

THE HERSCHELIAN

1988



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1988 Herschelian**

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THE HERSCHELIAN

1988





The Headmistress, the Head Girl, the Deputy Head Girl and the Head of the Boarding House.

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Seated: Mrs C Sneddon, Miss R du Preez, Mrs M Couling

ADDRESS GIVEN BY MRS PAMELA DUFF ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE HERSCHEL THEATRE ON WEDNESDAY 5 OCTOBER 1988

Thank you for your presence here this evening. It is a wonderful indication of your interest in, and support for, this very special school and for its splendid new facility — the Herschel Theatre, which is the first stage of our new Communications Complex.

Herschel's history has been marked by periods of exciting growth and new developments which have stimulated progress and initiated the change which has kept the school abreast of current needs.

It is interesting to recall the major developments that have occurred. I shall start with a brief resume of Herschel's "pre-history".

It all began in 1835 when the famous astronomer, Sir John Herschel purchased the estate "Feldhausen" (sometimes, even then, named "The Grove") from a Mr Schonberg. Schonberg was allowed to retain a strip along one boarder of the estate on which to build a house for himself. In gratitude, he named this house "Herschel" — and it is this house that is the present administration section of the senior school. Mr Schonberg died in 1839 and in 1840 his son sold the property. "Herschel" was purchased by Captain Harris of the Bombay Service who, sadly, died not long afterwards. Mrs Harris enlarged the house and, together with her mother, Mrs Rose, who had formerly had her own school, opened it as a "Boarding School for Young Ladies". So, although not yet named "Herschel School", there was a girls' school on this property 148 years ago. Upon Mrs Harris's remarriage, the school was sold to a Mrs Midgley, who had a school in Cape Town. She, too, ran this property as a school until her retirement in 1854. It was then sold to the Hon. H E Rutherford who added an upper storey before he sold the house in 1860. The big house remained in private ownership until its purchase in 1920.

At this time, South Africans were attempting to restructure an existence that had been shattered by the First World War. The average government school for girls then, was very different from a girls' government school today. St Cyprian's was a well-respected private school for girls, but it had a long waiting list, and transport was a difficulty for day-girls who lived in the southern suburbs.

Many parents who had had their education in England wanted something of this standard for their daughters. Some, if they could afford it, sent their daughters overseas for at least the last few years of their schooling, or had them educated at home by a governess.

Several attempts were made to start another girls' private school in Cape Town, but it was not until the Hon. J E Jagger, then Minister of Railways and Harbours, provided a loan (later made a gift), that the founders of our school were able to purchase a suitable property, namely "Herschel".

The first headmistress was appointed in 1921. Miss Morley Armitage Ralph established a never-broken tradition at Herschel that the arts should be encouraged. Herschel girls were regularly taken to concerts, plays and art exhibitions — and so it is today. And today, we also stage our own and anticipate the use of this splendid theatre to continue this proud tradition.

The first boarders were welcomed on 1 February 1922, and school opened the following day. There were only 30 pupils, one of whom is a gracious lady who has herself made a name in the arts world, providing pleasure and enrichment for South African ballet lovers. I pay tribute to Dr Dulcie Howes, an outstanding personality, who has been the Patron of our Appeal which has enabled the building of this fine theatre.

In 1926 the Mary Jagger Hall, (the "old" hall), and in 1930 the dining-room with open-air sleeping balcony above, as well as the present typing room area were built.

In 1932 a new headmistress was appointed — Miss Harriet Robinson. It was typical of her that she accepted the appointment only if the School Council would be prepared to spend further capital on buildings which she considered to be essential. It says much for the Council of those troubled financial times that its members had the courage to accept her conditions.

By the end of 1933, the Council was able to call for tenders for the first of the new buildings Miss Robinson had insisted upon. And so the school, by 1940, had the double storey classroom wing from the dining-hall to the Duncan Baxter library and the start of a science wing. Building restrictions during the Second World War precluded any further physical development for some years.

Miss Barbara Elcombe was appointed in 1945 and, although only headmistress for two-and-a-half years, realized the need for the boarders to have a chapel, which she made by clearing out the old crypt in which the sporting equipment had been kept.

By 1947 Miss Caroline McLean was headmistress and she was responsible for another major development at Herschel — the acquisition of "The Hill" for use as a preparatory school. The Council had not the funds to acquire what Miss McLean recommended. Where was the money to come from? Miss McLean whipped the parents into activity and her early years at Herschel were punctuated by a number of fund-raising activities until "The Hill" was finally purchased in 1954 together with sufficient ground for a hockey field.

Under Miss Kittow, the new science wing was eventually completed in 1970. In 1971, Dr Barbara Silberbauer was appointed headmistress and she too had the vision to plan for the future of a school that in 1972, its Golden Jubilee Year, had grown to accommodate well over 400 pupils. Extensions to the preparatory school were completed in 1974. A major fund-raising campaign launched in 1976 enabled the building in 1977 of the beautiful Arts Centre — comprising a new music room, practising rooms, drama teaching room and art rooms, and also the double storey eight-classroom block in 1978. These developments gave great impetus to the school and paved the way for the addition of the senior science laboratory and further consolidation under Miss Pamela Geklard, who was headmistress from 1979 to 1985.

In 1986, I was honoured to accept appointment to this lovely school with its splendid tradition and fine heritage. It seemed that nothing else had to be provided. But, out of curiosity, I gave out a questionnaire in February 1986, inviting all staff and senior girls to list what they saw to be the present and future priorities at Herschel. The results were interesting — there was clearly much to be done. The overwhelming consensus was a need for a new hall to have a dual purpose, acting as a theatre and as a contemporary chapel; together with cloakroom facilities, catering facilities (that is, an improved tuckshop or canteen), a computer room and a lecture theatre. All these are incorporated into our new complex — but, the dream of a new squash court and an administration block remains a dream!

Teenagers are frank and honest people — I share with you the actual wording of their 1986 motivation for a theatre:

A standard 9 girl wrote, "The present hall is an embarrassment on important occasions. The justification for the expense of a new building is as follows: a school's most "public" area is its hall/theatre. It is the "front" of the school and as such should be a building that suitably conveys the correct image. It should be sited in the existing tennis court area. There it would be both accessible and a "show piece"."

This, now Old Herschel, can be proud of her foresight.

Not all were as loquacious.

A standard 10 pupil wrote, "Herschel is one of the few schools offering drama for matric and it doesn't even have a proper stage to perform on. The present stage —with no wings or backstage area — is inadequate."

Another Standard 10 suggested, "Herschel needs one building which can be utilised both as a chapel and as a theatre. Special attention should be paid to acoustics in the theatre as our present hall falls dismally in this area."

The standard 8's, the present matrics, were more down-to-earth and practical!

One said, "We do gym and have assemblies in the same hall and in rainy weather the floor is often dirty or muddy."

And another: "A new hall should have chairs for girls to sit on. I have found it very uncomfortable sitting on a hard floor."

Thus motivated and inspired, I passed the need on to the School Council. As in Miss Robinson's day, financial times are not easy in the late 1980's, and I thank the Council for their confidence and courage in agreeing to embark on a Fund-Raising Appeal which was officially launched in January this year, under the direction of the amazing and indelatigable, Chris Brathwaite. As believers in miracles and "instant action", we had the foundations dug as the Appeal was launched! And, thanks to the wonderful generosity of many donors, and the expertise of the architects and construction teams, we have succeeded in achieving this superb theatre in less than ten months. It was essential to me personally that the present matrics (those frank Standard 8's in 1986) should be able to use this theatre before they leave school — and they leave in practice in two weeks' time on their final Speech Day and Prize Giving, so we have just made it.

I cannot leave you thinking that we have fully covered the cost of this theatre complex, far from it. Your further support would be of tremendous help for we must not be handicapped with a financial burden in the years ahead. Each generation of pupils has left its own special contribution to Herschel, to be used to the benefit not only of themselves but of succeeding generations. The girls at Herschel today are benefitting from the use of facilities provided by the foresight and generosity of previous parents and friends of the school. Many of you have daughters at Herschel now; they will immediately enjoy the use of this theatre complex and they and succeeding generations of Herschelians will benefit in the years to come.

This act of faith in developing a communications complex gives us a beautiful theatre which has a dual purpose, for it also provides a solution to the justifiable criticism that our charming little chapel is too small. This theatre will be used as a contemporary chapel and is to be dedicated next week by our School Chaplain, the Reverend David Cook.

A final word about our Arts. In the Music Department we remember Lilian Willis who founded the choir in 1933 and we are proud of the talent of Cynthia Sweet who has been on the staff since 1953. In the Drama Department we recall Ethel Hill and her early interest and we have to thank Margaret Saffery for her contribution to our drama over the last thirty years. Many will remember Dawn McClurg for her superb work. We had to stage her remarkable production of Arthur Miller's "Crucible" in the Baxter Theatre. In the Art Department we remember Heather Montgomery's fine teaching and enthuse with Rosemary Lapping over her exciting ceramics, and in all departments I thank and commend our past and present teachers for their enthusiasm, dedication and expertise. With these magnificent facilities, it could even be time for us to expand our artistic frontiers, for example, into the field of dance, with Dulcie Howes as an inspiration to us all.

The Arts at Herschel will surely go from strength to strength in the years ahead as we move confidently into the 21st Century.



Dr & Mrs Duff, Dr Dulcie Howes and Mr Loch Davis.

RESULTS

Joint Matriculation Board Results — 1987

Subject distinctions in italics

A Aggregate Matriculation

Booth, Michelle (*Latin*)

Du Plessis, Lyndall (*Afrik, History*)

Gibaud, Catherine (*Eng, Afrik, Maths, Phys Science, Latin, History*)

Matriculation

Bacela, Z

Bailey, S (*Eng*)

Bell, T

Bonner, D

Bradley, T

Burns, L

Chapman, B

Christie, K

Dioey, L

Durr, Alison

Fitzpatrick, G

Freeman, L

Gowdy, S (*Geog*)

Gurney, T

Hanekom, I

Higgo, L

Horn, R

Kaminski, H (*Maths SG*)

Koster, J

Koster, S

McDaniel, A

McKay-Davidson, S

MacKellar, B

Marx, H

Meredith, C

Miller, L

Mnyani, C

Moodley, G

Paxton, A (*Afrik*)

Peters, C

Pyott, L

Reilly, C

Reynolds, T

Sedgwick, C

Snyders, K

Symons, C

Theunissen, L

Turner, L

Turner, J (*Eng*)

Van Aasen, M

Van den Heever

Van Zyl, N (*Art*)

Wheeler, M A

Wilkin, C

Woudge, L (*Afrik*)

Mosomothane, M

Pelt, T

Porter, A

Theunissen, L

PRIZE LIST 1988

FORM PRIZES

STD VI

- 1 Kirsten Tharing
- 2 Fathgaya Isaacs
- 3 Michelle Kuttel

STD VII

- 1 Moira Rose
- 2 Catriona Ross
- 3 Rhoda Karji

STD VIII

- 1 Jane Eedes
- 2 Jane Franco
- 3 Ashleigh Dunn

STD IX

- 1 Julie van Rensburg
- 2 Susan Snyders
- 3 Lynne Bird

PRIZES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

STD VI

Arlene Benjamin
Shirley Cruise
Natalie Graperstin
Nthabiseng Gulube
Robyn Poole
Jennifer Ratcliffe
Megan van Zyl

STD VII

Yasmine Abrahams
Linda Forsyth
Banu Loghdey
Clarissa Moltero
Justine Peters
Claire-Marie Schonborn
Marion Swoboda

STD VIII

Tanya Bostock
Theresa Bridgman
Tanya Cohen
Janine Hutton
Louise McCance-Price
Lesley Raffin

STD IX

Hanifa Banderker
Abigail Daniels
Karine Gowdy
Kirsty Leith
Carol Miller
Portia Rayners
Tracy Smith
Sandra van Hoogstraten

STD X

Susan Hardy
Suzanne Joubert
Viola Lengner
Nicola Meinert
Deborah Peirce
Marcia Rudolph

School Leaving Certificate

Allsop, E

Carle, D

Durr, A

Emmerich, C

Frater, E

STD X SUBJECT PRIZES

English	Michelle Rohland <i>The Lady Woolley Prize</i>
Afrikaans	Larissa Peter
History	Larissa Peter
Mathematics	Larissa Peter <i>The Liz Gibbons Prize</i>
Latin	Naseema Barday
Physical Science	Naseema Barday
French	Joy Parker
Geography	Joy Parker
Geography	Fiona Sass
Biology	Fiona Sass
Xhosa 3rd Language	Janet Wray
Art	Inken Haldane
Home Economics	Jacqueline Aling
Music	Viola Lengner
Speech and Drama	Suki Jaffe

Sub A — Matric	Samantha Bendzulla	Tessa Mills
	Anouk Deerup	Joy Parker
	Inken Haldane	Larissa Peter
	Susan Hardy	Gabrielle Raaff
	Mairi Hendry	Fiona Sass
	Janet Howse	Sandra Smuts
	Kirsten Jensen	Bertha Visser
	Sascha Mayer	Janet Wray

INTER-HOUSE AWARDS

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

SPORTS AWARDS

Under 14	
Swimming Champion	Kirsten Tharing
Under 16	
Swimming Champion	Kate O'Neill
Open Swimming Champion	Theresa Bridgman
Under 16	
Squash Champion	Deborah West
Open Squash Champion	Deborah West
Most Promising Hockey Player	Carey Bridgman
Most Improved Netball Player	Lucinda Lombardi
Open Tennis Singles Champion	Mairi Hendry
Open Tennis Doubles Champions	Tania Fourie & Carol Millar

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship
Fathgaya Isaacs

Junior General Knowledge
Reyni Haylett

Middle General Knowledge
Grethe Zwiegelaar

Senior General Knowledge
Naseema Barday

Art — Middle School
Catriona Ross

McClurg Trophy for Theatre Arts
Kate Blumberg and Amanda Gersh

Biblical Studies — Middle School
Louise McCance-Price

Music — Middle School
Belinda Boyes

Music — Senior School
Susan Snyders

Archimedes Prize
Susan Evered

Lantern Prize
Julie van Rijswijk

Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics
Naseema Barday

Mary Muller Picture of the Year
Susan Hardy

Sonia Beck Essay Prize
Naseema Barday

Abe Bailey Prize for Spoken Afrikaans
Viola Lengner

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French
Susan Hardy

The Kenwood Mixer Prize for Practical Work in Home Economics
Sandra Smuts

Jane Haram Prize for Drama
Suki Jaffe

Stobie Musician Prize
Viola Lengner

Choral Prize
Suzanne Joubert and Viola Lengner

Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences
Sascha Mayer

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities
Naseema Barday

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy
Lisa Kode

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library
Naseema Barday

Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-Round Participation and Achievement
Mairi Hendry

Best All-Round Sportswoman of the Year

Fiona Sass

Prize for Good Sportsmanship

Mairi Hendry and Lisa Kode

Proxime Accessit

Naseema Bantay

Dux of the School

Larissa Peter

The Headmistress's Prize for All-Round Leadership and Service to the School

Fiona Sass

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Gabrielle Raaff

Old Herschel Award

Larissa Peter

SENIOR EXAMINATION IN BILINGUALISM**Passed**

Bantay, Naseema

Foulkes, Tracy

Jensen, Kirsten

Lengner, Viola

Mayer, Sascha

Meinert, Nicola

Omar, Roshon

Parker, Joy

Peter, Larissa

Visser, Bertha

TAALBOND RESULTS 1988**Hoër Eksamen****Hoër Graad Pass**

Tracy Foulkes

Tania Fourie

Berthel Louw

Sascha Mayer

Doranne McDonald

Nicola Meinert

Tessa Mills

Yumna Narker

Joy Parker

Corleze Wege

Gewone Graad Pass

Jaqui Aling

Hanifa Banderker

Samantha Bendzulla

Lynne Bird

Carey Bridgman

Audra Carey

Carla Collison

Nina Daniel

Abigail Daniels

Eva Disler

Philippa Dixon

Alison Edmunds

Amanda Genh

Marie-Lou Gillespie

Karine Gowdy

Claire Howse

Janet Howse

Suki Jaffe

Kirsten Jensen

Suzanne Joubert

Lisa Kode

Kirsty Leith

Caroline Maconachie

Keelyn Maisel

Elisabeth Mallet

Lulibo Msengana

Karen Petersen

Gabrielle Raaff

Noorjahan Rawoot

Portia Rayners

Melanie Roman

Marcia Rudolph

Susan Snyders

Anthea Stephens

Sandra van Hoogetraten

Bertha Visser

Janet Wray

Laër Eksamen**Hoër Graad Pass**

Sally Gwynne-Evans

Alexandra Ovenstone

Tracey Smith

Gewone Graad Pass

Liza Black

Lindsay Bonner

Jane Boyes

Hilbré Cardwell

Jennifer du Preez

Susan Hardy

Carol Millar

Deborah Peirce

Lisa Seanson

Claire-Louise Sparks

VOORBEREIDENDE EKSAMEN**Hoër Graad Pass**

Kate Blumberg

Diana Dare

Katherine McAdam

Gewone Graad Pass

Aziwe Magida

Sandra Smuts

Elizabeth Stafford

Amanda Prins

Emma Wynne-Edwards

Sascha Williams

BALLET EXAMINATION RESULTS

Senior	Martin Rubinstein	— Australia
D.E.S. III	Carey Bridgman	Highly Commended
Grades	Audrey Lookin	— Canada
Grade III	Chene Roberts	— Highly Commended
	Imgarde Bergstedt	— Commended
	Samantha Hendricks	— Pass
Grade II	Paula de Villiers	— Commended
	Roxann Segers	— Commended
	Belita Debenham	— Pass Plus
	Ingrid Serritslev	— Pass
Grade I	Mandy February	— Commended
	Linda Evans	— Commended
	Kate McCay	— Pass Plus
Primary	Marisa Hendricks	— Honours
	Sarah Tuft	— Honours
	Sarah Gilbert	— Highly Commended
	Jacqueline Kent	— Highly Commended
	Michelle Berrange	— Highly Commended
	Kate Fisher	— Highly Commended
	Lucia Brain	— Highly Commended
	Destiny Sanchez	— Highly Commended
	Helen Mitchell	— Commended
	Patricia Pletzer	— Commended
Pre-Primary	All Successful	
	Victoria Dudley	
	Kim Bernard	
	Chloe Shand	
	Robyn Smith	
	Michelle Clews	

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations

Grade II		
Jack Gordon	Piano	Distinction
Jennifer Bradshaw	Piano	Pass
Deborah Wynne	Piano	Pass
Jennifer Bradshaw	Violin	Merit
Zara Quail	Violin	Merit

Grade III		
Nicola Wallace	Piano	Distinction
Bianca Berry	Piano	Merit
Carla Garlick	Piano	Pass
Tamaryn Hammond	Piano	Pass
Noleen Read	Piano	Pass
Clare Ellis-Smith	Violin	Pass
Alison Sturgeon	Violin	Pass

Grade IV		
Barbara Vincent	Piano	Pass
Clare Ellis-Smith	Piano	Merit

Grade VII		
Frances Kiewitz	Piano	Pass
Anthea Stephens	Piano	Pass
Susan Snyders	Violin	Pass

Theory, Grade V, Associated Board
Meredith Keegan, Frances Kiewitz, Susan Snyders

University of South Africa Music Examination

Grade IV		
Donatilla Raimondo	Piano	Pass

Grade VII		
Christina Raimondo	Piano	Merit



HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH

Mrs Duff, Mr Loch-Davis, Mr & Mrs Ackerman, Staff, Parents and Friends:

As far back as I can remember I have been at Herschel, wearing the same blue uniform as the girls wore years ago, when this was Miss Harris's boarding school for young ladies. Styles of uniforms then and now haven't changed much but a lot in our world and at Herschel has. Today is the last day of our official schooling — a day that I thought would never arrive, and always remain in the future. But today is the present, and it is an exciting prospect for all of us to be finishing school and moving into tomorrow.

Today each matric says goodbye to a part of her life and asks herself, "What does the future hold?" Varied and difficult decisions lie ahead. The future of our lives, as well as that of our country, is uncertain.

Herschel is a school which has endeavoured always to prepare us, not only for the examination which we will soon face, but also to meet the challenges, the unknown and the new, with confidence and cheerfulness. There are many uncertainties, but of our education at Herschel we can be certain. It has given us spiritual values, a strong faith in God, courage and resoluteness to face tomorrow, and hope for our future.

In the words of John Dufoe: "We should bear in mind that the present of today was the future of yesterday and it is what it is because of the actions and decisions of yesterday. Therefore, the future will be what we make it."

At Herschel I think that we have been given valuable tools, necessary to help us face the demands of adult life. We have been taught, not only about the past, the Sciences, the Arts, but also about the importance of developing one's individual talents, whatever these may be. We have been encouraged, entrusted with responsibilities, and overwhelmed with opportunities. For this teaching, I thank the staff. You have taught us the value of education, communication, personal discipline and fitness. Your patience and kindness have been an example to us. Thank you.

I would like to thank Mrs Duff for her guidance and excellent example. She is a dynamic leader whose courageous innovations can clearly be seen around us. I have been privileged to see her work behind the scenes.

For me, personally, my matric year has been a busy one with many challenges. The matric dance was certainly a highlight. My first dance with Dr Duff must have left him wondering, though. My father had told me ENT surgeons would choose to waltz — but they played a footrot!

I have been exceptionally lucky to be in this particular matric year. Not only have we together seen a number of momentous changes in Herschel such as this new theatre, but the spirit within our year has been fantastic. In Std 6 we were labelled "eager" (much to our horror at the time) and since then we seem to have developed into a unified, cheerful class. For the first time, both matric classes have their form rooms, lockers and common room together in the corridor next to the library. This has undoubtedly helped create this unity. Though we have people from many different cultures, people with strong and diverse opinions, there is always a friendly and co-operative air between us. We even seem lucky to have avoided the common conflict between prefects and the rest of the matrics! With the introduction of the new system in which there are class mentors as well as prefects, many more matrics have been able to share leadership responsibilities, and thus these roles have formed very little of a barrier between us.

I would like to thank the prefects and mentors for all their help and dedication. Your support has been very important to me.

To my classmates, thank you for your friendship, for your encouragement and your loyalty. I will miss you.

My family deserves a special thank-you, too, for their love and continual support. For your guidance and advice also, thank you.

To all the girls, thank you. Each one of you helps to make Herschel what it is. I will miss your friendliness and enthusiasm, but I must admit, I'll be glad not to have to try to suppress your bubblyness, loudly displayed before Monday morning assemblies!

Today, as the class of '88 leaves, there is an air of excitement and sadness among us: sadness to be leaving behind the familiar faces of our school days, yet excitement as to our paths ahead. As we move forward we carry with us all that we learned at Herschel, warm memories of our times together and eagerness to meet the challenges of tomorrow. Our futures will be what we make them, and I'm sure that our astronomer, Sir John Herschel, would approve if I said that not even the sky is the limit! Thank you.

LARISSA PETER

* Incorrect. See 'The Story of Herschel School' by Elizabeth Stockwell. The Herschel 11 1989.



1988 School Prefects

Back Row: C Bridgman, M Hendry, J Parker, M Rohland, K Kensen, S Bendzulla, L Kode

Front Row: G Raaff (Senior Prefect), Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), L Peter (Headgirl), Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice Principal), F Soas (Deputy Headgirl)

1988 Boarding House Prefects

Back Row: J House, Mrs M Fitzpatrick (Sister), A Drerup, Miss A Hart, D Peirce

Front Row: S Jaffe, S Mayer, Mrs G Foster (Lady Warden), C Bridgman (Head of Boarding House), Mrs Smale (House Keeper), J Ailing, T Foulkes





Academic Scolls 1988

*Kirsten Jensen, Fiona Sass, Naseema Barday,
Larissa Peter, Joy Parker.*



1988 Academic Badges

*Back Row: S. Snyders, L. Bird, E. Mallet, S. van
Hoogstraten*

*Front Row: R. Omar, N. Meinert, M. Rohland,
M. Hendry, I. Haldane*



1988 Class Mentors

*Back Row: N. Barday, M.L. Gillespie, C. Sparks,
S. Hardy, T. Mills, B. Visser*

*Front Row: A. Edmonds, Mrs. P. Duff (Head-
mistress), F. Sass, Mrs. M. Westgate (Senior
Mistress), S. Jaffe*



Matric Class

Left to Right:

4th Row: S Joubert, J Parker, S Mayer, L Searson, K Jensen, N Meinert, D Pierce, S Smuts

3rd Row: L Kode, G Raaff, C Sparks, S Gwynne-Evans, T Foulkes, I Haldane, M Rohland, E Stafford, J House, M Roman, M Hendry, K Petersen, T Mills

2nd Row: N Rawoot, S Jaffe, M Rudolph, N Barday, C Maconachie, K Mortensen, A Edmunds, J Wray-Young, J Aling, M Gillespie, V Lengner, B Visser, J du Preez, C Collson

Front Row: R Omar, S Bendzuila, F Sass, Mrs Athene Hall, A Drenup, Mrs Pamela Duff, S Hardy, Mrs Marianne Peacock, L Peter, C Bridgman, Y Norlier



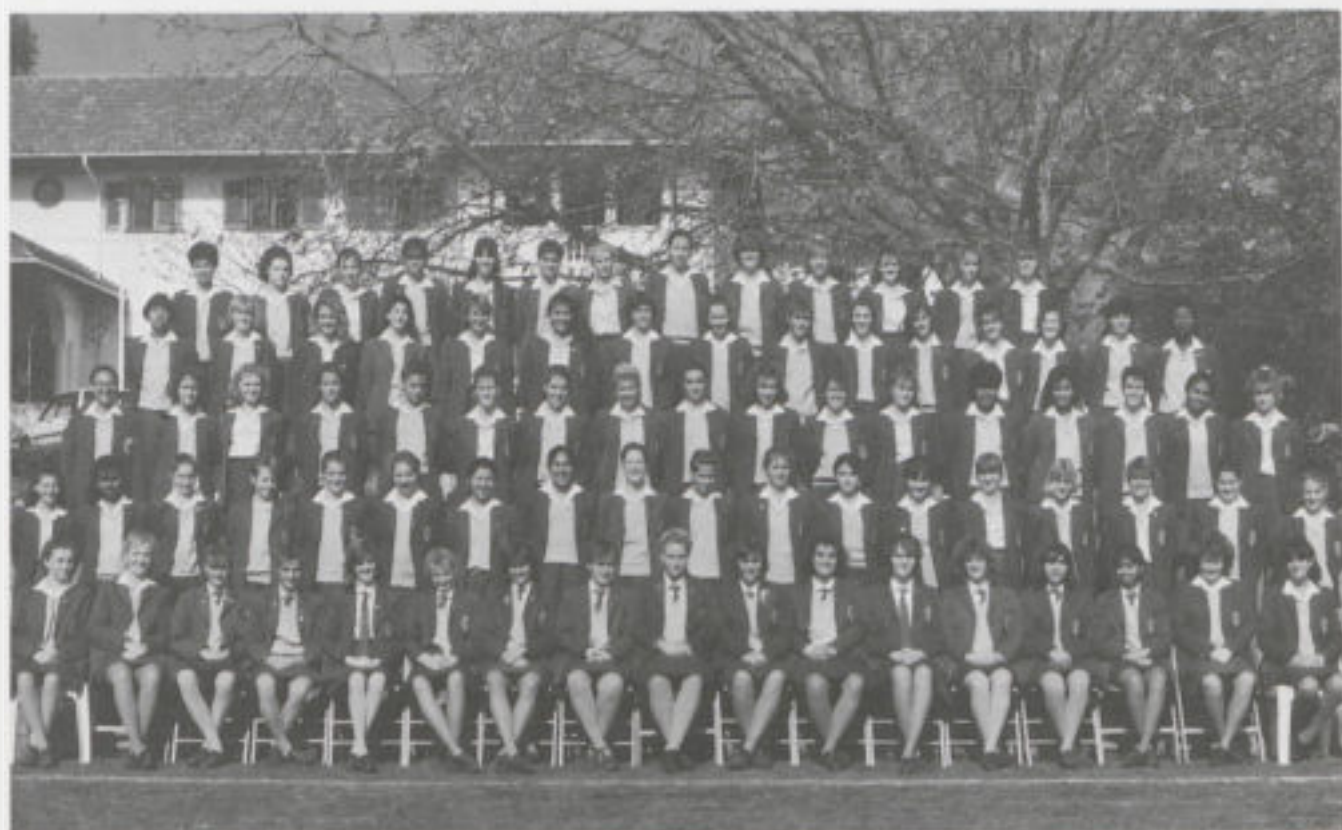
Sub A — Matric

Back Row: S Hardy, A Drenup, F Sass, J Parker

Middle Row: M Hendry, I Haldane, S Smuts, H House, T Mills, B Visser

Front Row: J Wray-Young, K Jensen, L Peter, Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), S Mayer, G Raaff, S Bendzuila

JAGGER



Jagger

5th Row: F Kiewitz, A Penberthy, A Dunn, C Holmes, H Barr, A Mallet, C Wilkinson, P Dixon, E Mallet, T Holm, G Zuiegejaar, S McCarthy, S Subston

4th Row: R Kanji, R Sturgeon, C Convery, L Theunissen, M Ruttel, Y Amien, M Craig, R Haylett, G Maiberbe, C Capri, F Mine, C Lander, P Gayne-Evans, T Bridgman, L Msengana

3rd Row: S Ross, J Franco, A Wilkin, H Sparks, M Rose, S Evered, C Raimondo, E Wynne-Edwards, S van Hoogstraten, S Williams, J Hutton, T Hofmeyr, S Banderker, M Golding, C Sedgwick, B Loghdey, C Ferry

2nd Row: A Theunissen, S Arieff, C Ross, K Thompson, K Tharing, S Armstrong, P Rayners, R Ismail, K Blumberg, A Gersh, C Wege, A Daniels, C Peterson, M Taylor, T Parker, L McCance-Price, S Cruise, K Parker

Front Row: E Disler, C House, J Parker, T Mills, J House, J Wray-Young, C Bridgman, M-L Gillespie, S Bendzulla (House Captain) S Hardy, J Haldane, M Rohland, S Gayne-Evans, M Roman, N Rawood, P Thompson, S Hart

Absent: Mrs P Allen (House Mistress)

JAGGER HOUSE REPORT

Jagger's spirit has been soaring right from the beginning of the year, and it has continued to soar through trial and tribulation. Although we managed to walk away with no sports trophies, there is no doubt in my mind that, if there were such a prize, Jagger would win the prize for the happiest house!

This year began with the Inter-house gala and, although all the Jagger swimmers tried hard, Rolt won this. In fact, most of the sporting events were won by Rolt and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate my friend, Lisa Kode, for her superb sportsmanship, as well as Kirsten Jensen for her outstanding organisation and originality.

