

THE
HERSCHELIAN

1989



**We should like to thank the following
who have generously sponsored a full page of
the
1989 Herschelian**

Alexander Forbes Consultants & Actuaries
Anonymous
Mr & Mrs C H de Keyser
Mr & Mrs Tom Gray
E N Jackson and Family
Karol Family
Kantor Family
Mr & Mrs A D Kaye
Labia Family
Mr & Mrs H E Maisel
Martin & East (Pty) Ltd
Maskew Miller Longman (Pty) Ltd
McDonald Family
Mike and Lynn Reid
Solms van Niekerk (Pty) Ltd
Spilhaus Silverware (Pty) Ltd
Stratagem (Pty) Ltd, Business Training Specialists
Sylvana Yarns - Daniel Family
Mr & Mrs Nick Taylor and Ming
Thlapane Family
Vos Family
Weldon Family
Western Province Hardware

THE HERSCHELIAN

1989





The Three Heads

Keelyn Maisel (Headgirl), Nina Daniel (Head of Boarding House), Mrs Pamela Duff (Headmistress).

CONTENTS

Staff	4
SENIOR SCHOOL	
Speech Day	6
Results	10
House Reports	15
Reports	18
Sport	27
Original Work	34
PREPARATORY SCHOOL	
Report	47
Sport	48
Standard 5	53
Original Work	59
Old Herschelians	65
Stop Press	72

The editor wishes to thank the following for their friendly assistance: June Kurtz, Caroline D'Unienville, Bridget Butler, Suzanne Jupp and especially thanks to Val Speedy for her hours of superb typing, which must surely have tested her patience!

STAFF

STAFF 1989

HEADMISTRESS

Mrs P J Duff, BSc, UED (UCT)

VICE-PRINCIPAL

Mrs C Dunleavy, BA, UED (Wits)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs M H Westgate, BA Hons, PGCE (London)

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs S E Abert, NTD Home Economics (CT)
Mrs I C J Adley, BSc, HED (UCT)
Mrs P L Allen, BA, HED (Unisa)
Mrs L J Attwood, Dip Sec St (Bus Econ and Typing)
Mrs Z N Baal, B Phil (Newcastle-Upon-Tyne) HPTC
Mrs D E Beames, BA, HDE (UCT)
Mrs H E Botha, Certificate in Ed (Byo) TTC
Mrs C M Brathwaite, (Librarian)
Miss K J Bristow, BSc, HDE (UCT)
Mrs C Esterhuysen, BA (Stell), UED (Rhodes), HDE (UCT)
Mrs E C Feast, BSc (Pretoria), HED (Unisa)
Mrs U Feltz, BA (Unisa), HDE (UCT)
Mrs J M Houston, BSc (UCT), TTHD (Jhb)
Ms S C Jupp, BA, HDE (UCT)
Mrs M Kew, BA, HDE (UCT)
Mrs J M Kurtz, MA (Rhodes), HDE (UCT)
Mrs B A Louw, BA, SOD (Stell)
Mrs B M Luyt, BA (Rhodes), HDE (UCT)
Mrs C Marier d'Univille, NTD (Fine Art) (Natal)
Mrs J I McLoughlin, BSc, HDE (Natal)
Mrs S McPetrie, BSc, HDE (UCT)
Mrs M J Peacock, BA, STD (Stell)
Mrs S Steytler, BA Hons (London), HED (Unisa), MSAITINT
Mrs A C Thompson, BA Hons (UCT), UED (Natal)
Mrs C M Wilkinson, BED (Southampton), Cert Ed (Portsmouth)

MUSIC STAFF

Miss W Dell, UTLM
Mrs M Ellis-Smith, TLD (UCT)
Mrs J Hagen, UTLM, LRSM
Mrs E Jack, BA Hons, LRSM, LTCL
Mrs M McLean, B Mus (UCT), LUCL, LRSM
Mrs E Pretorius, B Mus (Performing Arts, UP), UPLM
Mrs M Reay, BA (Mus), Lic Dip (Rhodes)
Mrs C Riley, B Mus (UCT)
Mr J B G Riley, B Mus (UCT)
Mrs P Roberts, LUCL LTSM
Miss B Seltzer, M Mus (USC)
Miss C E Sweet, M Mus (Unisa), B Mus Hons (Unisa), LUCL
Mrs A Tyson, NTD (Natal), LRSM
Mrs M Warr, UTLM, UPLM, LRSM
Mr K Vigneau, B Mus

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mr D K Lilley, Business Manager
Mrs J M Howes, Admin Assistant
Mrs V Stuart-Findlay, School Secretary
Mrs V J Speedy, Appeal Secretary
Mrs A Winfield, Fees Officer
Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory School
Mrs B M Roberts, Headmistress's Secretary
Mr W T A Greenwood, Estate Manager
Mr E Nickloes, Assistant Estate Manager
Mr H A Clarke, Admin Assistant

HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs M Chambers, BA (Canada), HDE (Unisa), BED (Ed Psy) (Natal)

PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M E Bray, TC (Birmingham)
Mrs D A Cogill, PTC (Grahamstown)
Mrs M Cowling, TC (Hertford)
Mrs E Dewar, BA Hons, HDE, ATCL, LTCL
Miss M Dickinson, HD/PE (Pietermaritzburg)
Mrs N Forrester, HPTD (UCT)
Mrs J Goodrick, BED (Manchester)
Mrs P Hanekom, HPTD (UCT)
Mrs C Heshon, HPTD (UCT)
Mrs R L Joyce, HPTD (UCT)
Mrs N A Morrell, ASD (CTTC), DSE (Rem Ed) (Unisa)
Mrs J Parcell, BSc, PGPTD (UCT)
Mrs B Robb, PTC (CT)
Mrs C Sneddon, PTC (CT)
Mrs M E Vicatos, BA Hons (Natal), STD (UCT)

KINDERGARTEN STAFF

Mrs K J C Alexander, TGC (Edinburgh)
Mrs M Butler, PTC (CTTC), DE (Natal)
Mrs M Davies, PTC, IST (CTTC)
Mrs D Dillon-Robinson, BA Hons (Exeter Univ), PGCE
Mrs J M Munro, NTD Pre-Primary Education (CT)
Mrs J C Newall, PTC (CTTC), DE (CTTC)

PART-TIME STAFF

Mrs M Bonellie, Physical Education
Mrs P C Dingle, Maths
Mrs J Raath, Ballet
Mrs M Saffery, Drama
Mrs R Sellars, Pottery
Mrs M Crouther, Afrikaans
Mrs G Barton, Drama
Mrs van der Vyver, Afrikaans
Mrs M Stephens, English

BOARDING HOUSE

Mrs G A Foster, Lady Warden
Mrs M H Taylor, Domestic Supervisor
Mrs N Wolfe-Coote, Housekeeper
Mrs R van Breda, Housemistress - Prep

COUNCIL MEMBERS

VISITOR: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

CHAIRMAN: Mr D Loch Davis

Mr G Barr
Mr J Hammond
Mr R Hendry
Prof C Johnson
Countess Labia
Justice R M Marais
Mr W Marshall-Smith
Mr J R Millar
Mr J E Mudge
Mr R H C Peters
Miss L Reid
Mrs A Snyders
Mr G J van Zyl
Mr R Wood



Staff

Back Row: Mr B Riley, Miss S Jupp, Mrs S McPetrie, Mrs J Houston, Mrs J Kurtz, Mrs J Howes, Mrs S Abert, Mrs B Roberts.
 3rd Row: Mr W Greenwood, Mrs M Stephens, Mrs B Luyt, Mrs H Botha, Mrs M Taylor, Miss K Bristow, Mrs M Bonellie, Mrs V Speedy, Mrs A Winfield, Mr D Lilley.
 2nd Row: Mrs V Stuart-Findlay, Mrs G Foster, Mrs C D'unienville, Mrs L Athwood, Mrs M Kew, Mrs C Esterhuysen, Mrs J McLoughlin, Mrs C Wilkinson, Mrs Z Baal, Mrs M Peacock.
 Seated: Mrs C Brathwaite, Mrs B Louw, Mrs I Adley, Mrs D Beames, Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), Mrs P Allen (Acting Senior Mistress), Miss C Sweet, Mrs S Steytler, Mrs A Thompson.
 Absent: Mrs C Dunleavy (Vice-Head), Mrs M Westgate (Senior Mistress).



Preparatory Staff

Back Row: D Cogill, S Boss, N Morrell, J Munro, M Butler, R Joyce, K Alexander, C Hirshon, P Hanekom, M Davies.
 Middle Row: J Purcell, C Sneddon, A Mace.
 Front Row: M Nixon, M McLean, D Dillon-Robinson, J Goodrick, M Couling, E Bray, M Chambers, M Dickinson.

Speech Day 1989

SYNOPSIS OF MISS JUSTICE L VAN DEN HEEVER'S SPEECH

After complimenting Herschel on the variety of opportunities available, Miss Van Den Heever remarked on how much the world has changed during her own lifetime – in technology, language use, the role of women; but some values should remain the same if mankind is to survive. These basic norms allow peaceful co-existence with others and with oneself. They include being aware of, caring and concerned about, others. However, this sometimes leads to confusion and the growth of guilty feelings about receiving opportunities and privileges denied others. Guilt is negative and non-productive. What is important is making the best use of such opportunities, realising that what is best for you is best for the whole community, if you accept the responsibility which must be the concomitant of privilege. Those who do not accept this responsibility are the ones who ought to feel guilt.

The South African Government is unable to provide for all the needs of its citizens, and so all of us need to make our contribution to bettering the future, even if only by setting a good example in our own homes. Women still have a responsibility, and the ability, to set the tone of the conversation and the conduct of the company they keep.

Be honest – don't pretend to be what you are not, and don't follow the herd for fear of being left out. Sometimes you can turn the herd into more acceptable directions by not following.

Remember that knowledge is power, ignorance is never bliss. Get as good an education as you can and then use it – to improve your family, group, profession, society as a whole – to the best of your ability.

It is possible to combine successfully marriage with a career, but it is important to work at one's marriage, as well as at one's career. When one starts getting involved in romantic relationships, one needs to resist peer pressure and the romantic twaddle of the advertising agencies. Living together is not an equally acceptable alternative to marriage, which involves far more than just a relationship between two people. Marriage is the nucleus of the family, which is the cornerstone of society and which, therefore, needs to be strong, not stuck together with glue which comes unstuck far too easily.

The man you choose should be kind, considerate, not cheat with change, have a sense of humour, not be afraid of work or responsibility. If he has these qualities, it doesn't matter if he is not tall, dark and handsome. If you are prepared to work at it, the marriage will last until death do you part, and provide the ideal background for the development of the next generation. One gets out what one puts in – in life, work, marriage, one's country.

"Respondeo" means "I answer" – surely one would wish to hear one's name called with pride, for achievements; rather than with shame, for wrong-doing. It is certainly more fun. The world is exciting and full of problems, but if one accepts the responsibility and the challenges boldly, there is much fun and satisfaction to be had in dealing with them.

1989 SPEECH

Mr Chairman, Miss Justice van den Heever, Honoured Guests, Friends and Young Ladies of Herschel – I join the Chairman in extending a warm welcome to you all.

Herschel is blessed with, and well served by, dedicated Council Members whose experience covers a wide spectrum. On behalf of the school, I thank them for their time and support this year.

Many people contribute to the efficient running of a school: the teaching and administrative staff, the house and catering staff, the Estate

Managers and grounds staff – to all I express my sincere appreciation for their enthusiasm, co-operation and contribution. The strength of the school lies in their commitment, experience and combined wisdom.

It is always sad at the end of a year when we bid farewell to those who are leaving. I mention three: Helen Botha, who leaves after seven-and-a-half years at Herschel. Helen is special – one of the most sensible, dedicated, organized and effective teachers it has been my good fortune to work with. She sets and maintains the highest standards and her honest appraisal of a situation has been invaluable. Happily, she will be helping in the Preparatory school for the first term next year and then we look forward to welcoming another Herschel baby – we hope a little girl who may herself join us one day.

The Preparatory school will miss the capable, calm and caring Jean Purcell who has been so much part of the school for nine years. Cupid is still flying over Herschel! The latest victim is our Lady Warden, Geace Foster – her forthcoming marriage means we shall have to say another sad good-bye. May I say to all staff who are leaving: "You have played a part in the weaving of the corporate life of the Herschel community and will long be remembered – Thank you and God speed."

All staff posts for 1990 have been filled with teachers who have a high level of qualification, experience and teaching ability. Herschel's fine record of achievement is assured.

On behalf of the school, I express a very sincere thank you to those friends of Herschel who give us such wonderful support: the old Herschelians and parents, especially the mothers, whose splendid fund-raising activities, efficient clothes shop, second-hand books and library help, lovely gardens and beautiful flower arrangements are all testimony to their love for Herschel.

I make special mention of Mrs Elizabeth Stockwell, a former history teacher at Herschel who, for many years, devoted much time and loving attention to the building up of the school archives. As an act of love, Elizabeth has written a "History of Herschel", which is to be published. She and her husband have now left South Africa and have joined their daughter in England. I am pleased to have this opportunity to express in public my admiration and appreciation for all that Elizabeth did for Herschel.

The 1989 Matric class have made their individual contributions to the academic, cultural and sporting life of the school. They have worked hard (with some exceptions!) but all have played their part as leaders, and, above all, have an enormous sense of fun. I thank the Prefects for their help. I have particularly valued Keelyn Maisel, who, as Head girl, has been quite simply outstanding. Keelyn is a very special young woman – wise beyond her years, objective in her views, sensitive, caring and sensible. I have valued her common sense and honesty and count her as a real friend. Keelyn has not had an easy task this year, but she has never given up; she has retained her lovely sense of humour, remained calm, sincere and loyal and is much loved by her peers and teachers. Herschel can be proud of her and I am confident that she will continue to bring us credit in the years ahead. Thank you, Keelyn.

To all the Matrics – my wish for you girls as you move out of school and into the future is that you live optimistically and adventurously. The foundation of your approach to life's joys and tribulations has been forged at home and at school. "Never stop learning and never stop growing – that is the key to a rich and rewarding life."

Although each year it is sad to say good-bye to the Matric girls, it is reassuring to see in our new Standard 9 leaders positive signs of interesting ideas and fresh vision. I am confident that, as a uniquely united group, they will bring renewed inspiration to the school next year.

Each year Matric girls assist me by presenting reports on school activities. This year I am pleased to ask Susan and Elisabeth to present their reports.



SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

It is my privilege to report to you on the sports and social activities at Herschel in what has been an exciting and busy year.

Girls have participated with enthusiasm in the many sports offered. Swimming training at the crack of dawn was rewarded with fourth place in the annual Inter-schools Gala. Equally early tennis practices brought a third place in the Interschools Competition in this event, whilst the squash team had similar success. Volleyball, equestrian events, road cycling, bodyworks and self-defence classes have all been well supported while recent innovations – waterpolo, modern dancing and co-ed athletics – have drawn many interested girls. Could it be because the first athletics meeting was at Bishops?

Our netball teams have played hard and all hockey teams have had a good season, with a memorable first team hockey and tennis tour to the Eastern Cape in July. The first hockey team won the Interschools Tournament – a wonderful boost for us all.

We are very proud of the girls who were selected for city and provincial teams – their achievements are listed in the programme. Special thanks to Mrs Botha and Mrs Bonellie for their encouragement and fantastic organization.

Once again two girls had the experience of two months at Brooks School, Massachusetts. Fiona Jack and Tebogo Skwambane were the lucky ones. In exchange we had pleasure in hosting two girls from Brooks. Two other American girls were here for only three weeks, but they participated whole-heartedly in school life during this short time. A Rotary Exchange Student from Canada also spent some time here with us. It is good to have two German girls here for a year – Vreneli Koschel and Anna Kohler, who, in her second week at school, participated in the Miss Herschel Competition and was selected as one of the Princesses.

The Standard Nines enjoyed a placement programme which gave them an opportunity of experiencing a real-life work situation. They also went to Hermanus on a three day enrichment course where they learnt a lot about themselves and others, ate too much food and discovered that Mrs Duff is human after all!

Twelve girls went on a wonderful visit to France in July, whilst, nearer to home, numerous outings to beaches, markets, power stations, museums, supermarkets, the Planetarium and several mountain trips have added interest to lessons.

