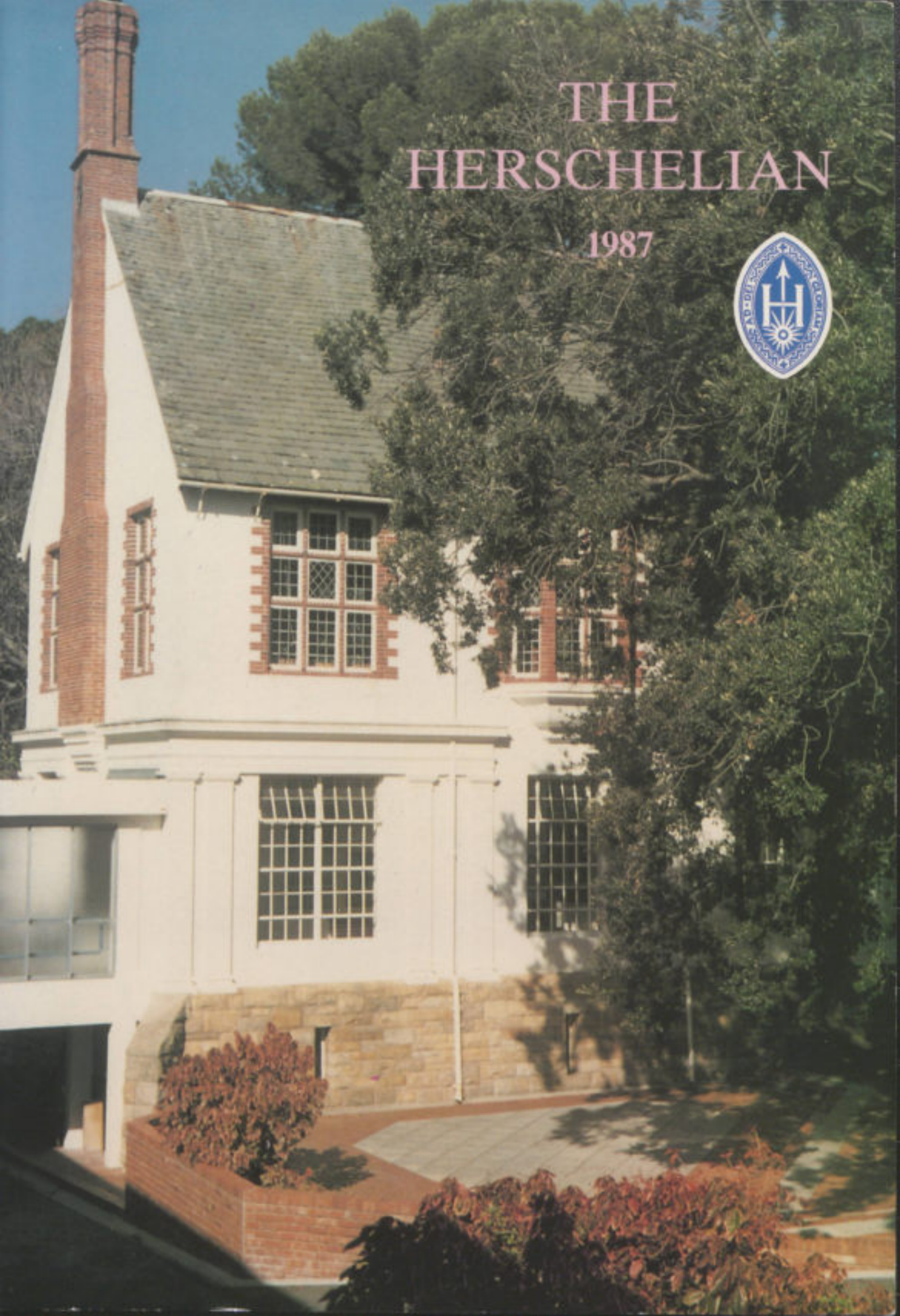


THE HERSCHELIAN

1987



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THE HERSCHELIAN

1987





The Head Girl, the Headmistress and the Head of the Boarding House
Caroline Symons, Mrs P. Duff, Ann Padon.

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We wish to thank all those who assisted us and, especially, Barbara Kleinschmidt, who always responded cheerfully and efficiently to our frequent and often preposterous demands.

CHRIS BRATHWAITE AND ATHENE HALL (EDITORS)

STAFF 1987

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Miss W Dell, UTLM
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Mrs D K Smith, Bursar
Mrs V Davis, Headmistress's Secretary
Mrs A Alves, Bookkeeper
Mrs C M Brathwaite, Henschel Appeal
Mrs B M Kleinschmidt, Appeal Secretary
Mrs B S Roberts, School Secretary
Mr W T A Greenwood, Estate Manager
Mr E Nickdoes, Estate Manager
Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory Secretary

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Mrs P R Brown, PTC (Grahamstown)

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Mrs C Sneddon, PTC (Cape Town)
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Mrs M Davies, PTC, IST (CTTC)
A E Mace, TTD Jun Primary (JCE) (Jhb)
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Mrs S Hudson, Physical Education
Mrs R Lapping, Pottery
Mrs J Raath, Ballet
Mrs M Saffery, Drama

BOARDING HOUSE

Mrs C I Forsyth, Lady Warden
Mrs G A Foster, Matron
Mrs M Taylor, Caterer
Mrs M Brink, Assistant Caterer
Miss K Bluett, Preparatory Warden

COUNCIL MEMBERS

VISITOR: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town
CHAIRMAN: Mr D Loch Davis
Professor M Ashley
Mr R W Hendry
Mrs B L Hoffman
The Hon Mr Justice R M Marais
Mr W Marshall Smith
Mr J R Miller
Mr J E Mudge
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Mr R J Pyott
Mrs A Snyders
Mr G van Zyl
Mr R Wood
Mr P J Stassen — Representative of Provincial Administration



Staff

4th Row: Miss S Jupp, Mrs J Howard-Tripp, Miss N Dauncey, Miss B Butler, Mrs M Peacock, Miss K Bristow, Mrs S Abert, Mrs D Beames, Mrs B Louw.

3rd Row: Mr E Nickloes, Mrs B Roberts, Mrs M Bonellie, Mrs J Brockbank, Mrs H Botha, Mrs V Davis, Mrs C Feast, Mrs A Hall, Mr W Greenwood.

2nd Row: Mrs G Foster, Mrs A Alves, Mrs C Esterhuysen, Mrs V Whittaker, Mrs T Zolwana, Miss C Sweet, Mrs C Brothwaite, Mrs A Sudweeks, Mrs M Brink, Mrs C Wilkinson.

Front Row: Mr L Saxby, Mrs D Smith, Mrs A Allen, Mrs M Westgate (Senior Teacher), Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice Principal), Mrs A Thompson, Mrs I Adley, Mr H Clarke. Absent: Mrs L Gouwer.



Staff — Preparatory School

Front Row: Mrs C Sneddon, Mrs C Hinson, Mrs N Forrester, Mrs E Bray, Mrs P Brown, Mrs M Davies, Mrs R Phillips, Mrs A Mace, Mr E Nickloes.

Second Row: Ms E Wildschiet, Mr D Grove, Mrs P Hanekom, Mrs B Robb, Mrs M Nixon, Miss K Bluett, Ms E Matthews, Mr E Mbotshwa.

Third Row: Mrs M Couling, Mrs J Munro, Mrs M Butler, Mrs M McLean, Mrs K Alexander, Mrs S Bossz, Ms C Snyders.

Top Row: Mrs A Tyson, Mrs J Goodrick, Mrs R Joyce, Mrs E Broom, Mrs J Purcell.

RESULTS

Joint Matriculation Board Results — 1986

Subject distinctions in *italics*

A Aggregate Matriculation

Myburgh, Kelly (*Eng, Afrik, French, Biology*)
 Simonis, Chantal (*Eng, Afrik, French, Biology*)

Matriculation

Atwood, Jill
 Bailey, Lois
 Bottger, Alexandra (*Typing*)
 Collie, Anna
 Crawford-Browne, Sarah (*Maths SG*)
 Day, Alison (*Typing*)
 Dicey, Heather
 Drummond-Hay, Samantha
 Eckstein, Nicola
 Elvin-Jensen, Tanya (*Afrik, Maths*)
 Haldane, Liesl
 Hendry, Jill
 Hoffman, Kerry
 Horn, Robyn (*Art*)
 Jordan, Nicolette
 Kendal, Charlene
 Lazarus, Liora (*History*)
 MacCarthy, Catherine
 McGhie, Carolynne
 Meyer, Susan
 Murray, Lynette (*Afrik*)
 Newton-Thompson, Linda
 Niven, Gina
 Porter, Kim
 Robb, Tanyana
 Sass, Vanessa
 Saunders, Charlotte
 Searll, Cathy
 Stronck, Merle
 Thompson, Amanda (*Art*)
 Tudhope, Susan
 Westgarth-Taylor, Nicola
 Wilson, Polly
 Woode, Shelley

School Leaving Certificate

Bacela, Neo
 Bareiter, Alison
 Challa, Lindsay
 Hutchinson, Karen
 Milner, Michelle
 Pelt, Corien
 Sedgwick, Judy
 Wood, Helen

PRIZE LIST 1987

FORM PRIZES

STD VI	1 Moira Rose 2 Catherine Moodie 3 Alida Wilkin
STD VII	1 Jane Eedes 2 Victoria Loesch 3 Suzanne Louw
STD VIII	1 Julie van Rijswijk 1 Sandra van Hoogstraten 2 Elisabeth Mallet
STD IX	1 Naseema Barday 1 Larissa Peters 2 Joy Parker

PRIZES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

STD VI	Yasmine Abrahams Christina Capri Caroline Chapen Rhoda Kanji Fiona Milne Tanya Peacock Gemma Ricketts Marion Swoboda
STD VII	Dominique de Keyser Laura Fitzpatrick Fiona Jack Nira Lincoln Leila Omar Tebogo Skwambane Deborah West
STD VIII	Lynne Bird Nina Daniel Abigail Daniels Beatriz de Villegas Eva Disler Tania Fourie Keelyn Maisel Carol Millar Susan Snyders Albia van den Bosch
STD IX	Carla Collison Tracy Foulkes Nicola Metnert Noorjahan Rawoot Michelle Rohland Marcia Rudolph
STD X	Zarela Bacela Lyndall du Plessis Elizabeth Frater Inge Hanekom Michele Kroon Lesley Millar Coceka Mnyani Ann Paxton Tessa Reynolds

STD X SUBJECT PRIZES

English	Catherine Gibaud <i>The Lady Woolley Prize</i>
Afrikaans	Catherine Gibaud
Latin	Catherine Gibaud
Physical Science	Catherine Gibaud
History	Catherine Gibaud
French	Jessica Turner
Xhosa	Tracey Bell
Mathematics	Serin Gowdy <i>The Liz Gibbons Prize</i>
Geography	Serin Gowdy and Lisa Higgo
Art	Lisa Higgo
Biology	Natasha van Zyl
Home Economics	Mary-Ann Wheeler
Typing	Christie Peters

Sub A — Matric	Lucy Burns	Katie Christie
	Alison Durr	Leanne Freeman
	Lesley Millar	Tineke Pelt
	Christie Peters	Amanda Porter
	Karen Snyders	Caroline Symons
	Claire Reilly	Natasha van Zyl
	Mary-Ann Wheeler	Clare Meredith

INTER-HOUSE AWARDS

Diving	Rolt
Hockey	Rolt
Netball	Rolt
Squash	Rolt
Swimming	Rolt
Tennis	Merriman
Drama	Jagger
General Knowledge	Rolt

SPORTS AWARDS

Diving Champion	Inge Hanekom
Under 14	
Swimming Champion	Carolyn Landers
Under 16	
Swimming Champion	Teresa Bridgman
Open Swimming	
Champion	Kirsten Jensen
Under 16	
Squash Champion	Debbie West
Open Squash	
Champion	Lucy Burns
Most Promising	
Hockey Player	Melissa van Assen
Most Improved	
Netball Player	Carol Millar
Open Tennis	
Single Champion	Ann Paxton
Open Tennis	
Doubles Champions	Mairi Hendry and Elena Rista

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship

Catherine Moodie

Junior General Knowledge

Std 6	Maira Rose
Std 7	Grethe Zwiegelaar

Senior General Knowledge

Std 8	Elisabeth Mallet
Std 9	Naseema Barday
Std 10	Lyndall du Plessis

Pottery

Elizabeth Stafford

McClurg Trophy for Theatre Arts

Suli Jaffe

Biblical Studies (Middle School)

Portia Raynors

Music (Middle School)

Meredith Keegan and Frances Kewitz

Music (Senior School)

Samantha Mackay-Davidson

Archimedes Prize

Sandra van Hoogstraten

Lantern Prize

Larissa Peter

Sonia Beck Essay Prize

Naseema Barday and Michelle Rohland

Miss Mclean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics

Gail Fitzpatrick

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Lisa Higgo

Abe Bailey Prize for Spoken Afrikaans

Laura Woudge

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French

Gail Fitzpatrick

The Kenwood Mixer prize for Practical Work in Home

Economics

Katie Christie

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Samantha Mackay-Davidson

Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences

Natasha van Zyl

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities

Catherine Gibaud

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy

Lesley Millar

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library

Lyndall du Plessis

Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-round Participation and Achievement

Lucy Burns

Best All-round Sportswoman of the Year

Inge Hanekom

Prize for Good Sportmanship

Michele Kroon and Ann Paxton

Proxime Accessit

Lisa Higgo

Dux of the School

Catherine Gibaud

The Headmistress's Prize for Leadership

Michelle Booth

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Katie Christie

Old Herschelian Award

Caroline Symons

Certificate of Bilingualism

A number of Herschel pupils were successful in the Bilingual Examination held in August 1987. This examination tested their proficiency in the two official languages at a Higher Grade (1st language) level. We congratulate the following on achieving their certificates of bilingualism:

Samantha Bailey	Clare Meredith
Bridget Chapman	Lesley Millar
Lyndall du Plessis	Ann Paxton
Catherine Gibaud	Claire Reilly
Lisa Higgo	Caroline Symons
Jennifer Koster	Natasha van Zyl
Sally Koster	Samantha Wouldridge

Ballet Examination Results

Pre-primary: All successful. Aty Snoek, Destiny Sanchez, Marissa Hendricks, Thania Hisham, Helen Mitchell.

Grade I:

Paula de Villiers	— Honours
Debra Lorden	— Highly Commended
Roxanne Segers	— Highly Commended
Bella Debenham	— Highly Commended
Louise Debenham	— Commended
Ingrid Semtsilev	— Commended
Sarah Newton	— Commended
Louise Smith	— Pass Plus

Grade II:

Chene Roberts	— Honours
Imgard Bergstedt	— Highly Commended
Samantha Hendricks	— Commended

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music examinations

Grade I

Jennifer Bradshaw	Violin	Merit
Zara Quail	Violin	Merit
Bronwen Davies	Piano	Pass

Grade II

Tamaryn Hammond	Piano	Merit
Noleen Read	Piano	Merit
Nadine Bowers	Piano	Pass
Chloe Kensley	Piano	Pass
Clare Ellis-Smith	Violin	Pass
Alison Sturgeon	Violin	Pass

Grade III

Vanessa Cowgill	Piano	Pass
Victoria Loesch	Piano	Pass

Grade IV

Sacha Hartz	Piano	Merit
Clarissa Molteno	Piano	Merit
Arlene Benjamin	Piano	Merit
Robyn Sturgeon	Violin	Pass

Grade V

Frances Kiewitz	Piano	Merit
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DOMESTIC AND GROUNDS STAFF

Back Row: Miss T Mafeda, Mr S Qabaka, Mr J Brootboom, Mr A Abrahams, Mr L Valentine, Miss R Phillips.
 Standing: Mrs D Cyater, Miss E Wildschütz, Miss M April, Miss M Koloko, Mrs E Qabaka, Miss E Matthews.
 Seated: Miss S Smit, Mr D Grootboom, Miss C Snyders, Mr D Grove, Mrs J Martin, Mr G Hendricks, Miss A Solomons.

SPEECH DAY 1987



Cathy Gibaud (Dux of Herschel) and Mrs Duff.

Dr Lategan, Archbishop Desmond Tutu and Mrs Duff.



HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

Ladies and Gentlemen, girls of Herschel, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you today and to present my Annual Report. In particular I welcome our guest speaker, Dr Esther Lategan, a woman of initiative and achievement. I am certain that she has interesting and thought-provoking ideas to share with us.

This year the school has run very smoothly and it could not have done so without the enthusiasm, co-operation and staunch support of all concerned. I am deeply conscious of the tremendous debt I owe to so many in this regard and, with sincere gratitude, wish to acknowledge their assistance — firstly that of the School Council and especially that of the Chairman, Desmond Loch Davis. His calm, wise counsel reduces many seemingly overwhelming problems to easily manageable proportions.

I also thank my staff for their loyalty and dedication, in particular, Cleone Dunleavy, whose interest in everything pertaining to education and the welfare of both the pupils and her colleagues, is an inspiration to all who work with her.

Two members of the teaching staff will be leaving us at the end of the year; our best wishes and sincere thanks go with them. The Art Department will miss Lorraine Gower who is to emigrate "down under", while Nicky Dauncey will join the high-tech computer world — a trip to Okavango will not be the same without you!

I thank Mrs Forsyth for all that she has done in the Boarding House during her stay at Herschel. In December she moves to rejoin her family in Pietermaritzburg.

The administrative staff have worked particularly hard this year; their behind-scenes activities seem to go unheralded, but they play a vital role in our school life. Therefore, it is with sadness that we shall say

goodbye to two long-standing colleagues. The Business Manager, Mr Lionel Saxby is to retire at the end of the year. The sound financial footing of the school is in no small part due to his management. It has been a real pleasure to work with such a genuine gentleman. Thank you, Lionel.

A wonderful lady plans to retire in March after twenty-five years' loyal service to Herschel. I pay tribute to the untiring dedication and love shown by our Bursar, Mrs Dorothy Smith. Her encyclopaedic knowledge of school affairs and Old Herschelian activities will surely not be matched by any computer we may install in the future! Our love goes with you, Dorothy. May your retirement years be golden ones.

Herschel girls have outstanding examples to follow — for another amazing lady has given wonderful service to the school for eight years. At the young age of 84, Mrs Mary Brink will unwillingly relinquish full-time duties as assistant caterer at the end of this term. We shall miss you.

It would be impossible to thank individually all the other wonderful people who have helped me, and therefore Herschel, this year. I would not like to omit anyone, so I will instead generalise and say a very sincere thank-you to Old Herschelians, parents, friends of the school and school staff — academic, administrative, domestic and grounds; you are all invaluable.

But, I must make a special mention of the girls of Herschel. You are the life-blood of the school and I thank you all. You really touch me when you share confidences, hopes and fears, suggestions and ideas. Thank you for keeping me in touch with the present and opening my eyes to the future.

Weekly prefects' meetings have enabled me to work closely with the head girl, Caroline Symons, her deputy, Michelle Booth and the

senior prefect, Lucy Burns, and their team of prefects. They are a fine group of young women with a keen sense of responsibility and duty. They have been thoughtful, loyal, reliable and constructive; in fact, all the things one would want them to be to make a year successful and well-organized. This year's large matric class have all given of their best in diverse ways, affording a stimulating challenge to their teachers. I wish them success in the final examinations, happiness and fulfilment in the future.

The 1986 matriculation results reflected hard work by the candidates and dedication and concern from their teachers whom I congratulate on ensuring that each girl realized her full potential. We achieved a 100% pass, with a special commendation to the English Department where every candidate gained a D aggregate or higher — indeed a remarkable achievement.

With the anticipated demise of the Joint Matriculation Board there has been an associated change in their efficiency recently, so we have made the decision to write the JMB examination for the last time this year. Our Standard VIII and IX pupils are already following the Cape Education Department syllabuses and I am confident that next year's results will justify the change.

As an unashamed academic, high standards are very important to me, and I am proud to be the Headmistress of a school where each pupil is stimulated to achieve to her maximum capability. Mathematics, in particular, is a subject that seems unnecessarily to terrify girls — so I congratulate Sandi van Hoogstraten who came in the top 10 in the Standard VIII section of the UCT/Shell Maths Olympiad. Michelle Booth was placed in the top 100 of the nation-wide English Olympiad, while the major accolade must go to a lovely, modest, matric pupil, Catherine Gibaud. She was 6th in South Africa in this same English Olympiad and in the September trial examinations achieved the outstanding average of 91.6%. Congratulations, Catherine, we shall follow your future achievements with interest and pride.

The Senior School Speech Day and Prize-Giving has special significance for the matric class for it affords the opportunity for final school recognition of their personal achievements. Last year I invited two matric girls to share the platform with me and to report for themselves on the year's school activities. From feedback received, it was clear that it was a welcome innovation so I shall do the same this year.

Jenny Koster and Gail Fitzpatrick please join me.

Sport and Other Activities

My task is to report to you on sports and other activities at Herschel since last Speech Day and the year has certainly been full and varied. I recall the 1986 Boarders' Christmas party where a new Father Christmas kissed many of the girls as he handed out the sweets, and the moving ceremony of the Valedictory Assembly on the last day of the year.

We have had a good sporting year, our swimming, hockey and tennis teams have all had their share of successes and our netball is greatly improved. The Standard 6 tennis team won their Inter-schools Tournament. Girls have also participated in board-sailing, golf, body-works, cycle tours, equestrian events and a triathlon in which, against open competition from all other schools, we came first and won a computer. Individual achievements at both school and provincial level are listed in the programme. We are so proud of these girls who have brought honour to the school.

Our competitive sport is not all serious. We enjoyed two hockey

matches against teams from Bishops, and netball has never had so many spectators as the day SACS teams donned skirts in order to challenge us on equal terms.

Other highlights were parents/girls tennis and hockey matches and we too have surrogate parents: "Father" Clarke played a stalwart game of hockey while "Mother" Braithwaite has been of unfailing support all year — thank you.

Aziwe and Fiona enjoyed two months at Brooks School in Massachusetts and we hosted two students in exchange. This exciting opportunity is available to two more lucky girls next year.

In July, fourteen girls went on a memorable trip to Botswana and the Okavango Swamps and returned with stories of "wart-pigs", elephant-sized lions and dust-caked hair. Nearer home, visits have ranged from the beaches to the mountains with visits to the Cedarberg and numerous places of interest in Cape Town and beyond.

The Standard 9's have been lucky this year: an interesting week-long Placement Programme gave them a real taste of work situations. They reported back to us and we will not forget Suki's account of seeing a baby born. They also went to Hermanus on a three-day Enrichment Course where they learned a lot, ate tremendous food and discovered that Mrs Duff is human after all!

Inter-house socials at the beginning of the year gave a good start to the activities that followed. All Inter-house competitions have been contested on a keen but friendly basis. One change this year is the disappearance of House Magazines, for reports of major events were repeated in each. Instead girls from all three houses have combined to produce an outstanding 1987 Year Book. We congratulate them on the innovation.

Gail will now present her report on Cultural Activities and the Spiritual Life of the School.

Cultural Activities and Spiritual Life

This year everyone has had the opportunity to join the many active school clubs and societies; to attend lectures, plays, concerts, ballets and films; to participate in competitions, symposia and festivals. The very full programme provided is detailed in the termly school calendars and reported in Mrs Duff's regular newsletters, so I will mention only a few of the highlights of the year.

Music, Art and Speech and Drama continue to play an important part in the life of the school and to provide numerous Eisteddfod successes. Regular Musical Evenings have given exposure to the full choir and the chamber choir as well as individual instrumentalists. Matric art work was displayed at a special exhibition last night. An interesting stage production entitled "It began with the Greeks . . ." enabled many girls to have an opportunity to act in a school play.

Nine girls had an exciting and interesting time at the Grahamstown English Festival during the July holidays. Congratulations to Joy Parker and Jessica Turner whose "parlez-vous" gained Herschel first place in the 1987 Alliance Française competition, with Joy first overall.

Innovations this year have been an attempt to play the "Stock Exchange Game" (several budding, keen feminine financiers still keep an eye on the financial pages) and an Inter-house public speaking competition.

Also new was the very successful William Herschel/Southern Life Inter-schools Quiz with competitors from twelve schools answering an amazing array of questions posed by Mrs Thompson. Sadly the girls' schools had to concede male supremacy in this field!

Spiritual life at the school continues to be quiet and sincere. Herschel girls are to be confirmed next Sunday. We are grateful to the many people who help with Wednesday evening and Sunday morning Chapel services. Twice a term we have held a full school communion here in this hall; it has been good to worship as a unit and we thank Reverend Cook for his loving guidance.

The class of '62 held a happy reunion dinner followed by a Sunday tennis party and lunch under the Ilex tree. Boarders, invited to join the party, couldn't help overhearing some strange reminiscences. I wonder what we will be recalling in the year 2012!

I should also like to say, on behalf of the girls, how much we appreciate the efforts of all who love and care for the school and who help to keep the wider Herschel family united. The active Old Herschelians' Association was sad to receive the resignation of the Chairwoman, Mrs Beenda-Lynne Hoffman, now in New York. The rest of the committee continue to give wonderful support to the school in so many ways. Many mothers help to arrange flowers at school, and a special thank-you is due to Old Herschelian, Mrs Anne Snyders, whose expertise is here for you to see. The team of garden ladies, which includes several Old Girls, has been hard at work this year: a lovely new path at the Junior Preparatory School, a very special herb garden, pansies around the bird-bath, big white tubs and numerous tiny marigolds are all evidence of much hard work and loving care. Thank you all. I can only hope that we present girls will prove to be as loyal, supportive and active Old Herschelians in the future.

Thank you, Mrs Duff, for allowing us to present our reports.

Thank you, girls. Your poise and your confidence are typical of Herschel girls.

At a Conference of the Heads of South African Private Schools, a guest from England, the Warden of Radley College, Mr Dennis Silk, posed the question "What makes a good school?" He suggested that "atmosphere", assessed by that gut reaction one has on walking into a good school, is an important and useful criterion. He also said, "Parents, good parents, produce good children and good children basically make good schools." A good school is also the product of a team effort with effective communication between the home and the school with a dedicated, professional, efficient, effective staff. He suggested that another of the criteria to look for in a really good school is the priority it gives to academic standards, the sharpening of the faculties for thinking, the arrival of the light of dawning in the eye of the pupil, intellectual curiosity; in fact, a good school is one where there is an obtrusively evident love of learning. In addition, a good school must have a heart, a loving, caring heart, and a soul. It also requires purposeful activities outside the classroom, for morale to bubble in successful sporting teams, societies, dramatic productions and musical events (for music is the great civiliser of mankind). Dennis Silk also stressed the value of creativity, of the provision of the opportunity to become enthusiastic artists, potters or designers; the importance of leadership opportunities; the opportunities for awareness for the future, in the field of computers and social responsibility.

I felt confident as I heard Dennis Silk speak, for Herschel does measure up to his criteria: Herschel is a good school.

But we cannot afford to be complacent; we cannot stand still. In order to maintain our proud position as a leading independent girls' private school, new updated facilities are urgently required to meet our immediate needs as well as those of the next decade and indeed the 21st century. The overwhelming consensus of all those canvassed — pupils, teachers, parents and educational experts, is that Herschel needs a Communications Centre incorporating a new School Hall

and an activity complex. This will strengthen not only the heart of the school by providing a suitable venue for a common meeting-place but also the total well-being of the school through the provision of an adequate tuckshop, new cloakroom and locker facilities and improved opportunities for computer studies and creative work. Provision of these additional facilities will go hand in hand with ongoing curriculum development to maintain the highest standards. Exciting future plans include more individual responsibility for all matric girls, a diploma finishing course and a post-matric "A" level course which could even be co-ed. All these and more are still pipe dreams, but if one does not dream and plan, one will stagnate — and Herschel WILL NOT stagnate. Ultimately the centre could include new administration offices which would free present accommodation to provide common-room facilities for all girls, particularly day-scholars. I feel the lack of this facility very keenly, especially when I see a forlorn day-girl standing on a cold, windy, wet verandah waiting for her parents, or girls sitting on the tarmac driveway because they have no "home" room to go to.

As you all realize, making dreams into concrete reality costs money. I therefore ask for your support in our major Fund-Raising Appeal which is now moving out of the behind-scenes planning stage into a major launch in January 1988. A contribution from each and every member of the Herschel community, past, present and future, will ensure unsurpassed opportunities for your daughters and indeed their daughters.

The role of women today is a complex one; they press for more and more recognition; they strive to be independent, to do what men can do, to become doctors, engineers, lawyers, to climb mountains, fly aeroplanes, dress in trousers; and they demand equal pay. All these, women have achieved, but sadly, in doing so, many "liberated" women appear to have lost sight of one of their most important roles, of their true gift to society.

I was encouraged and delighted to hear Gail's words a few minutes ago, for I believe a woman's gift is that of really caring for people, of being the real leader in her own small community; in other words, in addition to any other accomplishment, a woman should be a good, caring mother and home-maker for her family. In the twentieth century, life has been organized in general terms by means of machines, money and materialism. I believe it is a woman's calling to redress this imbalance of mechanization, materialism and soullessness. By all means let her have freedom to have equal pay for equal work, to travel in space or to be Prime Minister, but if the aim is not to be a woman, a feminine woman, she has failed not only herself but the community in general.

Expressed in sharper and more pictorial terms, what the world needs today is a mother to care for it. Mary, the mother of Christ, focuses for many the longing of humanity for a mother. Perhaps this is why there is still such a wave of empathy throughout the world, even in this country, a Republic outside the Commonwealth, for Princess Diana and all she stands for as the epitome of femininity and motherhood. It is said that a child bears the mark all his life of having been brought up without parents, but that to be deprived of a mother is more harmful than to be deprived of a father.

What is true of individuals is true of society as a whole; perhaps more mothers should assume leadership positions. What a wonderful challenge for Herschel girls to take up in South Africa.

The nurture of the human race is not possible without the gift woman brings: caring for people above all else. Remember the old saying: I'm sure it's true: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world". Let our hands be caring hands.



Caroline Symons, Mrs Pamela Duff, Michelle Booth.

HEAD GIRL'S (FAREWELL) SPEECH

Dr Lategan, Mr Loch Davis, Mrs Duff, ladies and gentlemen and friends.

The day that all the matrics have been looking forward to has arrived at last and I am honoured to be here speaking to you all.

It certainly does not seem real that our final year is coming to its close. I remember the first day of matric so clearly and it seems like yesterday. I think all the matrics will agree that our final year at school has been the toughest but also the one in which we have had the most fun. After all those draining double lessons when we felt ready to give up, there was always that tea break or lunch break during which we could meet in the common-room or out on the lawns to chat, have fun or simply relax. The friendships made in one's matric year are somehow so much stronger than those made at any other time of one's school career and perhaps this is what makes matric the unique year that it is. Being "The Big Form" in the school, with three classes instead of the usual two, we comprise a wide variety of personalities all of whom have interacted together to produce interesting results! However, the differences which exist between ourselves and our classmates are a true reflection of life and by the time we reach matric, we realize this and learn to accept these differences.

The highlight of our year was undoubtedly our Matric Dance which was held in April. The excitement and spirit among all of us while we were decorating was wonderful and we thank Katie Christie and Melissa van Assen for the tremendous amount of work they put into the dance. This very hall was transformed into a Garden of Illusion and the evening was one which we will all remember for a long time.

The division between matrics and prefects is something which has been felt in our class this year but after discussion and meetings we realize that when a matric is put in a position of authority over her friends, it is inevitable that friction will occur.

As a prefect body, we set out with specific objectives which we have attained during the course of the year. Admittedly, we have not found it all easy, especially when some of those among us persist in not wearing ribbons! Being "cops" and punishing girls is by no means where a prefect's duties end. We have, through various means, tried to maintain Herschel traditions while at the same time initiate changes where we have found them necessary. Under Mrs Duff's guidance, we evaluated the prefect system at Herschel and looked at alternative ways of distributing responsibility among pupils, concluding that a smaller prefect body would be the answer. We are grateful to Mrs Duff for all she has done for us this year: for her enthusiasm and encouragement and for her unfailing confidence in us.

The year has been a learning experience for me, one in which I came across something new almost every day. Prefects, thank you for your loyalty, your support and for the care you have taken in all we have

done. A special thank you to Michelle Booth — Michelle, thanks for always hearing, advising and helping.