Jagger girls also participated whole-heartedly in the cultural events this year. Kate Blumberg directed the Jagger drama entry and she, along with many other "greenies", Claire House, Mandy Gersh and Elisabeth Mallet, is also very active on the school year-book committee. Good luck, girls!

Other cultural events this year included a general knowledge quiz, a

speech competition, and a spelling competition, into all of which the Jagger girls threw themselves with their boundless enthusiasm and energy. Jagger won the spelling competition so congratulations are in order. Well done!

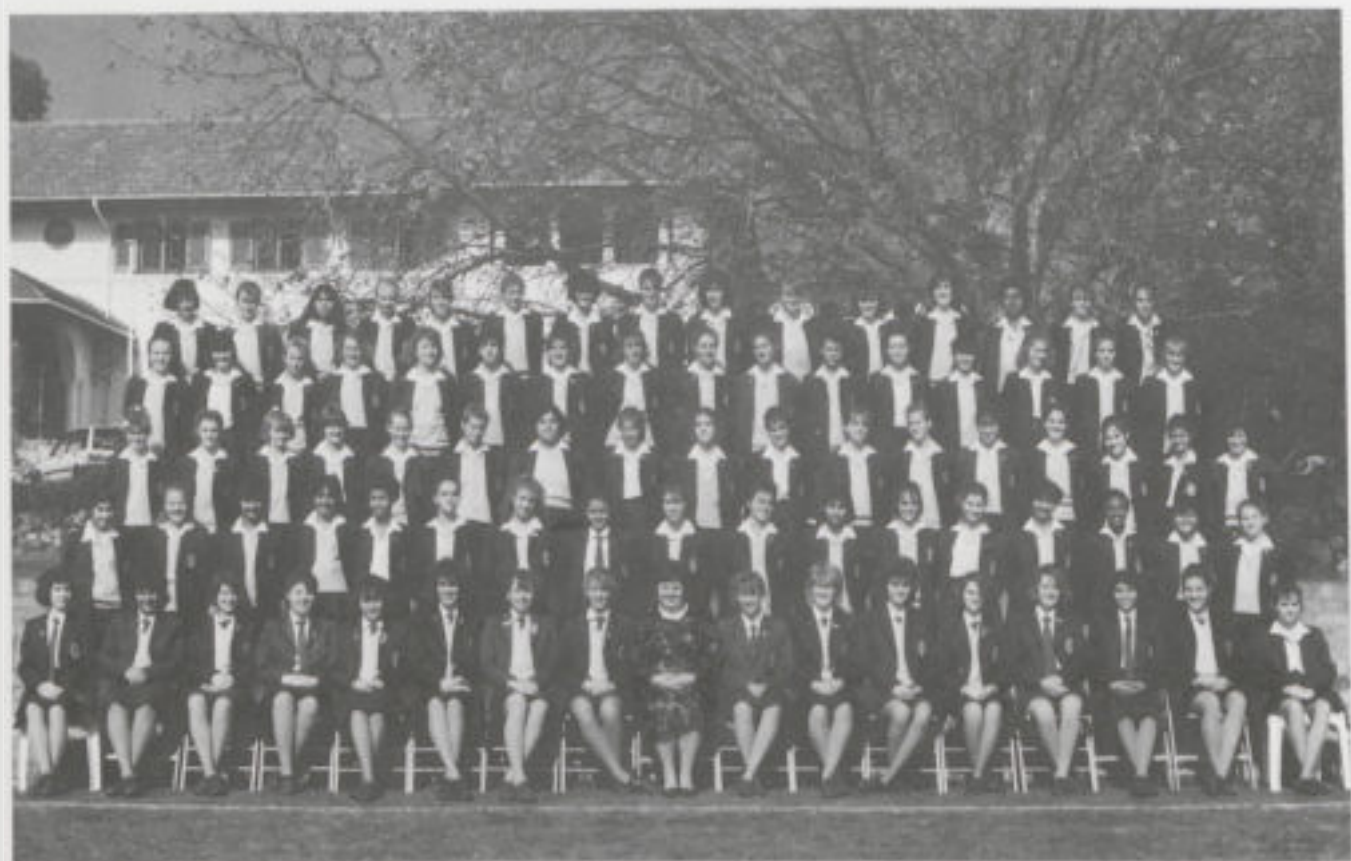
The Jagger House braai was held fairly late in the year. Nevertheless, it was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all (I hope nobody felt too "green" after the chubby-bunny competition!)

Thanks must be extended to all Jagger members of staff, notably Mrs Allen who has been a great help and has always been there, cheering us on from the sidelines. Thanks go also to Marie-Lou Gillespie, Tessa Mills, Joy Parker, Carey Bridgman and Michelle Rohland, as well as all the other Jagger matrics, for their strong support and for making my life as head hippo (the Jagger mascot is a pair of hippos) a little easier.

To all the "green beans" of Jagger, thank you for a wonderful and rewarding year, and good luck for the years ahead. Keep smiling!

SAMANTHA BENDZULLA

MERRIMAN



Merriman

5th Row: L. Bird, L. Marx, Z. Hansa, L. Forsyth, C. van Dugteren, S. Rice, D. van Schaikwyk, C. Coyne, M. Keegan, I. Essery, M. Suoboda, C. Chapman, T. Skwambane, B. Vincent, M. du Toit
 4th Row: S. de Keyser, CM Schonborn, J. Ratcliffe, K. Williamson, D. de Keyser, A. van den Bosch, D. McDonald, K. Goudy, A. Overstone, A. Stephens, K. White, A. Overstone, T. Smith, C. Kaye, LA Bird, B. Louw
 3rd Row: H. Cardwell, M. Freemanle, S. Blackman, N. Bath, T. Bostock, P. Frith, S. Jacobs, M. de Bruijn, L. Bonner, M. Wright, B. Kendal, D. Gurney, J. Kantor, L. Wright, M. Rice, R. Poole, K. Maisel
 2nd Row: C. Rice, T. Hammond, J. Deva, R. Deva, C. Zotwana, M. Mello, C. McPetrie, C. Collison, S. Snyders, K. McAdam, H. Banderker, C. Moodie, A. Kempthorne, F. Isaacs, A. Benjamin, L. Davids, L. Raffin
 Front Row: C. Maconachie, Y. Narker, A. Edmonds, T. Foulkes, M. Hendry, A. Drerup, F. Sais, K. Jensen (Head of House), Mrs C. Braithwaite (Housemistress), B. Visser, N. Meinert, L. Searson, V. Lengner, S. Joubert, M. Rudolph, K. Petersen, J. du Preez

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

Another year has passed and once again the Merriman spirit has been red hot. Everyone has contributed to a very successful year for the "Red Devils".

Perhaps not quite a sporting success but definitely an achievement in sportsmanship and house spirit was the Inter-house gala. All Merriman girls swam their hearts out and we managed to come third, piped in the end by Rolt and Jagger. Congratulations and thank you to Fiona Sais, the swimming captain, who was a great help in organising the team.

The Inter-house tennis, hockey, squash and netball were all well supported and I can honestly say that the Merriman Mouse had no cause to be "red-faced". The Merriman team put their best feet forward to win the Inter-house netball and to come a close second in both the hockey and the squash. I would like to say a big thank-you to Mrs Botha and Mrs Bonellie for all their help in organising these events.

Merriman has really excelled both academically and culturally this year. Under the excellent guidance of Kathy McAdam and Keelyn

Maisel the Merriman play, "The Rising Generation", was a roaring success and took first prize. Anthea Stevens was a very convincing "Mother"! We also won the Inter-house public speaking competition in which Tobogo Skwambane spoke on "Going to Boarding School" and Kirsten Jensen spoke on "The Boyfriend Syndrome".

All in all it has been a wonderful year and I have really enjoyed being at the helm of Merriman house. We ended off the Merriman year with a house supper at which everyone ate a lot, made a lot of noise and did some crazy things.

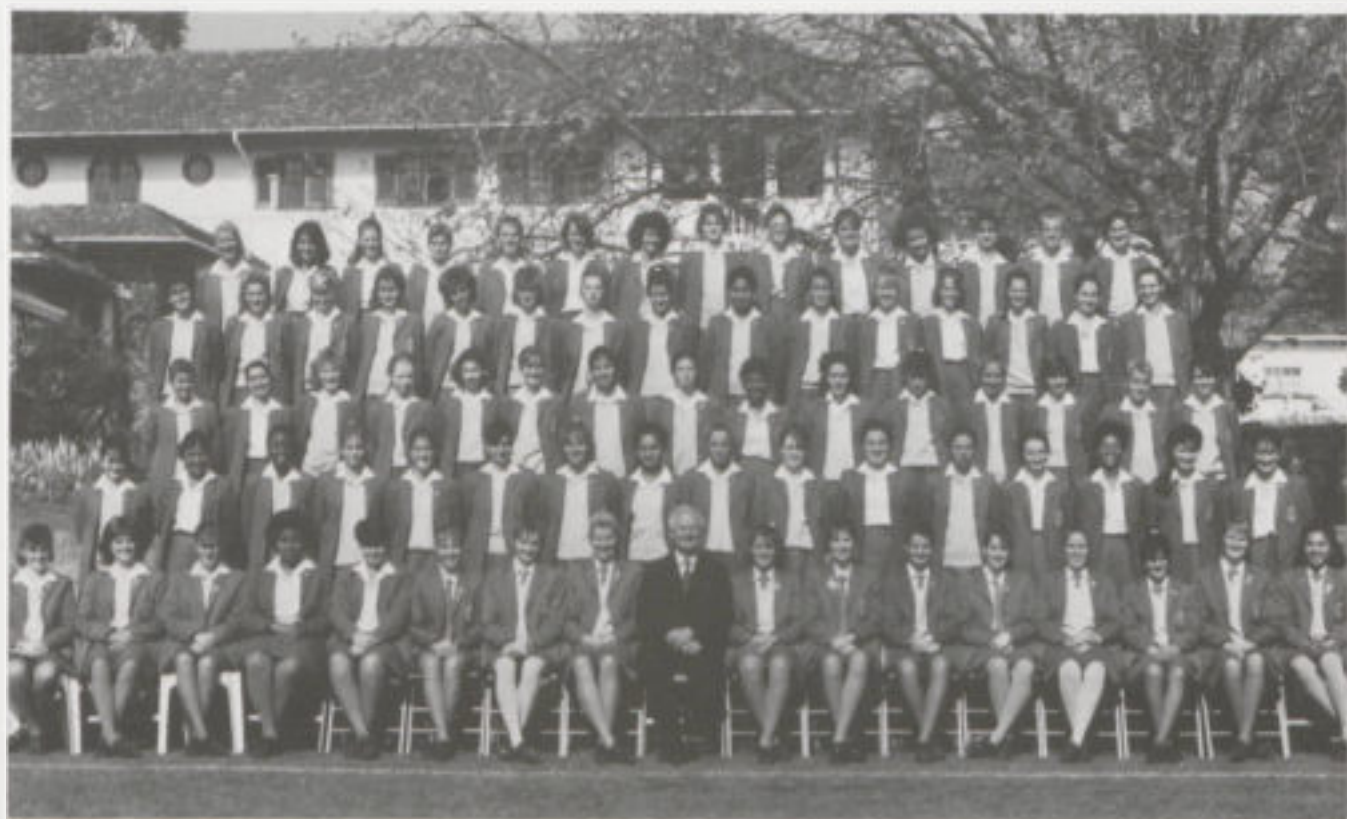
I would like to thank Bertha, Anouk, Viola, Caroline, Fiona, Mair and Alison for all their help throughout the year. We were thrilled to have Mrs Braithwaite as our new House Mistress this year and her support has been unflagging. She rarely misses a match and her interest has been greatly appreciated.

I wish all the girls in Merriman good luck for the future and I hope their spirit never dies.

Thank you.

KIRSTEN JENSEN

ROLT



Rolt

5th Row: N Daniel, M Drummond-Hay, A Ramsden, C Rutherford, N Louise, D Dare, R Wynne, A Porter, H Taylor, M Lanning, J Eedes, M Rainier, E O'Hanlon, T Fourie

4th Row: B O'Neill, L Turner, S Dickie, G Ricketts, L Wilson, T Cohen, S Morell, C McGahey, Z Africa, B Boyes, C Noakes, D Millar, L Lombardi, E Uttley, K Leith

3rd Row: S Kemp, A Smith, J Peters, E Clarke, S Ricketts, L Fitzpatrick, L Omar, F Jack, R Boltman, D West, T Byers, T Peacock, V Cougill, A Prima, N Lincoln

2nd Row: M van Zyl, Y Amien, N Gulube, S Baigrie, N Grapentin, D Pentz, D Christie, Y Williams, L Black, J Boyes, S Issa, C Christie, J McCollough, S Karol, Y Abrahams, C Peterson

Front Row: A Carey, C Millar, K O'Neill, A Magida, S Smuts, K Mortensen, E Stafford, S Mayer, Mr H Clarke (House Master), L Kode (Head of House), L Peter, G Raaff, C Sparks, J Aling, R Omar, D Peirce, N Barclay

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

Rolt entered 1988 bubbling with energy and enthusiasm — and a determination never to give up. This incredible spirit has remained with us throughout the year and it has enabled us to grow into a house of considerable strength.

We started the year with a splash by winning the Inter-house gala. Our "yellow-fellows" managed to pull it off and we walked away with the swimming cup. Well done to all those girls involved. Our tennis players were again in top form and we won the Inter-house tennis. Our drama students were not to be outdone by the sports girls. The Standard 9 drama girls directed and produced a superb production called "The Cinderella Story."

Rolt had a most successful winter season. We played Inter-house squash and had a land-slide victory, our top player being Debbie West who represented Western Province this year. The Inter-house hockey,

one of our strong points with seven first team players in our team, proved to be very successful with Rolt Opens and Under 15's winning their matches.

In the last week of the third term we organised a Rolt House braai at Gabby Raaff's home. This proved to be a load of fun and noise. Giant models were erected in a matter of minutes in the "Building Competition" and many white flour-faced girls rampaged through the Raaffs' home.

It has been a great privilege to be the head of such a well-rounded, supportive house and to have the encouragement of such enthusiastic, friendly girls. My thanks also go to our House Master, Mr Clarke, for his unfailing support. All I can say now is good luck — take pride in your house and in what you are doing to support it and you cannot but succeed.

LISA KODE

REPORTS

ANIMAL WELFARE SOCIETY

The Animal Welfare Society got off to a rather late start this year but it began with a bang and a steady membership of over thirty caring people.

The organisation has been fairly industrious in the last two terms. Christine Berry from "Beauty Without Cruelty" came to speak to the girls about the fur industry. Her talk was followed by a rather harrowing video which raised a lot of questions and complaints concerning the fur industry and, subsequently, a letter-writing day has been arranged.

Beryl Scott from S A A P E A also came to Herschel. She spoke about experiments on animals and showed a video — one which opened up a few eyes that were previously tightly shut! Various discussion sessions have been held as well, and the club's membership is growing all the time.

We have many exciting activities on the agenda for the months ahead and are hoping that our members are going to stay as consistent and caring as ever.

SAMANTHA BENDZULLA

BOARDING HOUSE REPORT

It has been an active year in the Boarding House but also a very enjoyable one. Although we have seen many changes of Boarding House staff, we have enjoyed having them all. They have contributed to the Boarding House atmosphere and have showed a sensitive, caring attitude towards us, even though we have often put them to the test. We have been very lucky to have had Sister Foster as our mother of the Boarding House for the whole year. She has been compassionate, understanding, firm but supportive, exactly the kind of mother a

Boarding House needs. She has to put up with a lot of nonsense but she copes with it all very well. The prefects and I have enjoyed working with her.

We couldn't possibly have done without Mrs Taylor who keeps improving our food, especially now that we have fruit in the mornings. She has introduced tea at small break which has now become a social occasion among the boarders and has been very important in keeping up spirit. A hot drink mid-morning has been very welcome, especially during the winter, and I'm sure all the boarders appreciate it.

Hot-chocolate evenings after prep every Thursday began in winter. These have been useful gatherings especially if there has been something to discuss or if the girls want to ask questions. It has been important to know how the girls feel about certain incidents or problems so that unhappiness and grudges need not develop.

The transformation of our Boarders' Sitting Room has been very exciting. It is now a beautifully decorated room where boarders may entertain guests. It is a very comfortable and homely place with a big fireplace. Thank you to all the staff involved in decorating it and to all those generous parents who donated furniture as well as a television. The boarders had a raffle to raise money in order to buy other necessities. The drawing of the raffle was a fun occasion with every raffle sheet receiving a prize. This money was much needed. I hope the girls will make good use of this room in the years to come. The old audio-visual room was changed into a recreational room for the boarders and contains a television and a table tennis table which the girls have enjoyed using in the evenings.

The girls were very excited when Rosedale, the Boarding House at SACS, invited us to a disco. There were great discussions about what to wear. Parents helped with lifts and Miss Hart accompanied us. The girls enjoyed the evening very much even though the boys were quite shy.



1988 Choir

4th Row: S Rice, A Mallet, E Mallet, S Mayer, J Essery, A Magida, A Stephens

3rd Row: G Zwiegelaar, C Raimondo, L Mserigana, F Kiewitz, M Keegan, C Convery, J Aling, C Capri, S Ricketts, T Foulkes

2nd Row: C Collison, L McCance-Price, B Boyes, R Sturgeon, H Barr, C Coyne, N Bath, H Sparks, K Mortensen, N Gulube

Front Row: T Hammond, M Rudolph, A Gersh, S Joubert (Choir Leader), Miss C Sweet, V Lengner (Choir Leader), A Kempthorne, C Ross, L Raffin

Chapel services have been held regularly on Wednesdays, with lengthened service times so that more can be done. We have had interesting people come to speak to us and the girls especially enjoyed those people who have come to sing to us. At the Matrics' last Chapel service, we spoke about friendship and love within the Boarding House. I think that there are wonderful friendships and lots of spirit in the Boarding House and I hope that this feeling continues.

It has at times been a difficult year, especially during the second term and I would like to thank the Boarding House prefects for their constant effort and loyalty. The Standard 9's took over Matric duties before Mock-Matric which was a great help. I wish them the best of luck next year.

CAREY BRIDGMAN

BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club meets every Thursday afternoon for an hour, shortly after three o'clock. Everybody, from beginner to advanced, can participate. This is why we are a fairly mixed group, but every member enjoys playing.

Mrs Adley, who is in charge of the club, and Nicola Meinert have tried to encourage girls to play bridge, because few know what fun bridge can be. Although it is all fairly casual, we did arrange a social bridge evening with the Bishops' boys and we all enjoyed it immensely. Hopefully there will be more of these evenings, not only with Bishops but also with other schools, as the girls will improve with practice.

NICOLA MEINERT

CHOIR REPORT

This year has been very eventful for the choir with many exciting events and activities. We started off the year with the Founders' Day service at St Saviour's which was very successful and rewarding. Throughout the year we have sung at the weddings of numerous Old Herschelians, mainly at Christ Church in Constantia. One of our large projects was an all day workshop with Wynberg Girls' High School and Sans Souci at Wynberg Girls' High School. After the workshop we gave a concert which parents, girls and some staff attended. At the farewell to the Dean of Cape Town, the very Rev Edward King, we combined with St George's, Bishops and St Cyprian's to sing in St George's Cathedral one Sunday evening.

When the new theatre was opened recently the choir sang "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" by Haydn, and a folk song, by Kodaly, to end off the evening. The proceedings of Speech Day opened with the choir singing two items.

The choir still has a few exciting events to come. We will be singing carols at Fairmead in Rondebosch a few days before our Carol Service. We eagerly anticipate this event, especially as there will be a few innovations this year. I would like to thank Miss Sweet, our Choir Mistress; Mrs Tyson, our accompanist; and our choir leader, Viola Lengner and Suzie Joubert for all their wonderful work.

LIZ MALLET, CHOIR LEADER DESIGNATE

CHRISTIAN UNION REPORT

Christian Union started this year with great enthusiasm with trips to Mulzenberg for supper and a very interesting trip around the Holy Trinity Church in Kalk Bay where Mrs Allen attempted to educate us in the correct use of the vestments and their symbolic meanings. On Shrove Tuesday Mrs Wilkinson bravely opened her home to us for a very successful pancake evening — which doubled our membership.

We had our annual camp in April this year when about fifteen Herschel girls and six girls from Leliebloem enjoyed a wonderfully relaxing weekend at Bain's Kloof. The weather was really beautiful, especially for that time of year, and the sunsets are always spectacular. Although the river was too cold to swim in, we kept up the tradition and scrambled over the rocks down to the river and 'bundu-bashed' up the bank to the road for a quick jog back to the camp, rather scratched and bruised.

The girls from Leliebloem joined us again for a meeting at school where we watched a video by Walter Wink on "Jesus' Third Way" — an alternative to violence and apathy which was followed by some discussion and ended with coffee. We have had numerous opportunities for discussion including a panel discussion and a Bible Study.

Another well-attended meeting was the meeting with Juanita Yarbek as guest speaker. Her enthusiasm and vivacity added to her testimony, making it a very exciting, inspiring discussion for everybody, especially those interested in dance and the world of the ballet dancer.

Our last meeting of this term was a "cosy evening" at Jane Eedes' house where we knitted squares to be sewn together into a blanket — okay, so it's a small blanket but we're getting there. The blanket will be given away when it has been completed.

Earlier this term CU combined with Interact and had a very successful cake sale and the money raised will be sent to the SU mission branch in the Transkei. They are trying to buy a campsite and need all the money they can get so our meagre offerings will be welcome, I am sure.

I'd like to say a very big "thank you" to Mrs Brathwaite and especially Mrs Allen for all they have done for CU this year, and in particular, this last term. From next ter they should have the support of our new committee. Here my congratulations go to Aziwe Magida, Jane Eedes, Heather Taylor and Debbie West. May God bless you and all you do for CU.

Finally, as we look ahead to next term, we have planned a braai on Long Beach, Noordhoek as a farewell to the matrics before the final preparation for exams begins and then, in October, there is SU, the annual leadership conference. This promises to be very beneficial and a lot of fun and I hope the new committee will take this opportunity to get involved.

With God's strength and guidance and the enthusiasm of our members, I am sure CU will go from strength to strength.

JANET WRAY-YOUNG

C U CAMP

At the end of April this year a group of girls from the C U at Herschel went on an annual camp to Bainskloof. Six girls from Leliebloem House, a home for underprivileged children, came along too. We stayed at Scripture Union's Coaton Cottage.

The first evening, as we watched the sunset, we realized the joy of getting away from school and drawing close to nature. The bunks are comfortable and the cottage simple but adequate.

Our second day was spent walking along the river, swimming at fairly regular intervals in the icy cold water. We had a picnic lunch before returning to the cottage. Baboon life was plentiful — not dangerous but providing amusement! That evening we braised and sang around the campfire. One always forgets how good it is to gather with friends in the evening in a similar situation.

The next day we went through to Ceres for what turned out to be our "surprise" to be a two hour church service! This was an interesting experience and we were overwhelmed by the dress-code and behaviour of the little children in the church. When we got back to Coaton Cottage we cleared up and went for a last swim. Sadly we soon had to leave so as to get home early.

The very peaceful surroundings provide a perfect setting for Quiet Times and drawing close to God. It was a special two days and although brief, a time that we could look back upon and gain from in the weeks that followed.

JANE EEDS

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT 1988

The Debating Society has had an interesting year with an encouraging surge of interest from the junior classes. We have competed against several other schools this year including closely fought debates with St Cyprians on the topic of "Birth control is the answer to the world's poverty" and with Bishops on the topic, "In the current world economic situation, space exploration is immoral." We also competed in the Inter-schools Forum Discussion Competition reaching the final for the third successive year.

Internally, our fortnightly Thursday meetings have been a great success with activities ranging from formal Forum Discussion, where the Std 6's beat the Std 7's, to very informal "Just a Minute" competitions. The Speaker's Forum continues to flourish with individuals expounding on their thoughts in true "Hyde Park Corner" style. This year we were also treated to a delightful "talk" by the Std 9's on their favourite children's stories.

The Inter-house Speaker's Competition produced work of an outstandingly high standard with public speaking the true winner in the end.

Mrs Wilkinson has continued to provide inspiration and encouragement and we thank her for her organisation and support.

SUKI JAFFE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society started the year with a series of syllabus-oriented debates. The first one was entitled, "The Crimes of the German Corporal must rank second to those of the Man of Steel." This was proposed by a Matric team and opposed by the Standard 9's. The debate was heated and was finally won by the Matrics.

In March we watched a documentary on "Operation Barbarossa", followed by a controversial debate, "War is Beneficial", between the Standard 8's and Standard 9's. This was won by the Standard 9's who opposed the motion.

Among the highlights was a treasure hunt with a difference in which five colour-coded teams spent a busy afternoon unravelling such clues as "What is Herschel's connection with Royalty?" They were aided by plans of the original house and old photographs dating back to the founding of the school. The Matrics finally discovered the treasure in the History classroom.

The society also watched a film entitled "The Last Ten Days" which deals with Hitler's death and the end of World War II.

A team of specialists answering specific questions on Twentieth Century World Affairs is preparing for a clash of intellect in the fourth term.

ANOUK DRERUP

INTERACT REPORT

Interact has surely flourished since its start in 1987 purely as a result of having so many willing and devoted members. Interact has expanded from 30 to about 50 active members who have participated in a variety of activities.

At the end of last year we held a Christmas Party for the children of the groundstaff; they played games, received presents but were especially thrilled with the table of eats set before them.

We have remained in close contact with Leliebloem Orphanage, improving interaction with alternate weekly volleyball matches, organised by the orphanage liaison, Claire-Louise Sparks.

A few girls were lucky enough to have the opportunity of visiting Khayelitsha, a truly eye-opening experience. Before this visit, we held a "Peanut Butter Day" and the 40 bottles of Peanut Butter were donated to a creche in that area.

Captain Van Wyk was kind enough to speak to the girls at one meeting on his involvement with the Salvation Army.

In association with Rotary, members helped at the Good Hope 100, a large school triathlon, for which we received R100 for our help. In March, a few brave girls woke early in the morning to assist marshalls at the M-Net/Argus Cycle Tour. At the request of the Claremont Rotary Club, 30 girls worked in shifts at the annual Classic Car Show. We acted as waitresses and served cold drinks and eats. Again we were most thankful for the kind donation to our ever-growing Interact fund.

Some members helped sell Rubber Ducks for a charity campaign named "Ducks do it in the Docks", while others continued to help by street collecting for other charitable organisations.

Just before Easter, the Interact girls encouraged everyone to bring Easter Eggs to school and we managed to take about 150 Easter Eggs to Leliebloem Orphanage. With money from our funds, Interact sponsored six Leliebloem girls to accompany CU to the camp at Bainskloof; they enjoyed this thoroughly.

It was lovely to see so many Interactors at the annual Interact conference this year, held at Rondebosch Boys High School. The younger Interactors enjoyed a braai with S A C S and Bishops Interact members in the school hall.

A recent visit to the Haven Night Shelter with Mrs Allen proved to be a sad, but memorable, experience and we all left feeling very grateful for the things we seem to take for granted.

With the money made from a combined CU/Interact cake sale in August, Interact will be assisting a young student as she enters the "big world".

Kiri Mortensen, the present Australian Rotary Exchange Student, spoke to the club on her home town and we thank her for enthusiastic participation throughout the year.

The induction of Kirsty Leith, the new President and her committee, Kate O'Neill, Louise McCance-Price and Karine Gowdy, on Thursday 25 August, ran smoothly and was enjoyed by all.

Finally, I extend my thanks to Joy Parker, the Vice-President, Michelle Rohland, Secretary, and Mairi Hendry, the Treasurer, for their competent and supportive management of Interact. A special thanks goes to the driving force behind Interact, Mrs Allen, who has given endless support and extra time to the club. Thank you, Mr Clarke and Mr Lee, our Rotary Liaisons, for their advice and encouragement.

I am fully confident that with the help of the members themselves, the new committee will help Interact grow as a service organisation.

GABRIELLE RAAFF



1988 Interact

5th Row: L. Peter, H Barr, F Sass, M Keega, A Porter, C van Dugteren, L Forsyth, A Drenup

4th Row: R Kanji, R Deva, N Bath, J House, S Jacobs, A Magids, C Holmes, S Hardy, I Haldane, A Dunn, S de Keyser, S Bendzulla, J Peters

3rd Row: S Karol, N Grapentin, C Christie, R Ismail, J du Preez, N Barday, C Maconachie, H Sparks, S Gwynne-Evans, K Mortensen, R Omar, R Poole

2nd Row: J Wray-Young, L McCance-Price, K O'Neill, C Sparks, M Rohland (Secretary), Mr H Clarke, G Raaff (President), J Parker (Treasurer), M Hendry, K Leith, K Goudy

Front Row: K Parker, Y Amien, F Isaacs, S Baigrie, A Kempthorne, A Benjamin, LA Davids

Absent: Mrs P Allen

MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

1988 has been quite a busy year for the Herschel Mountain Club. Towards the end of 1987 the first student committee was elected, but despite this, Mrs Feast deserves much of the credit for keeping activities going. The first outing of the year was a night hike up Lion's Head, but due to the mist descending the "spectacular view of the city lights" proved less of a spectacle.

Another hike was a traverse of Table Mountain to Constantia Nek. In the April holidays we took a party of 24 on the Limietberg Trail which proved very successful. In the second term we held a few outings, one of which was in Silvermine exploring the caves. The third term was the busiest with regular training hikes for the Swellendam Trail in the September holidays. It is a pity that only the Trail-girls attended these as they all proved to be lovely walks. The Swellendam Trail hike was thoroughly enjoyed by all and we returned after six days singing our home-made anthems and looking forward to a meal not composed of dehydrated soya. We felt exhilarated by the fresh air, the splendid scenery and the companionship of friends.

The fourth term and 1989 promise to have just as many enjoyable activities. Please join us!

CLAIRE HOWSE

MUSIC REPORT

The Music Department has been kept busy this year with one event following the other. The year started on an international note with a recital by an Australian violinist and her daughters, the daughter and grand-daughters of our music history teacher, Mrs Warr. Standards 8-10 attended this performance and all girls were especially impressed by the charming playing of the youngest member of the group. In the second term, Dr Gherasim, a lecturer of music from the College of Music took us on a fact-filled journey through the history of music. He played the violin, accompanied by Miss Sweet, and brought his talk to life. He later spoke and played to the Preparatory School.

Our school orchestra, including both Junior and Senior school girls, has performed on numerous occasions throughout the year guided by our conductor, Mrs McLean. A combined concert at Wynberg Boys' Junior School proved to be great fun and all girls who participated benefited from this experience. The orchestra gained a merit in

the Eisteddfod performance and has since maintained a high standard of playing. The combination of Junior and Senior girls has helped to close the gap between the two schools.

