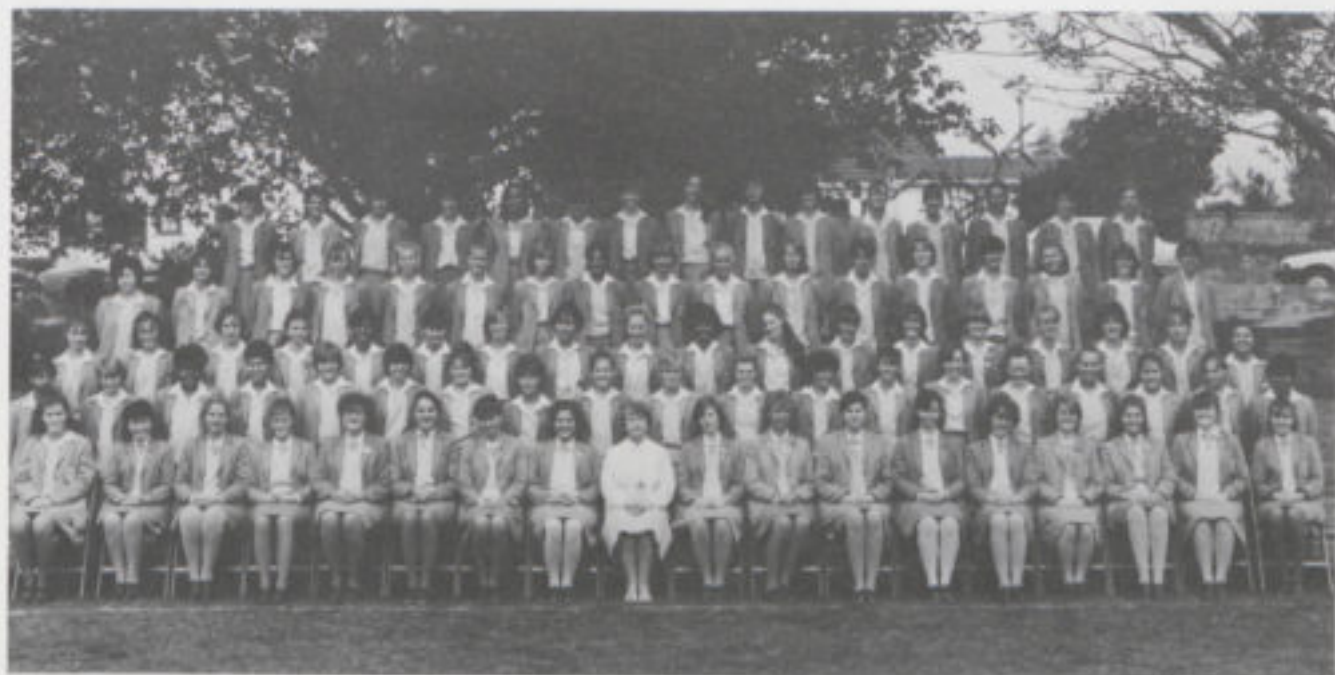
Back Row: Mrs M Grouse, Mrs I Adley, Mrs S Abert, Mrs B Louise, Mrs D Beames, Mrs C Feast, Mrs J Brockbank, Mrs H Botha, Mr L Saxby
3rd Row: Mrs P Allen, Mrs M Warr, Mrs S Steytler, Mrs A Sudweeks, Mrs V Devis, Mrs L Gower, Mrs J Sadler, Mrs A Hall, Mrs C Brathwaite,
Miss P Greig

2nd Row: Mrs F Clarke, Mrs S Hodge, Mrs M Peacock, Miss N Dauncey, Ms C Wilkinson, Mrs T Zotswana, Mrs A Alves, Mrs D McLurg,
Mrs C Esterhuysen, Mr Greenwood

Front Row: Mrs D Smith, Mr H Clarke, Mrs H Montgomery, Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice-Principal), Mrs P J Duff (Headmistress), Mrs M Westgate,
Mrs A Thompson, Miss C Sweet, Mrs J Marr

Absent: Mrs M Hudson

JAGGER



JAGGER

Back Row: A Mallet, I Haldane, J van Assen, S Hardy, S Collard, C Holmes, E Mallet, P Dixon, M van Assen, C Davies, L Pyott, R Leith, L Freeman, L Myburgh, T Holm.

4th Row: S Bailey, B Godson, S Gwynne-Evans, C Wilkinson, C House, H Kaminski, S McCarthy, T Mills, B Chapman, P Cheeseman, A McDaniel, L Theunissen, M Wheeler, G Zwiagelaar, A Werth, J House, M Godson.

3rd Row: S van Hoogstraten, A Sedgwick, L Berzak, E Disler, R Loghdey, C Bridgman, T Bradley, M Roman, S Bendzulla, N Mohammed, B MacKellar, J Parker, L Mountain, C Giboud, T Bell, M Gillespie, J van Rijswijk, P Rayners

2nd Row: N Rawot, J Wray-Young, S Banderker, F Klewitz, S Louise, T Bridgman, D Fink, N Myburgh, K Blumberg, E Rista, C Wilkin, J Hutton, L Theunissen, A Dunn, P Thompson, D Williams, J Franco, A Gersh, S Arleff.

Front Row: C Reilly, N Jordan, A Bareiter, J Sedgwick, K Hutchinson, T Robb, C Simonis, C Searll (House Captain), Mrs H Montgomery (House Tutor), K Myburgh, S Tudhope, M Stronck, L Haldane, S Woode, T Elvin-Jensen, C McCarthy, S Meyer, R Horn.

1986 has been a year of encouragement for Jagger. People have been encouraged to participate in almost every way, in sport, the house magazine, the house play and to enjoy house meetings. As far as sport is concerned, we won the Inter-house netball and tried our best in all other games. Congratulations are in order for all girls who played for the teams, and the team captains: Susan Tudhope, Kelly Myburgh and Karen Hutchinson. The Jagger stars on the tennis court were Chantal Simonis, Tanyana Robb and Elena Rista.

Jagger girls have an enthusiasm for participating in most school activities such as the school play, where several Jagger girls played leading and supporting roles. The school Forum Discussion team on which Cathy Gibaud, Janet House and Catherine Searll spoke, the Photographic Society of which Penny Cheesman is chairman, the C.U. which Shelley Woode and Susan Meyer organised, were all successes during the year.

Susan Tudhope is an all-rounder; not only is she an outstanding netball player, swimmer and academic, but she is Head of the Boarding House as well. Kelly Myburgh, who has similar talents, is Head Girl. Claire Reilly is on the Junior Town Council.

There are many talented girls in Jagger and even when they are not winning the prizes, they are always trying and putting in maximum effort.

Halfway through the year another Jagger matric was made a prefect. Congratulations, Tanya! Cathy Gibaud, Bridget Chapman and Penny Cheesman are to be congratulated on their magnificent work on the Jagger House Magazine. It looks fantastic and is going to be a literary experience!

At the moment the house play is under way with Rosanne Leith directing *Shirts* which promises to be most thought-provoking. All that is left for me to say is "Good luck! Break a leg! And make the most of it".

Jagger is a very high-spirited, exciting and warm, loving house.

I want to thank all the Jagger matrics for their support in helping me in my position as House Captain. I have really enjoyed it.

Cathy Searll

MERRIMAN



MERRIMAN HOUSE

Back Row: K Hebin, F Sass, J Newman, K Jensen, P Court, C Meredith, L Higgs, K Christie, L Seanson, T Gurney, T Reynolds, A Forsyth, H Marx, L Bailey, H Banderker.

4th Row: C Maconachie, T Skuambane, C Southern, M Keegan, H van der Heever, T McLulich, A Fletcher, A Opie, J Opie, L Ndumbini, M du Toit, L Bird, Z Hansa, C McPetrie, P Wilson, K McAdam.

3rd Row: C Collison, K Warner, V Loesch, T Foulkes, M Booth, C Kendal, V Pepler, K Goudy, L du Plessis, A Paxton, K Goudy, J Henry, M Henry, C Selby, M Maclean, D McDonald, E Angel.

2nd Row: Y Narker, J du Preez, B Visser, C Mnyoni, S Crauford-Broune, D Gurney, S Paleker, T Smith, M Rudolph, S Mackay-Davidson, L Gordon, S Jacobs, C Sparks, K Snyders, L Turner, E Allsop, F Adam, O McCrindle.

Front Row: D Frith, V Lengner, D Bonner, L Bonner, H Wood, L Chaffis, Sass, Mrs A Thompson, N Westgarth-Taylor, G Niven, S Snyders, H Cardwell, K Mabel, M Mosomothane, I Harekorn, N Ahmed. Absent: L Lazarus (House Captain).

1986 has indeed been a busy year for the "Red Devils", as Merriman has come to be known. We started off with a noisy, yet interesting house-meeting, where I discovered that running Merriman was not all "a bed of red-roses" but that I was in a very hot seat indeed. The Swimming Gala at the beginning of the year was, to say the least, a rowdy yet momentous occasion. For the first time in five years Merriman house was defeated by the Rolt swimmers. However, I can say that we put up a strong fight until the end and were finally placed second. The spirit on that sunny day was tremendous, however, and we definitely let the world know that "We are Merriman" and no-one can be prouder.

As far as other sporting events went it has not been our lucky year. It really does seem as though Rolt has been wiping the boards and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate my friend, Lynette Murray, for her excellent leadership of Rolt this year. There have been some high sporting moments for us, however, especially when Mairi Hendry and Ann Paxton won their number one match in the Inter-house tennis. They really did play tremendous tennis.

Merriman has not been lacking when it comes to academic achievements. Our girls have been working hard, and Fiona Sass and Lyndall du Plessis, in particular, have done very well. We also have no problem when it comes to leaders. I would like to congratulate Michelle

Booth on her excellent work as Editor of the Merriman magazine this year. Also we are very proud of Sarah Crawford-Browne, who has been chosen by Rotary to go to Australia next year. On a lighter level, I was delighted with Kirsten Jensen's and Jody Kantor's success in the Miss Gloria beauty competition earlier this year.

At this very moment, preparation for the House Plays is underway and Jessica Opie is hard at work directing a piece called *The Incident* with a cast which includes Kathy McAdam and other actors from Merriman. "Good Luck," or should I say, "Break a leg, Fellas".

I really will miss some of the girls when I leave and I can truly say that I have enjoyed leading this marvellous house. I would like to thank Lindsay Chaffis, Nicky Westgarth-Taylor and Vanessa Sass for their support and co-operation in the leading of the "Mighty Mice" this year and a special word of thanks must go to Mrs Thompson for her support throughout the year. I would also like to congratulate Mrs Siyengo on the birth of her baby girl.

Well, it is time for me to say good-bye to the house I know so well and I would just like to say "Keep smiling, girls" and don't forget that I'll always remember Merriman!

Liora Lazarus

ROLT

Rolt set out at the beginning of the year to do its very best in all spheres of school life. This year's Inter-house events have been mostly sporting events, and I am glad to say that our members have always participated with great enthusiasm and with the lively house spirit which makes Rolt the happy house it is. I feel that the enjoyment which goes along with the competition is most important and it is a pleasure to be able to say that, although Rolt does have talent, it is also full of sportsmanship.

We kicked off with our early sports victory in the Inter-house Gala and Diving competitions. Our swimmers swam superbly and, with the help of our very lively cheerleaders, Rolt definitely outsang the other houses! Support from the whole house was fantastic. Congratulations to Heather Dacey, our swimming and diving captain, who put so much effort into both these events. Tennis was next and, although there were some tense moments, our Rolt bunnies were once again the victors. In the second and third terms we had four sporting events — netball, squash, hockey and badminton. Our squash team of 4 played like stars and won this event convincingly. The opposition in the netball event was very tough — congratulations to Jagger on winning, your teams played superbly! Next was hockey, which Rolt just managed to win — well done to all players. The last sporting event of the third term was Inter-house Badminton. There seems to be an all-round shortage of badminton players but, once again, Rolt were the victors.

Congratulations to everyone who has made this year's sporting events so successful and enjoyable!

Rolt girls have achieved not only within school bounds this year. Carolynne McGhie has been chosen to go to California as a Rotary Exchange student next year. Well done, Carolynne, and all the best for an exciting year ahead! We also congratulate four of our girls who have been chosen for Western Province teams: Natasha van Zyl, Nicky Ekstein, Lucy Burns (squash) and Lynette Murray (hockey).

On the academic front, Rolt has had some pleasing results and I hope that everyone does her best in the December exams.

A big thank-you to the magazine committee for all the hard work they have put into our house magazine this year. *Rolt — House of Fun* is an apt title for the magazine as it is a true reflection of the house in 1986. Good luck to you, and also to all those involved in the Inter-house Plays coming up soon — you deserve to do well!

I would also like to thank all Rolt staff, prefects and girls for their co-operation and support throughout the year. Last, but definitely not least, a BIG thank-you to our Rolt Daddy, Mr Clarke, for everything he has done to help me, as well as the rest of the house.

I am proud to have been head of Rolt and I hope that next year's head and prefects have a happy and successful year. Keep the Rolt spirit high, give it all you've got and good luck, Rolt!

Lynette Murray



Rolt

Back Row: C Symons, V Ricketts, J Koster, Z Bacela, G Moodley, C Peters, L Millar, S Mayer, P Newton-King, E Frater, T Pelt, L Dacey, M Kroon, Alex Durr, Alison Durr
4th Row: T Fourie, N Retief, M Lanning, B de Villegas, L Peter, K Frye, L Frye, G Fitzpatrick, E Stafford, S Smuts, K Leith, A Porter, S Penny, T Cohen, J Eedes, M Drummond-Hay
3rd Row: C Rutherford, L Wilson, C Sparks, L Kode, L Fitzpatrick, A Achilles, L Wouldge, A Magida, N Daniel, K O'Neill, J Turner, N van Zyl, L Omar, G Raaff, N Champin, J Ailing, L Turner
2nd Row: R Omar, S Jaffe, N Lincoln, R Boltman, S Emmerich, L Burns, Dacey, L Lombardi, E Uttley, B O'Neill, C Millar, A Carey, D Penta, L Metring, F Jack, D Christie, N Barday, J Boyes
Front Row: A Jimba, C Pelt, A Collie, A Day, K Porter, K Hoffman, H Dacey, L Murray (House Captain), Mr H Clarke (House Tutor), C McGhie, N Bacela, Drummond-Hay, M Milner, C Saunders, L Newton-Thompson, N Ekstein, A Thompson, G Clayton

REPORTS

Art Awareness Club

The Art Awareness Club was started this year in an attempt to satisfy the need for a more general experience of the different forms of art and also to promote an increased consciousness of the role that Art can and should play in our lives today. The first meetings dealt largely with Perception - the perhaps unusual concept of the 'Magnificence of Mind' when applied to ceramics; the amazing ability of the Ancient Greeks to decorate their vases most delightfully; and the wonderfully imaginative and vital sculpture works in wood and wire, as well as the paintings, of our Black artists. Though still a small club and meeting irregularly, we hope to grow with time.

Mrs H Montgomery

Bridge Club

The Bridge Club meets every Wednesday afternoon after school. This has enabled many more day scholars to play bridge as the club used to meet in the evenings last year. Unfortunately, very few of last year's players are still involved; however, this year many more new members have joined. We have not played in any competitions this year as we are working hard to improve our skills but we hope to be competing in the near future. Bridge is a very relaxing game and could be of social benefit in the years after school. Mrs Adley is the teacher in charge and deserves thanks for all she does for the club.

Sally Koster

Christian Union

CU has been run this year with the help of Mrs Brathwaite and five committee members: Susan Meyer, Shelley Woode, Jessica Turner, Sukl Jaffe and Janet Wray-Young.

The group has varied in size from about a hundred people to about six. One of the most popular items during this time, has been the visit of the Christian pop group Reish 7. They shared with us what God has been teaching them and sang songs composed by their lead vocalist, Evan Rogers. Unfortunately only two members of the group could be with us as the others are in the Defence Force at the moment.

Many of our meetings have been very meaningful. The group have shared, sung and prayed together in a relaxed atmosphere.

The film *Joni* was shown over a few lunch breaks. This was enjoyed by girls who attended. The story is that of a girl who becomes paralysed as a result of an accident. She learns to cope with life through coming to terms with Jesus, and then with herself.

For the younger members of our group we have enjoyed Fun and Games meetings. These involved noise, sweets (as prizes) and general disorder. All those participating had a good time.

God has been speaking to us this year, especially to the committee, about commitment to each other and to him. This commitment involves a sacrifice of our time and ourselves if we want to progress as a group. We have found that God speaks first to the individual about her life, and only then to the group as a whole. This has been a hard lesson for some of us. For next year, I pray that the members of CU will come to a deeper understanding of this commitment within the group and in themselves. All the best to the new committee. Shalom!

Susan Meyer

Debating Society

The debating society started the year with a fun debate against Bishops. In the senior division, Herschel proved that Adam was definitely not a "rough draft", although the Bishops boys came close to convincing us that he was! In the Junior section, the topic "Co-education is a necessity for a balanced education" came under fire.

Although the Inter-schools aspect of the Debating Society has been rather neglected this year, the Speaker's Forum has been very active. Some interesting reports were given: "Feminism and Feminist", "The Libyan Crisis as a cause for World War 3", "Vision for South Africa" and "The disintegration of the English Language". The avid and enthusiastic response and participation of the audiences made these events particularly enjoyable.

I think that speakers have learnt a great deal this year and that next year there will be more opportunities for us to debate against other schools.

Larissa Peter

Historical Society Report

The Historical Society was lucky enough to begin the year with a memorable visit to Grootte Schuur. As the name implies, it was previously a granary, until in 1893, Cecil Rhodes bought it and was commissioned to rebuild it as a house where he could offer hospitality to visitors and which could be used to house future Prime Ministers. The girls were welcomed by Mrs White who also acted as guide for the afternoon. There was much amazement at the many priceless contents of the house and the visit was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

There was stiff competition when the Standard X History girls opposed the motion that "History is governed by Geography" against the Standard X Geography girls. The motion was hotly debated but it was in the end defeated.

In the second term the Standard IX History class had the interesting task of proposing the motion that "The Japanese had justifiable cause for bombing Pearl harbour in 1941" against the Standard VII History class. The motion was defeated.

During the third term, when Royal wedding fever was high, an appropriate debate was held between the Standard VII History class, who were proposing the motion that "the Monarchy is outdated" and the Standard VI's. Royal Wedding supporters proved to be in the majority as the motion was defeated.

The Historical Society also held a meeting with a difference when Mrs Beames organised a Historical "SPECIALIST", much like the programme seen on T.V. recently. Four "specialists", having chosen a section from their History syllabus, were fired twenty questions on this section in the space of one minute. This was followed by another twenty historical general knowledge questions compiled by Mrs Thompson. These proved quite a challenge for all the contestants. The contest proved very successful and was enjoyed by contestants and supporters alike.

Liesel Haldane



ONE
SUNDAY...

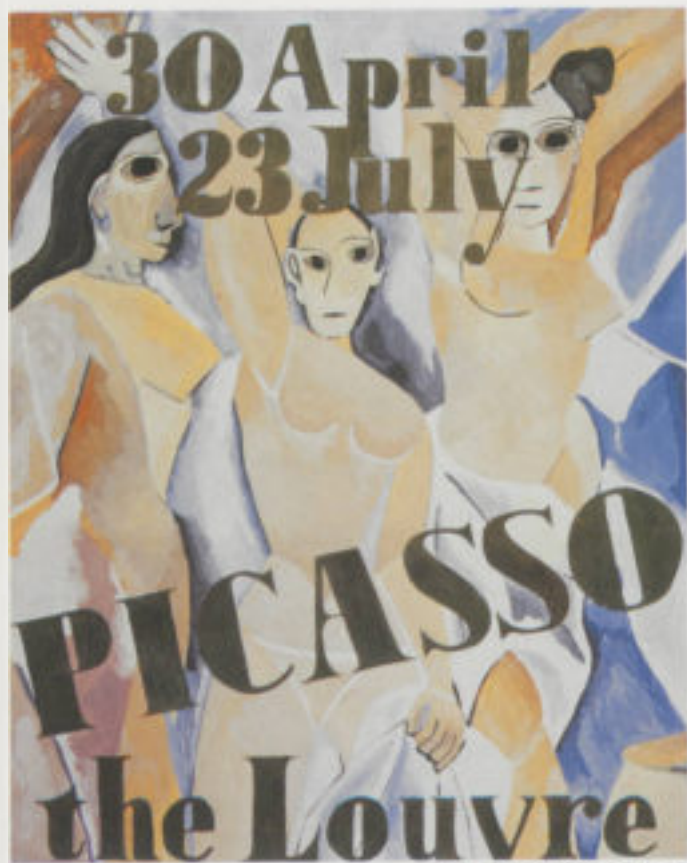




Tessa Gurney, *Still Life*



Mandy Thompson, *Coon Carnival*



Lisa Higgs, *Picasso Poster*



Vanessa Sass, *Street Scene*



School Choir

4th Row: L. Dicey, T. Pelt, E. Mallet, Z. Bacela, C. Meredith.

3rd Row: S. Mackay-Davidson, L. Mountain, A. Durr, M. Kroon, J. Koster, P. Wilson, M. Keegan, K. Snyders, V. Lengner, G. Fitzpatrick.

2nd Row: E. Rista, N. Westgarth-Taylor, G. Zwiegelaar, C. Pelt, A. Mallet, L. Ndumbini, K. O'Neill, C. Kendal, N. Bacela, L. Turner.

Front Row: A. Jimba, N. Myburgh, K. Hebin, M. Gillespie, J. Hendry, Miss C. Sweet, N. Jordan, J. Dicey, O. McCrindle, M. Mosomothane, J. Turner.