How many times in the past have our parents told us how fortunate and privileged we are to come to Herschel? Numerous times, I'm sure. And have we really believed them when they have said this to us? Probably not. Only now, looking back on my 12 years at Herschel, do I realize that we are offered a very privileged and unique education. Academically, we receive thorough and careful attention, made possible by our small classes, but as Mrs Duff said at Speech Day last year, "Education is what survives when all that has been learnt at school has been forgotten." This is the type of education we are getting at Herschel. We are encouraged by staff, who take an individual interest in us, to involve ourselves in all that the school offers and through diverse activities, such as pottery, choir, mountain club hikes and the talks we hear every Friday afternoon, we are enriched as beings and our outlook is broadened.

More importantly, we are trained to think, question and evaluate for ourselves and, in doing so, we are being prepared for the lives we are to lead in a changing future and a changing South Africa. When I read a recent magazine article comparing various girls' schools, I realized how singularly fortunate we are to be educated in a non-racial environment where girls of different races mix freely together.

To you girls who have not reached matric yet, do not waste your opportunities at Herschel; rather seize the advantages of your education and utilize them to the full. If you do this, you will gain the most from your school lives and above all, you will attain fulfilment.

I would like to thank the staff not only for the patience with which they have prepared us for our final exams, but also for the personal concern and interest they have shown in us. It surely requires great devotion to try to convince us that Shakespeare is of greater importance than the somewhat less academic activities of the forth-coming weekend! Mrs Allen, Mrs Beames and Mrs Thompson, thank you for your particular concern as our form teachers.

I would like to thank Mrs Dunleavy and Mrs Westgate who both play a vital role in the running of the school, for all they have done. For the particular guidance and warmth they have given the prefects, we thank them.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs Duff. The contact I have had with her this year has been invaluable. She leads the school with a dynamic approach, a genuine concern and a deep understanding of us all. We thank her for this.

With the building of the new resources centre, the school will be undergoing exciting changes. We wish staff and girls every success and happiness and may Herschel grow from strength to strength.

Caroline Symons

TWO YEARS ON — An interview with Mrs Duff



Since Mrs Pamela Duff (then Mrs MacDonald) came to Herschel two years ago, at the beginning of 1986, the school has seen many dynamic changes. She is a woman who is not afraid to introduce innovations, and her vigorous personality is reflected in her work, and in her great concern for the well-being and success of Herschel.

In reply to a question about her first impressions, she says, using her characteristic hand gestures, "The first thing I was struck by, was the tremendous atmosphere; also, the beautiful buildings and the gentle, happy surroundings."

She found the Art, Music and Drama departments particularly impressive; however, she noticed the absence of an adequately-sized chapel, in this, an Anglican church-school. "I felt that Herschel was, in some way, lacking a heart or a soul." For Mrs Duff, who considers it important to maintain a link between the school and the Old Herschellians, it is sad that old girls cannot return here to get married and to have their babies christened.

The school has long ago outgrown its small hall, and it is clear that better facilities, such as a winged stage for school productions, are required. This is one of the main motivations that has led Mrs Duff to initiate the plans for the new block, which will soon be getting under way. "I visualise that the new complex will solve the problem of the hall for dramatic productions and for Speech Day. It could also serve as a place where we can all worship together, as a school."

When asked how, in her opinion, Herschel compares with other private schools, she says, "The best!" Why is the school so special? "It is the proud, loyal, active old Herschellians, the good parents, and the pupils, who are not satisfied with creeping mediocrity, but who are continually striving for better. They are given the opportunity to shine where they shine, and those who are capable emerge. The Herschel girls learn a sense of responsibility and, with this responsibility comes caring. And they really do care. It is these thinking, caring people who can make a difference to the future of South Africa."

Mrs Duff was born and grew up in Zimbabwe (then Rhodesia). Initially, she had wanted to study Law or Medicine, but, at sixteen, came to UCT, "the only university", on a scholarship which was tied to teaching. She found, however, that she really enjoyed this. When offered a scholarship to Cambridge, she refused, preferring to be independent and to teach. She taught for twenty-five years, before taking up her first post as a headmistress seven years ago. "I knew what I was letting myself in for, but I love being busy."

Last year, the Duffs' house was built on the site of the old tennis court, next to the cabbage-patch, and was immediately dubbed "The Cabbage-patch House" by some of the pupils. Living on the school property is obviously very convenient for any school head; however, Mrs Duff finds that she rarely gets away, even during the holidays, as she is always nipping up to her office. Perhaps the Duffs' thatched holiday-cottage in Greyton will enable them to spend time away from school, walking in the mountains together. They share a love of nature, and their dream is to go to India to pick orchids in the Himalayas.

Dr Duff is an ENT specialist, and enjoys cooking for relaxation. "I have never eaten the same meal twice with him," his wife says, and even confesses to merely washing up the dishes. Apart from her husband, there is another male in her life — Sam, the ginger cat.

Mrs Duff has two daughters and is the proud "granny" of four. Her two daughters each presented her with a grand-daughter on the same day, 1 September 1982.

Some interesting facts about the Herschel Headmistress

1. FAVOURITE FOOD: prawns, artichokes and lettuce. Dr Duff specialises in French Provençale, and is "the world's best cook".
2. FAVOURITE RESTAURANT: Ons Huisie, in Bloubaergstrand.
3. TOOTHPASTE: Aquafresh Blue (Is that the one with the blue stripes?)
4. FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMMES: Documentaries (The Living Planet), the News, Dallas, advertisements featuring babies.
5. BOOKS: biographies, particularly autobiographies. "Life is stranger and more interesting than fiction."
6. MUSIC: "Actually, I'm tone deaf! I don't like the modern thumping and banging; it's repetitive and mesmerising; nor do I really like the heavy classics; perhaps light, soothing, background classical music, such as Brahms or Strauss. I cannot stand opera! I don't understand it."
7. STAR SIGN: Leo.

Having been a student teacher at Herschel in her university days, Mrs Duff has made her return, this time holding the highest position the school can offer. Some of the changes she has introduced have been met with initial reluctance, but we are beginning to realise that change is not only inevitable; it is necessary. Our ability to adapt has proved its success, and Herschel can be assured of even more success in the future.

Naseema Barday and Michelle Rohland



School Prefects

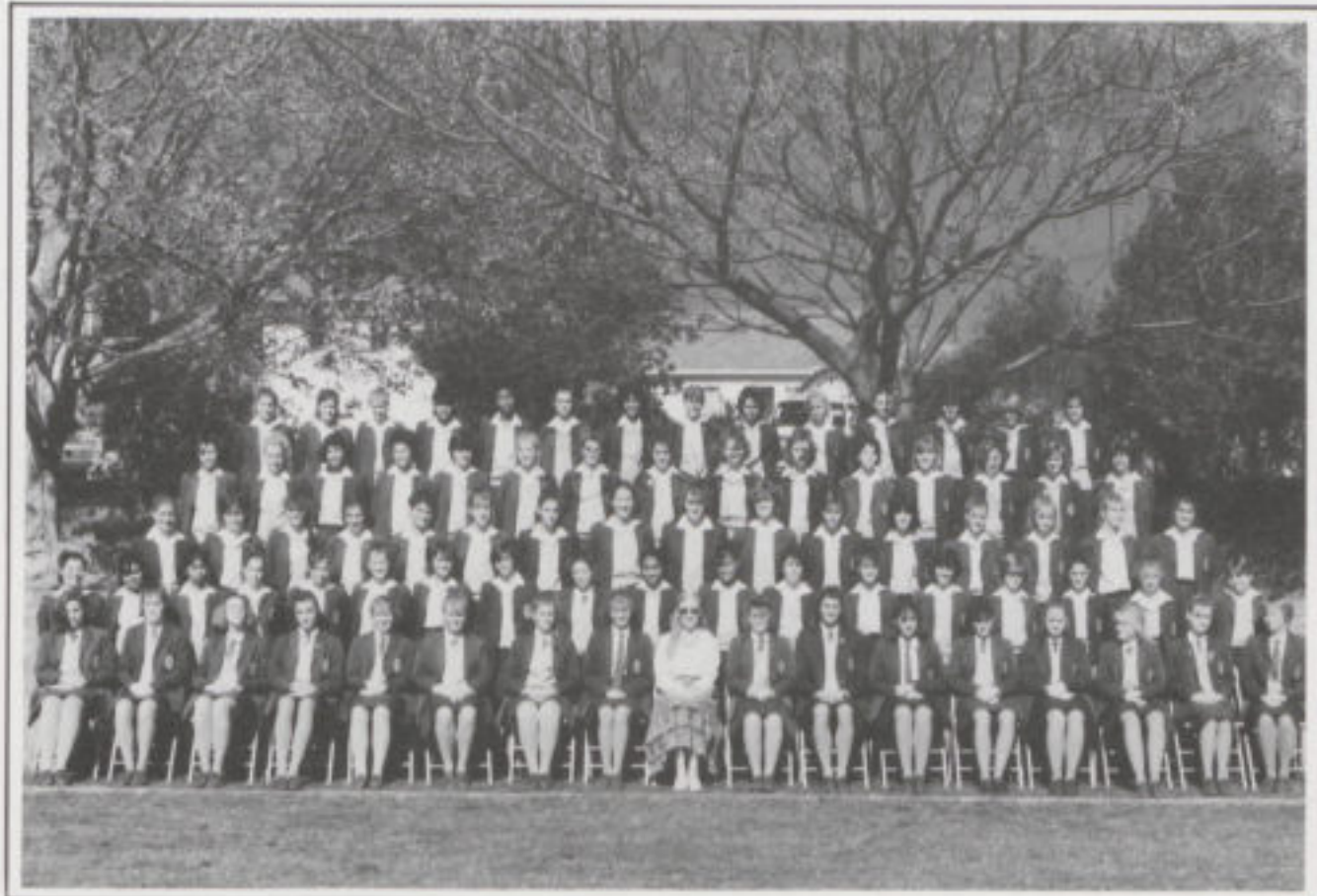
*Standing: Serin Gowdy, Bridget Chapman, Lynette Dicey, Melissa van Assen, Katie Christie, Christie Peters, Lesley Millar, Natasha van Zyl.
Seated: Lucy Burns (Senior Prefect), Michelle Booth (Deputy Head Girl), Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), Caroline Symons (Head Girl),
Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice Principal), Ann Paxton, Michele Kroon. Absent: Catherine Gibaud.*



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS

*Standing: S Koster, L du Plessis, L Dicey, J Koster, M Mosomothane.
Seated: M Kroon (Deputy Head), Mrs C Forsyth (Lady Wardens), A Paxton (Head), Mrs G Foster (Sister), C Symons.*

JAGGER



Jagger House

5th Row: T Hofmeyr, J Franco, J Wray-Young, S Banderker, L Msengana, S van Hoogstraten, N Mohamed, R Sturgeon, A Nortier, E Wynne-Edwards, E Disler, C Bridgman, C Convery, C Landers.
 4th Row: M Roman, S Bendzulla, R Kanji, F Kiewitz, T Bridgman, C House, L Myburgh, L Bersack, G Zwiigelaar, C Capri, L Theunissen, S Louw, P Thompson, J House, S Guyrene-Evans.
 3rd Row: J Bouwer, A Dunn, C Holmes, T Mills, I Haldane, T Holm, C Molteno, P Dixon, M Rohland, E Mallet, S Hardy, H Barr, J Parker, S McCarthy, C Wilkinson, A Mallet.
 2nd Row: P Rayners, S Arieff, N Rawoot, C Ross, A Gersh, K Blumberg, M Rose, F Milne, S Bailey, B Loghdey, M Golding, C Sedgwick, H Sparks, J Hutton, A Wilkin, A Daniels, T Lange, J Sturrock.
 Front Row: L Freeman, C Reilly, L Pyott, M van Assen, M Wheeler, H Kaminski, B Mackellar, B Chapman (Head), Mrs P Allen, C Wilkin, T Horn, L Theunissen, A Sedgwick, A McDaniel, T Bell, C Gibaud, T Bradley.

Jagger Report

1987 has been a mixed year for Jagger, because although we have not won any Inter-house events, everyone has given of her best and that is what makes us such a happy house. After all, "it's not the winning but the taking part" which is important.

The year got off to an excellent start at the House supper. It was held shortly before the Inter-house Gala so part of the evening was spent practising our war cries, which really paid off as Jagger came second, only ten points behind Roll, and shouted both Roll

and Merriman out of the pool! We did well in all Inter-house events. Thank you to all participants.

Academically Jagger has once again excelled: Moira Rose won the Standard 6 bursary and Cathy Gibaud came sixth in the English Olympiad and won the Fenella Douglas Scholarship. Claire Reilly was part of the School's Forum Discussion team which was very successful. Joy Parker won the individual prize in the Alliance Francaise competition and Elisabeth Mallett participated in the poetry workshop at UCT. Sandi van Hoogstraten came in the top 10 in the maths olympiad

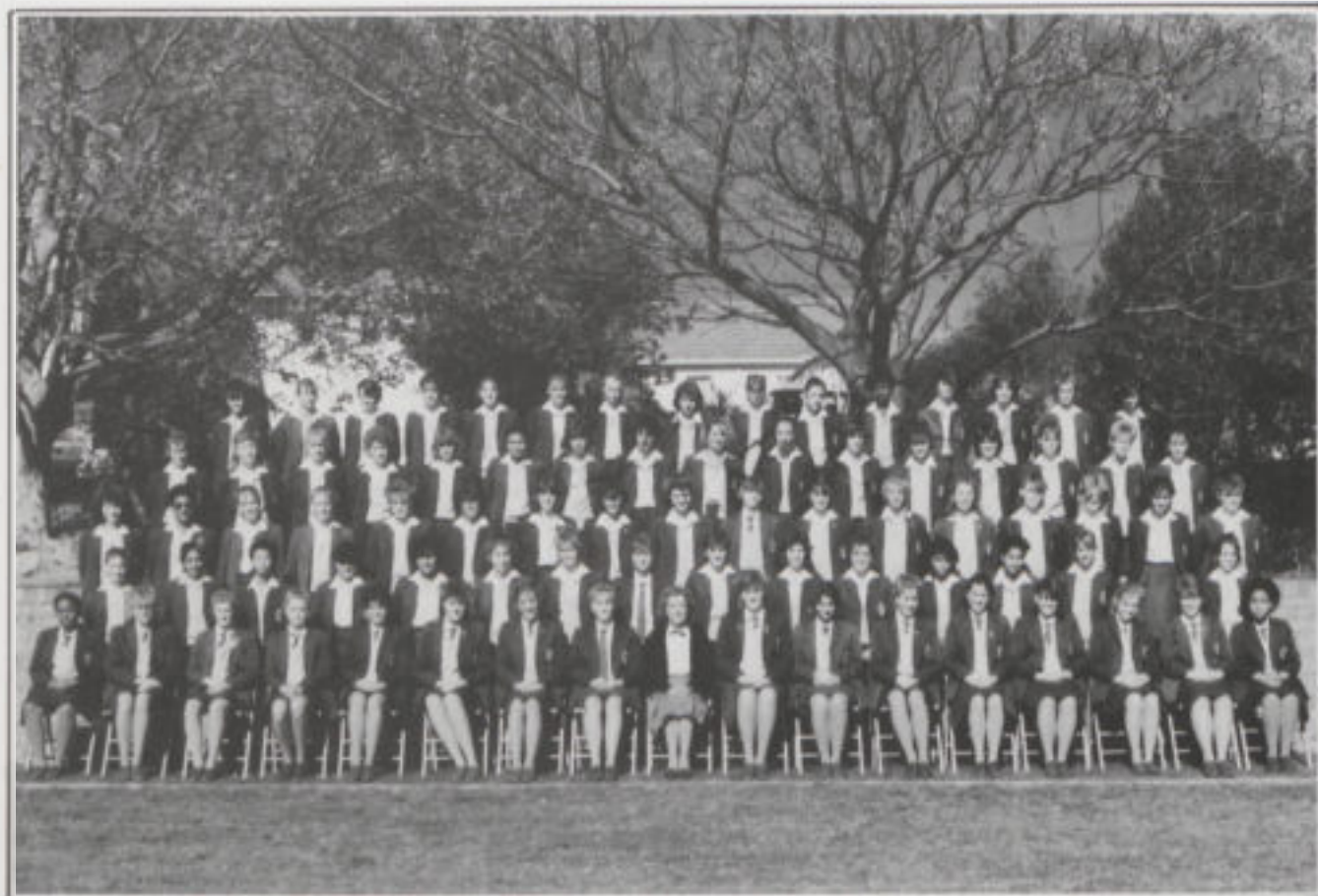
and many girls won certificates at the various Eisteddfods — well done all of you! Special congratulations go to Melissa van Assen who was made a prefect this term.

A few Jaggerites represented WP this year: in squash Melissa van Assen and Nawal Mohamed, and in horse riding Alison Sedgwick and Angela MacDaniel — well done!

Finally I want to say a big thank you to everyone in Jagger. This year has been fantastic. Good luck for next year, and keep the SPIRIT UP!

Bridget Chapman

MERRIMAN



Merriman House

5th Row: T Smith, B Visser, V Lengner, A van den Bosch, D McDonald, A Owenstone, L Forsyth, C McPetrie, S Rice, K Peterson, L Ndumbini, S Smuts, C Selby, D Frith, J du Preez.

4th Row: P Frith, D de Keyser, B Louw, V Loesch, L Marx, Z Hansa, K Goudy, M Keegan, S Joubert, M du Toit, L Bird, M Hendry, A Edmonds, B Kendal, D Gurney, J Kantor.

3rd Row: S Westby-Nunn, T Skwambane, C Southern, A Fletcher, A Opie, A Drerup, C Chapman, D van Schaikwyk, L Searson, H Marx, C Coyne, K Jensen, F Sass, C van Dugteren, N Meisner, T Westby-Nunn, M Suoboda.

2nd Row: A Kempthorne, R Devo, C Zetwanda, C Collison, Y Narker, S Snyders, H Cardwell, D Bonner, K Maisel, C Maconachie, K McAdam, M Rudolph, H Banderker, P Kennedy, C Moodie.

Front Row: M Mosomothane, T Gurney, I Haneekom, T Reynolds, B Miguez Pouy, L Higgo, S Goudy, L Turner, Mrs A Thompson, K Christie (Head), M Booth, L du Plessis, A Paxton, S Mackay-Davidson, E Allsop, K Snyders, C Mnyani.

Merriman Report

The first major house event of the year was a House Social. We all got together at Michelle Booth's house and spent our evening getting our voices and songs into gear for the Inter-house Gala which was to follow shortly. The evening was great fun and the MERRIMAN SPIRIT was starting to boil!

At the Inter-house Gala we did not fare well overall but we won a large number of individual cups. The swimmers were really encouraged by the mob of mad MERRIMANERS who were continually cheering us on.

Our moment of glory came at the Inter-house

Tennis — we won. We were so proud of all the girls who played, especially Ann Paxton and Mairi Hendry who were Mighty Mice.

In most house events this year we have fared quite well, coming second in most events.

Some of the Merriman girls have achieved great things this year. Michelle Booth and Tessa Gurney have both been chosen to go on Exchange Programmes next year, Michelle to Australia and Tessa, as yet unplaced, Fiona Sass was elected to go to Brooks School in America on a pupil exchange.

In the sporting world, Inge Haneekom was a

member of the Western Province Schools' A hockey team.

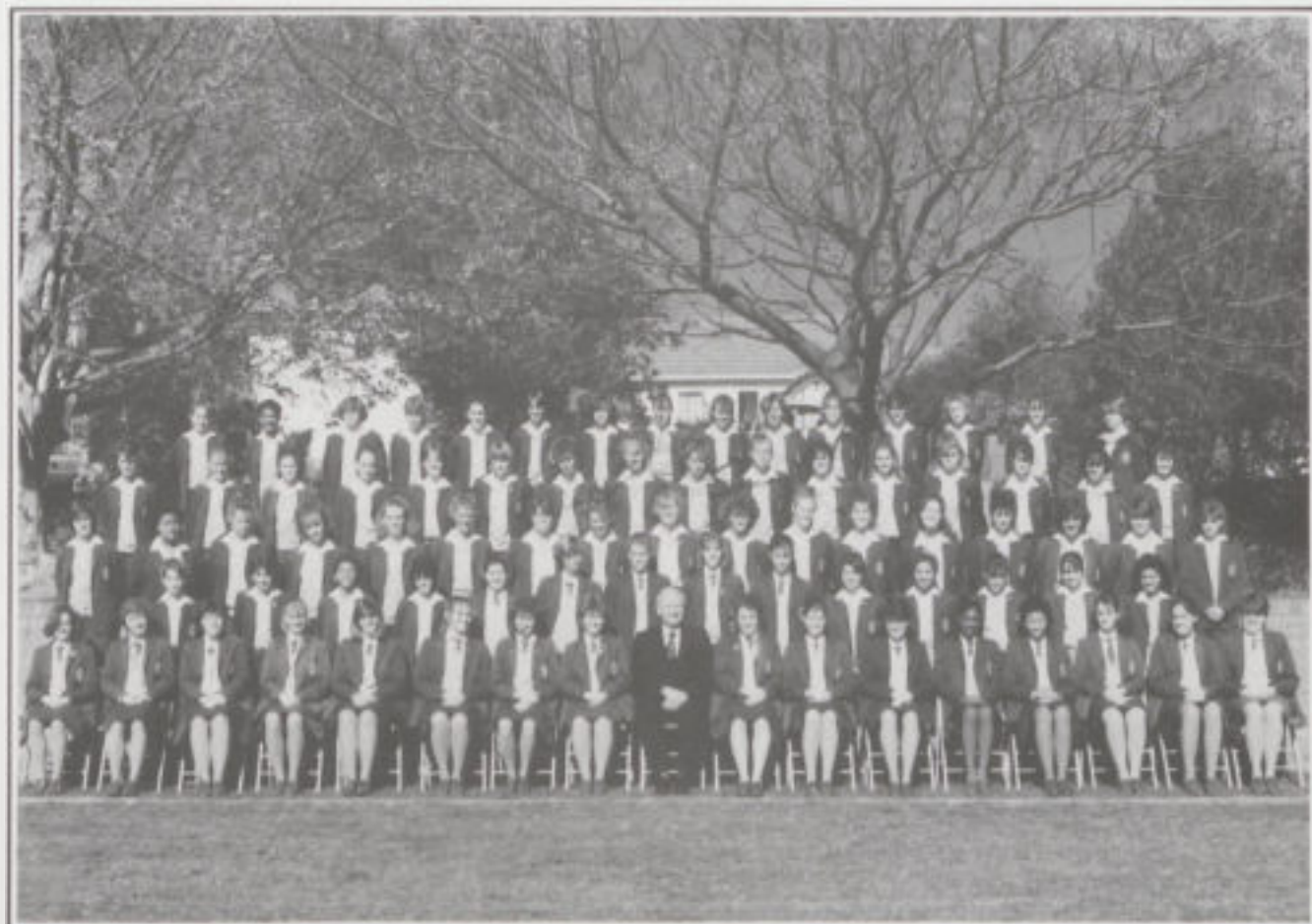
I would like to thank all the matrices for the never-ending support they gave me and a big thank you to the Merriman staff — you really have been a tower of strength.

Last, but certainly not least, an ENORMOUS thank-you to all the Merriman Girls. I wouldn't have been able to do anything without you little mice!

I have thoroughly enjoyed being head of Merriman and I wish next year's head the best of luck.

Katie Christie

ROLT



Rolt House

5th Row: T Price, R Boltman, D Christie, T Peacock, D West, L Lombardi, T Cohen, J Along, A Carey, L Meiring, N Lincoln, J Boyes, J Peters.
 4th Row: L Kode, L Fitzpatrick, F Jack, E Uttley, C Millar, L Turner, L Wilson, N Daniel, K O'Neill, E O'Hanlon, B O'Neill, G Ricketts, C Rutherford, C Sparks, L Omar, G Raaff.
 3rd Row: T Fourie, A Magida, E Stafford, J Eedes, N Louie, D Dare, M Lanning, H Taylor, S Mayer, R Wynne, D Pierce, L Peter, B de Villegas, M Raynor, M Drummond-Hay, S Smuts, T Cohen.
 2nd Row: Y Abrahams, V Cougill, S Karol, R Omar, S Enmerich, G Fitzpatrick, A Durr, L Millar, A Durr, S Jaffe, N Barday, T Byers, A Smith, G Clayton.
 Front Row: J Turner, S Koster, S Wouldge, J Koster, L Dicey, C Peters, M Kroon, L Burns, Mr H Clarke, N van Zyl (Head), C Symons, D Carle, G Moodley, Z Bacela, A Porter, T Pelt, E Frater.

Rolt Report

1987 has been an extremely successful year for Rolt and we've managed to come out on top with gratifying monotony!

Working with the Rolt girls has been amazing fun (we have pictures of certain chubby bunnies to support this comment) and I have thoroughly enjoyed dealing with a bunch of exceptionally vigorous and enthusiastic young people.

Throughout the year girls have participated in our very varied house events with real interest and even those on the sidelines do an exceptionally good job of advertising our

successes with loud, somewhat hoarse singing. But it is tough to stay on top as Jagger and Merriman have a habit of giving us really stiff opposition — we were definitely outdone by Merriman in the tennis tournament.

Rolt has been right up to form in various cultural events too, and some particularly brave girls entertained us in an Inter-house public speaking competition, proving once again that no-one must "mess with the best!"

Rolt has got its finger in the academic pie as well and Nazeema Barday and Larissa Peter have received academic badges this year. We also have a group of Roltarians who represent us with A aggregates regularly.

From Triathlons and Argus Cycle Tours to diving and hockey, enthusiastic Rolt girls are showing everyone what they are made of — and it looks as if they are good, solid marshmallow bunnies through and through.

There is, however, one particular ingredient to our success and that comes in the form of our "yellow-bellied dad", Mr Clarke! I would like to thank all our house teachers and especially Mr Clarke for all the support they have given Rolt. And finally to the Rolt girls themselves, remember it is your amazing effort that has made this year so wonderful and successful.

Natasha van Zyl

REPORTS

Art Awareness Club

"Should art convey a message or evoke a train of thought? Is art beauty? Does it moralise, can it add to our understanding of humanity or is it no more than exploring form?"

The pendulum of opinion concerning art's function swings from the one view to another and it was to examine various aspects of art that the Art Awareness group was formed this year.

The group welcomed anyone interested, but was mainly supported by Standard 9 and 10 Art girls and an enthusiastic group of guests from Bishops and St George's.

A series of BBC broadcasts called "Shock of the New" provided interesting discussion topics. Programmes on Fauvism, featuring Matisse, on the Cubist Movement, featuring an enormously influential group of artists led by Picasso and Braque, were particularly enjoyable, as were those on various Surrealist and Impressionist artists, sculptors and architects.

The group was also enthralled by Michael Pettit, a prominent South African painter, who came to talk to us one evening. Michael integrates and alternates many styles and techniques in his works. By juxtaposing unrelated objects and using different colour relationships, he creates a mystical mood and a certain tension in his paintings. His advice to young artists is to use a fairly rough application of paint and to develop their own techniques according to their capabilities.

There was great enthusiasm among the group members and we are all very sad that Mrs Gower, who provides the stimulus, will be leaving Herschel. The club will miss her.

Melissa van Assen

Boarding House Report

I cannot believe that another year is coming to an end. After I had read last year's Boarding House report, it struck me how unsettled the boardinghouse was then. There were three different Lady Wardens during the year and the adjustment to each Lady Warden was very difficult. This year we have been fortunate to have a very competent Lady Warden, Mrs Forsyth, and Sister Foster.

Mrs Botha kindly arranged a raffle to raise money for games for the boarders. This was very successful and many games, including Trivial Pursuit and table tennis, were purchased. These have proved to be very useful and enjoyable especially on cold evenings when Mrs Forsyth has given us hot chocolate

and made a fire in the boarders' sitting room. These evenings give a homely atmosphere to the boardinghouse and have helped to develop a close relationship among the boarders.

A boarders' forum is going to start soon. It will be run along similar lines to the school forum. Girls will be able to discuss any complaints and offer suggestions.

During the year, there have been several disruptions in the boardinghouse but most of these have been smoothed out. On the whole, there have been many improvements made and I expect that even more will be made in the future.

I should like to thank Mrs Forsyth and Mrs Foster for their care and interest.

Ann Paxton

Christian Union

The time of the CU meetings has been changed this year to a Tuesday evening. We found the lunchtime meetings too short and there were too many other activities happening at the same time. We have had fellowship meetings, panel discussions, videos, a pancake making meeting and a "jungle-juice" making meeting among others.

At the beginning of the third term a Mission came to Herschel under the leadership of Rev Cook. Nine students, including three old Herschelians, came for a week and took divinity lessons and evening meetings for the boarders, put on short skits and plays, sang for us and gave talks at lunchbreaks. The Mission was very successful and raised many questions concerning Christianity and its relevance to our lives.

A youth group called Y-WAM (Youth With A Mission) came on a Thursday evening at the end of the third term. They put on a programme of music, drama and dancing that was very enjoyable and which presented a clear message.

One of the greatest highlights of the year, however, was the camp which was held on the first weekend of term. A group of girls, accompanied by Mrs Allen and Mrs Brathwaite, went to a Scripture Union campsite at Bainskloof. There was a cottage there called Coaton Cottage. There was also the odd cockroach around and the water in the showers was freezing but nobody minded because it was such a beautiful campsite. The weekend was wonderful and it helped the CU members to get closer and to learn more about each other.

Jessica Turner

Debating Society Report

1987 has been a very interesting year for the Debating Society. The events on the Society calendar have included several exciting debates held both internally and externally.

At the beginning of the year, a Herschel team comprising Suki Jaffe, Katherine McAdam and Cathy Gibaud debated against St George's Grammar School. We opposed the motion that "South Africa is more a Third World Country than a First World Country". Everyone spoke very competently and, as a result, our team was successful.

We hosted a debate against Rondebosch Boys' School during the first term, which was well supported by both schools. There was enthusiastic participation from the floor and the informal nature of the discussion contributed to a relaxed, friendly atmosphere.

During the second term, Rondebosch hosted a forum discussion and "Just a Minute" evening, and Herschel debaters held their own remarkably well. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

During the third term, two external debates were organised. Bishops hosted a three-cornered mini-debate, with Bishops, Herschel and Rustenburg teams participating. We were very ably represented by Tobogo Skwambane and Terry Westby-Nunn.

A very interesting Afrikaans debate was held with Voortrekker High School. The topic discussed was "The present education system is a good preparation for the future", and our Standard 9 debaters coped exceptionally well, since both schools debated in Afrikaans.

Several internal debates have been held: a Standard 6 debate was held early in the year, and a most controversial debate was held when Mrs Allen and the Matrics battled it out against Mrs Westgate and the Standard 9's. The topic was "The Earth is flat" and the motion was carried, much to the disgust of the Geography department!

An entertaining parachute debate and a "Just-a-minute" competition, between the teachers and the girls, were very successful. It has been super to see such keen enthusiasm and participation among the Standard 7's and 8's this year, and a sincere thank you to Mrs Wilkinson for her assistance and encouragement, and to Michelle Booth (joint-head) for her organisation and support.

Cathy Gibaud

We began this year eagerly, camping under the stars for a weekend in the Bains Kloof mountains, on the MCSA property, Steenboksberg. The weather was perfect and a wonderfully relaxing weekend was enjoyed by all.

Unfortunately, owing to bad weather, a number of outings have had to be cancelled. We did, however, tackle Chapman's Peak on an energetic day hike, reaching the highest point in time for a well-earned tea. A romantic twilight climb took us up Lion's Head. The spectacular night lights of Cape Town provided a gently sentimental touch to the serene atmosphere.

During the September holidays, Mrs Feast, accompanied by Mrs Adley and Mr Clarke, is taking a group of eight matrics to the Cedarberg. We are looking forward to this outing with much excitement and would like to thank Mrs Feast for her enthusiastic leadership of the Mountain Club.

Lesley Millar

Scientia Report

This year, Scientia has met every alternate week, in the library, for informal general knowledge competitions. These are usually inter-standard. We did, however, branch out into the twenty-questions format several times. The history pupils proved to be worthy adversaries for Mrs Thompson's barrage of questions. The quizzes are great fun and are stimulating for the spectators as well as for the participants.

This year was an important one for Scientia in that we, with the help of Southern Life, hosted the William Herschel/Southern Life Inter-schools Quiz. The schools that participated were: Bishops, Herzlia, Rustenburg, SACS, St Cyprians, St George's, Wynberg Boys High and Herschel. A former teacher at Herschel, Mrs Jean Marr, was the quizmistress and, over the three nights, almost a thousand questions were asked. This is an indication of Mrs Thompson's dedication to and expertise in the field of General Knowledge. SACS were the overall winners but the other three finalists — Bishops, Rustenburg and Herzlia, kept SACS on their toes and the result was extremely close. The William Herschel/Southern Life Quiz took place in the School Hall, and was attended not only by staff and pupils of Herschel, but by Heads, staff and pupils of other participating schools. Refreshments were served at interval and it was a thoroughly enjoyable and informative experience, one which I hope will be repeated next year and for many years to come.