A great deal of hard work went towards the Royal School's examinations held at the end of the third term and a satisfactory result was achieved. Congratulations to all who took part. Termly Evenings of Music have been held where items from talented pupils can be heard in the pleasant atmosphere of the Music Centre.

The climax to this year has been the opening of our new theatre. Girls were given an opportunity of performing in front of a large audience, including the mayor. Our orchestra performed, as well as the choir and singers from the Preparatory School. Viola Lengner sang a solo and Susan Snyders and Dr Gherasim played a Bach Concerto, both performances accompanied by Miss Sweet.

The year has been successful and productive under the guidance of Miss Sweet and I would like to thank her for the support and encouragement she has given all musicians during the year.

SUSAN SNYDERS



SCIENTIA SOCIETY

Our major undertaking this year was another Inter-schools Quiz in which twelve schools participated. It was held over three rounds, two preliminary and a final round in which Westerford, S A C S and Rustenburg participated. The standard in all rounds was pleasingly high, particularly in the finals where very difficult questions were answered with ease and aplomb! Rustenburg were the very worthy winners.

In our school sessions of Scientia we are excited to note that we have good and keen Standard 6 girls, which bodes well for the future. Next year, when there will be a longer period in which to hold meetings, we plan to extend our activities in scope and in frequency with Inter-form, Inter-house and "Creme de la creme" competitions, the latter to establish our school quiz experts.

We also held a staff quiz. Three teams, "Junior", "Middle" and "Senior" competed and the "Middle" group won no doubt because they wore blue stockings! The girls thoroughly enjoyed watching Miss Polly Math, Mrs Connie Seur, Miss Sascha Fundl and others being put through their paces.

The society has been ably and conscientiously run by Naseema Barday and Roshon Omar. I thank them and also Michelle Rohland who, as the prefect in charge of cultural activities, gave invaluable aid during our big quiz.

MRS A THOMPSON



SUMMER 88 IN FRANCE

This year there were eight of us, seven Herschel girls and one boy from SACS. We were delayed thirty-six hours in Johannesburg but that gave some of us time to get over the flu. At last we arrived in Paris. This city is so incredible that it is no wonder people call it "la plus belle ville du monde".

Our first evening was spent gliding down the Seine, happily gazing at the flood-lit medieval and Renaissance buildings and palaces, Notre Dame, the bridges and of course the Eiffel Tower.

We had our first experience of the Paris Metro. The trains stop for precisely ten seconds and in that time hundreds of people have to get out and in, so one can imagine what a hectic scurry it is. The Paris Metro system is complex but we had two skilled map-readers, Madame and Clinton Lang.

Our first stop outside Paris was Chartres, which has the most beautiful cathedral in the world. All its windows contain the most magnificent stained glass. Each small rectangle of glass makes up a picture which tells a story and the windows of Chartres can be read like a book, like the Bible in fact, but to study each window and to understand its full meaning would take a life-time.

On the same day everyone of us had butterflies in our stomachs. We were to meet our French families! Can you imagine getting, alone, into a car surrounded by unfamiliar faces, speaking a language you only half know? However, our families turned out to be absolutely marvellous. By the time we left, there were so many tears on both sides we could have irrigated the vineyards of the Cape.



Angers is one of the smaller cities of France. It consists of two universities, one of which is the Chateau which is like a fortress, and large, surrounding suburbs. Through the middle runs the River Maine, which divides Angers into the medieval and the modern sections, and is a tributary of the Loire.

Our school, "Le Centre d'anglais et de français" (we learnt to say this phrase perfectly and with pride) consists of about ten teachers receiving over four hundred French students per annum, coming to learn English. In summer foreigners come to learn French, and usually stay in the homes of some of the French people learning English.

Our day started at 9.00 am. We worked through to 12.30 with a small break. Then from 2.30 to 5.30 we went on outings. These included a flight over Angers in a 4-seater aeroplane, visiting chateaux, wine farms, and the Cointreau factory, studying the tapestries, looking at the Troglodyte villages, seeing mushrooms being cultivated and visits to Saumur riding stables, to St Malo and to Mont St Michel. We also had cooking lessons.

I must include a special word of appreciation for our teachers. They were absolutely wonderful and very special. There was never a lesson without someone breaking out into fits of laughter. We were also very grateful to Madame Goupille, the Directrice, who made everything possible. Our families also meant much to us. Whether they were young or old, they took us in with willing arms and by the time we left, we were just one of them. We could not thank them enough.

We were very lucky to be in Angers on Bastille Day. What an occasion! Over fifteen thousand people gathered on the bridges over the river. There was a most spectacular fireworks display and everyone became very emotional, including me.

We left for Paris again by train. The airline was on strike and we hoped to be delayed, but no luck. We visited Le Louvre and the art galleries. Notre Dame was very special to us. We lit candles, climbed the tower, and Emer had the honour of confessing to the priest and going to Mass the next morning. Our lunches were bought in the Latin Quarter, huge steak burgers which we ate sitting on the banks of the Seine. That is what memories are made of.

Suddenly we were on the outskirts of Paris, heading for the airport. We all fell silent. We were on our way home.

Our grateful thanks go to Madame Steytler.

SASCHA WILLIAMS



MATRICES

1988 has been a very full but memorable year for the Herschel Matrics. It's been a year of responsibility, of leadership, of challenge, and a year in which we've all grown. It has been the culmination of many long years of study which have led to our final matric exams. After this year we'll separate and go our individual ways, but hopefully, we'll be remembered as a group here at Herschel.

From our ranks have come the leaders of the various clubs and societies, and the prefects among us have done a wonderful job, though at times they've been less than pleasant (worksquad? detention? another lunchtime meeting?) We can only hope that the example we've set has been a good one. To our successors next year, and in all following years, we wish you luck.

On the lighter side, as a class, we've shared many happy times. The highlight of our year was naturally our Matric Dance on April 15. How did we end up with so many stunning girls in our class? The Standard 9's did a fantastic job decorating the hall as the New York Hilton.

ROTARY EXCHANGE

One of the hardest things I've ever had to do was to find a way to put into words a year that has been the highlight of my life. What can I say that will convey the impressions and experiences I've had and the great love I bear for my new country and her people? It's not easy.

Firstly, because I was on an education-based Rotary Exchange, I was enrolled at a school in Cape Town, and the South African school system being so different to that of my home state of Queensland, I knew I'd have to adapt fairly radically. I was lucky enough to be accepted at Herschel which seems to have survived my bumbling passage and tolerated all my mistakes. I dare say the students and staff deserve some kind of award for putting up with this weird, uncultured, uncivilized, ignorant clutz of an Aussie. My beloved Matrics, especially, have my eternal gratitude for steering me safely through my many adjustments and correcting my little errors — "No, Kiri, you don't push up the sleeves of your blazer, and you don't say 'Howzit, Miss' to a teacher!" If these girls are anything to go by, Herschel can be proud of the girls who leave her walls.

As my exchange programme was education, school has played a major part in my life here. Of course, I've enjoyed my trips around the country and my Rotary-associated projects, but it's my school involvement that has really given me a solid base of experience, and participating in the various societies has really been great. Interact has some very promising and worthwhile projects underway. The choir has real

Thank you all so much. I know that every single one of us will keep that night as a treasured memory of Herschel.

Beside that are the memories of the many birthday cakes in the Common Room, not to mention all the gossip and laughter that went on there, memories of our "Pirate" day for Inter-class hockey and of our evening at Mrs Duff's house for that wonderful Chinese meal. Most of all we remember the support we gave to each other through times of tension (ie EXAMS!) now and during all of our time together.

Essentially, we've been a very "together" group. Each of us is an individual with her own merits and failings, but put us together and we're an unbeatable team, one big, happy, loving, laughing family. Our school life is over now, and who knows when next our paths will cross or what will happen in the future. One thing we do know is that, whatever life may bring, we'll all be proud to say that we were the Herschel Matrics of 1988.

KIRI MORTENSEN

potential, with a solid core of very likeable girls, yes, even the Standard 7's. The school play was a definite learning experience for me as Stage Manager and one which I thoroughly enjoyed, as I did my participation in the S A C S play. Perhaps my "pet" activity at Herschel has been coaching the Junior School gymnasts, combining my love of the sport and of children in what was to me my most worthwhile endeavour. You can't imagine how much I'm going to miss all this.

But, putting all of this aside, a school is nothing without its students, and the Herschel girls are a pretty fantastic bunch. As a Matric, most of my friends have come from that group, but even in the other standards I've made some great friends. I truly believe that far above any other advantage of the Rotary Exchange Programme is the gift of friendship with people you would never otherwise have met. I don't have to name any of you, and I can only hope that someday when you go through this old yearbook and chance across this page, you will remember a little of the good times we shared. I know I'll never forget any of them.

It's been hard sorting out the right way to say all of this. I just have one more task to do, a more difficult and far more painful one. I don't want to go, but I swear I'll be back someday. You can keep me to that. Until then, it's farewell.

Totsiens, my vriende.

KIRI MORTENSEN: ROTARY EXCHANGE STUDENT

SPORTS

HOCKEY REPORT

This season has been characterised by tremendous spirit, enthusiasm and, above all, wonderful sportsmanship.

I am pleased to report that the hockey season this year was one of the most successful seasons we have enjoyed. Once again five senior teams, three U15 teams and one U14 team, were entered in the league. The first team, although only retaining two players from the 1987 first team, had some very pleasing results and the team gelled as the season progressed. Our second team is to be congratulated on a great season, as they won most of their fixtures and lost only three.

The U15's had a great deal of spirit and played fine hockey throughout the season. Our up-and-coming juniors did themselves proud this year and were ably coached by Mrs Bonellie. The U15 team players certainly show a great deal of potential as do the U14 team members.

Tania Fourie, Liza Black and Lisa Kode were invited to attend Western Province Trials at Pinelands. Special congratulations go to Liza Black who was selected to play for the Peninsula team in Potchefstroom during the July holidays. At the end of this hockey season, Tania Fourie and Liza Black were asked to play in an Invitation Hockey Squad in 1989.

Unfortunately, our Inter-schools Hockey Tournament was not completed because of the heavy rain. The first team and the U15 team were able to play three of their matches before the cancellation. The U15's had won one match and drawn two matches. The first team were on a winning streak and had won two and drawn one of their matches. Herschel, therefore, retains the Inter-schools Hockey Cup, which was won last year by the first team.

On the last Sunday of the third term a fun hockey morning was organised for hockey players, their parents, and the staff. The staff team proved to be a force to be reckoned with, but only managed to come third in the tournament involving seven teams.

No thanks to Mrs Botha could be great enough for all the time and effort she puts into organising fixtures and practices. My best wishes go to all hockey players for next season and may you continue to improve and enjoy your game.

LISA KODE



1st Hockey Team

Back Row: A Carry, K O'Neill, T Fourie
Middle Row: S Snyders, L Black, C Bridgman, G Raalf
Front Row: M Hendry, J Parker, K Matsel,
L Kode (Capt)



1988 U15A Hockey Team

Back Row: M Rose, B Boyes, C Chapman, L Marx, J Peters, H Sparks
Middle Row: B O'Neill, L McCance-Price, Mrs H Botha, D Christie, L Lombardi
Absent: T Bostock



1988 1st Netball Team

Back Row: B Louw, T Fourie, C Millar
Front Row: T Bridgman, L Lombardi, Mrs M Bonellie, F Sass (Capt), E Utley

NETBALL REPORT

The four netball teams, as well as the many energetic and enthusiastic general netball players, have been ably coached this year by Mrs Bonellie with the assistance of Mrs Lanning. Matches are played every Thursday and on the whole, Herschel has fared well.

In the main Inter-schools competition, Herschel won two out of their three matches and went to the Spur for a victory lunch afterwards.

Towards the end of the season the less serious netball matches were played. There were Inter-class matches followed by Inter-house which was won by Merriman.

At the end of the third term, the SACS netball teams played Herschel. Despite the fact that they had never heard of netball let alone the rules, they did manage to beat the 1st and 2nd teams as well as the prefects. The games were highly amusing as the boys often (accidentally on purpose) forgot the rules and flew across the court for a quick rugby tackle which only highlighted the fact that they had donned dainty skirts for the occasion.

Not many of our matches were quite as colourful as this one but they were all enjoyable and fairly successful. 1988 has, in fact, proved to be a very entertaining and enjoyable year for both netball players and spectators and I hope that this participation will increase in the future.

FIONA SASS



1988 Squash Team

Back Row: B Vincent, C McGahey
Front Row: K McAdam, J Parker (Capt), D West, T Bridgman

SQUASH REPORT

This year, Herschel entered one team in the league. Matches were played on Friday afternoons. After the first three rounds of matches, we were lying third in our league. After the next round, we were lying fourth.

We also took part in the Xerotech Knockout Tournament. The team played very well, eventually being defeated by a very strong Wynberg team in the finals.

The last fixture of the season was the Inter-schools Tournament held on Saturday 13 September at the Constantia Sports Centre. Three teams took part. The second and third team were unfortunately defeated, but played in the "plate" tournament. Our first team played admirably, again unfortunately beaten by Wynberg in the semi-finals.

All in all, the season has been a good one. The girls have played hard, and have never been discouraged by defeats. They have been cheerful and co-operative, and I wish them all the best for the seasons to come.

JOY PARKER



1988 Open Inter-Schools Tennis

Back Row: G Raaff, N Meinert, D Peirce, C Millar

Front Row: L Lombardi, M Hendry (Capt), Mrs M Bonellie, C Wege, T Bridgman



TENNIS REPORT

We have had a most enjoyable and successful tennis season. Many of the Saturday morning matches were supported by enthusiastic girls who encouraged the players. Their support was greatly appreciated.

All the teams fared well in their league and even though several matches were lost, we always gained a great deal of experience. This year, the Inter-schools Tennis Tournament was held at Rustenburg and the two teams that entered did well. These inter-schools teams were lucky enough to be coached by Mike Barwell, thanks to Mrs Bonellie's organisation. Herschel came third in the event.

The opening of Herschel's new tennis courts was a memorable one. After Mrs Duff had cut the ribbon, the first team had the privilege of playing on the courts while the school clapped and cheered.

Inter-house Tennis was also an exciting event and this year the trophy was awarded to Rolt. Jagger came a close second followed by Merriman.

On Sunday 27 March, a parent/child tennis morning was held at school, organised by Mrs Bonellie. This day was enjoyable for both participants and spectators who also enjoyed a luncheon afterwards. Special thanks go to Mrs Taylor for her organisation of the refreshments and to Mr Greenwood for his unfailing support.

Congratulations to Theresa Bridgman, Corleze Wege, Lucinda Lombardi, Mairi Hendry, Gabby Raaff, Nicola Meinert, Carol Millar and Debbie Pierce who were all awarded tennis badges at the end of the first term.

Finally, I wish to thank Mrs Bonellie on behalf of all tennis players, both general and team, for her support, encouragement and superb organisation in all the events during the past year.

MAIRI HENDRY

1988 Standard 6 Inter-Schools Tennis

Back Row: D Millar, A Porter, C Noakes

Front Row: A Benjamin, G Malherbe,

Mrs M Bonellie, B Vincent, C Ferry

Absent: E Thlapane



1988 Inter-Province Reps

Debbie West (U16 Squash), Barbara Vincent (Southern Cape U14 Squash), Lisa Black (Hockey), Kirsten Tharing (Swimming)

Absent: Amber Ramsden (Equitation)



1988 Inter-Schools Swimming Team

Back Row: T Fourie, N Daniel, B Vincent, E O'Hanlon, A Penberthy

Middle Row: V Coughill, L Black, T Bridgman, K O'Neill, L Bird, B O'Neill, C Lander, K Tharing

Front Row: K Jensen, T Mills, C Bridgman (Vice Capt), Mrs H Botha, F Sass (Captain), L Kode, S Mayer

SWIMMING REPORT

The swimming team of 1988 was one of the fastest and most spirited teams that has been seen in Herschel for many years.

It has often been said that the swimming team is like a big family and this year was no exception. There was always tremendous spirit among the girls which spurred us on to achieve very highly in all the Friday galas and in Inter-schools.

In previous years, the main Inter-schools gala was the only event that counted as far as points and position went but this year Mrs Botha introduced a swimming league during the term so that more emphasis was placed on the whole season's achievement.

The Herschel team practised energetically and diligently during the season and excelled in many events as a result. We achieved third place in both the league and Inter-schools which is a considerable feat considering the size of our school.

I congratulate all members of the team and thank them for all their fun, laughter and hard work. We all would like to thank Mrs Botha for making 1988 a wonderful season.

FIONA SASS

Standard 10

GROWING UP MEANS DISCOVERING THAT UNLESS YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARILY LUCKY YOUR UNIVERSE DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE GOOD MORAL SENSE

Take, for example, the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit murder." You are seven years old and you switch on the television. When the smoke from the explosion has cleared, you see "the A Team" standing triumphant over the enemy, who is lying dead under the rubble.

At Sunday school, the young child is taught what is "morally right" and what is "morally wrong". He learns that murder is a sin. Then he comes home and switches on the television, only to see "Mr T" of "the A Team", his hero, committing murder. "Oh well," the child justifies, "he was killing a 'baddy' so that's all right." But it is not all right to kill anyone, not even a baddy, and thus, as a result of a morally confusing world, a child's own morals are corrupted. The child reasons "If Mr T is so great, and he kills people, killing can't be so wrong."

Of course I am not saying that the child in question will immediately trot off and murder Billy, from next door. He may, however, begin to question the morals taught him, which he does not see in practice in the world around him. For him, the world does not make good moral sense.

Then one must consider the double standards set by parents which, for a child, cannot and do not make good moral sense. A child cannot but be confused when receiving a sharp slap on the rear and the scolding, "Don't hit Jimmy; it's wrong to hit people."

When one considers this type of logic, often used by parents, one can see that, for a child (who, to add insult to injury, has just had his lollipop stolen by Jimmy), this is most confusing. Parents should not be so hypocritical. If they do not wish their children to use violence, they themselves should abide by the same rules.

Although it begins at an early age, growing up continues for many years. In fact, many believe that you never stop learning, and growing up.

At school, we are taught that honesty is the best policy, so we try honesty and wind up in detention. Morally, this is wrong. School children are indirectly encouraged to compose far-fetched fabrications as to why their work has not been done. How often are teachers faced with a detailed account of how "the new puppy chewed up my composition"? More times than one would wish to count. How often do teachers believe these stories? Fewer times than we would wish to count!

Detention is the teachers' only defence against being insulted with such ridiculous stories. The punishment is often as much for the lie, as for the work not being done.

If pupils were encouraged to tell the truth, teachers could be sure that the pupil's excuse was legitimate, and a compromise could be sought, and perhaps the girl would even bring the puppy to show the class next week!

Just from these few examples, one can see that growing up can be an extremely confusing time. This is because children are told what is right and what is wrong, but they do not see theory being put into practice in the world around them.

The universe, to a child, does not always make good moral sense. This often causes much pain and heartache for a child whose ideas and morals are just forming. How can children be expected to grow up morally upright, if their heroes, like "Mr T" are not setting a good example, not to mention the double standards set by parents.

TESSA MILLS

THE SUPERMARKET — A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY OR AN OPEN MARKET WHERE YOU CAN CHOOSE REAL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY?

It's Sunday afternoon, a day of peaceful rest and Sunday braais. Your friends are due in an hour but your fridge is empty. Dad wants his paper and a stick of kudu biltong and Joe needs a note book for school. Your camera film is finished and your pool is turning a sickly shade of green. Panic? Cancel? Don't be silly, we live in a modern world with modern amenities. The solution to all of your problems — the supermarket.

Supermarkets are huge, sprawling one-storey buildings, housing every imaginable commodity money can buy. Armed with your shopping list you march through the doors. The yellow and white colours are inviting. They beckon you towards the latest special offer — cat food wasn't on your list but the advertised price is so reasonable and the cute little kitty reminds you so much of Mondsi at home that you just can't resist.

The general movement of the crowd seems to be towards the far left wall so you follow, wondering what the attraction is. It seems as though there is a promotion on braai packs. You know how expensive meat is, and fish is so much healthier, but everything is already marinated and time is getting short, so you put a couple in your trolley and head off for the vegetables.

Determined not to be distracted again, you grab a bottle of All Gold tomato sauce from the middle shelf as it is the first one you see. In your hurry you do not notice the cheaper (yellow brand) bottle which is tucked away snugly in the bottom right-hand corner.

The vegetable and fruit displays look like a country market. There are large, colourful posters of apples and sun-ripened oranges on the wall so you weigh out a few while you chose your vegetables.

With a great deal of practised agility you direct your trolley up and down the neat well-stocked aisles. The products are wrapped in bright wrappers and large notices attract you towards the latest and newest products. One poster advertising a new 'miracle' shampoo particularly catches your eye. The model's hair is thick and luxuriant and you feel that you deserve a little extra attention after your hard week so the 'miracle' shampoo joins the special offer toothpaste and new 'quick slim' diet formula in your already overladen trolley.

You mentally check-off the items you came in for and ten seconds later you are off again. As you turn down the final aisle, the mouth-watering smell of freshly baked bread drifts over the bakery counter. As the assistant passes you your piping hot purchases, you resolve to aim straight for the till.

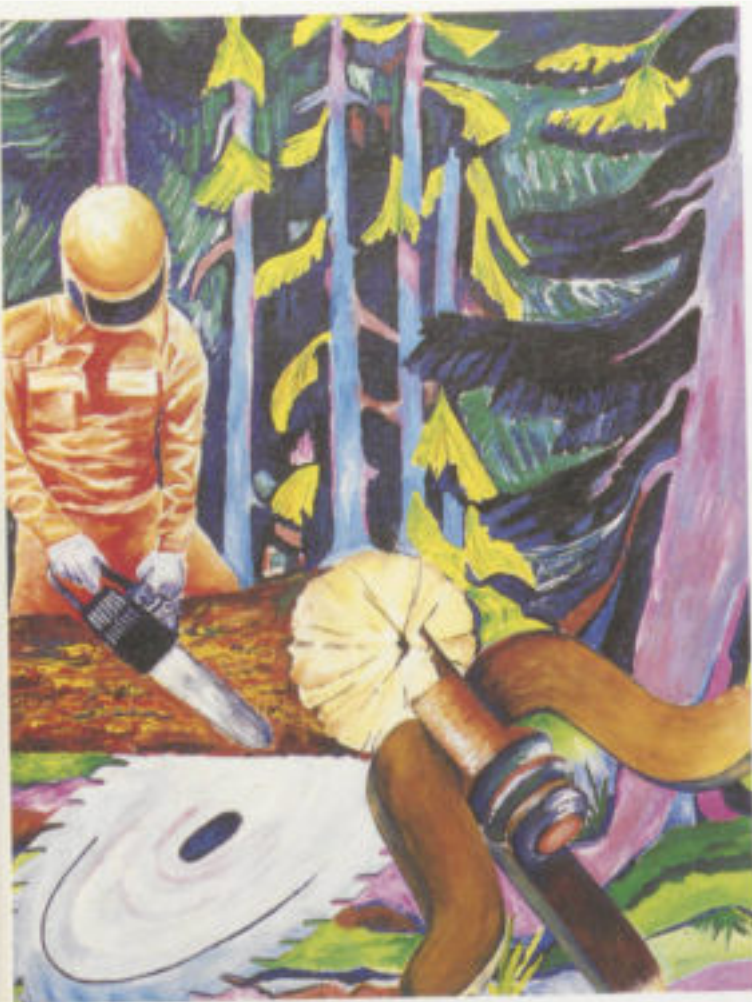
A few feet from the line of yellow and white check-out tables is a huge barrel of 3-pack Gilly bars. Your resolution forgotten for an instant, you reach for them and pop them into your trolley with the smug satisfaction of having sorted out the children's lunches for the week.

As you wait in the line, you tap your foot to the latest pop song and watch the other customers bustling around the shop. Many of them, like you, are laden with 'goodies' while others are trying to pry their toddlers away from soft-toys and cuddly bears which are beckoning to them from the bottom shelf. With your eyes fixed on the Tempo bar in front of you, you flip through a magazine and before you know it, you're packing the groceries into your car. You hadn't meant to buy quite so much — in fact, the monthly shop is only on Wednesday, and of course you didn't bring your proper list, so you will probably have to come back for your household necessities. With the knowledge that your husband is going to complain very loudly about your expenditure this month, you resolve to avoid temptations in the future and drive off, munching the Tempo bar that finally won the will-power battle.

FIONA SASS AND MARIE-LOU GILLESPIE



Susan Hardy — Standard 10 Self-portrait



Jacqueline Aling — Standard 10 *Metamorphosis*



Inken Haldane — Standard 10 *Metamorphosis*



Janet Wray — Standard 10 *Still-Life in Cubist Style*



Amanda Gersh — Standard 9 *Composition from Still-Life*

THE NUCLEAR THREAT

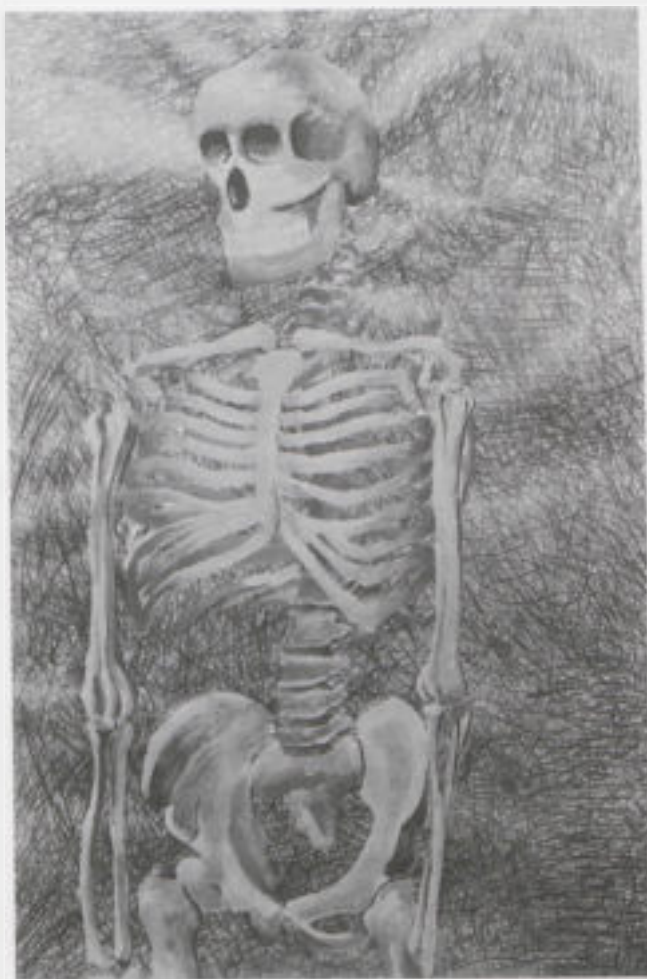
Nuclear power made its first public appearance in Hiroshima, in the form of the Atom Bomb, on August 6, 1945. There are not many who were alive at that time who will forget the terrifying experience. In fact, few living in and around the area lived to remember it. Those who were killed instantly were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



Janet Wray 10



Jacqueline Ailing 10

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 temperature 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.

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

JE NE QUITTERAI JAMAIS L'AFRIQUE DU SUD. J'AI UN RÔLE À JOUER ICI.

J'ouvre mes yeux. Je regarde par la fenêtre à côté de mon lit. Je vois des arbres, des fleurs, et des oiseaux qui chantent et qui volent dans le ciel bleu comme un saphire. Le soleil est sur le point de venir de l'autre côté de la montagne, pour illuminer le jour. Encore une journée a commencé en Afrique du Sud.

Mon père est fermier, donc j'ai la bonne chance d'habiter une ferme en Constantia, au Cap. J'adore le Cap et notre ferme. Comme mon père, j'ai des sentiments profonds au sujet de la terre, que j'aime beaucoup. La terre est pour nous, pour utiliser, mais aussi pour garder bien, pour nos enfants, et leurs enfants.

Mon père ne pense jamais au sujet de quitter le pays. J'étais élevée avec l'idée que nous ne partirions jamais, même s'il y a une guerre. Mais je suis d'accord. Ce pays m'a donné une enfance splendide, une éducation qui m'a bien préparée pour la vie, et des vacances que je n'oublierai jamais. Après tout cela, comment puis-je même penser au sujet de partir ?

Moi, je ne comprends pas les gens qui envoient leurs enfants à l'étranger pour étudier, parce qu'ils pensent que là, il y a une éducation supérieure, et un avenir sûr. Ce pays leur a donné leur enfance splendide, ne devraient-ils pas essayer de faire quelque chose pour ce pays ? C'est la même chose avec les gens qui finissent leur éducation et leurs études à l'université en Afrique du Sud, et puis, ils partent pour l'Europe ou pour l'Amérique, où ils utilisent les choses qu'ils y ont apprises.

Je pense que les problèmes en Afrique du Sud sont les problèmes des gens qui y habitent, et pas seulement les problèmes du gouvernement. C'est à dire, les problèmes sont aussi les miens, donc j'y resterai pour trouver les solutions.

J'ai un rôle à jouer ici. A ce moment, je ne le sais pas exactement, mais je sais que je pense qu'il est très important de préserver la nature, et d'aider les gens qui n'ont pas assez d'argent ou de nourriture. Aussi je ne suis pas d'accord avec les idées de notre gouvernement. Peut-être, je peux faire quelque chose dans l'avenir pour les changer.

Non — je ne vais jamais quitter ce pays: un pays splendide où brille toujours le soleil, un pays avec des animaux uniques, un pays avec de grandes problèmes, mais aussi avec beaucoup de gens très intelligents, gentils, et préparés pour un changement dans l'avenir. Je resterai avec eux, dans ce beau coin d'Afrique, pour le reste de ma vie.

JOY PARKER



Susan Hardy 10



Samantha Bendzulla 10

YELLOW SAND, YELLOW SUN, YESTERDAY

The early morning air is hot and dry, not like the crisp, cool air that makes you gasp when you take big gulps of it after a long run on the beach; this air is dead. A strange odour rises from the ground and the sea too is different, silent. Yesterday the sand was yellow, almost golden on the beach and the sun, like a ball of fire, carefully browned its human worshippers, but today is different; today is grey.

All knew about the rising political tension but scoffed at the suggestion of war. "Ignore it," they said, and we did. Who would ever have thought that Britain and the United States would ever fight on opposite fronts. The months went by; the tension grew and we all lived in happy ignorance, until yesterday. They gave no warning and no attempt was made to save us or protect us; they simply condemned the world.

Now the sand is bathed in shades of grey and hot winds blow the dirt in swirling currents around my aching feet. The yellow sand is powder grey beneath my feet and I try to remember a poem about Christopher Robin who had sand between his toes, but I can't recall the words in the greyness of my mind. Sometimes a bubble breaks the surface of the cooling sea, and the steam rises from the water like a shroud, between the carpets of floating fish.