Choir

Choir Mistress: Miss C. Sweet

Choir Leaders: J. Hendry and N. Jordan

Choir Members: N. Bacela, Z. Bacela, A. Durr, L. Dicey, J. Dicey, G. Fitzpatrick, M. Gillespie, K. Hebin, I. Jimba, M. Keegan, C. Kendal, J. Koster, S. Koster, M. Kroon, V. Lengner, S. Mackay-Davidson, A. Mallet, E. Mallet, O. McCrindle, C. Meredith, M. Mosomothane, L. Mountain, N. Myburgh, L. Ndumbini, K. O'Neill, C. Pelt, T. Pelt, E. Rista, K. Snyders, L. Turner, J. Turner, N. Westgarth-Taylor, P. Wilson, G. Zwiegelaar

Chamber Choir Members: L. Dicey, J. Hendry, N. Jordan, J. Koster, V. Lengner, E. Mallet, S. Mackay-Davidson, C. Meredith, O. McCrindle, E. Rista, K. Snyders

The year began with the annual Founders' Day and Easter Services in St Saviour's Church. These were very successful and encouraged many girls to join the choir.

We sang at numerous weddings in the second and third term and were very excited to be asked to sing at the wedding of Amanda Robins, an ex-choir leader, as many of the present choir remember her well. This made the occasion special for us.

We worked on Samuel Taylor Coleridge's work, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast", which we performed as part of a mass choir with Bishops, St Georges, and St Cyprians. This was presented in the Diocesan College Chapel at the Headmasters' Conference in September.

The large number of new members who joined the choir this year has resulted in a growing enthusiasm which Miss Sweet has patiently managed to keep under control. Ask Kate O'Neill! Some other interesting characters in the choir are Jenny, our promising soprano, Olga and Clare, who often indulge in the dangerous pastime of talking behind their copies(!), the "loving" Mallet sisters who constantly "compliment", each other on their singing, and Viola, Miss Sweet's personal "tea lady".

The Chamber Choir is a small selection of girls from the main choir who meet once a week to sing various madrigals in the traditional style, unaccompanied, around a table.

We have enjoyed being taught by Miss Sweet in her special friendly way and are all looking forward to the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at the end of the year.

Jill Hendry and Nicky Jordan

Chapel Report

Chairman: Mrs Duff

Secretary: Nicola Westgarth-Taylor

Committee:

Staff: Mrs Montgomery, Mrs Wilkinson, Mrs Brathwaite.

Std 10: Polly Wilson, Lynette Murray, Tanyana Robb, Susan Tudhope.

Std 9: Lucy Burns, Michele Kroon, Jenny Koster, Sally Koster, Ann Paxton, Jessica Turner.

Std 8: Jackie Aling, Carey Bridgeman, Laura Meiring.

Three services are held weekly in our school chapel. Every Wednesday, a service is held for the boarders at 6.15 p.m. This service is normally held by the girls, every standard having had the opportunity to conduct a service. I would like to thank the girls for their enthusiastic approach and their fresh ideas for presenting the services.

On Thursday mornings, before school, a communion service is held. This is normally taken by Rev. Cook or Rev. Frye of Christchurch, Kenilworth. Every week a certain standard attends the service together; any other girls may attend the service voluntarily.

For the termly boarders, a chapel service is held on Sunday mornings at 9.00 a.m. These services have been taken by Rev. Cook, Rev. Frye, Captain Christie, Rev. Friesler and Mrs Duff.

Weekly confirmation classes are also being held. Claire Nye and Tessa McKay of Christchurch have helped Rev. Cook prepare the girls who wish to be confirmed.

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs Wilkinson (who joined the committee this year) for her vibrant approach and her ideas about improving the religious life of the school, as well as Mrs Brathwaite (another new member) for her concern about our chapel. Thanks to Mrs Brathwaite the chapel is now spotless after a hard afternoon's cleaning by herself and various other members of the committee.

Nicky Westgarth-Taylor

Mountain Club

Judging by the number of names already down on the notice for the Boland Trail in September, it is obvious that the Mountain Club, led by our "fearless" Mrs Feast, is steadily gaining popularity.

Since the success of the Swellendam Trail last year in September, we have been treated to more and more extravagant expeditions. Some of these include climbing to the top of Lion's Head to see the sunset and feeling our way down the chains in the thickening dusk; walking along the coast to Seal Island in Houtbay, (a route not often taken as we discovered when we were faced with sandstone cliffs and wild, crashing waves). You must think I am very melodramatic but if you had been there you would definitely agree with me. Our hunch that Mrs Feast may be romantic was justified when she organised an evening walk (avec sunset) with an even bigger party of Bishops' boys!

We are all looking forward to an action-packed, surprise-filled Boland trail. Who knows what horrors we may have to face: dried prune dinners; spider hut-mates; shorts, suntans and double bookings — all of which we had to face last year in Swellendam!

Natasha van Zyl

Pottery Club

Forget about "Faster, Higher, Stronger" — now it's "Bigger, Crazier, Wilder" — well according to Mrs Lapping and her Fauvist, Expressionistic, and Surrealistic pupils, anyway!

The friendly, creative atmosphere of the Pottery Room seems to have attracted more and more girls from both the Junior and the Senior schools. With all that wild imagination lumped together with innumerable opportunities made available to us in the form of clays, glazes, oxides and firings, the creations range from coiled dinosaurs to portraits of boyfriends.

This year Mrs Lapping has organised both a sawdust and a raku firing. These have both proven extremely interesting, informative and amusing!

The last ten months have been dedicated to working towards our exhibition which we hope will prove even more successful than last year's.

Keep working, girls, next year we're going to The Louvre!

Natasha van Zyl

Scientia

Scientia comes from the Latin word meaning "knowledge" and it aptly describes the activities of our club: testing our general knowledge and thereby learning more. It is run by Mrs Thompson, whose tremendous knowledge, stretching over centuries of history, astounds us each time she displays it.

The meetings are held fortnightly on Wednesday at lunchbreaks in the library. There are usually two teams, varying from two to five girls in a team, who challenge each other. Mrs Thompson asks each team questions which she has spent much time preparing and compiling. The categories range from Current Affairs, Geography, History and Science to English Literature and Theatre. If a member of the team cannot answer, the audience is asked to participate (which some of them, especially Liora Lazarus, do with alacrity). The team with the most points wins.

I would like to thank Mrs Thompson very much for her dedication to Scientia and hope girls in the future will reward her efforts.

Michelle Booth

Social Responsibility Club

My leadership of the Social Responsibility Club started off this year with our project called 'OPERATION EASTER EGG'. This was an idea which I had tried in Std 7 and had found highly successful. We decided that each girl had to bring 5 marshmallow Easter Eggs. We collected from the whole school during the first term and we eventually ended up with 800 Easter Eggs. We donated these eggs to the St. Francis Home, but in fact when the man came to fetch them he informed me that all the Easter Eggs would be distributed to the St. Francis Home's fellow homes (which were all for battered children). Thus the club had successfully given many battered and needy children an enjoyable Easter.

Later on in the year, several children from the Social Responsibility Club helped at the Community Chest Carnival at Maynardville. They enjoyed their work immensely and I was pleased that the club was active at such a worthwhile occasion. The club also had representatives at a one-to-one day that Mrs Holland had organized for Cerebral Palsied children.

More recently, during May and June, appeals were made to the community to give food and warm clothing for those who were victims of the conflict, cold and rain at the KTC squatter camps. Mrs Marr was instrumental in

collecting clothes from girls in the school. The Herschel girls responded enthusiastically, and, one afternoon, we drove off with a Kombi full of clothes and food for the KTC victims and took them to Child Welfare. A continuation of the club's work for the KTC victims was my work at a KTC Relief Centre in Athlone. I spent two days there and my main job was to amuse and play with the children. The main problem of the people at the centre is the depression of the squatter refugees. I found the experience both enlightening and highly depressing.

I would like to thank Mrs Marr, the only staff member of our club, who has helped us all immensely. I would also like to thank my very able secretary, Michelle Booth, who has done an excellent job this year. To the Social Responsibility Club I would like to say 'Good Luck' and keep up the good work next year.

Liora Lazarus

Wildlife Club

This is a newly formed club under the leadership of Ms Dauncey. The committee members are:

Chairman: Michelle du Toit

Secretary: Lynne Bird

Treasurer: Serin Gowdy

Member: Michelle Booth

Several activities have taken place successfully. During the course of the year, representative members (Lynne Bird, Ms Dauncey and Michelle du Toit) have attended two meetings concerning the "Greening" of the Liesbeeck River (a project aimed at cleaning up the Liesbeeck River). This seems a worthwhile project and we hope to involve the club.

Various club members have independently attended, and enjoyed tremendously, the weekly film shows held by the Wildlife Society in Tokai. One lunch break, the club showed a fascinating video on whales, which was well attended.

On Sunday 27 July, an outing to Rondevlei Bird Sanctuary was planned. The weather was glorious — a warm, windless, clear day. About 20 people, including Mrs Wilkinson, Mrs Westgate, Ms Dauncey and Mrs du Toit met at Rondevlei, where we first saw a slide show on Rondevlei, and then walked around. We saw many interesting birds most of which were identified for us by various helpful people. It was great fun and we hope to undertake other similar excursions.

We have many exciting activities planned for the rest of the year including walks, braais and films and we hope that new members will join!

Michelle du Toit



1st Hockey Team

Back Row: M Kroon, J Koster, M van Assen, A Paxton.

Standing: M Booth, I Hanekom, H Dicey, N van Zyl.

Seated: L Challis, L Murray (Captain), Mrs H Botha, S Tudhope, S Koster.

Badminton

1986 has been a fulfilling year for the two school teams. The first team has been extremely successful, winning all but three of their matches. The second team has not been as fortunate for they have found the opposition too strong for them. But, I am proud to say that they did win their first match against Gardens Commercial.

The first team consists of Karen Hutchinson, Heather Dicey, Bridget Godson and Melarie Maclean, who has been alternating with Nicole Champin. These two girls have also been playing for the second team with Joanna Newman, Karen Snyders and Cathy Gibaud. The girls have been loyal members of the Badminton teams, giving up their Friday afternoons to do battle with the shuttlecock.

I am sad to say that this sport will probably be ending this year owing to the lack of interest it has received from the school.

I would like to express my thanks to Mrs Botha for her encouragement and support, and to Heather, who has been a dedicated and reliable vice-captain.

Karen Hutchinson

Hockey

This year our hockey season has been long and tough, but also both rewarding and encouraging.

Herschel has ten hockey teams, and I feel that Mrs Botha should be praised for the success of these teams that did so well this season. Both the Sixth and the Beginners A teams won their leagues, and the Second, Third, Fourth and Beginners B teams all ended in second position in their sections. The Fifth team ended fourth in their league. Our First and Under Fifteen teams played extremely well at this year's Inter-Schools event. Both teams ended third in their sections, and the support which the Herschel teams were given was most encouraging.

Inter-house hockey was held on 1 August. The competition was tough this year and the overall result was very close. Rolt took the

cup, with Jagger second and Meriman third.

This year the mothers and fathers played against their daughters again. Everyone involved had a most enjoyable and rather amusing morning, and I would like to thank Mrs Hanekom for all the hard work she put into organising this event.

Inge Hanekom, Sally Koster, Lindsay Challis, Sue Tudhope and Lynette Murray were invited to this year's WP trials. Lynette and Inge were selected for the WP and Peninsula teams, respectively. Inge, Michele Kroon, Sally Koster and Natasha van Zyl have been attending WP squad practices once a week in preparation for next year's trials.

My thanks go to Mrs Hall and Mrs Dunleavy for their unfailing support, to Mrs Fletcher for all she has done, and also to Miss Greig for her help during the past term.

Finally I would like to thank Mrs Botha for her interest and support throughout the season. Without her hard work and encouragement, we would not have been able to enjoy this successful season as much as we have.

Lynette Murray



Inter-schools' Tennis Team

*Standing: E Rista, C Symons, P Newton-King, L Millar, M Kroon.
Seated: M Hendry, L Murray (Captain), A Paxton.*

Tennis

This year we had a most enjoyable and encouraging tennis season. Our first team changed from Super League to First League, and although we gained a lot of experience from Super League, we found this season's tennis much more rewarding. Our players were also definitely more motivated and determined to win.

The open team did surprisingly well to come third overall in the Inter-schools Tournament played on 13 March. Congratulations to Lesley Millar and Elena Rista who reached the finals in their section. Unfortunately the Standard Six Inter-schools had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. Our thanks go to Mrs Hudson for all the hard work she put into organising these tournaments.

Inter-house Tennis which was played on 3 March, was also very exciting this year. Rolt narrowly beat Merriman, with Jagger coming a close third.

I would like to thank everyone who came to support our tennis teams on Saturdays, especially Mrs Botha who was always there to watch us.

Finally, I am sure all the players will join me in thanking Mrs Hudson for being such a super coach and giving us all the encouragement we needed throughout the season.

Lynette Murray

Squash

We had a very full programme during 1986. For the first time, Herschel entered two teams in the Schools' League. The A side played in the D League, mainly against boys' schools, and came 5th out of 10 teams. The B side played in the new Girls' League and came second to Rustenburg. The Knockout competition held at the end of the season gave the B side a win in the Girls' Section.

Inter-schools' was played in the third term and the A side lost in the finals to Camps Bay with the B side making the semi-finals.

Inter-house was an enjoyable afternoon at the Link Squash Centre and Rolt were 1st with Jagger 2nd and Merriman 3rd.

This year Herschel had four Western Province representatives: Nicky Eckstein in the Girls' Under 19 A side, and Melissa van Assen, Michelle Godson and Inge Hanekom in the Girls' Under 16 sides.

I would like to wish the future teams and the new captain of squash best of luck for 1987 and would like to suggest that the better players in the lower standards be given some extra coaching to improve their standard of play as there were no Western Province representatives from the lower age groups of the School.

Nicola Eckstein



1st Squash Team

*Standing: M Godson, M van Assen.
Seated: N Eckstein (Captain), L Burns.*

Netball

Unfortunately hockey has taken preference over netball as a winter sport at Herschel and, as Herschel has a small number of girls in comparison with rival schools, the result is that the netball teams are not as strong or as numerous as they could be.

Nevertheless, the girls who play netball are always determined to do their best and must be commended for their loyalty to their teams and their refusal to give up trying.

The teams dropped in the league at the start of this term and the more matched opposition, as well as Miss Greig's helpful coaching, has resulted in a remarkable difference in netball results this term. Mrs Hudson has been on long leave this term and we have been fortunate and grateful to have had Miss Greig to coach our netball teams. At the Inter-schools netball competition, which was held on Saturday 13 September, Herschel was matched against the original first and second league teams, instead of the third and fourth league teams, which we had been playing throughout this term. As a result, Herschel did not feature in either of the final matches. However, our teams did not lose without putting up a fight, and some matches were close and exciting to watch. Rustenburg won the first league section with Sans Souci second and Holy Cross third. Sans Souci won the second league section with Rustenburg second and Springfield third.

Altogether the netball season has been an enjoyable one even though our teams have struggled to hold their own against stiff opposition. But the players have realized that winning does not mean everything and have enjoyed playing netball just for the enjoyment of playing the game. I am proud to have had such players in the netball teams and I congratulate them on their good spirit!

Sue Tudhope

Inter-schools Windsurfing

An event in the year that is looked forward to with mixed emotions is the Inter-schools Windsurfing. On the day, the competitors waited anxiously for the wind to arrive. At two o'clock, the wind was blowing at eight knots and the race began. After an afternoon of many collisions and catapulting over our sails the Herschel A team members, V Sass, F Sass, S Tudhope, K Myburgh and E Stafford were rewarded for their efforts by winning the girls' Open section of the regatta. There always seems to be a great feeling of achievement accompanying competitions such as this and I hope, as do the rest of the team, that there will be many more in the future.

Vanessa Sass



1st Netball Team

Standing: L. Millar, T Bell, F Sass.

Seated: E Uttley, S Tudhope (Captain), Miss P Greig, S Drummond-Hay, I Hanekom.





Inter-schools Swimming Team

Back Row: B O'Neill, S Mayer, K Christie, K Jensen, F Sass, L Meiring.

Standing: C Bridgman, T Mills, K O'Neill, N Daniel, D Christie, M Booth.

Seated: C Southern, N van Zyl, V Sass, Mrs H Botha, K Myburgh (Captain), H Dicey, S Tudhope.

In Front: T Bridgman.

Swimming Report

The swimming season of 1985/86 was an enjoyable and successful one. We started off the season with a few friendly galas. All our early morning training sessions seemed to pay off in the end because we succeeded in coming third in the Inter-schools gala, with Wynberg first and Rustenburg second, only a few points ahead of us. We were very proud of our U/14 swimmers, who came second in their age group at Inter-schools.

Our diving team managed to obtain fifth position in the Diving Competition.

Rolt took the cups this year in both the Inter-house swimming and diving. N Retief, Sascha Mayer, L Meiring, T Mills, Susan Meyer, K Myburgh, and T Bridgman all won cups for individual events. Our champions were N Retief in the U/14 section, T Bridgman in the U/16 and L Meiring in the Open. Our diving champion was Kelly Myburgh.

We should like to thank Mrs Botha for her support and encouragement and for her excellent organization.



MATRICES

1986 Matric Dance

After many weeks of hard work and devotion, the decorations for our matric dance were finally completed. The painting and the constructing had taken place in the pool room at Cathy Searl's house, although a number of decorations had been designed and drafted at Kerry Hoffman's home.

At last the great day arrived, along with the nightmares and last-minute catastrophes. Finally the decorations were erected and, one by one, we all went our separate ways to prepare for the night of our lives.

Our theme was *Peppermint Lane*; a theme about which we had continually agonised and disagreed. The final effect was undoubtedly fantastic! As one usually associates peppermints with green and white, we chose these colours for our decorations. The foyer of the school hall was transformed into the inside of "Wilson's Cafe" with mannequins seated at white tables on which stood glasses of champagne and vases of red flowers. Next to the mannequins was a till that was kindly lent to us by Mike's Kitchen. The till was overflowing with peppermints, part of 66kg given to us by Wilsons.

The hall itself was the "lane" and along the side walls were various kinds of shops. Not only was there the Imperial Hotel but also a swimming bath entrance, a flower stall, a pub, a greengrocer and a candy shop. Each shop was individually decorated and many had bay-windows. At the front of the hall stood a gazebo where the disco and DJ stood. The dance floor in front of the gazebo was decorated in green and white, a colour scheme which enhanced the overall "freshness" of the theme.

Girls and teachers arrived in stunning creations, accompanied by their partners. The dresses were beautiful, the music jazzy, the decor outstanding and the food delicious! The waitresses, all in green and white, looked smart and were all very helpful. We thank them for helping to make the evening run smoothly, as well as others who lent assistance with the decorations and catering, and of course, Mrs Taylor and the kitchen staff for their food and generous help!

Carolynne McGhie

Old Herschellians and their Matric daughters

Mesdames Eckstein, Sass, Hoffman, McCarthy, Crauford-Browne.



Sub A 1975 (Then . . .)



Sub A 1975 — Matric 1986 (Now . . . the survivors)

Standing: L Newton-Thompson, L Haldane, Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), M Milner, C McGhie.
Seated: N Jordan, C McCarthy, V Sass, K Hoffman, K Porter.
In Front: N Eckstein, A Bareiter, T Elvin-Jensen.



French Tour

The group: Mrs Steytler
Inken Haldane
Kirsten Jensen
Joy Parker
Anne Paxton
Sarah Penny
Katherine Warner

On 13 June 1986, six very excited French pupils, accompanied by Mrs Steytler, departed from Jan Smuts Airport on a brand new U.T.A. plane for our long-awaited tour of France.

We arrived at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris and were met by a very friendly French lady from Pare's Travel Agency, who took us to our hotel, the Hotel Sainte-Anne, which very soon became our home in one of the world's greatest and most beautiful cities. Although we were all suffering from severe jet-lag, Mrs Steytler, on the contrary, was raring to go; and so we hit Paris, on foot! On our first day, we conquered the Tuilleries Gardens, the Champs Elysees, not to mention the various ice-cream, patisserie, and sweet stores along the way.

The next few days were non-stop tourism for us. Clicking photographs, eating, and lapping up everything we saw, we visited many Parisian musts, including the Louvre, the Student (Latin) quarter, and, of course, le metro.

On Monday morning, we lost our appetites as we remembered the thought of three weeks of a foreign language, with foreign people, in a foreign town. We set off for Angers in the Loire Valley.

En route to Angers, we stopped at the beautiful old town of Chartres, to admire the magnificent, eleventh century Gothic Cathedral, swarmed year-round with tourists.

Six very apprehensive girls stood on Angers station. Our fears reached a climax as we were separated and rushed off to our new homes and families.

However, the next day we were reunited, intact, at the small language school — the Centre d'Anglais et de Français, where we were to take a French Language course for the next three weeks.

Lessons were enjoyable, and only in the morning. We all lived for twelve noon when the adventure into the lunch boxes began. Although there was no English, we all managed to communicate with the friendly people we came into contact with. Contrary to back home, the school days whipped by and the dreaded weekends loomed up ahead of us. In spite of our fears, everyone was always present and correct on Monday mornings.

On our last weekend, the whole tour visited the second most popular tourist attraction in the whole of France — the magnificent and famous Mont St. Michel. We then continued to the nearby famous sea-town of St. Malo, where we walked all along the top of the wall surrounding the old part of the town, in spite of mal aux pieds; not to mention the fact that it was pouring with rain and visibility was down to zero. But with three to an umbrella and beach towels around us, we managed to reach the nearest patisserie, devoured some pain au chocolat, and reached the car, only just alive.

The next Monday we had a party at the school, to celebrate our departure and the arrival of fifteen Spaniards in our place. Then, back to our point of arrival, we jumped onto a very dark train, waving goodbye to some new, yet, very dear friends. We were on our way to the dearly familiar Paris!

Joined by Mrs Parker, we conquered the rest of Paris: la Tour Eiffel, the Bateaux Mouches, the Centre Georges Pompidou, Versailles, Notre Dame, Galeries Lafayette, not to forget our favourite restaurant: the American MacDonalds.

On our final day, the group split up — Sarah, Kathy, Joy and Mrs Parker went to England and Inken, Kirsten, Anne and Mrs Steytler returned home on a U.T.A. flight.