In September eight girls went on a memorable trip down the Orange River, accompanied by Miss Bristow and Mrs Wilkinson. A group of girls walked the Tsitsikama Trail with Mrs Feast, Mrs Steyler and Mr Clarke – a hard slog, but worth every minute of the pain. Perhaps that is also true of school life itself!

I am now pleased to ask Elisabeth Mallet to present a report on the cultural activities and spiritual life of the school.

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

On behalf of all the girls I specially thank the teachers who work so hard and who show such friendly and loving concern for us as individuals. While we are proud to have high academic standards and sporting successes, we are also grateful for the chances that we have to enrich our lives in so many other ways.

All the clubs and societies have been very active and several new clubs have been formed, including Toastmasters, the Philosophical Club and the International Club. Meetings are held within the time-table at Friday lunchtime, so enabling all girls to participate.

Drama is an integral part of Herschel life and the recent Matric practical examination programmes were of a very high standard. Three girls went to the Grahamstown Arts Festival, while five others participated in the Rondebosch Boys' High School's energetic, colourful production of "Godspell". We have seen numerous outside productions this year and look forward to a staff play in early November.

Art pupils have also been very busy and the Matrics have spent many hours preparing their exhibition, which includes a display by our first ever Matric ceramics pupil, her creativity inspired by the exciting new ceramics studio.

The Music Department is alive and well at Herschel. Regular lunchtime concerts give all music pupils the experience of performing in public as do the end-of-term concerts. A very successful musical evening was also held at Bishops. The choirs have sung at several weddings and various venues, including the City Hall and the Groote Kerk. Our Theatre gives us the opportunity of seeing and hearing many visiting artists.

The whole school participated in a successful day-long Medieval Pageant with miracle plays, appropriate and delicious food and even toffee apples hanging from the trees in the "Garden of Eden".

We realize that as Herschel pupils we are very privileged and so we feel it is a real responsibility for us to help others, which we have tried to do through class charities and through Interact. Several girls attended an "Adventure into Service" course run by Rotary while others went to Natal to participate in a stimulating Youth Conference at Michaelhouse.

Our spiritual welfare is ably cared for by Father King and Reverend Marais who lead the early morning Chapel services and termly Eucharists. The Diocesan College Chaplain, Father Bands, has prepared twenty-five girls for their confirmation on Sunday 29 October. We are very grateful for his help and guidance.

I would like to thank all who care for the school and help to make it attractive and specially to mention the beautiful new roses planted outside this theatre.

1989 has been an exciting, eventful, fulfilling year in many, many ways. The Matrics will certainly have happy and amusing memories to recall when we meet again as Old Herschelians.



SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

It is my privilege to report to you on the sports and social activities at Herschel in what has been an exciting and busy year.

Girls have participated with enthusiasm in the many sports offered. Swimming training at the crack of dawn was rewarded with fourth place in the annual Inter-schools Gala. Equally early tennis practices brought a third place in the Interscholars Competition in this event, whilst the squash team had similar success. Volleyball, equestrian events, road cycling, bodyworks and self-defence classes have all been well supported while recent innovations – waterpolo, modern dancing and co-ed athletics – have drawn many interested girls. Could it be because the first athletics meeting was at Bishops?

Our netball teams have played hard and all hockey teams have had a good season, with a memorable first team hockey and tennis tour to the Eastern Cape in July. The first hockey team won the Interscholars Tournament – a wonderful boost for us all.

We are very proud of the girls who were selected for city and provincial teams – their achievements are listed in the programme. Special thanks to Mrs Botha and Mrs Bonelle for their encouragement and fantastic organisation.

Once again two girls had the experience of two months at Brooks School, Massachusetts. Fiona Jack and Tebogo Skwambane were the lucky ones. In exchange we had pleasure in hosting two girls from Brooks. Two other American girls were here for only three weeks, but they participated whole-heartedly in school life during this short time. A Rotary Exchange Student from Canada also spent some time here with us. It is good to have two German girls here for a year – Vreneli Koeschel and Anna Kohler, who, in her second week at school, participated in the Miss Herschel Competition and was selected as one of the Princesses.

The Standard Nines enjoyed a placement programme which gave them an opportunity of experiencing a real-life work situation. They also went to Hermanus on a three day enrichment course where they learnt a lot about themselves and others, ate too much food and discovered that Mrs Duff is human after all!

Twelve girls went on a wonderful visit to France in July, whilst, nearer to home, numerous outings to beaches, markets, power stations, museums, supermarkets, the Planetarium and several mountain trips have added interest to lessons.

In September eight girls went on a memorable trip down the Orange River, accompanied by Miss Beistow and Mrs Wilkinson. A group of girls walked the Tzitsikama Trail with Mrs Feast, Mrs Steytler and Mr Clarke – a hard slog, but worth every minute of the pain. Perhaps that is also true of school life itself!

I am now pleased to ask Elisabeth Mallet to present a report on the cultural activities and spiritual life of the school.

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

On behalf of all the girls I specially thank the teachers who work so hard and who show such friendly and loving concern for us as individuals. While we are proud to have high academic standards and sporting successes, we are also grateful for the chances that we have to enrich our lives in so many other ways.

All the clubs and societies have been very active and several new clubs have been formed, including Toastmasters, the Philosophical Club and the International Club. Meetings are held within the time-table at Friday lunchtime, so enabling all girls to participate.

Drama is an integral part of Herschel life and the recent Matric practical examination programmes were of a very high standard. Three girls went to the Grahamstown Arts Festival, while five others participated in the Rondebosch Boys' High School's energetic, colourful production of "Godspell". We have seen numerous outside productions this year and look forward to a staff play in early November.

Art pupils have also been very busy and the Matrics have spent many hours preparing their exhibition, which includes a display by our first ever Matric ceramics pupil, her creativity inspired by the exciting new ceramics studio.

The Music Department is alive and well at Herschel. Regular lunchtime concerts give all music pupils the experience of performing in public as do the end-of-term concerts. A very successful musical evening was also held at Bishops. The choirs have sung at several weddings and various venues, including the City Hall and the Groote Kerk. Our Theatre gives us the opportunity of seeing and hearing many visiting artists.

The whole school participated in a successful day-long Medieval Pageant with miracle plays, appropriate and delicious food and even toffee apples hanging from the trees in the "Garden of Eden".

We realize that as Herschel pupils we are very privileged and so we feel it is a real responsibility for us to help others, which we have tried to do through class charities and through Interact. Several girls attended an "Adventure into Service" course run by Rotary while others went to Natal to participate in a stimulating Youth Conference at Michaelhouse.

Our spiritual welfare is ably cared for by Father King and Reverend Marais who lead the early morning Chapel services and termly Eucharists. The Diocesan College Chaplain, Father Bands, has prepared twenty-five girls for their confirmation on Sunday 29 October. We are very grateful for his help and guidance.

I would like to thank all who care for the school and help to make it attractive and specially to mention the beautiful new roses planted outside this theatre.

1989 has been an exciting, eventful, fulfilling year in many, many ways. The Matrics will certainly have happy and amusing memories to recall when we meet again as Old Herschelians.

Thank you –

Our first Cape Senior Certificate was written last year and the results were very gratifying – a 100% pass, with all girls who aimed for a Matriculation exemption achieving it and so fulfilling University entrance requirements. Our 1988 Dux, Larissa Peter, achieved six "A" symbols and also an "A" aggregate, as did six other girls. This gave Herschel 17% "A" aggregates, the highest in the Cape, and a just reward for the hard work and dedication of girls and teachers alike.

Achievements in the academic, cultural and sporting spheres have also been substantial in 1989. They have been detailed in my newsletters and several have been mentioned by Susan and Elisabeth. They also include the successes of Tracy Smith, who was placed in the top one hundred of the nation-wide English Olympiad and Berthall Louw, who came thirtieth in the Afrikaans Olympiad. In a Western Cape Latin Olympiad, Anthea Stephens came sixth, while Elisabeth Mallet achieved second place, and has won a bursary for a year's study at an Italian university. Nine of our girls came in the top ten per cent of the Science Olympiad. The major accolade must go to Sandra van Hoogstraten, who came thirty-second in the nation-wide Science Olympiad (it is an interesting, if sobering, thought to note that there were only six girls in the top one hundred), and in the September trials examinations she achieved the outstanding average of 92%. Congratulations, Sandi, we shall follow your future achievements with interest and pride.

After a year of use, our lovely theatre is now an integral part of both the Senior and Preparatory schools. This year expansion has shifted primarily to the Preparatory school where numbers have greatly increased and exciting activities are taking place under the capable guidance of Mrs Margaret Chambers. Increased demand stimulated our decision to build a new Pre-Preparatory department and it is already at roof height. It will be open for pupils in January next year with two Pre-Prep classes for five-year olds and a nursery class for four-year olds. Mrs Chambers will report further on Preparatory school activities in a farewell assembly at the end of term.

An important strength of any school is the support provided by past pupils. I am always touched to receive letters from Old Herschelians or to welcome them back to school. The school song of that famous school, Harrow, goes like this:

*"Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing today
When you look back and fondly wonder
What you were like in your work and your play."*

I can clearly remember my own school music teacher making the whole school sing this song in a lesson termed "Community Singing". At the time, I wondered vaguely what the words meant, but they have stayed with me over the years, years which have sped by all too quickly. Today they have special significance, not only for me (for it is forty years since I wrote my school leaving examination), but also for the twenty-three Old Herschelians who are celebrating "Forty Years On" and whom we are delighted to have with us today. It is quite scary to think of changing centuries – worse – millennia – today's Matrics will be celebrating a similar occasion in 2029! Which reminds me to tell you that we broke open a bottle of Champagne last week on receipt of our first application for the year 2000 or beyond – a little girl, Annabel Simpson, born five months ago, has been enrolled for Standard 6 in 2003!

Herschel belongs to the South Africa of today, but is preparing girls, not only for the South Africa of tomorrow, but to hold their own in any community where the future may take them. And where is it going to take them in the 21st century? It is going to take them into the world of information technology. Information is an essential component of society and will be the most important commodity of the 21st century, so it is of vital importance to know how to get it and what to do with it. Such vast amounts of information are currently not only available, but also regularly and essentially utilised, that it is, even now, practically obligatory for today's citizens to have a personal computer, individually programmed to their own and their families' needs.

The information technology revolution is here. We cannot close our eyes and pretend otherwise. It is a revolution akin to the development of the printing press. Before that time, orators delivered information, Monks drew manuscripts. Then the printing press was invented and there appeared to be a decline in the human factor, capital development was necessary, new skills had to be learned – everyone had to learn to read and write, a gradual change occurred, opening up vast areas of information and education right up to the present day. But now there is so much information available and still being discovered, so many new books being printed every month, that our libraries cannot cope – they are overcrowded, bulging. Do you throw out old books, full of valuable information to make room for the new, or do you find an alternative means to store information? Do you use tapes, videos, microfilms and computers? Or do you continue to use only reference books and so limit your horizons?

Our beautiful Baxter Library is itself too small. This is the next area of the school requiring attention, development and expansion. An extended resource centre would provide our pupils with the facilities they need to meet the information age.

The information technology revolution is not as slow as the printing press revolution – it is here, we are already in a new era. The computer is not a plaything for trivial games or solely for drill and practice; it is a tool we must train our children to use in order to cope with life in the future.

Education is, and should be, about change – and South African society is changing. I foresee the momentum of change gathering pace in the next decade and our schools and educators must translate their thinking and plans into action if they are not to be left behind. If your great-grandfathers came back to look at hospitals or schools now, where would they see most change? Educationers are traditionally conservative (so are parents when viewing their own child's education and comparing it unfavourably with their own) and great-grandfather will still find rows of desks, blackboards and chalk; yes, lots and lots of "chalk and talk", many boring text-books and literature set books (some unchanged since his day) as well as traditional stress on note making and rote learning in order to pass those examinations that require well-trained memories and parrot-like reproduction of facts. There is some change beginning here, more and more examination questions require understanding, analysis, interpretation and use of facts. But now there are simply too many facts actually to remember, the syllabuses are top heavy. The time has come for "open book" examinations, using facts retrieved from every facet information technology can provide.

As an independent school, we are fortunate, for we are able to adapt our teaching methods without prescription. The question we must ask is: what kind of education should we be offering to young people, the inheritors of the information technology society in the year 2000? Students will have access to vast amounts of data and learning how to retrieve, select, interpret and extrapolate from that data will become integral to effective learning and ultimate success.

Having agreed that the object of education is to prepare the young to form an acceptable society in the future, it must also be accepted that in an information technology age there will be more leisure time. It is very important to train people for leisure – to offer such courses as pottery, needlework, painting, aerobics, dancing, drama, floristry, interior design, woodwork, or archaeology – "If we sow seeds when children are young, they can pick flowers later in their lives."

And, we must not fall into a trap. People can get so much information all day long that they lose their common sense. It is a thousand times better to have common sense than to have information and so-called education without common sense and without a care and concern for others.

I close with the words that summarize it all: "Education is what survives when all that has been learnt at school has been forgotten."

HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH

Today is the culmination for me of 14 years at Herschel and I am conscious of the bonds which I have developed not only with my fellow pupils and the teachers, but also my bond with Herschel itself.

Herschel is a school steeped in tradition and it is these very traditions which have continued on over the many years of its existence that have set the standards, not only of education but also of sportsmanship, integrity and conduct, so necessary for all of us. These standards are clearly demonstrated by the School's "Interact" pupils who have put such a great deal of time and work into their various tasks. They have never stopped willingly helping charities and other needy causes and have given of themselves selflessly. I am sure they feel good within themselves for their commitment.

During my schooling our country has experienced turbulent times. In the junior standards one may not be politically aware and it is only over the last few years that all that Herschel stands for has become apparent to me. It is with great pride that I stand here today in the knowledge that I was part of a school system where regard for human dignity matters so much, and respect, fairness and acknowledgement of achievement are the only criteria for recognition and acceptance. We at Herschel are privileged to have been able to attend an open school, to mix with people others elsewhere in the country may not have had the opportunity to do. We have been privileged to learn what freedom of association means and we have been able to mature and mould our characters because of this very association.

The fine reputation of Herschel as a school extends beyond the borders of the Republic. Herschel has had and still has pupils from other countries. Because of this the girls have a chance to broaden their knowledge and learn about the world around them as was experienced at the beginning of this year in the presence of Paul Solberg from Minnesota, USA. Paul certainly surprised us all when he grew accustomed to Herschel School with such ease, not even squeals of delight and nervous giggling perturbed him as he wandered his way to class.

But the real strength of any school must lie in its teaching staff. An eminent educationalist was recently asked what made a good teacher. He replied: "Teachers teach a little by what they say, more by what they do, but mostly, by what they are." Herschel has a wonderful body of teachers because of what they are. Mrs Duff, thank you for your valued support and guidance. Your confidence in me will always leave a deep impression within me. Mrs Duff is a person who leads by example. She sets a goal and goes out to attain it with such enthusiasm that those

around her are infected with this enthusiasm. It is wonderful to see the theatre fulfilling what must have been Mrs Duff's broader vision of its use when she initiated the concept. This year the theatre was used for the first time by the Matric Drama Students for their practical exam with advanced lighting and staging techniques. The theatre has also become recognised and used by outside sources. Future Herschelians will always be indebted to Mrs Duff for her far-sightedness.

I would like to say a special word of thanks to Mrs Dunleavy, for her encouragement, concern and invaluable advice, and to all members of staff who have so willingly given me a hearing and assisted me when I needed help.

To my fellow Prefects and Matrics - you have given me your friendship, loyalty and support and I thank you one and all.

To the Standard Nines who did such a wonderful job in transforming the Hall into a Russian Winter Palace for our Matric Dance - Thank you. We hope your Matric Dance is as special for you as ours was for us.

I feel it would be remiss of me if I did not refer to all the pupils in the school. Until you have been placed in a position of authority and trust as I have in being Headgirl, it is never easy to realize just how dependent one is on the co-operation of everyone. I shall always remember the team spirit, co-operation and above all the understanding I received. This year has been a challenge for me. It has been a valuable learning experience. I have learned a great deal about people, about tolerance and also about myself. I have also learnt that a great deal of hard work goes on behind the scenes at the school of which most people are unaware.