It is always challenging to compete against other schools and I hope that Herschel will always maintain its interest and standard in General Knowledge. We are at a very great advantage in having such a dedicated and motivated teacher in Mrs Thompson and I hope that, under her guidance, Scientia will grow and become even more enjoyable and stimulating with time.

Gail Fitzpatrick

Historical Society

The first meeting of the Historical Society this year did not bode well for its future. The motion that "You cannot move forwards without first looking backwards" proposed by a Standard 10 team, Lynette Dicey, Sam Woldige and Tessa Reynolds, was defeated by the Standard 9 team of Cynthia Carey, Roshon Omar and Nicole Champin.

The second meeting took the form of a programme of charades. Standard 8, Standard 9, Matric and Staff teams produced hilarious skits to enact their words.

In the second term, another lunch-time debate was held. A Standard 8 team of Lindsay Bonner, Alex Overstone and Kate Blumberg proposed that "Communism has effectively killed religion behind the Iron Curtain". This was opposed by a Standard 9 team of Naseema Barday, Anouk Drerup and Marcia Rudolph. The debate was won by the Standard 8 team.

The second meeting of the second term was a "specialist" quiz. Marcia Rudolph, Lynette Dicey, Cathy Gibaud and Larissa Peter became specialists on sections of history and were ruthlessly examined on these. Mrs Thompson then tested their General Knowledge. The quiz was won by Cathy Gibaud.

The debate in the third term was one with a difference. It was held in the court of old England and the issue debated was "Mary Queen of Scots deserved to die." Councillors Victoria Loesch and Grethe Zwiegelaar and Judge Zahira Harisa proposed the motion enthusiastically while Mary Queen of Scots (Kate Blumberg) defended herself, assisted by Gillian Clayton and Abigail Daniels. The debate was won by the proposition.

Lyndall du Plessis

Interact Club Report

1987 saw the start of the Interact Club which developed from the previously existing Social Responsibility Club. Interact provides a link with Rotary International, a Service Organisation, and is included in this large network. An exciting Charter evening was held on 2 June when we received our official status (and coverage in the local newspaper!).

With a group of enthusiastic Matrics and Standard 9's, the Interact Club started off well and has done much during the year.

At the end of last year we had a tremendously successful Christmas party for the Domestic Staff's children, where games were

played, presents were given out and much food was eaten.

This year we have taken on Lelieblom House, a children's home, as our major project. For most of the year the group of members visited the children there every two weeks. We collected Easter eggs from the school for them at Easter. An outing with them to Kalk Bay was organised during the June holidays and the last term some of the girls visited Herschel to play netball with us and to join us for tea. Some Herschel girls have also joined them at a camp organised by the Rotaract Club of Claremont.

We have also adopted a five-year-old boy who needs financial assistance with his fees at Inyani, a multi-racial crèche. We had a collection and a cake sale and were able to send a cheque for R87 last term.

We have also shown a series of videos, recorded from the BBC, on the History of Apartheid. These have been informative and constructive and have been attended by Rustenburg, Bishops and SACS pupils.

We were pleased to have Dr Toms speak to us, one lunchbreak, on his work with the SA-CLA clinics and community workers in Crossroads and Khayalitsha. As a result of the response to the talk, a group of girls went to visit Khayalitsha, taking with them clothes and food. All the girls found this eye-opening and were impressed by the sense of community that is being experienced in these areas.

Our Club participated in the Interact Conference where we learnt a lot from other Interact Clubs. We have also had contact with both the Rotary and Rotaract Clubs of Claremont. We attended a Rotaract meeting where Janet Perrot talked on the work of the Catholic Welfare Bureau in helping with soup kitchens, old-age projects, housing schemes, city gardening, among others, on the Cape Flats. This meeting gave us many new ideas and aroused much enthusiasm.

I extend my thanks to Caroline Symons, my secretary, who has been supportive and has worked hard, and to Cathy Gibaud for her competent management of the treasury. Special thanks go to Mrs Allen who has given us tremendous enthusiasm and support through our first year, and to Mr Clarke and Mr Lee, our Rotary liaisons, for their advice and encouragement.

I know the Club has many exciting plans for the future and I wish the new committee the best of luck. May the Club go from strength to strength!

Michelle Booth

Choir Report

Choir Leaders: J Koster, K Snyders

Chamber Choir Members: L Dicey, A Durr, S Joubert, M Keegan, J Koster, S Koster, M Kroon, V Lengner, S Mackay-Davidson, E Mallet, C Meredith, K Snyders, J Turner.

Both the main choir and the chamber choir have had a very full and busy 1987, during which we have sung at a variety of events. The annual Founders' Day Service was a great success. In March, we were invited to sing at the Women's World Day of Prayer in the Claremont Congregational Church. Two weeks later, after much rehearsing, the choir joined up with the Drama Department to produce "It began with the Greeks..." a series of short plays combined with music and songs. The chamber choir rose to the occasion by singing unaccompanied songs. The main choir participated in three other items, one of which included a solo by Jennifer Koster which was enthusiastically applauded. Well done, Jenny!

We have sung at only one wedding this year — again at Christ Church, Constantia. Successful events at which the chamber choir has sung are two "Evenings of Music" held in the main music room in June and August. We sang unaccompanied and sat around one table in typical 19th century style. The main choir sang at an "Evening of Music" in September. It was a very enjoyable evening which also included a variety of exciting solo performances.

Forthcoming events include: an assembly to be led by the choir (October); Speech Day (October); the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at St Saviour's Church (December).

We would like to thank Miss Sweet very much for giving up her time to enable us to enjoy singing more, and to widen our musical knowledge, and we would also like to thank Mrs Tyson, our accompanist, who has also given up much of her time and energy to enable us to perform at our best.

Jenny Koster and Karen Snyders

Music Report

1987 has been a very busy year for the Music Department.

The Cape Town Esteddfod commenced in May and many of our girls entered in the various sections. Meredith Keegan sang in the vocal solo section and was awarded an Honours. Jenny Koster received a Merit for her vocal solo. From the Preparatory School, Chloe Kensley and Nadine Bowers both received Honours awards and the Herschel Ensemble likewise.

Every term there is a music workshop in both the Senior and Preparatory Schools in which all the music students are expected to perform. The Evenings of Music, which have been instituted to cater for the needs of our more advanced students in both the Preparatory and Senior Schools, have proved most interesting and worthwhile. These evenings provide an opportunity for the music students to perform in front of an informal audience and so gain confidence. The items presented have included piano, vocal, and string solos, as well as vocal and instrumental ensemble groups. A very exciting item was included in our last evening of Music. Susan Snyders played the Bach Double Violin Concerto with her teacher, Dr Gherasen, and accompanied by Miss Sweet. Everyone present enjoyed this performance thoroughly, including the parents who have been most supportive. Of course, music students not only polish their pieces for concerts but some of them also enter for external examinations. The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music examinations took place on 18 September. There were many frayed nerves that day, both for teachers and pupils, but it proved to be a successful day. Well done to all who participated.

The Preparatory School orchestral and instrumental ensembles have grown in confidence under the enthusiastic guidance of Mrs Marianne McLean. The members of these groups are dedicated young players and their standard is extremely high. We do enjoy listening to them.

The Preparatory School Choir, accompanied by Mrs Tyson, and the instrumental ensemble groups have been very active this year. They participated in a concert with the Bishop's Preparatory School Choir and Orchestra in the first term and, in the third term, with Micklefield. The latter concert was held at Herschel. Both these evenings were instructive and stimulating.

Samantha Mackay-Davidson

School Choir

4th Row: J Turner, L Meiring, S Rice, C Convery, C Landers, J Aling, H Sparks.

3rd Row: B Boyes, L Msengana, S Joubert, M Drummond-Hay, G Zwigelaar, M Keegan, V Lengner, R Sturgeon.

2nd Row: A Durr, G Fitzpatrick, H Barr, C Coyne, E Mallet, C van Dugteren, A Mallet, T Pelt, Z Bacela.

Front Row: C Ross, M Kroon, S Mackay-Davidson, J Koster, Miss C Sweet, K Snyders, L Dicey, S Koster, A Kempthorne.





American Visitors:
Cynthia Carey and Elizabeth Nichols

Brooks Exchange: Herschel to Brooks.

It is now six months since Aziwe and I returned from Brooks but everything that we experienced and learned during our time at Brooks is still with us today.

We both had very different, preconceived ideas of what America would be like, and, although New York was as big and as busy as we had expected, Brooks school was a totally different experience.

The school is set on a vast area of land with rolling fields and a beautiful lake. The buildings and dormitories are in the centre of the grounds but the distance between Aziwe's and my dormitory was still pretty daunting, especially when the snow was knee-high on the ground. Brooks, however, is fairly up-to-date with inter-dorm phones and even their own radio shows so Aziwe and I could speak to each other at night after check-in.

The first night after we arrived, we were ushered into the student centre. 300 students were sitting down to dinner and they all turned round to greet Cynthia and Lizzy and stare at the "Africans", which is how all the African exchange students become known. After this first meeting things ran very smoothly and we made friends very easily.

In the halls and classrooms everyone waved cheerfully and made us feel welcome, and in our dorms the girls made a special effort to make us feel at home.

We took a great range of subjects from Biology and Maths to Film-making and Reading Biographies. Aziwe and I took softball and tennis respectively in the afternoons but after sport we were free until 10.00 pm. There were always people around to talk to or go into town or out to dinner with. I spent a weekend in Washington over Easter and Aziwe and I went with the two exchange students from Kenya for two weekends to Boston and for four days to New York. We stayed with Brenda-Lynne and Kerry Hoffman (both Old Herschellians) who live in an apartment in Park Avenue. We had a fantastic time and were both terrible tourists and did all the sightseeing touristy things while we were there.

We were both very sorry to leave Brooks as we had made so many good friends, to whom we still write, and had so much fun but it was wonderful to be back home with our families and friends once again.

I am glad that this exchange is continuing next year and I thank Mrs Duff so much for her care and the organisation of the exchange. I would also like to wish next year's representatives from Herschel the best of luck. I am sure you will have a wonderful time.

Fiona Sass

Botswana Tour: 1987

During the July holidays, 14 of us and Miss Dauncey, Miss Bristow and Mrs Feast were extremely fortunate to be able to tour Botswana and the Okavango Swamps. This trip was run by the very dynamic and entertaining Chris de Villiers, who is a teacher with extensive experience and knowledge of such wilderness areas.

For three weeks, we travelled in four-wheel-drive vehicles, along often non-existent roads, camping at various spots along the way. Not only did we learn a vast amount about the flora and fauna of the Okavango and Botswana, but we also learnt about each other and how to survive in often very difficult conditions. Each day involved setting up or striking camp, packing, collecting wood, cooking all meals, and fending off marauding baboons! We were divided into daily duty groups which spread the work load fairly, and everyone was enthusiastic, cheerful and there was a terrific team spirit throughout.

Most of us couldn't believe that it was possible to be so dirty. We had rationed water and there were very few ablution blocks in the extremely wild bush through which we travelled. However, the incredible amount of game we saw more than made up for the sand, dirt and grime everywhere. We survived being charged by elephants, having a pride of lions next to our tents, monkeys which stole our biscuits from our tents, and various other eventful animal encounters.

One of the highlights was the night we spent in the heart of the swamps. We flew in tiny aeroplanes and camped on an exquisite island. During the day we were taken along the waterways in mokoros, among the bushbuck, crocodiles and hippos.

Though we looked forward to hot baths and soft pillows, we were all very sad when our trip ended, as we had formed such a fantastic team. It was an unforgettable experience of which I'm sure we will always have very warm memories.

Larissa Peter

Brooks Exchange: Brooks to Herschel

This year Herschel was lucky enough to take part in a unique exchange with Brooks School in America. Cynthia Carey and Elizabeth Nichols came to Herschel from Brooks school, Massachusetts, in the first term of this year to spend three months with us and to learn a little about the South African way of life.

They were both a little apprehensive at first, as were their parents, who took quite a bit of coaxing to get used to the idea, because of the publicity South African affairs had received in America. However, they decided that this was the time to get in and experience what was happening in South Africa so they packed their bags and off they went.

Their arrival created a mild stir, to say the least. They wore wonderfully bright, decorated clothes and their bubbling laughter could be heard at almost all times. They found the school life a little different from Brooks. Firstly, South African study is far more intensive than the American system and individual pupils are not given as much free time to work alone, as they are in Brooks. However, they seemed to adapt to our way of life fairly easily and had only good things to say about the people and the country.

During their stay, they saw a great deal of the Peninsula. They went on numerous outings and on a weekend to the Parkers' farm where they windsurfed, waterskied and saw wildlife and game. They took trips up the mountain, to see the old buildings of Stellenbosch, and, of course, to the beach.

They both felt that coming to South Africa was an extremely worthwhile and meaningful experience. They had very positive feelings about South Africa and were keen for the exchange to continue in the future.

During the first term, they brought fun and laughter to the school and, even though they were here for a short time, their absence is greatly missed.

SPORT

Fun Run Report

Our annual fun run around the Rondebosch Common took place on 31 October last year. The girls were given donation forms to complete, before the event, and we succeeded in raising a considerable amount for the Peninsula Schools' Feeding-scheme.

The girls ran five and a half kilometres, twice around the common. At each edge of the common there were check-in tables just to make sure nobody skipped a corner. Some girls took the run more seriously than others, but most were in high spirits and enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly. The Inter-house event was won by Rolt, followed closely by Merriman and Jagger. The individual prizes this year were won by Inge Hanekom who came first in a record-breaking time followed by Lisa Kode and Mairi Hendry. Mrs Hall, Miss Dauncey and Mrs Adley were very energetic and participated in the run.

However sore our feet were, everyone had to admit that she had enjoyed herself immensely. Our thanks go to Mrs Botha for all the time and effort put into organising our fun run.

Lisa Kode

Sports Day Report

After exams last year all our frustrations burst out at our annual Inter-house sports day. Luckily the sun was shining and we spent a very exciting but exhausting morning down at the fields. Once again everything flowed smoothly under the supervision of Mrs Botha and all races were enjoyed by the participants. There were many hoarse throats at the end of the day from all the screaming from the houses. The teachers could, of course, not be left out, and the girls were entertained during the staff three-legged race.

The prizes, presented by Mrs Duff, were awarded to Tasha Horn, the under 19 champion, and Theresa Bridgman who was the under 16 champion. The Inter-house event was won by Merriman, with Rolt in second place and Jagger third.

Lisa Kode

Herschel Tennis and Hockey Tour

A room as big as two classrooms with bunk beds for all twenty-three of us was our first impression of our new home and even the fact that we had only two showers — unless of course you wanted to streak across the sports centre — didn't dampen our excited spirits!

Only ten minutes after we attacked that room and "unpacked", we had to say good bye to any glimpses of our carpeted floor until we all packed up to leave. To us it was organised mess but I don't think Mrs Botha quite agreed!

And so we began on our quest for fun by exploring the YMCA. The facilities were extensive and included squash courts, basket-ball courts, a gym, an indoor hockey court and — much to our delight — roller skates.

On the Saturday night, there was a roller-skating evening and everyone including Mrs Botha, tried her hand (or ankle, or face, or bottom) at this new, super-graceful sport. We have pictures to prove it!

Unfortunately our first matches were unsuccessful but we did put up some tough fights and even managed to score a goal against Carter High, a school of nearly a thousand pupils. In our last match against St Annes, we were victorious and, feeling extremely pleased with ourselves, we tucked into the wonderful tea they had prepared for us.

Our exciting schedule kept us on the go at all times and everyone participated in the activities with vigour and enthusiasm — which isn't difficult when you're doing things like going to the circus, shopping in Durban, watching Shaun Thompson, and roller skating for the first time. Visits to the Wimpy were also extremely frequent and no-one ever had the time to feel hungry. How do huge soft-serve ice-creams with Tempo bars inside them sound?

It was definitely a tour to be remembered and, despite small flaws, such as a bus whose door came off its hinges and virtually fell into the road everytime we opened or closed it, everyone enjoyed it immensely. Our thanks go to Mrs Botha and Mrs Hudson for being such good sports and for organising such a successful tour.

Natasha van Zyl

Hockey Report

This season the first team played well, but did not manage to score many goals. The second team played cohesively and scored well, doing satisfactorily in their league. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth and U15 teams all played consistently.

The first team started their season at Pinelands Oval with centralized matches which allowed the Western Province selectors to choose girls for trials. We congratulate Sally Koster on making trials and Inge Hanekom on making the Province A Team.

We then settled into the normal routine of Saturday morning matches. The girls played enthusiastically but sometimes lacked the necessary drive to score.

The Inter-schools Hockey Tournament was held at Pinelands Club. We drew many of the matches but managed in our final game to score a goal against St Cyprians which resulted in our sharing the trophy with Wynberg. The U15 A's also managed to come out as winners, sharing their trophy with Sans Souci and Springfield.

At the end of the season we organised a fun Round Robin tournament with combined girls and parents teams. This was an eventful and amusing morning, enjoyed by all.

Our thanks go to Mrs Botha for making this such a successful season. Best of luck to all teams for next year.

Inge Hanekom



1st Hockey Team

Back Row: N van Zyl, L. Kode, M Hendry.

Standing: E Frater, M van Assen, J Koster, M Booth.

Seated: M Kroon, I Hanekom (Captain), Mrs H Botha, A Paxton, S Koster.

Absent: D Carle.



Tennis/Hockey Tour

3rd Row: M Kroon, J Koster, E Frater, A Paxton.

2nd Row: Mrs H Botha (standing), S Hardy, M Hendry, L Millar, N Meinert, S Koster, K Jensen, C Symons, D Carle, K McAdam, N van Zyl, I Hanekom.

Front Row: M van Assen, A Edmonds, T Bridgman, L Burns, L Lombardi, M Booth, L Kode, S Gwynne-Evans.

Netball Report

Under the enthusiastic coaching of Mrs Bonnellie, Herschel's four netball teams participated very successfully in their respective leagues, the first team being moved up a league half-way through the season. However, because the teams played against at the Inter-schools netball tournament were in higher leagues, Herschel unfortunately did not do very well. The obviously increased level of team spirit was pleasing, though. Inter-house Netball, held on Friday 18 September, was a much enjoyed event. Some exciting matches resulted in Rolt only just beating Merriman and Jagger. Following this, two SACS teams tried their luck at netball. Needless to say, the boys, hindered by their new skirts, were defeated.

We would like to thank Mrs Bonnellie for her endless support and encouragement.

Lesley Millar



1st Netball Team

Standing: E Uttley, C Millar, L Lombardi.

Seated: F Sans, L Millar (Captain), Mrs M Bonnellie, S Mackay-Davidson, T Hom.

Squash

Standing: N Mohamed.

Seated: D West, L Burns (Captain), M van Assen.



Squash Report

This year we have had a busy, yet enjoyable, programme. Two teams were entered into the Schools' League. The 'A' team was very successful, winning the League Knock-Out Tournament by beating Wynberg 4-1 in the final. The 'B' team was not as fortunate and, I think, found their opposition rather strong.

The 'A' team did extremely well in the Inter-Schools Tournament, and lost narrowly to Camps Bay in the finals.

Inter-house Squash was held at the Vineyard Squash Courts during the second term. There was some exciting squash, with Rolt the overall winners, Jagger second and Merriman third.

The School Championships were played during the second term. Debbie West won the under 16 section, and Lucy Burns won the open.

This year three girls were selected to represent Western Province: Melissa van Assen (U19) and Nawal Mohamed and Debbie West (U16). Our congratulations go to them for this achievement.

I would like to wish the squash teams the best of luck for 1988, and hope that there will be more spirit and enthusiasm among the younger players. I would also like to thank Mrs Wilkinson very much for her support and encouragement throughout the season, and the mothers who helped with transport.

Lucy Burns



Standard Six Inter-schools Tennis Team

*Standing: M Rose, C Chapman, S Rice
Seated: B Boyes, A Wilkin
Front Row: C Sedgwick, J Peters, J Sturrock*

Tennis Report

Tennis was enjoyed by many girls throughout the season and, although our league matches proved quite demanding, we nevertheless participated fully in each game.

Merriman managed to win the Inter-house Tennis Cup, thereby showing Rolt that occasionally another house is able to win. At Inter-schools, four couples played and although we came third, thus repeating last year's result, our fourth couple, Lucinda Lombardi and Theresa Bridgman, excelled themselves by reaching their final in which they defeated Rustenburg.

We were also successful in the Standard Six Inter-Schools competition where, despite only six schools being represented, the tennis was of a very high standard. It was a tussle between Sans Souci and Herschel but the fourth couple clinched the cup for Herschel in a nail-biting finish.

A fun match between parents and girls was organised for the end of the season with each team comprising a parent and a daughter. After the tennis which was won by Mr Raaff and Mr Symons, Gabby Raaff, Ann Paxton and Mairi Hendry, everyone was invited to enjoy a cold lunch under the flex tree. It was very good experience for the girls to play against the wily fathers and mothers.

I should like to thank Mrs Hudson for all that she has done for tennis at Herschel and wish her well in her retirement.

Ann Paxton



Inter-schools Tennis Team

*Standing: T Bridgman, M Hendry, S Guynne-Evans, L Lombardi
Seated: L Millar, A Paxton (Captain), L Burns
Absent: E Rista*



Swimming Team

Back Row: L. Meiring, L. Kode, B. Bopas, C. van Dugteren, D. Christie, V. Cougill, C. Landers.
 Standing: T. Bridgman, B. O'Neil, T. Mills, N. Daniel, F. Sass, K. O'Neill, T. Fourie, T. Byers.
 Seated: S. Mayer, K. Jensen, M. Booth, Mrs. H. Botha, K. Christie (Captain), N. van Zyl, C. Bridgman.

Swimming Report

There was tremendous team spirit throughout the swimming season of this year; indeed, we seemed to become a close family. The new members of our team soon settled down.

Although we trained very hard under the expert guidance of Mrs. Botha, we only managed to come fifth in the Inter-schools Gala. Despite the downpour and the resultant discomfort, the team was inspired by the enthusiastic support of a few girls, staff and the never-tiring cheerleaders. They turned a miserable morning into a lot of fun.

At the Inter-house Gala, Rolt won the U14 section, Jagger the U16 section and Merriman the open. Rolt was the overall winner of both the swimming and the diving events. The swimmers enjoyed the loud support given by their house members and I would like to thank all those who supported us both then and throughout the season.

Finally we would like to thank Mrs. Botha for her friendship, enthusiasm and superb organisation.

Katie Christie



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Standing: D. West (Squash), A. Sedgwick (Equitation), A. McDaniel (Equitation), I. Haneekom (Hockey), M. van Assen (Squash), N. Mohamed (Squash).



1987 Matrics

4th Row: S Emmerich, I Hanekom, S Woudge, A Sedgwick, C Wilkin, E Allsop, T Bell, S Koster, J Turner, D Bonner, D Carle, C Mnyani, M Mosomothane.

3rd Row: T Pelt, A Porter, A Durr, L Freeman, T Gurney, G Moodley, L Higgo, T Horn, E Frater, H Marx, T Reynolds, L Pyott, C Reilly, A Durr.

2nd Row: L Turner, S Mackay-Davidson, H Kaminski, M Wheeler, G Fitzpatrick, L du Plessis, A McDaniel, B Miquies Pouy, Z Bacela, J Koster, T Bradley, L Theunissen, K Snyders, B Mckellar, S Bailey.

Front Row: M van Assen, C Peters, L Dicey, L Millar, S Goudy, A Paxton, C Symons.



Sub A — Matric

Back Row: K Snyders, L Burns, N van Zyl, M Wheeler.

Standing: L Freeman, C Symons, K Christie, C Peters, L Millar.

Seated: T Pelt, A Porter, Mrs P Duff, C Reilly, A Durr.

ORIGINAL WORK

Standard 10

Wheels

Black boy. Barefoot. Rhythmic iron rolling, turning, spinning along the muddy earth. The bicycle wheel is sent along its uneven path-way as laughter rolls along beside it. It tinkers on the stones, swishing through puddles of obstructing water. Co-ordinating. Controlling. Brown feet follow behind the ring of metal, bringing joy and warmth in the cold world. Hand meets cog and fun is created. The wheel spins on...

... in an ever-widening circle. Birds wheel in the bright blue void. Unrestrained, unharnessed they move in imaginative circles of freedom, pirouetting with the air in a dance of romance. Calling and circling, wheeling and...

... dealing. Chips are placed down in an atmosphere of electricity. Tension ebbs and flows as the roulette wheel spins. Diamonds and gold. Chatter is nervous as the ball bounces and bobs, bouncing over the numbers of white, black and red. Wheel of Fortune — the ball sits fast — Wheel of Loss. The spinning force determines their Fate. Mechanically moving wheel...

... churning out the vast number of members from the labour society. Wheels spin, cogs grind, motors hum. Black grease slips over the working pieces operating in a dull, monotonous language of toil. Wheels work together to manufacture...

... a tricycle! Radiance and love spring from the young boy's eyes. A big, red bow crowns the shiny, silver handle-bars, the sturdy, yellow framework and the big, black wheels of his very own tricycle. His! Under his pounding legs, the bike comes alive. It moves in wheels of joy. Down the driveway, across the park, into the road...

... wheels spin, all working to propel the train forward. Hundreds stretch out in a line down the rail. Beating. Pounding. Driving. Iron upon iron, they rotate in a thunderous noise. Fast and unrelenting, no harmony with nature...

... in softness and quiet, the spider spins. No noise is heard. Peace is wound in the circle of his web. Silvery and shining, it traps life for life. The wheel of fine thread betrays the looming danger and doom as the spider spins on and on...

... and on goes the circle of life, never ending, never ceasing. (Not yet.) Birth begins the circle of life of an individual. Love, misfortune, happiness, misery. Death ends with a hole in the ground.

The wheel stops turning. Things stand still.

Serin Gowdy



Michele Kroon — Standard 10

Last Laugh

The last soft rays of the sunlight tenderly kissed the mountain tops as the liquid darkness quietly poured in. The majestic beauty was intensely overpowering, yet she seemed to notice nothing of it. As the bus jolted onwards, she became increasingly tense and her wan face appeared to grow more and more haggard. She said nothing, while a frustrated frown slowly formed on her forehead.

The bus drew to a weary halt and she, just as weary, climbed out. She had been on her feet the whole day, but she still had to make her way home. The grudge she bore against life, and particularly against her husband, burnt in her heart relentlessly. She knew he would be sitting as she had left him. The flicker of hope she had had, of his finding a job, had long previously been extinguished, and she pressed on gloomily through the filthy streets, scarred with misery.

As she approached the entrance of the dilapidated block of flats, which she was forced to call "home", a stray dog whimpered pitifully and she heard the dismal sound of migrating geese in the distance. She felt her breathing become restricted and she feared she might suffocate in her sorrow. There was no joy around her and she had nothing to live for.

The door groaned drearily as she forced herself to push it open. She was met by the cruel fingers of stale smoke, curling into her nostrils. She felt nauseous and stood for a

moment before entering. She could not bring herself to look upon the disgusting sight which she knew awaited her. The noise of the television blared forth and she slammed the door with hatred.

He did not bother to look up at her, or even to say a word. He no longer noticed the strong smell of human body, mingling with old beer fumes, but sat engrossed in the programme he was watching. It was a comedy and, much to her disgust, he appeared more than vaguely amused.

He reached his arm out towards the plate beside him and grabbed hold of a greasy sandwich which he proceeded to shove down his throat. She felt utterly revolted as she watched the folds of fat surrounding him vibrate as he chewed.

Suddenly he let out an enormous guffaw, and she, fighting back her rage, continued to stare with hatred. The fat rolled up and down as he roared with laughter and tears began to pour down his face, forming tiny streams down his unshaven cheeks. Being able to restrain herself no longer, she turned away in anger. He laughed and laughed uncontrollably, unable to help himself, a pathetic sight in anyone's eyes.

As she walked out of the kitchen, a faint smile appeared on her face, and, raising the knife, she giggled as she approached him.

Lesley Millar

The Mary Muller Picture of the Year



Tessa Gurney — Standard 10

The Collector



Lisa Higgo — Standard 10

Illustration of a poem by e. e. cummings



Natasha van Zyl — Standard 10

Inspired by a visit to a scrapyard



Jacqui Aling — Standard 9

Frogs, flowers and nasturtium leaves



Grethe Zwiegelaar — Standard 7

Decorative Tile



Natasha van Zyl — Standard 10

Portrait 'After the Fauves'



Clarissa Molteno — Standard 6

Egyptian Montage



Donna Christie — Standard 7

Decorative Tile

Escape

She arranged the little tea cups on the table and then politely asked first the pretty blonde doll, then the porcelain antique one and finally the huge teddy bear if they would like some tea. She chattered away, making light frivolous conversation, the perfect hostess. Every now and then the teddy bear would rumble an answer in his gravelly voice or one of the dolls would contribute to the conversation in a high-pitched voice. She was supremely happy. Her dolls' tea party was a great success; she could tell the dolls and her teddy bear were enjoying it and her smile grew all the wider.

The scene was typical of any five-year-old giving her toys a tea party. But she was not a little girl of five. She was a woman of fifty. She was his mother. The young man watched her with narrowed eyes and a frowning brow. His mother — he could hardly believe it — his mother was mad. The doctor called it "premature senility". Would he too, lose his grip on reality at the age of fifty, he wondered. Was this falling hereditary?

The doctor entered the room quietly. He looked professional in his spotless white coat and his eyes were kind and understanding as they took in the tableau. He caught the

young man's eye and beckoned to him. Together they left the room, leaving the woman and her companions to their tea party.

Once they had reached his office, the doctor turned to the young man, "Your mother has been under observation since you checked her into our institution last week. She has retreated into her childhood completely and we cannot reach her unless we treat her as a child. We think this retreat is a result of the emotional stress she suffered after your father's death. Her brain has shied away from the reality of pain and financial insecurity and she has retreated to a time when happiness was the only thing she remembers, back to her childhood. You did the right thing in bringing her here. Her retreat is complete, you know; she can no longer fend for herself. We have appointed a 'mother' to look after her, feed her and tell her what to do. She has accepted this very well and I do not think her condition will deteriorate."

Through the window they could see her pushing her guests about in a pram. The tea party over, she was showing them the garden. She pointed out different flowers, exclaiming over their colours and beauty. She hummed happily up and down the path.

The young man watched her for a while and

then, turning to the doctor, asked tentatively, "There's, uh, no chance of it being, ah, um, hereditary, is there then?"

"Oh no!" the doctor reassured him, "No chance at all. You'll be wanting to leave now, I expect. Sister Calver will give you details concerning visiting hours and what you should and shouldn't bring. Here, I'll show you out."

Later that afternoon the doctor sat leaning on his desk, thinking. He recalled the placid, calm look on the woman's face as she had walked in the garden, concerned only with the comfort of her dolls. He compared her expression to her son's tense drawn face. Each had escaped: one from reality, the other from insanity.

Lyndall du Plessis

Dragons

When you talk of dragons, people immediately think we're evil. I'm not surprised considering the amount of propaganda that's spread about us, but actually we're gentle, peace-loving creatures who are always trying to help. Let me tell you of an incident that once happened to me.

I was a youngster of about four hundred in those days and not fully aware of how stupid humans can be, and, believe me, they can be! I first heard of Marigold through a cousin of mine, who was subsequently killed by King Arthur. Marigold was a beautiful princess, of Lamara, apparently. The poor girl was very depressed because of the recent loss of her parents, the king and queen of Lamara, through a boating accident (I heard they had been swallowed by the Loch Ness Monster). Marigold was now forced to live with her uncle, who was a very evil man.

I am not exactly clear what happened, but her uncle had made some indication that he had designs on her innocence. Marigold had told him in no uncertain terms of what she thought of him and his crumbly palace. The uncle, in a rage, ordered her to be locked in the north tower. Now, as you should know, all north towers of castles and palaces are very grotty, have generous supplies of rats, and are designed just for the purpose of containing young damsels.

When I heard this story I was deeply moved and more than a little curious to see what my cousin referred to as a "real stunner". Conveniently the mountain behind which I lived was not far from Lamara, so I set out to try my hand at rescuing a damsel in distress.