I see the unsuspecting faces change from being numb with shock to being terror-stricken, the terror of losing life or perhaps the terror of surviving. The radiation burns and ages, kills and maims and leaves a few in the ruins of a civilization, that we created and destroyed, to struggle to survive.

We will survive, for all our fear and pain; for all the death we must survive. Perhaps our purpose is to rebuild, to create a world better than the first, perhaps we have a mission and a dream to fulfil. In this grey land we will build a city and raise a nation with equality, democracy and hope as our foundations for a new civilization.

A cool wind is rising and it brings relief from the dryness of the air and it brings us hope. The yellow sand and the yellow sun were yesterday's world but ours will be better; it will be a world of peace.

VIOLA LENGNER

TRIUMPH

There was once, not so very long ago, in the land of my forefathers, a prince by the name of Kumar. He was his father's only son and child, and heir to the title of Raja of Dandeli. From an early age, Kumar held a great affection for Sanghita, daughter of the Raja of Ratnagiri, a neighbouring state to his own. This is a story of the triumph of love and virtue.

As the years passed and the time came for the prince to choose a wife, he naturally put forward the name of Princess Sanghita to his father. The Raja of Dandeli thought: would it not profit his state to be on good terms with her neighbour? Could a plan not even be made to unite the two states? Besides, the princess was said to have blossomed into quite a jewel, and who would not like to have a jewel as a daughter-in-law? So, the Raja consented and sent his son to Dhamendev, the capital of Ratnagiri.

The prince arrived at Dhamendev with elephants laden with the richest gifts of cloth and incense, dazzling jewels and many other precious articles, to ask for the hand of the beautiful princess.

Now, Sanghita, although in life even more fair than she was claimed to be by word of mouth, was not flawless. Having been indulged all her life, she was used to having her way, often without realising the pains and troubles others took to fulfil her every whim and pleasure.

On receiving the royal party, the princess said to her suitor, "I thank you, indeed, for your gifts, sir. I am most honoured that you have considered me to be your wife, and I accept your proposal, with one condition: I must first have a baby tiger, which may amuse me by its playful tricks."

So, Prince Kumar went hunting in the great jungles of Hindustani for a tiger cub. "To catch such an animal cannot be too difficult," he thought, "and such a request is but a small one." With him he took a small band of skilled men who would help to track and capture the young beast.

The overgrown forest breathed heavily with life, and the sounds of a hundred different creatures filled the tropical air. It was not too long before two distinctive sets of tracks, those of a tigress and her cub, were spotted, and presently they saw the pair of magnificent beasts. They had furs of bright, shining yellow, beautifully banded with black stripes. The cub rolled playfully on its back in the tall grass, while the mother sat with her head majestically propped, watching her young one frolicking.

The prince raised his rifle and took aim at the tigress. Every man was in his position, motionless, waiting for the shot. She would be killed, and her cub, still young and unable to fend for itself, would easily be captured by the men surrounding the lair in readiness.

All at once, there was a report and, for a moment, the forest seemed to hold its great breath; then a growl followed. Within seconds, there was an immense confusion as every living creature in the jungle seemed to shy from the sound. There was no dead tiger, and no cub. The prince had missed, deliberately.

"I am sorry, but I am unable to give you the cub," said Kumar to Princess Sanghita.

On hearing of the prince's return from the jungle, Sanghita had been prepared to welcome him with her sweetest smile, but, at these words, her smile melted away and she flew into a sudden rage. "Why have you not brought what I asked for?" she shrieked at him. "Now I will not marry you!"

At this, Kumar, too, gave way to his anger and irritation. "You are a vain, spoilt child. Have you no consideration for anyone but yourself? You are concerned only with having your own fancies fulfilled!" and he stormed out of the palace at once.

For two years, Kumar had to resist the strong temptation to return to Dhamendev to ask Sanghita once again for her hand in marriage, for,

though he had left Ratnagiri in a great fury and much annoyed, he still loved her. He would not give in to his emotions, however, and decided that she would have to apologise first and make amends for her selfish behaviour.

One day, while the prince was returning through Dandeli back from a mission for his father, he met a passing traveller. They shared part of their journey together, and the man told him of a certain princess he had heard of: she had sold her riches to help the poor, and had even gone out into the villages to help in any manner she could. "If only there were more people like her, who care for their land," he sighed.

Having heard this and reflected on it, the prince put aside his pride and made for Dhamendev. Sanghita had changed. She had become a serene young woman of demure appearance. Even her dress was simpler, and her beauty seemed to shine through all the more strongly.

This time, Kumar's proposal was accepted without conditions. The couple were soon married, and great festivities were held in their honour.

Sanghita had recognised her own selfishness and recognised the worth of a man such as Kumar. He, in turn, had cast off his pride and returned to her. Together, they learnt of the triumph of love, and lived happily a great many years.

NASEEMA BARDAY

DIT IS DIE JEUG VAN 1988

Elke dag kan ons in die koerante van 1988 van tragedie, geweld of ongelukke lees, veral dié van ons jeug. Daar is sestienjarige moorde-naars, swanger veertienjariges, kindertjies van sewe wat weekliks selfmoord pleeg, en die dwelmmisbruikers in die wêreld is grootliks jongmense. Kan 'n mens daarvan aflei dat die jeug van 1988 onopgevoed, gewelddadig en immoreel is? Is daar hoop vir ons wêreld as ons jeug so sleg is?

Volwassennes is baie vinnig om te blameer sonder om na die redes te soek vir die waarskynlike agteruitgang van die jeug van 1988. Hulle dink nie dat die optrede van die jeug dalk as gevolg van slegte voorbeelde is nie! Die kinders van 1988 lewe ook in 'n wêreld waar die pas van die alledaagse lewe verskriklik vinnig is. Daar is bitter min tyd vir gesonde gesinslewers veral omdat al twee ouers gewoonlik werk. Verder is die druk waaronder baie kinders moet verkeer, ontsettend hoog. Baie word van hulle in sport, akademiese en naskoolse bedrywighede verwag en baiekeer het hulle nie die ondersteuning van gelukkige ouers nie, want baie van hierdie ouers is geskei. Die onpersoonlike skole met duisende kinders help ook nie die saak juis baie nie. Dit is geen wonder nie dat daar sewejariges is wat selfmoord pleeg!

Alhoewel die jeug van 1988 partykeer nie baie maklik hulle probleme kan oplos nie, vaar baie van die jongmense ongelooflik goed. Hoekom word daar nie meer koerantberigte van die jongmense wat die mas wel goed opkom geskryf nie? Die groot getalle mense wat aansoek doen by universiteite dui daarop dat die jeug van 1988 goed opgevoed en entoesiasies is. Hulle is onafhanklik en vriendelik en die belangrikste is dat hulle vol idees is. Hulle het opwettende oplossings vir die probleme waarmee hul ouers jare lank gesukkel het en hulle is bereid om hulle oplossings geesdriftig in werking te probeer stel. Ja, die jeug van 1988 is nie so sleg nie. Baie het hoop vir ons land se rasseprobleme en met hulle as die leiers van 2000 sal daar dalk 'n oplossing gevind word.

As ons die jeug van 1988 wil laat voer en verbeter, moet ons hulle aanmoedig. Ons moet nie altyd aan hulle slegte eienskappe dink nie en ons moenie altyd daaroor skryf nie. Hulle moet weet dat hulle waardeur word en dat daar mense wat hulle liefhet, is. Ons sal dalk daardie kinderselfmoordsyfers kan verminder en die prestasies en geluk van hierdie selfde kinders verhoog.

LARISSA PETER

UNCLE BRICKWALL

He walked for several kilometres and then branched off into a gravel road and continued for another kilometre. When he reached a clump of thorn-trees he sat down on a rock in their shade. From where he sat he could see the thunder clouds gathering, and soon the sun was blotted out and the wind began to blow. Herbert Brickwall knew there was a storm brewing and started off briskly towards home. His customary walk had taken him further than he usually went, however, and he was caught in the deluge. It was then that he made the mistake that would cost him his life. He sheltered under an oak tree.

A few days later I received a telegram from my aunt Lorraine asking me to come as soon as possible. I immediately packed my bags and took the first train to Hickville. My aunt was in a terrible state. Uncle Brickwall, it appeared, had been struck by lightning. He had been told countless times not to stand under a tree in a thunder storm, but, being the stubborn man that he was, he refused to believe that there was any danger. He had recovered from the nasty shock, but he seemed to have some sort of electricity about him. I could feel it when I shook his hand, a tingling sensation, not unlike pins and needles.

"Since the accident strange things have been happening in Hickville," my aunt told me in confidence. "You know your Uncle Brickwall is an exceptionally stubborn man, who refuses to believe something exists if he doesn't want to? Remember when he hit his head last year and thought he was Fernando Fetuccini, the Italian movie-star for a whole week? Well, every time he denies something's existence it, well, it ceases to exist, just vanishes — poof! You know how he doesn't believe the Hotsworths have a new car because he is so jealous of it? Well yesterday we were walking in town and they drove past and I remarked, 'What a nice car' and he said, 'What car? I see no car, there is no car on the road!'" And you know what? The car vanished, before my very eyes! The Hotsworths were very surprised as you can imagine; they were left sitting on the ground."

"This morning before breakfast I told him that he must go to the bank to pay his taxes. He told me there was no such thing as a bank, never had been. When the postman came over he told me the bank had disappeared, just some bricks left. What are we going to do if he gets it into his head to deny the existence of Australia? You know he believes it isn't there!"

"Or those animals he doesn't believe in either, or the Russians, with their funny names," I added.

At that moment Uncle Brickwall joined us in the lounge. He picked up the newspaper and said, "What's all this nonsense about a President Reagan. There's no such pers. . ."

"Uncle, quickly, a spider!" I shouted to distract him, noticing a spider at his left elbow.

"There's no spider. Spiders aren't allowed in my house!" he said, looking straight at it. And, lo and behold, the spider vanished. Uncle Brickwall then got up and went towards the door mumbling something about the faulty eyesight of young people. As he was going out he tripped and fell and hit his head on the door frame. "Are you alright, Herbert?" cried my aunt, hurrying towards him.

"Herbert, who's Herbert?" he said gruffly in an Italian accent. "I'm Fernando Fetuccini, the movie-star. I must go and rest now, I must be on the set early tomorrow."

Aunt Lorraine pleaded with him and told him he was Herbert Brickwall, not a movie-star. But he insisted and so he went off to bed to get some rest before his big day tomorrow. We heard him sit on the bed upstairs and take off a shoe, muttering about a Herbert Brickwall who didn't even exist. Then there was silence. Fearing the worst, we

rushed upstairs and found the room empty. There was one shoe on the floor and a depression in the bed that was starting to fill out. Herbert Brickwall had committed his last act of stubbornness; he had denied his own existence.

KIRSTEN JENSEN

THE RED SHOES

He walked for several kilometres and then branched off into a gravel road and continued for another kilometre. When he reached a clump of thorn-trees he sat on a rock in their shade. From where he sat he could see the thin line of the Palala River several hundreds of metres below as it wandered through the valley, disappearing from view behind cliffs and later returning, ambling ahead.

The boy sat for a long time before realizing his teacher had started the lessons. The small class perching here and there, finding places out of the sun's harsh rays, were preparing for the morning's tables recital.

"One twos are two; two twos are four; three twos are six. . .". The boy did not bother to get his grubby exercise book out of his yellow Checkers packet but left it resting on his lap as his eyes wandered to the river below.

The river navigated itself round the rocks and in some places it flowed smoothly over them, only to plunge into a turmoil of bubbling water on the other side. Everybody knew that these places were the best places to swim. Someone had once called such a place a 'Jacuzzi' but the boy had never known what it felt like to feel 'Jacuzzi' so he had never repeated this or claimed at any stage to have that feeling.

"Five fives are twenty-five; six fives are thirty. . ."

The boy wondered if the river really did reach Potgietersrus as his mother had said. He had never been there but he knew it was where his mother had got the yellow packets with C-H-E-C-K-E-R-S written across them in big black letters. His mother had said that the river changed in Potgietersrus. It was no longer a jovial, dancing river that teased the rocks. It was sad and repressed, with old packets and cigarette butts in it. Instead of dancing it merely pushed its way through the town in hope of a quick escape at the far end.

The boy's eyes moved up the opposite cliff of the river and level with him he could see the vast land of different shades of brown and greens stretching in front of him. The land was filled with the maleness of the thorn trees and the higher bumps of the great tambo trees. Every now and again he could see a stretch of golden grass where white farmers had tried to restrain the veld so that they could run cattle.

"Nine nines are eighty-one; ten nines are ninety. . ."

As the boy subconsciously shifted further back on his rock to escape the sun's eager fingers which now poked further under the thorn bush, his eyes wandered from the river.

As he moved, his red shoes caught his eyes as the dust rose and swirled around them, disturbed by the movement and then fell once again. As he watched the irritated dust he thought proudly of his bright shoes that he had been given for his birthday. They stood out, giving his dull dusty clothing a certain elegance none of his fellow class-mates had.

"Twelve twelves are one hundred and forty-four. . ."

CLAIRE-LOUISE SPARKS

SCHIZOPHRENIA RULES O K

Hold me
Touch me
Love me
Take me

Fool me
Use me
Play me
Break me

My hands are small
My heart is cold
My face is young
My eyes are old

Part-time woman
Part-time girl
Schizophrenic
Plays with world

Ever-turning circles
In ever-spinning rhymes
Whirl through the empty cavities
Of chilly giddy minds

JANET HOWSE



Inken Haldane 10

SOCIAL AWARENESS OF CONDITIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Viva! Viva!
And two are put in detention.
One a boy — fourteen
We hear he is twenty.
The other a man — eighty
We know he is dead.
They were not the only two imprisoned by
Black walls, black trucks, white soldiers.
The other fifty held will never be mentioned.
A shout for freedom, for equality, for life.
They will live in fear of yet another law
Being passed.
They will be equal only in their minds
They will never be free.
They will always call us "madam",
We will always call them "underdog".
They will never be a part of our beaches,
Buses, buildings.
Never.
But we will never stop hoping.
They will never stop fighting.
They are united
AMANDLA!

SUZIE JOUBERT

Standard 9

REFLECTIONS

The sleepy Sunday afternoon shimmered,
Turned liquid in the golden heat of summer.
Lawnmowers whined contentedly, flattening
green
Cool, mint waves slapped the faces of
delighted, pink toddlers.
Smoke curled lazily, rose up in grey clouds of
Sunday braai.
Paused, listening to the tinkle of glasses,
Watched the slick oil-brown bodies lowered
into cool water,
And mooed on.

Somewhere in America, families relax
around a warm fire
Watching a fuzzy world of sizzling white
And slushy snow, thick, like whipped cream.
Some families twist, whirl and fly in a soft
Swish of powder, bright red hats, a
Cheerful banner on ice-creamed slopes.

Somewhere here in South Africa,
The afternoon is not tinted golden
And soothed with cool, blue waves.
"On the rocks, please, darling."
Somewhere in South Africa
Pitiful brown eyes and little peppered heads

Move around in the heat and stench of many
bodies
Harsh white light reflects off the roofs of
shacks,
Thirsty cries
Cracked, dry skin
Sweating, sweating — a mass of brown
bodies,
Brown, like the land in drought . . .
No hazy, lazy golden afternoons for them.

And somewhere in America, too,
Crisp snow is crunched underfoot,
People carry Christmas presents wrapped in
festive reds, greens,
Full of the spirit of sharing.
Music floods the shops,
Winking fairy lights dance on the snow,
People stuff expensive, leathered hands into
woollen pockets.
And red Indians, long, flowing black hair,
Pitifully poor, beseeching eyes,
Hold out chapped hands
Begging for food, money,
Out in the "Cold isn't it George?"
Nearly froze doing my Christmas shopping!"
Red Indians were starved on
"Reservations for two, Sir?"

Exclusive Country Club.

In America, too, and England,
Poverty among certain races prevails,
Many races aren't "accepted" in the elite,
Only in the constitution.

Clever.

And somewhere in a heated room
Among expensive, tailored suits
And gold cuff-links,
An American twangs the injustice of South
Africa

To a sea of nodding, sanctimonious,
self-satisfied Americans,
Proud to be America, land of the free!
Land of racial harmony!
And shocked at South Africa.

While self-righteous, genuine leather,
Pin-striped politicians of America
Lay down sanctions
With smirks of approval and
"That'll teach 'em".
People in an elite neighbourhood of New
York

Petition to get rid of a Black family.

AMANDA GERSH

WHEN THE UNJUST HAD THE JUST'S UMBRELLA

Mr Justin Smith strode down the centre of the cobblestone street. With every stride he took, the silk lapels of his jacket rustled smoothly, the long, elegant and very fashionable tails of his coat flew pompously out behind him, like flags on a president's car, and he swung his walking cane with every ounce of flourish a city gentleman may be allowed. Mr Smith was exceedingly pleased with himself as could be seen in his small, vain, patronising eyes, even though a large monocle with a thin elegant golden rim partially enlarged one eye. This difference in size of his eyes gave his face a strange lopsided appearance which quite terrified the younger ladies and caused the children to laugh behind his back. As was said before, Mr Smith was enormously self-satisfied as today was the day that he was to procure for himself an extremely suitable young wife. Everything was arranged. He would take Miss Marianne Butterworth and another suitable couple to tea by the lake and once the other two had left for a walk, he would propose to her. He was confident that her answer would be affirmative as he was sure no woman could resist him but there were two doubts in his mind. These doubts were whether it would rain or not — the weather being typically unpredictable — and as he had his new silk and wool combination suit on he was anxious that it would not get wet. For this reason he had his new umbrella tucked patronisingly under his left arm. The only other worry he had was how to manage to get the other couple, a Mr Justin Smythe and the sister of his love, Miss Mary, to take a stroll beside the lake after tea. However, neither of these anxieties could undo his feeling of well-being as he strode towards Number Fifteen, Primrose Path.

In the cosy drawing room of Number Fifteen, Primrose Path, Mr Justin Smythe was worried. Heedless of the doubtless comforts of the chairs drawn up near a warming fire, he strode to and fro across the carpet between the window seat and the door. Mr Smythe was in love and he should have been happy but unfortunately for him he was sure that his chosen one belonged already to another. To add more salt to this open wound he was not as well provided for as the other gentleman nor as complete in appearance. Mr Smythe was dressed today in his very best and he was only too conscious of the lack of style in his suit and coat, the somewhat threadbare appearance of his tie and the undoubtedly almost scruffy appearance of his shoes. Not only was he upset by his appearance, but he was trying very hard to make an extremely difficult decision. This could be plainly read in the wrinkle at the brow of his handsome face and the honest blue of his eyes. Mr



Amanda Gersh 9

Smythe was deeply in love with Miss Marianne Butterworth, the eldest daughter of the house he was at present in, but he knew that she had been courted by Mr Smith, a man of some consequence. She had not been totally impartial to Mr Smith's advances and he guessed that she loved him. Mr Smythe himself had been courting Miss Butterworth for almost a year and she had never given him any encouragement excepting that of loyal friendship and an open regard for him. He had even purchased an engagement ring for her which he carried with him at all times but he was unsure whether it would be morally correct to propose to a woman you had no doubt was almost engaged to another man, yet he loved Miss Butterworth dearly. He was so engrossed in these deep, depressing thoughts that he did not observe Mr Smith's arrival nor the preparations of the two Miss Butterworths, and it was only at the last moment that he flung himself down the stairs at a very ungentlemanly gallop almost to collide with Miss Mary Butterworth who was ascending the stairs. After his profuse apologies he learned from her that she was not to go as she had a severe headache. She did not want to spoil their enjoyment so she was going to



Philippa Dixon 9

stay at home and rest. After hearing this he hurried to the door where he found Mr Smith and Miss Marianne waiting for him. This odd group then set off towards the lake and tea.

Miss Marianne Butterworth felt extremely embarrassed and confused. She was sitting near the edge of the lake in a very picturesque place and she should really have been very happy to sit at this elegant little table with such fine company. However, Miss Marianne was confused because on one side of her sat Mr Justin Smythe and on the other Mr Justin Smith. Miss Marianne was very much in love with Mr Smythe but she could not communicate this to him as Mr Smith, her would-be lover, sat on her other side. For this reason she was embarrassed as she knew the one man cared for her while she cared for the other and she did not know if she could trust herself to speak. The two gentlemen sat talking about hunts they had been on, balls they had attended and people they knew and she was conscious only that she should have been impressed and attentive but her mind was too confused to let her think or act with any clarity. She sat in this state of confusion and embarrassment until Mr Smith left the table in order to pay the bill. This left Miss Marianne and her beloved Mr Smythe alone together. To make things worse, a few minutes after Mr Smith had left the first rain drops began to fall. Mr Smythe immediately picked up the umbrella that Mr Smith had left behind, opened it and began to walk her home under this scant protection. Miss Marianne was overjoyed to be so close to her beloved one but confused as to what to do.

As Mr Smythe began to walk Miss Marianne home, it all became clear to him. He was sure that he was unjustified in doing it and unjust towards the hospitality of Mr Smith but he suddenly did not care. He turned to Miss Marianne and said in a low but emotion-filled voice, "Miss Butterworth, I do not know if I am justified in asking this of you, but will you be my wife?"

Miss Marianne was transported into heaven by Mr Smythe's proposal to her but she knew exactly what to say. "You are perfectly justified to ask if your feelings are true, and my humble answer is yes." She had the satisfaction of seeing Mr Smythe's face light up with joy.

And so we leave the happily united and surprised couple to walk home under Mr Smith's umbrella, whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears. And Mr Smith? Mr Smith returned to the table to find that the couple had left and had taken his umbrella. And so in a justifiable rage about the rain damaging his silk and wool combination suit, he walked home and got very wet.

EVA DISLER

"Humanity" and "Feeling Rejected" were published in the 1988 edition of *English Alive*.

HUMANITY

The wall was white, welcoming, cool
In the shade
I lean against it and wait
Waiting — just resting for a moment.
A ragged cigarette rolls slowly to the tip of my
sparkling new shoe.

Someone has dropped his cigarette?
I bend, pick it up, pass it to the old beggar.
My good deed for the day!
I smile indulgently at him through the oppressive heat.

He moves closer
Warm alcoholic fumes waft around me
Envelop and suffocate me.
"Ek is Josef," he breathes,
Even closer!
He teeters slightly
Drunk!

"Please go away!
Talk to someone else."
"My naam is Josef, wat is . . . ?"
"Leave me alone, okay!"
"Wat is jou naam, meisie?"

I step away, out of the cool shade
Away from my once friendly wall
I walk across the warm tar
Stand safely, securely, next to a policeman.
The beggar won't bother me now!

I look at him across the steamy tar
He looks back at me.

JULIE VAN RIJSWIJK

FEELING REJECTED

Far from my family and loved ones
Far from my own people who understand me
There are so many people around me
But still I feel lonely.

Everybody is concerned about himself,
And has no time for me.
I don't feel part of this insincerely
Happy atmosphere.

Across the city my own people are suffering,
There are children going crazy
Because of lack of food.
All they need is just a crumb of bread.

Here I sit spending hundreds of rands
On unnecessary complicated food.
Spending thousands of rands
On indigestible complicated education,
Which I keep on telling myself
Is the best thing for me.

Sitting in my tiny, cramped cubicle
I find myself wishing to be somewhere else.
Somewhere, where I won't feel guilty.

AZIWE MAGIDA



Nina Daniel 9

THE BOYCOTTS!

They scream and shout
Amandla!
Yet, they do not know
why they are shouting.
They boycott shops and schools
and even get shot at . . .
But, do they know
why they are boycotting,
And when they die you ask
yourself,
Do they know
what they've died for?

PORTIA RAYNERS



Julie van Rijswijk 9

FISH, MERRIM, FISH!

Please Merrim, please buy my fish, please
Merrim!

a plaintive voice wailed.
It oozed from a hopeful, despairing, hopeless
(first impressions are often misleading)
little shrivelled man
squatting
on ragged, filthy newsprint,
proclaiming reform, change and eternal
peace.

The voice tentatively tried again —
Please, Merrim, please,
as I slunk cowardly into the distance,
as the voice faded
Why did I feel guilty?
No obligations or commitments bound me
it wasn't MY fault . . .
Then why did I feel guilty?
I WAS obligated,
I WAS committed,
I WAS part of the sick plan that had con-
demned,
relegated and
forgotten . . .
Not quite.

I turned resolutely back and pulled out my
wallet.

Here, twenty-five please and . . .
Keep the change.

ELISABETH MALLET

SOMEWHERE ELSE . . .

Desperate little fingers
Clatched the hand of the caring white adult —
A source of love, life and hope.
The dust covered his little legs,
His emaciated body cried for food.
The arid land burned with the heat of the
midday sun.

Somewhere else . . . too much water.
Zama's little head bobbed up and down
As his hand tried to reach for any anchor he
could find . . .

He was walking on mud — would he survive?

Somewhere else . . . Lenaba watched her
fleeing brother

Killed by the owner of a shop.
"Yima!" she shouted in desperation
Meaning "Stop!"
Her brother had only tried to steal food
So that the family could survive.

In the mean time,
Sarah Jane lay asleep in her warm bed.
She was having an afternoon nap.
"Don't disturb her," said her mother.
"She's had a rough day."
We'll show her her new record player when
she wakes up."

KEELYN MAISEL

EDUCATION — EQUAL FOR EVERYONE?

I have been at a private school for just over three years. Before this I attended a coloured government school. I realise how lucky I am to receive the education which I am getting. Education at a private school is a bit different from that at a white government school, even more different from that at a coloured one and vastly different from one at a black school. I realise that most parents cannot afford to send their children to a private school but I do think that the government schools, which the majority of children attend, should be equal in the opportunities they provide. I think that this is one of the most unfair aspects of South African life. When I attended a government school, not having what some of my white friends had did not bother me, but now that I have experienced what it is like to have a more well-rounded education I realise how unfair it is. Everybody should be allowed an equal education, and whether one makes use of that education or not is up to oneself, but not being allowed the opportunity is very unfair. I feel very sad when I think about all the unfound talent among an uneducated population, talent that is going to waste as it will never be developed. Educated people can contribute a lot more than uneducated people, especially to society. I think that if there were equal education, South Africa would be a much better place in the future, as the future belongs to those who treasure and work at their education.

TRACY SMITH

DAD

The wedding table was beautiful...
You were talking to Mr Ngabu.
He was "different". You enjoyed yourself.
You, the dominee, caring, never shocked.
Why then?
Why are you forcing me against my hero?
Why are you putting bars between us?
You are open-minded, never superior.
I know it sounds tired, but you are my
strength when the world closes.
Daddy, I love you.
Why then do you say there's a barrier between
guests and servants?

CORLEZE WEGE



Philippa Dixon 9

The crowd cheers
The oval is passed quickly
From hand to precise hand
A quick dodge or dummy
Brilliant skill is displayed
The crowd roars
Tense atmosphere
Thousands of spectators straining
At the edges of their stony seats.
Swiftly, an unexpected move
An admired player sees a gap
And scores with wondered talent.
Suddenly, pulled from his memories,
His match-saving try.
The old man scans the empty stand
And continues to make the strenuous
Journey across the field.

SUSAN SNYDERS

WHITE VS BLACK

White child,
Content child.
Dreams for the future.
Education and opportunities.
Needs for today are
Provided with love.
Memories of the past,
Of happy times,
Of warmth and love,
Of hope, peace and life!
Black child,
Broken child.
Dreams for the future, but
No hope.
Needs for today, but
No giver.
Memories of the past, but
All sad,
Of hunger and pain,
Of guns, bombs and death!
Why should colour make such a difference?
TANIA FOURIE



Karine Gowdy 9

PORTRAIT OF A POP STAR (MICHAEL JACKSON)

Up above the masses
on a majestic and lovely stage
A spotlight caught and held him
A perfect androgynous form,
His expensive features bland.
He twitched —
(without disturbing the neutrality —
conferred on his features by a helpful
surgeon).
He broke into a smile —
a fullsome smile, all \$7000 worth.
His life was a full but empty one.
He had all he wanted — money, toys, the
best
The best of all but friends.
MICHELLE DU TOIT

Standard 8

THESE THINGS I HAVE LOVED

Home. This is a connection tied so strongly to most people that it is hard to let it go. There are so many things which are associated with the word, so many memories which come flooding back, and most of all you remember what you have loved, and sometimes that memory is painful because it is so real.

I have loved so many things, so many people, but some stand out more clearly in my mind than others. I have always thought of home and pictured our old, sprawling house draped with drifting ivy and surrounded by tall, evergreen trees and rolling hills. Here there are a multitude of possessions and memories, the garden with its secluded places where we have escaped from the world for a while, to forget that anything other than our own fantasy exists.

Then there are the dogs which were always at our heels, always there when they were needed, to be told those things which could not be said to those who would not have had so sympathetic an ear. They were there to amuse us when boredom threatened and there when the comfortable reassurance of security was needed on a lonely night.

At the bottom of the garden there were the fields in which horses lazily stood in deep, fresh sweetness, grass that never ran out, shaded by orange and lemon trees that had blossomed into maturity. They were another permanent, comforting sight which spelt home and happiness. There were three of them, not the most wonderful bloodstock in the world, but perfect in their familiarity and what they stood for. Out of them came a friendship which will last, if not forever, for a long time between two people so different except for this one common bond.

The last thing which stands out clearly from the rest of my memories is not a thing but an experience. These are the countless times we have taken those luckless horses out of the warmth of their stables, and ridden out into the crisp, cold morning before the soft glow of the sun has penetrated the cool of the night. Here we have discovered the beauty of the time when man ceases to exist, and the quiet and calm is so great that you forget that anything other than this can happen.

All these are centred on that one word, "home", which triggers off a successive flow of memories of things past, but which will remain with me always because I have loved them for what they are.

ISABEL ESSERY



Julie van Rijswijk 9

FLASH — THOUGHTS PEOPLE — THOUGHTS

My name is Gaynor, but who I am I don't know. I don't mean I have amnesia or anything. I'm not even one of those rich, white ladies who "want to find themselves"; I just want to know why I'm here, where I came from and what my place is in society.

I'm from what some people refer to as the "illegitimate race" — in other words, the Coloureds. It is said that we are not considered people by Blacks because we do not have a heritage nor by Whites because we are "lower" than them. So then, where do we fit in?

We are people, too. We pay taxes, eat food, breathe the air, pray to God as all other "normal" people do. Some of us learn, go to school. Even though we do not have the same facilities as white schools, our boys and girls have equal intelligence, sometimes better. But where does this get us? In detention?

I don't want to be under a "white" government or a "black" government. Where do I want to be, then?