At this point I would like to thank my family and especially my parents for their love and support over the years, especially during this year. I couldn't have managed without you. Thank you.

In conclusion, as I take my leave of my responsibility as Headgirl, it is a very moving moment for me and I am conscious of the great privilege it has been for me to serve Herschel, albeit in a small way. I know that all of us in Matric have benefited enormously from our association with the School and are now ready to face the challenges of adult life with confidence and integrity.

I feel I speak on behalf of all the Matrics when I say, THANK YOU HERSCHEL.

KEELYN MAISEL



School Prefects

Standing: S. Snyders, T. Fourie, E. Mollet, K. Leith, C. Miller.

Seated: K. McAdam, N. Daniel, K. Maisel (Headgirl), Mrs P. Duff (Headmistress), S. van Hoogstraaten (Senior Prefect), K. O'Neill, K. Bäumberg.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE 1988

Subject distinctions in italics

A AGGREGATE MATRICULATION

Barday, Naseema (*English, Afrikaans, Maths, Biology, Latin*)
 Jensen, Kirsten (*English, Maths, Biology*)
 Meinert, Nicola (*German*)
 Parker, Joy (*English, French, Geography*)
 Peter, Larissa (*English, Afrikaans, Maths, Biology, Phys. Sci., History*)
 Sasa, Fiona (*Biology, Geography*)

B AGGREGATE

Bendzulla, Samantha (*English, Speech and Drama*)
 Edmunds, Marion
 Foulkes, Tracey (*Afrikaans*)
 Gillespie, Marie-Lou
 Haldane, Inken
 Hendry, Mairi (*Physical Science*)
 Howse, Janet (*English*)
 Jaffe, Suki (*Speech and Drama*)
 Kode, Lisa (*Physical Science SG*)
 Lengner, Viola
 Maconachie, Caroline
 Mayer, Sasha (*Biology, Phys. Science SG*)
 Mills, Tessa (*English*)
 Omar, Leila
 Raaff, Gabrielle (*Maths SG, Art*)
 Visser, Hubertha
 Wray, Janet

C AGGREGATE

Aling, Jacqueline
 Bridgman, Theresa (*Maths SG*)
 Dierup, Anouk
 Du Preez, Jennifer
 Gwynne-Evans, Sally
 Hardy, Susan
 Joubert, Susan
 Pierce, Deborah
 Rudolph, Marcia
 Petersen, Karen
 Sparks, Claire-Louise

D AGGREGATE

Narker, Yumna
 Rawoot, Noorjahan
 Roman, Melanie
 Stafford, Elizabeth

SCHOOL-LEAVERS' CERTIFICATE

Collison, Carla
 Season, Lisa
 Smuts, Sandra

PRIZE LIST 1989

STANDARD PRIZES

STD VI	1 Yolande Young 2 Nicola Wallace 3 Nasrin Isaacs Vasanthra Naidoo
STD VII	1 Michelle Kuttel 2 Revyl Haylett 3 Fathgaya Isaacs Kirsten Tharing
STD VIII	1 Moira Rose 2 Catriona Ross 3 Tanya Peacock
STD IX	1 Jane Eedes 2 Ashleigh Dunn 3 Susan Evered

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

STD VI	Cara Fermor Katie Growse Mary Henderson Anda Ngani Nicola Schonborn
STD VII	Kym Balcomb Leigh-Anne Bird Cheyenne Ferry Nicola Murray Allarice Williams Mandy Wright
STD VIII	Melissa Golding Rhoda Karj Sherene Kingma Clarissa Molteno Justine Peters Michele Rainier Claire-Marie Schonborn Marion Swoboda
STD IX	Tanya Bostock Theresa Bridgman Isobel Essery Lesley Raffin Emer Uttley Lauren Wright
STD X	Harifa Banderker Nina Daniel Portia Rayners Emma Wynne-Edwards

PRESENTATIONS

Sub A - Matric	Lynne Bird Tania Fourie Claire Howse Keelyn Maisel Carol Millar Kate O'Neill Judy van Rijswijk	Jane Boyes Amaeda Gersh Kirsty Leith Elsabeth Mallet Alexandra Ovenstone Susan Snyders
----------------	--	---

STANDARD X SUBJECT PRIZES

Afrikaans	Berthali Louw
English	The Lady Woolley Prize Elisabeth Mallet
Latin	Elisabeth Mallet
French	Anthea Stephens
Art	Julie van Rijswijk
Xhosa	Julie van Rijswijk
History	Aziwe Magida
Geography	Tracy Smith
Biology	Lynne Bird
	Susan Snyders
	Sandra van Hoogstraten
Music	Susan Snyders
Mathematics	The Liz Gibbons Prize Sandra van Hoogstraten
Physical Science	Amanda Gersh
Speech and Drama	Corleze Wege
Home Economics	Carol Millar
Typing	Karine Gowdy
Ceramics	

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship
Nicola Wallace

Fenella Douglas Scholarship
Susan Evered

Junior General Knowledge
Reevyl Haylett/Michelle Kuttel

Middle General Knowledge
Catriona Ross

Senior General Knowledge
Elisabeth Mallet

Pottery – Middle School
Michelle Kuttel

McClurg Trophy for Theatre Arts
Kate Blumberg/Keelyn Maisel

Divinity – Middle School
Roshnee Deva

Music – Middle School
Philippa Gwynne-Evans

Archimides Prize
Carolyn Lander

Lantern Prize
Grethe Zwiegelaar

Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics
Eva Disler

Mary Muller Picture of the Year
Nina Daniel

Sonia Beck Essay Prize
Jane Franco

Abe Bailey Prize for Spoken Afrikaans
Corleze Wege

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French
Julie van Rijswijk

Jane Haram Prize for Drama
Elisabeth Mallet

Stobie Musicianship Prize
Susan Snyders

Choral Prize
Elisabeth Mallet

Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences
Eva Disler

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities
Julie van Rijswijk

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy
Portia Rayners

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library
Doranne McDonald

Rotary Prize
Kirsty Leith

Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-Round Participation and Achievement
Carol Millar/Susan Snyders

Best All-Round Sportswoman of the Year
Tania Fourie

Proxime Accessit
Elisabeth Mallet

Dux of the School
Sandra van Hoogstraten

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

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize
Keelyn Maisel

Old Herschel Award
Keelyn Maisel

ACHIEVEMENTS 1989

Swimming	Kirsten Tharing – Western Province
Synchronised Swimming	Helen Richards – Western Province
Hockey	Lisa Black – Western Province Peninsula Side (W.P.B.)
Squash	WP U/19A Debbie West U/19B Theresa Bridgman U/14A Barbara Vincent WP Sarah McCarthy and Annabel Ovenstone
Equitation	1st Team won 1989 Berthali Louw – 30th in South Africa Sandy van Hoogstraten Elisabeth Mallet – one of the two prize winners (Year at an Italian University) Anthea Stephens 6th

S.A.C.E.E. English Public Speaking Competition

Elisabeth Mallet won Western Province, participated in National finals in Pretoria

S.A.C.E.E. Spelling Competition

Standard 6 – 1st

INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES

Swimming

U/15 (U/14) Medley	Kirsten Thaning	Jagger
Open Medley	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Breaststroke Cup	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Open Crawl	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Backstroke Cup	Kate O'Neill	Roit
Open Butterfly	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Freestyle Cup	Kirsten Thaning	Jagger
U/16 Champion	Vanessa Cowgill	Roit
Open Champion	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Old Girls Trophy	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
U/14 Champion	Kirsten Thaning	Jagger

Diving

Diving Champion	Kate O'Neill	Roit
Diving Shield		Merriman

Squash

Senior Champion	Debbie West	
U/16 Champion	Barbara Vincent	Merriman
Most Improved Player	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger

Hockey

Most Improved Player	Carol Millar	Roit
----------------------	--------------	------

Netball

Most Improved Player	Dinah Millar	Roit
----------------------	--------------	------

Tennis

U/15 Singles	Barbara Vincent	
U/15 Doubles	Barbara Vincent & Allison Porter	
Standard 6 Singles	Leanne Louw	
Standard 6 Doubles	Leanne Louw & Philippa Rice	
Open Singles	Liza Black	
Open Doubles	Carol Millar & Emer Uttley	
Best All Round Sports Girl	Tania Fourie	Roit

TAALBOND 1988 RESULTS

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Hoër Graad Pass

Tracy Foulkes	Tania Fourie	Berthali Louw
Sascha Mayer	Doranne McDonald	Nicola Meinert
Tessa Mills	Yumna Narker	Joy Parker
Corleze Wege		

Gewone Graad Pass

Jaqui Aling	Hanifa Banderkur	Samantha Bendzulla
Lynne Bird	Carey Bridgman	Audra Carey
Carla Collison	Nina Daniel	Abigail Daniels
Eva Daler	Philippa Dixon	Alison Edmunds
Amanda Gersh	Mary-Lou Gillespie	Karine Gowdy
Claire Howse	Janet Howse	Suzanne Jaffe
Kirsten Jensen	Suzanne Joubert	Lisa Kode
Kirsty Leith	Caroline Maconachie	Keelyn Maisel
Elisabeth Mallet	Lulibo Masingana	Karen Petersen
Gabrielle Raaff	Noorjahan Rawoot	Portia Rayners
Melanie Roman	Marcia Rudolph	Susan Snyders
Anthea Stephens	Sandra van	
Hoogstraten	Hubertha Visser	
Janet Wray-Young		

Laer Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Hoër Graad Pass

Sally Gwynne-Evans	Alexandra Ovenstone	Tracy Smith
--------------------	---------------------	-------------

Gewone Graad Pass

Liza Black	Lindsay Bonner	Jane Boyes
Jennifer du Preez	Susan Hardy	Carol Millar
Deborah Pierce	Lisa Seanson	Claire-Louise Spar

Voorbereidende Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Hoër Graad Pass

Kate Blumberg	Diana Dare	Katherine McAdam
Amanda Prince		

Gewone Graad Pass

Aziwe Magida	Sandra Smuts	Elizabeth Stafford
Sascha Williams	Emma Wynne-Edwards	

BALLET EXAMINATION RESULTS 1989

Examiner: Miss Carolyn Sams from England.

Grade IV	Chene Roberts	- Highly Commended
	Irmgard Bergstedt	- Commended
	Nasrin Isaacs	- Commended
	Kim Durr	- Commended
Grade III	Paula de Villiers	- Highly Commended
	Rozanne Segers	- Commended
	Belita Debenham	- Pass Plus
Grade II	Zayaan Crombie	- Highly Commended
	Mandy February	- Pass Plus
Grade I	Sarah Gilbert	- Highly Commended
	Helen Mitchell	- Commended
	Sarah Tuft	- Commended
	Marisa Hendricks	- Pass Plus
	Michelle Berrange	- Pass Plus
	Nadia Donnelly	- Pass Plus
	Nawaal Hendricks	- Pass Plus
Primary	Ishaan Crombie	- Honours
	Victoria Dudley	- Highly Commended

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Distinctions:

Kaye Johnson	Guitar
Jennifer Bradshaw	Violin
Susan Futter	Piano
Zara Quail	Violin
Nicola Wallace	Flute
Jacki Gordon	Piano
Allison Porter	Piano
Susanna van Hoon	Cello
Merits:	
Chantel McGahey	Guitar
Zara Quail	Piano
Jennifer Heath	Guitar
Jennifer Bradshaw	Piano
Helen Marie Cuturi	Piano
Alexandra Clare	
Ellis-Smith	Violin
Mary Henderson	Piano
Pippa Gwynne-Evans	Flute
Deborah Wynne	Piano
Emma O'Hanlon	Guitar
Pass:	
Candice Grove	Guitar
Beth Notten	Piano
Arlene Benjamin	Piano
Nicola Wallace	Piano



1989 Class Prefects

Standing: J van Rijswijk, E Wynne-Edwards, T Smith, K Gowdy, S Williams, H Banderker.

Seated: S Kemp, A Gersh, P Rayners, Mrs P Allen (Acting Senior Mistress), L Bird, S van Hoogstraten, C. House.



Boarding House Prefects

Standing: E Wynne-Edwards, S van Hoogstraten, A Stephens, A Mogida, A Gersh.

Seated: Mrs M Taylor, D McDonald, Mrs G Foster (Senior Mistress), N Daniel (Head of Boarding House), Mrs P Duff, A Carey, Mrs N Woolfe-Coote.



Academic Scrolls

S Snyders, S van Hoogstraten, J van Rijswijk, E Mallet.



1989 Matrics

Back Row: K Leith, T Fourie, L Bird, M du Toit, T Holm, A Owenstone, K Goudy, D McDonald.

3rd Row: L Bonner, C Millar, C House, E Dwyer, B Louw, A Magida, L Msengana, K O'Neill, T Smith, E Wynne-Edwards, S Williams.

2nd Row: H Banderker, A Gersh, S Kemp, S Snyders, E Black, H Cardwell, J Boyes, J van Rijswijk, A Corey, K Blumberg, K McAdam, P Rayners.

Seated: N Daniel, K Maisel, Miss S Jupp, A Daniels, Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), A Stephens, Mrs D Beames, E Mallet, S van Hoogstraten.

Absent: C Wege.



Sub A - Matric

Standing: K Leith, L Bird, A Owenstone, E Mallet, T Fourie, C House.

Seated: C Millar, S Snyders, K Maisel, A Gersh, J van Rijswijk, K O'Neill, J Boyes.

JAGGER



Jagger

Back Row: T. d. Burgh, A. Dunn, F. Kneitz, C. Holmes, A. Mallet, H. Barr, H. Young, C. Wilkinson, S. McCarthy, G. Zwiegelaar, T. Bridgman, P. Nofle.
 5th Row: H. Sparks, C. Convery, M. Kuttel, C. Capri, K. Johnson, K. Hunter, M. Henderson, S. Louis, P. Thompson, F. Milne, M. Craig, R. Haylett, R. Kanji, J. Heath, R. Sturgeon, G. Malherbe.
 4th Row: J. Hutton, S. Evered, C. Raimondo, C. Sedgwick, M. Golding, C. Lander, A. Penberthy, J. Bendzila, B. Loghdey, C. Barry, T. Peck, M. Rose, A. Wilkin, J. Franco, C. Ferry, A. Sturgeon.
 3rd Row: T. Lange, M. Taylor, V. Naidoo, T. Parker, K. Tharing, A. Gersh, J. van Rijswijk, L. Maengano, E. Daler, P. Raynoes, R. Ismail, A. Williams, N. Becker, K. Thompson, S. Boardman.
 2nd Row: G. Abbott, E. Wynne-Eduards, S. van Hoogstraten, C. House (Capt.), Mrs. P. Allen (House Mistress), K. Blumberg, E. Mallet, S. Williams, A. Daniels.
 Seated: C. Pratt, S. Arieff, S. Cruise, M. Kennedy, S. Armstrong, K. Grouse, C. Ross, N. Wallace, L. McCance-Price, K. Parker, A. Theunissen.

JAGGER HOUSE REPORT

Jagger began 1989 with a rather spirited approach when the house got wind of Rolt's proposed raid of the house braai. In true Jagger fashion, the girls outwitted the raiders by means of stealthy ambush. Rolt came to a very sorry end with half of the Yellow Perils in the pool. Pools and Jagger seemed to make an excellent combination as we roared to victory in the Interhouse gala. Special congratulations go to Kirsten Tharing, Theresa Bridgman and Carolyn Lander. We fared well in the diving and reasonably so in the tennis, however four absences from the team resulted in a demented House Captain flying about trying to drum up more players. Even so, we came second to Rolt. The winter sports, especially hockey, provided more of a daunting prospect as seven of the first team are in Rolt. Amazingly we did very well under the circumstances, spurred on by the undying support of Fatt & Moni, The Jagger Hippios. In all our sporting events we owe our thanks to Theresa who not only performed extremely well, but helped with the organizing of the (sometimes sparsely populated) teams.

Again, in 1989, Jagger lived up to its reputation as the master house of cultural and academic events. The house play, directed by Carianne Wilkinson, required a lot of hard work and the cast performed this dif-

ficult play extremely well. Congratulations to Rolt for their achievement at the house plays, they were worthy winners. Jagger won the Interhouse General Knowledge by a broad margin as well as the Spelling Competition. Special mention should go to Liz Mallet who helped Jagger win the Public Speaking with Kaye Johnson. Liz went on to win the Regional Finals of the Public Speaking and was sent to compete in Pretoria.