And so to France, au revoir et merci pour tout!
Inken Haldane and Joy Parker





Envirocape Competition

This is an annual competition organised by the Wildlife Society and open to both primary and senior school pupils. This year, two standard 7 pupils, Michelle du Toit and Lynne Bird entered the competition with a project entitled "To feed or not to feed", dealing with the problem of the Cape Point Baboons. They presented their project in the form of a 'dramatised' mock-trial, which was certainly a novel method. In addition they demonstrated that they had done their homework and were able to answer the ecological as well as the inevitable emotional questions.

We were very proud of Michelle and Lynne whose entry was awarded first prize. They won R500 for the school's Wildlife Club and a weekend away to Verlorenvlei for an archaeological dig.

Miss N Dauncey



Bain's Kloof

A night in the Bain's Kloof Mountains with Madame Steytler was an experience six matrics will not easily forget. Kelly Myburgh, Gina Niven, Lois Bailey, Carolynne McGhie, Cathy McCarthy and Chantal Simonis experienced the rigours and delights of Steenbokberg. We slept under the stars until the first raindrops sent some of us scuttling to the shelter of a much appreciated hut. For those who felt energetic enough, a brisk walk up the mountain was Madame's suggestion for Saturday morning's activities, and later, after a final swim in the cold, but refreshing river water, we set off for the bus. The walk back was thoroughly enjoyed, perhaps because this time it was all downhill.

Merci a Madame pour une si belle promenade!

Chantal Simonis

The Boland Trial

On Saturday, 27 September, 26 girls and four teachers, Mrs Feast, Mrs Adley, Miss Dauncey and Miss Grieg, met at school at 8 am. We were kindly driven by Mr Park and Mr van Zyl to Grabouw and set out on our first day's walk - 5.5km on a level sandy road. After arriving early, we spent a pleasant night at Eikenhof.

The second day's walking was begun optimistically but we soon reached the reality of some fairly steep uphill hiking. Some managed the day's 14.2km in a swift and sprightly six hours, while others took slightly longer. The general feeling that night at Landdros-kop was rather more subdued, although, I must add, there is something rewarding about lying on a rock-hard bunk in the middle of nowhere with an aching back and tired muscles.

The third day's walk of 17.6km took about an hour longer than the second day's, and involved more downhill and less uphill which I found a great relief. The group was more energetic that night at Boesmanskloof (despite the stragglers' characteristic blister-induced hobbles) and a hearty sing-song took place.

On the fourth day we walked 13km, with a good deal downhill and several beautiful swimming stops, the last of which was right at the end, at the Franschoek Pass, where we waited for Mr Park and Mr van Zyl. We would like to thank these two as well as Mrs Feast, Mrs Adley, Miss Dauncey and Miss Grieg for providing a memorable September holiday for all of us.

Samantha Bailey



Boarding House Prefects

Standing: H Dicey, N Bacela, C Simonis, G Niven, H Wood, L Murray.

Seated: Mrs P Hurn (Assistant House Mistress), S Tudhope (Head Girl), Mrs Maclean (Lady Warden), N Westgarth-Taylor (Vice Head Girl), Mrs J White (Matron).



Western Province Representatives

Standing: A Sedgwick (Equitation), J Sedgwick (Equitation), N Eckstein (Squash), A McDaniel (Equitation), I Haneekom (Squash, Hockey).

Seated: L Murray (Hockey), M van Assen (Squash), J Opie (Lifesaving), M Godson (Squash), N van Zyl (Squash).



The Crucible

ACT 1

Positive? Negative . . . Finished:
What else?
Can't think.
I am all these things —
Minus a couple of inches.
Rushed and dizzy
Through lack of time for anything,
My brain is nutrified
By Baxter Theatre Toasted
Chicken & Mayonnaise sandwiches
And curtain calls
Who knows? Who may foresee?
Norman Bates would be proud!
I may end up entangled
In the squalid depths
of some straight-jacket yet.

ACT 2

Oh! The anguish of schizophrenia!
Even asleep
My mind can conjure no more than
Images
Of a yellow albatross
Walking a beam
Tearing my face
Changing its shape.
Oh! Arthur Miller!
Did you have to endure
Examinations
Ten days after
Completing your play?
I doubt it, sir.
Your demands are inhuman,
Your audiences unreliable.
And oh!
All the well-wishers and "good-luckers"! —
How many legs can I break?

ACT 3

Somebody! Somewhere!
Tell me, before I hang myself
Accidentally on purpose
in pursuit of my lost sanity —
IS MY NAME ABBY, OR ANA?

Epilogue:

Schizophrenics in straight-jackets.
Is this what little girls are made of?

Anna Collie



ORIGINAL WORK

Standard 10

Bread

She had already knocked and was waiting patiently. Soon a cold, empty face appeared around the opening door.

"Yes?" asked the voice of a woman.

"Sal missus asseblief vir my kind 'n stukkie brood gee; hy kry honger?" she begged.

"Wait here," ordered the woman.

The door closed and she stood waiting . . . hoping. After a few moments the door opened again and a slice of bread was dumped into her outstretched hands.

"Dankie, missus. Baie dankie, missus, dankie," but the door had already closed, so her thanks went unheard. She turned slowly away from the closed door that separated her from the luxury and warmth of the white house.

The child had begun to whine and she swung him up onto her hip and moved slowly down the street. Gently, she placed pieces of bread into his little, open mouth and then wiped the crumbs from his face. His nose had started to run, so she wiped it with the back of her hand. He was still whining, so she softly crooned a lullaby, hoping that he would fall asleep. He had not been himself lately; the usual excitement and bounce in him had disappeared and his cough had begun to worry her. It was because they had no shelter at night that he had caught this cold, of that she was sure. But where could they sleep; they had no home of their own. And that morsel of bread would have to keep him satisfied until she could beg some more for him. But now, all she was worried about, was finding somewhere for them to sleep.

They spent the night in an old, deserted warehouse in the back-end of town. The windows had long since been smashed and the wind howled through the hostile building. She clutched her child protectively to her bosom to keep him warm, but she could still feel him shiver. The newspapers that she had draped over them did not provide much warmth, but at least they had a dry place to sleep — for now.

The child had vomited on the floor by the time she awoke, and lay whimpering. Lovingly, she picked him up and rocked him.

What was wrong with him? What was she to do? She left the warehouse, carrying him on her back and walked towards the top-end of town. She knew that she had to find something for him to eat; another piece of bread perhaps. It was the only food that the white people would give away and she had no money to buy any.

She walked on into the white residential area and stopped at the first house which had a neat garden. She climbed the carefully painted green steps and tapped timidly on the closed door. A white face appeared at the open window.

"What do you want?"

"Sal meneer asseblief vir my kind 'n stukkie brood gee, want hy is baie siek?" she begged. The face disappeared and she stood waiting . . . hoping.

Carolynne McGhie

Madness in A-minor

*Study hard and don't ever
Fail
To do all that is expected of
You
Can't afford to relax and do
Nothing
Is good enough for
You
Must do everything
Now
Is perhaps too late for
You
Must remember
Everything
Should have been done
Yesterday!*

Kelly Myburgh



Linda Newton-Thompson 10

The Long Walk Home

The school bell violently announces the end of another day and I slowly make my way to the front gates. The main road is unusually busy for a Monday afternoon; it must be because of the Parents' Day at the Junior School. The afternoon is hot and uncomfortable and my dress sticks to my back. The thought of my homework in my rucksack does little to make me feel happier and, in an attempt to cheer myself, I look at the displays in the shop windows.

In Cuthberts I can see my father. There is a small child with him; she looks at him with adoring eyes as he ties the laces of her first pair of school shoes. She looks down with pride at the ugly brown lace-ups. I stop, and press my face against the window so that I can see him more clearly. The child is looking at a bundle of clothes in a McDonalds packet; it's a school uniform and I can clearly see the brown and white checks of the dress. She puts the panama on her head and studies herself in the full-length mirror.

"What?" The scene fades. "No, I was only looking, thank-you."

Embarrassed, I hurry down the street without looking in any more shop windows. My head is humming with noises, voices, memories. I am in my room, darkness all around me. The voices from the next room wake me from my doze and I listen. My heart sinks and I have a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"I have never embarrassed you like that, never! How dare you accuse me of flirting with someone else's husband. How dare you ..."

"No, you listen to me. I refuse to carry on like this. I refuse to be insulted and embarrassed by your behaviour."

"Well, if you find me so insulting, go and live with **her**."

The thoughts fade again and my head throbs with the concentration. People are looking at me as I push past them in an attempt to leave the crowds of the main road. I walk into the park and sit down on a park bench. The coolness of the shade calms me and I think of the days when I didn't have to walk home — Constantia to Wynberg is a bit far by my standards. I am even hotter than before and my



Naseema Barday 8

dress is drenched with perspiration. I can't remember ever being so hot. Perhaps in the church, yes, I remember being hot in the church.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded husband ..."

"No, it's not fair. He belongs to my mother."

"If anyone can show just reason why they should not be joined in holy matrimony ..."

"Yes, I can, she stole him from us. Oh, Dad, please don't do it."

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Congratulations, Dad, I hope you are happy. You too, Mom."

I look at the time. Mom is going to be worried. I start off again. It feels as though some-

one has put a brick in my bag. My shoulder is hurting because of the weight. Mom is going to be annoyed; I promised to help arrange the furniture in our lounge and we had calculated that it would take me only twenty minutes to walk home, not thirty-five. I still have homework to do and we are going to supper at Dad's tonight. I start to walk faster.

"Sorry, Kelly, I didn't realise it was quite so far. I'll fetch you tomorrow, I promise."

Tom has helped her with the lounge furniture and I kiss him hello. I like him. In fact, I like our new home. My homework does not seem so terrible anymore and I skip to my new, clean room with its yellow curtains and bright poster.

"Can I have a cheese and ham sandwich please, mom?"

Kelly Myburgh

Homecoming

"The difference from a person and an angel is most of an angel is in the inside and most of a person is on the outside." These are the words of six-year old Anna, sometimes called Mouse, Hum or Joy. At five years Anna knew absolutely the purpose of being, knew the meaning of love and was a personal friend and helper of Mister God. At six Anna was a theologian, mathematician, philosopher, poet and gardener . . . She never made eight years, she died in an accident. She died with a grin on her beautiful face. She died saying, "I bet Mister God lets me into heaven for this," and I bet he did too." (1)

This is the story of Anna's homecoming.

For Anna, this is the point at which her life started; for those who loved her, it is the point at which it stopped. Dying, in a way, is like being energised, being transported from one place to another in a matter of seconds. One minute you're there, and the next you're not, only you don't know it. You see, your excitement about the new place is so great, that you forget what has gone before.

Anna suddenly found herself in a place that looked like the Swiss Alps in spring, only much more beautiful. It was at the bottom of a great mountain; although the mountain was high, its slopes were not steep. Lush grass covered the moist soil and at places tiny flowers pushed their heads through the green. Anna could hear the gurgling of a small brook which gushed impatiently from beneath a red-flowered bush, and disappeared again a few metres further on. Carefully, as if afraid of ruining some precious artwork, Anna left the spot which marked her arrival. At first she did not notice that the ground was not quite solid; it cushioned her small bare feet and encouraged her excitement. In her was a sense of anticipation, of seeing someone very special whom she had not seen for a long time. Anna could not see anybody else and for this she was glad because her inadequacy of words about the beauty of the place would have frustrated her. Gradually with new-gained confidence she trod the new ground until at last she rushed forward like a frisky young springbok, her long brown hair streaking out behind her. A deep joy welled up within her, overflowing almost tangibly to touch and waken her surroundings. She felt like a feather taken by a gust of wind, free and floating.

Nearing the crest of one of the lower slopes, Anna slowed her pace. She felt for the first time as if she were literally absorbing "peace". It flowed into her like sunshine and honey, penetrating her lungs, her heart and her stomach. It welled out of her eyes and stripped her naked until she was faced with the serenity and the knowledge of Truth. Pure Truth.

Before Anna stood someone so awe-inspiring that it would be impossible for me to describe him. Slowly, as if he were savouring the sight of her, he stretched out his arms, picked her up and held her close to his heart, forever.

(1) FYNN, Mister God, This is Anna.

Susan Meyer



Gabby Raaff 8

Provocation

Round and around
The wheels keep turning
The fires keep burning
What are we going to do?

On and on
People keep on trying
but people are dying
What are we going to do?

There is a smell
of burning flesh
of rotting souls
And you think you
can dance to music?
And you think you
can beat your drum?

Can you not see
That outside
A fire is burning,
Outside the world keeps turning?
What are you going to do?

Falling from the sky
The rain comes down,
Falling from a building
The bullets shoot down,
Down on the earth
The people are falling
To the ground.
And you keep dancing,
Prancing around?
What good are you doing?
You have not stopped the falling
Falling from the sky
And coming down.

Get out of your dreamworld.
You cannot stop the rain from
Pouring on the ground.

Cathy Searll

Getting Ready

From clips and bands to
gelled spikes and glitter

From natural round blue to
purple-coated slits

From blue skirts and blazers to
tight jeans and denim jackets

From little silver studs to
dangling diamonds

Hair
Eyes
Clothes
Earrings

Change

Personality?
Character?
Jill Hendry

Bubbles

Large and iridescent;
Floating and transient;
So strong and yet so fragile.
Globular enigmas,
Elusive and silent

Gone?

Gone, Forever!
Robyn Horn

The Just Society — Does It Exist?

"The just society" is a society in which all people, irrespective of race, religion or class, are given equal rights, equal opportunities and an equal say in the running of the government. Does such a society exist, anywhere? It certainly does not exist in South Africa. Here, there are laws which deny the major portion of the country's population opportunities and rights. South Africa is the object of much criticism, presently, because of her unjust society. Yet, in other countries, too, there is injustice in societies, only discrimination is not actually written into the laws of the country. For instance in India, discrimination is widespread. The "class system" is dictated by the religions of the different sects. There is an elite class which consists of rich aristocrats whom members of lower classes may not even address. "Untouchables" are members of the lower sect who live in dire poverty.

Class systems are not just, yet they occur in every society. "Justice" in a society is presumably enforced by the law, yet most lawyers belong to the 'upper' class of society, and are in a perfect position to exploit ignorant people. The laws of a country are often worded in such a way that the clever, manipulative skills of an unscrupulous lawyer can prove guilty people innocent and swindle large sums of money from inexperienced clients. There have been countless true stories published about the corrupt nature of the law-enforcers. Until the law of society really does protect the rights of citizens, a just society is an impossibility.

Philosophers, such as Karl Marx, formulated theories to solve the complicated problem of unjust societies. Marx felt that common people had a very unfair life, with no hope of achievement and few benefits. He formed the idea of communism, in which all capitalist governments were to be overthrown and in which there would be the establishment of "rule by the people" themselves. All goods produced in the communist country would be shared equally among the people and there would thus be no distinction between income groups. A street-worker would be paid the same amount as a doctor. Yet, when Lenin applied the theories of Karl Marx to Russia, people lost all incentive to produce, an understandable reaction, since competition was eliminated. People were not

equally rich, they were equally poor, yet Lenin, himself, lived in luxury. In the words of George Orwell, Communism in practice means that, "All people are equal, but some are more equal than others."

Adolf Hitler believed that it is just, in a society, for a few men of ability to rule the rest of the people, so that a country is run, not according to the popular will of the majority, but according to the skills of the best leaders of a country.

We, in the West, believe that democracy is just. Yet, with democracy comes capitalism, where some people may be enormously wealthy and others have no food. Is this a just society?

All through history, since the abolition of the Feudal System and then slavery, people have fought wars and staged revolutions in an endeavour to bring about a just society. The American Civil War brought about the abolition of slavery; the French Revolution advertised the slogan "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity", yet to date there has not been a successfully "just society" established in the world. It is my belief that, as long as people have human weaknesses, greed, thirst for power and wealth, a just society is simply a Utopian ideal.

Cathy Gibaud

The Gallop

Sweaty horse, whirling around —
Thunder of hooves; I crouch forward
My hands on his powerful neck and
I am swept away on the wind and the motion
of my horse.
Galloping, we surge forward, our spirits one,
Energy created, used and spent,
Tears flow down my cheeks as
we flash past the other horse.
The trees flicker by and we are alone:
The rhythmic pounding of his feet is the only
sound as
We float across the sand.
Joy bubbles up inside me and I pat
His hard, sweaty neck,
And check him from the gallop.

Lisa Higgo

Sea

Fascinating creature
Of ever changing moods
Hiding secrets of the untouched deep
While offering solace
To broken men.

Alison Durr



Carey Bridgman 8



Amelia Opie 7

"And God Created Man"

Man, God's ultimate creation. Is this what we are? God gave us the ability to reason, to choose. He gave us intelligence above instinct. This is what makes man superior to animals: he has intelligence. Man is thus in a position to manipulate his environment to serve his own needs and to improve his way of life. Man, this marvellous, intelligent creature, can appreciate beauty and can create beautiful things himself.

But mankind has another side, an ugly side. He can destroy. It is his intelligence that gives him the ability to destroy. The same intelligence which created poetry, painting and sculpture created gunpowder, tanks and war. Intelligence enabled man to extract gold and precious stones from the earth to create objects of great beauty and his intelligence enabled him to create the nuclear bomb from an atom.

So how intelligent is man? Is it intelligent to use your "intelligence" to destroy your means of life, yourself? Man can appreciate beauty, yet he destroys it with his wars, with pollution, with his greed. By doing this, man is showing himself to be anything but superior to other animals. He is not using his intelligence as it was intended to be used. He is destroying not creating. He is allowing the environment he sought to manipulate to serve his needs to manipulate him. Very intelligent!

Amid his destructiveness, man has one redeeming feature, his intelligence. He knows what he is doing to himself and his environment and is thus able to take preventative measures. He is aware of pollution and its dangers; he is aware of danger of nuclear arms and nuclear power. It is this awareness that enables him to take preventative steps against these dangers. They would be all the more dangerous if ignored. Intelligence provides the only hope for the survival of mankind.

Intelligence makes life worth living and makes the distinction between living and existing. We can understand and benefit from the fruits of others' achievements and discoveries. Our lives are enriched by literature and art. Progress in scientific fields gives us cures for disease and enables us to enjoy good health. Without intelligence we would not be able to communicate or have friends. Our intelligence also makes us realise what the defects in our characters are. We can see our faults and shortcomings. Our intelligence enables us to hurt others and to be hurt by others. It enables us to love and to hate and to be hated.

Intelligence could be the cause of mankind's destruction or the means of his salvation. It is what gives him pleasure and fulfilment and what causes him pain and sorrow. It is God's double-sided gift. Do we thank or hate him for it?

Lyndall du Plessis



Lucille Frye 9

Segregation Separation
 A
 Single
 Harmless word
 White
 or Black
 decides your fate
 Luxury
 Justice
 Respect or Hardship
 Respect or Injustice
 or Contempt

A difference in the colour
 Of skin
 Divides humanity
 And provides an atmosphere
 In which hate can grow

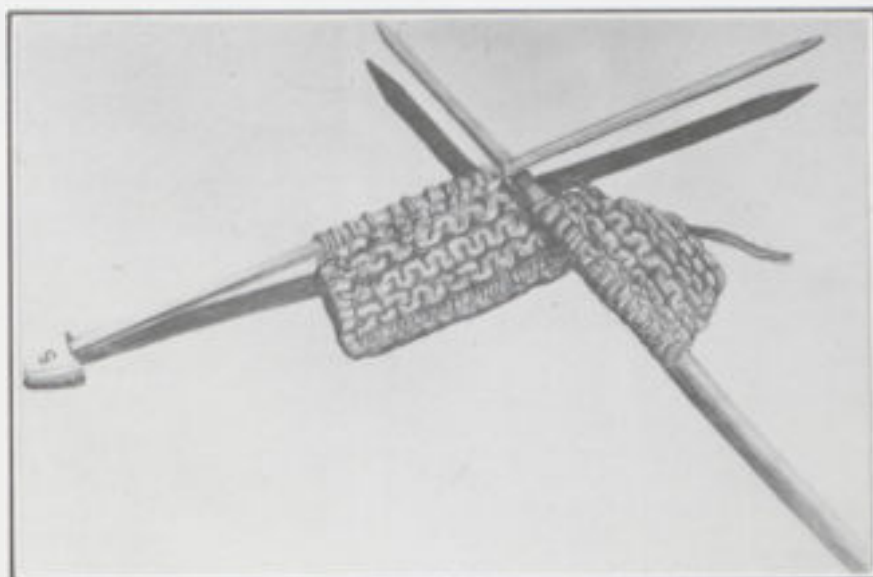
Are we so repulsed
 By colour?
 Or is it what that
 Colour
 Stands for?
 That colour is
 A generalization of individuals
 The colours are barriers
 which curb progress, growth and fellowship.

Why should our appearance
 Change what we are —
 Humans
 With the same bodies and minds,
 Feelings, ambitions and emotions
 And all
 With the ability to love and give.

Shouldn't we all be treated equally
 And not be judged
 By the colour
 Of our skin ?

An enormous step
 For civilization will be taken
 When
 Whites accept Blacks
 And
 Blacks accept Whites
 When
 The barriers of prejudice
 Are forced
 Down
 And when
 Out of unity —
 Unity of minds, bodies and souls
 Of all men,
 Despite colour —
 Comes —
 Strength.