Just as I reached the gates of Lamara, I was told by a very unfriendly knight on a white horse in shining armour that the palace was



Amanda Porter — Standard 10

under repairs and so I could not enter. I looked over the walls to see where the repairs were going on so I could avoid them, only to discover that the knight had lied to me. I decided that this must have been the evil uncle, though actually I discovered later that it was King Arthur. To this day I cannot understand what damsels saw in him. He had such a squeaky voice! Anyway, back to my story. I stepped over the city walls and made my way to the palace. Then a very unfortunate thing occurred — I got hiccups and I accidentally burnt the haystacks in the adjoining fields. Just as I was about to knock on the window to see if Marigold was in, I hiccupped and burned half the tower away and set the rest alight.

Fortunately Marigold was in the part of the tower that was now burning but was otherwise all right. She came to the open hole in the wall so I grabbed her away just in time to save her from a falling timber. I decided to move her to a safer place, away from that evil uncle of hers so I ran as carefully as I could away from danger to my home on the other side of the mountain.

When I got her to my home I had my first good look at her. What my cousin had seen in her, I don't know; though, to be sure, one never looks good after being imprisoned in a dirty tower for a month. I decided I'd warm some water for her to bath and make her a cup of tea because she looked as if she would faint at any moment. I was very hurt when she refused the bath I offered and the cup of tea. I suppose she thought that I was out to boil her or poison her.

I had another bout of hiccups that put her first into strong hysterics; then she fainted. At that moment, as luck would have it, the knight in shining armour arrived brandishing his sword in a most unfriendly manner. As I still thought him to be the evil uncle I decided that I had better protect the damsel after all the trouble I'd been to, so I put up a show of a fight. After a while, however, I began to get bored with the whole affair (Marigold, I decided, was an empty-headed nit-wit, and as for the knight, I'd have loved to know how much Silvo he used each night just to impress the girls). I pretended to turn tail and run.

When I looked back I saw Marigold professing undying love for the knight who had saved her from that evil creature, and to this day I have not rescued another ungrateful damsel in distress.

So I hope all you idiotic humans remember next time you see a dragon that actually we're very nice, friendly creatures who just like to help.

Bronwyn MacKellar



Lisa Higgo — Standard 10

New Horizons

Bill and Maud, standing on the balcony of Norman's house overlooking the sea, pretend to laugh about it: they had almost celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary by forgetting about it. Norman's surprise cocktail party had been more of a surprise than he had intended it to be. Now they were leaning against the balcony rail, clutching almost empty champagne glasses, each one suspicious that the other had remembered, but not wanting to say so, neither one bothering to voice the suspicion. After a few minutes neither of them cared.

Bill had been getting rather restless in that twenty-fifth year of marriage. Aspects of Maud's character and appearance that he had not minded before were beginning to bother him: her housecoat with psychedelic pink and purple circles on it nauseated him when he saw it across the breakfast table; her habit of straightening his tie before he left for work irritated him now; when he saw the young women with their fashionable hairstyles that flowed freely with the wind he compared them to Maud's set of the past twenty-five years that would not move in a

gale-force wind. He was doing a lot of comparing, and he was dissatisfied.

In his mind's eye he could see the note:

"My dear Maud

I have gone to seek new horizons."

The day after the cocktail party he thought matters over again and it became clear to him what he had to do. Maud would find the note in the morning once he had left.

As he headed home that evening he tried to prepare himself to act as usual. It would be difficult, considering how much happier he was now, but he would manage; his future depended on it.

As he opened the front door he noticed that some element was missing from his usual homecoming. He put it down to the state of mind arising from his decision and made his way to the lounge. Just then he realised what it was: there was no smell of supper cooking. At that moment he saw the note on the lounge table:

"My dear Bill

I have gone to seek new horizons."

Samantha Bailey

Lift your eyes up to the sky

Lift your eyes up to the sky: that's where the helping hand is. Mphuti had been working in Johannesburg for the past ten years. He was originally from Transkei. At home he had left three young children and a wife to go and seek work in the City of Gold. He found work in the goldmine.

"Mphuti, you have spent ten years already in Jo'burg. Now you have to come back and be near home. The children are growing up and I want your help. I even forget sometimes that I have a husband, because you are always not there." These were the bitter words of Mphuti's wife.

These words struck Mphuti deep down in his heart as he tried to find their meaning. He did not see any future for himself back at home. He thought he had given his wife everything she would ever want. She had a herd of cattle; she had a few goats, and, most of all, she had children.

Mphuti thought of Johannesburg: the hard work, the sweating and the burrowing into the earth like moles. He looked at his left leg and saw the scar. That scar was from a rock which had fallen on his leg. It was hard in the goldmines, but he wanted a living for his family.

In spite of his wife's plea, Mphuti went back to work. He knew that she did not understand. He went back guiltily, thinking of those three pairs of eyes that stared at him while he was going away, and the hands that waved endlessly. He was going by train. That endless journey lying ahead of him made him fatigued. He carried as few clothes as possible, but his tape recorder was never left behind as it was the only "life" he possessed in Johannesburg.

"Tsho-tsholoza, tsho-tsholoza yo-o-o! . . .", sang the miners rhythmically.

"Welcome back, we mfo wakithi (my brother)."

Mphuti realised that he no longer belonged to the mines. Only his body was there, but his soul and mind were back at home. He realised that he had to do something. He knew deep down that he too was sick of Johannesburg. He was sick of being under a white man and having to call him "baas". He was his own "baas" in his home. Transkei was his home and that is where he had to go.

After three months he asked to see his manager as he had decided to resign. "Sorry baas, I'm going home."

"Why? alright, go anyway. There are thousands waiting for your job. What are you going to live on? Hey, boy, don't you come crawling up to me and asking for your job back when you find that you can't cope any more." The manager allowed Mphuti to go and do his will.

Mphuti knew he had no work at home, but he would not dare go back to the mines. Ten years was no child's play. He did not know where he was going to start and build a new future for himself. In the post-office bank he had saved seven hundred rands, so he drew that money to mark the end of his life in Johannesburg. He took the earliest train he could find, but anyway it was still going to take him two days to get home.

"Tata, what did you bring us?," asked those tiny voices.

Mphuti took out the two big dolls and a toy truck, for his two daughters and his son. He told his wife his decision and she was overwhelmed that she was "remarried".

Mphuti decided to take a long walk alone and see his land. He took his pipe with him to keep him company. It was a hot day and he decided to sit down and rest. Physically he did rest but mentally he did not.

"God if you are there, help me out. Put some sunshine into my life," Mphuti prayed while he closed his eyes.

Cocoka Mnyani



Lisa Higgo — Standard 10

Escape

"Everything's prepared for your departure, Mr President," said the official dutifully.

The president nodded his head and dismissed the man with a wave of his hand, continuing to review the reports before him. It was not his fault that the war had started, but it had been inevitable. The sore within South Africa had been festering for a long time and it was only when the scab was picked off and the underlying raw Russian conspiracy revealed, that America had stepped in to defend the rights of all people against Communism. It was for the benefit of all (black and white) that Communism should not infect Southern Africa. It had been Karl Marx, who once stated, "Give me Southern Africa and I will rule the world," and those words should never come true.

The war in South Africa had been long and bloody with black and white fighting courageously side by side, to try to defend their precious country, and near the end they began to wonder whether the original issues and causes of South Africa's problems that had ignited the war were not just a kick-off point where the Russians and Americans could scum together.

After four years South Africa was left with nothing but broken homes, broken spirits and deep regrets for what had transpired from the past. The country itself could never be restored and all the major cities had been reduced to piles of broken buildings, with many people being forced to live together in what had once been termed "squatter camps". The South Africans would never have believed the price they would pay in the end to break down the laws of apartheid.

When the war had been raging for three years, the Russians had struck below the belt by dropping a nuclear missile on the Seychelles where many American troops were gathered and preparing to act as reinforcements. The American people were in uproar about this and demanded that the president retaliate, and, following the commands of the country, he ordered the American army to bomb Mozambique to a pulp using the new SG 11 close-range missile.

Soon afterwards many of the European countries became involved in the war. After remaining neutral for almost four years, the United Nations Organization was voted degenerate and was abolished after Russia and America had both vetoed the issues surrounding South Africa.

When 11 years of war had passed, many, many of the European countries, together with most African and South American states, were in economic collapse, their people's faith crushed and broken. On each continent a wave of devastation and hardship had washed over, leaving almost the entire world in a bath of blood.

Now the end was near. The president stood up and walked down the long, narrow corridor with the only noise emanating from the clicking of his heels on the floor. A nuclear missile with enough power to destroy the whole of America had just been launched by the Russians. It was the last blow they could strike! America had ensured that the Russians would not survive after their last fatal attack.

The President, together with his wife and two children, climbed into the space craft, which had enough food and supplies on board to last many years. He had trained his family to be prepared for this escape from the world, and they had lived assured of their survival, while others in the world lived assured that they would die.

Once in orbit the President turned on the screen and viewed the earth below and when he looked to the east he saw a similar craft in orbit with a red flag on the side hovering meaninglessly in space, vulnerable and almost innocent.

Leanne Freeman

Standard 9

The Nuclear Threat

Nuclear power made its first public appearance in Hiroshima, in the form of the Atom Bomb, on August 6, 1945. There are not many who were alive at that time who will forget the terrifying experience. In fact, few living in and around the area lived to remember it. Those who were killed instantly were lucky; they did not have to go through the suffering of radiation sickness and the heartache of giving birth to a still-born or deformed child.

Although scientists saw the danger of this new weapon, it was a representation of their supreme genius and they were inquisitive to learn more about its power. They recognised nuclear energy as a safe, clean, cheap and limitless source of power, a substitute for the earth's fast diminishing source of fossil fuels. It would therefore provide electrical energy that could save the human race from impending disaster.

The complexities of nuclear energy were not understood by the public and they made a gullible audience for those who were convinced that nuclear power was the way for the future. Many believed, but how do you convince the mother of a deformed baby that the force that destroyed her child can save the world?

Scientists assured us that nuclear reactors were perfectly safe, but they were wrong. This became clear on March 28, 1979, when the brand new Three Mile Island nuclear plant in Pennsylvania had a "melt-down". This is the most serious accident to have happened in the West. Thousands fled from the surrounding areas, and the anti-nuclear battle began in earnest. The nuclear industry was clearly "playing with fire", taking little or no heed of the possible consequences.

Fortunately, the reactor cooled within a week, along with angry demonstrators; no one was killed; no mushroom clouds appeared, and the natural environment did not appear to have come to any harm. Scientists threw this back in the public's face and laughed at those who had made such a fuss about nothing. But is it really over? Who knows if one day the inhabitants of Pennsylvania may mysteriously develop cancer or leukaemia? The worst thing about nuclear radiation is that it is invisible: we are not aware of its presence until we feel the symptoms.

The most recent nuclear plant failure is still fresh in our minds. It occurred at Chernobyl, in the Soviet Union, in April 1986. A blockage of coolant caused the reactor's tempera-

ture to rise far above the safe operating limits; the pressure tubes melted and hydrogen was given off, resulting in an explosion.

The headlines of a medical report in "The Argus" on Thursday 11 September last year read, "One million could die after Chernobyl fallout." In this report, Professor Goffman, a professor of Medical Physics at the University of California, estimated that 424 300 people in the Soviet Union, and 526 700 in Europe would develop cancer over a seventy-year period because they had been exposed to radio-active caesium from the nuclear power-plant accident. He also said that 195 000 more would develop caesium-caused leukaemia and others could develop thyroid and other types of cancer from different radio-active substances in the fallout.

Unfortunately, however much we argue about the danger of nuclear power, our complaints are futile. There are three hundred and seventy nuclear power reactors in operation all over the world today, and experts are determined that they are here to stay. We cannot now go back in time and pretend that the Atom Bomb was never created. We are stuck with it. Those who support nuclear energy say that without it there will soon be plenty of incentive to use it, as countries begin to fight over the last remaining sources of natural energy. If we do all we can to conserve electricity, this may not be a problem for a while yet, but the whole issue of nuclear power is a vicious circle; we are in danger if we live with it, but we cannot live for ever without it.



Jacqui Aling — Standard 9

Only time can tell what the consequences of the development of nuclear power will be, but until this time, let us not forget the words of the United States President, John F. Kennedy: "The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness. But the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable — for they determine whether we use power or power uses us."

Michelle Rohland

I want to be me!

My brain switches on a light in my head and the gentle, downy mists of sleep disintegrate all too quickly. Harsh light makes my pupils contract and eyes, still filled with the residue of sleep, blink.

"Come on, get out of your pit!" I hear Radio Five's Martin Bailie scolding South Africa. Already my life is being dictated to me. The whole day is routinely structured and seldom varies.

I lie in bed listening to the friendly, irrelevant chatter on the radio and something in my brain keeps telling me that I have only five minutes. The minutes may be few, but they will be comfortable and warm under my duvet, with Kasey purring and clawing me contentedly as though she were kneading bread. If I half close my eyes everything becomes soft and blurred. I am happy in my secure little cocoon. Then realisation slaps me

sharply across the face; time waits for no man, or woman for that matter.

My life is unwillingly centered around time. Five minutes to get dressed, ten to walk to the station. If you eat late, the train refuses to wait. There is always another train but you will be late.

Everybody is in a hurry; the world is on the move and it turns mercilessly, not halting for a second. It is no wonder that people are so stereo-typed; no-one has the courage to develop his own style for fear of the world rejecting him. What would happen if somebody rejected the world? What if somebody said:

"Stop! Just slow down!"

The world would not stop and you would be left behind with nothing to do and nowhere to go. The only escape is sleep, where your mind is your own again and you can be totally free. I wish I could sleep forever, be myself forever: at peace with peace. If we could all really live our lives, how much more harmony there would be.

I want to be able to swim with the fish and fly with the eagles. I am most at peace when I am underwater in a world of my own, or when I am talking to friends, when I know that I don't have to be home by six o'clock and I don't have to do any work, when I am under no obligations and the sky is clear and blue. I cannot bear to be inside and waste all the beauty given for us to enjoy.

I love to walk my dogs in the forest and to run in the long grass that lightly whips my legs. I wish I could watch the pursuit of a butterfly, floating gracefully from one bloom, overflowing with nectar, to the next.

It is precious to witness my cats playing with a wild tortoise that roams around our garden. If you put grapes near the undergrowth, the tortoise will eat them. Then, because he has ventured out of hiding, the curious felines try to harass him by patting his shell with their paws. The old creature remains unperturbed.

Before television raised its commercial head and work did not intrude on my afternoon and evening, I would mix paint and doodle the time away happily. I tried doing art at school but it was different. I had no choice as to what I would paint or whether I would paint, draw or sculpt. When I was younger I did pottery and would love to do it again but now I have no time.

Life is cruel; I want to have time to create, to cherish and to love. I want time to be with people I love, to do the things I love, see the things I love to see. I want time to be free. I want time to be me.

Bertha Visser

"I saw it happen"

The room was stuffy and the smell of stale cigarette smoke pervaded. My desk was strewn with papers, newspapers; the coffee was cold. Headlines, news of bombings, victories, defeats faced me every morning. When would this damn war end? The British were struggling to hold their heads high,

while the Germans were ruthlessly destroying life everywhere. Luckily, we were not directly involved. The world waited, tense, as the killing and slaughtering continued.

It was early; my shift in the editing room started at five. There was just a faint flicker of light over the horizon. As I looked out of the frosty window, the harbour seemed calm, restful. Christmas was coming soon, marking yet another year in which we, the Americans, had remained aloof from the horrendous world affairs.

That day, 6 December 1941, would be yet another day of trying to write articles with no information, false information, partial information... The newspapers were the people's only link with the outside world and so, we tried to be truthful. Sitting down at my desk, I sighed, starting to flip through the files confronting me. Though deep in thought, I slowly became aware of a persistent droning noise. With a curious tension, I moved to the window. The clouds were heavy and dark, almost depressing. In the clear patches of sky though, I could see perfect formations of fighter bombers, flying high overhead, thousands of them. "Strange time for a practice," I thought as I moved back to my seat. Uncomfortable thoughts flickered in my mind: Weren't those planes rather small? Aren't our fighters blue? Why weren't we warned of this? We are the newspaper after all.

Suddenly, as the question mark in my mind was looming huge and overbearing, I felt the floor vibrate, and the glass of the windows crashed, scattering into minute pieces. The noise around me seemed to split my head apart and I was choked by the smell of burning oil. Picking myself off the floor, I made my way to the window, terrified. There before me were huge clouds of thick black smoke, billowing

off the surface of the water. Flashes of red and yellow surrounded me; my ears were deafened. Wood, metal and men were splintered, flying in all directions. Pearl Harbour was under attack... Germans? Japanese? Who? Why?

I felt sick. Innocent men were being blown around like small pegs. The air was filled with screams, sirens and the sounds of burning. The droning high above us continued. More? Thousands of Japanese bombers continued pouring out their contents onto the unsuspecting, sleeping harbour. Most of America's important naval fleet would be ruined. I watched in horror as hundreds of men died. They had done nothing; why were they to be punished? Burning, blood and death was all around me. Each of these men had families, people who loved them. Why must the innocent suffer in the evil chess games which politicians play?... The glass was shattered all around...

As suddenly as it had started, it was finished. The droning of fighter bombers ceased. It was like the still after a storm, where only the damage remains. Only the sounds of wood crackling fiercely, as the huge black clouds of fire licked up the masts of our ships, could be heard. All was destroyed. The water was alight and everywhere was blood and death. Who would ever have believed that two hours before there had been quiet, peace and tranquility; the harbour had been sleeping... now it was dead.

Death breeds revenge and it was not long before news of the American declaration of war on Japan was on my desk to be published. With anger and hatred, hurt and sadness, I sat down and started to type...

Larissa Peter



Jenny du Preez — Standard 9



Inken Haldane — Standard 9

Sorrow

There is an emptiness in my heart
Which is hard to describe.
Emotions sometimes flicker in my thoughts,
Like bright lights in a sea of darkness,
Or creep stealthily into my consciousness.
But the emptiness always remains.
And it is cold and hard,
Like a lump of ice. Except that ice melts,
And the emptiness is always there.

Sometimes
As the emptiness sucks at my heart
Like a hungry child sucking on its mother's
breast,

It is joined by grief.
A kind of dull pain that numbs my body and
tears at my heart.

But it is hot,
And damp.
Like the tears that slither down my cheek
And tumble to my pillow.

The emptiness
And the grief.
They are my faithful companions.
Faithful as an old dog lying dead in a ditch
At the side of the road.
Together they are my sorrow.

Samantha Bendzulla

Thinking about It

Empty;
Hollow
The heaviness sits on my heart,
Which aches as I think about it.
No! Stop!
Don't think about it!
I must get out,
Start again
Begin a new life and forget about it.

There is nothing inside me
I am a shell
Empty;
Hollow
But fragile, precious.
Will I remain on the mantelpiece forever?
Looked at, dusted occasionally.

No!
I must get out!
Start again,
Begin a new life and forget about it.
But how can I when the heaviness sits in my
heart,
Which aches as I think about it.

I sit;
Empty;
Hollow,
Thinking about it.
Tessa Mills

Is honesty still a virtue?

This is the same as asking, "Is truthfulness still a moral quality, regarded as having special excellence or importance?"

It is true to say that the importance placed on honesty has unfortunately decreased since our grandparents were young. It is no longer wise to leave one's door unlocked at night, or to leave one's washing hanging on the line when going out. It has become accepted that such practices will undoubtedly result in harm to one's person or property. At school we are told that if we leave our belongings lying around it is our own fault if they are stolen. The blame is transferred from the real culprits to the innocent, demonstrating just how little is thought of the matter of property being stolen, by all those except the one whose things are missing, and her mother, perhaps.

The reasons for an increase in crime and dishonesty are problems which confront our modern world more than that of years gone by. Because of an ever-increasing population, unemployment and starvation are increasing. In many families in this country, as well as in others, it is considered far more "virtuous" to provide one's family with a meal than to abide by the laws of a wealthy government and the expectations of an affluent, privileged society, not to mention the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not steal" holds no meaning for a child with pangs of hunger gnawing inside him. For people in a situation like this it is no longer a question of honesty; honesty does not bring up a family of starving children; honesty does not provide clothes and shelter against the cold. It is a question of survival.

If starvation, lack of clothes and shelter are the only excuses for being dishonest, how does Daddy explain the way he deceives and double crosses his business associates in order to get to the top? How does Mommy excuse those white lies dropped casually here and there to get her out of tedious social functions? "Listen, Darling," she says, "I'm so sorry, but Betsy is off school this morning with the most dreadful cold, and I really dare not leave her alone at home," when she just cannot face hearing about the maid who has stolen her madam's favourite silver spoon. Meanwhile, at school, Betsy explains to her teacher that she has not been able to do her homework because she spent the previous afternoon nursing her sick mother.

Yes, it is so easy to lie, so convenient to fabricate a story that will excuse one from unwelcome chores, provide an easy way out, or a quick route up the professional ladder.

It is a sad world that we live in. It is a time when too much pressure is put on people to make money and to achieve. Even students are not exempt from the pressures of society; they are expected to achieve academically as well as on the sports field. Sometimes, however, when one has reached one's human limit and achieving more is no longer possible, one feels guilty because one's family wants more, and because one has been pressurised into believing that one can always do better. It often seems that the only way out is

to find a good excuse. Good excuses that are found, however, very often involve lies.

Because the importance of honesty has depreciated in the society in which we live today, the value of honesty has increased. This occurs with any commodity that is becoming scarce, as honesty is. Any person, therefore, who has managed to maintain his honesty, against all odds, can be called truly virtuous indeed.

Michelle Rohland

Alone I Stand

*I stand alone in my self-imposed prison
The iron shafts of bitterness remain unbending
in my mind.*

*The world looks grey outside
But is it not colder here?*

*To feel the warmth of the summer sun
Or dance in the autumn breeze
If only I could live again,
If only I were free.*

*Somewhere deep inside me,
Hidden from cruel words
I pray to be accepted
But the bars of my resentment
Cage me where I stand.*

*I long to tear down the barriers,
To be loved by those around
But the unkind words and sideways glances
Cut deep into my soul.*

*The door clangs shut,
And my thoughts resound in the hollow
emptiness of my life . . .
Alone.*

Fiona Sass

Fear!

*Fear can be caused by many things,
It happens to every one, even to kings.
One king for example: it was Macbeth,
Feared for his life and resorted to death.*

*We live in a country where fear rules our
lives,
But in spite of it all, hope still survives.
Fear of each other is what it's about,
But we'll join together, though some may
move out.*

*Fear in my bed as I lie in the dark,
Who's at the front door? Who made the dog
bark?*

*Someone walks quietly up the stairs,
Fear in my heart as I say my last prayers.*

*The Standard 9 dance holds a fear of its own.
Whom shall I take? I can't go alone.
Such trivial things that cause such despair,
Like the spot on my chin, and oh, what to
wear?*

*But by far the worst fear of all,
Is having to stand and face Mrs Hall.
Trying to explain that I haven't a poem,
Of course I did do it, but left it at home.*

Kirsten Jensen

I want to be me

In today's world of fast movement, with its big cities and busy traffic, the individual is often lost. He becomes a cog in a wheel which, in turn, is merely a part of the whole machinery of society and civilisation. Life is so ordered and regular, like a tape playing over and over again. Even sleep is mechanical — a set number of dreamless hours a day, during which the cassette rewinds, ready to start the next morning. Society dictates to you where you belong, and just that place is your comfortable little niche.

Freedom is a word so often repeated, but in its repetition the true meaning of the word has been forgotten.

Never discuss religion or politics at the dinner-table, or worse, the two together! If your nose is itching, don't scratch it in company! Why shouldn't I scratch my itchy nose?

Recently, having spoken to a medical student, I heard a comment which, at the time, quite surprised me. "In Medical School, you go through a process of being moulded. They teach you how to think and how to react to situations. You all come out being the same kind of person."

Education schools your thought in a particular direction. You are told what is right and what is wrong, yet at the same time, you are also told that one method of thinking is logical and another illogical.

From birth you are slotted into a certain class of society. Certain things are expected of you as you naturally have certain obligations to live up to. You join a particular tennis club and attend parties of a certain select group. Clothing and image play major parts in your life, and you are all quite happy. But, you are a happy, empty shell, one in a sea of others.

Why is it that we see so little nature? Oh, to describe the joy of running through a field of overgrown green grass! To be able to watch the sunset and feel sad for no reason except happiness! Nature gives expression to the soul.

I remember lying in school one day, on the grass, among a group of girls, just looking at the green, and absorbing the intoxicating smell, when chip packets and chocolate invaded, then laughing and acting. Everyone, my friends, suddenly seemed so synthetic, as if each were playing a role. Each had to be witty and clever, and put on a show for the rest. Or were they really being themselves?

People are often afraid to fight against the tide, to be different. It's just too difficult. It's much easier to be like the rest. "If no-one's going to argue the point, why should I be the first?" or "I've never seen anybody wear anything like that!"

I would like to be able to say what I like, do what I like, without being told that that is not the done thing, or being told that my opinion is wrong.

Man, in his barbaric, uncivilised state, expressed himself best. By means of his simple, crude grunts and snorts, he expressed his emotions and feelings explicitly. He ate when he was hungry, cried when he was sad and slept when he was tired.

By no means can we, of course, revert to such primitive states again. The world must and will advance. It is an inevitable step forward. However, in the process, the individual should not become a robot. He should live freely, with expression.

I want to say what I want to, and show others what I feel. I want to be me!

Naseema Barday

Gabrielle Raaff

— Standard 9



Misery

*It starts slowly, just a tightening in your throat.
The more you try to ignore it
The more intense it becomes.
It builds, gains strength,
Welling up until it engulfs you.
Warm tears escape through the barricade of
eyelashes
Leaving them clumped in moist groups.
Inhalation becomes spasmodic and
It hurts to try to regain control.
People who try to cheer you up
Only succeed in aggravating the situation
And a fresh cascade of tears
Obeys the laws of gravity,
Tumbling from your face.
You do not want company.
You need to be alone
And despairing and desperate
You flee to solitude.
Away
Away from work
Away from problems
Away from questioning, sympathetic faces.
You try to get away
And temporarily, you succeed,
But the misery still lingers
Dormant
Until everything becomes too much again.*

Bertha Visser

'n Onlangse ervaring wat vir my baie beteken het

Gedurende die laaste week van die vakansie het ek by 'n kindervakansieklub gehelp. Kinders vanaf Sub A tot Standaard 5 het elke oggend by die klein saaltjie in Kenilworth vir 'n oggend vol pret en opwindende opgedaag. Die eerste dag het 'n klompie kinders gekom, maar aan die einde van die week was daar twee of drie keer soveel.

Elke leier het 'n groep van sowat ses kinders gekry en, al het jy die meeste kinders leer ken, het die kinders in jou groepie jou baie spesiaal laat voel. In my groep was daar 'n elfjarige seun, Paul, wat altyd gesoek het dat hy my aandag het en ek moes altyd met hom speel. Die jonger kinders, veral die meisies, was, vir my, die oulikste, maar baie skaam. Dit was lekker as hulle langs jou kom sit het terwyl die ander kinders hard speel, en met jou oor hul poppies of skool gepraat het.

Toen die einde van die week, na vyf vermoeiende dae, het ons die kinders se ouers genooi om saam met ons aandete te geniet en foto's te sien sodat hulle 'n kars sou kry om in hulle kinders se week te deel. Ons het die handwerk wat die kinders gemaak het, vertoon en almal wat gekom het, het 'n gereg gebring.

Ek het gedurende daardie week die kinders goed leer ken en hulle het alles wat ons vir hulle voorberei het, baie waardeur. Die Vrydagaand het die kinders vir die leiers geniet en elke leier het 'n dosie sjokolade ontvang. Al was dit harde werk, het ek daardie week baie geniet.

Janet Wray-Young

I want to be me

Why is it, that whenever I leave the naturalness and homeliness of my own home, I must change? I am always fascinated by the fact that I am different, and almost have to be different, in the various activities of my life.

When I say I change, it is not as if I'm undergoing a complete personality change; it is simply that I cannot be totally at ease, totally normal, totally me. I know that everyone is like this, but it seems only to bother me, that I change. There are so many occasions when I simply want to put my feet up, or shout and scream, or even do a couple of cartwheels, but I can't, because I am restrained by social etiquette, or other social graces. Often I want to kick myself in fury! This happens when I have said something wrong, and I think to myself, this would never have happened if I had just been me.

It is a Friday afternoon. I have just come home from another hot, tiring, tedious day at school that was followed by a strenuous game of hockey, and a run to catch the bus! In my mind I have visions of diving onto our comfy couch, listening to my favourite music and plunging into a giant tub of our home-made chocolate chip ice cream. I arrive home and, "Hi Granny! What a surprise!" Now I love my grandmother; she is part of the family, but why is it then, that after the common colloquial cliché, "Hello, how are you?", I run out of conversation? I cannot just be me and talk naturally, but have to force myself to rack my brains to think of facts for the intellectual conversation that is thrust upon me. All I really want to do is put my feet up and chatter naturally and fluently. This, however, seems impossible for me.

Another example of my common "personality change" is one that I see in many of my friends, and it's the "school-me", talking to staff, talking to matrics, talking to the headmistress! Perhaps I'm exaggerating, or even imagining it, but somehow the question always seems to arise in my mind: "Am I being me?" I never intend to be rude, or anything of that sort, but I often wonder if I'm not just saying things because they are appropriate, or "sound good".

These type of feelings I often experience at socials, or other Saturday night functions. I hate the fact that I, as a girl, constantly have to watch out for what I say, or how I say it, when talking to someone of the opposite sex. Often I am very depressed, or edgy when I go out, and simply want to scream at the useless "chatting-up" attempts, or false compliments. However, one always has to remain calm and collected, smile sweetly, and listen to the person's news of his latest rugby match, or how much he drank the night before. The only consolation in situations like these is that I know that all the other girls also go through the same situation; and they also sit back and listen. However, I still become angry inside, yet I cannot just say straight out that I am not interested and do not want to hear any more. I cannot be me.

The same sort of situation occurs when talking on the telephone. Futile conversation, and forced laughter make me want to scratch

my eyes out! Why can I not think naturally, and speak, like me.

These types of situations occur daily in my life, and I often wonder if I will ever be able simply to be myself. The answer is possibly that I should not be influenced by others; I should think for myself, and bring forward my own personality. However, there are times in life when you simply have to say certain things —things that are correct, and things that are expected of you. Perhaps I am just selfish and want everything to be right for me, but I do know that one of my aims in life is to try to portray my own personality: to be me.

Inken Haldane

Terug na my hartland

Ek is sestig jaar gelede in 'n vissersdorp, Walvisbaai, in die Namibwoestyn in Suidwes-Afrika gebore. Ons het ses jaar lank daar gewoon en in 1977 het ons Suid-Afrika toe gekom. Ons het sedertdien nooit daarteen teruggegaan nie tot nou toe. Verlede vakansie het ek en my ma 'n week in Swakopmund, naby Walvisbaai, deurgebring en dit was vir ons altwee 'n onvergeetlike ondervinding.

Toe ons by die lughawe aankom, het ons 'n motor gehuur en Walvisbaai toe gery. So een kilometer van die dorp af, kon ons al die onaangename reuke van die visfabrieke ruik en toe ons by die dorp kom, het ons 'n dooie dorp gesien. Die breë strate was verlate en die huise was ook leeg. Sonder om by ons huis verby te ry, het ons omgedraai en Swakopmund toe gery. Hierdie dorpie het lewe en karakter en ons het ons gou tuisgemaak. Ek wou nie meer Walvisbaai toe gaan nie, daar was niks vir my daar nie.

Die volgende dag het ons vroeg opgestaan en by 'n woestynroter aangesluit. Die mis was koud en dig toe ons by die dorp uitry, maar dit het later vinnig opgedaag. Ons toergids was Mike Herold, en twee Australiërs wat te voet deur Afrika gereis het, was ook saam. Mike, 'n bioloog, het ons plante soos die Narabos gewys en toe ek by 'n oase 'n proso-pusboom ruik, was ek vreeslik opgewonde. Ek het daardie reuk nog van destyds onthou.

Toe die son nie meer so hoog in die lug staan nie, het Mike ons, op pad huis toe, duine toe geneem. Al was dit al later in die dag, was die sand nogtans brandend warm en ek het met moeite teen 'n honderd meter hoër duin uitgeklim. Toe ons almal bo was, het ons in 'n klein groepie saam onder toe beweeg en na 'n tydjie het die duin begin "grom" en beweeg en dit het gevoel asof die aarde bewe!

Ons het ook jakkalspore in die sand ontdek en Mike het twee swart, langbeentokkies of woestynkewers gevind.