The main aim of the three Heads of Houses this year, was to bring the spirit back into the school. We realize that we could not achieve this completely during one year, but I feel Jagger has made a fantastic effort. Spirit is not just yelling your lungs out at the gala, spirit is a consistent support of the house and so, Theresa Bridgman was awarded the spirit cap this year. She is not only an excellent sportswoman, but, more importantly, an excellent sport. In this regard Ming Taylor, Carolyn Lander and Gina Malherbe also received nomination.

Jagger has settled into its new venue, the Theatre, and, with the newly christened Fatt & Moni, Jagger will carry on to greater heights chanting: "We've got spirit, yes we do, We've got spirit, how about YOU?"

CLAIRE HOWSE

MERRIMAN



Merriman

Back Row: K White, S Kingma, C Chapman, S Rice, C Coyne, L Forsyth, C Whaley, M Keegan, I Essery, M Swoboda, C Kaye, L A Bird, L Marx.
 5th Row: M de Bruyn, J Ratcliffe, C Hartwell, Z Harisa, D Carolin, C Fernor, S de Wet, K Williamson, D de Keyser, N Schonborn, L Hartnady, C Schonborn, N Bath, S de Keyser, S Coyne, M Wright.
 4th Row: T Hammond, J Burchell, J Bowder, S Blackman, J Kantor, A Kempthorne, J Evertse, T Skwombane, T Bostock, P Frith, L A Louw, C Berry, M Rice, J Burchell, M Mello.
 3rd Row: L Raffin, N Hendricks, L A Davids, N Jackson, C McPetrie, J Deva, F Isaacs, C Moodie, R Poole, R Deva, C Rice, K Balcomb, M Shaw, A Benjamin, E Hirschan, N A Munro.
 2nd Row: H Cardwell, B Louw, L Bonner, A Ovenstone, T Smith, H Banderker.
 Seated: M du Toit, D McDonald, K Maisel, K McAdam (Capt.), Mrs C Brathwaite (House Mistress), K Goudy, S Snyders, A Stephens, L Bird.

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

Although Merriman's shelf is not filled with silver trophies, 1989 has been a fun-filled year for us.

The House braai proved to be a rowdy, yet very successful event. Not only did we eat, laugh and act plays, we also practised our singing – or should I say shouting? – for the Interhouse gala the following week. This boosted our house spirit tremendously and although our swimmers were not quite up to those of Rolt and Jagger, our singers definitely got the better of them! Our swimmers, however, fought hard to the end, and I'd like to take this opportunity of congratulating Helen Richards on her outstanding synchronised swimming.

As far as other sports events go, I'm afraid to say Rolt has been wiping the boards this year. We did, however, win the Under-14 Hockey and Netball and tied with Rolt in the Interhouse squash. The highlight of this year was winning the diving. It was wonderful to sing "V-I-C" instead of "Ding, Dong, something went wrong".

Jagger seemed to be the victors of the cultural and academic events this year, winning the General Knowledge, Spelling and Public Speaking. Congratulations go to our Merriman speakers, Kate Williamson and Claire Schonborn for their superb presentations.

Thank you to Jodi Kantor and Kate Williamson for directing the House Play, which was enjoyed by both actors and audience alike. Well done to Cindy McPetrie for receiving the "Best Actress" award – an achievement well deserved. Congratulations, too, go to our Western Province representative, Barbara Vincent, who has recently made S.A. Schools Squash.

Leading Merriman has been a great honour for me, yet I must say I could not have done without the Merriman matrics, who have been a tower of strength throughout the year. Also, sincere and special thanks go to Mrs Adley, Mrs Attwood and Mrs McLaughlin, but especially my house tutor, Mrs Brathwaite, who has never failed to be enthusiastic and supportive.

Lastly, a big thank you to my "Mighty Mice". Remember what a great house you belong to and always stay as happy and high-spirited as you are!

KATHERINE MCADAM

ROLT



Rolt

Back Row: R Wynne, A Ramsden, H Taylor, H Downing, M Lanning, A Porter.

6th Row: C Noakes, C McGahey, M Drummond-Hay, N Lowe, P Elborough-Cooke, M Rainier, J Gadenne, E O'Hanlon, D Millar, J Eedes, V Koschet, G Ricketts, K Rorich.

5th Row: B Boyes, F Jack, L Mahomed, S Morell, L Turner, P Gwynne-Evans, K Boyce, S Pederson, Z Africa, V Wood, C Grove, L Fitzpatrick, A Kohler, T Cohen, B O'Neill, L Lombardi.

4th Row: N McQueen, N Murray, S Berens, T Byers, A Smith, J Peters, E Clarke, D West, E Uttley, N Gropentin, S Ricketts, T Peacock, V Cowgill, V Goodwin, E Notten, L Williams.

3rd Row: Y Amien, A Williams, A Larson, C Christie, J Boyes, D Pentz, S Baigrie, Y Young, S Byers, S Kemp, N Lincoln, D Christie, T Lay, J McCullough, S Issa.

2nd Row: E Black, K Leith, T Fourie, N Daniel, Mr H A Clarke (House Master), K O'Neill (Capt.), C Millar, A Magida, A Carey.

Seated: C Ellis-Smith, A Ismail, N Biden, S Futter, Y Abrahams, D Wynne, M Scholms, S Karol, N Lalkhan, M van Zyl, A Ilua.

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

1989, like all other years, started off really well with the annual House Braai which was held at Tania Fourie's house. The usual ridiculous games were played, which included the traditional "Chubby Burny": when about six greedy, wide-mouthed Rolt girls shove as many marshmallows into their mouths as possible. The "Rolt Chubby Burny" this year was Diane Pentz - nice going. Did we also chose to raid the Jagger braai, just down the road, but, unfortunately, it backfired because they were prepared for us, and many of us lucky ones found ourselves in the pool, covered in flour. If Rolt chooses to raid again next year, they must make sure they're prepared for it.

There were only a few other occasions where Jagger got the better of us: (in the swimming where they only just scraped a victory,) and the General Knowledge. Unfortunately, Rolt's academic abilities aren't as apparent as its sporting - maybe we're all just closet academics. The only other event was the Public Speaking, where our speakers, Annika Larson, who won the junior section, and Tania Fourie, who had to compete with Liz Mallet of Jagger (who just happened to have won the Western Cape Public Speaking Competition), spoke extremely well.

Besides these events Rolt has managed to take the honours in almost everything else.

Early on in the first term the Standard nines directed the House Plays. Rolt's play was entitled "What are you doing here?" and after a lot of very hard work turned out to be the winner. Congratulations to the director, Bridget O'Neill, co-director, Fiona Jack, and everyone else involved.

On the Tennis, Hockey and Netball front, Rolt did extremely well as we have many team players and so we won with ease. It is at this point that I must add that we are very proud of our two Western Province Representatives - Liza Black (Hockey) and Debbie West (Squash) - well done!

Probably the saddest time for Rolt this year was losing our "Rolt Daddy", Mr Clarke, to another school. I feel that Rolt will never be the same without him and we all know he'll always come back to support us with his floppy yellow hat. Mr. Clarke, and I know I speak for everyone who knows him, is one of the kindest, most unselfish, dedicated and enthusiastic men I have ever met and it is an honour to have known him. He has certainly left his mark on Herschel and will be missed by all. I am glad to have had the opportunity of working with him - Mr Clarke, thank you for everything, you're amazing!

I sincerely hope that Rolt will "Go for it" even more next year, because if it does it won't be anything but the best. I would like to wish Mevrouw Louw (our new Head Teacher) and the next year's Head of House, the best of luck. Thank you to Katherine and Claire, the other two Heads for their support and good sportsmanship and thank you to all the Rolt girls for their enthusiasm.

Good luck for the future Rolt - you are great and I'll miss you all. Thank you for having me as your Head - it has been an honour.

KATE O'NEILL

REPORTS

HERSCHEL THEATRE REPORT 1989

Since its official opening on 5 October 1988, the Herschel Theatre has been the scene of much varied and exciting activity ranging from Chamber concerts to debates to full-scale dramatic productions. The School opened the Theatre with a magical rendition of "The Wizard of Oz". This was followed by a professional company - The Courage Players presenting the acclaimed "A Business of Murder".

The first Chamber concert was that presented by the Martens Family Ensemble on 10 March. "Garden of Paradise", a combined presentation by The Jennifer Lamb Ballet School and the Joan Raath School of Ballet, followed. On Monday 20 March a "Talk on Roses" was given by Dr Gwen Fagan in aid of St Luke's Hospice.

Our own "Evening of Music" took place on 22 March to an appreciative and most responsive audience. "An Evening of French Music" presented by the Cape Singer's Guild proved to be an exciting evening's entertainment. The Petrof Concert Grand Piano came into its own at this concert! We are indeed grateful to a number of people for the most generous donations given for the purchase of this very fine instrument.

Lunch Hour Talks take place in the Theatre every two weeks where the girls are given the opportunity of listening to speakers from all walks of life share their interesting experiences. Speakers have included Dr Jenny Day, "Rivers in South Africa"; the Chief Wardrobe Co-ordinator for Woolworths; Professor Johnson of the University of the Western Cape, "The Greenhouse Effect"; and Mrs Adele Searl, who shared her experiences of her son's tragic drug abuse.

A combined music concert by the Herschel Prep and the pupils of Western Province Prep took place on three consecutive evenings in early June. Here too, the concerts were very well supported by a responsive audience.

The Foyer has proved to be a most agreeable venue for cocktail parties and an ideal place for Parent/Teacher discussion meetings. The aesthetic quality of the complex has elicited much positive comment from visitors to the School.

We were privileged to host the International Ballet dancer, Vincent Hantam, when he gave a recital here on 5 August. The Matrics organized a fund-raising evening in the form of "The Miss Herschel Pageant". The rear sliding doors were opened and the auditorium and foyer were filled with a most supportive and positive audience. The Music Society of the University of Stellenbosch hosted an evening of music for Harpsichord and Baroque Oboe by Bach, Handel and Mabry on 19 August.

We have been very pleased to have Mr Mark Whittemore "resident" here as our Lighting and Sound Technician. His expertise in this field has proved to be vital in the successful running of the Theatre. He is currently running a series of lectures on lighting design for the Standard Sevens to Matrics. The Theatre is constantly proving to be a most worthwhile investment in the development of the arts here at Herschel. The demand by the school far exceeds its availability - only one group can use it at a time. It is most exciting and gratifying to witness the way in which our Music, Drama and Art departments are beginning to utilize this outstanding facility.

At the time of writing this report, the Matric Drama class is well into rehearsal for their production of "Showcase" - a miscellany of dramatic performances on a variety of themes prepared for the Matriculation examination. Two performances open to the public will take place on Sunday 17 and Tuesday 19 September. The farce, "See How They Run", will be presented by the Staff from 8 to 10 November.

All in all this has been a most exciting and challenging first year in the life of our very own Herschel Theatre. The future can be viewed with "Great Expectations" if 1989 is anything to go on!

BRUCE RILEY
Director of Arts

DEBATING SOCIETY (DEBSOC)

Debsoc is still the "elite club" in the school! Although we have not been quite as loquacious this year as I had hoped, we still enjoy our occasional meetings and have some very promising speakers. Mrs Wilkinson keeps our feet firmly on the ground, and we owe her many thanks for her constant help and guidance.

A debate with Bishops on the topic "Modern Technology is more constructive than destructive", with Herschel's senior speakers proposing proved to be very amusing, and Herschel (naturally) won! Our junior speakers had a heated forum discussion with Bishops on the topic "Women belong in the Kitchen" (!), and have done quite a few "Just a Minutes" at our meetings. We have some extremely confident speakers and our garrulous meetings are most entertaining.

A Stephens, C Howse, E Mallet, G Zwegelaar and M Gersh are entering the Interscholls Forum Discussion once again, which we hope will be a success.

Debsoc is a large popular club with many intelligent, not to mention rowdy, speakers, and I hope it will flourish under the new committee!

May the talking never cease!

AMANDA GERSH

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT

The Historical Society opened with a bang this year. Mr Clarke gave a most enlightening talk on his own experiences during the second world war. This was most interesting as none of us (except Mrs Beames?) can really imagine what it must have been like to live during 1939-1945, let alone to have been part of what was happening. We had great fun playing charades - Tsar Nicholas and his Tsarina Alexandra abdicated from our school library, thanks to Mrs Beames' vivid imagination.

We joined the Art Awareness Society to watch a video on Hitler's art and Mrs Beames has shown us many interesting films and we are at present waiting on tenterhooks for the next Historical Society meeting so that we can continue the saga of the Russian Royal family!

Mrs Beames has been wonderfully supportive and enthusiastic and at present the Historical Society has many exciting plans for the future - we do not dwell on the past, we learn from it!

ANTHEA STEPHENS

BUSINESS INVESTMENT CLUB

At the first meeting of the Club, investors divided into three teams. They chose a name for the team (Herschel Business Investment Company; Herschel Empire and Herschel Millionaires Incorporated), and decided on which shares they wished to buy. A buying order was filled in with the chosen shares totalling an imaginary R20 000,00 and it was sent off to the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. Thereafter teams were free to buy and sell shares on their own initiative, each time receiving confirmation of their transactions from the JSE. At the second meeting, Mr Freemanle, a stockbroker, visited to speak to teams about the share market and conditions in South Africa at present. Other interesting speakers on investment have come from Sylfrets and Old Mutual. This term we look forward to speakers on other forms of investment such as stamp collecting and antiques.

MRS L. ATTWOOD

BALLROOM DANCING

A number of Herschel Standard 8 girls have enjoyed taking part in ballroom dancing lessons with Bishops this year. With organisation from Miss Bristol and under the supervision of Mr Court, we have had great fun in trying to master the foxtrot, waltz, rumba, rock 'n roll and many other popular dances. There have been three meetings a term at both Bishops and Herschel, and each one has been very successful. The final meeting on the 13th September was a formal occasion which proved to be a lovely ending to what has been a most enjoyable society.

BELINDA BOYES



Interact

Back Row: J Bendaulla, S Louw, C van Dugteren, L Forsyth, A Mallet, M Keegan, C Holmes, C Kaye, C Ferrar, M Wright, L Turner.
 3rd Row: R Ismail, F Isaacs, S Balgrie, J Peters, R Poole, V Cougill, M Rose, A Wilkin, K Tharing, C Christie, E Clarke.
 2nd Row: J Deva, Y Amien, L Raffin, S Arieff, K Grouse, A Williams, A Benjamin, M Kennedy, S Cruise, L-A Davids, A Iltu, N Becker.
 Seated: T Bostock, F Jack, K O'Neill (Vice-President), Mr H A Clarke, K Leith (President), Mrs P Allen, K Gowdy (Treasurer), L McCance-Price, A Dunn.

INTERACT REPORT 1988/1989

Our first meeting was held in August last year. Kiri Martenson, Herschel's Rotary Exchange Student from Australia, spoke to us about her home town, Cairns, and of her experiences of being a Rotary Exchange Student. Her talk was very interesting and made a lot of us very keen on the idea of becoming an Exchange Student.

Our first main project was a Christmas Party for the children of Herschel's Domestic and Ground Staff. The party was a great success and Father Christmas was the highlight. Many thanks to Mr Clarke for continuing this great tradition by acting as Father Christmas.

Interact and the rest of the school took part in the Forty Hour Famine. The money raised from that went to Operation Hunger. We are always very proud of the response that Herschel gives to this worthy cause.

Street collecting plays an important role in Interact's activities. Many girls shook their money-boxes on street corners and helped many worthy organisation in this way. I would especially like to thank Ashleigh Dunn for all the hard work she put into organising these collections.

At Easter time each Interactor brought easter eggs which we collected and sent to Lelebloem House. The orphans at Lelebloem really appreciated these eggs which added a sparkle to their Easter.

The Rotaract Club of Rondebosch run a soup kitchen in Rondebosch. This soup kitchen supplies many street children with their one and only meal of the day. A few Interactors help Rotaract by serving at the soup kitchen. Their support was much appreciated.