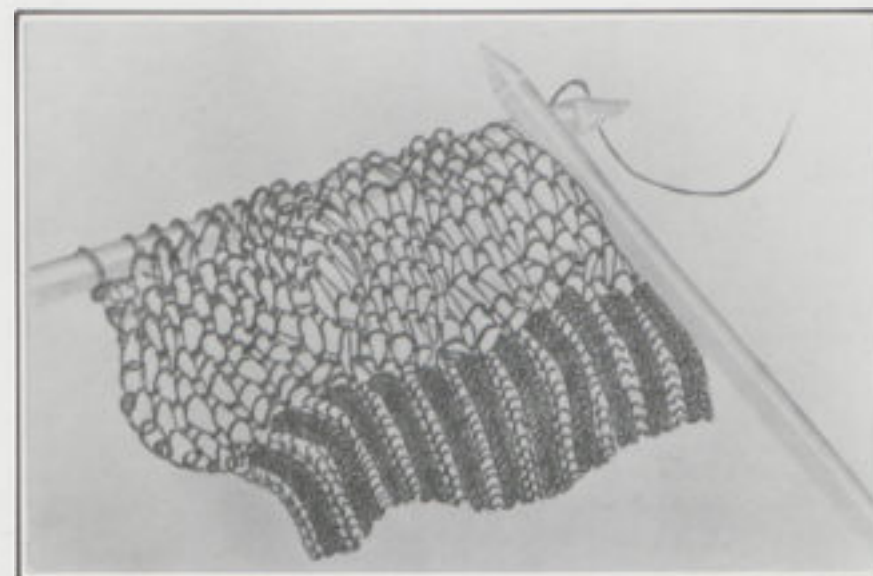
Michelle Booth



Alex Forsyth 8



Lucille Frye 9



Samantha Bendaulla 8

My Secret Life

Four o'clock. Alone. Dark. Cold. Exams. Learn. Learn. Must. Anxious. Work. Aloner. Paper. Paper. Paper. Yes, paper. I am dizzy. I have paper all around me now. I can't breathe very well. All I see is white enveloping me. The paper of my Biology book beckons me. I am on page sixteen.

Number sixteen is large and black. I see white everywhere else. Far in the distance, towards the top of the page, I see the diagram of a cell. I have been trying so hard to learn the structure of the cell but it just will not sink in, so I have to sink into it. Every day when I am learning for exams I long to escape. Now I am here, in the paper. Today it is Biology. Tomorrow, most probably, Geography. I could be in China tomorrow and Mexico the next!

Rough. My hands glide over the lines in my book. I stretch out on all sides. I am as big as the space between two lines. The blue line on which I usually write is drowning me. It is like a turquoise, glassy hippo pool. Lumps of mud swirl around me as I crawl restlessly between the slogdes of ink from my fountain pen. Whew! Now I have reached whiteness again. It is as if I have gone blind or I am stranded where ice goes on for miles. No body is near. Will anybody ever reach me? I strain my eyes to spot some blurred colour across the horizon of the paper. I wish I knew how colour was made and why trees are green and the sky blue. Just imagine if everything in the world were white. Oh no, then nobody would be able to see how tanned I am in summer! Then I would not be able to hope to find jewels at the bottom of the rainbow.

I run across the paper to the diagram of the cell. As I move, the paper crunches beneath my feet. This page is almost as good as a gigantic springboard. The perspiration dribbles from my forehead and I feel clammy after my long run. I wonder if my mother is coming to check up on how much work I've been doing? But I relax. I feel quite at ease and very tranquil.

In the cell, I dance between the chromosomes and then I jump from one ribosome to the next. Even though none of my friends is with me to share in my exuberance, I don't mind the solitude, for I don't think they would enjoy my secret life.

If I could just stay inside this paper, I would not have to write exams; I would not be faced with any social or political problems; I would be content.

I have not mentioned how fluffy used paper can be. It has millions of rubbed-up threads of paper, which I imagine could be seen through a microscope. It tickles if you roll in the very fluffed-up areas which look like white blades of grass.

As I lie down to rest on the cushiony nucleo-

lus with its partly formed ribosomes, I begin to dream of those wonderful carefree holidays I spent at Llandudno. I begin to long to see the surfers riding the white foamy waves and how they bob up and down on the crests of waves as they wait for the next one. I can almost smell the salty sea air. Slowly a more intoxicating smell seeps up my nostrils. It is the smell of ink on paper. The strong smell of dry, blue ink invades the air, making me feel quite dizzy.

It is time for me to return to my bedroom, to a world filled with bustle, worry, confusion and problems! Oh, I will miss you, my white world, until I see you tomorrow . . .

I can't get out. I begin to struggle. I slash my hands against the paper. I have to get out. My mother's footsteps become clearer as she advances up the passage. I sweat in panic. I whimper. My face becomes cold; my body hot. I want to scream. I am dizzy. Hot. Cold. I taste paper in my mouth. The ink tastes bitter. The paper becomes lumpy in my mouth, very soggy and tasting rotten like dry sweat. The taste disappears. I am dizzy. What is going on? White? Red margin? Blue line? Paper? Dizzy.

No

I am still dizzy. I gasp for breath. I rest my head on my desk. My brain is swirling. The paper is torn up into many tiny pieces and scattered on my bedroom floor. Some pieces are wet and cold; others are crisp and dry. I have left my secret world, my secret life.

It is clear

My mother pauses outside my bedroom door. I check to see if the pills are carefully hidden.

Mandy Porter

Sixteen

*I'm not old enough to be sixteen yet.
I like peanut-butter
and ice-cream
and I read Enid Blyton
and I eat popcorn at the cinema.*

*I cuddle my teddy-bear sometimes
(Biggie is his name)
and snuffie into my pillow
when I'm upset,
or afraid.*

I get afraid, sometimes . . .

Sometimes I get afraid
because I feel rather small,
and problems can be so big
and feelings so strong,
and there's nowhere to hide,
and there's nowhere to go.

But I'm sixteen now
and I can take care of myself
and I'm all grown-up
and responsible now . . .

but I don't think I'm old enough
to be sixteen yet.

Jessica Turner

Bubbles

Floating, gliding, soaring,
through the smog-filled air,
lost to sight.
A cluster of bubbles
sees the world at
a fleeting glance
And, disliking what they see,
They pop!
Clare Meredith



New Lincoln 6

A Hidden Land

There is a land I know of, far away, where reality sleeps and the abstract floats over the ground like a gentle mist. The trees are stark and there is an open sky; and the light is quite different; and the air is still since the weatherman retired. Elusive forms, half there, half not, flit through the trees with indolent stealth, and if your eyes turn inwards you can see them, perhaps. It is a land of thoughts and dreams. It is where I go when my mind drifts away and my eyes turn inward and follow the thoughts into dark corners and over invisible borders.

This land could be the backdrop of a play, for it is so stark and so simple it is hardly there. When I come to watch, my musings and ponderings slip out from behind the trees and dance lightfooted over the powdery earth. They bow and twist and knot themselves; dance furiously, faster, and faster, and then spin apart into showering droplets that fall in a lucid spray to curtsy and slip off into the dark. Here in this land, on this stage, a drama is played out and my dreams are enacted. When the applause has died I am a little bit older, a little bit wiser and little bit closer to knowing myself.

Often the land seems to be made of icy filigree, with scratchy branches etching mystic signs into a black sky. Then the light is pure and white and glances off the pale faces hidden in dark crannies. Then the hidden souls of hidden people come out and edge shyly up to you and then it is a land where pretences have been stripped away and where all that remains of the people I know, is a pitiful glance and a naked white face.

Sometimes the air is hot and the light is bright. The trees cast no shadows and the air throbs with the sound of crickets. The trees are shrivelled and there is nothing to be seen in the glare of the white light, except myself. And then in the empty, sleepy world of my subconscious the thoughts hide in me, in search of shade, and I softly sleep. Then the light drains away and dreams come to take my hand and lead me out to other worlds, past the border of sleep.

But what I have found, more and more, is that it is a land of doubts and fears. I go there when nothing seems solid or secure and the rotted, crumbling tree trunks sigh and sift into oblivion at my touch. Then the land is bare and the white light above, no sun, no moon, hangs like a naked lightbulb, wakening all the dark corners where doubts and fears hide. I cannot hide my face for the light is everywhere and there is no escape.

Whatever this land may be or seem, it is a place where I can see a few people's souls unwrapped and honest. It is where I go when I need to understand, to ponder. Here my secret inner being, so vulnerable, so fragile, can be looked at and examined without fear that breath will blow it away forever.

Jessica Turner



Monica Drummond-Hay 6

We Thought It Could Never Happen Here!

The news was out! The front page of the *Daily Insecticide* was covered in the story and the helpless plea on everyone's lips was, "We thought it could never happen here!"

It came as a complete shock. No insect in the whole of the underground city of Buglia had ever pondered the idea but now it had become a reality. Within the next week they were going to churn up, demolish and finally tar over the capital of all the Buglia cities around the world.

The situation was disastrous. Buglia, apart from housing around two million fleas, ants, stink-bugs and crickets, was also the site for the International Parliament of Crawling Insects. Not even their motto, "Insects last, Bagon don't" could be any help to their approach to the situation.

It was a case of mass hysteria and panic. The city had to be evacuated within the next few days.

Dragon-flies were called in and loaded up with anything from museum antiques to larvae and Earthworm Tunnel Seven was completely blocked. Pupils were marched in trains to safety and even wasps from a private airline, "Beeline Travels", were hired to help

carry the honey stores out of the city. Everyone was called upon to do his bit, including the Kamakazi beetles, who were especially useful in the delicate task of transporting "nitclear" bombs.

There was no time for sleep. The governing grasshopper was in a state of turmoil. Buglia since its day of Independence had never suffered such a disaster. But the big question was: Who was the traitor? Who was the undercover ally of the Cape City Council? They had the Federal Bureau for Insect Investigation on the case but who knows how long an investigation on the case would take, especially with the city in this state. Suddenly the noise outside subsided and there was a tremendous shaking, vibrating feeling...

"Jonny, Jonny, were you day-dreaming again?" It was the hot breath of the infuriated teacher on my neck. "You have an exam to write and hand in in thirty minutes! You had better get going, if you want to finish."

"Not again," I groaned as I desperately scribbled down a insubstantial answer to the first question. I must really try to get out of this day-dreaming habit.

"Calling all residents of Buglia. I have an important announcement to make," the voice of the governing grasshopper boomed over the loudspeaker...

Natasha van Zyl



Naseema Barday 8

Loneliness

*I trod beside the harbour slip,
slimy and black,
moped along a drear harbour wall
and watched
a seagull turn his back,
and jump into the breeze.
I stumbled away from car-radio music,
that jived to the beat
and an alien song that I knew well.
Far-away people laughed by the rocks,
a measure from me.
I wandered,
suspended,
to where they still argued
not having noticed I'd gone.*

Jessica Turner

At the Hairdresser

*I sat for hours,
waiting.
Waiting for my turn.
People rushed in and out,
Hairdressers buzzed frantically,
Scissors clipped savagely
But I still waited.

"Next!"

I looked up,
A pair of eyes were set on me
I changed seats
Curls fell gently to the floor,
Covering it like the lining of a bird's nest.

There, in the mirror was a new image,
A new face,
A new hairstyle,
A new person,
me.*

Melissa van Assen

Hysterics!

*Scientific Hydroelectrics was a total bore,
Until a corny joke from Lesley sent us rolling
on the floor.
Bridget gave a snigger,
And Cathy gave a snort
And muffling my giggles into my books I
feared we would be caught.*

*So watch out for those silly jokes,
In Maths or French or Physics
For before you even know where you are,
You'll end up in . . .*

Hysterics!

Natasha van Zyl

*Heads lowered over rough, worn desks,
Brows furrowed,
Concentrating,
Anticipating,
Hoping
For the end of the lesson.*

Gail Fitzpatrick

Poppies

*"Tree rend a bunch, merrim,
beste poppies here on the parade, né"
The fragile flame-coloured petals fluttered
beseechingly
"Koep 'n bietjie sunshine, merrim,
Master make the missus héppy."*

*Today I bought a piece of South African sun-
shine —
It was wrapped in dirty newsprint
stating:*

**BOMB BLAST. 13 KILLED —
STATE OF EMERGENCY**

*It meant:
hate,*

*violence,
fears,
heartaches,
barriers*

Sun, please shine on South Africa.

Laura Woulidge

Drifting

He opened his eyes slowly. It had rained during the night, but now the sun shone down warmly and tiny droplets of dew glistened in the bright light. He was stiff and cold, as his patched and worn-out old coat offered little protection against the harsh bitterness of the winter nights. As he struggled to his feet, he realized that, like his coat, he was no longer as strong as he used to be.

Straining his tired old eyes, he wearily looked down the long dirt road, praying that today he might find the job that he so badly needed. He had not eaten for many days now and the time just seemed to drag on and on laboriously. He was growing weaker, too, and each step he took was taken with burdensome effort. He wanted, with all his heart, to be able to sit down and rest for a while, but he knew that he had to carry on.

The sun beat down cruelly on his head and a stream of sweat was trickling down his neck. Occasionally a car swooshed past him, but he knew that there was no chance that he might be given a lift to the end of this long and dusty road, which snaked its way between high mountains. He looked down at his brown, weather-beaten hands, cracked with age and hard work, and wondered why it was that his people were so discriminated against. It all seemed so unfair, yet he had to accept what was his fate in life.

Now the sun was beginning to sink towards the horizon. Flocks of small birds headed in the direction of nearby trees, in order to prepare themselves for a peaceful night. The old man trudged onwards as a blanket of gloom slowly seemed to cover his surroundings.

Just then, he noticed a big, white farm house, looming up ahead of him. His heart began to flutter uncontrollably and his steps became lighter as he made his way up the long drive. Perhaps, at last, the moment he had been waiting for, for such a long time, had arrived. Perhaps he would find employment. Perhaps he would now be able to buy his wife that new dress he had been promising her for so many years.

The flowers along the driveway nodded their heads in the evening breeze, and the dogs yapped excitedly as they followed the stranger.

Just then, a window in the house opened.

The old man's heart gave a lurch. A young lady poked her head out angrily and shouted, "Sorry, there is no work here."

He turned slowly and his heart became heavy as he felt the bitter disappointment he had experienced so often before. He turned and made his way down the drive, which now seemed painfully long in the approaching darkness. Sadly he wondered if he was destined to spend the rest of his life just drifting aimlessly around the countryside.

Lesley Millar

The Comet

A small,
insignificant,
Puff of cloud.

Penny Cheesman

Sorrow

*All that is beautiful
No longer exists
All that is colourful
Turns grey
You are in a dark, lonely world
And there seems to be no light
No
No light at all.*

Michele Kroon

Freedom

*Growing together —
Black and White.
Laughing and crying together,
Breaking down the barrier
between their colours.*

Will they ever be free?

*We can create freedom for others —
this will come in time.
It is not enough . . .*

*"Enough" will be when
the white boy
takes the hand of the black boy,
and gives him his name . . .
with love.*

Sindy Emmerich

"To Be or Not To Be?"

The dry wind tugs at the few charcoaled leaves on the bare tree. It kicks up smouldering ash and takes the smell of burning to another place. The sun scorches down on the barren landscape and the tangled, distorted trees stand defenceless against its raw energy. There is no life, just a familiar bleakness.

Isn't this scene like Life — a burnt offering to God after the world has used and discarded you? When people have scorched you with selfishness, blazed you with hate, charred you with greed and burnt you with dishonesty and humiliation; where is there hope in this bleak desolation and disillusionment?

Is life worth living when no-one seems to be there to love or support you and you stand vulnerable and wounded against life's relentless batterings?

Days go by; nothing changes. The barren landscape has remained the same, like a photograph on the wall. Depression and dependency continue. There seems to be nothing — no-one. But wait! A tiny glitter of bright green growth pushes its head through the dirty ground like a hesitant squirrel after hibernation. There is hope — love? No, deceived, the bud shrivels up like a brave person fighting back until, realizing the power of the enemy, he is filled with fear and retreats.

Then, suddenly, the clouds build up and the rain falls, rain — the life blood sent from God, the creator not the destroyer, rain — love for the washing of wounds and healing of souls, rain — tears of forgiveness, tenderness and gratitude. Oh joy! There is cause for living.

The face of the landscape gradually changes, stimulated by the healthy rain. Green buds sprout up first in one area then in another and eventually the barren landscape — not so any more — is dotted with green, and then with colour.

So, with the dawn of new hope, the human experience first finds only a few strands of comfort. Then gradually love grows again in the once barren soul. Strength and confidence develop with understanding and love, just as the bud grows with nurturing and beauty comes out of harshness.

The charred evidence still remains but happiness, a colourful rainbow from God, giver of all beauty and peace, reveals a promise for a colourful, beautiful future.

Michelle Booth

Standard 8



Julie van Rijswijk 7

Drought

Slush, Slush
The little mountain stream goes
As the rain spatters down
To the ground.

Hush, Hush
The trees go
As the breeze sways them
To and fro.

Rustle, Rustle
The leaves go
As they fall gently to the ground
Brown and shrivelled.

Crackle, Crackle
The trees go
As they dry up cruelly
In the blazing sun.

No trees, No breeze
No leaves, No stream
Nothing.
Drought.

Olga McCrindle

Skyscrapers

Tall, straight, unmoving
They go up, up
Their antennae ticking the clouds.
Eyes, hundreds of eyes
Ever looking
With bored expressions
Staring out over a colony of their own kind.
Dead, lonely
In isolated companionship
With their lonely carbon copies.

They rise up
Ever watchful
Uncomplaining about
Their never-ending vigil.
Satisfied to protect
From wind, rain and snow.
Are we grateful?
Never a word of thanks
From the race we call human —
The inconsiderate race.

This is the life of a skyscraper.

Tessa Mills

Secrets

Dear Diary

I was wrong to say that I'm not at fault for what is happening. This war is everybody's fault and I should be worthy of my own criticism should I state otherwise. Today I watched my school burn down; in a blazing inferno I witnessed how my refuge fell. Mrs Duff told the headgirl that arrangements would be made to continue with examinations and mock matriculation. I no longer care.

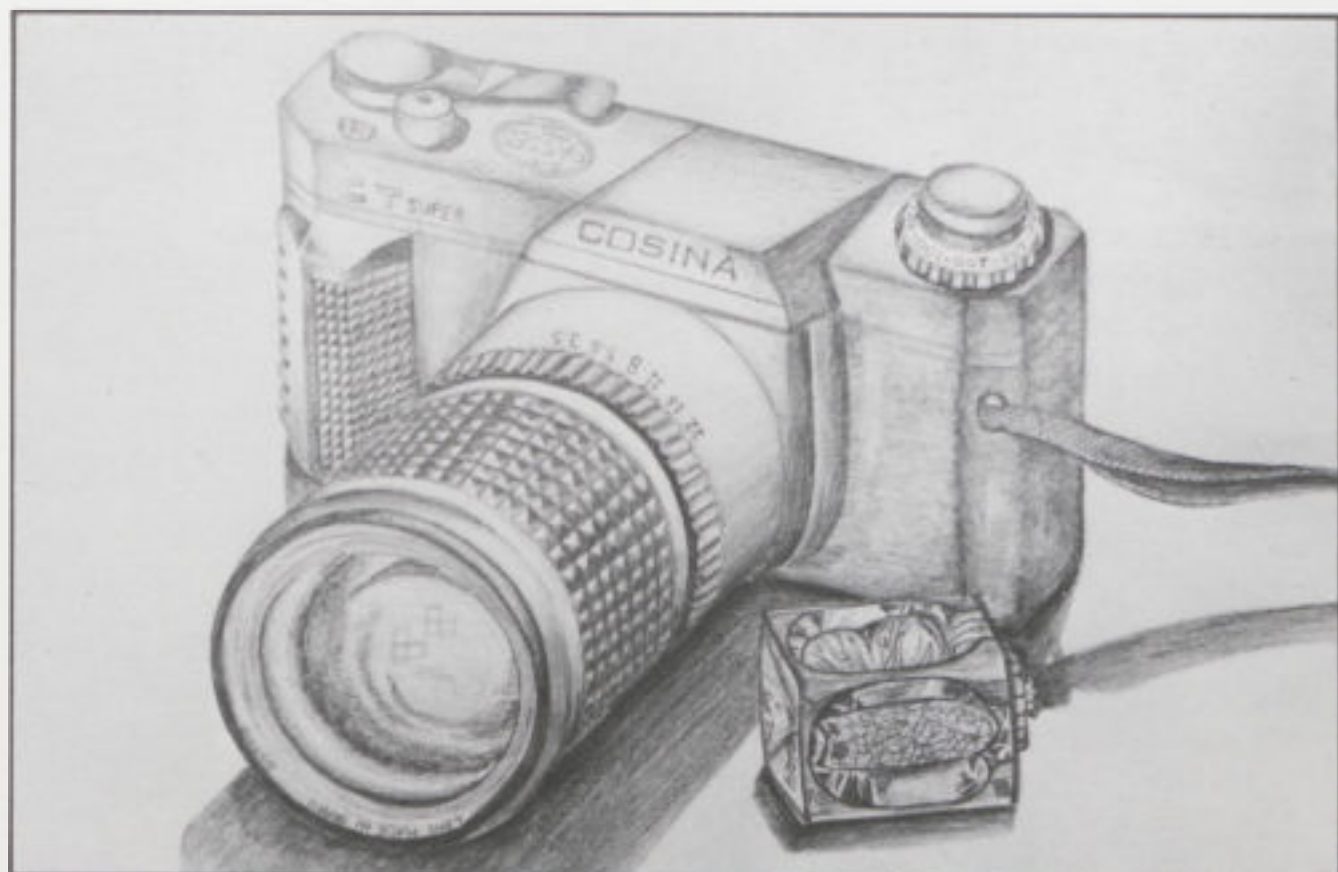
Why didn't we ever listen, diary? I can be pious about it; I was one of the politically aware! Now that we are engaged in civil war and our future is a bleak suggestion of "blood, sweat and tears," we cry and we regret. What it is to have been politically aware when my home and sanctuary is in turmoil and the political victims are located in bloody combat with the politically masterful.

We have not heard from my brother since January. As a military deserter he faces a death warrant. But, diary, he is a man moved by morals, not by government. I cannot comprehend the nature of this official accusation. I live in fear that the final decision to draft women may be considered. It may have been already; like the war, these things remain secret till the last.

We received a letter from our neighbours, the Johnsons, who emigrated to Australia in 1984. John has had a promotion and is now in full partnership and Andrea graduated with honours from Sydney university. I wish we had similarly good news to impart. I will have to tell them about my sister's arrest for contravention of section 4a of the revised Internal Security Act. My mother wanted it kept secret. Mother is becoming so neurotic; it is beginning to fray my nerves. She has even decided to give up her Black Sash work following the unexplained detention of the local chairwoman on Saturday. I tried to discourage her but her mind is made up. I wish my father would come home from the border. It is so difficult being on our own.