Sometimes I'm scared, really scared for the future, for now.

"Hey, lady, lady!"

"Uhm."

"Wake up. Didn't you say you wanted to get off at..."

"Uhm, oh, yes... thanks."

A last thought. Perhaps everything will be alright, perhaps.

LEILA MOHAMED

RELIGION SLOWS DOWN ADVANCEMENT

In front of the farm-gate the men were waiting in their Sunday clothes, waiting for the hay-wagons to be hitched so they could attend the peaceful Sunday service. The air was clean and fresh, the old farm house stood strong, looking over the fields where a wooden horse-plough sat waiting for the ploughing season. An old scarecrow in a dirty brown hat blew round and round in the wind. And the men waited and waited.

About a thousand kilometres away, the sun had just touched the ninety-eighth floor of a cosy apartment building. The men were waiting in their striped suits, waiting for the trains, tubes, taxis and planes. Cars jammed the streets, the sounds of hooters, cranes, trucks and drills echoed off the walls of the skyscrapers. No-one seemed to know it was Sunday, and if they did, they didn't seem to care.

Scientists sat in laboratories finding cures for outrageous diseases, while mothers gave their children tiny red pills. Food was such a bother and took so long to eat — pills supplied energy and everything else the body needed.

"It's sinful. If one gets sick, it is God's wish for him to die," cried the old preacher.

The Ford Motor mechanics stood testing the new Golf thirty valve, which could go from nought to four hundred in five seconds.

"And God said, 'Only what I have provided is good'," bellowed the preacher.

Children lined up to have their Medieval History injected into their brains by the new computer system. The old school system took too long.

"Life is long and we must live it slowly. Do not let them poison your minds, my children," pleaded the preacher.

President Smith sat in parliament trying to figure out where to put the next skyscraper on the moon, before boarding his jet, which only took four minutes and thirty seconds to circle the world.

"And the Lord will punish those who meddle with his heaven," continued the old man.

And life in the city carried on peacefully, while famine hit the small valley. Slowly but surely the anti-advancement group died out, due to lack of water and then the old preacher committed suicide, while in the city a new machine was created to substitute for sleep.

And the world was not slowed down any more.

CARIANNE WILKINSON

THE ART OF BEING IDLE

Although one might think that "idle" and "lazy" are much the same thing, if you think carefully about it you will see that they are not. To be described as being lazy is an insult, while, even though being described as being idle is not complimentary, it is not as harsh as being described as lazy.

There is no art to being lazy. An absolute idiot finds it easy to be lazy; that is why most lazy people are idiots. This is where our expression, "the lazy idiot" comes from. While being lazy is like sleeping, being idle is definitely an art. To be a successful "idler" you must not lack mental intelligence.

Being idle is something very complex and to accomplish total idleness is something to be admired. You may find it strange that I say that to be idle you must not lack mental intelligence because those that appear idle seem to be rather backward. Well, either you are confusing an act of laziness with an act of idleness or you are privileged enough to observe a very experienced "idler". To act idle you need intelligence because to be able to act as though you have the mental capacity of a four year old requires great brain power and worldly experience.

An "idler" has a complex way of thinking but what is most probably uppermost in his mind is saving energy and spending time the way it should be spent, slowly and peacefully. You will find that most idle people have hobbies that do not require any amount of over-exertion, for example, sleeping, reading or watching television. An "idler" feels that his hobbies are most important and likes to spend a considerable amount of time doing whatever the hobby requires.

An "idler" is most often a loner and leads a solitary existence. Either that or he lives in a small community of "idlers". However, don't think that a small community of "idlers" is

very successful because an "idler" thinks quite a lot of himself and likes to believe that he is one of a kind. He is therefore much happier alone or surrounded by a crowd of hard-working Trojans.

You might think that you always see a smirk on the face of an "idler". It is not a smirk, but a grin, an attempt to hold in a laugh. He is trying to prevent himself from laughing at you, at the way you work so hard and then complain that you're under too much pressure, at the way you throw yourself wholeheartedly into worthless projects and then have nervous breakdowns and suffer from migraines.

*Have you ever given a moment's thought
to those who ought
to be working
but are instead lurking
in search of peace and sunlight?
No, they do not act very bright
and no, they do not have much might
but they are very clever
and most definitely never
fight.*

*Fighting is beneath them
and shouting is a definite no, no!*

*If you are not a regular "idler"
do not try to sidle
in with those who are idle
for you will never succeed
and your heart will only bleed.
So if you feel the need
to waste time
do not try to mime
the act of an "idler".
For there is an art to being idle.*

TEBOGO SKWAMBANE

MEMORIES OF WAR

I happened to catch my father relaxing in his study the other evening and I thought it would be a good time to do my interview with him. We chatted for a while and then decided it would be a good idea to talk about his early childhood during the Second World War in 1945. I then settled down comfortably, eager to begin our discussion.

My father, Rohland Raffin, was born in 1940 on the Lake of Constance in West Germany. We decided to talk about incidents that took place from 1944 to 1945 in the last days of the war when the British and American aircraft bombed the South of Germany. My father spoke about one experience that happened during the night when he was only four years old.

"One night when the alarm siren did not go and the aeroplanes arrived in a surprise attack and were flying very low over the homes, the noises were so frightening that I jumped out of bed and ran to the comfort of my mother. We then all ran to an underground shelter five minutes away from our home."

During the war food supplies were scarce and hard to come by. My father's mother had a food rationing card but there was still never enough food and many times my father's



Nina Daniel 9

brothers and sisters had to go hungry. My father, being a young child at that time, received more butter and milk, and soon was given the nickname "Butterbread" by his family. There were seven children in my father's family and many times his mother sent the older children to the farmers to ask for food supplies. The majority of food available was sent to the army.

In 1944 a group called the Hitler Youth was compulsory for children from a certain age; group members were taught war activities. My father's eldest brother belonged to this group and his duty was to be a drummer.

"My mother disapproved of this but unfortunately had no choice in the matter."

During the war there was much violence and many hardships that people had to go through. There was also sometimes a humorous side and my father recalled the time when the air alarm went off during the day and everyone started running, knowing that they had to find shelter as soon as possible. My father's sister unfortunately had a pair of roller skates on and there was no time for her to take them off and she fell downstairs and landed in a very unladylike position.

During the war there were very few joyous moments besides Christmas and birthdays. My father's happiest moment was when his father returned unexpectedly from the war. My father was playing in the courtyard when he saw this man walking towards him in his army uniform and when he said "Hello, son" he realised that it was his father. They hugged each other and for my father there could not have been a nicer Christmas present.

We spoke about my father's and other people's feelings about the dreadful war and they all had the same view: "Never Again!"

LESLEY RAFFIN



Philippa Dixon 9

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

"What shall I wear? Who will be there? Oh no! Is that a spot on my face? Quickly, fetch the Clearasil!" This happens every Saturday night to many "normal" teenagers.

This is the night parents dread because this is when their "little babies" go out all on their own, with boys who look as if they have just crawled out of the gutter. This is also the night when their "little angels" put on clothes which make past generations turn in their graves. "Is that my baby under all that eye-shadow?" is the question that has been asked many a time by horror-stricken mothers.

If you think Saturday night fever is restricted only to Saturday nights, think again. This disease starts as early as Monday morning with questions like, "What shall we do on Saturday? Where shall we go? Who shall we go with?" These are all questions which plague every schoolgirl through Science and Biology and all through the day.

By the end of school, on Monday, the question has not yet been settled and sweat has begun to break out on her forehead. Is she going to have to stay in on Saturday night? All Monday evening she is on the phone to her friends, racking her brain for something to do. Time's running out, Monday is nearly over and she still hasn't found anywhere to go.

By Tuesday she is in a state of panic and has given up eating owing to tension and worry. Her friends are beginning to look pale and tense and all ask the same question, "What shall we do?"

By Wednesday everyone is so tense and upset that they are given to sporadic fits of weeping. Why, even Belinda burst into tears in Maths and had to have a panado to calm her nerves.

After school on Wednesday she walks dejectedly home, resigned to the fact that she will be staying at home on Saturday night. To help make herself feel better she takes the ice cream out of the fridge and the two bars of chocolate that she has been saving. She takes them to her room, locks the door and "pigs out". After this therapeutic treatment, she feels only mildly better.

Later that afternoon the phone rings. It's Jane phoning to tell her that she's been invited to Jonathan Brady's party and would she like to go? She gushes and agrees readily.

Do you think that the "Saturday Night Fever" tantrums are over now? Think again. Now she regrets having "pigged out" and decides to starve for a day to lose weight. Oh no! What if she gets a pimple from all the chocolate. All that can save her now is a great deal of prayer and a tube of Clearasil.



Karine Gowdy 9

"Oh Mummy, I'm going to a party on Saturday night. Will you buy me that dress we saw in Hilton Weiner? You won't! Oh no, I'm going to be seen twice in the same outfit. You can't love me much if you are prepared to allow that." After that tantrum Mummy's "little darling" locks herself in her room and cries herself to sleep.

The big night arrives and after spending three hours in front of the mirror, pasting, teasing and spraying, she is ready. She leaves at eight and by eleven thirty you are beside yourself with worry. At twelve thirty she comes traipsing in and, in reply to your question, answers, "Oh, it was all right."

SUSAN EVERED

THE NOSTALGIC GUITAR

Its voice screams out in synthetic squeals when it longs to sing harmoniously in rhythm. It is a bass guitar, bright red, with electric yellow flashed across the metal frame.

Zac, the smasher, that's who it is! Christened the invention of the century, the bright metal frame longs to become soft sandal-wood with intricate patterns adorning its petite physique.

It is priced at millions, available for only the wealthy, but it longs to be played by everyone. Its strings are coarse metal, when they long to be smooth, clear gut. The screws which attach the torso to the tail are shallow plastic.

It remembers when it was a humble piece of wood, produced to create a sweet melody out of which flowed depth, meaning and most of all, innocence.

All that the Zac has got to say to its followers is, "I Wanna Rock!"

HEATHER TAYLOR & SAMANTHA SULSTON

THE HARP

The graceful harp awaits the hands of her harpist. Sunshine falls on coiled chords waiting poised, strung from the delicately carved walnut frame like golden straw. Her slender curvaceous body elegantly casts a shimmering shadow beneath her bronze pedals. Her harmonious voice whispers musical melodies like the haunting hoot of an owl. An excitement is reached as the last chord is plucked like a jumping gazelle, moving off to an end.

NADINE LOUW & MONICA DRUMMOND-HAY

THE SAXOPHONE

The swan-like instrument symbolises a special mood. The sound is powerfully gentle and haunting. It sympathetically cries out about its solitary post. The lonely howl is a sound of betrayal and meaning. This expressive music describes a deep-blue feeling of personal sadness.

It seems to call you from far away through the thick mist. This enticing sound signifies the pain and introversion of the instrument.

JANINE HUTTON & ALBIA VAN DEN BOSCH

THE BAGPIPES

Scotland the Brave flows through the tubes, giving life to all chords, like the red blood being pumped through the human body. The rhythm fills each organ and the heart beats in time with history. Expansion and contraction of the bag is caused by the breath of life being swallowed down the neck like cold ice cream over a sore throat.

CINDY MCPETRIE, THERESA BRIDGMAN & SAMANTHA ROSS

Standard 7

MY FAVOURITE PERSON

My favourite person is my mum. She is always there for me when I need help. Even though I live so far away from her, she's always there on the telephone to say a few wise words to reassure or comfort me.

My mum is called Liz — a nickname which people use — or even sometimes Lizzie. She's very popular and an outgoing person who can always put a smile on your face.

To me she's more like a friend than a mother and always has good advice for me about life. She's shorter than I am and very plump and you can feel the warmth in her when she hugs you.

Her favourite hobby is cooking and baking. She really cooks so deliciously that I sometimes have a third helping. Unfortunately her lunch-time from work is very limited, so that the maid has to cook lunch, but she makes up for it during the weekends.

She's a very busy lady who always helps out wherever she can. Her job is at the municipality, but she's also on the Boy Scouts and Diaz Festival Committees. One weekend a month it is her duty to work in the old-age home, where she cooks and tends to their medical needs. The old ladies love her and especially her delicious food.

Franzel, a very good friend of ours, is a chef and owns a restaurant and does lots of catering for events such as weddings and birthday parties with which my mom helps. In addition to all this, she goes out to art classes three nights a week. This is for her own enjoyment and she loves it. There, she does pottery, silk-screen and leatherwork which is what she has always longed to do.

I am very lucky to have her as a mother now, at the stage of being a teenager because she isn't overprotective and she trusts me whatever I do. I respect this and therefore don't do anything to lose that trust.

She often surprises me with nice parcels and yesterday I couldn't believe it when I received a big parcel with cracker-bread and other treats inside it.

Whenever I have a problem at school or in the boarding house she will sit there listening patiently, whether on the phone or when I'm at home and give me good advice or discuss the situation with me.

I haven't seen her since the summer holidays, so I'm really looking forward to seeing her during the coming holidays.

We're not always on good terms and we do argue quite a lot, but, even so, I have to say it now, she is usually right!

MARION SWOBODA



Alida Wilkin 7

LIFE IS FULL OF MANY TYPES OF MUSIC

Music definitely runs most of my life and it's not only pop music. I have had many different types of music in my life. For instance, when I was young I used to love filling up bottles with water and tapping little tunes out on them. This amused me for hours. Another type of music is classical music. I really enjoy classical music. I love listening to it, closing my eyes, and imagining a whole live orchestra in front of me.

For me, not only is there music made by instruments, but also by the wind. I love listening to the whistling music the wind makes on stormy nights; it is really eerie. Then there is other music made by the wind when it whistles through the grasses on a field.

I think the most magical music of all is the organ in a large stone church, or even the huge bells that chime in the steeples; they seem to tell old stories of their own.

I have lots of different types of music in my school week. I'm in the choir, which I really love, and when I go home, I turn on the radio straight away. Not to mention when I go downstairs and hear the whistle of the kettle.

One kind of 'music' which many people do not even think of as music, is the noise that water makes, whether it is the gentle trickling of a mountain stream or the thunderous gushing of a waterfall. Even the gentle lapping of water against a boat is music in itself.

Another of my very great favourites is birds. Yes, the chirping of birds in the trees really relaxes me. I enjoy going to the very bottom of our garden, where no-one ever goes. I lie down on the grass and I listen to the music the birds make.

Wherever I go, I have a song in my head, and I think, without music, I wouldn't survive.

HAZEL SPARKS

THE MUSIC OF MY MORNINGS

With the harsh trilling of my alarm clock I am yanked out of my peaceful subconscious world. The reality of the morning strikes me when I hear the six o'clock news-reader's triumphant voice blaring down the hall.

I climb clumsily out of my creaking bed and lumber into the bathroom hearing the muffled echo of my padding feet trailing behind me. Before I manage to get to the top, I am jolted by the harsh sound of heavy-metal that seems to seep through the bathroom wall from my brother's room. After being dumbstruck by that mindnumbing cacophony I finally reach the tap.

The sound of the spewing water takes me off to a calm flowing river, bubbling and gurgling in pools of joyful sunlight. I reach down to splash my face and as my fingers and the water merge I am brought back once again to the real world.

I glance down at my watch. The next few minutes are a furious scramble of cases crashing to the floor, cats screaming because they are trodden on and cursing from those who did not prepare themselves the night before. Finally all manage to get themselves together and the familiar whistle of the kettle pacifies, signalling tea and a warning that it is nearly time to depart for school.

ALEXANDRA SMITH

FRIENDS ??

I sighed wearily and trudged slowly up the rickety stairs of my escape-route. My suddenly sensitive ears seemed to wince in pain at the angry, argumentative voices hurling insults and home-made phrases of disgust at each other. In the back yard, the deafening sound of the aging lawnmower vibrated through the floorboards of the house and made an appropriate background sound effect for the sea of troubles and dramas at number 10, Prospect Hill Road, Wynberg.

The slamming doors and pathetic sobs tormented my peace-loving mind. A sudden melodramatic wail of "I hate you!" followed by another slammed door was the last straw for me, so I smiled weakly, checked that my bedroom window was open, and shut the door of my aircraft.

Zooming twice around the earth (necessary to build up enough energy to blast into the universe), I observed with interest the many other troubles that people everywhere were experiencing at all times of the day and night. "Oh well," I thought, "perhaps an argument is good for 'character-building' every once in a while, but not for me. Nope, not at all."

I eventually entered the inter-galactic vacuum and decided to escape for a few light hours on Veriss, my favourite planet. The reception there was always friendly, and thank goodness, no-one ever fought there. I always left my beloved Verissians with watery eyes to return to the mechanical, bustling, polluted world of earth.

A heavy hand on my shoulder brought my galaxy-trotting mind back into the present. I turned over on my bed to meet the bushy eyebrows of His Lordship — my father.

"So, young lady," was the first line of my 'Welcome Home' speech, "are you going to spend the rest of the day thinking about meteorites and fluffy chickens, or are you going to get on with those theorems?"

A sigh, followed by a hiccup was my meek reply.

"All right, Dad," I mumbled, getting up and attempting a rather artificial yawn. "Well, back we go to the world of plus and minus signs, logic and lunchboxes," was my very first thought while settling my eyes on my maths book.

But then I remembered something: "Aren't I lucky to have friends who will always support me and look after me when tears are forming and sobs are starting to jerk from my voice-box?" (Even if my trusty friends do live on Veriss, they are still very dear to me.)

CATRIONA ROSS



Claire-Marie Schönborn 7

LIFE IS FULL OF MANY TYPES OF MUSIC

Every minute of the day and every day of the year, people all over the globe are making music — and many of them do not realize it. This wonderful thing is constantly being practised all the time and always has been.

Music is definitely not just operatic voices soaring up to incredible notes or spiky-haired, inhuman-looking people bashing on drums. Music is laughter, the jangle of a bunch of keys, the rhythm of nails tapping on a desk, or water rushing over rocks. It is connected with theatre, dancing, radio, television — anything and everything! What would a terrifying horror movie be without the spine-chilling chords of a double-bass accompanying the chainsaw murderer as he steps into a bedroom to end the life of Mary Jones?

Of course, music can just mean the happy, monotonous pop music on the radio to some people, but to me, it is the most sad, happy,

relaxing and thought-probing facet of the diamond of life. It is something that has survived since the beginning of mankind and has flourished through the ages. It is fantastic to ponder on the thought that anywhere, you can take a piece of music and exactly reproduce a sonata that a composer five centuries ago scribbled down after a flash of inspiration.

A few bars whistled by a man walking down a pavement might vaguely remind you of an event that had nearly been covered by cobwebs in the library of your mind. Music tends to control my moods. The "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah" makes me want to try again at something I have given up hope for and the mystical flow of pan-pipes or harps relaxes me and gives me renewed energy.

Music is in every shape, form and size. From water to electric guitars, music is there somewhere, softly humming in people's heads, and it will never die.

CATRIONA ROSS



Nicolette Bath 7



Caroline Chapman 7

Standard 6



Tamaryn Hammond 7

MEMORIES

In the heat the old house shimmered like a hazy mirage. Its colours were indistinguishable and faded, though it was a darker brown than the golden sands lying around it. The shutters, cracked and broken, hung, supported by single hinges, from the wall and the once-white lace curtains were suspended from broken curtain rods. The curtains, no longer flapping in the brisk wind that had blown through the busy streets, hung lifelessly and collected dust from the neglected window ledge.

Trees no longer graced the sidewalks which were now invisible under the sand and the curbs were worn down from almost constant sandstorms. Fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies were nowhere to be seen and the children who had frolicked and played in the gardens and cobbled streets were gone. The town was dead; its life taken, just as it had been given, by people wanting to find their fortunes but too impatient to bear the hardships and wait a while longer. Now nobody would ever know about this ghost-town's richness in its undiscovered underground caves which ran freely with fresh water.

People had left, left the town to fend for itself against the interminable odds of nature. It was a losing battle and very soon the town would deteriorate beyond hope and redemption. Only the caves would remain, undetected and undisturbed, quietly dripping and accumulating more and more water, as cool as the cold air around it.

Outside, the hot, humid air bombarded the house and the only sound that broke the silence was the thud of a lower shutter hitting the dilapidated porch.

REVELL HAYLETT

SANCTUARY

Darkness enveloped me, like a heavy winter coat.

*As I looked above, I saw the first star
Twinkling, shining, silver, it seemed so tiny
Yet it was in reality so large, enormous
But this was my fantasy;
A dreamland, there was no reality
Just sounds, sights, scents and feelings
The croak of a frog,
The chirrup of a cricket,
The rustling of the trees,
The breeze, so cool, so fresh against my skin,
The cold, wet grass against my toes,
The dampness in the breeze felt everywhere
The soft petal of the rose against my finger-
tips.*

*I could sniff the fresh, clean earth
I felt contentment
A sort of ecstasy
I had found my Sanctuary
I had come home.*

CHANTALLE MCGAHEY

THE LIZARD

It was only when I rounded the corner that I saw him, and then only because I nearly stood on him. I let out a little shriek when I noticed him, and he scuttled to the safety of the crack in our front stoep. I thought about shouting to my pa that there was a lizard under the porch, but he would only kill it, and it hadn't done anything to me, so why kill it? Besides, pa might be angry at me for screaming because of a harmless little lizard, so I kept quiet. Just as I was about to turn away, I saw a delicate, flat little green head appear out of the crack. The quick, beady eyes darted from side to side, and then the lizard climbed cautiously out, his (her?) tiny feet treading oh-so gently on the concrete, as if he (she?) were walking through a minefield.

I decided that the lizard was a girl, and promptly named her Lizzie.

She took a few steps forwards, and then froze. She was balanced on the tips of her toes, so to speak, and she was swaying ever so gently, while she stared vacantly into space. And then, all of a sudden she lifted her left front and right back legs absent-mindedly off the hot concrete. I gaped in surprise, and then burst out laughing. Nothing could have looked so comical as she did then, a tiny lizard on a huge stoep, rocking to and fro on two of her legs while the sun on her back made her look as if she had some strange aura of light. She looked at me with a superior expression, and solemnly changed legs. I knew she was only doing this to keep her feet off the hot ground, but somehow it

seemed as if she were dancing, especially for me. I reached out to pick her up. As my shadow fell across her, she looked up in surprise. She saw my hand coming down and scampered away in alarm. As she got to the crack she paused, looked around, and I could swear I saw her wink before she dived into the crack and was gone.

MEGAN CRAIG

A WAVE

The beach was quiet and deserted. Across the open sand lay a sunbleached fishing boat, draped in tangled green fishing nets. It looked somehow out of place on that grey, wintry day.

A white gull came from over the sullen water, and it settled, squatting on the sand. The gull looked up inquiringly, and then waddled away, as if to say 'I have better things to do!' I smiled, and breathed in the crisp, salted sea air.

Then I noticed a sound, the murmuring of the surf. It was not loud, and it was fairly inconspicuous as sounds go, but it had a definite quality, like the sound of a child calling a friend to play.

I turned to look.

The water was grey, and calm, and it was delicately laced with foam. It was like a huge dull mirror, lying on its side.

And then, as I watched, a tiny dark ripple formed far out, near where the sky meets the sea. It rolled stealthily forwards, growing consistently but almost imperceptibly. It looked like a young plant unfurling or like a seed growing into a young plant. Germination speeded up. All that beauty spent in a few seconds. What a waste!

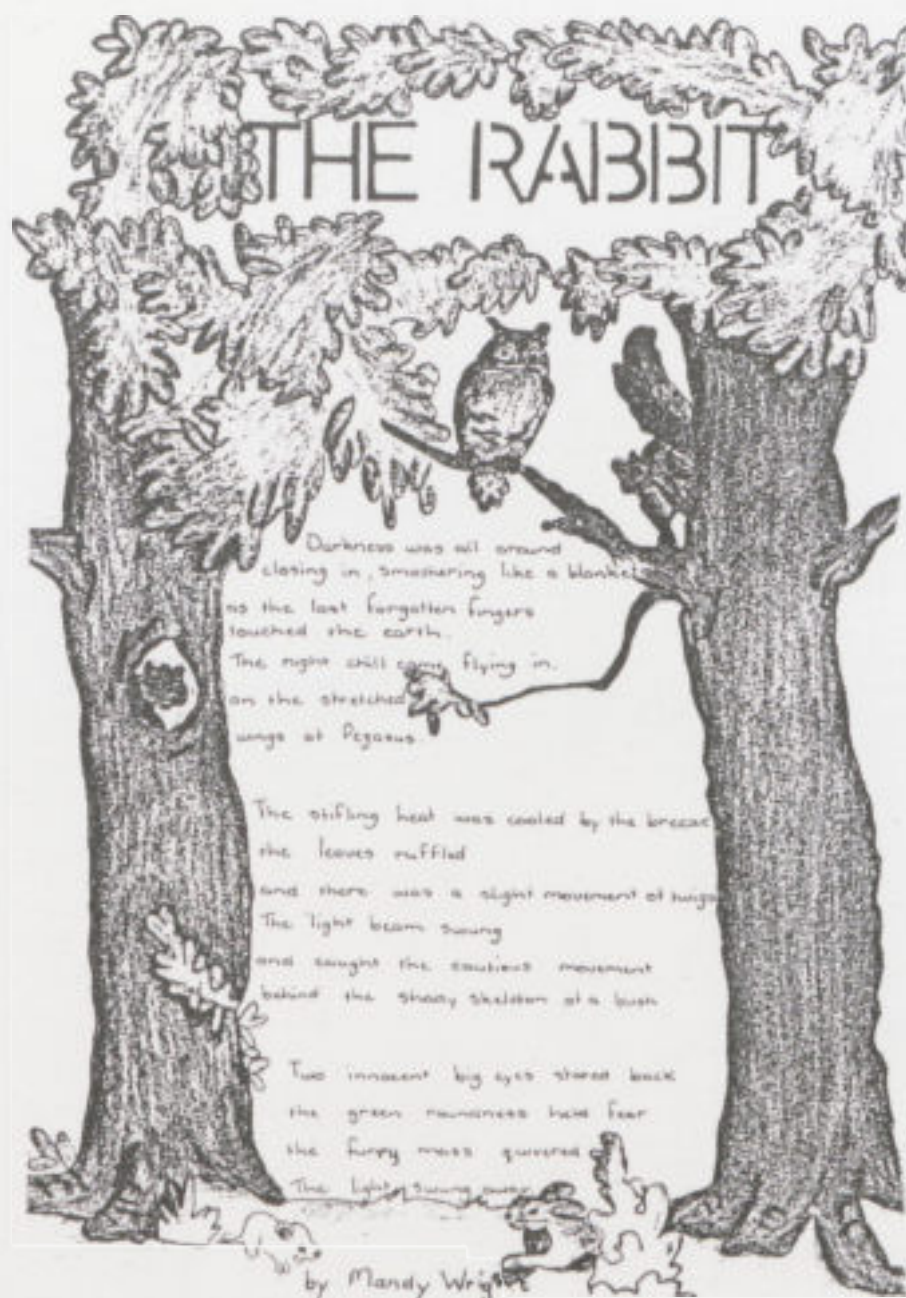
By the time the infant wave was only six or seven metres out, it was as high as I was, and it was still growing.

Suddenly it paused, and hung almost suspended as it contemplated... and then it raced downwards, gathering as it went the dismal fleecy of foam. In its rush, it rumbled over itself and pushed itself forward, and down, in a perfect arc.

It slapped wetly against the shore, sending into turmoil the fine, packed sand lying there. Then it calmed, and settled, making a gentle lapping sound, like a kitten drinking milk. Then all was silent.

And then, as I watched, a tiny dark ripple formed far out near where the sky meets the sea.

MEGAN CRAIG



Darkness was all around
clotting in, smothering like a blanket
as the last forgotten fingers
touched the earth.
The night chill came flying in,
on the stretched wings of Pegasus.

The stifling heat was cooled by the breeze
the leaves ruffled
and there was a slight movement of wings
The light beam swung
and caught the cautious movement
behind the shady skeleton of a bush.

Two innocent big eyes stared back
the green randomness had fear
the furry mass quivered
The light swung away.

by Mandy Wright

THE SNOWGOOSE

The huge, white wings
Pushed powerfully down and up,
Giving it freedom of flight
That which man never has.
The beautifully sculptured
Head and neck
Struck a breathtaking pose
Which was neither conceited
Nor arrogant
But streamlined and perfect.

The goose's feathers,
Snowy white,
Were marred only by the black tips
Which seemed to be painted
By Phillip, himself.
They lay over-lapping and protective
of the bird's body,
Rippling with muscles.
Here the bird soared,
In its Utopia.
The violet-coloured sky,

Speckled with clouds to match the bird's
feathers

Rang out, echoing,
With the sound of a shotgun.

REVELL HAYLETT

I LOVE YOU, RHAYADER

How come I can't explain
The way I've been acting recently
It seems that everything is changing

I know that I love you
But I find it hard to show
I'm too confused about what to do

I wanted you to see devotion
And feel that you were being loved
But you seemed to think that no one cared
Now that you're gone I feel this emptiness in-
side

Why didn't I say something
When I still had the chance?

FATHGAYA ISAACS

Resembling a flame in a dark room,
It grows alone among the straggling, tangling
weeds.

Polished by the first rays of a rising sun and
Comforted by the caress of a summer breeze
Surrounded by friends, yet alone.

The rich, dark bark seems to ripple
As if it had just been dipped into melted
chocolate.

The slender branches twist and wind like the
delicate form of a
Young snake.

Each leaf twinkles like the painted, stained
glass
In a church, colours pouring over one
another in intricate designs.
The mist has hung the sapling with diamonds
of dew
And the air is heavy with the sweet, warm
aroma of opening buds.

Under a dome of sky, white with heat
The leaves seem to blush
As the sun peeps over the mountains
And takes its first look at the spring world.

Like the soft, golden strands of hair
From a newborn baby's head, the spider-
webs dangle

From leaf to leaf, reflecting the colours
In dashes of light.

The plant seems so delicate and translucent,
Perhaps it will dissolve if I dare to touch it?
But, that's the one I see when I walk past,
The little one, holding its palms towards
heaven.

TAMSI PARKER

THE SUNSET

The daylight
begins to fade as small
waves silently lap onto
the deserted shore

The last shrieks of the gulls
are heard and the once blue
sky turns into a beautiful pink
as a flock of flamingoes lights up the sky

But the colour stays as the sun
hits the sea and slowly dissolves into
the leaves leaving behind a golden streak
along

the rocky coast

DENAH MILLAR

Exhilaration at the thought of freedom
Above the cottonball carpet of white
Fear that gravity might prove too strong
Beckoning me...
Beckoning me...
But that carpet of white
Now pink with the touch of the Great,
Golden

God,
Cushioning my fall,
Then swallowing me up,
Taking me away,
Maybe for now, maybe forever

But I know it can't happen...
I'm strapped in too tightly.