Earlier this year Herschel staged a performance of the "Wizard of Oz" in our new Theatre. Interact organised a Charity Performance and invited St Marks School, Margaret's House, Khayamandi Home for Boys, Lelebloem and various other homes to come and watch. Snacks were served at interval and the evening turned out to be a great success.

St Luke's Hospice sold roses at Constantia Village on Rose Day. Interact girls from Herschel brought roses for the day and also helped in the selling of them at Constantia Village. Our support was much appreciated. An Open Day at Leeuwenhof Gardens was also arranged by St Luke's Hospice. Interact prepared and held a toasted cheese and tomato sandwich stall. We managed to make R300 which was donated to St Luke's.

An Interact Conference is held each year. Interact Groups from all over the Cape get together for this occasion. This year's conference was held at Rhodes High School, and girls from our Interact Club that attended found it most enjoyable.

Our most recent project has been to raise funds for the Catholic Welfare Bureau. Our Interact girls helped at various Charity Christmas Parties, at the Argus Cycle Tour and at a Rondebosch Village Fete. Much to our surprise and delight we were paid for our efforts. This money, together with that raised at various Cake Sales and at our "Volley Ball Rally" held in the second term, came to the grand total of one thousand rand. This money was donated to the Catholic Welfare Bureau. Together with other schools efforts, our donation will help with the building of a Nutrition Centre in the Green Point area of Khayelitsha. I feel that we served our community very efficiently by raising this money and the Nutrition Centre is sure to put smiles on many very unhappy faces in the Khayelitsha area.

Many thanks to Mr Paul Lee, Mrs Allen, Mr Clarke, the Interact Committee and all Interact girls for making this past year a successful one.

Thank you.

KIRSTY LEITH (President)



Chamber Choir

Back Row: A Mallet, I Essery, S Rice, M Keegan, C Raimondo

Front Row: C Convery, S Snyders, L McCance-Price, E Mallet, Miss C Sweet, L Raffin.

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

This year has been such a varied and full one that the Choir has been extremely busy and active. We began the year with a very exciting event! We recorded "Come as you are" by Ina Duly Oyden for the Good Friday service on SABC, which went very well. On 11 February, we sang at Bridget Borton's wedding, in St Saviour's. We performed "Brother James Ah" and "God be in my Head" which is always very moving. On 17 February we sang at an important occasion, the annual Founder's Day Service at St Saviour's with "O How Amiable", by J H Maunders and, naturally, "God be in my Head". This event was meaningful and, as always, a highlight of the choir's calendar. On 11 March we sang "Paris Angelicus", by Cesar Franck, and "O How Amiable" at Sarah Wynne-Edwards' beautiful wedding at St Michael's Church in Rondebosch. 17 March brought another wedding, that of Nicky Deale at St Bernard's in Newlands. On 22 March, the choir underwent a nerve-racking experience, namely that of leading the assembly, in the Theatre. We sang "Christ is now risen again", by Ian Ord-Hume, "Blessing", by Martin Shaw and "Thine be the Glory" (with the school). This innovative event was well received.

In the second term we were very privileged to be invited, with San Soori, to perform at a lunch-time concert at the Groote Kerk. We performed one of the most challenging and interesting works we have tackled, "Missa Brevis in D major", by Benjamin Britten. This was so well received that we are going to perform this work again on the first Sunday evening of the fourth term, 8 October. Very recently, on 29 July, we took part in a prestigious concert, "Some Enchanted Evening", at the City Hall, with eight other female voice choirs. The event was organised by the Cape Town Ladies' Choir and Dr Chris Molyneux, and proved to be very enjoyable. We sang songs quite different from our usual style, namely "Goodmorning Starshine", and the theme from "Love Story". These were conducted by Mr Riley, and the Junior and Senior choirs were combined. Miss Sweet conducted "Snow" by Edward Elgar and "Hymn to the Waters" by Gustav Holst. Forthcoming events include a concert with Bishops, in the Bishops Theatre on 20 September and the Evening of Music, at Herschel, on 21 September. Of course, the Speech Day and the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols are still to come, at the end of the fourth term.

I would like to thank Mrs Tyson for her generosity of time and effort, and Miss Sweet, without whose tireless work we would not be able to enjoy the wealth of music and experience the fulfillment of performing. Thank you.

ELISABETH MALLET

MUSIC REPORT

This eventful year opened with a concert given by Hubert du Plessis - a well-known and accomplished South African composer. Other schools were invited to the recital which was held in the Herschel Theatre. Mr du Plessis performed with the singer, Rene Raiken. His explanations and comments were very interesting since his works are part of the Matric Music syllabus.

Evenings of music are held every term and this year they have been held in the Theatre. The Junior school was also involved in these concerts and the items rendered showed a high standard of performance. In the third term, lunch-hour concerts took place every fortnight in the Theatre with both Senior and Junior pupils contributing to the programme.

The choir performed on numerous occasions this year. Mr Riley conducted the Middle School Choir and Miss Sweet directed the Senior Choir. At the end of the third term Herschel and Bishops performed together in a music concert at Bishops. The well-rehearsed Herschel Choir and Chamber Choir sang with Bishops and some girls played in their orchestra. Anthea Stephens and Anthony George performed Saint Saens' "Carnival of the Animals" with the orchestra and this was a treat for the appreciative audience.

Herschel Prep and Western Province Prep combined to produce two very successful evenings of music and song in the Theatre. The orchestras and choir delighted the audience, while a number of pupils played solos and duets.

Many music pupils entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod. The school orchestra and recorder group, from the Junior school, obtained honours and diplomas. Jacki Gordon is to be congratulated on winning the cup for the best overall performance in the ten-year old age group at the Eisteddfod. Some pupils entered the Royal Schools Examinations and results were excellent. We obtained 8 Distinctions, 10 Merits and 4 Passes. Everyone was successful.

A number of girls attended a Cape Town Symphony concert as guests of First National Bank.

I would like to thank Miss Sweet for all her hard work and organization in the Music Department this year.

SUSAN SNYDERS (Head Music Student)



Senior Choir

Back Row: K. Raman, J. Essery, M. Keegan, C. Courie, C. Christman, S. Kwa, T. Doherty, G. Zolotarev

Middle Row: A. Magaña, F. Kiewitz, M. S. Lomoko, A. M. Pao, H. Baur, G. Pickett, C. Chen, H. Shrivastava, N. Dair

Front Row: L. McLeh, L. McCausland, A. Gersh, H. Sparks, C. Hammond, C. L. Leung, A. H. Wong, A. Kengharov, C. Hsu, L. Behr, M. C. Sison, A. Stephens



Junior Choir

Back Row: V. Arora, T. Day, A. Stephens, E. Nutter, T. Thompson, C. Chinn, A. Mandel, W. Jackson

Middle Row: M. H. Wiley, C. H. Mamer, P. Chinn, S. Lomoko, K. Hejlen, A. Ngar, H. Schongore, C. Baur, M. Wright, A. Kengharov

Front Row: A. T. Lomoko, P. Nutter, A. Nutter, C. A. Dair, S. Lomoko, A. Lomoko, A. Hsu, L. Behr, M. C. Sison, A. Stephens

THE ARGUS CYCLE TOUR

It was 4.00 on Saturday morning the 11th when I was awoken.

Why? The Argus.

I considered forgetting all about it and going back to bed, but eventually I got up and got dressed. Then it was breakfast time. I was eyeing the roll I had cut, buttered and spread with Fray Bentos, yet I had no intention whatsoever of eating.

While I surveyed the roll, watching for any signs of life, my sister, Robyn, padded into the dining room with a pair of socks on her feet. Robyn's expression went from surprise to disgust then horror as she stood squarely on an unfortunate slug residing on the carpet.

When we had finally finished breakfast and were ready to go, I realized that I needed tissues. I raced into the kitchen and scabbled feverishly in what I presumed was the tissue-box. It then dawned on me that I was scabbling in the yoghurt bowl. Having managed to locate the tissues, we left for the start.

After getting ready, it was unanimously decided that we would all take a visit to the Acorn Toilets.

Soon Robyn and I were standing with our bicycles with the rest of the "L" category in a big crowd waiting nervously for the start. While we waited, the street lamps switched off automatically as they always do. "Oh, lol! A power failure!" chirped Robyn brightly.

Suddenly it was the countdown for our section and we all thought secretly that we simply must remember not to do this again next year.

We were off!

I was also feeling off.

I became rather annoyed as small, skinny little boys spinning their pedals frantically, whooshed past me. Little boys of this sort deserve to be exterminated.

Soon we were on Hospital Bend. There were a lot of spectators all whistling, cheering and clapping and generally making fools of themselves.

I was feeling quite confident as we were on our way to Muizenberg and was quite put out when a string of speedy cyclists whirled past in the "R" section.

When Robyn and I turned the corner towards Muizenberg, the wind hit us in the face like a wet face-cloth.

I must add that, along the way, I eat/drink/sleep/suck a squeeze which is an energy replacement, which does work, although it tastes quite repulsive.

By the time we reached Smif's Winkel there was a lot of fruity language to be heard. I heard one man groaning, "Ah, come on, bike, man". I reached the top—having overtaken quite a few people who promptly whistled past me on the downhill. On the way down I had the privilege of watching a genuine banana-peeler in action.

Then it was on to Kommetjie. By this stage the "X, Y and Z" categories had started passing Robyn and me. To say this was depressing would be the understatement of the week.

Kommetjie seemed surprisingly short and I encountered many a banana peel or occasionally an entire banana.

Soon we were on our way to Chapman's. As I cycled along, some man stopped his bike, got off in the centre of the road and examined his problem with his bike's chain. He looked a little surprised when a pack of cyclists whizzed past, shouting obscenities at him.

I also observed a lady pouring out all her water from her bottles so as not to weigh herself down. Before I knew it I was at Chapman's and was starting the ascent. It was a hard ride and the race was not short of walking cyclists. As I was nearing the top I saw a party of people ringing large Swiss cow-bells. I resisted an urge to shout, "Moo!"

Having reached the top my exhilaration was short-lived as all those people I had passed on the way up thundered by. Oh, well, never mind. I had to worry about getting myself down. Now my arm was feeling a bit sore and so was my toe. Soon I was very aware of my toe's need of an amputation and although I could see my arm, I was a little doubtful of its existence.

To ease my body's aches and pains I manoeuvred myself into strange shapes and started wondering about pursuing a career as a contortionist.

On the way to the final hill, Suikerbossie, I had to avoid some more batches of pumps and water bottles. Maybe next year I should just follow after the cyclists, collecting fallen and discarded bicycle equipment. I could make a real killing.

Then I was confronted with Suikerbossie.

Due to a momentary blank in thought, these lines have been left open to convey my feeling of horror. But nevertheless I cycled on, passing lots of walking cyclists. I would have loved to have stopped and joined them, but I really had to dash.

On the way up a kindly man sprayed everyone with a hosepipe. I was no exception.

I felt refreshed and decided to put on a spurt of speed. Unfortunately I didn't feel like putting this plan into action. Before I realized it I was on my way down. There were still 10km to go.

I was now feeling alive again, but still had to put up with numerous people overtaking me on the downhill. People cheered us on, including a woman who shouted, "Go, Chick!"

I was nearly there and the finish was in view—in fact, I could even read the sign above the road. It said . . . FINISH!

And I did.

ALISON STURGEON



MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

The Mountain Club has had yet another successful year. In the first term we made trips up Silvermine with a group from Bishops. Some of the girls went, with a special Bishops party, to go caving in the Wynberg Caves. Both of these outings were thoroughly enjoyed and the girls insist that we repeat the venture next year. Our trip to the Elephants Eye proved to be just as spectacular as usual but our walk was cut short when the girls lost the older generation walkers who were pottering about in the Fynbos. However we cannot put down our senior members who hauled the girls up the Helderberg at a great rate, promising fantastic views at the end. We must admit, we certainly have had our fair share of magnificent panoramas on our various outings this year, especially on the Vineyard Trail. On this hike we got lost several times and found ourselves being followed up the mountain by a mob of dogs and a pig (pink, curly tail included). Many of the walks in the third term were aimed towards training the girls going on the Tsitsikama Trail. This proved to be the highlight of the year with a party of 12 singing girls trooping through the most exquisite forests and swimming under beautiful waterfalls. This party was led by Mrs Feast, Mr Clarke, Mrs Houston, Mrs Adley and Mrs Steytler. Although Mr Clarke has left Herschel, he still remains the Big Daddy of the Mountain Club. Mr Clarke is our Walking Hospital, Q.I.Y. Kit, and epitome of chivalry. Again I owe great thanks to Mrs Feast who is an immense help with all the organising and driving. Without her we'd never get to the top!

CLAIRE HOWSE



POTTY ABOUT POTS

Rosemary Lapping-Sellars reports on the Ceramic Scene at Herschel:

For a long time pottery at Herschel was a very sporadic activity. Part-time teachers came and went, wrestling against the odds of lack of space, poor facilities and a kiln on the verge of a breakdown. Then in January 1984 Miss Geldard advertised for a pottery teacher for Herschel: one person applied and was appointed. Ever since then it has been my good fortune and pleasure to have been intensely involved in the establishment of the school's pottery and ceramic department, turning it into a viable concern for the promotion of creativity through the medium of clay.

During that first year we had a tiny room, no bigger than a bathroom, one wheel, a broken kiln and six students. It was difficult to pursue any serious projects as the need did not warrant it. However the pleasure of our creative expression was infectious and within a year there were 24 enthusiastic students. During 1985 an urgent appeal led to the purchase of a 5 cu. ft. kiln, whilst the art teacher gave us a section of her store room where we could hold classes for up to ten at a time. The children had great fun and the numbers were ever on the increase.

In 1986 we had 48 students, and, to the horror of some of the mothers, classes often took place on two levels with some girls on top of the tables and some underneath! Nevertheless the girls were not to be daunted and their clay objects miraculously found form in spite of the lack of space. At the end of 1986, with the blessing of Mrs Duff and the ardent support of some of the parents, we staged a ceramic exhibition at the Garlicks Gallery in Cavendish Square. This was the first time that a show of pure ceramics by school children had taken place in this country and it was enthusiastically supported. So much so that the exhibition was extended by a further week and then the whole show was invited to be displayed at the Durbanville Clay Museum for a period of three months. Some pieces are still on permanent display today. It had been a manifestation of creative spontaneity and joy, and the public loved it.

During 1988 we were paid a fine compliment when an anonymous benefactor made a large donation to the Ceramic Department. This enabled us to buy a 20 cu. ft. kiln, a small test kiln, six wheels and much-needed equipment and specialised tools. Mrs Duff saw fit to extend the facilities by allowing a section of the drama room to be converted into a most spacious studio, in addition to which a separate kiln room was built. All this provided the girls with more than adequate space to express their creativity in a most positive and dynamic way.

Today's Ceramic Department was completed during mid 1989 and as we come to the close of the eighties Herschel can boast of an extremely sophisticated and well-equipped venue in which its girls expand themselves fully into the right side of their brains! This had been my prayer, the benefactor's intention and Mrs Duff's dearest wish. This year we have eighty registered students, thirteen of whom are from the pre-prep. Our proud bonus has been that one matric pupil, Karine Gowdy, has done her art practical in ceramics.

Clay is an extraordinary flexible medium and its very nature allows for variety of expression. As we approach the 21st century it has become the concern of many educationalists that young minds are taught to think laterally. One way is through Craft Design and Technology (CDT), a subject well known to advanced educationalists in Britain. Courses in these are readily available throughout the British schooling system with the intention that individual and lateral thinking will develop and prepare the children for the 21st century. During the 1990's it is hoped that Herschel will be able to pursue this goal in its own unique way by educating its young minds beyond the required parameters of traditional education. The Arts tap the inner resources of the child and through creative expression they discover an additional understanding and perception of life.

We have been exceedingly fortunate to have had the generous and unstinting support of those who truly believe in creative expression. The Ceramic Department owes gratitude to the Headmistress, the benefactor, the parents and to the children themselves for their unstinting belief that Herschel deserved, and one day could boast of, one of the best ceramic departments in the country. I feel extremely privileged to have been included in this. May the medium of clay afford our children an opportunity to make this world a happier place to live in.