I must stop now. I promised to visit Joe before curfew. He, at least, is a tower of strength and a true friend. His stint at Pollsmoor has changed him subtly, made him harder and more reliable. Yesterday we went to a friend's funeral on the edge of the township and before the police gunfire dispersed us, I sensed a kind of camaraderie and kinship, a joint strength and hope that I believe will ultimately conquer government secrets and tactics. The new South Africa we build will be a land of freedom and salvation — ours to build and ours to uphold.

Sarah Penny



Lisa Higgo 9

Robert Smith

There are certain memories of my childhood that are today still very vivid in my mind: my first day of school, my first summer camp, a trip to the circus on my tenth birthday, but most special of all was my first date.

I was 15 years old and totally in love, not with anyone in particular, but rather with the idea of being in love. So, when Alex told me that Robert Smith, the most popular boy in the school, had asked her to arrange a date with me, I walked around for days with a dazed smile and starry eyes.

Everything was going to be perfect and I waited eagerly for the day to arrive. But, as the long-awaited day dawned, the excited flutters in my stomach turned into a tight knot of anxiety and then into sweat-dripping fear. What if he doesn't like me? What if I laugh too loudly or say something dumb? What if...?

It was five o'clock and Robert was due to arrive at half past seven. Two hours to get ready, but where to start? First a cool shower and then for my nails. Everything was going perfectly. I didn't spill the polish and for once my hair did as it was told. The next step was the eye-liner, but the first stroke streaked across my cheek and turned into a dirty black smudge when I tried to clean it up. When I finally got it under control, I realized that there is some truth in the old proverbs, and the saying "time waits for no man" was definitely true as the clock had continued to tick out its careful rhythm and had miraculously found its way to seven fifteen.

As I picked up my white pencil-skirt and blue shirt, I thought for the one thousandth time that evening: "Why didn't I borrow Alex's sweater or Sam's blue shoes? This is all wrong". As I desperately tried to make up a new outfit my sister barged into my room. "Hurry, hurry, he's here!" she shouted and half pushed, half dragged me into my clothes and laughingly shoved me into the lounge.

As I walked into the room, everyone stopped talking and turned to stare at me. My mother began to sniff and kept repeating to herself, "She's all grown up, my baby's leaving me." My father looked as if he had been talking about his favourite subject (how the government should be run) and standing beside him was a tall, handsome stranger, whose presence seemed to fill the room. Robert was the first to speak; he thanked my parents and expertly wheeled me out of the door, only to be confronted by a soaking downpour which opened up with full force as we ran for the car. We sat in the car in silence, each with our own thoughts. I could feel my hair plastered to my head and thought of the make-up running down my face, and suddenly I desperately needed to laugh.

I turned towards Robert and saw a naughty twinkle shine in his eyes. Suddenly we were bending over double, holding our sides, and laughing till I felt I would burst. All the tension was gone and we could both talk naturally. I told him about the torment that I had gone through and we laughed even more. It was better than I could have ever dreamed, and even though I have had many boyfriends since then, in my heart there will always be a secret corner for Robert Smith.

Fiona Sass

Feelings For a Child

*How do you feel,
tell me,
When you hear of a
Black child
Who died
near a garbage dump,
because the dogs beat him
To his daily meal?*

*How do you feel,
tell me,
When you hear of a
Black child
Who stole
to ease the pain
of a burning empty pit inside,
Urged only by an instinct called survival?*

*How do you feel,
tell me,
When you hear of a
Black child
Shot dead
in the back
for a trivial matter,
Like throwing a stone?*

*Yes, Tell me
How do you feel?
Tell me, White mother.*

Naseema Barday



Rosanne Leith 9

Standard 7

That Was Then and This Is Now

I had a house in Crossroads, two houses from the tap. I was born there, I grew up there, I had friends there, I found a wife there, we had children there and I was happy.

In Crossroads, everybody smiled and everybody was content. Life from day to day was not very exciting and most days were the same; though as I grew from a baby to a boy, to a teenager, to a man, my lifestyle changed to fit these stages. As a baby, my mother would set me in the sun in my foam-lined apple crate. I knew no other bed. If it was cool, or raining, my mother would tie me onto her back with a green blanket. I jiggled on her back with the movement of her supportive bottom; this made me happy.

As a boy, I spent all my days with my friends, Thembo and George. Sometimes George's brother, Philamon, would join us. My sisters, Lindy and Popie, would always play with Thembo's sisters, Mopsie and Lila. Sometimes they would play with us when they needed "fathers" for their game. In Crossroads, nobody had toys, so we had to innovate. We often used to build little huts out of newspaper. However, I had one toy, my hoop. It was actually the rim of a bicycle wheel, but I did not tell anybody. Boys and girls would spend hours chasing it, using a stick to push it. We would speed along the dusty, gravel roads between the houses. The lady, Elisabeth, across the road, always shouted at us.

As a teenager, George, Thembo, Philamon and I would push trollies for the white people at Checkers. I always pushed the trollies for the madams, because they tipped the most. In the late afternoons, we would talk, or gamble with the day's tips.

As a young man, I married a marvellous woman called Julia. Julia was not so thin, but she always smiled and hugged me like a great, big marshmallow. Julia was very good at making babies, although it was often difficult to see if one was on the way. Altogether she gave me six beautiful babies, four girls and two boys. Julia died giving birth to our seventh child, but it died along with my wife.

I am now in a cold, grey, lifeless cell with my oldest friend, George. We still don't know why we have been locked up here. I don't know why they have not told us of our offence. George says that the people are still trying to invent an offence for us. However, thinking of my family, and how I had a house in Crossroads, two houses from the tap, only makes me sad. So I must forget it, because that was then and this is now.

Claire Howse

Peer Pressure

*The smoke lifts, curls, and drifts stealthily away,
a small, furtive circle whispers and . . .
offers one offensive, white stick.
At first, refusal.
What would my father do?
Then, slowly, he stretches one hand forth
reluctantly.
The hand receives the gift (or is it?).
He inhales deeply and coughs in shattering
spasms.
A nervous giggle escapes from the shamed
victim
While mockery resounds on all sides.
He tries again and this time nausea,
enveloping and engulfing,
threatens to overcome him.
He says to himself,
"Why am I doing this?
I don't like it or even agree with it.
I shan't."
He returns the small white stick,
gets up and breaks the circle.
It slowly moves and the space is filled.
He looks back.
Smoke lifts, curls, and drifts stealthily away.*

Elisabeth Mallet

The Private School

I stand and watch the Mercedes
roll up and glide to a standstill.
A uniformed chauffeur
humble and polished
waits with patient subservience.
A jaguar, gleaming and pretentious
whispers to a stop
and
the beautifully coiffured mother
waits.
They have time to waste,
they have no commitments
apart, of course,
from pressing engagements with the
hairstresser.
Suddenly, an ungainly Valiant
clanks up the drive.
Six disapproving, blonde heads turn.
The driver shouts,
"Hurry Lara, business is waiting."
and roars away.
After a few moments of shocked silence
The heads swivel around and resume their
talk
about Clive's promotion and Mark's braces.
They don't understand.

Elisabeth Mallet

Loneliness

*Life was full of laughter, happiness and fun
Never dreamt that I would be the lonely one,
Running in the backyard, children big and
small,*

*Playing in the garden, life was just a ball.
Football in the garden, me and my sons,
Mama in the kitchen making sugar buns.
Life was full of laughter, happiness and fun
Never dreamt that I would be the lonely one.*

*Growing up years were full of many joys,
Jenny was so pretty — and going out with
boys,
Time went by like autumn leaves
Falling off a tree
Till the only people in the house were Mama
and me.*

*The kids grew up so quickly and soon they
left home
Moved out and got married, had kids of their
own,
But with visits from our children
Our happy years passed by,
But we were still together, dear Mama and I,
Until the day dear Mama died, for she was
old and sick
And happiness stopped dead like a clock that
wouldn't tick.*

*I had to sell my house —
I was put into a home
Never knew my kids would leave me, to live
all on my own.
Occasional visits are all I have to break
The silence of a life, a life I cannot take,
And memories are all I have of life I had be-
fore,
When life was full of laughter, apple pie and
more.*

*But summer days must end,
When winter's on its way
And my happiness must end
Just like a summer's day,
And when winter's rain is falling,
My tears are falling too,
For all that was
And all that's lost
And so, I am begging you —
Hang on to time for it is short
And precious while it's there
And memories are all I have
These memories I share,
When life was full of laughter, happiness and
fun
Never dreamt that I would be the lonely one.*

Mandy Gersh

*There was a young fellow called Jack
Whose favourite colour was black
He slipped in a puddle
and got in a muddle
And from then on he wore his old mac.*

Doranne McDonald

Little Things That Mean a Lot

A few years ago, I had an experience that I'll never forget. I'll always remember that day, as it changed my attitude towards myself and towards society.

It was my tenth birthday. My mother had invited all my friends, including the maid's daughter, Anne, to my party. I had never really thought before about Anne, never realised how different she was. I was at the stage when I used not to care or think about other people. I never stopped and thought about the poverty that surrounded Anne at her home; I couldn't imagine having to walk two kilometres to obtain water, or travelling for hours by train to reach school. I was always showing Anne my new toys and clothes, and when I could no longer squeeze into my old clothes, I'd automatically hand them down to her. I never thought how it must feel for her always to have second best, always to get the "hand-me-down" clothes, and most of all, how it must feel to come to my house where she was swallowed in wealth. I never thought what it must be like to be a young South African caught up in South African politics.

It happened towards the end of my party. Anne's mother was hurriedly trying to clean

up. I was in a very bad mood, even though I had received many expensive gifts. When Anne asked me why I was upset, I answered scornfully that my mother had not given me the birthday present I had hoped for; instead of giving me a trip overseas, she had given me a grand piano!

I am now ashamed of myself when I think about the attitude I had. I obviously did not realise what the priorities of life were. Just before Anne left, my mother suddenly remembered that the previous week it had been Anne's birthday. As a special treat, my mother allowed her to choose any one of my new toys, as I already possessed so many! I'll never forget Anne's expression; she was faced with more dolls than she had ever seen, and she was allowed to choose one! I saw her eyes glance towards the biggest, most expensive doll. She then did the most remarkable thing. She chose the smallest and ugliest doll of them all, a doll small enough to fit into one of her hands, and what's more, she was really happy. She was, in fact, the happiest girl I had ever seen. She had learned that material objects do not produce happiness and that she did not have to have the biggest and the best to be happy, but that she could hold happiness in her hand.

Amelia Opie



Troye McLulich 9

Boredom

Thick eyelids,
Drooping heavily over eyes
Tired from staring
At the bedroom walls.

Hands hanging
Limp from arms
Tired from doing nothing
On a long day.

It comes in
Any time or place
To anybody
With any name.

You can not
Escape it,
For Boredom
Defeats everybody.

Eva Disler

Memories of my childhood

Except for one or two incidents, I do not recall any of my life before the age of five, which was when my father was transferred to a little South West African fishing village, Walvis Bay. We lived there for only three years but it was here that I met some of my closest friends, had some of my most interesting first-time experiences, and it was here too that I learned of the happiness and joys of living.

When I first stepped out of the aeroplane at Walvis Bay's windswept airport, I remember just how small I felt against the vast expanse of desert. Driving along the seemingly endless road from the airport to the town, I made my first friend, Katherine Jurgons. When we arrived at this windy little village, we had to stay in a bungalow for the first three months. All I can remember about those three months was that the fridge was always full of little bottles of guava juice. I attended a nursery school and, by going in a lift club, met two girls who were to be my best friends for the next two years, Melissa and Janine van Assen.

The only other recollection I have of my first year was of meeting Ian Coulson, my boy-friend for the next six years. The first year was soon over and I prepared myself for "big school".

From the very first day, when Ian and I walked into the large foyer of Duneside Primary School hand in hand, I loved it. I made friends very fast, many of whom, although I left after Sub B, are still very dear in my memory and I in theirs.

I remember, too, with dreamy eyes, our camps in the beautiful Namib desert. About four families would go together and the children would sit around their own fire, braaing



Lee Bertack 7

marshmallows. I remember sliding down Dune Seven, the highest dune in the area, and lying in my sleeping bag at night, watching the stars.

I am very grateful for those three years because, without them, I would not be what I am now. They were like a rock on which I built my character.

Sandi van Hoogstraten

Candy Floss

The wispy pink cloud
leaves the lingering flavour
of the sugar ghost.

Donna Christie

The Snake

The long, sleek body of the snake
Pours through the crack of the overhanging rock,
Its delicate scales shimmering in the morning sun.
Its two-forked tongue flickers
Like lightning in a stormy sky.
Pausing, it lifts its head as quietly as night
As lordly as a king.
The king of reptiles.
As lesser creatures scatter in fear
Of its long slow approach.

Donna Christie

Night

Don't go gently
Don't go easily into the night
Don't give in to it.
Fight!
Fight against the fading,
Fight against the dying of the light.
Night has fallen
The battle is over
Night is the victor.

Lori Myburgh

Waves

Liquid as their shadows
Roaring, rearing and then plunging
Into the cool, clear, crying depths
And between crystal corals and fat, finned fishes
The weary, waves frolic and foam.
They duck, dive and daintily dance
In perfect harmony to the mystical music.
And resting on calm, dry, days
Their gently, rippling surfaces,
reflect the setting sun's rays
Which turn the wary waters to pearly pinks,
Pastel purples, blinding blues and shimmering violets.
Gradually the soaring sun slowly sets
Behind the billowing, scurrying clouds
And the wondering waves are once again
Encased in damp darkness
As the night gradually sets in
with icy, clutching fingers

Beatriz de Villegas

Standard 6

I Can Fly

I'm flying over mountains at the moment. The mountains always terrify me as they often seem to stretch into eternity. I actually belong to the vast open stretches of fields and rolling hills. It is springtime now and everywhere is green. The grass is greener than ever this year because of the winter rains. I can already see the mountain coming to an end and a field just beyond. It is that field to which I'm heading.

The field gradually, very gradually, draws closer and the ache previously crippling my wings is no longer there. All of a sudden, I'm flying over the field with the tallest tree, my home, drawing nearer. As my legs reach out towards the tree, I notice that my nest is occupied. I clamber through the branches and leaves to see who this creature is who has the cheek to take my nest. It is a snake, the only creature whom I remotely fear. I take flight again, using my acute vision to search for a new home. The nearest tall tree seems miles away but I slowly fly there, finding, when I reach it, a most suitable crook for a nest. I realize that before I can stop for even a short

rest, I have to start collecting material for my nest. I again flap my weary wings to take to the sky but this time I fall to the ground in pain and can't get up. I try to lift a wing but the aching that sears through my whole body is too much to bear. I pull my body up and walk to the nearest shelter — the tree where I want to make my home. It is now that I start to appreciate the ability to fly, the ability to soar through the air with the greatest of ease, to fly low over a meandering river, and high over the tallest mountain peak. It is now that the real pain sets in, the pain in my heart, the thought of not flying ever again. The pain in my heart is so terrible that I feel almost overpowered, but I'm going to try again.

This time I succeed in lifting both wings. I succeed in lowering them . . . and I succeed in taking to the air. The pain in my heart lifts and the only thought in my mind is . . . I can fly!

Jane Eedes

A Pair of Spectacles

She, who is the trusty slave of man, seated upon a nose, enables us to do what our eyes normally cannot. Her beautiful figure is designed to fit neatly on the face, flowing round and wasp-waisted. Her slender arms stretch right round and her delicate hands gently hold our head behind the earlobes. Her frame is artistically moulded from durable plastic and elegantly coloured a pale to brown tortoiseshell. Her fine precious lenses are carefully ground and polished from clear glass. To achieve the right curvature that compensates for the flaw in our eyes, the lenses are then snugly fitted into their sturdy frames and finally, complete, she sparkles and is ready for use. She, the most magnificent wonder, can make fuzzy turn clear, tiny turn to large, far turn to near, in fact: in all her splendour, she can make the failing human eye see.

Nira Lincoln

Where have all the flowers gone?

Tired,
Rushing,
Keep on going
When will it ever stop?
Hundreds dying by the minute,
Crazy men up top.
Will there be someone to save us
When the atom drops?

ANON

I ran down the car,
Jumped out the drive
I dropped the stairs
And tripped down my books.
Opened the classroom,
and stumbled into the door,
And for all that trouble
I received a detention.

Anon



Tanya Cohen 6

PREPARATORY



Prefects

*Back Row: J Wayland, K Stander, Mrs E Bray, R Sturgeon, Mrs P Brown
Front Row: M Golding, T Köster, J Sturrock, V Cowgill, A Lombard, B Loghdey*



JAGGER

Back Row: T Hofmeyr, M Craig, C Ferry, M Golding, A Lombard, T Harrowsmith, Mrs J Purcell, C Lander, A Nortier, R Haylett, R Sturgeon, S Hartz, K Stander, H Barr.

Fourth Row: N Godson, K Johnson, Z Hisham, J Bendzula, C Convery, J Milne, H Sparks, K Hunter, C Ross, L Read, C Auni, K Mielke, B Henshlwood.

Third Row: P Matolengwe, K Parker, K Thompson, M du Preez, B Davies, K Tharing, S Roman, N Read, A Sturgeon, A Louw, J Sturrock, M Taylor, T Parker.

Second Row: J Smith, K Wills, B Quibell, N Bowers, L Fisher, T Harsant, A Soltynski, G Read, A Theunissen, K Grouse, J Bradshaw, A Ross.

Front Row: B Kingsnorth, J Louw, K Mielke, S Newton, L Debenham, C Thomas, R Davies, C Abela, C Klotz, P Chanda.

Preparatory School Report 1986

Recently I read in the local press of a well-known Cape Town school whose parents and teachers had decided "that education was more than just memorizing facts and multiplying figures"; they had "swung into action" and organised outings and community service for their pupils. I was amazed that these ideas could be considered as new and different — at Henschel we have been doing all this and much more for years!

Throughout the year, staff have kept in close contact with parents. In the first term we held class meetings. Here I was able to introduce our new Headmistress, Mrs Macdonald, to parents and, after coffee, she spoke briefly to the gathering. Parents and staff then moved to the classrooms where teachers gave an outline of the programme for the year and parents were free to ask questions and raise any matters of general interest and concern. After each Mark Reading and the June examinations, staff arranged interviews with parents who wished to discuss their daughter's progress.

Mesdames Kempthorne, Linder, Louw, Morrell, Noakes, Overstone, and Serritslev were elected to the Preparatory School Committee and they arranged a variety of functions where staff and parents met on an informal basis. They have also attended our quarterly Committee meetings and their contributions to the proceedings have brought about fruitful discussion. Mrs Wood was elected to represent the Pre-

Prep later in the year and she will carry on as the Sub A representative in 1987.

We have the facilities to cater for more pupils than we presently have on the roll and we are proud of what is offered. We decided to have an Open Day for parents and prospective parents and friends in August, so that the girls could be seen at work in their classrooms. Our representatives very graciously consented to act as hostesses on this occasion. Although we did not have a large attendance those who came were enthusiastic about what they saw.

Mothers arrange bowls of flowers for the vestibule and the office each week and their efforts are greatly appreciated. Our "library mothers" perform a valuable service helping the librarian with cataloguing and many other time-consuming tasks. This, of course, frees Mrs Forrester so that she can give more help to staff and girls. Many mothers have helped regularly with lifting the girls to and from matches and outings. The ladies who have Kombis are very much in demand! Headed by Mrs Kempthorne, a group of mothers assists in the Second Hand Shop twice a term. This is not always a pleasant job as clothing sometimes needs to be laundered before it can be put on to the shelves. However, I am sure that these mothers enjoy being of service to the School. Some of the profits from the shop have been used this year to provide us with equipment in the Pre-Prep and a beautiful cupboard was installed in the Projects' Room.



MERRIMAN

Back Row: S de Keyser, C Kaye, S Rice, K White, L Marx, P Frith, B Loghdey, Mrs P Hanekom, J Wayland, S de Wet, C van Dugteren, M Swoboda, D van Schaikuyk, K Hrabar, C Coyne.

Fourth Row: D Southern, M van Schaikuyk, C Berry, E Thlapane, A A Serritslev, H Richards, T Christian, R Deva, M de Bruijn, P Kennedy, F Jacobs, L-A Bird, A Owenstone, D Hart.

Third Row: N de Wet, M Saunders, M Shaw, Z Quail, S Tyson, A Benjamin, L Louw, A Kempthorne, C Roberts, T Hammond, P Rice, L Reid, S Coyne.

Second Row: S Newman, A Franks, S Prain, G Adamson, N Munroe, I Serritslev, C Roberts, Z Williams, K Melrose, T Christian, L Linder, G Christie, B Berry, A Desmarais.

Front Row: S Hendricks, J Garson, K Ballantyne, L O'Grady, C de Carvalho, V Pillay, L Bester, C Owenstone, J Alkrop, R Segers.

We appreciate all that our parents do to help us around the School and also value the opportunity to get to know them better.

At the end of last year, we decided to set about improving our day boarding facilities and we engaged a qualified teacher to run the Day Boarding programme. The children are escorted to lunch at the Senior School and return to have a rest before the afternoon activities begin. They have tea, then return to school to do their preparation for the next day. Meanwhile the younger children have a creative activity to keep them interested, followed by free play. Suitable video and television programmes are available for rainy days. Mrs Davies, Head of the Junior Preparatory section, has been very much involved with this project from the start and she has guided the teachers where necessary and we now offer an organised and well-structured afternoon for girls needing after-school care. Our boarding house, run by the matron, Miss Bluett, can accommodate twenty boarders. In the evenings, between six and nine, two students assist the matron and we have found that this arrangement works very well. The boarding house is home to the girls and they are like one big happy family. We also offer "Hotel Boarding" when we have room, under which system, girls, whose parents are away for a few weeks, may be accommodated with very little disruption to their usual routine. We offer only weekly boarding in the Preparatory School as we feel it is important for young children to have regular contact with their parents.

Academically our girls have benefited from the dedication of their teachers. The staff have developed their own talents by reading and by attending lectures and training courses, both at the University and at the Teacher's Centre. This year, courses in English, Mathematics, Science, Computer Studies, Afrikaans, Pre-Primary Education, Study Methods and Music have stimulated Staff and given them a broader view of these subjects. We are fortunate to have reference books

which the girls can peruse for information for their content subjects. In their Book Education lessons, the girls are trained in the library skills they need to help them in their research. Programmes for our Computers have provided interesting and exciting material and the Std IV's in particular have learnt a great deal from their *Adventure Island* and *Mary Rose* projects.