Die res van die week het ons geswem, inkoopies gedoen en die lullekker lewe geniet. Ek sal beslis eendag weer teruggaan, want Suidwes is so pragtig dat jy nooit genoeg daarvan kan sien nie.

Viola Lengner

Standard 8



Tracey Smith

— Standard 8

The age of the age gaps

The sitting room was silent except for the television that was blaring out news details. It was always like this on a week-day between eight and eight-thirty.

The two women in the room sat apart from each other, almost oblivious of each other's existence. The younger woman sat on the large, modern couch, with its multi-coloured flowers and garish green leaves, watching the television disinterestedly. Her whole body was slouched forward from the shoulders, hair hanging limply into her face. She was forcing herself to listen to the news report but without much success.

The older woman sat in a huge old armchair, covered in a worn blue blanket. The seams were coming apart and the stuffing was bursting from them as volcanic lava spouts from a live volcano. This caused the seat to be very lumpy and so the old woman was constantly shifting herself in a ceaseless effort to make herself comfortable.

The chair was positioned before a small fireplace from which a few burning sticks threw a

faint yellow light and an even fainter heat. In her lap the old woman had a ball of wool and she held a pair of smooth, shiny knitting needles from which hung half of the sock she was knitting. The sock was taking a very long time to complete because the old woman went off constantly to a world of memories where she still had a full, interesting life.

The monotony of the scene was broken when a girl, not yet a woman but neither still a child, burst into the room and, springing lightly across, threw herself into the other corner of the modern couch. She kicked her shoes off with a practised air and then tucked her feet underneath her. Her face was glowing with some secret delight and, brushing away the disobedient wisps of fringe which were tumbling into her bright eyes and onto her flushed cheeks, she burst out, "Ma, I've got the best news I've ever had. I'm so excited I could die!"

"Be quiet!" came a sharp retort from the woman at the other end of the couch.

"But Ma, I..." Realising she could do nothing until the news was over, the girl stopped

in mid-sentence and patiently waited till the news ended and the advertisements came on. Then she continued, "Ma, Olga invited me to her disco this Saturday night. Everybody is going to be there. It'll be great fun! She said I needn't worry about being fetched. I can sleep the night over there. Can I go? Please can I go?"

"Are there going to be boys?"

"Well maybe one or two but Olga knows them and I'm sure we'll get on. It'll..."

"Of course you'll get on but how well is what I want to know."

"Oh, Ma, it's not like that. I wouldn't do something like that. Anyway the only guy I like is Anthony and he is s..."

"There you go again! Boy chasing! When I was your age girls never chased boys."

"But Ma, that was in the Stone Age. It's the Space Age now."

"And I suppose there will be drink?"

"No, I don't think s..."

"Think' is the key word. You don't 'think' so, but I'm sure there will be. No child of mine is going to be a boy-chasing drunkard!"

The girl was sobbing now and, after being attacked, all the happiness had fled from her face and only angry tears were left.

"Shut up!" she yelled. "Don't you trust me? I have morals too, you know! Just because I want to have a good time you won't let me go! Well, if you won't treat me as an equal, I'll go to my room." She sprang up, her muscles tense and fled the room, slamming the door behind her.

The mother sat motionless, stunned by the explosion of emotions. She contemplated getting up and fighting back, imposing a punishment and regaining her leadership, but instead she leaned back on the hard, modern cushions and closed her eyes.

The old woman turned her head in her daughter's direction and with raised eyebrows demanded, "Well? Go and assert yourself. I would never have allowed you to behave like that. If I were you I would..."

"Oh shush, Mother! She's just going through a phase. She'll grow out of it soon."

No more was said and there was nothing to indicate that anything had happened, except perhaps a slight tension in the two women's expressions, but neither said a word and the details of the next day's weather blared out into the silent, still room.

Eva Disler

Flowers for Sarah

We had never really got along. She was twelve and a terrible nuisance! Whenever I had boyfriends over she would tease me and embarrass me till I was ready to skin her alive! It wasn't as though I had many boyfriends either. I wasn't exactly pretty. I was alright, I suppose — straight, dull hair, a sort of skimp nose, but quite nice blue eyes: peacock blue — that's what Dad used to call them. I was nothing special but Sarah was beautiful. She had shaggy, ash-blond hair, piercing emerald eyes and the softest skin ever. It was the colour of creamed petals or the colour of those deep, pink clouds one sees at sunset — if you can picture them. I was ever so envious of Sarah.

She also used to irritate me in other ways. Always top of the class, she was, without doing any work, while I worked my hardest and came last everytime — unless Elma Hertzog did worse than me. She was a vile-looking creature! She had stringy hair and yellow teeth, the colour of mouldy old corn as though she ate it every night and never brushed her teeth — but I mustn't go into old Elma now. It's Sarah I must talk about.

Every day I would wake up early to lay out my clothes for school. It used to take me ages to choose between powder-blue jumpers, soft, flared skirts, apple-green pants and pretty, flowered tops. Most of the time I wore dresses though. My best was a lilac, spotted one with a little frilly collar. It was nice, but demure and prim. Nice. Boring. That was me, Jane Alderman Appington. Boring name — Jane. Nice but boring. Then there was my sister, beautiful Sarah Felaytia Appington, in jeans and oversized, cream jerseys. Sarah, who had a middle name so exciting and mysterious, like a beautiful Greek goddess or something? Not me, boring old Jane Alderman — named after the vicar or something. I mean who is named after a vicar?

Anyway, I used to plod off to school with my average looks to obtain my average marks while Sarah would ride past on her bicycle, thin, brown and beautiful. Margaret, my best friend (even my friends have boring names), would walk beside me, talking incessantly of her dog, Judith (Note the name), and her spots. Life was really too ghastly for the older sister of Sarah Appington.

There were some nice things about Sarah, though. She was irresponsible, unfairly beautiful, clever and irritating, but also generous and did kind, impulsive things. I remember once being at a market with Sarah and I had fallen in love with a tiny, fluffy teddy. It cost two pounds, though, and I didn't have that kind of money to waste on myself. Sarah caught me looking wistfully at the teddy. I have a weakness for these things, and she bought it for me then and there! I knew that she didn't have much money, but she did it for me, her boring, old sister! She was really very sweet in some ways.

Sarah's favourite spot was the field beyond our house. How she loved that field! She used to run about, buffeted by the wind, hair flying, and snatch handfuls of the beautiful,

pink wildflowers growing there, pink like her skin. I would watch her from my window as I diligently worked at my algebra. Sarah ran in the wind, while her sister, plain old Jane, did her algebra. I wouldn't exactly be a good one for a romance novel, would I?

Then it happened. Sarah was killed on her bicycle, riding to school. She hadn't seen the car, a head-on collision, it was. Mum and Dad were shattered. I never thought I would be, but oddly enough, I was. I cried ever so much. No more Sarah — sweet, silly, headstrong, impulsive, beautiful Sarah.

Standing at her grave now, I laugh bitterly, holding a posy of flowers for Sarah. Great setting for a sad, sentimental story, I think. I lay down the pink wildflowers, pink, the colour of my beautiful sister's skin. It was the colour of the deep pink clouds one sees at sunset — if you can picture them.

Mandie Gersh



Lee Berzack — Standard 8

Flowers for Sarah

To begin with, it was an ordinary day, just like any other . . . just like every other. She hobbled slowly along the garden path, concentrating on her footing, each step a lifetime, as she moved first her support frame and then the weight of her body. It was such an effort, but to be able to escape from the confinement of those clean, silent, white corridors, it was worth it.

From time to time, she stopped and rested. She looked slowly around her, not seeing the hazy outline of the mountain or the neatly-kept, attractive garden. She raised one frail,

shivering arm and pulled at the edge of her cardigan. The icy wind seemed to blow right through her, as if she was not even there. It ignored her body, and small wisps of her soft white hair blew pathetically over her face. She hobbled on, but stopped to raise a soft, thin, bony hand to the passing gardener. He didn't notice her; no-one ever did. Finally, and with much relief, she reached her bench, and strained her back to sit down.

The dull greyiness of the dappled, cloudy sky reflected her feelings. She felt betrayed. Everyone had left her. She was alone in the world, alone in this stark home. She felt a prisoner. There were still so many things she wanted to do. She wanted to meet people, and make friends and to feel happiness within her, but she feared it was too late. No-one was interested in knowing a weak, old lady. Tiny dew droplets collected on her hair, and she brushed them off and looked around.

At the same time, the little boy looked around and saw, a short distance away, the bent figure of a little old lady. From where he was sitting in his tree, he could clearly make out the lines on her face, and the veins on her hands. She was beautiful. He wanted to reach out, and hold her hand. He wanted to hug that delicate body. Impulsively, he scrambled down his tree like a squirrel, his fingers turning white as they clung to the bark. He ran to the garden fence, wriggled under it, and then walked very slowly, shyly, towards her. He felt like a stranger in a new world. He wondered why he was there.

Suddenly his eyes met with her gaze. She had been watching him, and he was struck by her crystal-clear blue eyes. He stopped dead in his tracks, unsure of what to do next. Her face was expressionless, staring, uncertain too, but he could see some of the sorrow she felt within. He wriggled his bare toes into the grass and clenched his teeth, mesmerized. He realised that he was still holding the clump of daisies he had picked for his mother. Impulsively, but as if making an offering to a sacred object, he stretched his arm out to her. Slowly, uncertainly, like a bird feeding from one's hand, she reached out and grasped the flowers. Flowers for Sarah. She could not remember when last she had been given flowers but she knew that she had never in all her life seen any more beautiful than the ones she now held so tightly in her hands. She knew too, that she had never loved anyone more than this little boy who stood before her, arm still outstretched.

Slowly, he bent down and touched her hand. All the time, he did not once take his eyes off hers. Suddenly, she smiled, not just with her mouth, but with those blue, blue eyes. He was filled with joy, and a longing to hug her. He smiled back, but then, overcome by shyness, he turned and ran back to the tree. Once he turned round and saw her. He saw the same smile on her face, but the once tense hands had relaxed, and the daisies were scattered at her feet. He saw her blue eyes, but they saw nothing. She could not have died a happier person, all because of those flowers, those flowers for Sarah.

Sandra van Hoogstraten



Claire House — Standard 8

Journey's End

The heat and stench were abominable and people pushed and shoved all around us. This was the unique city of Delhi in Rajasthan. I had been there for two days with my parents and we were lucky to have found lodgings in the Taj Mahal Hotel. Sightseeing is one of the most exhausting occupations, especially when temperatures soar above thirty-five degrees in the shade, and I could feel perspiration weaving downwards along my back. Feeling clammy, bloated and irritable, we marched purposefully forward towards the Temple of Kali.

"Palace on Wheels" is an old-fashioned steam engine with fourteen trim-looking carriages attached to it. This train is the original one used by the extravagant Indian royalty and has now been converted into a tourist attraction. For three days we toured the scorched plains and lush hills, stopping each day at a different city and going for a few hours on carefully organized tours. Our family shared an exquisitely decorated compartment with antique furniture, an "en suite" lounge and a minuscule kitchen. Finely chiselled carvings hung near the elongated windows as they were supposedly protectors of evil spirits.

Each evening the train would come to a grinding halt at seven o'clock and all those passengers daring to try some of the chief's latest delicacies, were ushered into the dining compartment. After much clattering and banging we were presented with some long yellow, sticky threads which were vegetables prepared in a hot curry. After four plates of slithering, bubbling and rather poisonous-looking food had been served, the train screeched to a sudden stop and all the glasses, plates, knives and forks spun into the aisle spontaneously. Elegant passengers raised indignant voices and children shrieked

in delight at this spectacle of food morsels covering clothes and tables.

After hasty apologies, we were told that a sacred cow had given birth to a calf in the middle of the railway track and asked if we would be so understanding as to wait half an hour while the bewildered cow and her calf would be deposited elsewhere. For two hours the irate passengers remained in the dining compartment as we were on a bridge and it was on firm ground, but we had no option but to remain where we were and make the most of it.

At precisely ten o'clock, the train lurched forward, but fifteen minutes later stopped and we eventually reached our much longed-for compartment. Our destination was Jaisalmer in the vast Dhar Desert and we were due to arrive at six o'clock just as the sun would be rising to reveal the majesty of this isolated and breathtakingly beautiful city. Jaisalmer is built in the Dhar Desert more than eight hundred kilometres from any other village or form of civilization.

As predicted, at six o'clock the Gubi Hill on which Jaisalmer is built, engulfed us. The sun rose an inch at a time, an enormous globe of fiery orange and ruby red revealing the sharp silhouette of the ancient city. Everything was covered in a glowing, pink veil which gave the impression of the city as an Indian girl's face with a veil carefully placed over it so as to hide her beauty and fine features. Slowly the sun climbed higher and the veil of mist rose to reveal one of the most magical sights. The city spread-eagled on the plateau was surrounded by never-ending sand dunes which crept up the hill and fringed the outskirts of the city like the sea waves lapping around a single island jutting out of the sea.

Heaving myself on to a camel which snorted and garbled ill-temperedly, we moved up the

hill, leaving behind the "Palace on Wheels" until it was just a tiny speck in the hazy distance. Barely twenty minutes later we reached what seemed to me the top of the world, perched on an ancient hill, surrounded by houses and streets, carts and donkeys, men, women and children, all of whom lived in a world of their own. Electricity was unknown and they just carried on the way they had been living for the past few centuries, peacefully continuing but unchanging. This was our journey's end.

Beatriz de Villegas

Peppermint Sky

The sun has sunk behind the mountain and
Leaves behind it a glow of light,
Lemon-white.
Around this glow there is a hue of orange
As from a long-forgotten fire that burned.
One summer's eve
And left its coals glowing like oranges
In a fruitbowl
In the dusk.

A child sits upon a paddock fence facing
the great mountain and
Watches how the green-blue sky,
Cool as a peppermint,
Rimmed with black, envelops the glow which
is the afterthought of the sun.
Her legs swing back and forth,
Alternately,
Slowly.

Calm in the cool evening air the sense of
Quiet closes over her and
The valley below
And the legs
Swing more slowly
Ever more slowly.

Eva Disler

The Computer

Jonathon was pleased. Putting the computer down, he could not help smiling with pride as he had finally got his own "Super XZ-200". He had thought he would never stop saving for it. He grinned and wiped off a piece of imaginary dust with the cuff of his suede coat.

He took the papers and crunched them into the box, and, purposefully shoving the instruction manual to the bottom of the container, he put it on top of the bookshelf.

The white plastic exterior of the machine glistened and he was so busy cleaning out the cracks with his fingernail, that he did not see his father enter quietly, his newspaper tucked neatly under his arm. When his father flicked the fold out of his newspaper, Jonathon started.

"Hi"

"Afternoon, my boy," his father's low and aged voice returned. It did not crack with age but it did whistle in the back of his throat at times.

"What do ya think of my Super XZ-200, personal user-friendly computer?" Jonathan asked, fishing for a compliment.

"Let's see it work," he smiled.

Jonathon leaped at the opportunity. He sat down eagerly and, shifting in his seat as if to get comfortable, he reached forward to switch on the monitor.

Well, it was not really a monitor; it was the portable black and white television which he had linked up earlier. He was going to buy a fancy monitor when he had enough savings.

The screen blinked and sent a quick high-pitched noise into the air. Jonathon smiled.

"Don't you think you should . . ." his father voiced.

"I know what I'm doing, Pop. This comes out of our age not yours. You don't know the first thing about bytes, chips, rams, disks and COBAL."

"If you say so, son" a hurt voice replied, and he lifted the newspaper to hide his face.

"Yeah, Dad, you read the obituary columns."

He stopped, realizing he was sneering. He leaned forward and felt for the smooth switch at the back of the computer; he flicked it, sitting back, waiting for it to react. He gulped.

Leaning forward again, he flicked it once more but still nothing appeared. Panic-stricken, he turned the television on and off a few times but there was no response. He sat back and whimpered and then a frown grew. "I should never have trusted that good-for-nothin' salesman." He paused in despair.

The silence was broken by an old voice but it was incredibly smug.

"Why don't you plug it in?"

Philippa Dixon

Die affere het met 'n pikswart kat begin

Die affere het met 'n pikswart kat begin. Ek dink nou terug en ek besef as dit nie vir daardie kat was nie . . .

Dit was 'n pragtige helder dag, die warm son het die grond gebak en my voete was seer van die loop. Ek het net 'n ent gestap, maar die ent het langer en langer geword en toe was ek naby die groot park, 'n uur van my huis af. Die koel groen gras het my geroep om daarop te gaan sit, maar eers moes ek my dors les. Toe het die gebeur. Skielik het 'n swart kat van nêrens af voor my verskyn, 'n swart kat, die teken van ongeluk. My sensus was onmiddellik skoon op hol en ek het probeer om uit die kat se pad te spring. Ek het na 'n winkeltjie daar naby gehardloop, ingeglip en my asem probeer terugkry. Net langs die deur was 'n groot ysкас vol koel-drink. Ek het in my sak gevoel en genoeg geld vir 'n bikkie gevind, daarvoor betaal en by die winkeltjie uitgestap, 'n bietjie skrikke-ryg vir die swart kat, maar hy was nêrens te sien nie. Ek het weer na die groen gras toe begin stap, maar iets het my gedwing om om te kyk en daar het hy agter by gestaan, die man van my drome.

"Kom ons gaan stap 'n ent in die parkie," het hy gesê en my daarheen gelei. Ek het niks gedoen nie, want ek dink ek het altyd geweet dat hy daar sou wees. Die volgende uur het ons in die park gestap. Ons het oor die Inkas gepraat (om een of ander rede). Hy het my vertel van die ou primitiewe samelewing wat nie so primitief was nie. Hy het vertel van hulle stede wat hulle op byna onbegaanbare plekke gebou het en hy het vertel hoe die Spanjaarde hulle vir hul goue skatte vermoor het. Hy het my gevra of ek saam met hom na Suid-Amerika toe wou gaan om die ou Inka-stede te sien. Ek het sonder om te dink ingestem. Hy het verduidelik dat hy 'n historikus is en dat hy lankal die stede self wou gaan besoek.

Aan die einde van die dag het hy gesê dat hy op my verlief was en dat hy met my wou trou. Ek het weer sonder om te dink ingestem. Straks het ons altyd geweet dat ons eendag sou ontmoet en trou, want dit was geen skok nie.

On het die volgende week getrou en ons wittebrood in die Inka-stede van Suid-Amerika deurgebring. Toe ons teruggekom het en 'n huis gekoop het, het ons 'n swart kat gekoop.

Eva Disler

By 'n vriendin se graf

Ek was langs by beste vriendin se graf. Ma het my hand vasgehou. Ek was maar sewe jaar oud en ek was so hartseer. Sammy was dood en niemand kon haar terugbring nie, nie Ma of Pa nie, en hul kan enigiets doen. Daar was 'n droewige atmosfeer onder die mense wat om die klein grafjie gestaan het. Sammy se ma het baie alleen gelyk. Sy het 'n nare swart rok gedra wat haar baie oud laat lyk het. Toe het my oë baie warm gevoel en groot tranes het oor my wange gerol. My ma het my 'n snesie gegee. Die wind het saggies deur die wigerbome gewaai en die son was warm op my gesig. Ek het skielik Sammy se mooi gesig gesien.

Sover as ek kon onthou, was Sammy altyd daar gewees. Sy het in dieselfde straat as ons gewoon en ons ouers was vriende, so natuurlik het ek Sammy ontmoet. Ek onthou haar lang swart hare wat sy altyd in twee vlegsels gedra het. Daar was 'n paar groot sproete op haar pienk neus en sy het groot, ernstige bruin oë gehad. Sy was avontuurlik en ons het ure lank saam gespeel. Ons het nooit baklei nie, maar dit was omdat sy my heldin was en sy nooit iets verkeerd gedoen het nie.

Toe het die dag aangebreek, die dag waaraan ons nooit gedink het nie. Ek sal nie vergeet hoe Sammy gelyk het nie. Sy het so klein gelyk en sy het vir my iets gesê: "Mammie het gesê dat ek vir jou moet vertel dat ek siek is. Ek moet Amerika toe gaan vir 'n soort operasie. Mammie sê dat ek dapper moet wees en dat alles sal regkom. Ons vertrek vanaand per vliegtuig." Ek was verbaas. Sammy het vir my baie gesond gelyk. "Jy sal nie doodgaan nie, né?" het ek saggies gevra.

"O nee, nie ek nie, ek is nog te jonk. Mammie sê dat dit net ou mense is wat doodgaan."

"Dan is dit nie so erg nie," het ek geantwoord.

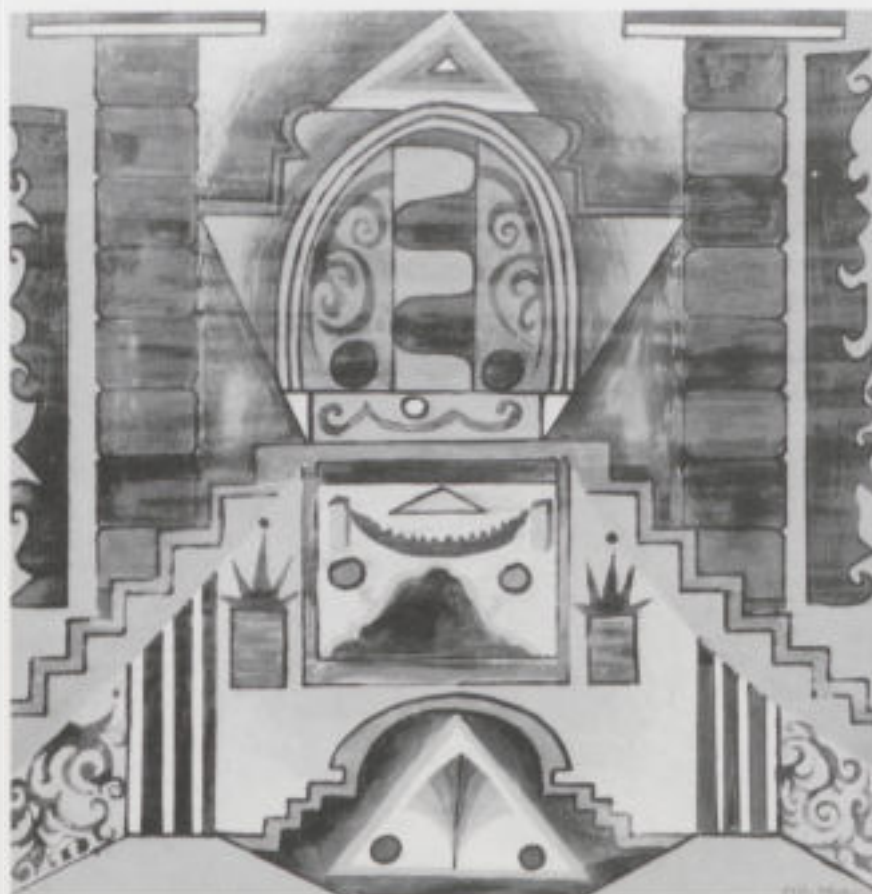
Ons gesin het Sammy en haar ma na die lug-hawe toe geneem. Ons het 'n koeldrank in die restaurant gedrink en toe moes hulle vertrek. Ons moeders het baie ernstig gelyk en ek het treurig gevoel. Sammy het vir my gesoen en toe het sy en haar ma weggestap. Sy het teruggekyk en ek het geglimlag en my hand gewaai.

'n Paar weke later het Ma vir my gesê dat Sammy na God in die hemel toe gegaan het. "Nee, Mammie," het ek gesê, "Sammy het gesê dat God niet ou mense wil hê. Hy vat nie klein kindertjies soos ons nie." Ek en Sammy was verkeerd. Dit maak nie saak hoe oud jy is nie.

Toe het Ma haar hand op my skouer gesit. "Kom, skat," het sy gefluister, "ons moet huis toe gaan." Die begrafnis was verby en my beste vriendin was onder grond en niemand kon haar terugbring nie. Ek het deur my tranes geglimlag en vir Sammy "tot siens" gesê.

Julie van Rijswijk

Standard 7



Alexandra Mallet — Standard 7

Doomed!

Everything's changing, day by day,
The sounds of contented birds,
Once drowned that of cars
But now it's vice versa,
And all's behind bars.

Our ideas of beauty have changed,
It used to be a bird, singing in the sun,
But now it's the victorious sound of a gun.

That sky that used to be so blue
The one we all grew too used to,
Is now a grey smog,
hanging like a water-soaked log
In muddy swamps.

Janine Hutton

Then and Now

Where my grandfather once walked on a
green meadow,
I now tread a black-tarred pavement.
Where he leant on an ancient tree,
I now pass beneath the shadow of a sky-
scraper!

His sky — blue and clear
My sky — fog-filled and dirty
Soaked with stench and grime.

I am grateful he no longer lives to see con-
crete killing earth,
To see wind choked by smog,
To see buildings compete with the clouds,
And to see man killing the world.

Diana Gurney

Listen: As We Kill Our World

Listen:
Listen to the engines roar,
Listen to the screaming of the poor,
Listen to the women cry as men go off to war,
Listen to these noises and ask, "Just what's it
for?"

Man is like the cancer,
His greed that kills the world,
Robbing Nature of her treasures,
The sea, the earth, the forest yet unfurled.

Look:
Can you see or are you blind?
The truth is what we leave behind —
Man's inhumanity — to mankind.

Listen:
Listen to the engines roar,
Listen to the screaming of the poor,
Listen to the women cry as men go off to war,
Listen to these noises and ask, "Just what's it
for?"

Terry Westby-Nunn

Standard 6



Alexandra Smith — Standard 6



Catriona Ross — Standard 6

Moving Hosts

I knew something was horrifically wrong the moment I heard the steady rhythm falter. Then, for an awful moment in time, nothing happened — absolutely nothing — no breathing, no pumping, nothing! I held my breath, feeling sure this was the end, and then miraculously, the beating began again. It was faint — but it was something. For us, the organisms within a living host, there was always the knowledge that if anything happened to our host, it would mean death for us all.

By now, the sirens had gone off, and I knew that I hadn't imagined it all, as everyone scuttled into their homes. Father's face was grave as he told us what this meant. The heart of our host, the centre of our community, was failing. The older ones had told us that if ever the pulsing stopped, it meant the end. There was no doubt that if we wished to live we had to move hosts. This, however, meant that there was a good chance that we would die. Yet, there was no other way.

We were ready immediately, not having any luggage and baggage, but we had to find the right moment. Now, while we were waiting, the enormity of the situation began to seep in. Even if we did make it into another host, which was uncertain, we could not be sure

that we would be able to cope with the new environment. In a community like ours, everyone had to do his bit, and everyone lived together happily enough. Now, we were alone. A shadow seemed to fall over what had a little while ago been my home. Then suddenly, a great trembling passed through our surroundings, and, knowing there was no time to lose, Father motioned for us to go. We all knew what to do, and, about ten minutes later, we found ourselves within our new host.

This host looked similar, yet different, to our old one, and as we wandered up and down, I felt terribly lonely. Even the steady pulsing of the heart sounded mournful and melancholy. For days and days on end we roamed around, looking for a place. No one seemed to want to help us. It seemed there was just no room. How would we cope?

Just when we had given up hope, we found a place. It was small and rather dreary, but it was a place of our own. I knew that, given a chance, we would cope somehow. The question was, would we be given a chance? But then, as if he thought that these were too dreary thoughts, hope began running through our veins, and we knew that we would survive.

Maira Rose

A conversation between two sheepdogs

Two strong-spirited sheepdogs lay panting under a tree after a long day of herding sheep. The topic of their conversation was the problem and the criticism of humans.

"Phew, that was really a strenuous day. Sheep are honestly such stubborn, unintelligent creatures, unlike us. I can't understand why God didn't create them more knowledgeable, like . . . um,"

"Humans!" interrupted young Twiggy eagerly. "They're the most intelligent creatures on earth."

"Oh no. That's where you're mistaken. Humans seem to give that impression but actually they're quite a stupid and disgusting race," replied Skippy in his deep, husky voice, very knowingly.

"Twiggy couldn't quite come to grips with this idea. 'But Martin is very good to us and a dog's meant to be a man's best friend. He has always been faithful to us. How can you say that he's disgusting?'"

"Well", said Skippy slowly, "remember Midnight Rose, the plough horse. Every day she slaved endlessly away, always faithful and trusting him. You know all those ugly machines he has bought, they're supposed to



Catriona Ross — Standard 6



Sarah Rice — Standard 6

plough instead of horses and I overheard that Midnight was being sold for dog's meat. Now does that change your opinion?"

"Yuck, that's really cruel after all she has done for him," replied Twiggy, revolted.

"Also Kitty told me that her beautiful kittens she was so proud of were all drowned. Of course I wouldn't believe her but if Master could do that to Midnight, he could surely have committed that crime too. Those two incidents are only small portions of what man does. Humans actually murder other people, steal, gossip about their friends and many more dreadful things. I could go on mentioning them for ever."

"Now I see, Skippy, the members of the human race are really awful animals, intelligence on the outside and nothing in the inside. If they're so disgusting, why did God make them the so-called greatest of all?" asked Twiggy.

"Well, I don't quite understand that either but you never know, man might become so unbearable that God will replace him with us loyal dogs," replied Skippy.

"Yes, I agree. I think man had better be careful and behave or he will find himself looking up to us," ended young Twiggy satisfactorily.

With that the two dogs sauntered off to join the two stupid animals, Sheep and Man.

Catherine Moodie



Clarissa Molteno — Standard 6

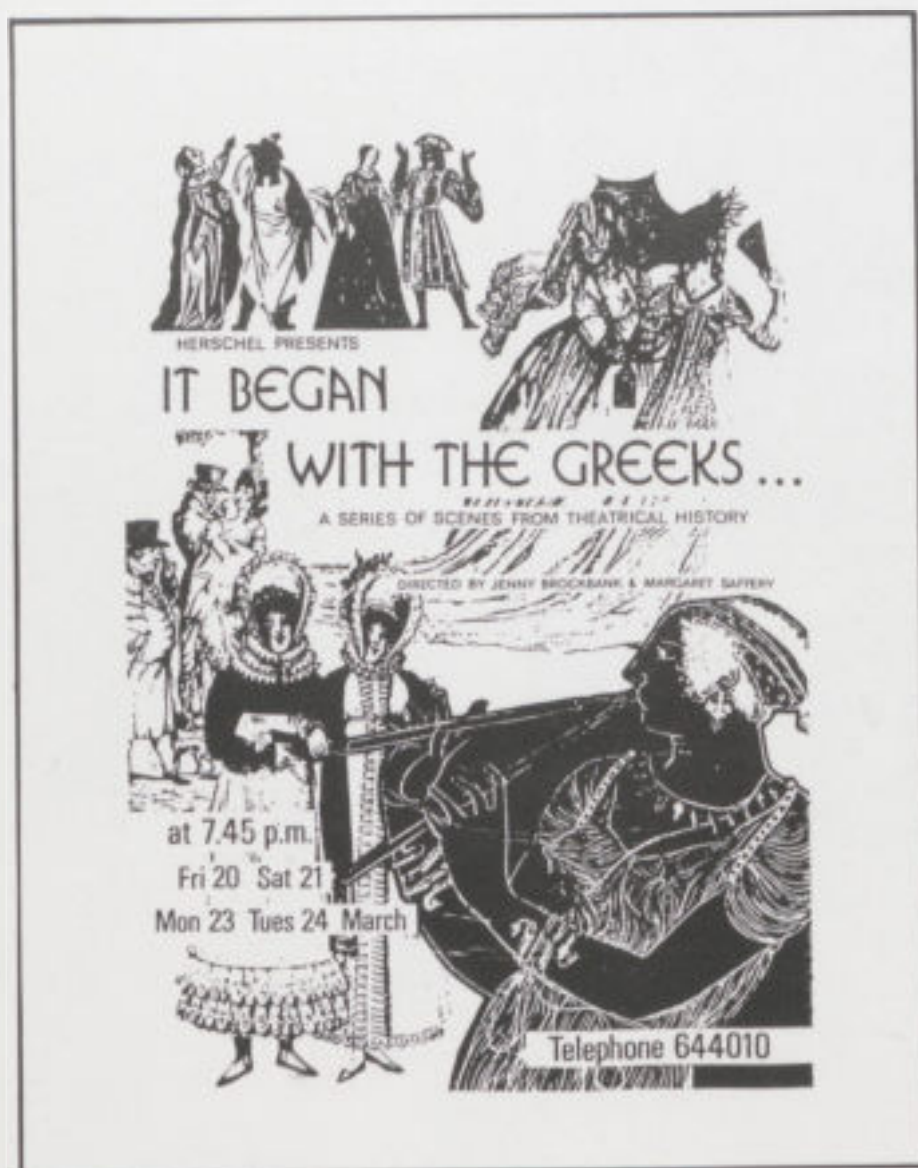
Life wasn't meant to be easy

Cold and shivering, I sat there, my white, cotton night dress blowing like a pleading flag of peace. Fear and a strange sick feeling

churned inside me. The memory of the experience I had just had pierced my mind and a cutting shiver skimmed my spine as I watched the great, hairy monster lifting its quivering, finger-like legs. It seemed to sense my fear of it and the spider sat guarding the wide, open window, the light switch and my only escape route, the door.