ROSEMARY LAPPING-SELLARS

EMILY HOUSE REPORT

Since Standard Six we've heard the Matrics saying how fast their last year at school flies by and 1989 has certainly proved to do just that – especially for the Matrics in the Boarding House.

In honour of our resident ghost (whom no-one has seen, but some have claimed to have heard!), we decided to christen ourselves Emily House after her. To stress our identity we thought some form of casual attire would be appropriate. Thus the Emily House "Bed-Bug" sweat-shirt, came into being, with the aid of Mandie. Mrs Foster, of course, assumed the position of our "Chief Bed Bug", along with her dog, Mac, as "Bed-Bug Mascot".

This year we Matrics have separate rooms, and with the shifting around of rooms in the Attics, a new cosy Matric Common Room/Kitchenette evolved – naturally with the help of Mr Greenwood and Staff, thank you!

In the first term we hosted a very pleasant dinner for some of our Bishops counterparts. They seemed to have really enjoyed it, and sent beautiful flowers in thanks.

We have continued to have varied and interesting speakers at our Wednesday evening chapel services. Our thanks go to them.

This year we've had many ups and downs and had to adapt to a new catering system. We also missed Mrs Foster in the third term after her back accident, and want to thank Mrs Woolfe-Coote and Mrs Taylor for their enthusiasm and care in her absence. But the most exciting gossip of the year was that Mrs Foster is engaged to be married in December, and we wish her the best of luck and happiness for the future.

Our last lecture for the year goes to the Standard 9's, the future Matrics. We wish them lots of luck next year, but remember to do your work when you get it and especially to do your duties, and that you're all in this together. Next year you might feel pressurized and overloaded with work, and you definitely won't feel like building up any spirit, but in ten years' time the nights that you watched "Dallas" and had hot chocolate together will be the things you will always remember. Viva les "Bed-Bugs"!!

NINA DANIEL

FAREWELL TO EMILY HOUSE

*When I first came to Herschel
It was to practise in the San.
Then came the laundry schedule . . .
And the chasing of the laundry van . . .
The furnishings are shabby
The rain drips through the roof . . .
But Sick-Bay gets a face lift
and we pull a Pre-school tooth!
I was very disappointed
That Emily was quiet,
But then if we had seen her
It might have caused a riot!
Then I was promoted . . . I think! . . .
To a room with quite a view.
Life became so varied . . .
No time to wonder what to do.
We sorted out the Boarders Sit,
With lots of help from friends,
Matrics now have their single rooms . . . but . . .
Refurbishing never ends . . .
The summer hols. were lovely,
The winter ones were nil!
I seemed to ever meet them
By always being ill!
But this time I was visited
Whilst arm was in a sling
By one retired gentleman . . .
Who caused my heart to sing . . .
So farewell to lovely Herschel
Memories by the score . . .
Now I am getting married
I won't be a Sister any more!*

GRACE FOSTER

THE MEDIEVAL PAGEANT

This event was a step away from the rather conservative Herschel way of life, but it was great fun and we all hope it's repeated next year.

In keeping with the medieval feeling, the whole staff appeared in various sack-cloth and sheepskin ensembles on the actual day of the Pageant. The previous day had been spent by us girls in a chaotic scramble to get sets painted, costumes arranged and plays rehearsed.

You see, each class was assigned a play, which formed a part of a cycle from the Creation to the Last Judgement. We had a day to prepare and the next day was showtime! The olden-time language proved to be a bit of a problem, since many of the girls didn't actually understand much of what they were reading from their scripts, but the spirit was there.

The basic idea was that the plays would alternate between two open-air venues in the school. The audience was to be split in two, and Group No 1 would watch Play No 2 while Group No 2 watched Play No 1 and so on. This would have meant that each play would have had to have been performed twice.

Of course this idea was doomed from the start. This was far too complex a plan to expect parents and other spectators to grasp. After a while it became clear that no-one knew where they were supposed to be, so it was decided that everyone should just do their plays once, and if anyone missed it, well – tough! In the end, though, everyone managed to get a pretty fair idea of what was going on.

There were a couple of things happening besides the plays, as well. There was a group of brightly-coloured tumblers leading us from play to play and genuine medieval refreshments (which tasted suspiciously like ordinary chicken!) and all sorts of other entertainment.

MEGAN CRAIG (Standard 7)







ORANGE RIVER ADVENTURE '89

It was on the 22 September that 8 keen, clean and pristine Herschel girls and their 2 unsuspecting teachers prepared to leave for South West Africa and an "Orange River Adventure". However, no sooner had our Transvaal registered microbus (yes, go on and laugh!) pulled out of the school grounds than the fun began. It didn't take long before Can't-Knyp Camel and Beefy Bertha (see Orange River girls for definitions) had started their bantering, and upon seeing the fun involved in such a pastime, Mrs Sandi Carnegie climbed right in. She and Camel kept us entertained throughout the trip with their antics. The Maisel tuckshop kept our tummies satisfied for the approximately 8 hour drive and, although the tape deck provided some trouble and the choice of music constant trouble, at least our ears too were kept grooving.

Upon our arrival (and with the sweet scent of real camel still hanging lightly in the air) we were greeted by a most friendly and informative gentleman! Whilst we were still unpacking the bus, the Dale boys, Sir and Sue arrived. At this moment, the only comment I remember hearing was, "luminous must be in, in King!". Due to the fact that no formal introductions were made and we Herschel girls being so shy and withdrawn(!) it took us a while to know the guys. However, by the last night, we were up until 3 a.m. talking (or at least most of us were - some got an early night and others just rapped and unrapped the whole night! - Again, see O.R. girls for definitions and details!).

The weather was fantastic and we all enjoyed swimming through the rapids (especially when we got to hold the guide's hand, hey, Az?!). On the subject of Azwe and swimming - well, considering the fact that it took a minimum of 3 people to get Az into the boat, one to swim with her and another to record the event on film - there were always about 5 extremely annoyed and fatigued people who rudely shouted, "No!" when Az even suggested going for a dip!

All liaisons must at some point be mentioned in this article and so here's a quick rundown:

Beef and Steve
Card and Josh (although she still won't admit it)
Az and Ross
Keelyn and Alan (love is in the air!)
Sandi and Michael (or so he wishes)
Sandi and Richard (or so she wishes)
Doranne and Jan Hendrick.

All that this proves is that Ms Wilkinson, Emer, Kate and I were the only sane people on the trip (and even these people sometimes made us wonder!).

Last but not least, a very big thank-you to Miss Bristow and Ms Wilkinson for organising the trip and a few idyllic reminders to all who "drifted down the Orange River one glorious September holiday": bathing in the bullrushes, taking Dougie for a walk, "rapping" and "dossing", Sarangs and Mhoodle, Bye, bye Miss American Pie, sand, sun and singing.

It was great!

MALICIOUS MIGHTY MOUSE (KARINE GOWDY)

THE 1989 FRENCH TOUR

On 15 June thirteen excited Herschel girls, one Rustenberg girl and one brave boy, Duncan Houston, set off to France for four weeks. We spent our first week in Paris, the city of romance; in our case the city of blisters. Nevertheless, as soon as we arrived, hot and tired, nothing was going to stop us. Together with Madame Stuytler, her big son Jonathan and his fiancée Anna, we took Paris by storm; our "tourist" outfits in sharp contrast with the slim and chic Parisians. We visited many places, including La Tour Eiffel (of course), Le Louvre, La Rue Royale, breathtaking but not in our price-range, Le Musée Cluny, l'Arc de Triomphe, Notre-Dame, where we attended Mass, and Le Centre Georges Pompidou. We went down the Seine in a huge boat and walked many miles in the heat, blisters and all.

We spent most of our evenings in the lively Latin Quarter, near our hotel, which was wonderful, enjoying the food, music, friendly people and even dancing in the street.

The week soon came to an end. We left by train for Angers. We waited nervously at the station, petrified, and after memorising a few last-minute phrases, we set off with our families for the week-end. All our families were wonderful and very hospitable. We spent our week-ends with them and they went out of their way to keep us entertained. The French cuisine, the new friends and the friendly people made us all feel at home.

After the first nerve-racking week-end we set off for the Centre d'Anglais et de Français, where we received a warm welcome from Madame Goupille and all the teachers. We had lessons for three hours in the mornings and went on outings in the afternoons, returning exhausted to our families in the evenings. We visited many exquisite chateaux and even enjoyed a French aerobics class and a flight over the city in a light aeroplane. The highlights were all the day trips, to Saumur, St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, and the Puy du Four, the most amazing display of light and sound attended by at least 80 000 people.

For the last two weeks we were joined by a lively group of Spaniards who spoke very good French. Some of us had a Spanish girl staying with us and we made many new friends.

Bastille Day, the two-hundredth anniversary, was celebrated throughout France; we saw the parades on the television and many of us joined in the celebration in Angers, and went to the fireworks display with our families and their friends.

Soon the dreaded day arrived, and we had to leave France. After many tears had been shed and all the goodbys said, we left by train for Paris. We had a wonderful time and we thank Madame Stuytler, Jonathan, Anna and Madame Goupille and our teachers, Mrs du Toit and all the other people who helped to organise this once in a life-time experience. We shall never forget what fun we had! Vive la France!

TANYA PECK AND SILKE BERENS





2



1



4



3



6



5

WHAT'S COOKING IN THE HOME-EC ROOM

Because of the biology and geography students who continually complain that they are unable to concentrate in class because of the smells which waft from the murky depths of the home-ec room, we are bringing Herschel's koeksisters out of the broom cupboard. This is what has really been going on:

1. Standard Sixes made creative drinks following the theme: "How to get your child (or Standard Six daughter) to want to drink milk". The tall drink on the left was particularly . . . colourful.

2. This group of Sevens decorated chocolate Easter eggs. Angela (centre) is suspected of having eaten hers before this photograph was taken.

3. This is not really as suspicious as it looks - it's only stir-fry (stirred by the Eights. Eaten by the Eights and teachers who begged hard enough).

4. After basting, tasting, frying and, of course, drying up for hours, the matrics were obviously glad that the prac. exam was over. I'm sure they're looking forward to the next one in November. The sheepish one leaving on the table is Jane Boyes.

5. Monica Drummond-Hay (Standard 9).

6. Lauren Wright (Standard 9).

CATRIONA ROSS

SPORT



Inter-Schools Swimming Team

Back Row: S Boardman, K Balcomb, C Berry

Middle Row: L-A Baird, B Boyes, L Louw, V Cowgill, A Fenberthy, K Thaning, C Lander

Front Row: B O'Neill, T Bridgman, T Fourie, Mrs H Botha, K O'Neill (Capt.), J Kantor, N Daniel

SWIMMING REPORT

I think I speak for most of my fellow paddlers when I say that the aquatic life of the Summer of 1988/89 was both challenging and rewarding – not to mention enjoyable and . . . wet.

The new members of the team settled down very quickly and soon got used to the "craziness" of some of the senior girls – no names mentioned. We all attended early morning practices at 6.30 a.m. this doesn't really sound like fun, and, believe me at the time it didn't feel like it either, but we were well rewarded at the end of it all. Firstly, there is a tremendous amount of team spirit amongst the team which really helps to make training more enjoyable and worthwhile. A "pet love" of the team is food and after many hard training sessions we were well fed with either sweets or a great school breakfast.

In the Interschools gala, Herschel came fourth with Rustenberg coming a well deserved first. Jagger won the Interhouse, Rolt came second and Meriman third. Individual cups were won by T Bridgman (Open Champion), V Cowgill (U16 Champion), K Thaning (U14 Champion)

and K O'Neill (Diving Champion). One of the highlights of the gala was the synchronised swimming display performed by Helen Richards, who represents Western Province. Kirsten Thaning, whose loyalty and dedication is an asset to the team, is to be congratulated on her success in being selected to represent Western Province at the South African Open Championships. As she is only 14, this is a great achievement.

Three Matrics, Nina, Tania and Kate, have been loyal members of the team since the year dot, returning every year to enjoy the "chilling pain" of early morning training – only for the huge breakfasts, I might add.

I would like to thank the team for being so enthusiastic, supportive and hard working – you're all great and I am sad I am not returning next year. I will miss you all and wish you luck in the future. Lastly, I would like to thank Mrs Botha for the huge amount of work and effort she puts into everything she does and for making it such an amazing season.

KATE O'NEILL



Tennis/Hockey Tour Party

R O'Neill, Mrs H Botha, B Boyes, T Fourie, D McDonald, D Christie, E Uttley, D Millar, A Porter, S Snyders, Mrs M Bonellie, C Milar, P Rice, N Schonborn, T Bridgman, K Maisel, B Vincent.
Absent: E Thapane

HOCKEY AND TENNIS TOUR TO EAST LONDON (16 JUNE - 2 JUNE)

A flu epidemic usually brings all activity to a standstill but the spirit of the Hockey and Tennis Team girls was not dampened when half their team mates became sick having just set up camp in East London.

The tour was very successful and had so many highlights. On our arrival at East London we were greeted with a warm WELCOME HERSCHEL sign at the airport window. We were all extremely surprised at the sight of Mr Clarke awaiting our arrival and his presence at hockey and tennis matches during the tour was welcomed. Our first day in East London was spent playing in a "Pick a Pozzie" hockey tournament while the tennis girls practised. We all picked our positions out of a bag and, to everyone's amusement, Tania Fourie kitted up in her new goalie gear while Keelyn Maisel tried her hand in the field! Our Sunday was spent visiting Mpungo Game reserve during which we were introduced to typical East London scenery.

During our visit to Stutterheim we were shown around Mrs Bonellie's home town. After a friendly lunch at Barbara Vincent's Aunt's house, we had our first formal hockey and tennis matches of the tour. The matches were played in hot, dry conditions and the hockey was lost 0-1 while the tennis girls won. The hockey game was faster than we were used to as the field was rock hard.

During free time in the mornings and evenings we visited East London's Aquarium, played Putt-Putt (Mrs Botha proved to be the Putt-Putt Queen!), went out for waffles and visited the museum. We played tough matches against Hudson Park, who are the best hockey team in their area, and our matches against Stirling resulted in a one all draw for hockey and a win for the tennis team. The tour matches were ended in fine style by the hockey team who won 2-1 and the tennis girls lost a tough lot of sets against Clarendon. We were all invited to their final assembly which was different from what we are used to. A visit to Queen's Park Zoo made a lot of us feel at home and Keelyn will not forget the welcome she got from the goats! Our final dinner was held at Mpungo Game Reserve. It was an evening full of fun as we were all made to pay "penalties" and were each awarded personal prizes during a 5-course meal.

We made many new friends in East London and we will all remember Mr Bessinger, our bus driver, who shared in our fun. I would like to thank Mrs Botha and Mrs Bonellie on behalf of all the tour girls for making sure that we had plenty to eat and do during our stay in East London. It was a very good learning experience for everyone and we all have very fond memories of our time there."

SUSAN SNYDERS

TENNIS REPORT 1989

It's hard to believe this past tennis season could have flown by as it has. I can barely remember our first tennis match, although if I had to recall one very definite experience, it would be the time we sat waiting at a certain school (I won't mention which) for about three quarters of an hour for our opponents to arrive, glumly staring at courts with no nets and locked gates with no keys.

If I had to use one word to describe the past season, it would be: "fun". Who could forget Carol's famous "lollipop" tennis and Katherine and Liza "dehairing" the ball. Theresa and Corleze kept us all motivated with their brilliant play - we were just sad that Corleze couldn't play in Interschools. Barbara kept on giggling - we've never found out why and Mrs Bonellie's convinced that all along we've been trying to hit her at net. And, of course, there was Tani who always kept us on the straight and narrow!

Herschel did very well in both the Standard 6 and Open Interschools Events, coming third in each. I congratulate Theresa, Lucinda, Barbara, Carol, Katherine, Liza and Tania on their excellent play and good sportsmanship. I had not realised that we had so many up-and-coming stars in the Standard 6 tennis team. The standard 6's enjoyed a cool morning's tennis at Rustenberg and Sans Souci. Congratulations to: Leanne Louw, Pippa Rice, Nicola Schonborn, Stephanie de Wet, Siobhan Coyne, Nicola Wallace, Elizabeth Hirshon, Virginia Wood.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the Interhouse Tennis played on the 17 March, even though Roit "cheated". They had an unfair advantage - Paul Solberg! Congratulations, Roit, on your excellent play!