One might be forgiven for thinking that our three day field trip to Saldanha Bay, in the second term, for our Standard III, IV and V Classes, was a fun exercise. Fun we had in plenty, but the girls gained first-hand information on topics ranging from the processing of fish, to fossils. Pre-trip planning was essential and staff visited the area to gauge the feasibility of the expedition before final arrangements were made. Many hours were spent gathering information, organising work sheets and arranging alternative programmes in case of bad weather. Food was a priority and Mrs Forrester and I had the task of purchasing this. The weather was perfect and both girls and staff slept better in the smaller units than in the large dormitory situation. The traditional concert on the last evening was a resounding success and we felt that we had come to know our children much better in the informal surroundings of the camp.

I suppose the biggest damp squib of the year was Halley's Comet. However, everyone was excited at the prospect of seeing this seven-day wonder and research about the previous sightings formed part of each class's discussion and research. The Std 11 teachers arranged for their classes to visit the Ceres farm of Mike and Lynn Reid, Lisa's parents. This was a two day project to enable the girls to spend a night at Ceres and to view the comet. Included in the programme were visits to the apple packing factory, a stud farm and a fossil dig. How thrilled the girls were to find fossils of shells, ferns and fish and the specimens they found were brought home and displayed. Fortunately, the weather was good and we were able to see the comet with the naked



ROLT

Back Row: C Davies, V Cougill, J Peters, C Christie, C Noakes, S Baigrie, K Boyce, MrsR Joyce, Edu Plessis, B Boyes, A Ramsden, C Grooe, E O'Hanlon, A Porter.

Fourth Row: C Duncan, M van Zyl, M Owenstone, M Morrell, E Clarke, D Millar, S Bilke, S Issa, T Byers, T Koster, L Williams, A Smith, V Wood.

Third Row: Y Amien, T O'Hanlon, L Christie, P Dold, A Porter, T McCabe, S Byers, D Evans, L Graer, J O'Hanlon, K Richardson, N Cronin, Y Young, V van Spronsen.

Second Row: L Smith, H Martin, S Pullinger, N Louna, A Woolaway, R Kadali, C Ellis-Smith, C Kensley, N Wood, S Talbot, N Fortuin, K Feltz.

Front Row: S McCullough, I Bergstedt, S van Hoon, L Robb, L Straughan, A van Hoon, S Banderker, P Macdonald, K McDonald, A Padayachee.

eye, although, of course, it was much clearer through the binoculars. We woke the girls at four thirty in the morning, hoping that they would return to their sleeping bags for a while before rising. What a vain hope! I'm sure that we delivered very weary children to school that afternoon.

Many outings have high-lighted our teaching. The Junior Preparatory visited St James in the first term and the Pre-Prep saw Mrs Durant's collection of exotic birds and visited Tygerberg Dental Clinic. Other outings included visits to the Museum, Signal Hill and Rhodes Memorial, the seaweed factory, a dairy farm, a Hindu temple, the Malay Quarter, the Cultural History Museum and the Boland Farm Museum.

Events which have been included in our teaching and social awareness programmes are Arbor Day, Back Week, World Environment Day, National Dental Week and The Year of the Disabled. Our charity money was donated to Crossroads at the time of their crisis and girls contributed food, blankets and cooking utensils to the same cause.

At the end of the second term, two Music Evenings were held. The Preparatory School, accompanied by the Concert Ensemble and directed by Mrs Tyson, presented the pop cantata *Holy Moses*. Mrs Davies produced *The Music Machine* with the Junior Preparatory department. The Junior Choir, trained by Miss Sweet, piano and recorder and singing pupils, and our Concert Ensemble contributed items to make up a most enjoyable programme.

Workshops were held in the first and third quarters. It is important that the music pupils learn to perform for an audience and these occasions present an opportunity for parents to note progress. Pupils were entered for the Trinity College's and the Royal Schools' Examinations. A number of girls took part in the Cape Town Eisteddfod. The Concert Ensemble, consisting of violins and recorders, and the Junior Ensemble,

recorders only, both obtained Honours. Of the individual entries, piano, singing and recorder, nine were awarded Honours. Several small class groups also entered the Rounds section. Seventeen girls entered the Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music Theory Examinations, ranging from Grade 1 to Grade IV. The results were most pleasing and seven girls achieved over ninety percent. Auditions are held in the first term for those who wish to join the Junior Choir. Practices are held on Thursday mornings at seven thirty.

The Speech department continues with its good work and all the girls from Std 11 to V have Speech and Drama lessons with the two specialist teachers at the Senior School. In addition, many girls have extra Speech and/or Drama classes. Speech examinations will take place shortly. Many of the younger girls participate in Ballet and this year there was a heartening number of entries for the Royal Academy of Dancing Examinations and all the entrants were successful.

We thank the Music, the Speech and the Ballet teachers for the many extra hours they put in to ensure the success of their pupils. The Inter-House Swimming Gala provided a most exciting morning's entertainment for girls, staff and parents. House captains were busy for weeks making sure that they had their best swimmers for each event. Even the mediocre swimmers had an opportunity to contribute points for their houses in the fun races.

Kirsten Tharing and Jessamy O'Hanlon who represented Western Province in the National Swimming Championships are to be congratulated on winning gold medals for the Under 11 Back-Stroke and the Under 10 Diving Events. Heloise Martin has also distinguished herself in her selection for the Western Province Gymnastics Team. Fourteen very excited girls, the Under 10 and Under 11 Netball teams, brought home the Inter-schools trophies. They have worked hard, training before school in the mornings, and their efforts have paid dividends. We

are proud of their achievement and congratulate them and Mrs Goodrick.

History has been made this year! Herschel won the Inter-schools Open Tennis Cup for the first time. Justine Peters and Sarah Worthington played an excellent game to take the cup.

Clubs form part of our winter term programme and comprise the following activities: jewellery-making, computer programming, drama, calligraphy, bridge, social responsibility, crafts and scripture union. The Social Responsibility Club combines with the Craft Club every week and articles, which are required for the Alpha Creche in Hannover Park, are made. On alternate Fridays the Social Responsibility Club meets with a group of residents of Arcadia Home in Mowbray. The girls have formed meaningful relationships with these senior citizens who look forward with eager anticipation to their visits. Early in the third term, our Music Programme was put on for their entertainment.

Scripture Union for Std IV and V girls meets on Wednesdays at lunch-time. Programmes include having visiting speakers, games, quizzes, singing and films. Mrs Hammond continues to give her help whenever needed. Our Scripture Union acquitted itself well in the Inter-schools Scripture Union Quiz. Recently members of the Westerford School Christian Union ran a Games Evening which was a great success and a delightful evening braai and a sing-song were held in the first term.

At Herschel we aim to develop the whole child, and the wide spectrum of activities offered in the classroom, extra-murally, and in the wider world, gives each child the opportunity to develop her full potential.

AD DEI GLORIAM

Mrs P R Brown

Physical Education Report 1986

Tennis

Captain: Justine Peters

This season we again had four teams entered in the mixed league, which meant that often our girls played against boys' teams.

Our A teams played 5 matches in the league and won 3, lost 2. The B's played 6 matches; they won 4, lost 1 and drew 1. The C's played 5 matches, winning 2 and losing 3. Our D team, drawn mainly from Std 2, played 4 matches; they won 1 and lost 3.

At the Inter-schools Tournament at Sans Souci, two couples represented Herschel: Alison Porter and Sarah Rice in the under 12 section and Justine Peters and Sarah Worthington in the Open; Susan Tyson was reserve.

Although the Under 12's had tough opposition throughout, they won 3 of their 4 matches, playing some fine tennis. The only match they lost was to Rustenburg, the eventual winners of the Under 12 Section. Our Open team won all their matches decisively and so went straight through to the final. There they met a strong pair from Greenfields. The first 2 games of the final went quickly in Greenfields' favour, as our girls had not settled down. We won the next 2 hard-fought games, in which both sides had advantage a number of times. Greenfields won another 2 games to lead 4-2. This was the turning point of the match. Our girls then switched from playing at net to the baseline as the Greenfields girls had played throughout the match. The result was less exciting, but the switch in tactics was successful. We won the next 4 games to clinch the championship 6-4. This is the first time Herschel has won the open Inter-schools Tennis Cup. Congratulations go to Justine Peters and Sarah Worthington!

To complete the season, four couples were entered in the Lemkus Knock-out doubles tournament, which was held at the Rondebosch courts, on 17 March. Boys were entered in this event. In the plate event Sarah Worthington and Justine Peters reached the quarter finals, losing 6-5 to Western Province. They were the only girls left in the tournament!



Under 12 and Open Tennis Team

Standing: Mrs J Goodrick, Under 12 couple: S Rice, S Tyson (Res), A Porter

Sitting: OPEN couple, winners of INTER-SCHOOLS CUP
S Worthington, J Peters.



Swimming

Back Row: A Louw, V Cougill, C Lander, C van Dugteren, A Lombard, H Sparks, T Byers, M van Zyl

4th Row: J O'Hanlon, L Ried, J Sturrock, L Louw, S Bilbe, K Thaning, C Roberts, N Cronin, Z Quail

3rd Row: J Evertse, M Morrell, S Boardman, C Noakes, C Kaye, L-A Bird, D Millar, L Read, K Mielke, C Berry

2nd Row: C Kensley, B Boyes, R Sturgeon, E O'Hanlon, Mrs Goodrick, J Wayland, A Nostier, E du Plessis, J Gordon

Front Row: N Wood, K Melrose, A Solynski, L Christie, J Brandshaw, B Davies, T McCabe, B Berry, T O'Hanlon, C Roberts, G Christie, A Franks

Swimming

Captain: Joanna Wayland

Vice-Captain: Emma O'Hanlon

This year's season has been enjoyable, although tough, due to the extra early morning training sessions the girls attended, often in cold conditions. Training is vital to fitness and competitiveness, and also promotes team spirit.

The girls swam in friendly galas on most Fridays and had lots of fun. Usually we came 3rd.

The Inter-schools Gala was held on 6 March. Although we again came 3rd we fought to the last race. Congratulations go to Wynberg, the winners. Kirsten Thaning must be congratulated on winning a backstroke gold medal for Western Province in the national competition.

The Inter-schools diving gala was held separately this year, at Rustenburg Junior School. Jessamy O'Hanlon who once again represented Western Province, was the Under 10 competitor; she came 2nd overall with some beautifully executed dives. Arlene Benjamin who began diving quite late in the season represented the Under 11's and came 3rd. Leigh-Anne Bird represented the Under 12's and took 4th place.

Overall we came 3rd with 12 points, Wynberg 2nd with 14 points and Rustenburg 1st with 15 points.

The Inter-house gala was another highlight of the term. Roit took 1st place with 476 points, Jagger 2nd with 460 points and Merriman 3rd with 450 points.

Merriman once again won the diving cup, to complete the hat-trick with some very good diving. Our thanks go to Mrs Botha, the Senior School's Sports Teacher, for judging the competition, and a special thank you goes to Mrs Thaning for helping coach our swimmers.

At the end of the season we invited Oakhurst and Greenfields to a fun gala. Most popular was the 150 race which was thoroughly enjoyed by all!



Diving

Standing: J Wayland, L-A Bird

Sitting: J O'Hanlon, A Benjamin

**Under 11A Netball Team
INTER-SCHOOL'S WINNERS**

*Back Row: D Millar, A Ramaden, S de Wet,
A Overstone.
Sitting: T Hammond, A Porter, Mrs Goodrick,
C Noakes, K Tharing.*



Netball

Captain: Adrienne Lombard
Vice-Captain: Belinda Boyes

This year's netball season has been rather wet, particularly in the 3rd term, and a number of league fixtures have had to be cancelled. We have tried to rearrange matches where possible.

However, the general standard of play is improving, and team spirit is extremely high. Eight teams were entered in the league. At the end of

the second term the girls had achieved some fine results:- The Under 10A played 6 matches, won 5 and lost 1. The Under 11A played 7, won 5 and lost 2. The Under 11B played 5, won 4 and lost 1. The Under 12A played 7 matches, won 5 and lost 2. The Open A's played 7, won 3, lost 3, drew 1 and the Open B's played 6, won 3 and lost 3.

At present, our A teams are putting in extra training before school in preparation for Inter-schools, which is being held on 2 and 4 September at Sans Souci.

Our thanks go to Mrs Salvie and Mrs Joyce for their help in coaching the teams. Last, but not least, thank you to all the "mums" who helped in transporting the girls to and from matches.



**Under 10A Netball Team
INTER-SCHOOLS WINNERS**

*Standing: K Feltz, B Davies, A Louw, S Bilbe,
A Sturgeon, C Roberts
Sitting: J Evertse, L A Louw (Captain),
Mrs J Goodrick, S Coyne, P Rice.*



Hockey — A Team

Back Row: J Peters, A Nortier, A Lombard, J Milne.

Sitting: B Boyes, J Wayland, Mrs Goodrick, S Tyson, H Sparks.

Hockey

*Captain: Joanna Wayland
Vice-Captain: Susan Tyson*

The season opened with a mini-hockey tournament, which was held at Constantia. We entered an A and a B team in the Open Section and one team for the Under 11 Section. Our Open A's played four matches; they won 2, drew 1 and lost 1, and came second in their section. The B's played three matches; they won 2 and lost 1, and came 3rd in their section. Our Under 11's did very well and won 4 out of their 5 matches.

In the league, Herschel fielded four Open teams, including some U/11 players. We played a total of 10 matches, won 5, drew 2 and lost 3.

Mini-hockey is proving to be a super introduction to the full game, giving the girls many opportunities in which to develop their skills and an understanding of the rules.

Squash

Captain: Baru Loghdey

All girls on the squash ladder usually play their challenges during break-time. Jill Eckstein's coaches organised a few friendly matches this season, and we won them decisively.

At Inter-schools, which was held at the Constantia Sports Club on 17 August, Herschel entered three teams. Our A team, who were seeded 5th, did well to reach the semi-finals and only lost by 1 point to Camps Bay, the previous year's winners who had a number of Western Province players in their team. Better luck next time!

My third year at Herschel has been as enjoyable as the previous years, with the girls showing tremendous enthusiasm in both their class and extra-mural activities.

Mrs J Goodrick
Physical Education Teacher



Squash

Back Row:

A Kempthorne, L Louw, C Duncan, M van Zyl.

Middle Row: M Morrell, L Marx, A Porter, L-A Bird, C Ferry.

Front Row: Z Hisham, B Loghdey, Mrs Goodrick, A Nortier, J Sturrock.

Preparatory School Library Report

At the end of 1985 we had a total of 4904 books in our library. At the time of writing (August), with the help of donations and book sales, we have managed to add approximately 110 non-fiction, 100 English fiction and 50 Afrikaans fiction books to our stock. During the year we were fortunate in being able to have wall-to-wall carpeting, in the "Herschel blue" shade, laid and this has made our library much cosier and quieter.

The girls continue to use the library more and more and the number of books being borrowed increases all the time. The majority of our girls are avid readers and pounce upon all new books that appear, and this, in turn, tends to stimulate the interest of some of our reluctant readers. My thanks go to the Standard 5 librarians, Helen Barr, Tania Hofmeyr, Simone Karol, Catriona Ross and Susie Tyson and their excellent helpers who are kept busy at break times, without whom I could not have coped.

General Knowledge

Some of our Prep school girls have acquired a wide general knowledge, as seen by these answers given in the General Knowledge Quiz:

When we talk about a man's "better half" what do we mean?

- his money
- better inside than outside

What are monsoons?

- a shoe shop

What happened to Pompeii?

- got buried in saliva
- it got eaten

What great disaster started in a bakery in Pudding Lane, London, in 1666?

- the doughmaker broke
- the pot overflowed

Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?

- the flute player

If you have amnesia what are you suffering from?

- a feava
 - not breathing
-

The computers are in great demand, especially by the Std 4 and 5 girls who use them at lunch break and after school. Computer literacy is being taught from Standard 2 onwards.

The Standard 5's of 1985 gave the school a farewell gift of a VHS video recorder and we now have both VHS and BETA recorders, which has solved many problems. Our collection of video tapes and computer software continues to increase.

Once again, my thanks and appreciation go to the cheerful and enthusiastic "library mothers" who arrive, typewriter in hand, every Tuesday morning. Our library could not function without their help. Thank you, Mesdames Barr, Ovenstone, Richardson and van Dugteren.

Mrs Noeline Forrester

Std III to V: Annual Field Trip

We looked for a new venue for our 1986 three-day camp and struck gold with the discovery of Blouwaterbaai Bungalows on the Saldanha Bay coastline. This was a glorious setting, combining strandveld vegetation with unspoiled beach and we tailored our activities accordingly. In addition, local industries very readily agreed to show our girls around their factories and so we had three main outings from our base-camp — one to Chemfos, en route to Saldanha, one to the Iron Ore jetty and a third to the Sea Harvest factory.

The accommodation at Blouwaterbaai is superior and we were all housed in attractive bungalows at the water's edge. The owner of the bungalows gave us a fascinating talk on the history of the area and he also told us of the seaweed-derived industry which he runs from his adjacent farm. There were farm animals to look at and miles of beach to explore, including an ancient shipwreck close inshore!

Lagoon life was varied and an inter-bungalow flotsam-and-jetsam competition produced some interesting displays. The sandcastle building contest was a highlight and indicated that the children of the 80's are both traditional and innovative.

The journey home included detours to Churchhaven for an investigation of the inter-tidal marine life of the mudflats and also to Mamre, to see the old mission buildings and the historic water-wheel. Everywhere we went, we were made to feel very welcome and even the camp caterers, run off their feet as they were, felt that the whole venture had been a great success.

Mrs Jean Purcell



ORIGINAL WORK

Standard 5

This poem was awarded HONOURS in the Cape Town Esteddfod.

Christmas

Down the staircase I crept, one Christmas Eve,
to gaze at the presents I was to receive.
I knelt by the tree, it was a magical sight,
and I shivered and shook with sheer delight.
I saw my reflection in the glittering balls,
and stared at the holly boughs hung on the walls.
I switched off the fairy lights, out went the glow,
Then a faint whisper somewhere said
"I'm here in the snow" . . .

I opened the window, and into the room,
came a tiny winged person, as bright as the moon.
She seemed to be made of a hazy blue light.
She flew and she shimmered and lit up the night.
She asked me faintly if I had a request,
I asked her to make that Christmas the best.
She nodded and whispered "It shall be done."
And as soon as she left, the clock struck one.

Through the window I saw the first glimmer of dawn
The start of the day when the Christ Child was born.
I lay on my pillow in my warm, comfy bed,
With the good thoughts of Christmas alive in my head.

Catriona Ross



Zena Williams Sub-A

Night

The silky sun sets in the distance
and beckons the black curtain of night.
The milky moon hovers over the town
like a ghost in silver cloth.
The cry of wolves and the hoot of owls
haunt the stillness of the ringing night.

Cressida Convery

A frog in the fridge

A frog in the fridge is fun you say
Well, let me tell you about the day,
I opened the fridge and there he sat
Nestled in the custard, green, slimy and fat.

I snatched up brass-tongs and holding my nose
Carried the frog to the bin by his toes,
He slithered and belched and belly-flopped down
Then, poof, on his head appeared a shiny gold crown.

He waddled and gurgled and then rolled his eyes
and crooked from the table "Surprise, surprise."
That horrid green monster said, "Please be my wife."
But I shouted, "No, Froggie, not on your life!"

Catriona Ross



Bronwen Henshilwood 3

The Mary Muller Picture of the Year



Vanessa Sass, Self-portrait



Catriona Ross, *Noye's Fludde*

This picture was awarded 1st prize in the Primary School Section of an art competition held in conjunction with the production of *Noye's Fludde*



Nicola Godson 4

The Beach

The silence is broken by the isolated cry of a seagull followed by the slow swish and swirl of the waves painting patterns in the sand with their long fingers. Early morning joggers stride along the beach with their alsations or tiny yapping poodles at their heels. The rising sun licks the horizon and its golden rays melt over the ripples of the awakening waters. The roar of a motor comes nearer and the beach is scarred by the first tyre-marks. Cars arrive and umbrellas seem to grow magically out of the ground like toadstools with long piercing roots. Footprints of all shapes and sizes spread across the beach.

Brightly coloured towels and sun-tanned bodies are laid higgledy-piggledy across the sand. Bodies jump in the shallow waters, across the high waves on long glistening surf-boards, laughing loudly and filling the air with the strong, sweet smell of sun-tan-lotion and the loud sound of many radios blaring. The people are wearing out the beach, using up its energy.

The last car door slams. The sand is left littered and ugly. The sea starts to clear away the mess that its uninvited guests have left behind, picking up the litter with the tips of its fingers, almost with disgust. The sun dissolves into the waves creating a golden streak along the sleeping coast.

Ceridwen Coyne

The Beach

The sun rises and casts a pathway of light over the calm, undisturbed, morning sea. Silence rules over the beach at this early hour. The smell is strong and fresh. The sand is flat and unspoiled by the bodies and footprints that will litter it later in the morning. The day lightens more, and behind the beach begins the humming sound of cars and the faint babble of chatter from excited children.

As more and more people begin to trickle on to the beach like bees in search of honey, it is no longer ruled by silence but by the screeches of chubby babies and the chatter of their opulent mothers smeared with expensive tanning lotion. It looks like an ant heap full of action and buzzing with noise. The day progresses and the beach is heated by the furnace in the sky. Now the sounds of splashing fill the air. The children who have been with each other the whole day begin to fight and crying becomes a part of the beach too.

Daylight fades and a chilling wind chases the remaining people away. Now once again the beach becomes still. The waves lap on the shore, erasing the many footprints. The sky turns pink then black and then, on the calm night sea, there is a milky pathway leading to the moon.