The wind blew the icy rain into the bare room, wetting the floor. Loud peals of thunder rang in my ears and blinding flashes of lightning cracked and whipped the black night sky. My body was stiff with cold and my lips were dry and chapped. My wet eyes felt heavy and I fought to keep them open. An unstoping flow of tears trickled down my cheeks and I prayed that my parents would come home and rescue me even though I knew they would laugh. Suddenly a freak clap of thunder gave me (and the spider) a start and then I saw the spider "racing" towards me. It was on my foot. I screamed and knocked it off. There was a mad "rush" between the two of us to get to the door. I flung it open. Relief flooded through me like water gushing out of a broken dam. I must have stood on it because from the light in the hall I could see the dead spider, but now its small form on the floor, which earlier had seemed so huge, looked strangely harmless. I could think no more because at that moment I lost all control and fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Alexandra Smith



"It Began with the Greeks..." was devised by Jenny Brockbank and Margaret Sallery as a means of encouraging as many girls as possible to participate in the annual school production. In fact, all those who auditioned were given a part and many more who wished to be involved but not perform were responsible for scene changes, lighting, props, prompting and other backstage work. They deserve praise for the unflustered capable way in which they manipulated the many changes.

An apron stage was erected at the entrance end of the school hall which enabled easy flow of the large cast on and off the acting area, and adequate space for props.

The presentation comprised scenes taken from familiar plays of periods from the ancient Greeks to modern theatre, allowing the audience to follow the changing trends in theatrical history.

Incorporated too were songs from these periods sung by the choir directed and accompanied by Cynthia Sweet. Each scene was linked by dialogue between two very competent narrators, Tanya Lange and Alison Edmunds.

Suki Jaffe and Michelle Rohland gave moving performances in "The Trojan Women" and Kate O'Neill and Kirsten Jensen had a lively scene from "The Frogs", accompanied by a croaking green chorus. These were both examples of the theatre of Ancient Greece. A dramatic piece of choral verse from "Murder in the Cathedral" was followed by a sly fox, Lindsay Marx, and a brood of colourful and noisy chickens with the vain rooster, Chanticleer, played by Chantal Rutherford and his nagging wife, Pertelote, Claire Howse, from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales".

Shakespeare could not, of course, be overlooked. Lady Macbeth, played by Alison Durr, was sensitively portrayed. Janet Howse, Samantha Bendzulla and Serin Gowdy amused us with a scene from "As You Like It". These scenes represented Shakespeare's versatility.

Claire Reilly, Lisa Pyott, Bronwen MacKellar and Alison Durr were devastatingly destructive to the reputations of their friends in "The School for Scandal" by Sheridan, and Kate Blumberg was a delightful Liza in the scene from Shaw's "Pygmalion". Noel Coward's wit was captured beautifully by Elisabeth Mallet and Katherine MacAdam playing characters from "Blithe Spirit". The last scene was one from Athol Fugard's play "Boesman and Lena". Portia Rayners and Tebogo Skwambane portrayed the title roles with sincerity and conviction.

The whole cast sang a song from "Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat" after Jenny Koster's beautifully sung solo from "Jesus Christ Superstar".

The actresses enjoyed the experience of establishing a character on the stage without the pressure of sustaining it through an entire play.

Everyone involved must be congratulated on her worthwhile contribution to a successful performance.

We were sad when our play was over and our lovely stage became redundant and was dismantled. We shall look forward to treading the boards in an exciting new theatrical venue.

Jenny Brockbank



Standard 9 Enrichment Camp

Hermanus

It has often been said that the Standard 9 class this year is a good class on which to try out new ideas and at the beginning of the third term we, once again, became willing "guinea-pigs" for a new idea.

Mrs Duff and Mrs Esterhuysen organised a three-day course in Hermanus for the Standard 9's. It was an enrichment course to help develop our skills in negotiation, consensus and self-awareness.

Our time was spent working in various groups trying to solve problems, creating our own "Utopias" and working on group decisions.

We all greatly enjoyed ourselves. Mrs Brathwaite's cooking was superb and we were given lots of free time to relax and explore Hermanus.

I think that our three days, together with our teachers and our classmates, away from the school environment, were very beneficial for us all. I hope that this idea is carried through to next year and is as successful in the future.

Fiona Sass.





PREPARATORY



Preparatory School Prefects

Front Row: M van Zyl, A Benjamin, K Thaning.

Back Row: A Porter, Mrs P Brown, R Haylett, Z Hisham, Mrs E Bray, C Kaye, S Baigrie.



Preparatory School Choir

Back Row: P de Villiers, C Garlick, M Morrell, S Hartz, V van Spronson, C Berry, K Mielke, L Reid.

Middle Row: H Martin, B Vos, C Ellis-Smith, A Ross, M Saunders, B Berry, J Bradshaw, K Willis, N Munroe, N Sebe.

Front Row: P Matalengue, A Sturgeon, S Coyne, Mrs Brown, E Thlapane, Mrs Tyson, T Hammond, A Ramsden, V Wood.



Preparatory School Orchestra

Back Row: A Serritslev, C Garlick, E du Plessis, C Noakes, C Roberts, K Richardson.

3rd Row: Z Quail, K Melrose, I Serritslev, K Feltz, S van Hoom, S Gardner, R Garlick, P Chauda, L Robb, J Allsop, R Kadalle, A Sturgeon.

2nd Row: V van Spronson, A van Hoom, J Bradshaw, Mrs McLean, A Padayachee, L Debenham, C Ellis-Smith.

Front Row: N Munroe, S Talbot, B Berry.



Jagger House — Preparatory School

Back Row: L. Read, K. Mielke, J. Bendzulla, K. Hunter, K. Johnson, B. Henshilwood, C. Auni, S. Boardman.

5th Row: B. Davies, F. Cull, P. de Villiers, A. Sturgeon, T. Parker, N. Read, P. Matolengue, K. Thompson.

4th Row: K. Willis, A. Theunissen, M. du Preez, K. Parker, S. George, K. Grouse, J. Smith, L. Fisher, J. Bradshaw, A. Ross.

3rd Row: R. Davies, A. Boardman, C. Klotz, A. Soltyski, B. Quibell, N. Bowers, G. Read, S. Gardner, P. Chauda, R. Garlick, N. Bale.

2nd Row: L. Brain, K. Fisher, B. Masengana, K. Mielke, N. Struik, L. Debenham, T. Harsant, C. Thomas, S. Neuton, B. Debenham, A. Labia, H. Bhawan.

Front Row: M. Craig, S. Hartz, N. Godson, Z. Hisham, R. Haylett, Mrs J. Purcell, K. Thaning, C. Ferry, M. Taylor, A. Louse, C. Garlick.

Seated on mat: K. Atkinson, J. Louse, L. O'Grady.

Preparatory School Report 1987

1987 started on a very positive note with an increased pupil intake. We welcomed a total of forty-nine new girls, ten of these being boarders. We were able to have two Sub A classes and Mrs Mace joined us as our second Sub A teacher. She has her own very special creative abilities and has worked happily and productively with the Junior Preparatory Staff.

Our parent representatives for each class were elected at the end of 1986 and have been a supportive team of willing workers. During the year, we felt the need of a boarding house representative and Mrs Reid, Lisa's mother, was elected to the committee. Mrs Dawn Christie organised a fund-raising event in the first term in the form of a Fashion show. The girls who were modelling the clothes worked out their own sequences to the set music and showed their outfits, supplied by The House of Youth, with dignity and poise.

Mrs Wood headed a project in which members of the Committee were involved — the laying of a brick path from the "top" gate down to the Junior Preparatory Department, and the developing of the surrounding gardens. Parents, staff and girls have all expressed their gratitude for the time given and the effort that these ladies have expended. The result speaks for itself — no more grazed knees!

At our Open Day in the third term, class representatives acted as hostesses and showed visitors around the school. This was an occasion

when parents and visitors could project themselves back in time and be part of any class they wished to attend. The Standard Five classes displayed their work and presented a programme of gymnastics and dance movements and sang a selection of songs they had learnt. There were comments from parents who compared their school days and achievements with those of their daughters. How differently things are done today! Our teaching is geared to the interest level of the children. With guidance from teachers and the librarian, the library and its reference books are used for research. The girls work either individually or in groups to make their information come alive. Presentation takes many forms — a model, a poster, a taped programme, a dramatic presentation, role-play, a lecturette, a symposium or a forum. These are but a few of the endless ways of stimulating creativity. When research is done independently, what has been assimilated will never be forgotten.

With expert guidance from Mrs Tyson and Mrs McLean, the Music department has flourished. In the Cape Town Eisteddfod, our girls acquitted themselves well. The Recorder Ensemble (12 years and under) received High Honours and both Chloe Kensley and Nadine Bowers gained Honours in their piano sections. In April we combined with Bishops Preparatory to present an evening of music at their lovely Memorial Theatre. There were solo, ensemble and choir items and the two orchestras combined to perform works by Handel, Haydn and Brahms.



Merriman House — Preparatory School

*Back Row: J Evertse, L. Harinady, C Berry, M van Schalkwyk, D Southern, H Richards, A Serritslev, L-A Louw, B Vos.
5th Row: Z Quail, A Desmarais, L Reid, M Shaw, S Coyne, P Rice, C Roberts, T Christian, M Saunders, N Narker.
4th Row: N Munroe, G Christie, C Roberts, L Linder, Z Williams, N de Wet, B Berry, K Melrose, I Serritslev, S Prain, G Adamson.
3rd Row: V Pillay, J Allsop, M Hendricks, C Lorentz, R Segers, N Sebe, S Hendricks, D Lorden, A Durrant, S Boome, L Bester, C Owenstone.
2nd Row: M de Bruijn, D du Plessis, E Thlapane, C Koye, L-A Bird, Mrs P Hanekom, A Benjamin, K White, T Hammond, S de Keyser, S de Wet.
Front Row: K Linder, B Silberbauer, K Ballantyne, J Pegrum, T Coeshall, R Farrell, H Christie.*

On Arbor Day one of our parents, Mr Desmond Slade, spoke to the girls about the importance of conserving our environment. Afterwards we went up to the Boarding House garden and Mrs Davies and I were given the honour of planting two Chinese Elm trees. Revyl Haylett thanked Mr Slade most graciously. At the time of writing, buds are beginning to open on the branches and we hope that the trees will serve as a constant reminder to us all to "keep the Cape in shape".

We have kept close contact with parents during the course of the year. At the beginning of the first term parents' meetings were held for each class. After coffee, parents moved to the classrooms and teachers gave a résumé of the year's teaching programme and parents were free to discuss any problems. Books were displayed in the library and fifty-nine books, costing well over R1 000, were donated to the school.

Mrs Morrell, our Remedial Teacher, spoke to Junior Preparatory parents in April on "The Early Identification of Learning Problems" and Mrs Bora, an artist, addressed parents in September on "Artistic Visual Perception". "At Homes" were held regularly each term and many availed themselves of these opportunities to meet with staff. Various functions have been arranged by the class representatives and staff have enjoyed meeting parents in a relaxed social atmosphere.

We have fared extremely well on the sports field and details of our achievements can be found in Mrs Goodrick's report.

At the George Show in the September holidays, Amber Ramsden's pony won the Champion Child's Pony Award and she distinguished herself by winning the Victor Ludorum.

Outings are an extension of our teaching programme and pupils are encouraged to look at the wider implications of their studies in a realistic and practical way. These stimulating experiences start at Pre-Preparatory level and continue through to Standard 5. The Pre-Preps

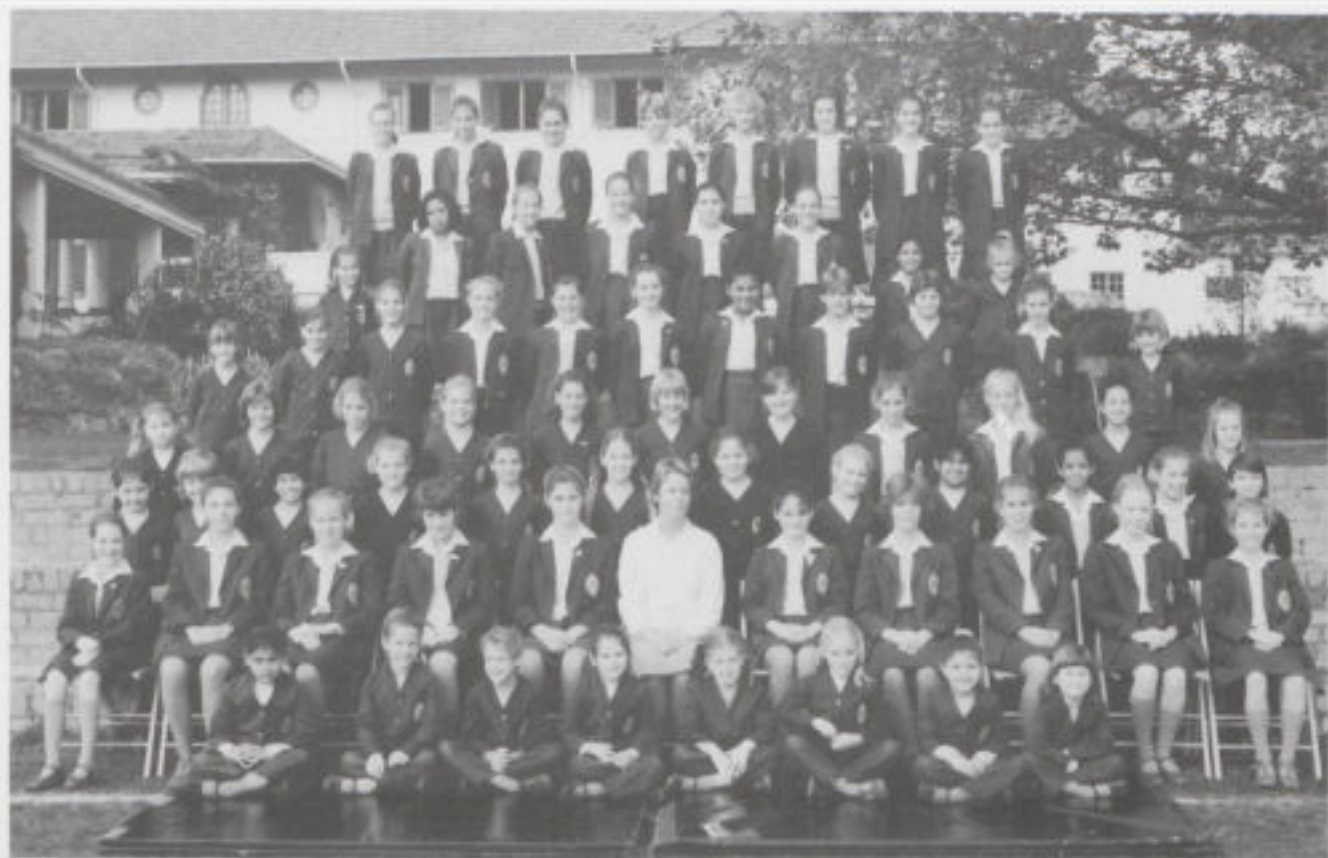
were invited to visit their brothers at Bishops and enjoyed a morning together ending with a sing-song. The boys paid us a return visit later in the year. The Pre-Preps have also visited the Tygerberg Dental Clinic and Sleepy Hollow Farm. Mrs Durrant kindly arranged for the Sub A's to visit a building site and discover the intricacies of bricks and cement. It was most interesting to see the art displayed in the classroom after this outing.

The Sub B's visited Mrs Durrant's home to see her collection of exotic birds and this tied in well with the bird project with which the girls had been busy at school. The Junior Preparatory outing to St James by train was an exciting experience for the girls and an exhausting morning for the staff and parents who accompanied them. Again, the art displayed later showed how much the girls had learnt about marine life.

Both the Junior Preparatory and the Standard 5's enjoyed a morning at the Ottery Hypermarket. The mums who accompanied the younger girls were given a champagne breakfast while the children were shown all sorts of interesting aspects of the hypermarket, such as the bakery, the fish shop and the butchery. Many of the little ones decided to become vegetarians after seeing the carcasses hanging in the cold room! The Standard 5's found it very interesting to learn all about the Bar Code System and its many advantages to a large store.

Other outings of interest were visits to Signal Hill, Rhodes Memorial, Kirstenbosch, a dairy farm and Struik Publishers. After this last visit the Std 1's became inspired and have actually written and printed their own books.

Girls contribute charity money each term and the Std 5's visited Khayamandi to see where our money was to be used. For our children who are provided with everything they need and much else besides, it was quite a shocking experience for them to see the poverty in which other children live.



Rolt House — Preparatory School

Back Row: M Overstone, S Bilbe, L Williams, D Millar, K Boyce, V Wood, N Grappenton, S Byers.

6th Row: D Sanchez, C Davies, V van Spronsen, E du Plessis, S Issa, M Morrell, H Martin, K-L McCay.

5th Row: N Hemmes, K Sherrwood, T McCabe, J O'Hanlon, N Cronin, J McCullough, Y Amien, D Wynne, D Evans, K Richardson, L Robb.

4th Row: P MacDonald, S Talbot, C McGahey, A Porter, R Gagliano, L-A Graer, P Dold, L Christie, T O'Hanlon, C Kensley.

3rd Row: C Schmidlin, L Smith, I Bergstedt, S van Hoon, N Wood, S Pullinger, K Durr, A Woolaway, A Padayachee, R Kadale, N Louw, S Slade.

2nd Row: C Ellis-Smith, C Christie, C Noakes, C McGahey, A Porter, Mrs Joyce, M van Zyl, A Ramsden, S Baigrie, E Clark, K Feltz.

Front Row: S Amien, A Wood, L Evans, S McCullough, A van Hoon, H Mitchell, N Donnelly, L van Zyl.

In September, Micklefield and Herschel Preparatory parents were invited to attend an evening of music arranged by the two schools in the Herschel Hall. There was great excitement among the children, sparked off no doubt, by the capacity audience. The pleasure gained from making music together was evident in the ensemble and orchestral items and it is to be hoped that our young musicians will continue to be committed to group performances, not only for the pleasure they find in making music together, but also for the enjoyment they can give to others.

In addition to combined music evenings with the Senior School, music workshops have been held regularly. These are designed to give every girl the opportunity to play before an audience. This is a very valuable experience and it is interesting to see how the children's performing skills improve. Piano and violin examinations of the Associated Board of Royal Schools were held in September and we were very pleased with the results. Six girls obtained merit (80-85%). They are Jenny Bradshaw, Zara Quail, Tamaryn Hammond, Noleen Read, Sacha Hartz and Arlene Benjamin. The remaining candidates were all successful.

Our School Play, "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" by Roald Dahl, was produced by our Drama Teacher, Miss Jupp, at the end of the third term. This was obviously enjoyed by the cast who certainly transmitted their enthusiasm to the audiences who responded so warmly. Kate Grose is to be congratulated on her excellent performance — she did not play the part of Willy Wonka; she was Willy Wonka! The Oompa-Loompas recited their words with vigour, aided by their instrumentalists who set the atmosphere for these scenes. This was a most successful and exciting event.

The Junior Preparatory Concert took place at the end of the second term and this was well attended by proud parents. The girls were their delightful best and everyone enjoyed "The Tale of Peter Rabbit",

"Die Drie Varkies" and "Tina and the Terrible Tiger". The concert was repeated for 150 local nursery-school children and we also invited grandparents of our pupils. We are indeed fortunate to have such a skilled and creative producer as Mrs Davies, Head of our Junior Preparatory Department.

In March our ballet mistress, Joan Raath, produced a ballet, "The Seal Maiden" in conjunction with another Ballet Studio at the Little Theatre over a four-day period. This was a delightful presentation and gave the ballet pupils, from the youngest to the oldest, an opportunity to experience the excitement of dancing before an audience and the thrill of wearing beautiful costumes. The Royal Academy of Dancing Examinations were held at Herschel this year. Seventeen girls entered and all passed. Congratulations to Chene Roberts and Paula de Villiers on gaining Honours and to Roxanne Segers, Debra Lorden, Belita Debenham and Irmgarde Bergstedt who were highly commended for their efforts.

The annual three-day field trip has become a tradition at Herschel and the Std 3, 4 and 5 girls look forward with eager anticipation to this communal living and learning experience. This year at the height of the mid-May rainstorms, we set out for the Okkie Jooste Land Service Camp at Jonkershoek. Among the expeditions was a visit to Stellenbosch, to the Village Museum, the Braak and the beautifully restored Dorp Street. Classes also visited Blaauwklippen and Oude-Nektar and hiked in the Jonkershoek Forestry area.

Back at the Camp, the Fish Hatchery, Eerste River and the adjacent Assegaibosch Reserve were all foci for studies — examining indigenous fish, graphing the profile of the river, measuring its rate of flow and learning to identify species of fynbos, for example.

Having achieved a successful balance between the physical, academic, social and domestic aspects of such a camp, the consensus at the end was that it seemed a pity to be going home so soon!

Tinned food was collected during the winter months to ease the lot of many indigent pensioners in the Peninsula. It is important for the girls to be made aware of the needs of those less fortunate than themselves, be they physical or emotional needs. Mrs Cowling runs the Social Responsibility Club and members have formed meaningful relationships with several elderly ladies from Wellesley Court, whom they visit on a regular basis. The ladies have been invited to our concerts and plays and the Club organised a picnic lunch in Claremont Gardens. Another sphere of interest for the Club is Alpha Crèche in Hanover Park. The girls have visited the Crèche and support it by collecting materials and making work cards.

We have broken new ground in achieving success in several diverse areas. Our Wildlife Club entered four teams in the Wildlife Competition to promote awareness of our environment. One team received an Honourable Mention and the team that proposed "A Facelift for the Cape Town to Simonstown Railway Line" went through to the Final. Ours was the only Primary School team and was therefore competing against High Schools. Although they did not win, the girls acquitted themselves extremely well and were self-possessed and confident when questioned by the panel of four judges. We were very proud of Megan van Zyl, Katherine Thompson, Megan Craig, Nicola Godson and Zurina Hisham.

We entered an Art Competition organised by the Committee of the Dias Festival. A mural depicting some aspect of the voyage of Bartholomew Dias in 1487, created and painted by Claire Christie, Katherine Thompson, Susanne Issa, Candice Grove and Annabel Overstone, won the competition. Their mural will be exhibited in the Maritime Museum at Mossel Bay during the National Dias Festival early next year.

The Standard Four class won a competition on birds which was organised by *The Argus*. Each entry had to be a group effort including research on the indigenous birds of South Africa, supported by drawings and creative writing. Their prize was a book called *Discovering Birds*.

We held a Photographic Competition early in the third term, the subject being "Winter". The standard of the entries was high and Caroline Kaye was the winner. Mrs Forrester organised a Teddy Bear Competition in the Library as an extension of the display of A A Milne's "Winnie the Pooh" books. The response was enormous and drew everybody to the library which, of course, was the subtle intention.

We have been involved in the Inter-schools General Knowledge Quiz Programme and we try to keep the girls up to date with current events by having an Inter-house Quiz and everyone writes a General Knowledge Paper at the end of each term. In spite of our efforts, it is evident from the weekly news test in Standard 5 that many of our girls are very ignorant about what is going on in the world around them.

Several girls who wished to improve their Afrikaans were placed in Afrikaans-speaking homes by the Organisation for the Advancement of Bilingualism. The project works on a reciprocal basis and our parents will, in return, host girls from the other language group during the December vacation.

The Standard 3's and 5's submitted entries in the Prose and Poetry Section of the Cape Town Eisteddfod and the good results included many merits and honours and Candice Grove was awarded a Gold Diploma for her poem.

Six girls taken from Standards 1 to 5 spent an exciting and stimulating morning at the Cape Town Teachers' Training College taking part in a Creative Encounter with children from other schools. Groups of 8 were formed and the topics included Relationships, Energy, Changes, Space, Sounds and Atmospheres. Various activities around the themes gave the children the opportunity to experience new and stimulating challenges.

During the winter months, club meetings are held on Fridays after lunch and there is something to suit everyone's taste. Girls decide on the club of their choice and are committed to it for the term. Clubs not already mentioned are Bridge, Origami, Craft and Drama. The Drama Club presented plays at the end of the third term. There was evidence of their interest and enthusiasm as the actresses performed for the rest of the school.

At the weekly Scripture Union meetings, the emphasis is on teaching the Scriptures through songs, Bible quizzes and talks. Mrs Sneddon, Mrs Purcell and Mrs Beoom have engendered enthusiasm and interest. Our girls felt very important when Senior School Christian Union members joined them at their brass. It was encouraging for the staff, too, to see the spiritual development which had taken place since Prep School days. Mrs Butler runs the Junior Scripture Union Group, which meets on a Friday during club-time and these girls also show a lively interest. As an Anglican Church School, we must ensure that the standards and values we impart are truly Christian in every sense, and that our witness as staff members is beyond reproach.

Our achievements do us credit. We have good material but our success has been due in no small measure to the dedicated commitment of the staff. We have not been satisfied to sit back and think we "know it all". We have attended lectures and courses on many aspects of education and have been able to use the new skills we have learnt. Although each one of us is a creative, stimulating teacher with very definite views and ideas, we have been able to work as a team, sharing our knowledge and pooling our resources because of our genuine desire to give our children only the best.

I have become more aware than ever of the tremendous responsibility we carry for the spiritual instruction and well-being of the girls. Preparing a few thoughts to give guidance each morning has benefited me personally as I have looked afresh at the characteristics of God and the wonder of His love for each one of us. I am sometimes tempted to think how little one can hope to impart of the great and eternal truths, but then I remember the power of the Holy Spirit and know that He can use each thought and seed planted in a young mind, to the Glory of God.

My thanks go to all the Preparatory School Staff for the tremendous support they have given me this year, to Mrs Duff for her encouragement and to Mrs Davies and Mrs Bray for being there to listen when I have needed an ear and for their willing help on any and every occasion. The catering and domestic staff headed by Mrs Taylor have fed us and kept the school clean; Mr Greenwood and Mr Nickloes and the ground staff have been on hand to do the hundred and one things that keep the wheels turning smoothly; the administrative staff at the Senior School have been courteous and helpful and I thank them for their ready assistance. Last, but by no means least, I want to thank Mrs Nixon, who really should have won the "Secretary of the Year" award. Her sound common sense, her excellent office skills and her keen sense of humour make her a very special person and I want her to know how much I value her friendship and support.

After 21 years at Herschel my retirement is almost upon me. I have been able to look back and view the development and progress of the Preparatory School. It has become a centre of activity where each girl is given credit for her strengths, encouragement to overcome her weaknesses, stimulation to develop her potential and the knowledge that she has something unique and special to offer. This is the stamp of Herschel and I am proud of the part I have played in its history.

AD DEI GLORIAM

Pat Brown



Physical Education Report

I have been thrilled with the consistent enthusiasm of the girls towards all their activities. As a result of their efforts, we have had one of our most successful years.

Tennis

Captain: Edlyn Thapane

Once again we had four teams entered in the mixed peninsula league. Our top two teams generally met boys in their leagues, but this did not hinder our progress, only enhanced it. The A and B teams finished fourth in their respective leagues, our C's finished second, losing only one match, and our D's third.

The Inter-schools Tournament was held at Sans Souci on 16 March and three couples represented Herschel. Edlyn Thapane and Dominique Du Plessis were our number one couple in the Open section. Arlene Benjamin and Allison Porter our number one couple in the U12 section and Candice Noakes and Dinah Milar our number two couple for the U12's. The open team won three of their four matches beating Rustenburg B 6-4, St Cyprians 6-1 and Oakhurst 6-1. Wynberg beat us 6-4. We eventually came second in our section. Our U12 A couple also won three of their four matches beating Good Hope 6-0, Oakhurst 6-1 and Star of the Sea 6-3. Greenfield beat us 6-2. This couple was also second in this section. Candice and Dinah won two matches, beating Springfield 6-2 and St Cyprians 6-1, and losing to Wynberg and Rustenburg.

To complete the season, four couples were entered in the Lemkus Knock-out Doubles Tournament which was held at Rondebosch courts on 20 March. Everyone except Edlyn Thapane and Dominique du Plessis was knocked out in the first round. Edlyn and Dominique won two matches very decisively against Alpha Junior and Jan Van Riebeeck, but met Heredia Highland A couple in the third round. We played good strong tennis but it was not enough to topple these boys who are ranked number 2 and 3 in South Africa.

Triathlon

This is a new school event which got off the ground this year. Barclays Bank sponsored the event and four competitions were held at Sandvlei.

Outstanding performances came from Kirsten Tharing who won twice in her age group and Jessamy O'Hanlon. The girls had to swim 400 m, then cycle 4 km and finally run 1,5 km.

Gymnastics

Heloise Martin must be congratulated on being chosen for the Western Province Gym Squad which represented the area at the National Competition in Port Elizabeth.

Mrs J Goodrick



Tennis — A-Team

Left to Right: A Benjamin, E Thapane (Captain), C Noakes, A Porter, Mrs Goodrick.

Tennis — C-Team

Left to right: K Parker, P Rice, S Baigne, S de Wet, Mrs Goodrick



Swimming

Captain: Kirsten Thaning

Vice-Captain: Leigh Anne Bird

Many more girls have been inspired to take part in team swimming this year. This is due to the captain who really encourages everyone to enjoy this sport as well as to achieve excellence. Owing to Kirsten's encouragement, more girls are attending squad training out of school, and this can only raise our standard.

The girls trained twice a week and swam in friendly galas most Fridays where we generally came 3rd.

The Inter-schools gala was held on 12 March at Newlands Pool. Six schools took part, Herschel took 3rd place, Wynberg 2nd and Rustenburg 1st.

The Inter-schools diving was held at Rustenburg on 10 March. Natalie Wood and Angela Franks represented the U10's and, for their age, performed some excellent dives. They took 2nd place in their age

group. Jessamy O'Hanlon executed some beautiful dives, particularly a very difficult backward twist from the high board; she came 3rd. Arlene Benjamin took 3rd place for the U12's and Leigh Anne Bird, the Captain, dived outstandingly in the open section to take 1st place. Overall, Wynberg came 1st with 17 points, Rustenburg 2nd with 16 points and Herschel 3rd with 15 points. St Cyprians was 4th and Springfield 5th. We just missed to top spot. Better luck next year!

The Inter-house gala was another highlight of the season with all the girls in the school participating in competitive and fun events. Rolt won the cup for the second year with 403 points, closely followed by Merriman 395 points and Jagger 377 points.

Merriman won the Inter-house diving cup for the fourth year in succession. Our thanks go to Mrs H Botha, the senior sports teacher, for judging the competition. Last, but not least, an extra special thank you to Mrs A Thaning for her help in coaching our swimmers.

To round off the season an Inter-class fun gala was held in the last week of term and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

Swimming Team

Back Row: T McCabe, B Berry, K Melrose, G Christie, A Soltynski, C Roberts.

4th Row: C Berry, D Millar, C Nookes, E du Plessis, D du Plessis, C Kayne, M de Brijn, S Bilbe, P de Villiers.

3rd Row: T O'Hanlon, L Christie, Z Quail, N Cronin, J Evertse, C Garlick, D Wynne, C Roberts, B Davies, J Bradshaw.

2nd Row: A Louw, L A Louw, S Boardman, L A Bird, Mrs Goodrick, K Thaning (Captain), L Reid, M van Zyl, J O'Hanlon.

Front Row: H Christie, R Davies, D Evans, L Robb, R Garlick, B Voss, S van Hoon, N Wood.



Under 12A Netball Team

INTERSCHOOLS AND LEAGUE RUNNERS-UP

Back Row: A Ramsden, C Nookes, M Morrell
Front Row: K Thaning, A Porter, Mrs Goodrick,
D Millar, S de Wet.



Netball

Captain: Arlene Benjamin

Vice-Captain: Zurina Hisham

This has been our most successful year to date with all eight teams achieving excellent results. These results could not have been achieved without the girls conscientiously training twice a week as well as early in the morning. The U10 and U11 Inter-schools tournament was held at Springfield on 8 September. Our U10's won all the matches in their section, beating Springfield, Good Hope, Rustenburg and Wynberg. With this result, they went straight through to the final where they met St Cyprians. This was an exciting final with each school scoring one goal after the other. We managed to clinch the game eventually, winning 6-4. Kirsten Feltz, the Captain, must be commended on her outstanding play. The U11's won two matches, drew one and lost one and they were second in their section.