Mrs Bonellie ended the tennis season with a well organised, relaxed and friendly Parents/Daughters Tennis morning which was rounded off by a lovely lunch at school. It was a memorable day especially, I am sure, for the winners: Barbara Vincent and Mr Clarke. Congratulations to you both!

Finally, I must mention my special thanks to Mrs Bonellie. Without her encouragement, support and dedication our tennis wouldn't have been as successful and as much fun as it was.

Last, but not least, a big thank you to all the tennis team girls and of course to the social tennis girls. You've all made my season as tennis captain very special - thank you.



Interschools Open Tennis Team

Standing: E Black, T Fourie, B Vincent, C Millar

Seated: T Bridgman, K Maisel (Capt.), Mrs M Bonellie, K McAdam, L Lombardi.



Squash Team - Interschool Winners

Back Row: Jemimah Peeters, Alison Louw, Bronwen Davies, Caroline McGahey.

Middle Row: Robyn Kadahe, Karen Meirose, Karen Willis.

Front Row: Annabel Ross and Georgina Reid.



1989 Western Province Reps

Standing: E Black (Hockey), B Vincent (Squash), K Thuring (Swimming).

Seated: H Richards (Synchronised Swimming), D West (Squash), T Bridgman (Squash).

NETBALL REPORT

At the beginning of the season we received a lot of new and promising talent in Standard 6 and looked set for a good result. The first and second teams both played very well and both came 2nd to Springfield in the 3rd and 4th leagues respectively. It was our first season in these leagues, and we played schools such as Matland, Ysterplaat and De Grendel.

After doing so well in the league, however, we found playing against the usual Southern Suburbs teams like Wynberg, Rustenberg and Sans Souci at Interscholls, very tough. The 1st improved with each game to come 4th as did the 2nds.

Many thanks to Mrs Bonellie for her endless energy and to my captain, Carol Millar, for her enthusiasm and organisation. Good luck to all the girls for next year.

TANIA FOURIE (Vice-captain)



1st Squash Team

Standing: T Bridgman, B Vincent

Seated: D West, K McAdam (Capt.). Absent: C Wege.

SQUASH REPORT

We began the squash season full of vigour and enthusiasm under the supervision of our new coach, Miss Roberts. In order to give more girls the opportunity of playing team squash, we entered an A and a B side in the Schools' League, which proved highly successful.

In the Xerotech Knock-out Tournament, the A side played extremely well, eventually being knocked out by our arch-rival, Rhenish.

Beaten again by Rhenish in the Interscholls, we succeeded in winning the third and fourth play-off. The Herschel support that day was tremendous and much appreciated – thank you.

Interhouse squash was once again a very enjoyable, yet competitive, event with Rolt and Meriman tying. Excellent squash was played by all.

Congratulations to our Western Province representatives, Debbie West, Theresa Bridgman and Barbara Vincent, who has recently made S.A. Schools.

I would like to wish next year's teams the best of luck, under the captaincy of Debbie West. Thank you to Mrs Botha for the enormous amount of time and effort she has put in throughout the year, and of course, to the squash team for their hard work and enthusiasm.

KATHERINE McADAM

HOCKEY REPORT

A really exciting and memorable hockey season has passed and it is clear to me that there is a great deal of potential amongst the players for the years to come.

Nine teams were entered in the league and, although the results were not fantastic, every team played to the best of its ability and the spirit and enthusiasm shown by all the girls was incredible. Every Saturday without fail there was always a loyal group of parent supporters who never failed to amuse us with comments like, "stand on the goalie and shoot!!"

The first team was not doing too well by the end of the second term, but after a really great hockey/tennis tour to East London, which was most definitely one of the highlights of this season, our play improved to such an extent that by the third term, we had "set the ball rolling" and there was no looking back. Winning the Interscholls Tournament proved that we were indeed a more than capable side.

Mrs Botha arranged a practice match against Bishops during the course of the season for both the first and second teams. We certainly managed to deflate the boys' egos when we "crushed" them 2-1 (although the umpiring was somewhat biased!!!). We also played two touring sides, St Anne's and Woodridge, which was not only very good practice for us, but also great fun. Mrs Botha stressed that it was essential to provide large plates of eats for all the starving visitors. However, it turned out that our "Allies" consumed the most!

A fun tournament, "Pick 'n' Possie", was also arranged. Here the girls were able to play different positions, which revealed a great deal of hidden talent, especially in the goal box!

The season ended with an enjoyable Parents/Girls hockey morning, followed by a braai lunch, and once again our very loyal and special supporter, Mr Clarke, was there to join in the fun.

The season has been one I shall always remember and I think that we owe this to Mrs Botha, whose continued dedication, encouragement, support and enthusiasm made us a successful team. Mrs Botha, you've been great!

To all the teams – thank you for making this season such a special one – may you continue to enjoy this great game.

LIZA BLACK (Hockey Captain)

THE 1989 STELLENBOSCH HOCKEY CAMP

Not everyone spent their hot, sunny holiday lying on the beach: a few of our Herschel girls picked up their sticks, and decided to join the 600 girls at the Stellenbosch Hockey Camp 1989. They were away for 4 nights. From our area, other schools taking part were Westerford and Springfield, but schools came from as far away as Durban, Johannesburg, and even Windhoek.

The days consisted of hockey, hockey and more hockey. Each day started at 6.00 a.m. with a leisurely 4 km jog and, if participants made it back in time, breakfast at 7.15. The mornings consisted of skills and mini games and then a break for lunch. In the afternoon, matches were played and then finally they had supper and a lecture to finish off the busy day.

Running up and down the hockey field in the boiling heat, they prayed for rain, and totally drenched by the pouring rain, they prayed for heat.

Even with their busy schedule they managed to find time for a few ice-creams and a trip to the cafe. It was "grand" fun and they met a lot of new people. "There was a strong sense of friendship and togetherness."

They returned with blistered feet and smelling strongly of Deep Heat, but much fitter and with a sense of accomplishment.

NICOLA WALLACE



1st Hockey Team (Winner of the Interschools Tournament)

Standing: A Carey, L Lombardi, T Bridgman, N Daniel, D McDonald, E Utley, D Christie.
Seated: K Maisel, C Millar, E Black (Capt), Mrs H Botha, K O'Neill, T Fourie, S Snyders.



Under 15 Hockey Team

Standing: T Hammond, C Nookes, B Vincent, A Porter, D Millar, C McGahey, M Wright
Seated: K Balcomb, A Benjamin, Mrs H Botha, M van Zyl, C Christie.



1st Netball Team

Standing: D McDonald, T Bridgman, L Lombardi, E Utley.
Seated: C Berry, C Millar (Capt.), Mrs M Bonelle, T Fourie, B Louw.

BROOKS EXCHANGE



RED, WHITE AND BLUE

"Hallo! Come on in. Come in, come in, come in," Annie and I were greeted over the blaring music. We were led through Emma's now familiar hallway to the den which had magically been transformed into a patriotic paradise: red, white, and blue streamers floating from the ceiling, cascades of red balloons, the table covered with red and white checked tablecloths, blue napkins, red and white candles. As a finishing touch, everyone had worn clothing within the same colour scheme. Such a glorious sight touched my heart in a way that made me realise how special these girls have become to me. It was such a change from my first experience with them.

Wearing a completely foreign dress with its blue embroidered H, I found myself walking into an auditorium full of unfamiliar faces. With the exception of the classical music and a few whispers, the room was still. As we walked down the aisle, Annie and I looked at each other with wide eyes. We whispered, "This could be a long ten weeks".

And now here I was surrounded by these people decked out in my home country's colours . . . people whom I had come to know and think of as friends. We had come such a long way . . .

After our first of many future assemblies, we were told to wait a bit while Miss Bristow taught her first lessons and then she would ar-

range a schedule for us. We wandered aimlessly around, knowing only Emma, Liz and Sandi, yet trying to familiarize ourselves with our new surroundings. As girls passed they looked, or cast their eyes down, but a few smiled. The more adventurous ones even chanced a "hallo". We began to wonder if we had the plague.

Then, slowly people were less shy and more curious. They asked our first hostess what we were like. She told them, "Go find out". And they did. Slowly they talked to us and even learned our names. I hopelessly tried to do the same. People began to tell us apart. I was being called Lisa some of the time. Girls asked me questions and started conversations, and somewhere along the line we began to fit in. I surmise that the word had spread that we were actually normal.

So now amidst the red, white and blue, I was surrounded by the laughter and kindness of my dear friends. I was no longer just the Brooks exchange student, but was an actual member of the Herschel community and more importantly, I realised I was a friend. We were friends. People who cared about each other. They had, after all, arranged this American decor fondue dinner in our honour.

And standing there in the doorway watching my red, white and blue companions I realised what has been most important about my trip. And at last I knew exactly what it was that I wanted to write in this article . . .

MANY BREEDS

I stood in a daze, tired from two days of travel. Two pairs of hair-covered eyes peered up at me and long pointy noses came charging at my foreign body. They were tall and narrow, one with flaxen hair, the other with black hair and white streaks. They were the most unusual dogs I had ever seen. Their mission was to find out where I came from, and what dogs were like over there, but also to play around. They danced around freely, their long hair blowing in the wind.

The next was a family of four. Our arrival was announced by a small golden one who used his sharp tongue to make himself heard. Shush, please. Round the corner came a horse, or a dog, or a dog the size of a horse. She didn't need to say anything, her size spoke for itself. She galloped around, wanting to be loved, but rejected because she stood in the way. The third little grey one was away on an exchange program soon to return. On the third day there, I noticed a little black dog who crawled from the kitchen to the dining room and back again. He was old, dumb, slightly disabled and couldn't go on walks with the others. He didn't seem to mind them but was never part of the action, he never got a word in.

In such a big house, with so many rooms, and so many people, it must have been impossible for a tiny creature to accomplish anything. This beige ball took tiny steps along the floor, and occasionally reached the height of a chair. Always so close to the bottom, he could never see the ceiling. He was comfortable where he was for he could control all things below him, although it wouldn't be long before he would start wondering. Perhaps if others picked him up rather than stepping on him, those below him would be happier. There was one hope for this kitten, however, that one day he would grow into a wise old cat.

He looked at me with a suspicious glance, a new face on his territory, prepared to go to the limit to defend his home. If I have anything critical to say about the way his household is run, Mittens will hiss back, reminding me that mine isn't perfect either. There are more mice where Mittens lives but it won't be long before they grow as big as cats. He tilts his head to show me the dark line which runs from his eye, lowers his tail, and turns to walk away.

These pets were the ones I came to know in South Africa. They eat, drink and sleep no differently to the ones I've known but their situation, the routine of their daily lives and their ideas revolve around a different sun. Some must give up a little, and others a lot to live in harmony, to their full potential.

ANNIE TETRAULT

It is the people whom I have met that are the most important part of the exchange, for it's the friendships that are made between people that will keep our world together. Our small exchange has built bridges and lessened the gap of understanding between our not so different countries. It was the care taken to prepare such a lovely patriotic atmosphere that made me aware of the friendships I have been so very lucky to gain during my stay. And only with this actual realisation of these friendships have I become aware of how much I will miss you all, for you have made my trip so worthwhile. My consolation is that you cannot miss someone unless he or she has meant something to you in the first place. So, I guess you all mean something to me for I have already begun to miss you and I haven't even left yet! But by the time you read this I will have been gone for a while and please remember all that I have said. I will never forget my time in South Africa or my stay at Herschel because of all of you. I will miss you all and "our school" so much. The exchange has meant so much to me, thanks to all of you. Thank you for getting to know me, for accepting me, for helping me to fit in so well, and mostly for becoming so special to me. I will never forget you. Thank you all so much.

I love you
LISA





SHOWCASE '89

This year the Music Speech and Drama students presented their examination practical work in the Herschel Theatre. The girls worked in groups researching and compiling programmes based on selected centres of interest for presentation. Each programme contained poetry, play extracts, dance drama and dramatized prose.

A Standard 9 Technical Crew consisting of Laura Bosack, Janina Horton and Grace McPhee efficiently coped with Stage Management and lighting.

Hanna Benderker, Tracy Smith and Fiona Rayners opened the show with a programme entitled "Money Madness" which provided interesting insights into the avaricious nature of man.

"Bats in the Belfry" explored the topic of insanity in a dynamic and exciting manner. The members of this group were Emma Wynne-Howards, Kirsty Leith, Katherine McAdam, Kate O'Neill and Lindsay Bonner.

Death's many guises were shown in "Shogun Shores" presented by Lisa Black, Hilarie Cardwell, Sarah Kemp, Aasia Masida and Carol Mullar. Their hilarious flurrie about suicides helped relieve the tension of the "Storm and Drang" which had gone before.

Maidie Oush, Keelyn Marol, Kate Blumberg and Liz McFar explored dreams in a wonderfully ethereal and eclectic programme entitled "Dreamscape". They dealt with some very challenging pieces in what was a very advanced piece of theatre.

Our examiner, Mr Libby Bell, who flew from Natal to examine our students, was most impressed with the standard of the girls' work and with our impressive theatre.

BROOKS EXCHANGE

We arrived at Logan International Airport in Boston on the 11 April. Fiona and I spent our first two days with Annie Tehaut in Boston. In those two days we managed to see a lot and become accustomed to the cold weather and driving on the righthand side.

Once we arrived at Brooks there was no time to stop and think as we were introduced, shown around, chosen courses and sports, were taken to our dorms, unpacked and got to know our room mates. It was only a week later that we settled down, knew exactly where to go and when and began to feel very much at home.

Although the school seemed very relaxed compared to Herschel and the students and teachers were very close, the latter still managed to maintain their authority and lessons were very interesting and often amusing.

The boarding houses at Brooks are completely different from Herschel. They are called "dorms" and seemed more like "happy little houses filled with girls". My dorm only had 17 girls in it and everyone was very close. We both spent a week with day students to get a taste of the American family life. I enjoyed it very much but would have chosen being in the boarding-house first.

It was very strange for us having school on Saturdays but we soon got used to it and began to like it. Both Fiona and I played lacrosse and, although it took me a while, I enjoyed it and we played for two hours every afternoon.

We were allowed out every week-end, but there was always so much going on at Brooks that it was just as nice to stay in. The food at the Brooks cafeteria was absolutely incredible and we often spent more than an hour and a half eating lunch. My favourite was the ice-cream machine!

Graduation was both exciting and sad. It meant saying good bye to the Services (Matron) who left a few days before the rest of the school. After Graduation we had two weeks to travel which was a perfect ending to the two months we spent overseas.

TEBOGO SKWAMBAKE

BROOKS EXCHANGE

We arrived at Brooks in April, the beginning of their Spring term, with four Kenyans from Millcrest and Alliance School in Nairobi.

Brooks School is an hour away from Boston. It was founded in 1926, about the same time as Herschel. The school is on an estate of 251 acres and overlooks the beautiful Lake Cochichewick. Ten years ago it became an educational and now consists of about 300 pupils, 71% of whom are boarders.

Brooks has a high academic standard and offers a wide variety of subjects from maths, legends and folklore to computer graphics. Sport plays an important part in school life. Brooks students are required to take part in sport for two hours per day. We played lacrosse, had a successful season and enjoyed playing the new sport.

Samantha Bendula (ex Haverhill) visited us in June. After graduation we had the opportunity of travelling around the States. Tebogo stayed with friends from Brooks in New York and I went to California.

We really enjoyed the valuable experience and would like to thank Mrs Puff, Mr Holme and Miss Bristol for their help and for organising the exchange.

FIONA JACK

Original Work

Matrics

RADIOS AND CALABASHES

The small Xhosa hut was primitive, and bare, but it had an aura of quiet, clean dignity so lacking in many of the large, ostentatious mansions that Old Cheki had cleaned, scrubbed and polished for the last thirty-three years. There was only one piece of furniture in the hut; the imposing bedstead in which Old Cheki had been born, and in which she was going to die. Around her, lining the walls, were the comfortable, familiar implements and tools which she had known since childhood, and which had served her well. Old Cheki lay contemplating her rough, rustic surroundings which reflected and absorbed warm, earthy, saffron and brick-red tones. She, a wrinkled matriach, was serene and content as she surveyed her intimate domain.