KAY JOHNSON

Snow at Christmas

I arise as the sun shines through
the curtains
a musty smell rises from the
smouldering fireplace
my feet touch the floor
a shiver runs down my spine
I reach for my gown
and put on my slippers.

Excitement bubbles in my heart
although it is cold, a warmth glows
inside
I draw back the curtains and gasp in
exultation at the white carpet which
lies before me
reaching far beyond the horizon
never have I witnessed such
a beautiful scene.

By C. GROVE 6c

The Cathedral



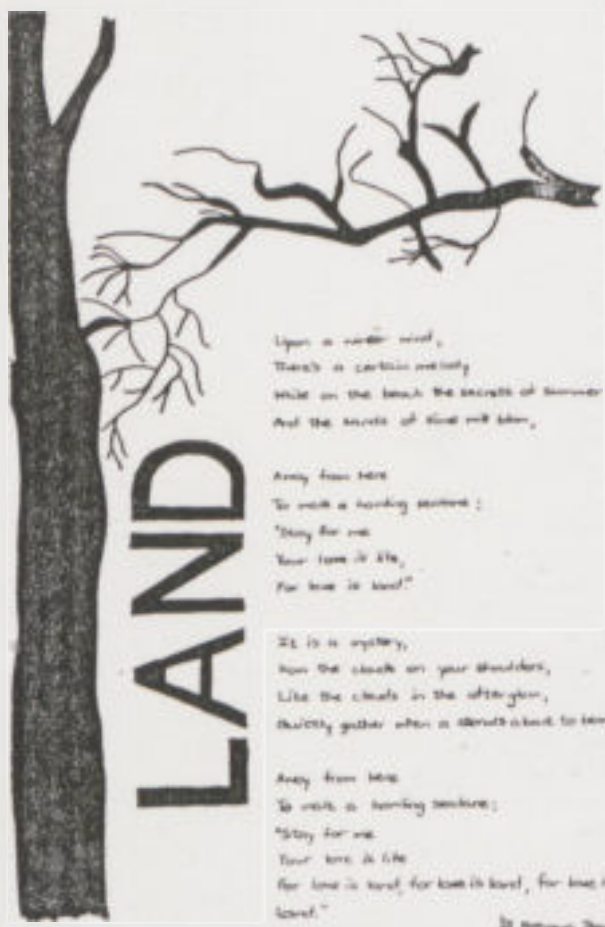
A cathedral
But place
But very efficient
I face
A hymn book
A role
A master
Choir!
Conducto
Soprano
Four eyes
One heart
Two names
One surname
Mutterer
Sings!

By G. G. G. G.

SUNRISE

The dawn-wind's hail
and your shining gleam o'erspread.
The silence that wanders
you seem to fill.
You are there in shower
on mountain and plain
and the falling rain.
You look like golden dust that
cannot wait for spring.
You bring joy to the day
You call to the hills
and the answering ocean.
You make a reflecting maze
with your beams that blaze.
The colour and motion you bring to each day,
makes wonders of wonder, waves of wings
and the whole sky sings.

Allison Porter



LAND

Upon a winter wind,
There's a certain melody
Held on the breath the secrets of summer
And the secrets of dust and bone.

Away from here
To seek a haunting pasture:
"Stay for me
Your form is life,
For love is land."

It is a mystery,
How the clouds on your shoulders,
Like the clouds in the afterglow,
Quickly gather when a storm is about to blow.

Away from here
To seek a haunting pasture:
"Stay for me
Your form is life
For love is land, for love is land,
For love is land."

By Anthony Davis







The Wizard of Oz



Herschel christened its magnificent new theatre with a production of "The Wizard of Oz." The production was a great success and played to full houses. Here are some comments from the cast and the audience:

"As Mayor of Munchkin City I thoroughly enjoyed being part of this successful production. Although there were times of hardship getting the production under way, it all contributed towards a very close communicative feeling among the cast members. Being a leader of such a big and joyous city, Munchkin City, I felt both able and honoured to carry out such a prestigious position. Every one contributed to making this production a success in our wonderful new theatre."

AZIWE MAGIDA (Standard 9)

"I must confess, there were times when I wanted to help Dorothy reach Emerald City, just to get out of rehearsals! But on the whole, everything ran smoothly with very few problems. There was always a happy atmosphere and I think everyone enjoyed their parts, I know I did. Being the Wicked Witch of the West, I must have put on at least 2 kilograms just eating King Rats, but then lost it again sweating to death under all the foam. It was a fantastic production, and congratulations and many thanks to Miss Jupp."

KATHERINE MCADAM (Standard 9)

"The Wizard of Oz" was a super experience and I was privileged to be part of this production. We all worked well together as a team and even though there were a number of mishaps, I feel that our hard work was evident in front of the audience. I would not class it as a school production. I would like to thank Miss Jupp and Mr Nebe for this wonderful opportunity."

LESLEY RAFFIN (Standard 8)

"I thought it was just as good as or even better than going to the Baxter."

JOANNE MCCULLOUGH (Standard 6)

Cast

Joe
Aunt Em
Uncle Hendry
Dorothy

Sorceress of the North
Munchkin Farmer
Munchkin Mayor
Senior Munchkins

Junior Munchkins

Wicked Witch of the West
The Scarecrow
The Tinman
The Cowardly Lion

Director
Musical Director
Backstage Manager
Stage Manager

Tebogo Skwambane
Lindsay Bonner
Carol Miller
Amanda Gersh
Kate Blumberg
Louise McCance-Price
Portia Rayners
Aziwe Magida
Nina Daniel
Bridget O'Neill
Susan Evered
Arlene Benjamin
Emma Wynne-Edwards
Nthabi Gulube
Alex Mallet
Heloise Martin
Jessamy O'Hanlon
Tamsin O'Hanlon
Nicole Fortuin
Lisa Reid
Andrée Desmarais
Andrea Serritslev
Kirsten Feltz
Nikki Louie
Patricia Matolengue
Katherine McAdam
Keelyn Malsel
Claire House
Kate O'Neill
Suzanne Jupp
Alison Tyson
Warren Nebe
Kiri Mortensen

"My personal experience in "The Wizard of Oz" was one of very, very hard work. Although I was only one of the dancers, I spent hours and hours rehearsing for it. All of the actresses devoted almost all their spare time practising for this play. On the actual evening everything went smoothly and I found the audience enjoying themselves immensely. Everything was organized to the very last detail, including the make-up, lighting and costumes. It was definitely all worth it in the end."

ROBYN POOLE (Standard 6)

"I thought that "The Wizard of Oz" was absolutely brilliant. The costumes were just right for the parts and the parts were excellent for the cast. They all acted very well to put together such a fantastic play. It was well thought out, perfectly rehearsed, very funny and I really enjoyed it."

KIRSTEN THANING (Standard 6)

"The actors made you feel as if you were in Oz with them."

MANDY WRIGHT (Standard 6)

"There was obviously a feeling of great camaraderie among all those participating in the play. As an onlooker it seemed there was so much friendliness, enjoyment and togetherness that they all appeared to have contributed extensively to making the play the success that it was."

M J HARTLEY

"I don't want it to be the end.
I don't want it to be the end."

NERISSA HALL (Age 5)

PREPARATORY



Prep School Prefects

Leanne Louw, Stephanie de Wet, Megan Morrell Middle Row: Mrs M Chambers (Head of Preparatory) Mrs E Bray Front Row: Emma du Plessis, Debbi Wynne, Kerstin Mielke Absent: Sarah Boardman

Preparatory School Report 1988

1988 has been a year of change at the Preparatory School. Mrs Elaine Bray took over as Acting Head at the beginning of the year, and among other things, undertook a major face-lift of the boarding house. The boarders are delighted with their cheerful and colourful lounge/common room.

When I arrived at the beginning of April, I found not only a well-ordered and purposeful programme in operation at the Prep School, but a spacious flat awaiting me in nearby Kenilworth, organised by Mrs Bray and Mrs Byers. This helpful assistance with my move from Pietermaritzburg is very much appreciated, and indicative of the commitment of both parents and staff members at Herschel.

We have had a busy and productive three terms. As I have kept parents up to date with events and achievements in the Prep school through regular newsletters, and high school circulars, it would be pointless to repeat these here. Also I feel confident that parents are involved at school and are fully aware of what is going on. Therefore I merely want to reiterate my own commitment to the development of the whole child, my belief that home and school must work together to preserve the unique individuality of each child, and my trust that with positive reinforcement and resulting confidence along with personal intrinsic motivation, every child will achieve her fullest potential.

MRS M CHAMBERS



THE REAL MRS CHAMBERS

(As interviewed by three Standard 4 girls from the Communication Club)

Mrs Chambers was born and grew up in Montreal, Canada. She obtained a BA degree in Canada after leaving high school. She studied to become a teacher through Unisa while she was living in Swaziland. She also has a degree from the University of Natal which she did in 1986. She has been teach-

ing for about 36 years and the first school she taught at was a country school in Kilmar, Canada. When she first came to South Africa she planned to stay one or two years but decided to stay on.

She has been married for 30 years and has three children who don't live with her anymore. In her spare time she enjoys jogging, cycling and swimming. Her favourite TV

programme is L A Law. She likes opera and classical music but does not like old jazz. Her favourite colour is blue and she wears classical clothes but doesn't really keep up with the fashion. She enjoys gardening very much but she is living in a flat at the moment and only has a small garden.

She is very much enjoying teaching at Herschel.

MUSIC AT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

The Prep School Music Department has been very active this year with over 90 registered music pupils studying piano, violin, recorder, flute, clarinet and guitar.

Workshops were held in the first and third terms, allowing all the girls to play for one another and for parents. This was a good stepping stone for those who were invited to play at the Musical Evening held at the music centre.

At the end of the second term, Herschel Preparatory and Wynberg Boys' Junior held a most successful concert at Wynberg Boys' Junior School. Solo items were presented by both schools and the orchestras and singers combined to give a rousing performance of Afrikaans, Israeli and Xhosa folk songs.

A number of our girls entered the Cae Town Eisteddfod. They gained valuable experience and there were some pleasing results:

Jacki Gordon	2 Diplomas
Jenny Bradshaw	Diploma, Merit
Bianca Berry	Honours
Clare Ellis-Smith	2 Honours
Domitilla Raimondo	Diploma
Junior Recorder Ensemble	Diploma
Senior Recorder Ensemble	Honours
Concert Ensemble	Honours

Royal Schools examinations were held during the third term and these results are reported elsewhere in the magazine.

The 36 piece orchestra has worked particularly hard this year, giving up a great deal of time to rehearse and to achieve a high standard of playing. The girls are to be congratulated on their consistent effort and dedication. At the end of the second term they were invited, along with eleven other schools, to perform at Grove Primary School.

One of the highlights of the year was the opening of the new Theatre. The orchestra had the honour of being the first ever to play in this magnificent venue. They began the concert with four contrasting items and later in the programme, combined with sixty Prep school singers in a moving performance of the Skye-boat song and the Do-mi-so calypso.

In November, the Herschel Music Makers were invited to entertain at the Oude Wynberg Craft Market. Forty five singers, accompanied by staff members on guitars and percussion, sang folk songs from many lands. This was followed by Afrikaans folk tunes played by the recorder ensemble. To end the morning's entertainment, the Herschel fiddlers played Irish Gigues and Scottish Reels to the crowd of enthusiastic spectators.

This year's Carol Service is to be presented largely by the girls themselves. They have spent many hours researching Christmas traditions and writing poetry for the occasion.

A special word of thanks goes to the Standard 5's who have contributed to the Prep School Music Department. To those girls leaving Herschel, we wish you well and hope that you will take your music wherever you go.

M MCLEAN AND A TYSON



School Orchestra

Back Row: Z Quail, V van Spronsen, C Garlick, A Serritslev, E du Plessis, V Lengner, P Guyvine-Evans, A Sturgeon, J Bradshaw
Middle Row: S Ricketts, C Roberts, C Loughton, P Chauda, B Vos, I Serritslev, C Barr, A van Hoom, L Robb, S van Hoom
Front Row: K Richardson, N Sebe, S Neutoni, R Garlick, B Berry, S Gardner, R Kadalle, Mrs McLean, N Wallace

Physical Education Report: 1988

NETBALL

Captain Stephanie de Wet
Vice-Captain Megan Morrell

We entered seven teams this year into the Peninsula Girls' Netball League: Under 10A and Under 10B, Under 11A and Under 11B, Under 12A and Under 12B and Open A. Having had such a successful season last year, the girls had a lot to live up to. Accepting the challenge, the girls set out to excel further. With practices twice a week and some early morning sessions, our girls stretched themselves to the limit. League matches were played regularly on a Friday afternoon and these were greatly enjoyed by A and B team players alike.

In the league our Under 10's finished third, Under 11's won their league and, in fact, have not lost a match for the last two years. The Under 12's and Opens also came third in their leagues.

The highlight of the netball season is always the Inter-schools Tournaments. In preparation for this, Herschel put in some extra training in the early mornings. This extra training certainly paid off because all our teams played outstandingly.

The Under 10 and Under 11A Inter-schools was held at Rustenburg Girls' High on 6 September. Our Under 10's beat the following schools:

Good Hope	13-2
Greenfield and Oakhurst	5-4

but narrowly lost to Springfield 7-6. Springfield went through to the final as winners of our section and met Wynberg who eventually won the cup and we would like to congratulate them on their success.

Our Under 11's beat all the schools in their section quite convincingly:

Star of the Sea	18-0
Oakhurst	8-2
Rustenburg B	19-1
St Cyprians	15-2

They met Rustenburg A in the final. The match up to half-time was particularly exciting with all the players evenly matched; the half-time result was 3-3. In the second half Herschel gained in confidence and Kirsten Feltz (Captain) led her team to a 10-3 victory. There was some

fine passing and excellent interceptions by Sharon Talbot and Sarah Bille.

The Under 12 and Open Inter-schools tournament was held at Sans Souci on 7 September. Both teams were put into very competitive sections.

Leanne Louw, the Under 12 Captain, led her team to an easy victory against Good Hope 16-2. They then met Star of the Sea who were very quick in defence, but we proved to be the stronger side. We then came up against a much improved Greenfield side, but eventually beat them 18-7. Our final match was against Wynberg, who, like ourselves, had won all the matches in their section. Therefore, this was a crucial match because whoever won would go through to the final. Both schools displayed exceptional ball control, quick attacking and strong defensive play. When we scored a goal, Wynberg would quickly follow suit and at half-time led 6-5. The second half followed the same pattern, but by full-time Herschel had managed to win 11-10. The atmosphere was electric and, to add to all of this, our Opens were also playing Wynberg at the same time and were in the same position as our Under 12's. (Both Herschel Open and Wynberg Open had won all their matches — whoever won went through to the final).

Our Under 12's met Rustenburg in the final which was exciting at times. Rustenburg were unfortunately outclassed by our girls and we claimed victory, beating them 12-2.

The Opens had an equally exciting time during their section beating Springfield 11-10, Wynberg B 11-5, Good Hope 17-3. We narrowly lost 14-11 to Wynberg, who eventually won the cup, beating Rustenburg in the final. Congratulations to Wynberg.

To round off this summary, I must mention how hard and enthusiastically the girls in the B teams have played and without them our A's would not be up to their present standard.

A sincere thank you to those mums who helped lift these 56 girls regularly every Friday.

Our Inter-house competition completed the season and this was played in a friendly, competitive manner by all. Rolt were the overall winners with 11 points, 2nd came Merriman with 7 points, closely followed by Jagger with 6 points.

GYMNASTICS

While being taught as part of the curriculum, gymnastics is also offered after school on Wednesdays from 3 to 5 pm and is run very competently by Mrs Hopkins who is a former Springbok and coach.

Well done to Heloise Martin for once again being chosen to represent Western Province.

SQUASH

Squash continues to be offered after school with a squash ladder in operation throughout the year.

Carolyn McGahey must be congratulated on being chosen to represent Western Province in Bloemfontein in the Under 12 age group. She won a special award while competing in Bloemfontein — "The Most Fun-Loving Filly".



Under 11 Netball Team

PENINSULA GIRLS LEAGUE AND INTER-SCHOOLS CUP WINNERS 1988

Back Row: S Talbot, J Bradshaw, S Bille, P Motolengwe

Front Row: K Feltz (Capt), Mrs Goodrick, M van Schaikwyk, I Bergstedt



Under 12 Netball Team

PENINSULA GIRLS INTER-SCHOOLS CUP WINNERS 1988

Back Row: C Roberts, J O'Hanlon, L Reid, C McGahey

Front Row: J Evertse, L A Louw (Capt), Mrs Goodrick, B Davies, A Louw



Open A Mini Hockey Team

RUNNERS-UP IN THE PENINSULA GIRLS INTER-SCHOOLS HOCKEY TOURNAMENT 1988

Back Row: L A Louw, V Wood

2nd Back Row: C Roberts, S de Wet, M Morrell

Middle Row: M Overstone (Capt), Mrs Goodrick, N Schonborn (Vice Capt)

Front D Wynne

TENNIS

Captain Leanne Louw

Herschel's four teams were once again entered into the Peninsula Mixed League. Last year we lost quite a few strong players when they moved up to the Senior School. However, we have some young up-and-coming talent and with continual practice will gain in strength and confidence.

Our A's, mainly made up of Std 4's and 5's, lost only one match throughout the season, and the whole team must be commended for their skill and determination. The B's played equally well, losing only two matches during the season.

Leanne Louw and Pippa Rice represented Herschel Under 12's in the Inter-schools tournament held at Sans Souci. They played extremely well as doubles partners and won all but one match in their section. Our Opens were represented by Stephanie de Wet and Nicky Schonborn who both serve with precision and have strong forehand drives.

HOCKEY

Captain

Melanie Overstone

Vice-Captain

Nicola Schonborn

Herschel fielded four mini-hockey sides, Open A, B and C and Under 11A. These teams trained for one and a half hours every week and played regular matches on Thursdays.

Our Open A's played a total of 9 matches. They won 5, drew 2 and lost 2. The Open B's played 8 matches. They won 5, drew 1 and lost 1.

This year, for the first time, an Under 11 Inter-schools competition was held at Herschel on 9 September. Although the conditions were cold and wet, the girls played with great zest. The matches were played on a round robin basis — 2 points were awarded for a win, 1 point for a draw. Herschel beat Oakhurst, Rustenburg, Springfield and St Cyprians, thus scoring maximum 8 points and winning the Under 11 Hockey Tournament for the first time. Oakhurst and St Cyprians came joint 2nd with 5 points and Springfield and Rustenburg came joint 4th.

Our Open team played their Inter-schools at Wynberg on 10 September at 8.00 am. The weather conditions had not improved, but this did not deter the girls. All teams competed keenly and showed some fine team spirit. Eventually the weather could not be ignored and the last two rounds of the competition were postponed until the following Thursday. At the time of writing this report, Herschel have only one more match to play against Springfield. So far we have drawn with Rustenburg, 0-0, and Oakhurst 1-1, beaten St Cyprians 2-0, and lost to Wynberg 2-0. Wynberg look the favourites to win the tournament because they have not lost a match. If that is the case, our girls must not be upset by their performance — they displayed some fine stick-work and team play. Well done!



Tennis A Team

Mrs Goodrick, S de Wet, N Schonborn, L A Louw (Capt), P Rice



Herschel Team Swimmers

Back Row: K Melrose, B Berry, C Roberts, B Davies, N Munroe, D Wynne, A Soltynski

3rd Row: A Franks, C Roberts, T O'Hanlon, L A Louw, M Morrell, A Louw, J O'Hanlon, Z Quail

2nd Row: H Christie, R Davies, S Bilbe, C Berry (Vice Capt), Mrs Goodrick, N Schonborn, J Evertse, T Weldon, K Fisher

Front Row: J Louw, L Fisher, G Christie, K Thomas, S van Hoom, A Wood

SWIMMING

Captain Sarah Boardman

Sarah has followed firmly in Kirsten Tharing's footsteps, maintaining enthusiasm while, at the same time, trying to achieve excellence in this sport.

All the girls practised regularly and friendly galas were held every Friday.

The Inter-schools Gala was held at Newlands on 12 March. Although Wynberg and Rustenburg fought hard to take 1st and 2nd places, Herschel and Springfield fought equally hard for 3rd and 4th positions. Herschel had a hard fight to beat Springfield and from the look of things, we shall have to be on our toes next year, but our girls like a challenge!

In the Inter-schools diving competition which was held at Newlands our girls executed some fine dives from various heights. Natalie Wood represented the Under 10's, Angela Franks the Under 11's, Gabi Christie the Under 12's and Jessamy O'Hanlon the Open group. The overall result was as follows: Rustenburg and Wynberg tied for 1st place with 13 points, Herschel came second with 10 points.

The season would not have been complete without the Inter-house gala and diving competition. The whole school took part in both fun and competitive events.

Once again, competition was keen from all the houses. However, the eventual winner with 442 points was Jagger, closely followed by Merriman with 429 points and Rolt with 391 points. The Diving Cup went to Rolt with 106,45 points; 2nd was Merriman with 103,50 points and 3rd Jagger with 83,40 points.

This year, as you are no doubt aware, is the year of The Olympics, which are being held in Seoul, South Korea. In honour of this, we decided to hold our own Mini-Olympics at Herschel on 30 July. Springfield, St Cyprians and Oakhurst all took part, with tremendous enthusiasm, in cross-country, netball, hockey, 80m sprints, long jump, high jump and gymnastics. To say this was the highlight of the year would be an understatement. I have never known the girls to be as excited and serious about training as they were for these events. All the girls from Séd 1 to 5 competed in at least one event. Each school had quite a number of weeks to train for these events and there was keen competition.

The opening ceremony was particularly memorable. Herschel Drum Majorettes led the parade around, each school marching behind its own banner. When the schools were in place, our Sub A's and B's formed the Olympic Circles. The Olympic torch was carried by a runner from each school and eventually Sarah Boardman lit the Olympic Flame which represents the spirit in which the games should be played. Mrs Chambers read the Olympic Oath and this was followed by pigeons being released as a sign of peace. Our Mini-Olympics were then declared open.

A medal ceremony was held after each event had taken place. Beautifully engraved gold, silver and bronze medals were presented to those who came 1st, 2nd or 3rd. Congratulations go to the following girls who won medals for Herschel:

CROSS COUNTRY

Under 9's	Lisa Bester	Gold
	Carolyn Martin	Silver
Under 10's	Katrina Wetzel-Baumer	Bronze
Under 11's	Irrgarde Bergstedt	Gold
	Nicola de Wet	Silver
	Linda Fisher	Bronze
Under 12's	Jessamy O'Hanlon	Gold
	Tamsin O'Hanlon	Silver
	Domitilla Raimondo	Bronze
Open	Sarah Boardman	Gold
	Megan Morrell	Silver
	Laura Hartnady	Bronze

LONG JUMP

Under 9's	Rhianwen Davies	Silver
	Lisa Bester	Bronze
Under 11's	Kirsten Feltz	Gold
	Bronwen Davies	Bronze

HIGH JUMP

Under 12's	Sarah Bilbe	Silver
	Alison Louw	Bronze

80 M SPRINTS

Under 10's	Paula de Villiers	Gold
Under 12's	Leanne Louw	Gold
Open	Clarissa Berry	Gold
	Cara Fernor	Silver

GYMNASTICS

Under 10's	Paula de Villiers	Silver
Under 11's	Shanon Talbot	Bronze
Under 12's	Jessamy O'Hanlon	Silver
Open	Heloise Martin	Gold

NETBALL

Under 10's	Herschel	Gold
Under 11's	Herschel	Gold

HOCKEY

Under 12's	Herschel	Gold
Open	Herschel	Silver

The final results were as follows:

SCHOOL	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
Herschel	12	9	8
Springfield	8	8	6
Oakhurst	3	4	6
St Cyprians	3	3	5

To round off the morning all the girls and parents formed a giant circle on the field and sang Auld Lang Syne.

V2 Skemerparytjie vir beroemde mense.





Sub B read about helicopters and then a "real" helicopter came to school.



Std I — Our Barbies helped us write our stories.



Std II's interpretation of The Emperor's New Clothes.



St IV — Dias-kookfees.



Die St IV-leerlinge het 'n troue gereel.



Sid V's getting down to low impact aerobics



She cried her eyes out. Robyn aged 9.
Std 2



She was bubbling with excitement. Samantha aged 9
Std 2

ORIGINAL WORK *Standard 5*

WHEN I AM OLD

When I am old I won't spend my time
Knitting
When I am old you will never find me
Sitting
All alone and bored

I will never wear a matronly dress
And I won't clean up anyone else's mess
I'll have a maid of my own

I will go on scary rides at the
Fair
I will have a pink stripe in my
Hair
Every night I'll bath for three hours

I'll have lots and lots of cocktail
Parties
And eat too many chocolates and too
Many Smarties
And then I'll go on a diet

I'll have fun eating caviar
I'll always know where the parties are
I won't be dull when I'm old

YOLANDE YOUNG

100 YEARS

The weeping-willow sulked beside the lake
Its beautiful branches stroking the water.
It looked lonely, desolate but wise and strong
For a hundred years it had grown
There

All alone.
It wept now
Long thin tears running into the water
We could cut it
With a thud!
But never again would it burst into bud
We could plant another tree?
Yes

It could also grow for a hundred years
Together they could grow
A hundred years.

MEGAN MORRELL

BLACK

Black is a colour. It is very dark and it stands out on paper and with white. Most people think black is very dull but to me it is a very nice colour. In the night the sky is sometimes black. Coal and some clothes are black. Many ladies wear black clothes and stockings when they go to smart places. I wear black clothes sometimes and I don't get so dirty.

SAMANTHA BYERS

BLACK

Black is associated with mourning. It is a dark sombre colour that you can't see through. It is said to be good luck when you see a black cat, I wonder. People who have black cars are often faced with the problem of very hot cars when it is sunny. To me black is a lonely and sad colour and that is why I think the stars are up there at night, to brighten the sad, lonely night.

KATE GROWSE

PUMPKINS

I don't like pumpkins. There is a programme on TV called "Pumpkin Patch." It is a programme for young kids.

I live in a small village outside Ceres called Prince Alfred Hamlet. In the olden days it was called "Pampoen Dorp" because lots of the houses had pumpkins on their roofs so that roofs wouldn't blow off.

On Halloween they cut out a face from a pumpkin and clean out the middle and put a candle inside.

MELANIE OVENSTONE

NAILS

Nails are things that grow on your fingers. A lot of people try to grow them as long as possible but then temptation comes along and they bite them off. Others put nail-polish on to prevent this. There are other kinds of nails. These nails can be of any length. They have a sharp point and they knock hard things like wood together. Nails which are grown on your fingers are sometimes grown up to a certain length and if they are really long, the person growing them goes into the Guinness Book of Records.

NICOLA MUNROE

CANDY FLOSS

Soft pink coloured sugar held together by the stickiness of the sugar and placed lightly on a wooden stick. Candy floss is delicious to eat and little children love it. You suck it, chew or whatever, with it, and get very sticky. It is made in a steel bowl, colouring is added. I would love it if all the clouds were candy floss, yum-yum. In Cavendish, in the Christmas rush, they often sell candy floss for 60c. I think this is overpriced as it is just pink fluff.

KATE GROWSE

TRUNKS

Our trunk is spacious with lots of room for many things. People often use trunks when they are taking a lot of things on holiday.

My dad's swimming trunks are dark blue, light blue and white and, in my opinion, too big for him. He only has one pair as he hardly ever goes swimming.

YOLANDE YOUNG



FISH-FACTORY WORKER

*The putrid smell of rotting fish
Shoved in the corner with the mush and the squish*

*It couldn't be canned, it was too old
Only the tasty can be sold.
The fins and tails
The oily scales
I work with them every day
Canning and boxing the fish from the bay
The Machinery Mums
Mind fingers and thumbs!*

ALISON STURGEON

BLACK

Black is a dark colour and usually when one thinks of black one thinks of the night. Little children associate black with spooks, ghosts, witches and black cats. Personally black is my favourite colour because, like white, it goes with almost any other colour. Black is a colour people also wear to funerals and sad occasions.

CLARISSA BERRY

PUMPKINS

Pumpkins are usually associated with Halloween. People cut faces out of them and stick candles inside. Pumpkins are vegetables and therefore are eaten. I, personally, do not relish the taste, but I guess I'm not alone. On Halloween night, children go trick-or-treating which involves knocking on doors and chanting a song. If they are lucky, they will come home with a big bag of sweets, chocolates etc.

LEANNE LOUW

RED

Red is a very pretty colour. At sunrise and sunset, the sun is red. On Gouda cheese, you sometimes get a red wax which you have to peel off. Red is a bright colour. It is not very convenient to wear red if you are hiding from somebody in the bushes. Most schools have a red house. Ours is Merriman.

DEBBIE WYNNE

RED

This bright colour is often used to make things seem livelier. It is also the colour of our blood when it has oxygen in it. A house at this school, Merriman, has red as its colour. People, particularly ladies, love painting their nails red so that they stand out. People also love drawing red hearts which symbolise love. We seem to use it for a lot of things and it is a favourite colour of many people.

MEGAN MORRELL

FIRE

*Furious flames lit the sky
And surrounded the town
A smoky smell lingered
As the burned buildings fell
People shouted "Fire!"
And the coals crackled*

PATIENCE NOFLI

CAR CRASH

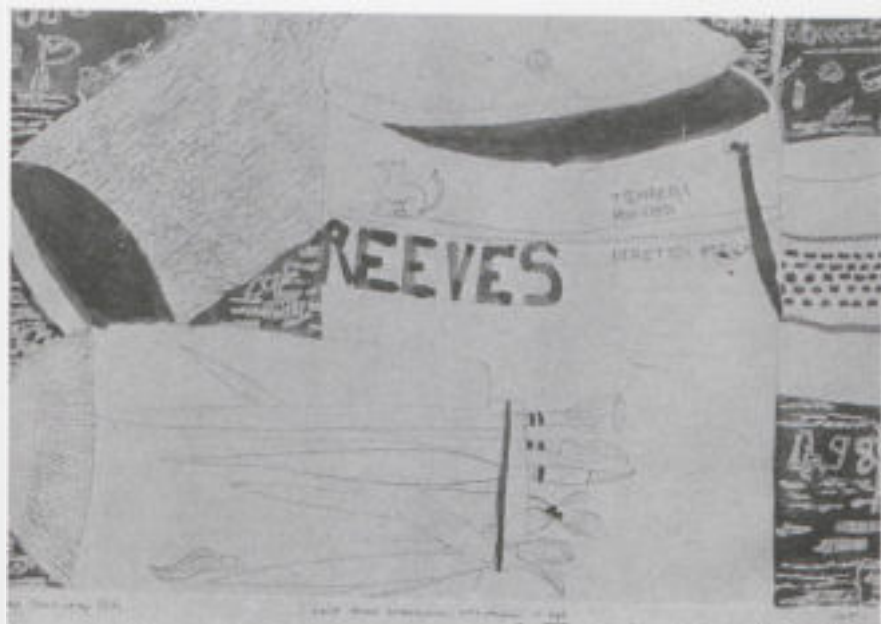
*The screech of brakes
Came too late,
No one yielded
To the hooting horns.
I remember clearly
The splintering paint,
The buckling metal
The smell of burning rubber
And the shouts of warning.
Then only the "bee boo"
Of an ambulance
In the distance...*

NICOLA WALLACE

THE JUDGE

*The judge who sits on his high bench
Every day faces
Problems and cases
Such as Miss Minks' poodle
Who trespassed next door, or,
The thief
Who pinched from the mighty chief.
The who-did-its?
And the how-was-it-done?
The guilty?
Or the innocent?
The right?
Or the wrong?
The judge sits there
Making decisions with care.*

NICOLA WALLACE



Laura Hartnady 5

BUNGLERS AT BREAKFAST

There was a crash and a shriek of pain from the kitchen. I jumped out of my bed and raced to the scene. I found my father hopping round the kitchen clutching his bare foot bravely. On the floor there lay a pot. When my father had overcome his agony, I suggested that we make breakfast.