Our U12's won all four of their matches and they displayed excellent ball control and team play. Dinah Millar, the centre and Captain, played superbly both on the attack and in defence. Allison Porter maintained an almost infallible cool, calm shooting style. Our U12's went through to the final where they met Wynberg. Our girls got off to a shaky start, Wynberg led initially 6-0 but we managed to pull back 6-7. However, it was not enough to deter Wynberg and they eventually won 9-6. Our open team was the runner-up in that section.

The Inter-house netball tournament was played with great zest. Standard 2's, 3's, 4's and 5's all took part. Rolt won overwhelmingly with 14 points, followed by Merriman 6 points and Jagger 4 points.

Out thanks go to all those "mums" who helped transport the girls to and from matches.



Under 10A Netball Team

LEAGUE AND INTERSCHOOLS CHAMPIONS

Back Row: L Fisher, S Bille, M van Schaikuyk, P Matalengue.

Front Row: J Bradshaw, K Feltz (Captain), Mrs Goodrick, C Roberts, R Gagliano, A Franks (not present).



Hockey — A-Team

INTERSCHOOLS RUNNERS-UP AND JOINT WINNERS OF SOUTHERN LEAGUE

Back Row: K Thaning, V Wood, D Millar, E Thapane, A Benjamin.

Front Row: C Noakes, Mrs Goodrick, C Christie (Captain),

Miss Buchanan, Z Hisham.

Hockey

Captain: Claire Christie

Vice-Captain: Ming Taylor

We have had a most enjoyable and extremely successful season this year. All the girls have grown into stronger, more skilful players and this can be attributed to Jean Buchanan who has been assisting me this year.

Four teams were entered into the league: U13 A, B and C and an U11 A team. The season opened with a mini-hockey tournament which was held at Constantia. Our U13 A's and B's were runners-up in their sections and our U11's came 4th.

In the Peninsula league our U13 A's came joint 1st with Rustenburg. The U13 B's came 3rd and U11's 3rd.

Herschel hosted a friendly hockey tournament on Saturday 5 September inviting schools from other leagues. We were the runners-up in both sections.

On the following Saturday, 12 September, our U13 A side represented Herschel at the Inter-schools tournament which was held at Wynberg for the first time. All schools played one another on a round-robin basis. Herschel won 4 out of 5 matches, beating Wynberg 2-1, Oakhust 1-0, Springfield 1-0, St Cyprians 2-0 and losing 2-1 to Rustenburg who eventually won the tournament with 9 points. Herschel came a close second with 8 points, and Wynberg 3rd with 6 points. Claire Christie, Edlyn Thapane and Arlene Benjamin must be commended on their fine play during the tournament.

The Inter-house hockey was more closely fought than the netball. The Standard 3's and 4's played keenly in the rain, while the Standard 5's played the following day because it became too wet to continue. Rolt managed a close victory with 10 points. Merriman, who went all out to topple Rolt, but didn't quite make it, gained 8 points and Jagger came 3rd.



Squash Team

INTERSCHOOLS RUNNERS-UP

Back Row: C McGahey, C Ferry, Z Hisham, L Reid.

Front Row: N Godson, C McGahey, Mrs Goodrick, L A Bird, M van Zyl.

Squash:

Nicola Godson and Chantelle and Caroline McGahey must be congratulated on being chosen for the Western Province teams in their respective age groups. Western Province came 2nd in the national competition and Caroline won a special award for best behaviour.

We entered a strong inter-schools team which won the majority of its matches and was the overall runner-up.



Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

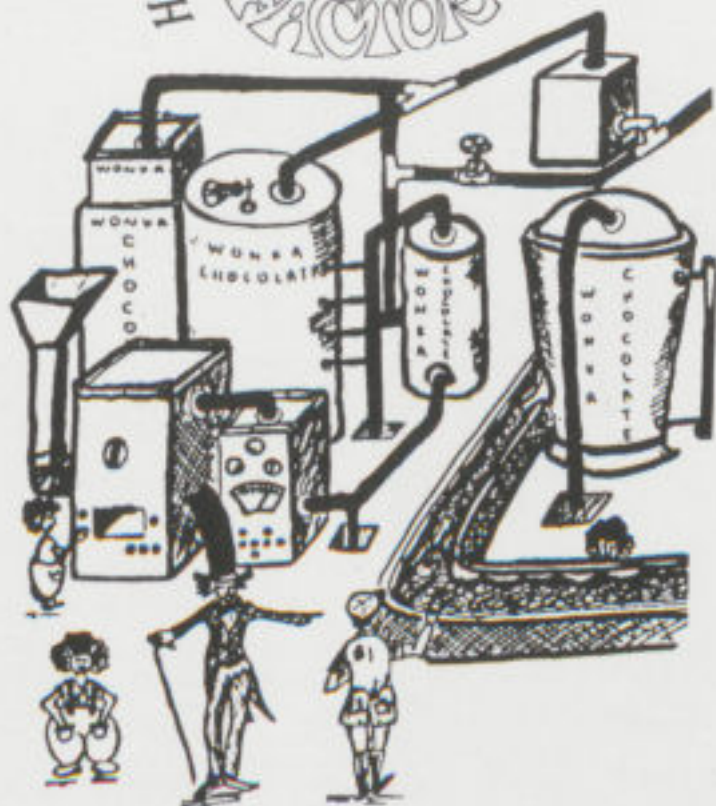
The end of the third term saw the Preparatory School's production of "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" — a dramatised version of Roald Dahl's delightful children's story.

The play had a cast of more than eighty children who were directed by Miss Jupp. The lead role of Willy Wonka was played with great aplomb by Kate Growse (Std IV) who endeared herself to the audiences. A chorus of Oompas-loompas (Std II's and III's) provided animated and amusing interludes between scenes. The Std IV's handled backstage and front-of-house arrangements very efficiently.

Parents, girls and teachers got together to construct the chocolate machines and other contraptions which were remarkable feats of engineering. Mrs Davis and her team of mothers made the lovely costumes.

All in all the production was a lot of fun for those involved and for those who filled the seats at each performance.

HERSCHEL PREP. SCHOOL CHARLIE CHOCOLATE FACTORY presents



CAST

Willy Wonka Narrators	Kate Growse Annabel Overstone Reryl Haylett
Augustus Gloop	Kay Johnson
Mrs Gloop	Megan Craig
Veruca Salt	Corina Awni
Mr Salt	Claire Christie
Mrs Salt	Dinah Millar
Violet Beauregarde	Angela Theunissen
Mrs Beauregarde	Candice Noakes
Mike Teevee	Amber Ramsden
Mrs Teevee	Tammy Hammond
Mr Teevee	Chantelle McGahey
Charlie Bucket	Kate Thompson
Mrs Bucket	Sarah Baigrie
Mr Bucket	Sacha Hartz
Grandpa Joe	Emma Clarke
Grandma Josephine	Leigh-Anne Bird
Grandma Georgina	Natalie Graepentin
Grandpa George	Yasmin Amien
Oompa-loompas	Ming Taylor Arlene Benjamin Std 2's Std 3's

CREDITS

Director	Miss S. Jupp
Costumes	Mrs M. Davies
Set	Miss S. Jupp Mrs J. Brockbank
Backstage	Samanthia Byers Emilia du Plessis Bronwen Henshulwood Megan Morrell Diana Southern Lisa Williams

Some impressions of the play from members of the cast:

"As the first curtain opened I could feel butterflies in my stomach. 'Do I look all right?', 'I am so excited', that's all I heard until the scene started. Some people had had lots of experience in acting, but it was my first time. As I stepped on to the stage I was sure I had forgotten my part, but it all came back to me and the play was enjoyed by all."

Candice Noakes

"I must say, it was an experience."

Sarah Baigrie

"I thought that Charlie and the Chocolate Factory was a very successful production. The props were very good and the costumes suited the characters. The Sunday rehearsals were the best because everyone was there. Each night the acting was better and I think it was because we had such a good audience."

Tamaryn Hammond

"I had done mistakings about the success of the play in the beginning. As the rehearsals started I realized that maybe it would work — luckily it did! I was proud to be part of the production and am quite pleased with my performance in my first speaking role. I think we should be pleased with the success of the play — all the blood, sweat and tears paid off."

Reryl Haylett

"I enjoyed Being Mike Teevee — it was fun and very exciting. On the first night I was a little nervous because I forgot when to come in and when to shoot, but in the end it was a big success and we all enjoyed it."

Amber Ramsden

"Some parts were very embarrassing!"

Corina Awni

"I was so glad when I was put into the play. I was so nervous on the night and I thought I would forget all my words. I was quite sad when we finished after all the hard work everyone had put into the play."

Dinah Millar

"I love being an Oompa-loompa because of my funny blue nose and purple hair, but best of all I loved singing and shouting and I loved the parties after the play."

Bonnie Quibell

"I enjoyed being an Oompa-loompa because there were lots of chocolates and lollipops. My favourite character was Augustus Gloop, because he was greedy and fat and funny. I wish I was really an Oompa-loompa."

Nadine Bowers

"I really loved being an Oompa-loompa. The only thing is my hoop kept on falling out."

Annabel Ross

ORIGINAL WORK



Tammy Hammond — Standard 5

My favourite part of the house

I had named it "Hide Inn", an ideal name for the small, dusty room at the bottom of the stairs, but, without the silver of light that shone from an old, rust-crusted lantern, the room remained dark and cold, a lonely place to be on black, stormy nights. Through all the other times of the year, the room was pleasant and, to tell you the truth, my favourite part of the house!

The room was hardly comfortable. A wooden plank on two jam jars served as a bench, but on the left wall hung a picture that seemed to warm the atmosphere of the room. Like a hot-water-bottle on a snowman, the only real life in that little place was the picture. Set in a hard metal frame, the picture of the man with a watery smile on his face and torn, baggy clothing looked as if it would melt into the soft, yellow-grey mould behind it.

Nothing else seemed comforting about the room, except that it was a solitary place in which to sit and munch forbidden sweets or hide when an over-nice aunt arrived unexpectedly.

Tammy Parker

The Wind

*I woke up in the morning all alone
When I checked the rooms, there was no-one
at home*

*All to be heard was the rustling of leaves
And the willows whispering with the start of a
breeze*

*The wind was howling and charging around
No more could I hear that soft gentle sound
of the breeze in the willows down by the
pond
Rippling the waters and the grass beyond*

*A huge gale started blowing, its force was
strong*

*The windman hurled gusts, horrific and long
he swirled beneath me and grabbed the
house
then he lifted it up, not disturbing a mouse*

*He did not set me down, but carried me on
It felt like a cloud that I was floating upon
Then his temper died down and the house
was dropped
Into a strange and unknown land where time
had stopped.*

Kirsten Thaning

The Wind

*Howling and haunting, chiming and chanting
the wind whistles through the trees,
twisting and turning, winding and churning,
teases the cool summer breeze.*

*Prowling then prancing, dreary then dancing
it cunningly creeps along,
rolling and rumbling, spinning and tumbling
it sings its merry song.*

*Silthiering and sliding, graciously gliding
rising like a ghost,
drifting and driving, pushing and prying
moving from coast to coast.*

*Mumbling and moaning, growling and groaning
ing*

*it no longer feels so gay,
striving and struggling, wrestling and wrig-
gling
it glumly moves away.*

Candice Grove

My favourite part of the house

My favourite part of the house is upstairs. As you walk up the stairs, your feet sinking into the pile of the thick blue carpet, your hand resting on the polished oak banister, you enter a different world: a world of softly glowing lights, and beautiful Persian rugs, and walls gently complimenting each other in soft pastel shades.

My favourite part of upstairs is the study. It has pine panels on the walls, and a squat yet beautiful Victorian desk, that has gold covering on the drawer handles, and a rich brown, leather-bound chair saturated with the faint smell of pipe smoke that inhabits the whole room.

My favourite part of the study is the window-seat. It is made of smooth, brown leather, like the chair, but its tiny buttons, cold to the touch, are made of engraved brass. The window seat is the perfect place for a nap, as the sun drifts lazily through the window, or for reading, or for composing poetry, or for just writing, perhaps a story, or perhaps for writing about your favourite part of the house, as I'm doing now.

Megan Craig

The Storm

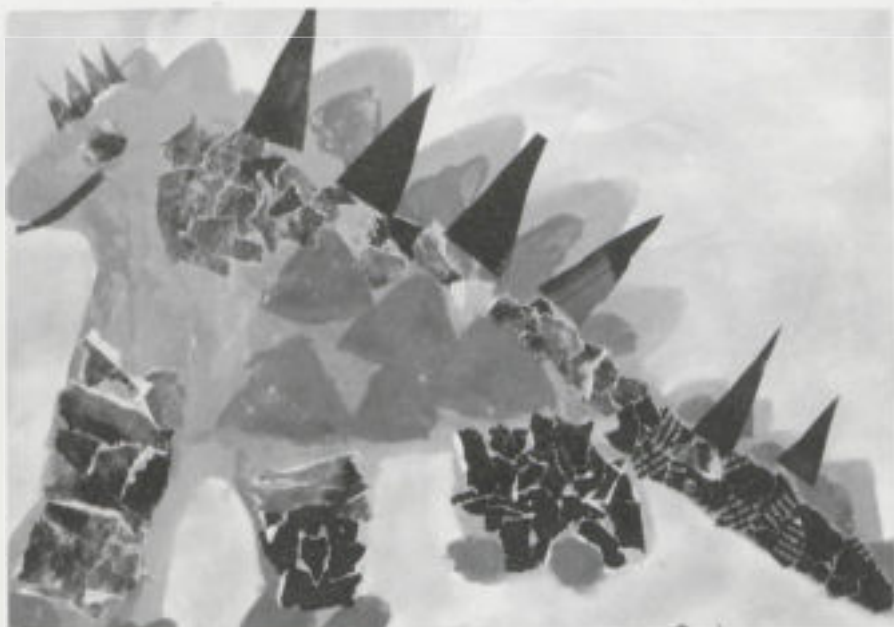
Silently, waiting a chance to strike, great clouds gather in the face of a storm. Whistling wind whirls frantically round me. I hide in the shadows but soon it has found me.

Where shall I go? What shall I do? Rumbling and raging the thunder explodes. Raindrops patter all round my feet. The sky lights up with a crackling crash.

Lightning has struck where spiderwebs hang. Down on the trees owls watch wisely, with squirrels and rabbits safe in their nests. I watch the leaves tumble down next to their heads.

And then it is all over.
Not a sound to be heard.
Silently soothingly, the flowers unfold.
Ready to face a brand new day.

Megan van Zyl



Baphumze Msengana — Sub A

The Flamingo

Graceful flamingo
Flying across the sun
Or standing in a vlei
What have you done
With your other leg?

Yolande Young

The Natal Robin

We can see him in the garden
We can see him in the park
We can see him in the daytime
But never after dark

His little cup-shaped nest
Made out of twigs and leaves
is always at its best
So tidily he weaves

He chirps and sings and bustles
as he darts about the trees
waiting for an insect to rustle
through the leaves.

Sarah Boardman

The Malachite Kingfisher

Short little feet
Long thin beak
Sharp little claws
Swift as it flies
Violet-blue neck
Cherry-red legs
King of the vlei
in its own way

Clarissa Berry

Winter

Life looks very cold and bleak
When winter winds whistle and shriek
We have no fire to give warmth or light
No hot drinks on a freezing night
The cruel cold penetrates my rags
Now my feet will only drag
But I'm going to get to that house with the light

It looks so warm and cheery and bright.

Alison Sturgeon

Why my dad is top of the pops

My dad is top of the pops,
Of all Fathers, Daddies and Pa's
He's the best dad in the universe,
He outshines all the stars.

We all think our dads are wonderful
but I think mine's the best.
My dad's got black hair and freckles,
He wears a purple, striped vest.

When my dad's cross it's something to see
And hear, I might tell you as well,
But he's really very kind and sweet,
Except when he wants to yell.

I really think my dad's the best,
He does things with a smile.
But when he's hungry and wants to eat,
He looks like a crocodile.

Kay Richardson

The lucky escape

I am a zebra and I am going to tell you about a very lucky escape my babies and I had. I have three babies, two boys and one girl. My two boys are called Timothy and John and my girl is Tammy. Here is my story.

One day I was taking the children to a place where we could eat without fear of being disturbed. As we got there, I saw two men. One of them was drinking from a glass thing. Soon the drink in the glass thing was finished and he threw it down. It broke into a whole lot of pieces and lay there. I told my children to stay away from it. We then went on to have our meal and we came to our favourite eating grounds and began to eat. When we had eaten enough and were ready for our nap, we lay down in a shady spot and went to sleep. I woke later to find myself very warm and I heard sounds like crackling. I felt the warmth all round me. I realised it was fire and looked for my babies. Thank goodness they were with me. They too had woken and were scared as I was. I looked around and wondered what to do. Then I saw a little winding path which I had never noticed before. I told my babies just to follow and to keep calm, which was hard even for me to do. I saw that it was very narrow but it reached the bottom of the mountain in the end. We walked down calmly and slowly, although we wanted to run. At last we finally did reach the bottom and we were safe.

The mountain fire was put out after some time and we went back to our old home. We still live there now.

Florence Cull

Delicious Food

The large table-top is covered with food. You cannot see the lace cloth under the quantities of food. Cream stuffs the giant doughnuts and sits in large white blobs on the ripe strawberries. The jam on the tarts glistens brightly in the dancing sunlight. The tempting aroma of melting chocolate and homemade cakes waits up to me. I can hear the tinkly pop of bubbles from the glasses as the Sprite, Coke and Fanta are poured in. Suddenly the tantalising smell of salted chips drifts to my nose. I walk to the table and pile things onto my plate. The smell is so delicious and so close, I can hardly wait to sink my teeth into one of the mouth-watering cakes on my plate. I pick up a huge sweet. It is very sticky. I put it in my mouth and relish the flavour. I slowly lick my fingers and then take a huge gulp of my silvery Sprite. It bubbles down my throat and flows into my stomach. Then I put my sticky fingers around a crunchy chocolate. It crackles in my mouth and the chocolate melts over my tongue.

Nikki Louw

*All the mornings dark and cold
The cows in the barn, the sheep in the fold.
I want to stay in my nice warm bed
As I think of Autumn colours, orange, yellow
and red.*

*Gazing at the sky as the leaves fall
They don't seem to make any sound at all.
Now everything has gone from sight
And the land is covered in a blanket of white.*

Amanda Boardman



Kate Atkinson

Kate Atkinson — Sub A

Autumn

*Falling from the trees like rain
Are orange, red and russet brown
Scattered, swirling, whirling leaves
Drifting on a gentle breeze
With every gust they happily leap
High twirl into the sky
And gather in an autumn heap
Where they'll eventually rot and die.*

Chene Roberts

The Cat

*Sitting on a silk white cushion
lay a sweet and tender kitten,
Paws on her feet pink and round
Making not a tiny sound,
Suddenly she crawled to me
Her whiskers tickled gently
And she curled up in my lap
Having a tiny little nap.*

Caroline McGahey

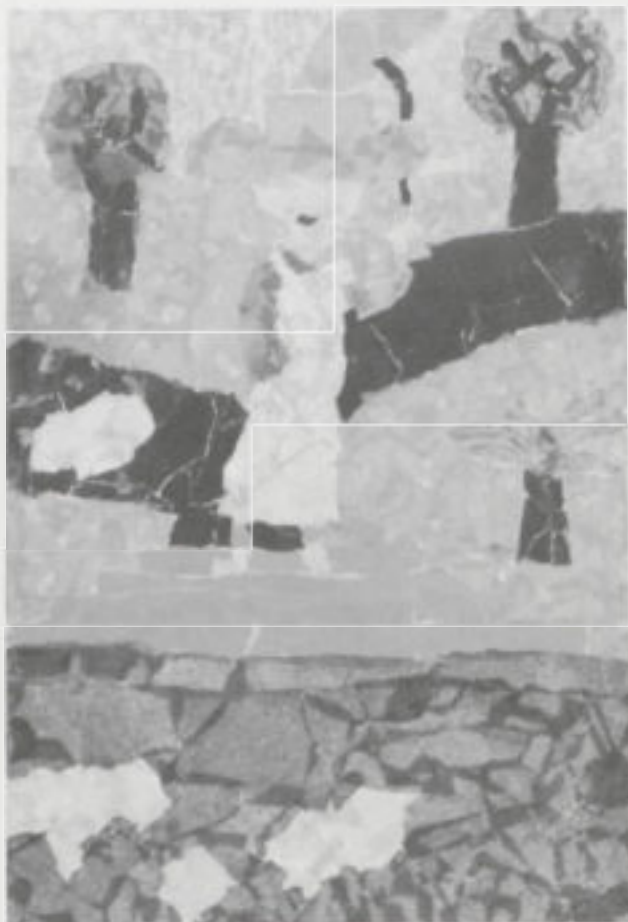
Alone in a forest

It was dark. The moon had not yet risen. Unfamiliar sounds were all around me. I could feel my heart beating. I looked around. Dark shadows were looming over me. I could hear the crickets chirping loudly beneath the dense bushes. I was afraid to move. Slowly I lifted my head and stumbled blindly into the thick, dark forest. My racing heart-beat caused throbbing in my head and I ached all over. I forced myself to go on. I could smell the air, which smelt fresh and clean. The salty dry taste of panic filled my mouth. I thought I was going to collapse but somehow I kept on going. I had to get out of that forest. I pulled myself together and trudged onwards. As I came nearer to the edge of the forest, I found that I was in a clearing. I stopped to look at the beautiful sky. The stars were fading fast. As I reached the edge of the forest the sun came out and I felt free of the dangers lurking in the forest, free of the unfamiliar sounds that had made me feel so afraid.

Amanda Boardman



Sharon Talbot — Standard 2



Bronwen Davies — Standard 3

There was a young girl named Daisy,
Whose dog was most terribly lazy,
When you asked it to jump
It would make a big thump
With its tail to entertain Daisy.

Caroline McGahey

There was a young lady called Mary
Who wanted to fly like a fairy
She never could fly
But always would try
Until she was terribly weary.

Natalie Wood

A sweet little maiden Louise
Had a dog that was covered in fleas,
he scratched all day long
until they were all gone
And that was the end of his fleas.

Chene Roberts

Autumn at the tip of my nose

It's Autumn, I say, the colours
are so bright and gay.
The leaves blow and tumble around
Falling down with a gentle sound
I put my face against the window
Look at the leaves dancing, prancing.
My eyes gleam and the reason
is Autumn, my best season.

Allison Porter

In Autumn time, it's such a fuss
When all the leaves come down on us.
The clouds are coming to hide the sun
the chattering squirrels are on the run.
The sky is turning to a grey dark colour
Soon there won't be any more summer.

Bianca Berry

Cats

Some cats are very loud
Dalked and always proud
Or maybe very lazy
Driving people crazy!
Some are very loyal
And treat you as if you're royal.
Some are very naughty
Mischievous and haughty.
But in the end
In spite of all that
they are everyone's friend
the lovable cat.

Angela Franks



Zara Quail — Standard 2

A rainy day

When I woke up it was a miserable day. It was pouring with rain. I heard the rain beating on the roof. I looked out of the window, the garden was flooded, the rain was dripping down from the window-pane. The skies were grey. The gutters were overflowing with water.

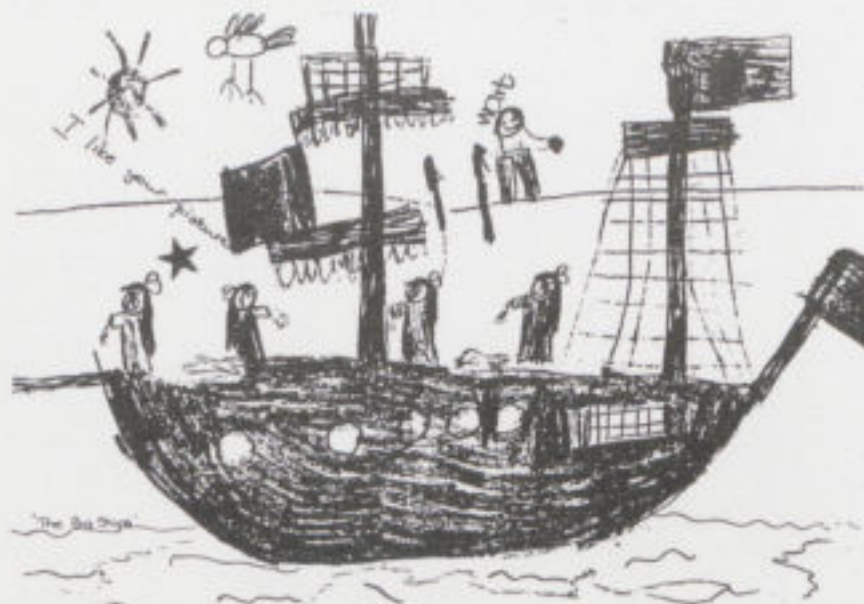
Everything outside was soaking wet. I put on my wellington boots and my raincoat and went to school.



A wish

Brenda Vos

I wish I had a magic paint brush, because then I could be



The big ships

Amanda Wood

The whole of The Prep School went to The docks. We saw The one and all with The dolphins. I Loved it in The bus but I was hot. I went on The boat. It was fun one day my mum and my sister went to The docks. The Bounty is Seven years old. The old one is ninety-eight. I saw another boat coming in. It had some People. I saw The dolphin. It is nice.

very good artist. My mother would be so proud of me. I would paint beautiful pictures. I would paint, streams, trees, flowers, birds and all the other

lovely things in nature. I would make lots of money. I would become rich and famous. Every body would buy my paintings. How I wish I had a magic paint brush.



Linda Evans — Sub B

The farm Linda Evans Sub A
I went to The farm
and I saw a horse
we went on the horse
in The morning The
man milks the cow
I fed the sheep
I Love the farm and
I liked The animals
I Love the horses



My name is Atty
I am 6 years old
I am a girl
I am in sub B
I have green eyes and
Orange hair
I play the piano and
the violin
and I do ballet
I have two sisters
and two brothers
I am The second
oldest

Atty van Hoons
Sub B



My Mum
I like My Mum because she
helps me. She has curly hair
And she wears beautiful
dresses. She is always busy
at her desk. She sometimes cooks
my lunch or supper but never
breakfast. She likes going out in
the evening to watch opera.
She loves playing tennis with my
dad. She loves doing homework
with me. She goes shopping
nearly every day

Antonio Labio



Nova Balie — Sub A

I am a fish.
I live under the sea
behind a rock.
I have a little house
in the deep inside
of a dead Oyster. My friends
are the baby seahorses
We have lots of little friends
who are crabs. They collect
Mother of pearl. The Jmerroids
look after us. We take swimming
lessons at our own School
we called sea School.

Zena Williams Sub B



Nadia Donnelly — Sub A

OLD HERSCHELANS

1987 COMMITTEE

President:	Mrs P J Duff
Vice-President:	Mrs Adele Fouche (Jooste) 23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth 7700
Secretary/Treasurer:	Mrs Diana Burns (Dacey) 6 Rose Street, Newlands 7700
Functions Secretary:	Mrs Judy Smuts (Corder) Ringwood, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia 7800
Magazine:	Mrs Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes) 3 Alphonse Close, Constantia 7800
Committee Members:	Mrs Lorna Ramsden Ohio Farm, Noordhoek 7985 Mrs Jenny Wynne Eyton House, Eyton Road, Claremont 7700 Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer Lismore, Alexandra Rd, Kenilworth 7700

BRENDA-LYNNE HOFFMAN

Sadly, we have to accept the resignation of Brenda-Lynne as our Chairperson.

Brenda-Lynne left Cape Town in March for New York with daughter Kerry so that Kerry could further her modelling career and Brenda-Lynne could further her studies in Interior Design. Kerry has worked incredibly hard and has been accepted by the Wilhemina Agency and Brenda-Lynne has done courses at Parsons School for Design, attended lectures at the New York School of Design and received individual tuition in draughting. She has been asked to give a lecture there each semester. She has also been to Boston to Harvard Post Graduate School of Design and done an intensified course in Hotel Planning and Design.

All this she has found tremendously stimulating and is loving that side of her life, but is desperately missing Cape town with all her friends and contacts and would love to see anyone who is in New York. They are living in a tiny, "grotty" and very expensive apartment, but have made new friends and get away for holidays and week-ends.

Brenda-Lynne was in Cape Town for the Matric Luncheon at the end of September and it was marvellous to see her and hear all her news. She had just accepted a job in New York and was rushing back to start that the following week.

At the OHA we shall miss her sorely. She has been a fantastic chairperson, so motivated and charismatic and has been responsible for bringing new life and enthusiasm to the Association. Hers will be a very hard act to follow. We all wish her well but hope that ultimately the ties of Cape Town will pull her back, and that her interest in our Association will not entirely wane.

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A-H)

Mrs Diana Muzik (**Brooke**),
12 Deane Road, Sea Point 8001 (44-7048)

Group 2 (I-Q)

Mrs Adele Fouche (**Jooste**),
23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth 7700 (71-5374)

Group 3 & 4 (R-Z)

Mrs Anita Gilmour (**Lockwood**),
P O Box 93, Lansdowne 7700 (61-5627)
Mrs Jenny Wynne (**Brimble**),
Eyton House, Eyton Road, Claremont 7700 (77-9035)

Group 5 (AA-EE)

Mrs Buzz Fourie (**Leith**),
2 Herschel Walk, Claremont 7700 (77-9624)
Mrs Mandy van Dugteren (**Noakes**),
3 Alphonse Close, Constantia, 7800 (74-1237)
Mrs Jill Elstein (**Philip**),
13 Keurboom Road, Newlands 7700 (685-2293)

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Mrs Della Charton (**Beck**),
Poplar Grove, The Valley Close, Constantia 7800 (74-2659)

Group 7 (KK-OO)

Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer (**Wells**),
Lismore, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth 7700 (77-6314)
Mrs Terry Morrison (**Lloyd-Roberts**),
19 Norwich Drive, Bishopscourt 7700 (71-3049)
Mrs Sally-Anne Brown (**Brimble**),
P O Box 61, Somerset West (024) (552-2670)

Group 8 (PP-ZZ)

Mrs Judy van Aswegen (**Wilson**),
P O Box 370, Fourways 2055
Mrs Karen McLennan (**Croome**),
6 Staines Road, Plumstead 7800 (797-2248)
Miss Susan Burns,
6 Rose Street, Newlands 7700 (64-1647)
Miss Lynne Stamper,
Bioleld, Cornwall Road, Simonstown (866-1631)
Miss Kerynne French,
23 Avenue Road, Newlands 7700 (663700)
Miss Linda Willis,
3, The Fairway, Pinelands 7405 (53-4347)
Miss Karen Dudley,
Dudley House, 10 Bradley Road, Heathfield (72-5131)
Miss Tania Elvin-Jensen,
Birkdale, Welbeloond Road, Constantia (74-2043)

News Round Up



Old Herschelians and their Matric daughters.
L to R Mesdames Van Zyl (Wood), Bonner
(White), Symons (Dicey), Burns (Dicey),
Snyders (Steens).
Daughters: Natasha, Debbie, Caroline, Lucy,
Karen.

BIRTHS

ANDERSON — To John and Celeste (Cornforth) a daughter, 19 March 1987
ANTROBUS — To Mark and Fiona (McLachlan) a daughter, 27 February 1987.
BEROLD — To Grant and Doune (Hannay-Robertson) a daughter, 15 August 1987.
DU RAND — To Arn and Lindy (de Kock) a son, 18 March 1987.
FOULSER — To Jeff and Clemmie (Robinson) a daughter, 23 April 1987.
MIDGLEY — To Richard and Georgie (Frater) a daughter, 1 May 1987.
GUNES — To Rusen and Karin (Resnekov) a daughter, 18 March 1987.
MEYER — To Nico and Gill (Raugh) a daughter.
MILNER — To Stephen and Michelle (Jacobson) a daughter, 4 September 1987.
ORPEN — To Pete and Jane (Borton) a son, 13 February 1987.
ROSS — To Peter and Nicolette (Templer) a son, 23 September 1987.
SKIDMORE — To Derek and Jennie (SUSMAN) a daughter, 14 March 1987.