Alexandra Smith



Angela Theurissen 4

Standard 4

Die Blouvlcrpotloodvreter

Die Blouvlcrpotloodvreter is 'n baie lank en maer insek. Die enigste vyand van die insek is 'n potlood. Die sitvlak is 'n uitveer en as die mannetjie die wyfie wil lok, skryf hy net, "Ek sal jou Estee Lauder grimering koop". Dan kom die wyfie baie gou en hulle trou. As die mannetjie nie van die wyfie hou nie dan vee hy net die boodskap uit. Die wyfie lê net twee eiers met goudgeel doppe. Die Blouvlcrpotloodvreter eet potlode en dis hoekom al my potlode uit my lessenaar verdwyn.

Reyyl Haylett

Descriptive Passage

The old fisherman came closer and closer. He wore a pair of old grey trousers and a big floppy raincoat. His small round face was pale and frost-bitten. The only colour on it was two shiny black eyes which shone endlessly through a tangle of white hair. An old fish hook had been poked through his large earlobe and hung there like the broken branch of a newly planted sapling. His hands were large and dirty with black hairs poking their way through his thick skin. His large, clumsy feet had been roughly planted into a pair of worn-out black gumboots which looked much too small for him. In his hands, he held a large wooden pole with a rusted hook in it. This, I thought, must be used to catch squid.

The old fisherman was so close now that I could smell the last fish he had caught and gutted.

I had always been scared of strange-looking men and was very nervous about the one standing only ten yards away. All at once I became so nervous about this fisherman that I threw down the jam roll I was eating and ran off. The fisherman of course walked forward, grabbed the jam roll and took a large bite. Then mumbling his thanks he strode off over the slippery rocks into the distance, never to be seen or heard of again.

Tammy Parker



Allison Louw 2

Flying through the sky!

Sometimes I wish that I could fly
I'd soar through the vastness of the clear,
blue sky
Past rumbling aeroplanes, a puffy balloon
And find myself flying right through the
moon.

Zooming on through a shimmering rainbow
And over a mountain covered with snow
Then over a forest and what do I see?
A few birds coming to fly with me.

Now I'm flying through a stormy night
The sparkling stars are alive with light
A speedy planet gives me a ride
Oh, here comes a skyscraper, where can I
hide?

Then I rest for a while on a foggy cloud
Watching the sunrise, making no sound
The sky becomes blurry, gone is the red
And when I wake up, I'm in my bed.

"Oh no," I thought, "I must have been
dreaming"
While outside I could hear the seagulls
screaming
"It's not fair, they can really fly"
But in my dream, so could I!

Kirsten Thaning

Standard 3

'n Afspraak met die dokter

Een warm oggend toe ek wakker geword het, het ek baie siek gevoel. Ek het my moeder geroep en sy het gekom. Sy het gese, "Wat is verkeerd?" "Ek voel baie siek en ek het 'n seer keel," het ek gese.

My moeder het die dokter gebel sodat sy 'n afspraak kon maak. Toe het sy na my gekom en gese, "Kom ons moet na die dokter gaan".

Tenwyl ek in die wagkamer gesit het, het ek 'n boek gelees, 'n verpleegster het na my gekom en my na die dokter se spreekkamer geneem.

"Goiesmore" het die dokter gese, "Sal julle asseblief sit." Ons het op die twee gemaklike stoele gaan sit. Ek het later op die bed gaan sit. Die dokter het na my hart gehuister en in my ore en mond gekyk. Hy het gese dat ek medisyne moet drink. Hy het 'n voorskif geskryf en dit aan my moeder gegee.

Ons het toetsiens vir die dokter en verpleegster gese en na die opteek vir my medisyne gegaan.

Daarna het ons huis toe gegaan en ek het in my bed geklim en geslaap.

Kerstin Mielke

The Season

*Winter is too cold
with its icy winds
and creeping frost and showers*

*While spring is too young
with snowy white lambs
and candy-coloured flowers*

*And summer does not suit me
with its streams of tourists
and blistering, sweating heat*

*But autumn with its startling colours
and calm beautiful trees
is . . . my love*

Pollution

*Litter flitters all around
Empty cans and bottles are found.
Filthy fumes and smoke rise, keeping
the factories in disguise.
Papers, packets on the fence
Some people don't have any sense.
Cigarette stubs on the beach
Smokers you just can't teach.*

*Fire flames leap all around.
Burning everything on the ground.
The wind is making everything worse.
Wonder what started the terrible curse.
Animals are running away.
This really is a horrible day.*

*Oil tankers shed their oil.
Not thinking of SANCCOB's toil . . .
Animals run for their lives.
Now come the poachers with their knives.
Ivory is lovely to wear.
But think of the elephants' fear.
Poison is scattered on the plants.
They're taking a very big chance.*
Megan Morrell



Mia de Bruijn 4

Standard 2



Nadine Bowers 1

Rain in the night

*Down the rain falls all night long.
Sometimes loud
sometimes soft just like a song.
Tomorrow there will be rivers in the gutters
and lakes along the street.
It will make my lazy kitty wash his little
dirty feet.*

Samantha Roman

Rain

*Rain, Rain, Rain
do you like the rain,
gushing down the mountain tops
and on the window pane.
The flowers and the trees
are as beautiful as can be
and sway so beautifully in the breeze.
Rain, Rain, Rain,
listen to the rain!*

Robyn Kadalie and Jemimah Smith



Chloe Kersley 1

The Rain

*Rain comes gushing down the mountainside.
Splash splash comes the waterfall,
Crashing on the mountain.
It splashes and sprays
all the trees and animals
while the people look for shelter
in case it sprays again.*

Michelle du Preez

Water

*It's raining and pouring today.
What a shame — I wanted to play.
The rain's gushing and pouring.
The sea is now roaring,
I wish it was dry
With the sun in the sky
And just a few fluffy clouds
floating by.*

Kay Richardson



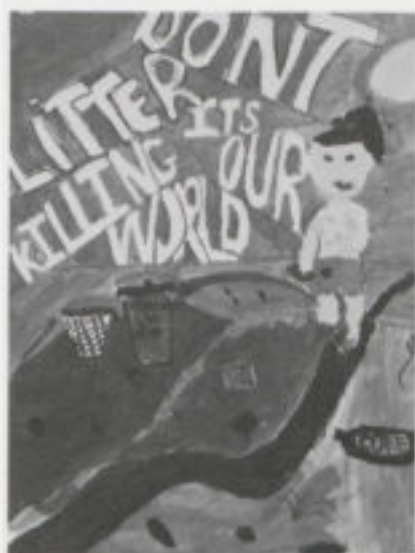
Danielle Hart 3

Autumn

*One Autumn Day, just after breakfast, I
slipped out into the garden. In the garden
everything had changed. The green leaves
on the trees had changed from green to
brown, orange, yellow and red. The leaves
from the oak had all fallen onto the grass. I
ran to the oak and felt the crisp leaves. "It's
Autumn," I cried. I ran inside, put my bright
red boots on and my coat. I opened the door
and skipped down the path joyfully. When I
got to our garden gate I saw that the path
outside was covered in leaves. I jumped over
the fence and fell into a puddle. I played in
the puddles and jumped and skipped joyfully
in the leaves. When I got home, a cup of
soup was waiting for me and I got into bed,
happy because it was Autumn.*

Bronwen Davies

Standard 1



Angela Theunissen 4

The Little Grey Bird

Once upon a time there was a little grey bird and his name was Andrew. Andrew was very unhappy because he thought that he was just a dull grey bird. All his friends loved him very much. One day when the little grey bird felt very sad, a rainbow fairy came to him and said, "Why are you so sad, little bird?"

"Because I am just a dull little bird. Look at all those beautiful birds out there, especially the peacock with its plumed feathers."

"Well," said the rainbow fairy, "if you also want to be as beautiful as the other birds, you may. The next time it rains, wait for the rainbow to come out, then fly through it."

So Andrew waited, and at last it rained and the rainbow appeared. He flew through it and changed into a beautiful, coloured bird. Excitedly he looked at himself in a still lake and was proud of what he saw. He was beautiful to look at, but became very vain and behaved rudely to his friends, who just ignored him. He flew to a tree and cried and cried. Then the rainbow fairy appeared and said, "Now what is wrong, little bird?"

"Well," said Andrew, "when I flew down to a lake to look at myself, I was very proud of what I saw, and I think I became vain. Oh dear," he sighed, "I wish I could be a little grey bird again."



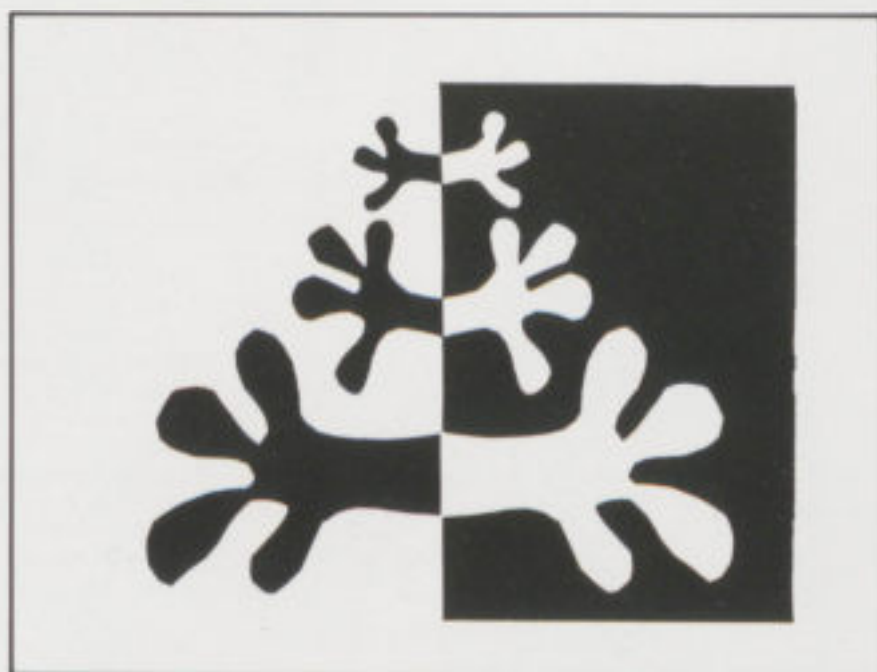
Katharina

Katharina Mielke Sub-A

"You can, little bird. The next time it rains, fly through the rain and your colours will wash away."

So Andrew waited and it started to rain the next day. He flew through the rain and was happy once more. The next day he flew down to his friends and they were all so happy to see him again. They told him the story of the vain bird. Andrew realized that he must be happy with how God had made him.

Angela Franks



Chene Roberts 1

Sub B



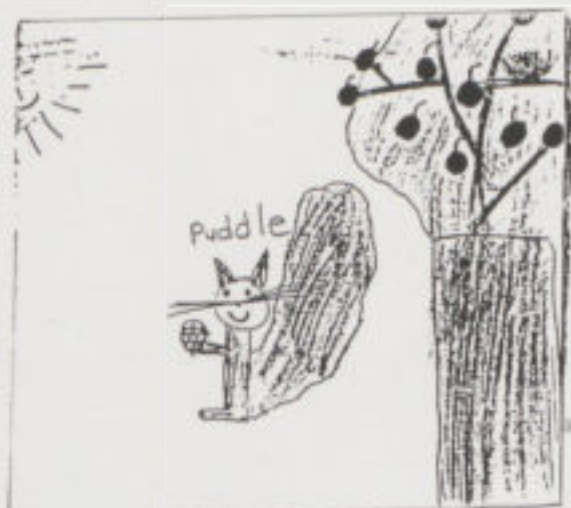
Areshini Padayachee

I am a Easter Bunny.
I have white fur and pink in
my ears. I have a light
pink nose. I have brown eyes.
I go a round with a basket
and deliver easter eggs. When
I go and deliver easter eggs
the people give me carrots.
I live in a house on a hill

Swimming

when I go swimming. I like to
Jump in the sea. Sometimes I
like to pickup shells. I sometimes
I sit on the rocks. I like to
spash in the waves. I kick my
legs in the sea. I like to make
castles in the sand.

Pratibha Chavda



I am a squirrel

I am a squirrel I eat nuts and acorn
I have four babies one is Sally and one
is puddle and one rainy. I live in a
dray. If danga comes to my dray I
Kwicky put my babies in my mouth
and Gump to anathur dray ney by

Tina Harsant

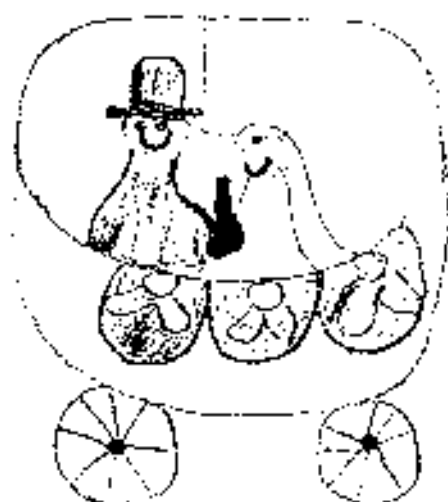
Sub A



Salita Debenham
6 yrs

The Royal Wedding
On 22 July Prince Andrew
married Sara Ferguson
the dress was made of
silk the train was
made of silk there were
flower girls and page boys
the flower girls had bouquets
of flowers. Prince
William chewed his hat elastic

Atty van Hoorn



The Royal Wedding
On 22 July Prince Andrew
married Sara Ferguson
she wore a beautiful dress with
pearls Prince William read his
speech up side Prince Andrew
who dressed in a Navy uniform
they kissed on the balcony

Kate McDonald



OLD HERSCHELIANS

Minutes of the 58th Annual General Meeting of the Old Herschelians' Association Held in the Library at Herschel on Friday 21st February 1986 at 1.45 p.m.

PRESENT: Mrs Macdonald (President), Fenella Douglas (Vice-President), Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Chair), Diane Burns (Secretary/Treasurer), Mandy van Dugteren (Magazine), Judy Smuts (Functions) and Old Herschelians.

WELCOME: Brenda-Lynne welcomed everyone to the meeting, especially Mrs Macdonald, who opened the proceedings with a prayer.

MINUTES: The minutes of the previous AGM were confirmed.

TREASURER'S REPORT: There is a sum of R3 500 in the bank. Mr. Paul Eckstein, our honorary auditor, was thanked for preparing the balance sheet.

GENERAL BUSINESS

1. Newsletter. The new format has been very well received.
2. Addressograph. Our grateful thanks to Mr Roy Cheesman for donating an addressograph to the Association. Addresses have already been put onto plates.
3. Evryl Fisher suggested that an illuminated address should be presented to Old Herschelians who have proved an inspiration to the school. This could be done at a dinner honouring them.
4. New members. 41 new members were welcomed to the Association. This includes 39 from the 1985 matric class.
5. Karen Dudley was congratulated on winning the Old Herschelians Award.
6. Representative for 1985. Karen Dudley agreed to be a Circle Secretary.
7. Mary Browne. A book on Cape Town was sent to Mary as a farewell gift. A letter of thanks from her was read to the meeting.
8. Functions. A very successful lunch was held at Constantia Nek in September. Thanks to Judy Smuts for organising it. It is hoped to arrange a bridge drive and a luncheon this year.
9. Archives. Mrs Stockwell was thanked for the interesting display of material from the archives in the area outside the library.
10. Honorary Life Membership was conferred on Miss Geldard and Lady Woolley.
11. Matric Dance will be held on April 18th. Old Herschelians are invited to view the decorations in the Hall.
12. News. Mandy van Dugteren appealed for assistance in compiling the news. Corinne Symons offered to help her.
13. Evryl Fisher suggested social and sporting contacts with non-white schools should be made.

Mrs Macdonald was invited to address the meeting on her plans for the school. Among the points she made, were the following:

A house is to be built for her on the 'cabbage patch', and her office has been moved to the old lounge.

A new image for the school magazine in order to move with the times.

The school rules to be up-dated. Mrs Macdonald expressed concern for the behaviour of modern youth, both in and out of school.

Help from parents with the gardens and flower-arranging.

A well-organised class representative system.

The changing of Speech Day to the middle of the fourth term. Prizes to be awarded on the results of the previous year-end and June exams.

Carol Service and Valedictory Service to be held at the end of the fourth term.

A new matric exam will be written in 1988.

Introduction of new courses, e.g. computer studies.

Entrance exams to be instituted at every level.

Sunday socials to be introduced for the boarders.

A finishing course on grooming and social graces.

Improvement of various facilities, especially the chapel and the hall/theatre.

Launching of a fund-raising campaign in the next two years.

An appeal to Old Herschelians for donations of R10 or R20 each.

Mrs Macdonald has great faith in young people and says that to stay in contact with past pupils is very rewarding for a teacher.

Mrs Macdonald's address was warmly applauded and Brenda-Lynne thanked her for her detailed report.

Arising from her comments, the meeting agreed unanimously that the school magazine required a new image. Karen Dudley suggested that the new prefects should take over duties during the fourth term.

Berita Oswell said that Speech Day held during the 4th term was a good idea as many girls did not bother to attend it at the end of the term.

Brenda-Lynne thanked the members for attending the meeting, and Fenella thanked the committee.

The meeting adjourned at 3 p.m.

1986 COMMITTEE

President: Mrs PJ Duff

Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas

Chairlady: Mrs Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers), Long Cottage, Newlands Ave., Newlands, 7700

Secretary/Treasurer: Mrs Diana Burns (Dicey), 6 Rose Street, Newlands, 7700

Functions Secretary: Mrs Judy Smuts (Corder), Ringwood, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, 7800

Directory: Mrs Adele Fouche (Jooste), 23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, 7700

Magazine: Mrs Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes), 3 Alphonse Close, Constantia, 7800

Committee Members: Mrs Lorna Ramsden, "Fleurac", Groot Constantia Rd., Constantia, 7800

Mrs Jenny Wynne, Eyton House, Eyton Road, Claremont

Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer, Lismore, Alexander Road, Kenilworth, 7700

THE OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

To circle Y: A-G Greenwood

To circle DD: J Whitehead

To circle YY: L Baillie, L Billings, M Bladergroen, J Bosma, H Botha, S Bottger, C Christie, E de Wet, K Dudley, M Edmunds, L Ferguson, S Frith, J Growse, N Hanekom, C Hepner, N Hofer, N Ince, C Isted, L Kantor, A Kebble, F Knight, J Kolbe, R Loghdey, P Mandini,

A Moultrie, P Muir, D Murray, S Murray, B Oswell, S Petrus, K Pratt, M Ross, C Stamper, D Stringer, B Stuart-Findlay, C Tedder,

T-C van der Spuy, J van Reenen, J Williams

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A-H)

Miss Fenella Douglas, Whitehall Court, Main Road, Rondebosch (65-1640)

Group 2 (I-Q)

Mrs Adele Fouche (Jooste), 23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth (71-5374)

Mrs Tanis Robins (Guicherit), 7 Marne Avenue, Newlands (61-5627)

Group 3 & 4 (R-Z)

Mrs Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), PO Box 93, Lansdowne (71-5094)

Mrs Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), Eyton House, Eyton Road, Claremont (77-9035)

Group 5 (AA-EE)

Mrs Buzz Fourie (Leith), 2 Herschel Walk, Claremont (77-9624)

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

Mrs Jill Eckstein (Philip), 13 Keurboom Road, Newlands (65-2293)

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs Delia Charton (Beck), Poplar Grove, The Valley Close, Constantia (74-2659)

Group 7 (KK-OO)

Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer (Wells), Lismore, Alexandra Rd, Kenilworth (77-5119)

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

Mrs Sally-Anne Brown (Brimble), PO Box 61, Somerset West (024-552670)

Group 8 (PP-TT)

Mrs Judy van Aswegen (Wilson), PO Box 370, Fourways, 2055

Mrs Karen McLennan (Croome), 6 Staines Road, Plumstead (797-2248)

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

Miss Lynne Stamper, Biofield, Cornwall Road, Simonstown (866-1631)

Miss Kerynne French, 23 Avenue Road, Newlands (66-3700)

Miss Linda Willis, 3 The Fairway, Pinelands (53-4347)

Miss Karen Dudley, Dudley House, 10 Bradley Road, Heathfield (72-5131)

Class of '61 Reunion

On Saturday 13 September 1986, thirteen young Old Herschelians, (twelve members of the class of 61 and a guest), gathered at the Alphen Hotel in order to celebrate 25 years of freedom.

Those present were Anne Snyders (Steens), Rohanne Verrips (Morrison), Lesley Houba (Brauer), Marion Marsh (van der Bijl), Shona Sturgeon (Jackson), Sandy Tolosana (Buchanan), Celia McCullum (de Villiers), Nicky Hopkins (Cloete), Lavinia Crawford-Browne (Ellis), Anne Bruce (Fausville), Anne Richards (Hacking), Della Gwynne-Evans (Lloyd) and Elizabeth Fourie (Leith).

Letters of apology, with news, photographs and good wishes were received from Gilly Gibbs (Davis), Christine Godfrey (Hawson), Margie Goldswain (Watson), Terry Dancer (Henstra) and Janeen Keyser (Kipps).

Unfortunately, it was not possible for any of the class members who live overseas to be present but it was wonderful that the two ladies, Marion and Rohanne, came down from the Transvaal to be with us.

After much shrieking, kissing and I can't believe, we repaired to the diningroom where an excellent dinner and much wine were enjoyed. The other guests took fright and must have wondered what all these ladies were up to. A general toast was drunk and great excitement was caused when a huge cake in the shape of the Herschel Badge was brought in with 25 candles which were blown out by everyone.

Some of us had not seen one another for many many years and it was wonderful to see each other and to exchange news of families and friends. The passing of time had certainly not made any difference, as conversation was fast and furious and we reminisced until the small hours - everyone else, including the staff, having long since departed.

On the Sunday, eight of us, together with husbands and children, spent a super day at Anne Snyders's cottage in Llandudno where more shrieking and shouting took place. Everyone thought the reunion a wonderful success and agreed that 25 years was far too long to wait to get together again. All in all, we had thoroughly delightful two days.