"Leave it to me," he said cheerfully.

I sank into a chair and smiled indulgently. Luckily my father did not see. He started with his "Breakfast Special" which was scrambled eggs. He broke an egg into a pot dropping most of the egg shell in with it.

"Why don't we rather have pancakes?" I asked.

"All right," agreed my father.

I made the batter, but my father insisted on cooking it. He enjoys living dangerously and so he flipped the pancake. It landed on the floor. According to my father this was because he hadn't flipped it high enough.

"Yes, that must be it," I sneered sarcastically, picking up the misshapen pancake from the floor.

"This is yours," I said absently.

My father chose to ignore me as he was busy with the second pancake. When the time came he flipped that too. That went up to the ceiling and stayed there.

My father lowered his head and chuckled, though what is funny about a pancake on the ceiling I can't imagine. But then I saw a subject for mirth as the pancake was slowly losing its stick and was aimed for my father's head. Just then he moved and it fell into the pan. My father looked very pleased with himself.

"This can be yours!" he said with great relish.

He'd been listening after all, the cunning little devil.

Well, my father enjoyed his pancake enormously, but every mouthful or so I was sure I could taste ceiling plaster.

ALISON STURGEON

Standard 4

HORSES OF THE SEA

Thunder clashes,
Lightning flashes,
The fiery horses of Neptune's chariot
Draw up suddenly with a start
Where before a calm sea lay,

Faster than any living things,
As though the horses had swift wings,
As wave starts rolling towards the land
And crashes against the rocks and sand.

The sea hesitates, listens, then all is quiet,
As though the horses had finished their riot,
And foam drips down their mighty backs
As they retire to their weedy shacks,
At the bottom of the sea.

MARIE-FRANCE RENWICK

THE ELEPHANT

They are the kings of the plain
Africa is their domain.
They fall below the hunter's gun
But they stay and fight — they do not run.
Their young are treated with utmost care,
And would-be killers had better beware;
Their fights are most impressive to see,
But they only fight for territory.
To these great creatures others bow down
His sharp white tusks serve as a crown.
For ever and ever these creatures will roam
Over Africa, forever their home.

NIKKI LOUW

THE MISTAKE

My birthday's here, oh goody good,
And I have done just as I should.
There are lots of things I'd like to get
Such as a bird, a budgie, as a pet.
Perhaps a cuddly teddy bear
Or pink, expensive underwear.
So on the stairs I softly trod,
Hey, I might get a fishing rod!
But when I looked into the room
I did not fall into a swoon.
I did not want the doll within,
With the frilly pants and sickly grin.
So I threw it over the garden gate,
And did not stop to look or wait.
But ran inside at tip top speed,
Trying not to think of my nasty deed.
When I again looked in the room
I saw my sister sunk in gloom.
She said, "Have you seen my brand new doll,

The one who's name is Pretty Poll?"
And I slunk guiltily back to bed,
To try and ease my aching head.

NIKKI LOUW

THE OAK TREE

The oak tree in our school garden
is so big and raggedy,
It overpowers all the other
small trees.
It has great big arms that can
hug you forever.
Its leaves, when they shiver,
can make faces you've never seen.
That big tree is our treasure.

PATRICIA MATOLENGWE

THE WEEPING-WILLOW

The weeping-willow old and grey
Hangs all day with nothing to say.
He weeps and wallows over the sleet
But his reflection dances bright and gay.
Birds settle on his welcoming branches all day
But he bends and sways with nothing to say.

ALISON LOUW

THE STROLLER

He got up feeling all forlorn
He's cold, his clothes are tattered and torn
Yesterday he didn't eat
Last night he slept in a dark street
He would go home, but he hasn't the fare
People pass by without a care
And he just sits and shivers there.

There he is, alone and sad
Things for him are very bad
The clouds blacken, here comes the rain
Will he ever be warm again?
Oh, he couldn't have survived
No matter how long or hard he tried
There, without love, he died.

GWEN ADAMSON

WINTER SUNRISE

The sun rises over the land,
And on the edge of a wood I stand,
Ignoring the winds and the cold,
To see the sun rise the colour of gold.

The sun makes the snow that has fallen in the
night

Glitter and sparkle with all its might,
But there are no birds that will sing,
Glory to everything.

But it is cold, so cold indeed,
That lakes and rivers are bound to freeze,
And my gnarled hands are cold and white,
As though they had been touched by frost-
bite.

And I will not see the spring,
With birds and flowers and everything,
But who will ever see
The tears of a dying tree?

MARIE-FRANCE RENWICK



Stephanie de Wet 5

Standard 3

A LIFE STORY

"So that is the story of my life," said Larry, the old and tattered limousine, to his friends. They listened patiently to the story of how his first owners had bought him when he was young. They had two children who played in him and spilt cooldrink on his seats, but he didn't mind because every Sunday their father washed him. He started getting unreliable and they had to replace him.

The next thing he knew, he was in the secondhand shop. Life got very boring and sad for him while he waited for someone to buy him and the weeks dragged past. One day he was taken to a workshop and his seats were covered with brand new leather and then he was given a coat of black paint which gleamed. A man in a blue uniform got into the driver's seat. Then a man in a smart, black suit got into the passenger seat. Just then he realised that it was Larry Hagnan. Those were very proud days, as Larry Hagnan became more and more famous and richer and richer.

The day came when he, too, wanted a bigger and better car. That is how Larry the Limousine landed in the dump in New York, waiting for his end.

JACKI GORDON

MY FAMILY

*My family is a family of four,
the nicest number I am sure.
My mum is soft and kind
and my dad and I don't mind.
My brother is something of a work of art.
I am also good for a start.
I'm lean and can be mean.
My dad and I could be twins,
we look alike, think alike and are born on the
same day.
Only he is thirty years older than me.
My mum is slim and has fair hair and blue
eyes
and she never never lets my brother and I tell
lies.
My brother has green eyes and looks a bit
like a cat
but then there's nothing bad about that.
My dad has black hair
and, I think, grey-blue eyes.
I love them all, every single one,
Nick, Dad, me and Mum.*

ALLISON PORTER

THE CHANGING TREE

One sunny afternoon I was playing with my red ball when suddenly there was a big rumble under my feet. I felt myself lifting off the ground. I was sitting in some sort of big pot! I went higher and higher until I was about one and a half metres off the ground. I looked down and saw that I was sitting on a small tree.

I got out of the big pot and started climbing down the tree. While I was doing that another little tree had come up. On the branches of my tree were tiny little saucepans, cheese graters and frying pans. It didn't seem to get any bigger and after a few minutes I decided it must be a dwarf General Kitchenware tree. The other little tree that had come up was filled with sweets, but it was much smaller. I decided I would leave the two trees until the next morning.

When I woke up I quickly got dressed and rushed outside. The smaller tree still had sweets on it but the bigger one had changed and it was filled with clothes. I called my mom and we stared at the trees for a long time, thinking what to do. Finally my mom asked why I didn't taste a sweet. I walked towards the sweet tree and ate a sweet. It tasted delicious. We started picking clothes and sweets off

the trees. Every time we picked something off the tree another one of those things would grow in the same place. Every day the smaller tree would have sweets on it and the bigger one kept changing every day. My mom and I started selling everything and we soon got very rich. Maybe one day you will walk past my house and buy something useful.

ANGELA FRANKS

MY FAMILY

*In our house there live five,
One of them who likes to dive.
If you opened the door you would find
Two sisters and a brother.
But don't forget the father and mother.
My mum likes to sell antiques and my dad
hates fixing leaks.
I go to pottery and make things with clay
And my brother goes to nursery school every
day.*

*We have a busy life as you can see,
But we all live together in harmony.*

AMANDA BOARDMAN

THE GREAT BATTLE AT LE DOMAINE MANSION

It was 10 am and everyone had gone to work and school. The machines were terribly bored, just sitting in their same old places. Suddenly Mrs Wisby Washy, the dishwasher, spoke and said, "It's not fair, all the cooking machines make everything dirty and we cleaning machines have to wash everything."

"That's not so," said Miss Molly, the microwave.

Mrs Vivi, the vacuum cleaner, butted in and said, "Well, I have already broken three nails and my lipstick is smudged."

"Darlings, we must not argue now. Remember it gives you wrinkles," said Mrs Flora, the floor polisher.

"Wrinkles, shminkles! I don't care. I want revenge," shouted Mr Derek, the dust-buster.

"All right, that does it. I declare war," shrieked Mr Tommity, the toaster.

The kettle sounded the bugle call and shouted, "Get to your battle stations, war has started."

The liquidiser screamed, "Charge!" and raced towards Mr Derek, chopped him up, and that was the end of him. The pan banged the dishwasher, the microwave banged the vacuum cleaner. There was a lot of noise, "Bang, clang, do!, bring, zssss, zzzzz, ding, ling, zing, crash, bang!" There was a huge noise and suddenly the microwave caught alight. The next thing they knew, the whole mansion was on fire. The machines could hear the fire brigade outside.

At 6 pm the Griffith family arrived home and what a shock they got. Mrs Griffith fainted, Miss Griffith burst into tears, the brother said, "My He-Man toys are gone," and the father said, "My portraits!"

ZARA QUAIL

TREES

I'm a tree trying to please you. I provide shade, fruit and oxygen for everyone. I also let animals sleep in me. I let girls and boys climb me and I really don't mind people picking my fruit. But one thing that really hurts me is when people cut me down.

CERRIGAN KLOTZ

A FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time a Fairy Queen sent a little worker fairy out to pick out the scent of flowers. Tessa, the little worker fairy, set off. She sang merrily to herself as she went through the green lush valleys of fairyland but she had to cross a bridge to get to the flowers her Majesty wanted. Just as she was about to cross the bridge a giant wasp grabbed her from behind. Oh no! It was Whasiph. Whasiph was a big red wasp with purple eyes.

Meanwhile back at the palace the Queen had sent the elves to find Tessa. Her sister, the princess, was also worried about Tessa. She was her best playmate.

Tessa was thrown into a big lake so her wings would be too heavy to fly.

Night fell upon the earth. The elves were not back. The Queen was worried sick. The princess was crying. Dawn arrived. The elves were still not back. No-one had had any sleep.

Meanwhile, after a long flight through the night, the elves arrived at Whasiphene in a carriage pulled by birds. They swooped down, got Tessa and flew home. When they got to the palace all the Queen said was "Deary me" and fell asleep.

NICOLE STRUIK

THE DAY THE DRAGON DIED

Once upon a time there was a Fairy Queen. She was walking in the forest when a big, mean, ugly, huge, ferocious dragon picked her up in his big sharp claws. She screamed for help as loudly as she could but nobody came. The dragon put her into prison. She did not have her wand because the dragon had taken it away from her, but she did have a whistle which only fairies, elves and pixies could hear. She whistled as loudly as she could and all the fairies, elves and pixies came running up the footpath and saw the dragon sitting with witches, wizards and dragons.

They surrounded the whole castle. They had to find a way to get in. They knew the Fairy Queen was in the castle because they had powers to know everything. All the little forest folk made themselves invisible and worked out a plan to rescue the Fairy Queen.

All the boys went to fetch mice, and all the girls made the mice invisible, but they could see each other. They were invisible but they could not get into the castle before they killed the dragon. The Elf King took his sword because the dragon had quite a thin neck for his size. The Elf King took his sword and charged through the air with it. He cut the dragon's head off. The dragon was dead. YEA! They had not won yet. They still had to get past the guard. That was no problem because they were invisible.

All the forest folk rode past the guard, through the door to the prisons. Graw, gnaw, gnaw. The mice had gnawed a hole. They freed the Fairy Queen, rushed through the door, past the guard, and went home.

KATE DURR

I HATE YOU, EARTHWORM

You are so wriggly
When I pick you up
You never keep still
You live in the dark damp soil
And hate the sunlight
Poor blind worm

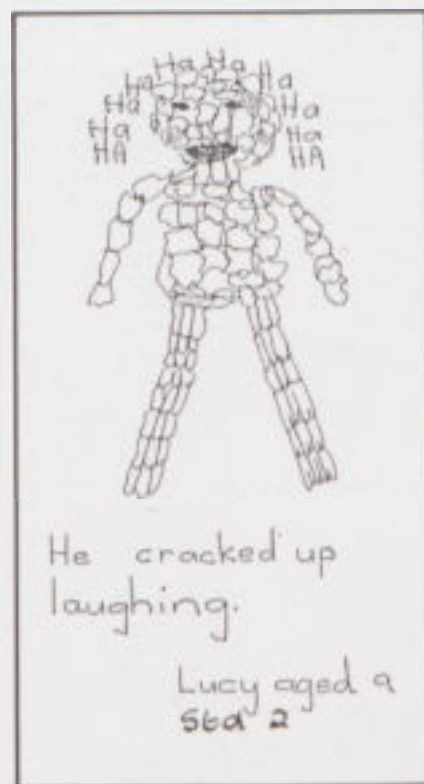
TARYN WELDON

MY LITTLE BROOK

My little trickling brook, seeping through the rocks

Meandering on its way.
Rippling waves, chattering sounds.
Leaves floating down your flowing path.
Tripping, splashing over the roots of the
Trees that have grown by the water's edge.

CLAIRE PIETERSE



AUTUMN

In autumn squirrels get ready to hibernate
They gather nuts and while they scurry
through the leaves
They make this funny crackling noise
The leaves are falling from the trees
Down down they come
Some of them are red and brown
and some are even gold
All the trees have no more leaves
Autumn has gone
And winter has come

SUSANNA VAN HOORN

AUTUMN

Hot chocolate by the fire
With the howling wind outside
Scattering all the coloured leaves
Filling the gloomy sky with colour

CAROLYN MARTIN



Paula de Villiers 2

WHAT A DAY

"It is such a hot day," I grumbled to myself as I walked down the street to the shops. My mother had sent me to buy some milk and bread which I really did not feel like doing on such a day.

Suddenly I heard someone screaming. "A Monster! A Giant! A DRAGON!" I nearly jumped out of my skin, for down the road came the most terrifying monstrous dragon. He had a long tail with a spike on the end of it. His legs were the size of a tennis court, his skin was scaly and fire was coming out of his mouth. It was a total disaster. A car drove on to a pavement, people were screaming and running in all different directions.

Just then I saw a lady being picked up by the dragon. "Stop!" I cried, but it was too late. The dragon had popped the lady into his mouth. All you could hear was a crunch and a crackle and the lady was gone! Almost everyone was standing there with their mouths wide open. Then the dragon vanished. I don't know what made the dragon vanish but at least he is gone and I hope he never comes back.

KATRINA WEIXELBAUMER



Prathiba Chauda 2

Standard 2



Samantha Gardner 2

I HATE SNAKES

Venerous creatures from the underworld
Reminding me of overgrown gardens
With long green creepers and soggy dead leaves

Playing in my garden
I am afraid

That a long green snake is going to slither
Out from under a big green leaf
With his bright green, suspicious eyes
Seeking his prey.

SAMANTHA GARDNER

HATE SPIDERS

They give you frights
They jump out of corners
On dark dark nights

LAUREN ROBB

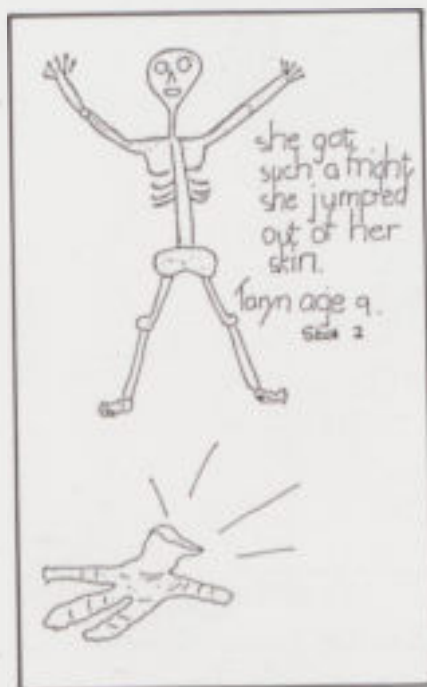


Carolyn Martin 2

WHATIFS

Whatifs come when the clock strikes twelve
Or when I wake up in the night.
The Whatifs come and wake me up
With their Whatif song.
Whatif I leave my books at home
Whatif I get lost in a storm
Whatif I miss my test again
Or get soaked in the rain.
Whatif I get sick and die
Whatif I fall in a pig sty.
But when I fall asleep again
I'll always be safe from them
Because Whatifs can only wake me once
And never ever again.
(For the rest of the night)

PIA TAYLOR



TREES

People love me
They use my shade
Climb my branches
Swing all day.
Many animals live inside me
And use my nuts for food.
People cut my friends down
For desks, paper, chairs and rubber.
I give you oxygen to breathe always
I feed you fruit throughout the years.
I tell you when the seasons change
I can also change my clothes when seasons move.

When I'm cut down I feel the pain
But I know I'll be used again.

INGRID SERRITSLEV

THE WICKED WITCH

Once upon a time there was a little princess whose name was Mary-Anne. She was a pretty little girl, but unfortunately, she had an enemy and that enemy was a witch. The witch's name was Miss Harrismith. She was the wickedest witch in the entire world. She was also a very clever witch.

Mary-Anne had a younger brother. His name was Droops. He was called this because he was always very droopy. The King and Queen, not like most parents, liked Mary-Anne better than Droops. Miss Harrismith also disliked Droops and had always wanted to capture him.

One day Miss Harrismith, dressed up as Mrs Looney, a friend of the Queen, came into the palace and spoke to the queen and then asked to speak to Droops. The Queen called him and said that Mrs Looney wanted to speak to him. He said that he was coming in a while, and Mrs Looney said she would call him herself. As she was saying this, her magic spell had taken Droops right out of the window and before the Queen could say anything, Mrs Looney had flung herself out of the palace. While Miss Harrismith had been at the palace, Mary-Anne had not been there but she had seen Droops with Mrs Looney and she had guessed that it was really Miss Harrismith.

First of all, it was not Mrs Looney's car, and secondly, she had seen Miss Harrismith's evil mind working. Although the King and Queen disliked Droops, Mary-Anne really adored him and she wasted no time in going to save her brother. She knew where the witch lived, so off she went.

The witch was saying nasty things to Droops. He was locked up in a cage, so all Mary-Anne had to do was get the key. Mary-Anne saw the witch go out of the room. She ran into the castle, because the door was open. The witch did this on purpose because she thought that all the frogs and bugs would come in to be put in a mixture with Droops. Droops called to her and asked her to rescue him, telling her that the key was on the shelf. She grabbed the key and, as quick as lightning, they rushed home.

The Queen asked where they had been and then said that she and the King had been thinking that they were going to love both exactly the same. Droops said that he would love that. They lived happily ever after. But the witch? Well, the witch was furious when she found out that Droops had escaped. She was so angry that she decided to go and capture him again, but as soon as she went outside, she was captured by some guards that the Queen had sent.

SARAH NEWTON

Junior Preparatory

A DAY AT THE BEACH

It was beginning to get hotter by the day and my family wanted a break, so Dad said we should go to the Gordons Bay sea-side for a holiday. At the beach I collected shells. There were pink, yellow, green, and orange shells. I built a sand castle with big moats and towers. I also swam. I liked our stay. It was grand.

ZENA WILLIAMS

WHAT AM I?

I have short legs and arms. I am very fat. I have long ears. They are pink. I am white. I have a fluffy, round tail. I eat carrots. I like to bounce up and down. I live in a burrow. I am very good at digging. I can hop very fast. What am I?

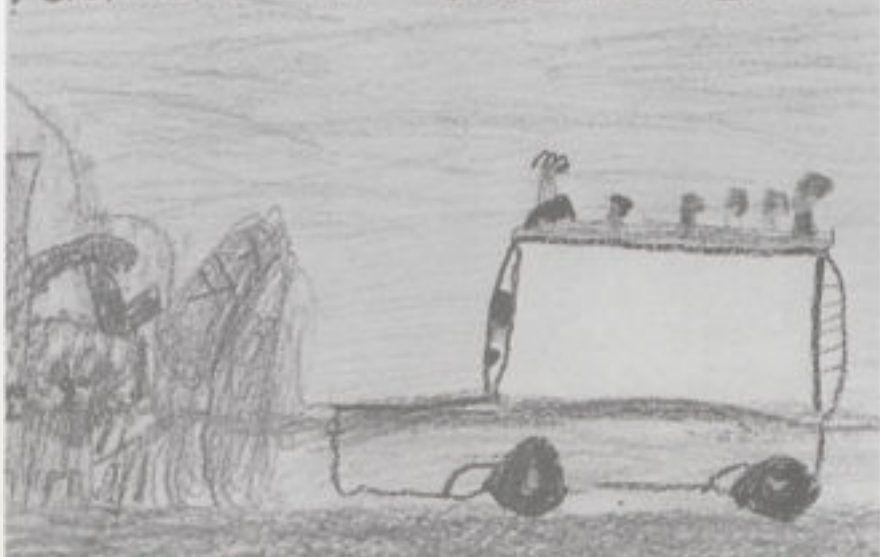
CHANTEL BARR

ALL ABOUT ME

My name is Megan. I like to ride horses. My eyes are blue the rest of the family have blue eyes too. My brother is sometimes nice and sometimes horrible. I like to eat steak and chips. I hate to eat macaroni cheese.

MEGAN AUBIN

Patricia in Botswana.



Patricia Pletzer sub a

WATER

*I hear the water rapidly running
Crashing, splashing, spraying against the
rocks.
Water flooding our houses taking everything.
Gushing, pounding out of broken pipes.
Raging, roaring down the street taking every-
thing to sea.*

ROXANNE SEGERS

MY SCHOOL

The school that I go to is Herschel. I am in Sub A and it is great fun. I like learning things that I do not know about. I learn to read and write.

HELEN MITCHELL



Louise Schönborn sub a



Parusha Pillay sub a

READING A BOOK

I love to read a book. I like to read a book because it is fun and it is exciting. I always enjoy reading a book because some books are important and some books are not. When I read a book I like to sit on a stool because it is comfortable. I can read very very fast. I read every day a whole book and it helps me to read nicely. I know some words. Reading a book is lovely and when I go to school my teacher is pleased with me because I have been learning my work well.

HOLLY CHRISTIE



Pippa Orpen sub a

SOMEONE

Someone came knocking at my wee, small door. I opened my wee small door. There stood an elfman. I stared at him for a moment but he looked cold, he looked poor. I let him in. I gave him a blanket. I lit a fire. I gave him some food. He liked it so I gave him some more. I took him upstairs to the bedroom to sleep. I asked him if he wanted some coffee and he said yes. I got him some coffee, then he went to sleep.

While he was asleep, I made him a little pair of trousers, a pair of shoes and a shirt. When he woke up I gave him the clothes. He put them on and said thank you to me. He then said to me, "I must be leaving, good-bye, good-bye."

CAMILLA OVENSTONE



Robyn Smith sub a

A RIDE ON THE MAGIC CARPET

One day I was in my bedroom playing with my chameleon. I heard a noise. I ran to the window. There I saw a magic carpet. On the carpet were patterns. There was a little man on the magic carpet. He asked me if I would go with him. I said, "Yes please." I jumped on and away we went, over the tree tops. I could see the roofs of the houses, we were so high. Then we stopped. I saw gleaming diamond shaped houses. The folk invited me to have tea and cake. The little man said, "Clap three times and I will come and fetch you. Goodbye."

"What is his name?" I asked one of the folk but no one knew the little man's name. I clapped three times and sure enough, there was the little man and his magic carpet. We flew over the roofs of the houses again and I was in my bedroom again. My mother asked me where I had been. I told her it was a long, long story. I told her about the gleaming diamond-shaped houses and the little man. I told her about the little folk.

SHIREEN AMIEN

OLD HERSCHELIANS

1988 COMMITTEE

Chairman:	Mrs Corinne Symons (Dacey) Londonia, P O Box 143, Ceres 6835
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 (Harris) Ohio Farm, Noordhoek 7985 Mrs Jenny Wynne (Brimble) Eyton House, Eyton Road, Claremont 7700 Mrs Sally-Ann Silberbauer (Wells) Lismore, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth 7700

BIRTHS

ACKERMAN — To Gareth and Mandy (**Crutchley**) a daughter, 3 December 1987.
BONI — To Marco and Susan (**Louw**) a daughter, 27 December 1987.
BURTON-MOORE — To Mark and Melodie (**van Rooyen**) a son, 22 March 1988.
COWAN — To ob and Jeanne-Andree (**Pelt**) a son, 6 August 1988.
DE VOS — To Carl and Amanda (**Robins**) a son, 16 August 1988.
DRUMMOND — To Rob and Jill (**Golding**) a son, 5 March 1988.
FREER — To David and Barbara (**Gordon Bagnall**) a son, 1 January 1988.
HEALD — To Alastair and Shelley (**Bell**) a son, December 1987.
GREEN — To Gary and Nicky (**Kohler**) a son, October 1987.
KUIPER — To Adrian and Jean (**Bergh**) a daughter, 11 April 1988.
MEAGER — To Chris and Sharon (**Gird**) a daughter, 13 January 1988.
MIENAAR — To Mike and Louise (**Gray**) a son, 1 March 1988.
THOMPSON — To Murray and Nicola (**Fouche**) a daughter, 19 February 1988.
TODD — To Andy and Nancy (**Jackson**) a son, 9 June 1988.
TWIGG — To Garnet and Camilla (**White**) a son, 31 July 1988.

ENGAGEMENTS

BINEDELL — Susan to Robert Stelzner
BORTON — Bridgit to Anton Wale
DE KLERK — Fran to Vincent Lustig
DICEY — Jacqueline to Chris Tuckness
FLETCHER — Rosemary to Kobus Coetzee
GROOTENDORST — Claire to Tim Newton
HINE — Daniele to Ian Matheson
MCLENNAN — Fiona to Howard Pearce

MARRIAGES

Abbott — Burger Edwina, daughter of Mrs M Abbott to Derzül Burger on 27 February 1988.
Ackerman — Montlake Suzanne, daughter of Mr & Mrs R Ackerman to Nicholas Montlake on 6 September 1988.
Baker — West-Russel Catherine, daughter of Dr & Mrs P Baker to Christopher West-Russel.
Douglas — Stuart-White Dot, daughter of Mr & Mrs R Douglas to Alastair Stuart-White in December 1987.
Duckitt — de Kock Bridgid, daughter of Mr & Mrs W Duckitt to Sarel de Kock on 15 April 1988.
Fairhead — Heerden Shane, daughter of Mr & Mrs Bill Fairhead to Mark Heerden on 30 May 1988.
Hill — Desmarais Priscilla, daughter of Mr J Hill to Jean Desmarais.
Hurst — Keeton Janice, daughter of Mr & Mrs S Hurst to Michael Keeton on 23 January 1988.
Ince — Starke Kathy, daughter of Mr Spike Ince to Dr Andre Starke on 16 January 1988.
Lloyd-Roberts — Dadakarides Susan, daughter of Mr & Mrs E Lloyd-Roberts to Ian Dadakarides on 8 July 1988.
Mannion — Esnouf Siobhan, daughter of Dr & Mrs P Mannion to Patrick Esnouf.
Moodie — Dann Jean, daughter of Dr & Mrs J Moodie to Laurence Dann on 18 June 1988.
Peter — Whitehead Louisa, daughter of Mr & Mrs W Peter to Kenneth Whitehead on 21 May 1988.
Scott — Ashmore Mandi, daughter of Dr & Mrs G Scott to David Ashmore in December 1988.
Stockwell — Day Yvette, daughter of Mr & Mrs H Stockwell to Andrew Day on 21 November 1987.
Webber — Short Rosemarie, daughter of Mr & Mrs Webber to John Short on 23 July.
Allen — Leighton Suzanne daughter of Mrs R Allen to Rosa Leighton in August 1988.
Eve — Baker Susan, daughter of Canon & Mrs I Eve to Sean Baker on 5 March 1988.
Steenkamp — Bohm Susan, daughter of Mr & Mrs E L Steenkamp to Georg Bohm in May 1988.

DEATHS

GANT Jean (**Baxter**) passed away on 27 July 1988.
SELLAR Molly (**Thorne**) passed away on 6 October 1987.
WOOD Ethel (**Hill**) passed away on 20 February 1988.

OBITUARY

Hill Ethel Katharine (Mrs Stanley Wood)
Born in Devon in 1897, Miss Hill came to South Africa to be near her sister Caroline. From her teaching post at Durban Girls' College she came with Miss Robinson and Miss Willis to Herschel in 1933. Until her marriage in 1943 Miss Hill was our brilliant Mathematics teacher. She combined discipline, vitality and expertise in such a way as to make her subject a favourite in the school curriculum. Her hobby and passion was, however, Drama and, in the thirties and forties, Herschel School "EKH" play productions by Masefield and Shaw were highly commended by the critics. In her latter years Mrs Wood lived at the Wilderness, and, as a widow, she returned to the Cape. A small and faithful group of "Billie's" old pupils, led by Evelyn Fisher (Mrs Kelson) and Jasmine Honore kept in regular touch. We shall never forget her, our beloved Miss Hill, Mrs Wood.