ENGAGEMENTS

ALBERTYN — Susan to Michael Hutcheson
EVE — Susan to Sean Baker
FAIRHEAD — Shane to Mark Herden
FILMER — Marjorie to Malcolm Brown
HILL — Priscilla to Jean Desmarais
INCE — Kathy to André Starke
KOHLER — Nicky to Gary Green
SAUNDERS — Kate to Gary Bailey
STOCKWELL — Yvette to Andrew Day
TORR — Pippa to Paolo Francioli

MARRIAGES

Fouche — Huxter On March 28 1987 Chloe, daughter of Mrs Adele Fouche and the late Dr Robin Fouche, to Mark, son of Mr and Mrs Ian Huxter of Elgin.
Suckling — Keenan Lucinda, daughter of Dr and Mrs P Suckling to Jo, in October 1987.
Jackson — Todd Nancy, daughter of Mrs J Jackson of Kenilworth and Mr B Jackson of Newlands to Andrew Todd.
Knudsen — Chaplin Marilyn, daughter of Mrs C Knudsen of Newlands and Mr G Knudsen of Sandton to Derek Chaplin in May 1987.
MacFarlane — Barbas Jo, daughter of Mr and Mrs MacFarlane to Basil Barbas in April 1987



CLASS OF 1962 REUNION

Over the first week-end of August the class of '62 had its 25 year reunion. We had a tremendous response to letters sent out over the months beforehand. Those who couldn't be with us sent pictures of themselves and families and news of their lives over the past 25 years.

We were lucky enough to have among our number Alicia Wilkinson (**Fauli**) of Silwood Kitchen and she very kindly allowed us to have our dinner at Silwood Kitchen on Saturday night. Everything looked glorious, with flowers done by Corinne Symons (**Dacey**) and Anne Schonborn (**Cowley**), and so they started to arrive.

It was so tremendously exciting to see people whom one has not seen for a very long time, but whom one once knew so well and with whom one shared so much. Some people had not seen each other for 25 years and we wondered if we would recognise everyone. We did, however and the noise level rose and rose as more people arrived and photos were pored over. The giggles were more seemly for a group of 16-year-olds than a bunch of mature ladies!

We had a most delicious dinner, prepared and served by the students of Silwood Kitchen, much wine and champagne, and we all wished that the evening could go on for much longer.

Mrs Duff had very kindly allowed us to use the School for an informal family lunch on the Sunday, so we were all able to get together again and see who had married whom and peer at each other's children. The day was beautiful: the sun shone and some played tennis while others sat and chatted under the flex tree. Mrs Duff welcomed us all very warmly and shared with us her dream — her theatre complex. We were shown over the school by some very long suffering and charming boarders as we stopped and "do you remembered" along the way and told them all about the days when we slept on open balconies with no hot water bottles. We were very lucky to have with us Mrs McCormick, Mrs Louw and Dr Silberbauer, and were so thrilled that they could join in our reminiscences. Mrs Stockwell very sweetly came along with her archives which provided us with even more to gaze back upon, photos and articles and even a Silk Dress.

Sadly it all had to end but with promises to do it all again before the next 25 years are up. Everyone left feeling very warm and happy to have made contact again and hoping to retain contact.

It was very special to have some old girls from further afield — Anne Schonborn (**Cowley**) and Marion Tait (**Vertue**) from Johannesburg and Claire Ann (**Fauville**) from the Free State.

Those present were:

From top of stairs: Alicia Wilkinson (**Fauli**), Marion Tait (**Vertue**), Heather Huisamen (**Walker**), Penny Taylor (**Raath**), Anne Watson (**Greenwood**).

Next row from left: Mandy van Dugteren (**Noakes**), Claire Ann (**Fauville**), Anne Schonborn (**Cowley**), Corinne Symons (**Dacey**), Delia Gwynne Evans (**Lloyd**), Sue Bailey (**Riley**).

Next row: Georgina Crawford (**Clark**), Ann Mac (**Bolton**), Sue de Hutton (**Kennedy**).

Front row: Barbie Rogi (**van Kalker**), Jenny Wolfe (**Pare**), Billy Thompson (**Bryant**), Grace Maritz (**Reid**), and Pat Evans (**Jeffrey**).

Not in the picture Denise Bonner (**White**).

REUNIONS

Brigid Duckitt is organising a ten-year reunion for the class of 1978. Please contact her at home Tel: 49-4436, or at work Tel: 242147.

LONDON REUNION HELD ON 28 MAY 1987

On 28 May the Old Herschelians in London had their annual gathering at Diane Yassukovich's (**Townsend**) flat in Eaton Place.

Unfortunately, this was a gathering with a difference in that it was decided unanimously to disband the London branch because of the lack of support as more people are living outside London and do not wish to travel home alone in the evenings and such travel is no longer viable.

This does not mean there will be no contact for Old Herschelians who visit London. Anyone passing through can contact Karisa Cooper, 40 Lower Belgrave Street, London SW1. Telephone 01-730 2308

We are very sorry to have to make this decision, but perhaps some day in the future the OHA in London will be revived.

Our thanks go to Diane Yassukovic who, for many years, has provided a venue and organised these reunions.

AUSTRALIAN BRANCH

Margie Goldswain (**Watson**) reports: In August last year we had a lunch at my home and five old girls came. Jenny Townsend (**Thal**) came up from Bunbury with her mother, who also lives there. Jenny is married to Charles who is a very successful ophthalmologist. They have three sons, all at school. Felicity McLeay, who also lives in the country, was unable to come but will try to come to the next lunch in 1987. She is a friend of Glendyr Packer (**Orr**) who was head girl in 1944. Glendyr was thrilled to be asked and came armed with photographs and some very amusing anecdotes. She is quite involved in the local yachting scene. She also plays golf and has a busy time with several grand-children.

Cheryl Bell (**Warr**) managed to have time off from the West Australian Symphony Orchestra where she works full-time as a violinist. She has three children and is married to John, who is an orthopaedic surgeon in Perth. Both are very keen on distance running and Cheryl has done particularly well in her age group.

Sally Ryan (**Abbott**) is the latest arrival in Perth, having been here only a few weeks when we had the lunch. Ben, her husband, is lecturing at one of the tertiary colleges in accounting. They have two children who will be at school this year. She has been appointed to a part-time post at a big boys' school, as a remedial teacher.

We have had a busy year after a lovely holiday in South Africa. Peter is head of the Geriatric unit in the hospital. The children are all well and doing the usual things. I have been working part-time as a data collector for the Cancer Foundation and have just finished my second year at university doing Psychology.

It has been suggested that we have a joint Herschel/St Cyprians lunch this year. It was lovely to hear from Elizabeth Fourie about our 25th reunion. Please let me know if there are any more Old Herschelians in this area as I really enjoyed having everyone here and would love to do it again fairly soon.

VARSITY ROUND-UP

UCT

FIRST YEAR: Alison Day (BSocSci Psychology); Samantha Drummond-Hay (BA Psychology); Tanya Elvin-Jensen (BBusSci, Computing and Data Processing); Liesl Haldane (BALLB); Jill Hendry (BA); Robyn Horn (BComm); Nicky Jordan (BSc); Susan Meyer (BSocSci); Lynette Murray (BA Linguistics); Gina Niven (BA Linguistics); Kim Porter (Graphic Art); Tanyana Robb (BComen); Vanessa Saa (BArch); Cathy Searl (Performer's Diploma, Drama); Chantal Simonis (MBChB); Mandy Thompson (Graphic Art, Michaels); Susan Tudhope (BA Remedial Teaching); Nicky Westgarth-Taylor (BALLB); Shelley Woode (BSocSci).

SECOND YEAR: Caroline Christie (BA); Joanna Growse (BSocSci); Lisa Kantor (BSocSci); Jahanara Williams (BSocSci); Rehana Loghdey (MBChB); Sue Bottinger (MBChB); Natasha Hofer (BArch); Tonica van der Spuy (BSocSci); Fran Knight (BA); Shirley Murray (BA); Roshan Karjekar (BA); Bennita Osweil (BALLB); Jo Bosma (BSocSci); Caroline Isted (BSc Computers); Janine van Reenen (BSocSci); Marion Bladergroen (BArch); Malu Overstone (BA); Leanne Carlyle (BA); Debbie Crane (BArch); Karen Dudley (BSocSci).

THIRD YEAR: Rosalind Butler (BA, Drama); Lindy de Waal (BArch); Shelley Durr (BA); Lucinda Richards (BComen); Emily Morrissey (BA); Moira Mannion (BSc Physiotherapy); Lisa Bailey (BALLB); Christine Duncley (BSc Computer Science); Linda Graaff (BArch); Ingrid Hommerson (BPrim Ed); Susan Levett (MBChB); Ilse Richter (BA); Catherine Shub (BA); Linda Willis (BSc); Liske Wynne (BA); Janice Upton (BPrim Ed); Vanessa Clark (BSocSci); Simone Beckerling (BA).

FOURTH YEAR: Elizabeth Baker (BALLB); Sonya Bester (BA Hons, Political Studies); Kerynne French (BBusSci) (Marketing); Sandy Newton-Thompson (BComm CTA); Margie Orford (BA Hons English).

FIFTH YEAR: Lynne Stamper (BSc, Physiotherapy); Cheryl Hemingway (MBChB).

UWC

FIRST YEAR: Jill Atwood (BALLB).

MISS BARBARA ELCOME — Third Headmistress of Herschel

Now Mrs Payne, Barbara writes from Guernsey where she lives, of her sadness at the disbanding of the London branch of the OHA. She has had a busy year, with her son getting married in Bristol in May, and in June visited Canada, seeing old friends in Vancouver and Victoria, and spending some time in the mountains of British Columbia. She and her husband have also just celebrated their Ruby wedding anniversary.



Old Herschelians' News 1987

ABDY (1983) Anne is still studying Physical Education in Springfield, Missouri, where she has achieved a number of awards. She was nominated to the U.S. Achievement Academy for excellence and will have a biography appear in the National "Who's Who" for Collegiate Sports. Last year she was nominated to the National Honorary Fraternity for Recreation Majors, and in April this year she was presented with the Spark Plug Award by her departmental faculty for a promising career in the field of Recreation. She has also been awarded a partial scholarship for tuition for the next academic year by the State of Missouri Park and Recreation Association. In among all this, she has attended classes, doing practical work at a Psychiatric Hospital which has reinforced her decision to graduate with a degree in Therapeutic Recreation. The last three summer months Anne has spent attending classes and developing a Social Recreation programme that she implemented in April. The proposal she wrote has since been passed by the Missouri Government and she is awaiting word from the Federal Government for funding.

Anne's parents are now living in the States where her father has a job with the Diocese of South Carolina.

Anne has very kindly undertaken to be the OHA Representative in the States and would love to hear from anyone who has addresses of anyone living in America. Her address is: 2602 E Glenwood Springfield Missouri 65804

ABERNETHY Susan is running a Master Maths School in Port Elizabeth.

ACKERMAN (1980) Suzanne is living in London and working for Dunhill.

ADAMS (1974) (Mrs Watson) Alex is lecturing Accounting at UCT.

ALLSOP (1978) Julie is working as a Radiographer in Johannesburg.

BACELA (1986) Neo is spending this year at Abbots.

BAIGRIE (1971) (Mrs Donnelly) Fiona and her family emigrated to America earlier this year. It has been tough going but they own an apartment in Central New York and Mike has made his mark among the other 25 000 fashion photographers! Fi has a fashion editorship with "Brides", a three-monthly magazine on a par with "Vogue".

BAILEY (1986) Lois has spent this last year working and is planning to go to UCT next year to study Social Science, Public Relations.

BAKER (1978) Cathy is Features Editor for a Sports Magazine.

BAKER (1961) (Mrs Opie) Carol and her husband recently had an unforgettable trip to China, visiting Peking and Shanghai, and climbing the Great Wall of China in the snow.

BAKER (1980) Susan is layout artist for SA Sports Illustrated Magazine.

BAREITER (1986) Alison is doing a Medical Secretarial Course.

BARRETT (1961) (Mrs Horn) Prilla was in Cape Town earlier this year from the UK.

She lives in Cambridge where she has put her drawing talent to good use as a book illustrator.

BAXTER (Mrs Henderson) Sheila is enjoying living in Newlands and being able to attend functions at Herschel again.

BELL (1983) Debby is doing a computer course.

BLAINE (1971) Belinda lives in Lebowa and works for Operation Hunger. She has been very involved teaching economic farming practices and correct eating habits.

BORTON (1971) Sue has returned once again from her overseas adventures and has bought a house in Kenilworth.

BORTON Bridgit is still tearing around the country setting up programmes for her computer company.

BORTON (1968) (Mrs Crawley) Pru is still very involved on the farm in Stellenbosch and has a daughter at Somerset House Prep School in Somerset West where she meets up regularly with other Old Herschelians transporting children to and from School — Rosemary Foulkes (Mrs Pierson-Jurians), Annabel Barlow (Mrs Townsend), Debra Simpson (Mrs Scott), Dornier Fuller (Mrs Simpson), Sally Brimble (Mrs Brown), Gill Gair (Mrs Gair) and Jayne Curry (Mrs Beaumont).

BOTMA (1978) (Mrs Theodosiou) Lorna is currently Marketing Assistant for T W Beckett & Co in Johannesburg after having received her training at Woolworths.

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

BOTTGER (1986) Alex worked in a hotel in Windhoek for the first six months of this year and she is now working as an au pair in Los Angeles, California. She goes to Hollywood regularly, and Beverley Hills almost daily and takes yoga classes with many celebrities. When she finishes her work next year, she hopes to travel all around America and Europe.

BOYES (1980) (Mrs Leslie) Pamela married Graham Leslie in December last year. She graduated with Psychology Honours (cum laude) from Stellenbosch University last year.

BRAILEY (1973) (Mrs Train) Lynne has started a new PR job with Fair Lady and enjoys working with Tessa Fenton-Wells (Mallett) in the PR Department.

BRAILEY (1969) (Mrs Steven) Binny is well into her second year of running a successful play group, and manages to play League Squash as well.

BRAUN (1978) Tania, having achieved her BA Languages at UCT, is an Account Executive in the Advertising Division of Southern Life.

BROADBENT (1970) Kim has a stimulating job in London where she is helping to organise an exhibition of Indian silver to be held at the Musée d'Art et d'Histoire in Geneva in mid-November. Their opening launch night will be a massive charity dinner attended by the like of Princess Anne and Prime Minister Gandhi and all proceeds will go to benefit the work of Mother Theresa in Calcutta. Kim loves being back in London, but misses South Africa. Her address is c/o Mrs C Terun-den, 15 Elm Place, London SW7.

BROOME (1979) Camilla has been in London for the last two years. She plans to visit Australia and New Zealand later this year before returning home. In London she sees Maria Stavrou and Tessa Campbell.

BUCHANAN (1961) (Mrs Tolosano) Sandy is working full time at UCT as well as studying through UNISA. Her elder son, Graeme, is in his second year at UCT and doing very well.

BURNS (1980) Susan teaches Geography at Rosebank House College.

BURNS (1971) (Mrs Baumann) Libby and her family have emigrated to England where her sisters Hilary and Alison both live. Mike is seeking employment in Kent and Libby has a casual job at a local school just outside London.

BECKERLING (1982) Lisa is living in Johannesburg. She is training in Movement and Dance Therapy and taking classes.

CAMERON (1980) Diane is doing Pharmacy at UWC.

CHALLIS (1986) Lindsay is doing Graphic Design at the Technikon.

COLLIE (1986) Anna has just spent five months in the UK and is planning to do a BA and a Performer's Diploma at UCT next year.

CORDER (1978) (Mrs Manides) Karen is working in Brand Management Marketing for T W Beckett and Co.

CORNFORTH (1978) (Mrs Anderson) Celeste has settled in George where she and her husband own the Elna Agency — Creative Living.

COUSINS (1978) (Mrs Knight) Jackie, after completing a Computer course at Tech, is working as a computer programmer at Warner Lambert.

CRAWFORD-BROWNE (1986) Sarah is currently on Rotary Exchange in America and will probably do Social work at UCT next year.

DAUNCEY (1978) Nicki who has her BSc in Zoology and HED from Maritzburg is teaching at Herschel. She is especially interested in computers.

DAVIS (1961) (Mrs Gibbs) Gilly was here at Easter this year, visiting her parents in Her-marius. Sister Susie (Mrs Weiburg) was there at the same time recuperating from the European winter. Gilly lives in the States and Susie is now in Copenhagen having moved from The Hague in May.

DAVIES (1980) Susan, who has done some freelance journalism, left recently to take a course in Journalism in Boston, Mass.

DEMERS (1961) (Mrs Catell) Hilary was in Cape Town from Johannesburg last December, visiting her mother, and an informal get-together was arranged with some of her contemporaries, including Di Overstone (Mrs Delmont) who was out on holiday from the UK.

DIAMOND (1978) Lisa, having achieved a BSc Political Studies at UCT is doing part-time work for a veterinary clinic as well as working as a secretary.

DICEY (1978) Jacqui has been working as a secretary for Retco and recently left for four months' travelling overseas.

DICEY (1980) Helen is working for the Argus.

DICEY (1986) Heather is studying computers at the Technikon.

DUCKITT (1978) Bridgid, with her BA Phys Ed from Stellenbosch, is a Stationery Representative for Trio Agencies.

ECKSTEIN (1986) Nicky is doing Marketing at the Technicon.

FAUVILLE (1961) (Mrs Bruce) Anne spent September visiting family in England, France and Sweden. She was hoping to see Mandy Blockett (Mrs Pearson-Rogers) while in England.

Foulkes (1969) (Mrs Pierson-Jurians) Rosemary has just returned from a family reunion that she organised for her husband in the East Indies. They visited Java, Bali and Sumatra.

FILMER (1980) Marjorie recently became engaged to Rhodes Scholar, Malcolm Brown. They left for Oxford in September.

FLISCHER (1978) Alison has been working for the Standard Bank for several years.

FOOT (1971) (Mrs Humphreys) Mary and her two children paid Cape Town a rare visit recently whilst husband Mike was on safari in Botswana. They live in Swakopmund and loves SWA, if only it weren't so far away!

FOUCHE (1983) Jill is working for an Import Export Company.

FRASER (1982) Fiona is working for an art firm in Johannesburg.

GARSON (1986) Rebecca is at Abbots this year and is hoping to go to London next year to become involved in the Travel business.

GASSON (1970) (Mrs Bierman) Hilary has just spent six weeks in America with husband, Robert, on his current "shoot". Children Charles and Zoe went along.

GASSON (1968) (Mrs Reynolds) Lindsay is moving to a new house in Tokai. In her spare time, she is an agent for the "450" diet.

GAWITH (1978) Erica, who did her BSc Honours in Botany and her Masters at Colorado University, has travelled extensively and is presently working at Kirstenbosch.

GAIN (1973) (Mrs Gant) Gill has taken up the challenge of taking over the company known as "Norths" which manufactures very attractive cast aluminum outdoor chairs and tables.

GELDENHUYS (1978) (Mrs Allen) Vanessa, with her BA Law from Stellenbosch, is presently doing her B Proc through UNISA and is articulated to Harold Gie.

GRANT (1978) Mary-Lynne is free-lancing as a Commercial artist.

GROOTENDORST (1980) Claire is working for SA Nylon Spinners and, when she has the time, is a keen driver.

GURNEY (1953) (Mrs Williams) Jill and her family returned to Canada last year and they are living in Hastings where husband Chris is Rector of the Anglican Church in Hastings and two adjacent villages. They are on the Trent Canal system and see much river traffic during the summer. Jill's elder son Rory has returned to Cape Town where he is finishing his Civil Engineering degree at UCT. Her other three children are all at school or university in Canada.

HART (1978) Vivien is travelling overseas.

HARTSUIKER (1978) Georgina is travelling through Africa to Europe for six months and is hoping to settle in Denmark in 1988.

Henderson (1965) (Mrs Bradshaw) Jean is still working in the Medical Biochemistry Department at UCT and hopes to complete her PhD next year. Her daughter Jenny is in Standard 2 at the Prep.

HENDERSON (1967) Helen, after six years in Geneva — mostly working for the WHO, has moved to France and joined the staff of the European Institute of Business Administration in Fontainebleau, near Paris, as Registrar to the MBA programme.

HENDERSON (1969) Hilary is resigning her lectureship in Occupational Therapy at UCT at the end of the year as she wants to return to church work.

HENNESSY (1965) (Mrs Furter) Moira has been transferred to Johannesburg, having completed her Advanced Librarianship Diploma at UCT.

HENSTRA (1961) (Mrs Dancer) Terry enjoyed an overseas trip with her husband at the end of last year which included a visit to Canada where she had worked for a number of years.

HOFFMAN (1986) Kerry is in New York, with Brenda-Lynne, pursuing her modelling career and has been accepted by the prestigious Wilhemina Modelling Agency. She is working very hard and has got to know New York very well indeed as her assignments take her from one side of New York City to the other. She plans to meet up with two SA friends in December to tour USA until January when she will return to Cape Town and decide where her life will take her next.

HONORE (1940) (Mrs Herbert) Jasmine is Choreography and Spanish dance lecturer at UCT Ballet School. She was, in October 1986, hostess at her home in Mowbray to a get-together luncheon for Mrs Ethel Wood (Miss Hill) and old Maths pupils of Matric vintage 1939-1942. A happy time was had by all. Among those present were Barbara Versveld (Barry), Joan Grover (Frost), Lynette Croudace (Jooste), Lynette Reid (Eriksen), Heather Taylor (Pitt), Wenda Melck (Petrie), Kay Kreft (Walker), Elizabeth Coward (Appleby), Eryl Kelsen (Fisher) and Diana Muzik (Brooke).

HUDSON (1983) Cate is doing a Marketing/Advertising course in London. She has done exceptionally well and has been offered a scholarship to further her studies.

HUTCHINSON (1986) Karen is nursing at Victoria Hospital.

INGRAM (1980) Susan works at the Johannesburg City Library.

JACKSON (1978) Nancy, who has an English Honours degree from Stellenbosch, is lecturing at Stellenbosch and, when she has the time, selling houses.

JONES (1983) Nicky is working as a Trainee Manager for Woolworths.

KELLY (1969) (Mrs Ridge) Gail is in Johannesburg, running an import-export business into Botswana.

KETELBY (1978) (Mrs Levett) Kathy, who has a BSc Chem from UCT, worked as a Chemical Analyst before emigrating to Sydney recently.

KENDAL (1986) Charlene is sailing round the world with Polly Wilson.

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

KILCULLEN (1983) Jacky is pursuing a career in advertising. She is currently working for TWS in Cape Town.

KIPPS (1961) (Mrs Keyser) Janeen and her family had a terrible experience during the heavy storm in August when a mud river

swept straight through their home in Newlands. After seven weeks, their home was beginning to look once more like a home and less like a disaster area. Being flooded is one way of getting one's picture on the front pages of the newspapers and spread all over the television screen.

KOLBE (1983) Bev is involved in the movie-making business.

KNIGHT (1980) Hilary works for Living magazine in Johannesburg.

KNUDSON (1978) (Mrs Chaplin) Marilyn, who has a BBusSci degree with Honours in Marketing, is working as Product Manager for Bromor Foods, Cape Town.

KUIPER (1978) Camilla spent two years doing Clinical Research for Smith Clyde.

LAZARUS (1986) Liora is travelling overseas and working in various countries along the way.

LESLIE (1969) (Mrs Roberts) Leslie is running a hectic catering organisation and has just had a second child.

LITTLEFORD (1983) Cecily is travelling around Africa with a friend.

LANFEAR (1983) Caroline is still living in London. She visited SA in August.

LYHNE (1983) Wendy is in her second year at the American School of Art in London and is doing exceptionally well.

MacFARLANE (1983) (Mrs Barbas) Jo got married in April to Basil Barbas. She works with him in his hair salon in Cape Town.

MALLET (1971) (Mrs Fenton-Wells) Tessa, in spite of two small sons, still manages to do PR Promotions for Fair Lady magazine. Her job does include travel within SA, but, in October, she was due to take a cruise through the Greek Isles and Turkey to check out an inexpensive tour for her readers. She still plays a lot of tennis, walks in the mountains and plans to get really into windsurfing this summer.

MAIER (1978) Ingeborg who completed her BSc Bio Chem/Micro-Biology at UCT is a Medical Representative for Fisons Pharmaceuticals.

MANNION (1980) Deirbhle teaches at the Groote Schuur Hospital primary school.

MANNION (1978) Shiobhan, who has a BA LLB, is involved in Publicity, Advertising and Marketing for Drum Publications in Johannesburg.

MATOLENGWE (1983) Ingrid is teaching in the Ciskei.

McCARTHY (1986) Cathy is at Abbots this year and is planning to do Business Science at UCT next year.

McGHEE (1986) Carolynne went on Rotary Exchange to Tracey, California, and has been doing a lot of travelling. She has been on a kontiki tour and is going on a Rotary tour before she returns to study BA Law at UCT.

METCALFE (1978) Mandy, who has a BComm/CA, is working in London on a two year transfer for Arthur Young.

MEYNELL (1978) (Mrs Brink) Liz, who has a BSc Nursing degree from UCT, has just completed a Midwifery and Psychiatry course and is presently occupied with a Community Health Nursing Course.

MILLS (1978) Shelley is currently touring in Europe.

MILNER (1986) Michelle is at Abbots this year and hopes to be at UCT next year, probably doing a B Comm.

MINOGUE (1973) (Mrs Trinder) Margie and her husband embarked on a three year "round the world" sailing adventure. En route to the Bahamas, they hit a reef off the island of Rum Cay which has one hundred inhabitants. They managed to get their yacht sufficiently patched up to reach Fort Lauderdale for the winter. There they are working, mowing lawns and painting houses, and plan to move on next year to sail on through the Panama Canal to Australia and finally home via the East for Christmas 1989.

MODLIN (1978) Irene, after three years in the computer field, is now a graduate gemmologist working for Peter Gilder Jewellers in Constantia.

MORRIS (1982) Belinda graduated from UCT at the end of 1986, with a B Bus Sci in Marketing. She has a very interesting and exciting position with Yardley (Africa) as an Assistant Product Manager.

MORRIS (1970) Jenny has gone to live in Chichester, England, where she is working as a Physiotherapist at St Richard's Hospital. She previously worked at Groote Schuur Hospital for two years.

MUIR (1982) Philippa is in Ireland working on a stud farm. Before leaving SA, she worked at Sun City looking after horses.

MYBURGH (1986) Kelly is planning to do BA Law at UCT next year.

NEAL (1978) Judy is working for Carera Records in London.

NEWTON-THOMPSON (1986) Lindy took this year off and had a three-month holiday overseas. Next year she plans to do Clothing Design at the Technikon.

OLIVIER (1978) Andrea completed an advertising course, specialising in graphic printing and is now working and living in London.

OVENSTONE (1983) Anthea is doing a fashion design course at Dee's workshop.

PELT (1986) Corien has just come back from Holland and is modelling at the moment. She plans to do Food Management at Tech next year.

PETER (1978) La not only travels extensively but has done a secretarial course and has many certificates in Farriership and Riding Instruction. At the moment she is in Scotland.

PICKOLZ (1978) Cathy, after qualifying in Medicine, has emigrated to Australia.

PICTON-SEYMOUR (1940) (Mrs Duckham) Destree, well known artist and architectural historian, is busy, among other things, with a book "One hundred famous South African buildings".

RATHFELDER (1983) Jacky is working for Foschini as an accessory selector.

RAUGH (1978) (Mrs Meyer) Gill, who has a B Mus Ed from Stellenbosch, is now studying further to qualify herself to enable her to work with severely mentally handicapped people.

ROWLAND (1983) Liza has just returned to South Africa after spending a year overseas and is now involved in the restaurant trade.

SAUNDERS (1986) Charlotte is living in London at the moment.

SAUNDERS (1981) Kate has recently announced her engagement to Manchester United and England soccer star Gary Bailey. They met in London when Gary went for treatment to the hospital at which Kate was working.

SCHMIDT (1978) Nicky, who has a B Soc Sci from UCT, is at the moment scripting, producing and designing videos for Old Mutual.

SCHRAUWEN (1983) Britt has taken a break from studying this year but will be returning to Barkly House next year.

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

SCOTT (1978) Lizanne is living on a Kibbutz in Israel. She will be returning to SA shortly to get married in December.

SEDGWICK (1986) Judy is doing a cooking course at Silwood Kitchens at the moment and loving it.

STAMPER (1982) Lynne is in her final year of Physiotherapy at UCT. Next year she is moving to Johannesburg where she will be working in a private practice.

STAMPER (1980) Sue is working as a PRO for Checkers in Port Elizabeth.

STAMPER (1985) Cathy is studying Fashion Design in Johannesburg.

STRONCK (1986) Merle is modelling overseas, working in Paris and New York, and has also had a minor part in a film, thanks to her modelling. Her base is West Vancouver where her parents are living.

SUCKLING (1971) Lulu has been teaching at the American School in Johannesburg, but

has returned to Cape Town to get married and is working in the Art Division of CAPAB.

TAYLOR (1978) Brigitte worked for the Standard Bank before joining an Advertising Agency. She is now settled with her Dutch husband in Perth, Australia.

TE WATER NAUDE (1978) Sue, with her BA Hons Urban Geography from UCT, is working in the City Planners' Department doing urban research.

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

THOMSEN (1978) Ceredwin who qualified in Nursing and Midwifery is now the Community Health Nurse in Claremont.

TORR (1978) Pippa, who did Textile Design at Ruth Prowse, is presently doing a pattern-making and dress-design course.

VAN DER HOVEN (1978) Liane, who attained her BA Languages and BA Art at Stellenbosch, is now living in Mossel Bay.

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

VAN ROOYEN (1978) (Mrs Burton-Moore) Melodie, who has a B Comm from UCT, is working in accounting for Cape Trans Steel. She is also involved with her husband in a Sports Shop in Constantia.

VISSE (1978) Vivien, who has a BA LLB from UCT, became an Attorney in 1987, after which she joined a group of Merchant Bankers.

WALKER (1983) Julie is back in SA after spending a year in Germany, and is now doing a fashion design course.

WARD-SMITH (1978) Yvonne is working for a Safari Group in the Okavango Swamps and is hoping to emigrate to Botswana.

WEINLIG (1971) Vanessa has just completed a cruise around the Mediterranean and had an extended stay on Cyprus. She is heading towards Portugal and hopes to spend Christmas in SA.

WHITAKER (1971) (Mrs Raphaely) Mary and her family have left their farm in White River to spend five years in Midwest America where Denis is taking another degree.

WOOLLEY Sheila, Lady Woolley, who as Mrs Gilham and Lady Woolley was our previous vice-headmistress, is now teaching part-time in the Remedial Department at Somerset House Preparatory School.

WOOD (1986) Helen is living in Johannesburg and studying fashion design.

Stop Press

1988 OFFICE BEARERS

Head Girl

Larissa Peter: Head of Executive Committee

Deputy Head Girl

Fiona Sass: Head of Pupil Welfare Committee

Senior Prefect

Gabby Raaff: Head of School Traditions Committee

Prefects

Joy Parker: Head of Social Responsibility Committee

Michelle Rohland: Head of Cultural

Activities Committee

Mairi Hendry: Head of Sports Committee

Samantha Bendzulla: Head of Jagger House

Kirsten Jensen: Head of Merriman House

Lisa Kode: Head of Rolt House

Carey Bridgman: Head of Boarding House



Staff Baby

Chris Wilkinson with her son, Michael, born 2 October 1987.



Elisabeth Mallet and Sandra van Hoopstraten. These lucky girls have been selected to go on the exchange programme at Brooks School, Massachusetts during the 2nd term of 1988.

Mairi Hendry — West Coast Walk



She is one of 16 girls chosen to participate in the West Coast Walk. They will sail to the mouth of the Olifants River and will walk from there to Cape Town. They will have provisions for a few days but much of their food will come from the sea. They will be accompanied by one adult. Good luck.

New Head of the Preparatory School

Mrs Margaret Chambers has been appointed as Head of the Preparatory School as of 1 April 1988.

She and her husband will be moving to Cape Town from Pietermaritzburg. She is looking forward to joining the Herschel family.



Cheryl Hemingway (1982)

Cheryl has just completed her fifth year of medicine at UCT. She was top of the class with 6 "firsts". Well done, Cheryl!

Herschel's Doctors

We congratulate the following Old Herschellians on completing their MB, ChB degrees this year: Lillian Dudley, Alisan Marr and Jane Yates.

1988 TERM DATES

1st Quarter: Wednesday 20 January — Wednesday 30 March

2nd Quarter: Tuesday 12 April — Friday 24 June

3rd Quarter: Wednesday 20 July — Friday 23 September

4th Quarter: Tuesday 4 October — Friday 2 December

**We gratefully acknowledge the following
sponsorship**

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