Old Girls

Back row: Anne Snyders (Steens), Celia McCullum (De Villiers), Shona Sturgeon (Jackson), Dr Anne Hacking, Rohanne Verrips (Morrison), Anne Bruce (Fausville), Marion Marsh (Van der Bijl)

Sitting: Della Gwynne-Evans (Lloyd), Lavinia Crawford-Browne (Ellis), Buzz Fourie (Leith), Nicky Hopkins (Cloete), Sandy Tolosana (Buchanan)

(absent from photo) Lesley Houba (Brauer)

VARSITY ROUND-UP

UCT - FIRST YEAR: Caroline Christie (BA), Joanna Growse (BSocSci), Lisa Kantor (BSocSci), Jahanara Williams (BSocSci), Rehana Loghdey (MBChB), Sue Böttger (MBChB), Natasha Hofer (BArch), Tonia-Cara van der Spuy (BSocSci), Fran Knight (BA), Shirley Murray (BA), Rosihan Karjeker (BA), Benrita Oswald (BALLB), Jo Bosma (BSocSci), Caroline Isted (BSc Engineering), Janine van Reenen (BSocSci), Marion Bladergroen (BArch), Malu Overstone (BA), Leanne Carlyle (BA), Debbie Crane (BArch), Karen Dudley (BSocSci).

SECOND YEAR: Lisa Bailey (BALLB), Claudia Ficoravanti (BPrim Ed), Christie Dunkley (BScComputer Science), Linda Graaff (BArch), Ingrid Hommersom (BPrim Ed), Susan Levett (MBChB), Ilse Richter (BA), Catherine Shub (BA), Linda Willis (BSc), Liske Wynne (BA), Janice Upton (BPrim Ed), Vanessa Clark (BSocSci), Moira Mannion (BSc Physiotherapy).

THIRD YEAR: Sarah Ashley (BA), Ros Butler (BA), Elizabeth Baker (BALLB), Sonya Bester (BA), Debbie Bell (BSocSci), Shelley Durr (BA), Lindy de Waal (BArch), Nicky Jones (BComm), Kerynne French (BBusSci), Lucinda Richards (BComm), Michelle Smith (BSocSci).

FOURTH YEAR: Cheryl Hemingway (MBChB), Lorna Steytler (Soc Anthropol), Emily Morrison (Soc Anthropol), Page Littleford (BArch), Lynne Stamper (BSc Physiotherapy), Katherine Dower (BSc), Belinda Morris (BBusSci Marketing).

STELLENBOSCH: FIRST YEAR: Dorrit Zelezniak (BMus)

SECOND YEAR: Wilhelmina Bray (BALLB), Nicola Caine (BALLB), Sarah Cross (Phys Ed), Nicola Newton-King (BALLB), Jo-Anne Sedgwick (BA).

News Round Up

ABBOTT (1968) (Mrs Ryan) Sally and her family have moved to Perth, and are reportedly settling very happily. Glenda Packer organised a get-together there and among others who attended was Cheryl Warr. Sally's husband has accepted a post working with a Professor at a Technical College.

ABDY (1983) Anne is still studying in the USA.

ACKERMAN (1980) Suzanne has spent six months training in a supermarket in France and is now in London looking for a job.

BAIGRIE (1971) (Mrs Donnelly) Fiona has been appointed Fashion Editor of Fair Lady magazine, a position which takes her all over the country and the world. She is also one of the judges of the Young Designer Award.

BAKER (1980) Susan is layout artist for the "SA Cricketer".

BILLINGS (1985) Alexia is in England hoping to do her A Levels.

BORTON (1969) (Mrs Orpen) Jane is working part-time in Orthoptics at Groote Schuur. She has developed a new system of photographing a patient's eye using a dye to diagnose any problems.

BORTON (1971) Sue has been hitch-hiking around Europe — having travelled around the UK. She is presently in Greece.

BOTMA (1985) Helen is studying Graphic Art at the Technikon.

BRAILEY (1969) (Mrs Stephen) Binny is running a playschool in Kenilworth.

BRAILEY (1973) (Mrs Train) Lynne is still the Home Economist at Tupperware in Constantia. She and her husband went on an extended overseas holiday earlier this year.

BRIMBLE (1960) (Mrs Wynne) Jen last year did a five month locum as a social worker for the Cerebral Palsy Association. She is currently involved in a research project being carried out by doctors dealing with aspects of Cerebral Palsy.

BROADBENT (1970) Kim has gone out on her own and formed her own advertising company — K B Promotions.

BURNS (1970) (Mrs Baumann) Libby has just sold her 'party shop' and is busy icing birthday and festival cakes from home.

BURNS (1980) Susan is teaching Geography at Rosebank College.

CAMERON (1980) Diane is doing Pharmacology at Tech.

COOPER (1973) Karisa writes from London that she is working in advertising for two Dow Jones publications — Barron's Financial Weekly, which is based in the USA but has an office in London, and the Far Eastern Economic Review, based in Hong Kong, again with

an office in London. Karisa would love any Old Herschelians who are in London to contact her and she would love to show them around. She can be found at 40 Lower Belgrave Street, London SW 1.

DAVIES (1980) Susan is living in Johannesburg and working as a freelance journalist. She often has articles in "Living" magazine.

DICEY (1980) Jane, after waitressing at the Brass Bell in Kalk Bay for a year, is travelling round Europe.

DE WET (1985) Esme is attending college in Canada.

DOUGLAS (1973) Jenny has spent a few months lecturing in book-keeping at the Rapid Results College, and has been busy doing a Pattern making course.

EDMONDS (1985) Marion is in Cambridge doing her A Levels.

EVANS (1983) Rowena is studying Journalism at Rhodes.

FRITH (1985) Sandi is busy doing a Diploma for teaching Home Economics and Food Management at the Technikon.

FOUCHE (1983) Jill is doing secretarial work.

FLETCHER (1983) Cathy is busy doing a secretarial course.

FLOYD (1971) Jeanine has just obtained her Masters Degree in English at Lancashire University. Prior to that she was at UCT working for Study Aid — an organisation which prepares students for university.

GRAY (1980) Jenny is working in her father's Investment Company.

GROOTENDORST (1980) Claire is working for SA Nylonspinners as an Electrical Engineer. She obtained her degree cum laude.

HENNESSY (1964) (Mrs Furter) Moira will be writing her finals in Post Graduate Librarianship at UCT at the end of the year.

HEPPNER (1985) Claudia is in Austria riding horses and hoping to return to do Veterinary Science at Onderstepoort.

HUDSON (1983) Cate is doing temporary work at an Art Gallery and with an Interior Design firm in London.

HUTCHINSON (1984) Kirsten is in her second year of nursing at Victoria Hospital.

INGRAM (1980) Susan is busy with a Post Graduate course in Librarianship.

KIERSGIETER (1983) Kirsten is working for a clothing company.

KILCULLEN (1983) Jacky is working for an advertising agency as an assistant copywriter.

KNIGHT (1968) (Mrs Drysdale) Chloe and her family have emigrated to Melbourne where they are settling happily. Chloe has a job with a computer company.

LANFEAR (1983) Caroline has just gone overseas on a tour, after which she hopes to get a job and stay overseas for at least a year.

LEES (1968) (Mrs Millman) Devon still lives in Hampstead and recently spent a holiday in Jamaica. She and her family plan to visit Cape Town over Christmas and are looking forward to seeing family and old friends, and Devon's sister, Karin du Pont, who lives in Constantia.

LIEBERMAN (1961) (Mrs Cobley) Gill and her small daughter were in Cape Town earlier this year. She is living permanently in Canada where her husband is involved in the film making business and, until the arrival of her daughter, Gill was working with him.

LITTLE (1969) (Mrs Semitslev) Moira works as an architect for Gawie Fagan.

LITTLEFORD (1983) Cecily is in her second year at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester.

LYHNE (1983) Wendy is now doing an art course at the American School of Art and doing exceptionally well.

MACFARLANE (1983) Jo is working for a clothing company.

MACGREGOR (1976) (Mrs Smith) Juliet married Rodney Smith in February this year and is working as an Occupational Therapist in Wynberg.

MALLETT (1974) (Mrs Fenton-Wells) Tessa is Promotions Editor for Fair Lady magazine. Her second son, Nicolas Sean, was born on 11 August, 1986.

MANNION (1984) Clodagh is working as a fashion designer for a company in N'dabane.

MANNION (1980) Deirbhle is teaching primary school children at Groote Schuur Hospital.

METCALFE (1978) Mandy qualified recently as a CA(SA) and left recently for London where she will be working for Arthur Young on a two year transfer.

MILNE (1969) Susan works for a computer company.

MOODIE (1980) Jean is a fully qualified nursing sister and has been doing private nursing.

MUIR (1985) Philly is at a riding school in the Transvaal.

NEWMAN (1971) Binky has just opened a new "Rosemary Shop" in Rosebank, Johannesburg which is doing very well. When she is in Cape Town, Belinda Blaine (1971) runs Binky's shop. Belinda is very involved with Operation Hunger.

NEWMAN (1971) Sue-Rae has been teaching at the Ruffing Montessori school in Cleveland for the last five years. Herself an AFS student she is now in charge of two orienta-

tion programmes for American high school students selected to go on AFS, and is on the interviewing committee to select those students. She says she often thinks of SA and old friends and would love to hear from or see them again at 3221 E Fairfax, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118.

NEWMAN (1971) Dita works for CAFDA in Retreat as a social worker, and is involved in organising seminars.

NEWTON (1980) Carolyn is busy with a post graduate degree in Journalism.

NOBLE (1960) (Mrs Redmond) Fiona, her husband and three sons live about 80 kilometres outside Melbourne. She leads a busy life, being very active in her husband's parish, as well as studying for her 2nd year Diploma of Education for Secondary Teaching. Fiona recently phoned Mrs Sacks (ex Herschel Domestic Science Teacher) who is living in Canberra, having been widowed six years ago; she also lost her daughter who died in 1984, but has a granddaughter whom she brought to Cape Town for a visit at the beginning of the year.

ORFORD (1982) Margie and Lisa Beckering have been hitching through Turkey and Greece together.

OVENSTONE (1983) Anthea is doing secretarial work.

PARKER (1960) (Mrs Rowland) Lynn has enjoyed several overseas trips during the past months, combining business and holiday. Lynn and her partner run an extremely successful art and antique business in Johannesburg. From time to time, they hold exhibitions of art works around the country. She finds hers an extremely exciting and stimulating job.

PRATT (1985) Kyna is studying in France.

RESNEKOV (1971) (Mrs Conitsiotis) Mich-

ele has three children and actively concerns herself with the many organisations in Corfu. When on holiday in Greece please visit her at "Napoleonis, Zambili 8, Corfu".

ROWLAND (1983) Liza has been holidaying with Cecily Littleford in Zambia after which she is planning on going to London to work.

SEYMOUR (1968) (Mrs Buckland) Jane is kept busy running a delicatessen in Sea Point with a friend.

SEYMOUR (1963) (Mrs Hodge) Di had another very successful exhibition of her watercolours at Kirstenbosch earlier this year.

SCOTT (1983) Jo is doing a business course at the Technikon.

SCOTT (1980) Mandy is travelling overseas.

SCHRAUWEN (1983) Britt is at Barkly House doing her nursery school teaching training.

SHAWZIN (1960) (Mrs de Avillez) Gail and her family were in Cape Town at the beginning of the year enjoying their annual visit to her mother. Part of the time was spent at Hermerius, where she met up with several old Herschelians. Gail leads a busy and interesting life in Monaco. She travels a great deal, especially to London where her son is at school and to Oxford where her daughter is at university.

STAMPER (1985) Cathy has been at secretarial college in Johannesburg and working for her sister in a hotel in Johannesburg.

STORCH-NIELSEN (1964) (Mrs Fox) Vicky and Linda (Mrs Clews, 1973) both live in Cape Town. Vicky and her family went on a skiing holiday last Christmas and Linda will be going to Germany at the end of November to join her husband who will be working there for three months.

STOCKWELL (1979) Yvette returned from London at the beginning of the year, having

attained her Masters Degree in Music at Kings College, and, since February she has been teaching piano and flute to the boys at Bishops Preparatory.

SHARPLEY (1982) Wendy has gone to Hollywood to look for work.

STRINGER (1985) Di is doing a Secretarial Diploma at the Technikon.

STUART-FINDLAY (1985) Beth is on holiday in the UK, after which she plans to go to the States and then back home.

TEDDER (1985) Caroline is studying Fashion Design at the Technikon.

THESEN (1983) Penny is at the Technikon doing Fine Art.

THOM (1974) (Mrs Olds) Patsy is an Instructress at Superbodies and the Gamesman. She was part of the team that won the National Aerobics Competition last year and will be competing again this year.

VAN DER HOORN (1982) Tisa is teaching at the Montessori School in Cape Town.

VERSTER (1968) (Mrs Norgarb) Gill and her sister, Sandy Diamond, live in Swakopmund, where for the second year running Gill has held the title of SWA Women's Golf Champion.

WALKER (1983) Julie was working for a Promotions firm, but she has just left for Germany where she will be studying German.

WARES (1960) (Mrs Fisher) Lesley, having worked at Eros School for Cerebral Palsied in Athlone for several years, has left her Physiotherapy post and is now working in private practice in Constantia. This means that she is now much closer to the lovely home she and her husband have built in Hout Bay.

WEINLIG (1971) Vanessa is still sailing the world and living a fast and exciting life.

WILSON (1976) (Mrs van Aswegen) Judy is working for an author in Johannesburg.

OBITUARY

Fenella DOUGLAS

When Fenella Douglas died on 3 October 1986, a long story of devotion to Herschel sadly ended. Her association with the school began during Miss Ralph's headship, when Fenella was listed in the first admissions list. She played in the very first cricket team at "corner point". The match, versus Rustenburg, took place on Saturday 27 March 1926. Fenella made eight runs! She left in 1927 to complete her education at Malvern, England.

The first meeting to form an Old Girls' Union was held on 28 April 1926. Joy Stuttaford and Jean Searle had asked Miss Ralph for such a meeting. Fenella was present at this inaugural meeting. Although the Union continued to function, it was weak and disorganised, largely owing to small numbers (the total enrolment in 1933 was only 57), and the distances Old Girls had to travel to attend meetings.

In 1948, Miss Maclean, the Headmistress, asked Fenella to reorganise the union. This she did with tremendous success and it is thanks to her that the Old Girls' Association flourishes today. She attended all meetings and functions up to the time of her death.

Fenella counted among her friends old Herschelians from 17 to 70, and their children and grandchildren, whom she knew by name and in whom she took a personal interest, adding them to her numerous "Herschel family".

Fenella will be sadly missed by all who knew her.

Angela Prew and Archives



BIRTHS

ACKERMAN — Gareth and Mandy (**Crutchley**) a son, 10 July 1986
BISHOP — George and Rose (**Meynell**) a son, 14 February 1986
CHAMBERS — Bob and Fiona (**MacSymon**) a daughter, 31 January 1986 in Australia — Redhill Station, Adungbilly, New South Wales 2727
COWAN — Rob and Jeanne André (**Pelt**) a son, 19 December 1985
DRUMMOND — Rob and Gill (**Golding**) a daughter, 6 February 1986
DU RAND — Arn and Lindy (**De Kock**) a daughter, 8 February 1986
FENTON-WELLS — Stephen and Tessa (**Mallet**) a son, 11 August 1986
HOOK — Rhett and Bridgid (**Twentyman-Jones**) a son, 31 August 1986
LOOTS — Joep and Stacey (**Smith-Chandler**) a daughter, 8 October 1985
LUIES — Victor and Dawn (**Garisch**) a son, 26 November 1985
MACGINTY — Mark and Dorothy (**Beukes**) a son, 11 April 1986
MINNAAR — Mike and Louise (**Gray**) a son, 16 January 1986
MUNDELL — Steve and Mandy (**Rose**) a daughter, 15 April 1986
NIXON — Robert and Paula (**Cunningham**) a daughter, 17 January 1986, in Seattle, U.S.A.
ONIONS — Ed and Clare (**Croudace**) a daughter, 15 July 1986
ROSS — Peter and Nicolette (**Templer**) a son, 18 November 1985
ROWSE — Jeremy and Jane (**Bettison**) a son, 16 July 1986
SIMONSZ — Charles and Shelley (**Wells**) twin daughters, 23 February 1986
THOMPSON — Murray and Nicola (**Fouché**) a son, 31 March 1986
WATLING — Robin and Jeanne (**Franck**) a son, 29 May 1986
WATSON — John and Alex (**Adams**) a son, 2 June 1986
VAN ASWEGEN — Pieter and Judy (**Wilson**) a daughter, November 1985

ENGAGEMENTS

BOYES — Pamela to Graham Leslie
POST — Jenneke to Rupert Pybus
MEYNELL — Anne to Antony Blumer
SCOTT — Traci to John Humby

MARRIAGES

BELL — Shelley to Alistair Heald — May 1986
BOTMA — Lorna to Christopher Theodorou — May 1986
DOWDLE — Susan to Stephen Booth — January 1986
GELDENHUYS — Vanessa to Rick Allen — April 1986
MACGREGOR — Juliet to Rodney Smith — March 1986
MAISEL — Mistene to Clive Goodchild-Brown — December 1985
ROBINS — Amanda to Carl de Vos — August 1986
ROSENWERTH — Magda to Paolo Viotti — April 1986
TE WATER NAUDE — Sue to Pete Sherman — March 1986

DEATHS

BRYANT — Edith (**Pargiter**) passed away peacefully on 13 April 1986
SPARKS — Sally-Ann (**Stuttaford**) died on 15 March 1986, after a long illness endured with dignity and courage.

REPORT ON THE TRANSVAAL HERSCHELIAN REUNION HELD AT THE INANDA CLUB ON WEDNESDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1986

There was a good attendance, in fact, more than at the last reunion in 1983. We were privileged to have with us, from Cape Town, Dulcie Howes, who was a founder old-girl of the school. Also up from Cape Town were Brenda-Lynne Hoffman, (**Tyers**) Chairlady of the Association, and Judy Smuts (**Corder**).

Lynn Rowand opened the proceedings by introducing Brenda-Lynne who then gave a resume of the latest happenings at Herschel - much of which caused great hilarity.

A generous amount of R85 was raised for a farewell present for Donny — who has been at the School for 50 years and is now retiring. It was noted that the venue, a private club, was most acceptable.

It was suggested that an annual reunion be held and anyone, who is interested in joining the association or in attending these get-togethers, is asked to contact Di Burns, (**Dacey**) 6 Rose Street, Newlands.

Lynn Rowand (**Parker**)

PRESENT AT THE REUNION

Amelia Brown (Cronwright), Terry Dancer (Hensha), Sally Carter (Baxter), Revel Moorhead (Reilly), Dew Barry (Warren), Hilary Catell (Dempers), P.O. Box 69509, Bryanston 2021. Karen Manides (Corder), Rose Farrant (Mockenzie), Judy van Aswegen (Wilson), Vivien Visser, Anne Schonborn (Couley), Pamela Enthoven (Hockley), Rosanne Bicker Caarter (Broun), Audrey Hoyle (Williams), Anne Hart (Mair), Christine Boucher (Faure), Karin Anderson (Attwell), Virginia Ash (Makin), Tessa Schreuder (Corder), Judy Smuts (Corder), Christine Murray, Fiona McLachan, Lynn Rowand (Parker), Susan O'Moloney (Dacey), Jean Kyte, Lucinda May (Abbo), 83 Ninth Street, Parkhurst 2193. Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers), Jackie Ascham (Marais), Rosemarie Webber PO Box 650291, Benmore Gardens 2010, Sandton. Nicky Thompson (Fouché), Dulcie Howes (Cronwright), Victoria Cawood (Cronwright), Pam Hewitt, Clare Croudace, Gail Andrew (Lomborg) PO Box 54, Morningside, Sandton.



Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers) and Lynn Rowand (Parker)



Corder Family — Judy Smuts, Karen Manides, Tessa Schreuder.



3 Cronwrights; Victoria Cawood, Dulcie (Howes), Amelia Brown

SALVETE 1986

Pre-Preparatory

Kate Atkinson, Susan Boorne, Tanya Coeshall, Holly Christie, Nadia Donnelly, Alexandra Durrant, Linda Evay, Robyn Farrell, Lorraine Gaymer, Lauren Heunes, Nicola Heunes, Antonia Labia, Katherine Lunder, Kate-Louise McCay, Hina Patel, Jane Pegrum, Chantelle Schmidlin, Jessica Townsend, Amanda Wood

Sub A

Lisa Bester, Bryony Kingsnath, Cindy Knowles, Philippa Macdonald, Sara McCullough, Katharina Mielke, Vashini Pillay

Sub B

Cynthia Carvalho, Sara Newton

Std 1

Nicola DeWet, Deborah Evans, Mariëka Saunders, Shanon Talbot, Amanda Woolaway

Std 2

Linda Fisher, Sarah Prain

Std 3

Kerryn Boyce, Stephanie DeWet, Melanie Ovenstone, Michelle Rossouw

Std 4

Kay Johnson

Std 5

Roshnee Deva

Std 6

Anthea Achilles, Ruby Boltman, Theresa Bridgman, Tanya Cohen, Jane Eedes, Diana Gurney, Janine Hutton, Fiona Jack, Suad Jacobs, Meredith Keegan, Bridget Kendal, Mandy Lanning, Victoria Loesch, Lucinda Lombardi, Leila Omar, Shabiera Paleker, Chantal Rutherford, Tobogo Skwambane, Lisa Turner, Emer Uttley, Corianne Wilkinson, Greethe Zwagelaar

Std 7

Emma Angel, Lindsay Bonner, Juliet Cara-Southey, Nadine Daniel, Amanda Gersh, Katherine McAdam

Std 8

Sya Collard, Sally Gwynne-Evans, Caroline Maconachie, Aziwe Magida, Roshan Omar, Larissa Peter, Portia Rayners, Marcia Rudolph, Elizabeth Stafford, Deidre Williams

Std 9

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Aziwe Magida and Fiona Sass. These two girls have been selected to go on an exchange programme, in the second term of 1987, at Brooks School, North Andover, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

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1987 TERM DATES

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2nd term: Wednesday 8 April — Wednesday 24 June

3rd term: Wednesday 22 July — Friday 25 September

4th term: Tuesday 6 October — Friday 4 December

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