DIANA MUZIK

MATRIC CLASS OF 1987

ALLSOP	Elizabeth is working in England.
BAILEY	Samantha is working in Rondebosch.
BACELA	Zanele is doing a BSc at UCT.
BELL	Tracy is doing a secretarial course.
BONNER	Debbie is doing a BA at UCT.
BOOTH	Michelle is in Australia on Rotary Exchange.
BRADLEY	Therese is travelling overseas and spent time doing courses in a chateau in France.
BURNS	Lucy is doing a BA at UCT.
CARLE	Denise is doing a secretarial course.
CHAPMAN	Bridget is doing a BA at UCT.
CHRISTIE	Katie is doing a BSc Nursing at UCT.
DICEY	Lynette is doing Law at Rhodes.
DU PLESSIS	Lyndall is doing a BSc (Quantity Surveying) at UCT.
DURR	Alison is doing her A Levels in England.
DURR	Alexandra is doing a BA at Stellenbosch.
EMMERICH	Sindy is doing a secretarial course.
FITZPATRICK	Gail is doing a BSc (Occupational Therapy) at UCT.
FRATER	Elizabeth is doing a Silwood Kitchen Course.
FREEMAN	Leanne is doing a BA at Stellenbosch.
GIBAUD	Catherine is doing a BBusSci, Actuarial Science at UCT.
HANEKOM	Inge is doing Graphic Art at the Technikon.
HIGGO	Lisa is doing a BA Graphic Art at Stellenbosch.
GURNEY	Tessa is doing a secretarial course. In June she went to Italy to do an art course.
HORN	Tasha is doing a BSc at Stellenbosch.
KAMINSKI	Helen is doing a BSc Dietetics at Stellenbosch.
KOSTER	Sally is doing a BEcon at Stellenbosch.
KOSTER	Jennifer is doing a BA at UCT.
KROON	Michele is doing Physiotherapy at Pietermaritzburg.
MACKAY-DAVIDSON	Samantha is doing her A Levels in England.
MARX	Heather is doing a BA Jewellery Design at Stellenbosch.
GOWDY	Serin is doing a BSc at UCT.
MCDANIEL	Angela is doing a BSc Nursing at UCT.
MEREDITH	Clare is doing a BBusSci at UCT.
MILLER	Lesley is doing a BComm at UCT.
MNYANI	Cocelia is doing a BSc at UCT.
MOODLEY	Goonasagrey is doing a BALIB at Westville, Durban.
MOSOMOTHANE	Miranda is doing Public Relations at the Peninsula Technikon.
PAXTON	Ann is doing a BEcon at Stellenbosch.
PELT	Tineke is starting a chartering business in the Mediterranean.
PETERS	Christie is working on a kibbutz in Israel and then travelling around Europe with Carola Wilkin.
PORTER	Amanda is at the Michaelis School of Fine Art at UCT.
PYOTT	Lisa is doing a BSocSci at UCT.
REILLY	Claire is doing a BA Law at UCT.
REYNOLDS	Tessa is doing a BSocSci at UCT.
SEDGWICK	Alison is doing a BEcon at Stellenbosch.
SNYDERS	Karen is doing a computer course, studying and working part time.
SYMONS	Caroline is doing a BALaw at UCT.
THEUNISSEN	Lizette is attending Damelin Management School.

TURNER
TURNER

VAN ASSEN
VAN DEN HEEVER

VAN ZYL
WHEELER
WILKIN

WOULDGE

Jessica is doing a BA at UCT.
Lisa is doing a BA Fine Arts at Stellenbosch.
Melissa is doing a BArchit at UCT.
Hildegard is doing a Drama course at Maas-Philips.
Natasha is doing an MBChB at UCT.
Mary-Ann is doing a BSc at UCT.
Carola is working on a kibbutz in Israel then travelling around Europe with Christie Peters.
Laura is doing a BA Industrial Psychology at Stellenbosch.

INFORMATION ABOUT 1986 MATRICES

Atwood Jill	UWC BALIB 2nd year
Bacela Neo	UCT BSc 1st year
Bailey Lois	Cape Technikon — Personnel Management 1st year
Bareiter Alison	Secretarial course
Bottger Alex	Been in the States for 18 months
Challis Lindsay	Graphic Design at Tech
Collie Anna	UCT BA 1st year
Crawford-Browne Sarah	UCT BSocSci 1st year
Day Alison	UCT BSocSci 2nd year
Dicey Heather	Working for a computer company
Drummond-Hay Samantha	UCT BA 2nd year
Eckstein Nicola	2nd year marketing at Tech
Elvin-Jensen Tanya	UCT BBusSci 2nd year
Garson Rebecca	On a kibbutz in Israel
Haldane Liesl	UCT BA 2nd year
Hendry Jill	UCT BA 2nd year
Hoffman Kerry	At UCT for 1st semester now back in USA with her mother
Horn Robyn	UCT BA 1st year
Hutchinson Karen	Still doing nursing
Jordan Nicolette	UCT BSc 2nd year
Kendal Charlene	Manageress of the Somerset West Spur
Lazarus Lora	UCT BA 1st year
McCarthy Catherine	UCT Medicine 1st year
McGhie Carolynne	UCT BA 1st year
Meyer Susan	UCT BSocSci, Social Work 2nd year
Milner Michelle	UCT BComm 1st year
Murray Lynette	Health & Skin Care Therapy at Stellenbosch
Myburgh Kelly	UCT BA 1st year
Newton-Thompson Linda	UCT BA 1st year
Niven Gina	UCT Occupational Therapy 1st year
Pelt Corien	Modelling
Porter Kim	UCT Michaelis 1st year
Robb Tanyana	UCT BA 1st year
Sass Vanessa	UCT Architecture 2nd year
Saunders Charlotte	Living in London, working for a stockbroker
Searll Cathy	UCT BA 2nd year
Sedgwick Judith	2nd year at Silwood
Simonis Chantal	UCT Medicine 2nd year
Stronck Merle	Modelling overseas
Thompson Amanda	UCT Michaelis 2nd year
Tudhope Susan	UCT BPrimEd 2nd year
Westgarth-Taylor Nicola	UCT BALaw 2nd year
Wilson Polly	Stellenbosch BSc 1st year
Wood Helen	Fashion Design in Johannesburg
Woode Shelley	UCT BA 2nd year

News Round Up

ACKERMAN (1980) (Mrs Montlake) Suzanne married Nicholas Montlake in Cape Town in September and they are off to France where they will run a nightclub and restaurant in the popular ski resort of Val-Dièze.

ALLEN (1975) (Mrs Leighton) Suzanne is home from collecting a number of degrees in Engineering from around the world. She married Ross at a beautiful ceremony held in her mother's home. After a brief honeymoon in Swaziland, Suzanne and Ross returned to Johannesburg where Suzanne works as a Management Consultant.

ANDERSON (1975) (Mrs Pelt) Suzette and her husband Jonkie are en route to their new home in the Whitsunday Isles, Australia after running a successful yacht chartering business based in the Caribbean. They were recently in Cape Town for a short holiday and Suzette spent time catching up with her former classmates.

ANDERSON (1979) (Mrs Zatta) Jenny works as Public Relations Officer for Alphen Hotel where she has been since 1984, except for a year which she took off to go sailing in the West Indies. She married Mario in March 1987 and among her bridesmaids were Heather Turner (1977), Monica Gudehus (1979) and Charmaine Gilmour (1971).

ASHTON (1950) (Mrs Coriatelli) Roma spent July and August at her Constantia Village home. She has sold her Elizabethan manor house in Devon and is looking for a flat in London. She hopes to be back in Cape Town in November coming via the Italian Lakes where she and her husband have a home. In January she visited New Zealand to attend her son's marriage in Auckland Cathedral. She feels very "international", married to an Italian with Turkish sons-in-law and a New Zealander for a daughter-in-law.

BAKER (1980) Susan lives in Johannesburg where she is nursing.

BARRY (1939) (Mrs Versveld) Barbara will be hostess to the old pupils of Miss EK Hill at a luncheon in her memory. Barbara helps run the Athlone Advisory Legal Bureau for the Black Sash.

BESTER Sonya, after graduating with a BA Hons last year has been travelling in Europe with Mali Ovenstone. They spent two and a half months on a kibbutz in Israel.

BIEBUYCK (1982) Monique is teaching Physical Education and English at the Fairmont High School in Durbanville after obtaining her BA PhysEd degree from Stellenbosch and her Senior Teacher's Diploma from UCT.

BLACKETT (1961) (Mrs Pearson-Rogers) Mandy is kept very busy by her son Jack and all the day-to-day activities associated with a lively ten year old.

BRIMBLE (1960) (Mrs Wynne) Jenny is publicity secretary of the Parent Centre in Claremont. The centre is a project of the Child Welfare Society and is the only place in the country where parents are given information on all aspects of parenting and child development. The centre holds regular workshops where parents can discuss their problems.

BRAUER (1961) (Mrs Houba) Lesley's daughter, Louise, is spending a year in Chile as a Rotary Exchange student.

BROOKE (1940) (Mrs Muzik) Diana is indeed happy to be our new Circle C representative. To take over the mantle of the redoubtable Fenella Douglas is quite a responsibility! Diana hopes that Old Girls in Circle C will send her their news items of interest during the year.

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

CAINE (1984) Nicky has completed her BA Law degree at Stellenbosch and is presently doing her first year of LLB at UCT.

CARLYLE (1984) Leanne is completing her BA at UCT.

CAMERON (1980) Di is a third year Pharmacy student at UWC where she is class rep. **CARADOC-DAVIES** (1973) (Mrs Wheeler) Kathy has been on the staff of the SA Cultural History Museum for the last ten years as curator of Bertrams house and its metalware collection. She is also part-time lecturer in Museology at the University of Stellenbosch. At present Kathy is caring for her new baby while studying for an Honours Degree in Communication through UNISA.

CLARK (1984) Vanessa completed her BComm degree last year and is now running a successful dance studio in Cape Town.

CRANE (1984) Debbie is in her third year of Graphic design at the Foundation School of Art.

CROSS (1984) Sarah has completed her degree in Physical Education at Stellenbosch and is now doing her Honours in History at UCT.

DAVIES (1980) Susan is busy doing a course in Journalism at the University of Boston in the USA.

DICEY (1980) Jane has been travelling in Europe for the past two years doing odd jobs. She will be back in Cape Town in January in time for her sister Jackie's wedding.

DICEY (1980) Helen is head of Classads at the Argus.

DICEY (1984) Sally, after completing her Rotary year in the States in 1985 started her BA at UCT where she is coming to the end of her third year, majoring in English. Next year she plans to do Honours in English.

DE KOCK (1980) (Mrs Durant) Lindy lives near Hout Bay with her husband and two children.

DE WET (1985) Esme recently opened her own beauty salon after doing a year's intensive training at a cosmetology school in Vancouver Canada. When offered a room in her father's house in Bantry Bay, she approached the Small Business Development Corporation with her plans, and in spite of her age — not yet 21 — managed to get a loan. She is now in business in her beautiful salon with picture windows looking out over the sea.

DOUGLAS (Mrs Stuart-White) Together with Karin Cooke, Dot runs a highly successful Jazz Dance Studio in Plumstead. Recently they staged a production "Beat Feet" at the Wynberg Boys' Junior School.

DOWDLE (1979) Caroline has won much acclaim as an accompanist in the UK. She recently partnered a young German cellist, Gregor Horsch, when he won an important international cello competition at the Wigmore Hall. Later in the same week she won a prize for accompanying when she played with Welsh soprano, Rhina Owen, winner of the 1988 Sir Anthony Lewis memorial prize at the Royal Academy of Music. She is at present at the Royal Northern College of Music where she holds a junior fellowship in accompaniment.

DRENNAN (1942) (Mrs Wiltshire) Suzanne is active in many good causes, such as the Clothing Guild. She and her husband have just returned from an Eastern Cape trip, the object of which was to meet their third grandchild.

DUTKIEWITZ (1984) Stephanie is presently working in America and is studying for a BSc through UNISA.

DUNCKLEY (1984) Christine completed her degree in Computer Science at the end of last year and is now doing her Honours in Computer Science at UCT.

ENTHOVEN (1980) Madelaine, after several years of working as a stage manager/producer in London with several theatrical companies, including Andrew Lloyd-Webber's company, has begun a job in re-insurance with her father's company in London.

FAUVILLE (1961) (Mrs Bruce) Anne confines to work for Child Welfare, handling adoptions. At home she is kept busy by two young children and she and her husband have just completed a stable for her daughter's pony, Taffy.

FISHER (1942) (Mrs Kelsen) Before Evryl and daughter, Lucy, left on an extended European trip, Evryl had set in motion the project "Ethel K Hill Cup for Public Speaking". This was carried through to fruition by Joan Frost (Grover) and Diana Muzik

(Brooke). At Suzanne Wiltshire's luncheon "get-together" in November 1987, Mrs Wood had the thrill of seeing the specimen cup and having the inscription decided on by our little group of old pupils. The cup was presented for the first time to Merdman, the winners of the Inter-house Public Speaking Competition early in May 1988 by Diana Brooke Muzik, representing the donors.

On 19 May the cup was formally presented to the school at a tea party in Mrs Duff's drawing room at the school. Present were Elizabeth Harding (Appleyard), Joan Grover (Frost), Barbara Versveld (Barry), Jasmine Herbert (Honore), Ruth Bendtson (Gurney), Suzanne Wiltshire (Drennan), Audrey Payne (Taylor), Wenda Melck (Petree), Elizabeth Topping (Kay), Diana Muzik (Brooke) and Mrs Wood's step-daughter, Nancy Woods-King. On this occasion Mrs Woods-King handed over to the school library "Billie's" theatre scrapbooks (the Henschel productions of all those years ago), and various reference books on the History of Theatre. Mrs Duff was our charming hostess, ably assisted by Mrs Brathwaite. The cherry on the top was undoubtedly the surprise call from London from Evryl, whose original idea the whole project had been. Mrs Duff then showed us around the school, and many were the reminiscences and laughs about the good old days. Other donors, who unfortunately could not be present, were Lynette Croudace (Jooste), Denys Knight (Osborne), Kathleen Kreft (Walker) and Heather Taylor (Pitt).

FRANK (1975) (Mrs Newman) Martine continues her successful career as an attorney. She is now a partner at Silberbauers, a prominent Cape firm.

FROST (1941) (Mrs Grover) Joan is in Europe at the moment visiting her daughter, Caroline. Joan is on the Regional Directorate of the Black Sash.

GELDENHUYS (1984) Bronwen is studying ballet at UCT Ballet School.

GRAAFF (1984) Linda is doing her fourth year of Architectural, practical training in England.

GRAY (1980) Jenny is living in Wimbledon and is looking for a permanent job, after a year of "temping". She returned to Cape Town in May to be at Shane Fairhead's wedding.

GREEN (1984) Vanessa is working as an estate agent and plans to go overseas soon to do a fashion design course in New York.

GROOTENDORST (1980) Clair recently became engaged to Tim Newton. She and Tim are both presently working in London, but come back to Cape Town to get married in November.

HAWSON (1961) (Mrs Godfrey) Christine has two daughters, one at university and one in matric. She is project co-ordinator for a firm in East London involved with timeshare units along the coast and inland.

HANEKOM (1980) Fleur has been travelling in Europe for eighteen months, but will be back in Cape Town by November.

HERBERT (1980) Therese lives in Johannesburg and works for the publishing firm, Struik.



HOFMEYR (1953) (Mrs Mathews) Alice has moved from Durban and is now living in Bruges, Belgium from where she travels a lot around Europe and the States.

HONORE (1940) (Mrs Herbert) Jasmine has just returned from Venda where she went to gain more material for an updated edition of her thesis on African Dance (under the aegis of the Human Sciences Research Council). She directs the new Dance Ethnology course which she introduced at the UCT Ballet School. She is also working on a book of Xhosa dance songs.

HOWES (19) (Mrs Cronwright) Dulcie, as the doyenne of SA Ballet received a special award at the end of 1987 from SAPAC (SA Performing Arts Council). This national award has been presented to only two other recipients. Dulcie, now on the eve of an overseas trip, awaits her New Year's Cape Town City Council award. She will be the second person to sign the Civic Honours Book, and will receive an illuminated citation. On 30 December 1988 a gala performance of The Nutcracker will be presented to honour Dulcie as founder of UCT ballet school, from which CAPAB (now celebrating its 25th year) evolved. Dulcie's 80th birthday will also be celebrated on that evening. Dulcie's

daughters Amelia (Mrs Brown) and Victoria (Mrs Caswood) take after their outstanding mother in talent and initiative. Amelia has obtained her Honours degree in Psychology (Wits), and specialises in remedial teaching. She is a full member of the SA Medical and Dental Council. Victoria is a director in her husband's shipping company and has her own computer business.

INGAM (198) Susan works in the cataloguing department of the Johannesburg City Library.

JACKSON (1961) (Mrs Sturgeon) Shona and her family hired a campmobile in Zurich and spent the June holidays travelling round Italy, where apart from the main cities, they were able to visit the small picturesque villages that abound in Italy.

JEFFREY (1962) (Mrs Evans) Pat at the moment is living near her work at Lanseria airport where she gives flying instruction, charters flights to the Okavango and sells aircraft. When writing to us she had just returned from a flight to Xaxaba and Chobe — sounds lovely, but she misses her Cape Town friends, so if anyone feels like flying with her to any of those magic places you can contact her c/o Trade a Plane, ph (011) 659-1332.

KAY (1940) (Mrs Topping) Elizabeth met up with Mrs Duff after many years at the 1988 Founders' Day lunch and they were glad to exchange teaching reminiscences and to re-new contact through Herschel. Elizabeth is at the moment in Zimbabwe, where she and her late husband lived and worked, but will return soon to her new Cape home.

KNUTZEN (1975) Judy now works for The Communications Group and is loving her challenging, varied and interesting job.

LEITH (1984) Ailsa is working for an advertising agency.

LLOYD-ROBERTS (1975) (Mrs Morrison) Terry is still a director of the Boston House College group and is very involved in education. She is Principal of the AAA School of Advertising. She recently recorded a song scheduled for release on the Sydney Sessions Album and is involved in recording jingles and radio ads. She spent a year studying a post graduate acting course at the Webber Douglas Academy in London.

LLOYD-ROBERTS (1980) (Mrs Dadakides) Sue married Ian in July this year in Cape Town. They are now living in Cyprus and London where they run a TV commercial production company.

LOGGIE (1974) Lindsay owns Marigolds in Claremont and is up every morning between four and five to bake all the yummy muffins, scones, cakes and pies that she serves for tea and lunch. Marigolds proved so successful that she opened the China Rose at the Biggie Best Shop. Before buying Marigolds Lindsay had worked her way around England and Europe earning her living doing an assortment of jobs amongst which were a job in a spice factory and spiking litter at Lords!

MALHERBE (1984) Margie is presently working as an estate agent in Cape Town.

MANNION (1980) Deirbhle is teaching at Groote Schuur Pre-Primary.

MANNION (1984) Clodagh, after working for a clothing company for two years, is now a buyer for Woolworths.

MCMILLAN (1984) Alison is presently doing a textile design course at Ruth Prowse. She recently came second in a joint competition by the Cape Technikon and the Ruth Prowse School of Art to produce a floral design for the summer 88/89 season.

MILLS (1976) Shelley, daughter of Nanette Mills (nee Elliot, 1953), is at present on an Israeli Kibbutz in the Gaza Strip, before returning home in December. She has been away nearly three years continuing her Corbin Bleu cookery in the UK, Europe and USA. In April 1988 Shelley and Nanette embarked on a cross-continental tour of the USA and Canada which was most interesting. Nan and her husband spend most weekends at Greyton tending their faerie-tale cottages and old-fashioned roses.

MORRISON (1961) (Mrs Ventps) Rohanne has joined a private radiography practice which uses the most up-to-date and sophisticated machinery available and is loving it. Her daughter, Alix, was in Cape Town recently staying with Anne Snyders (Steen) and her family.

NEWTON (1980) Carolyn returned from her overseas travels in December and was offered the Sub-Editor position at Femina magazine.

NEWTON-KING (1984) Nicky completed her BA Law degree at Stellenbosch at the end of last year and is now doing her LLB at Stellenbosch.

PERRY (1984) Nicky is working in Zimbabwe.

PETERS (1987) In July Christie was living and working on the Kibbutz Palmach-Zoura in Israel. Being only 20 minutes by bus from Jerusalem she was able to visit the city in her free time. She has managed to see a lot of Israel, watching the sun rise over the Dead Sea, visiting Jericho, watching the United Nations soldiers passing from Israel to the Lebanon, and walking up Massada. What marvelous experiences. She planned to go to Greece in September and to Switzerland in October.

PETREE (1941) (Mrs Melck) Wenda has moved from the historic family farm "Kersefontein" to town. She is on the committee of the Simon van der Stel Foundation and of the Lutheran Church Restoration Fund, for which she is organising several prestige chamber music concerts in the historic church itself. We remember that her late husband, Martin, played a very active part in the Four Schools Development Trust.

PICTON-SEYMOUR (1937) (Mrs Duckham) Desiree has the well-deserved honour of being Chairman of the National Monuments Council, Western Cape. Her new book, "Historical Buildings of South Africa", is to be published by Struik in the New Year. We are delighted that Desiree will be our distinguished Old Herschelian speaker at the November Alphen Hotel luncheon.

PORTER (1959) (Mrs Crawford) Ann and her husband are leaving England after thirteen years to live in the Netherlands, in Tilburg. For the past two years they have been living on a farm near Warwick, and her son has been attending the Shakespeare Grammar School in Stratford-on-Avon. Her children will now be attending an International School in Eindhoven. Ann has recently completed a Theology course in Coventry. She has visited Miss McLean in Beaconsfield and regularly saw Pippa le Roux (Rogers) and Stephanie Coles (Hansen).

POST (1975) Tjitske is living in London where she keeps in regular touch with Ricky Praine and Rose Webber.

REITNER (1981) Karin is in West Germany attending the University of Essen.

RICHTER (1984) Ilse has completed her BA degree at UCT and is presently doing a Human Resources Management course there.

RESNEKOV (Mrs Gunes) Karin visited Cape Town early in the year with her husband and daughter and met up with several Old Herschelians — Susan Pike (Penberthy), Lynn Chamberlain (Delahunt) Sue Delahunt and Jocelyn Taylor.

SEDGWICK (1984) Joe is completing her BA in Journalism at Stellenbosch.

SIMPSON (1960) (Mrs Hansen) Hilary was in Cape Town in August with her husband and younger son. Lesley Wares (Mrs Fisher) had a dinner at her home for Hilary which Janeen

Kipps (Mrs Keyser), Louisa McDonald (Mrs Groenewald), Biddy Brock (Mrs Lubbe) and Jennifer Brimble attended. A marvelous time was had by all.

STALLARD (1984) Julia is in her first year of Law at UCT.

SEARLE (1926) St Leger (Mrs Lawrence) Jean has just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, visiting Odessa and Yalta in Russia. Surrendering her passport she was issued with a temporary red Russian one. She was shown both Odessa and Yalta, splendidly laid out with old town houses and palaces of magnificent architecture, wide tree-lined streets and beautiful stretches of public park. The countryside, too, was vividly green and lovely.

STUTTAFORD (1965) (Mrs Grubb) Georgina has just obtained her Fine Arts degree in Sydney. Sister Melanie (Mrs Semurier) (1964) is in Johannesburg, and is active in Personnel Recruitment.

SHAWZIN (1960) (Mrs d'Alvez) Gail, who lives in Monaco was invited to a gala hosted by Prince Rainier after the Monte Carlo Rally in May. What to wear? She placed a call to Elzbieta Rosenwerth in Newlands, and within hours sketches were faxed to her. After 48 hours of round-the-clock working the gown was finished and somehow managed to make all the right connections to Nice, from where it caught the helicopter shuttle to Monaco. Gail must undoubtedly have been a triumph at the ball.

SHUB (1984) Cathy finished her BA at UCT last year and is now busy with a course in Human Resources Management.

SPIHLHAUS (1937) (Mrs Robertson) Marian has had six books published in the last nine years (some in her own name, some assisting the main author). Marian has one more coming out in December and a book for another client awaiting publication "Tiger Tapestry", in which she assisted well-known industrialist Rudy Frankel to write her autobiography, was launched by Harry Oppenheimer at the end of March. As chairman of the South African Library Memorial Trust, started at the beginning of 1988, Marian campaigns for families to donate R750 for a lasting memorial to loved ones. The interest on the donation buys a book every few years in the name of the deceased; names are placed in a Book of Remembrance in the Library exhibition area and donors are encouraged to give biographical details to the Library's Manuscript Collection. This wonderful form of memorial is particularly suitable for those who have been cremated.

All three of Marian's sons are now married, so she has two or three young men as paying guests in her large house in Diep River to keep it a "real home". She runs a Home Group for her local church, writes its monthly news bulletin, serves on its Leaders' Meeting and works actively in the multi-racial circuit of which it is a part. Widowed in 1977, she says she has too many interests concerned with people to feel lonely, but hopes to retire from taking on commissioned books during the next couple of years so that she can see more of friends and her extended family. "When you find yourself too busy for that,

you're too busy," she says "but at the moment I have to earn a living."

TAYLOR (1941) (Mrs Payne) Audrey lives in the Cape but spends as much time as she possibly can visiting her OHA daughters Carol (1964) and Alison (1965) and their families in the Transvaal and Britain respectively.

TWENTYMAN-JONES (1975) (Mrs Hook) Brigid lives in Harare and is the proud mother of three sons. She tries to visit her parents in Cape Town when possible and hopes to be down over Christmas.

VAN ALPHEN STAHL (1975) Barbie, after resigning from her teaching post at Hoërskool Groote Schuur has had an exciting year developing several new careers. She is a successful estate agent and runs Gordons Gardens — a home gardening service. In addition she is tutoring Latin at UCT, and as if that weren't enough, she is busy renovating her new home in Claremont.

VAN DER BIJL (1961) (Mrs Marsh) Marion has recently sold her business, but still travels overseas on buying trips.

WHITE (1962) (Mrs Bonner) Denise, having resolved never to write another exam after qualifying as a doctor in 1969, recently obtained her fellowship in Psychiatry following a four-year registration at UCT. Full marks go to daughters Debbie and Lindsay for their encouragement during this period while both were in the senior school at Herschel, Debbie writing matric at the same time as Denise was writing finals. The life of a working, studying

mother is fraught with difficulties — one runs the daily gauntlet of trying to be all things to all people. In retrospect Denise concludes that Superwoman in all roles is probably a fallacy, not a reality. At present she is a consultant psychiatrist on the joint staff of UCT and Groote Schuur. It is a multifaceted job with duties that include, among others, supervising the team that runs the William Slater Hospital (a treatment centre for alcoholism and substance abuse), and supervising the psychiatric casualty at Groote Schuur which attends to a variety of psychiatric disorders that may arise when families are in crises. In June 1988 she attended the SA Stress Symposium in Johannesburg and presented a paper entitled "Stress and the Female Practitioner," and plans further research in the area of the working and family woman in the present South African context.

WHITE (1963) (Mrs Naumann-Etienne) Annette, since leaving SA in 1972 with her Masters degree in Chemical Engineering, has followed a highly successful and interesting career. She is based in San Francisco where she has lived for the past 13 years, but her work has taken her throughout the North American continent and the business capitals of Europe. After settling in the USA she left Stanford Research Institute and entered the business field in 1979. She initially had her own small company but was soon asked to become a partner in Hambrecht and Quist, an investment banking firm which was in the forefront of the High Technology phenomenon. For example, the company was instru-

mental in taking Ren and Tech (a genetic engineering company) public. This was widely reported in Time and Newsweek. Another venture was the Apple Computer Company.

Later Annette moved into a similar partnership in the firm LF Rothschild, Unterberg and Towbin. In 1985 she set up her own venture capital fund and now works with many prominent West Coast venture capital firms. Together they invest in new high tech, and start up medical companies (for example — a Blood Bank where one can store one's own blood and a company that has designed a cardiac defibrillator implant).

Apart from her business ventures Annette and husband Rudi (a businessman in a similar field) travel widely. She has paid an occasional visit to SA to see her family here. Nieces, Debbie and Lindsay Bonner, spent a memorable skiing holiday with her in the USA after Debbie completed her matric at Herschel in 1987. Unfortunately Annette will be unable to attend the Class of 1963 Reunion this year but wishes her former classmates a happy time together.

WHITE (1975) (Mrs Twigg) Camilla now lives in Chelsea, London, with her husband Garnet, daughter Melissa and newborn son, Hugo. Camilla occasionally visits her parents who live in the Wilderness.

WILLIAMS (1961) (Mrs Onions) Judy works in the Town Planning Department in Harare. She has a son who is now 14.

WILLIS (1984) Linda completed her BSc degree in Geology and is presently completing her Honours degree in the same at UCT.



Matric Daughters of Old Herschelians

L-R: Sally Guyenne-Evans, Janet House, Claire-Louise Sparks, Sandra Smuts, Fiona Sass
Mothers present: Lucy House, Judy Smuts, Ann Sass

Stop Press

1989 OFFICE BEARERS

Head Girl

Keelyn Maisel

Senior Prefect

Sandra van Hoogstraten

Prefects

Kate Blumberg

Nina Daniel

Tania Fourie

Kirsty Leith

Elisabeth Mallet

Katherine McAdam

Carol Millar

Kate O'Neill

Susan Snyders

VALETE

Sadly we say goodbye to the following and thank them for their contribution to Herschel:

Mrs Athene Hall, after nine years in the English Department, is moving to a new challenge as Warden of Tugwell Hall, UCT.

Mrs T Zotwana (Xhosa)

Miss R du Preez (Art)

Miss A Hart (Biology/Maths)

Mr W Nebe (Drama)

Sister M Fitzpatrick (Senior School)

Miss Kitty Bluett, the preparatory lady warden



Herschel/St Cyprians

Back Row: K Jensen, J House, T Foukes, I Haldane, L Haldane (1986)

Front Row: Mesdames Jensen, House, Thompson, Foukes, Haldane
Mrs Ann Thompson taught these mothers when they were at St Cyprians and has taught their daughters here at Herschel.



Retirement

Mrs Dorothy Duncan-Smith retired during this year, after 25 years as school bursar. At a nostalgic farewell party, tributes were paid to her by Dr Barbara Silberbauer (headmistress 1971 —1978), Mr Bill Marshall-Smith (former chairman of the School Council) as well as by Mrs Pamela Duff.

During her time Mrs Smith saw the school grow from 250 pupils to the present 470 and the construction of a kindergarten block, a new classroom block for the preparatory school, an improved science block, alterations to the kitchen and boarding house, a new art/drama/music wing, eight new classrooms in the senior school and now the Herschel Theatre.

We shall miss her encyclopaedic knowledge of girls and their families through the years as well as her smile and readiness to help at all times.

JANET WRAY-YOUNG

Matric pupil, Janet Wray-Young, has been a ballet student at Herschel for thirteen years. She started with Mrs Joan Raath when in Pre-Primary and, having passed all the Royal Academy of Dancing Grade Examinations, went on to pass the Classical Dance Education Syllabus Levels, One, Two and Three. She has now completed a year in the Intermediate Class, and may assist with the Junior Classes next year if her schedule allows.



**We gratefully acknowledge the following
sponsorship**

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