One by one, as if to delay her slipping into another kind of peace, her vast family began to enter the hut. She had sent her children to Cape Town, Soweto and Durban in an attempt to ensure their security and education. After half an hour, in which Old Cheki lay absolutely silent, with faint flashes of recognition appearing on her face at regular intervals, the airy hut was full. Around the bed stood every surviving member of her clan, with Bonsile, her fine tall son, at the foot of the bed, and Thandi, her youngest grandchild by her side. Among the group there were strong young men, frightened, silent children, and wise old men. They all gazed at Old Cheki with a mixture of love and awe, tinged with a palpable atmosphere of resigned sadness. Eventually Old Cheki raised her eyes to Thandi and spoke, "It is good of you to come. The ancestors will be pleased, and I may die in the knowledge that my family is united." Her voice seemed strong and firm, and even on her death-bed she remained calm and controlled. Then, exhausted by the effort to speak, she slept.

When Old Cheki awoke she was still surrounded by the people she had nurtured. Some were sitting on woven cylindrical seats, and others were squatting on the floor of beaten clay. Amongst the old calabashes and herbs sat a gleaming radio. Although no sound came from it, and nobody was looking at it, it appeared to be the focus of everyone's attention. As Old Cheki became more aware of her surroundings, and began to look over the many heads around her, she noticed that one member of her flock was not there. The boy she had called "Lucky" because of his vitality and optimism, was not there. He lived in Soweto, where he went to school. His brothers and their mother were sitting in a tight circle, away from the others; but where was Lucky?

Jackie, Lucky's brother, noticed the old woman's consternation, and went over to her. She knew what he was going to say, and placed one twisted finger over her sunken mouth, and he understood.

As Old Cheki heard the sound of young children comforting the babies outside the hut, she remembered the day her mother had died in the same bed in which Old Cheki lay. The scene had been identical with a clan surrounding Old Fuzwe, and the sound of babies crying outside. Of course, the calabashes and cooking pots had not been the same, but the hut's appearance had not changed; except that now a radio took place of place in the centre of the baked-hard floor. The high squeal of a transmission broke Old Cheki's reverie.

She had hoped never to hear what was now relentlessly penetrating her tortured mind. Lucky, her brave, irresponsible boy, was going to die. The broadcast was brief. It merely stated that Lucky Chekiwe would be executed on the first day of October, for contravening the Internal Security Act, after being held in detention, in Johannesburg, for eighty days.

At the close of the broadcast, a despairing, silent anger at the futility of another wasted life, descended over the family, accompanied by the low wailing from the radio. Nobody wept, for everyone had known that Lucky would not live long, but the shock of his death was still too raw.

Old Cheki looked once more at her clan, and, in an atmosphere of sorrow and heavy stillness, she looked at Bonsile, squeezed Thandi's hand, and her head fell, with a soft, mellow sound, against the snow-white pillow, and her once-bright eyes gently closed. The drone of the radio continued as everybody left the hut.

ELIZABETH MALLET

MATRIC DANCES, DRESSES AND PARTNERS

Almost from Standard Six, the Matric Dance is the big occasion looked forward to by every girl: the driving force ahead which makes the long slog bearable. Then, suddenly, you're in matric. And horror of all horrors – all the "men" in your life have melted away, like snow that falls in December. From the end of Standard nine you have been viewing all males with a speculative eye, and now suddenly no-one on your list seems possible, or right!

Panic sets in, and your worries alternate between finding a dress and finding a partner. The fact that you are not alone in your problem doesn't make it any easier – all round you classmates are bemoaning the shortage of males, which suddenly seems to be even more extreme. Why is it that suddenly none of your friends wants to introduce you to guys? Those girls who are "going-steady" are looked upon with envy – all they have to worry about is what to wear! – and they appear to become that much more protective of Peter, or James, and that much more hesitant to allow him near their classmates.

By the beginning of February Matric Dance Fever sets in an earnest, with the dance a mere two months away. All over school anxious huddles of matrics can be found. Every male of your acquaintance is brought out for mental inspection, reviewed, then rejected. Mothers are of no help at all. Instead, they just add to the general panic.

"What's wrong with so and so?" they say. "He is such a nice boy!"

"Snort! What a nerd."

"Okay, what about Johnny? You used to be mad about him!"

"Oh, Mom! No."

As a final act of desperation you contemplate twisting Dad's arm to fly in the mystical "Mr Perfect" you met on holiday in Plett. In lieu of a more expensive dress – which again reminds you of your other problem. It's now only six weeks to go, and you've got no further! Help!

"Where am I going to find material, a pattern, a dressmaker, a partner?"

"Old" dresses and "old" partners are reviewed, lists written and rewritten. The panic reaches a climax when, watching the contestants at the end of a cycle race one Sunday, milling around a shopping centre, you announce to the world at large, "I'm going to stop the next good-looking guy I see" (and believe me, they are all there!) "ask him if he is married, and if he's not, invite him to my Matric dance!" – but then somehow your courage fails you yet again.

How is it that this eagerly awaited event turns into such a nightmare? And where do the guys hide anyway? (After all, they must exist, single or not). Soon it will be over with only memories remaining – and yet another hurdle in the distance – what career to study for next year!

MICHELLE DU TOIT



Julie van Rijswijk Standard 10



Nina Daniel Standard 10

*It's a trembling sort of day
One you're not
quite sure
is absolutely*

*There
in the fading varnish of gold
Slipping 'round the earth.
It's there the chokey dust
Shivery gleams of once-wide hands
Trailing wistfully and oh, so yellowly
down the grainy land.*

*There, there it is, green and scattered
Weaving, breathing welly to tingle every twinkling leaf
Tinking and ringing with the earth-shattering impact
Of the earth shattering, pinkly and crusty
In crumbly moist places.
There in the thick loamy soil, willing as a mud ball,
Moving on its own with seedy richness
Tarry black of once starry nights
There it is, there in the navy down
Echo of towny days, amber as butter
Warm as hot breath in the snuffy, edgy winter air
There, there over the gravestones like chipped teeth
Over mole-burrowed grass gooseflesh of earth.
Under and turquoise, smiling,
Tapping with lucid, lilac impatience
And all is heavy and hot like the inside of a moist mouth
It's a trembling sort of day
One you're not quite sure of . . .*

AMANDA GERSH



Mandie Gersh Standard 10

INNOCENT TRUST

Comrade sat on the dry, parched earth outside his house which was made of mud. The intense sun beat down on him while he watched his son playing with a beetle in the dust. Comrade glanced at the shadow which was retracting its area of protective covering as the sun moved to its mighty height. He was waiting for the ranger, Mr Barry, to bring him this month's provisions. His son, Troos, and he were very low on supplies and he turned his head away from the calabashes filled with dried pumpkin slices. Troos did not tire of sculpting new mounds and ditches for the scurrying beetle to crawl over or around. He giggled suddenly as the beetle fell over onto its back and its legs waved frantically towards the heavens.

"Ah, here comes Mr Barry," Comrade said to his son as he first felt the earth's vibrations of the on-coming car, which only a bushman would notice. The Range Rover grew in size and noise as it left the horizon's edge.

"Good morning," Mr Barry said in Comrade's bushman language. "I'm sorry I'm late today. I have all the provisions you asked for."

"Thank you, Mr Barry, sir," Comrade replied humbly. "We have been running short of supplies and it is good to see you." Troos looked up at his father, sensing that the white man with the Range Rover had come to give them presents again.

"Comrade, you must just be careful this month. I have heard that there is a roaming, unhappy lion in this area. He is hungry, angry and could easily kill a man."

"I thank you, Mr Barry, for the warning. I will watch out for him," Comrade said, smiling shyly. He lifted the provisions out of the car and waved goodbye to Mr Barry as he returned the way he had come.

They ate well that night and Troos slept in luxury on the new blanket Mr Barry had sent him. The next morning Comrade went out to hunt. Troos was given strict instructions about staying near the hut while his father was away. Troos played with a calabash in the sand, then he made music by hitting the calabash on the parched earth. He listened to the birds singing in the stark, ridged trees and bushes around the hut. He heard the odd call of hyenas and tried imitating them with his young voice. Before he realized it, the sky was painted beautiful colours as the sun sank slowly and lazily behind the horizon. His heart skipped a worried beat as he became aware that he was without the protection of his father. His innocent, sensitive mind was confused because his father had never been away for so long and Troos became scared. He welcomed the protection of the bare hut and his wide, staring eyes searched the darkness for any wild beast that might be stalking there.

The birds started singing their morning song as the fresh day began. Troos woke hesitantly, assured now that his bad dream was over. The hut was quiet and reality returned to his insecure mind. He trotted outside and gazed desperately in the direction his father had taken. He knew he should not follow as he had no spear, and he remembered what Mr Barry had said about the lion. Unexpectedly, his attention was drawn to the horizon to the East. He recognized the sound of the Range Rover and he sighed quickly as his hope returned. Strange people were driving the Range Rover. They were white and were wearing strange hats. They spoke a strange language and pointed old box objects which clicked in his direction. They were happy and laughed and pointed and seemed to be excited.

"Oh cute. Look at that wee, little bushman. Daddy, I want to take another picture - oh please."

"I want you to look for my father. He has not returned from his hunt," Troos hurried in his bushman tongue.

"Oh, he talks, too!"

"Come on. Let's find the real wild animals."

Troos watched the Range Rover disappear in a swirl of eddying dust. He knew that white men in Range Rovers always did what you asked them to. He had seen his father's wishes come true in this way. Troos returned to the quiet hut and waited anxiously for the Range Rover to return with his father.

SUSAN SNYDERS

LUCIFER'S CREATION

Lucifer lifted his hand to his chin, continuing, then, thoughtfully to stroke it. Suddenly a bolt of inspiration struck him hard in the face and he sat upright on his throne, nearly snapping his tail. He was going to create something the world hadn't even dreamt of before. He carefully removed himself from the throne and scurried down into his "studio".

The shapeless mass moved, minute by minute, second by second, slowly imitating the form of man. It grew to an all-mighty six foot six, towering over Lucifer himself. It was thin and imposing and exuded a magnitude never imagined before. The first day came to a close, Lucifer sniggered - he really was a genius!

The second day was slightly more eventful and this creature started to take on its own individual style. A mass of black locks, streaked with grey, tumbling to his waist was created. Lucifer then removed hot coals from his furnace, placing them in its eyeball sockets as its eyes, and they glared forth at the world about it. It must be clad thought Lucifer with a gleam in his one eye, (as the other one had been removed at some stage or another of his life). He took out his numerous tins of spray paint and, after much deliberation, chose the one entitled "black leather". By the end of the second day it was clad in seatless, tight leather pants and a black bling jacket, and, most importantly, a pair of knee-high black leather boots, with numerous buckles up the sides. And Lucifer was very pleased with what he saw.

Today, Lucifer thought, is to be the most important day of my creation, as he headed down the black marble stairs to the room he called his "studio". On that day he shaped its mind, filling it with evil thoughts of death, murder, power and destruction. He also gave it intelligence, because what is evil without a little bit of brain behind it (not much use really). And finally his creation became animate. And the third day came and went and Lucifer was excessively pleased with what he heard and saw.

In the early hours of the fourth morning Lucifer hurried into his "studio", he had omitted a most important part of its mind. As he entered, it greeted him. Lucifer quickly set to work, until he thought he had the composition of the omitted piece just right, and then inserted it into its mind. Its mind now also contained a great love for music. No, not really a love, more of an obsession with music, music was to be the bread of its soul. By the end of the fourth day Lucifer could see it was going to be a star and he rubbed his hands together as he thought of all the power it would exude.

The fifth day, for Lucifer, was merely an extension of its musical mind. It was like working in a record studio at the mixing desk. He created its voice. Its voice was strong and almost indefinable, and it was overwhelming, gravelly, commanding and sensual. When it was complete and Lucifer put it to the test it sent a thrill down his spine into the pit of his stomach, and that was how the fifth day ended.

The sixth day was really quite uneventful, but Lucifer saw it as an essential part of his artistic creation. The most interesting of the day's happenings was the institution of its guitar abilities and the provision of an electric guitar. The rest of the day was spent preparing it for its earthly debut, a bash that the world could not ignore. The sixth day ended with Lucifer grinning in anticipation of the following day.

And finally the seventh day came. There it stood, blackly lawless, in all its glory. It stood six foot six tall on the stage, with its leathers clinging to it, its locks billowing out behind it as it walked towards the edge of the stage, and the crowd's scream was stifled. Its eyelids suddenly snapped open and it glared into the crowd, and there was a deathly silence. It raised its right arm and suddenly the guitar burst into a series of screams; the crowd went wild. The crowd froze once again as its voice was unleashed: "Bridges are meant for burning when people and memories they join aren't the same. And death will descend upon all those who don't worship his name. Aaaaaaaahh! The world rocked as the seventh day died, and Lucifer was in awe of his genius.

LYNNE BIRD

A MORNING AT THE MALLETS

"Aine, wake up!" is the most often repeated shriek from half past six to seven o'clock every weekday morning. It is generally stressed, impatiently, in stereo, by Aine's older, fat brother and her mother, looking pink and frazzled. Aine has complete disregard for time except as something to be occupied by extreme lethargy.

Eventually, after all seven members of the family have literally dragged Aine out of bed and into the kitchen, the daily fight over the shower begins. Alex, generally, has decided that this is the only suitable day to shave every square-inch of her body, reperm her hair, or to shape and file every nail (including toenails). This takes place in monk-like secrecy and is obviously a very personal ritual.

By five minutes to seven a frantic line of desperate bodies, arranged in order of size and strength, are banging with maternity-ward urgency, on the door, begging for admission. Alex eventually swans out with supreme indifference to our anxiety. After the fittest among us has managed to infiltrate this hallowed portal and has slammed the door firmly on six disappointed faces, the whole cycle begins again.

The scene in the kitchen by this time is normally one of frenzied chaos as the countdown is on to the departure of the bus. At three minutes to seven there is a melee of large, hairy dogs, small slobbering children, flying toast and Mother, still looking pink and frazzled, who seems to be in fifty places at once.

At seven o'clock the toast has reached its destination, the dogs have been deposited in the courtyard, from where they can harass the postman, and from the table there is the sound of happy munching. However, this is merely the eye of the storm and by five past seven silkworm-like activity has yet again hit the house, which now looks as if it has been invaded by a band of savage Vikings.

There is a mad rush for various bags, hamsters, dolls, sandwiches and white rats, accompanied by rude hooting from the large "microbus" in the driveway. By ten minutes past seven the family has settled for the last leg of the journey. This is the time, on the way to the bus stop, to distribute money, sign notices, brush hair and to write notes.

The decrepit "microbus" squeals to a halt just as the bus rumbles in. As we tumble out, another hectic morning draws to a close, and Mother is left, watching us forlornly, clutching one stray rugby sock.

ELISABETH MALLETT

IS SHE GONE FOREVER?

"Dad! Mom always let me stay out until one o'clock in the morning. It's really no big deal! Come on, Dad! You know how responsible Phillip is!"

"That's out of the question, Susan. While you are under my roof you'll do what I say and you will abide by my rules! Case closed!"

"I hate you and I hate being with you and I hate this stupid house! I never want to see you again!"

It was an ordinary day. The sun was burning brightly, there was a little wind and I had received an A-grade on my Biology paper. What more could I ask for? But, somehow, something wasn't right. I could feel this impending doom hanging over me. The day just wasn't right. I caught the bus home and walked slowly up the path, trying to figure out what the problem was.

The lounge seemed less cosy. Something was missing. I walked around feeling fear in every step. The "Picasso" painting was gone. Oh my God! We'd had a burglary! No, I was wrong. The "Picasso" had never been hanging in the lounge, it was in the study. Sure enough, there it was.

I moved to my room and tried to concentrate on my homework. I checked my watch. It was an hour before Mom was meant to come home. I decided to please her. She was always complaining that I never did any work. Two hours later, my homework was finished, but Mom wasn't home. I called her office.

"Hi, Julie! Is my Mom still there?"

"Sorry, Sue, but she never came in to work today. She called in sick."

The lump in my throat just wouldn't go away. I felt the goose-pimples on my arm. Where was she? Oh, that must be her now! I ran to the kitchen - it was only the cat. There it was, on the table.

My darling Sue

I will always love you. Please don't hold what I have done against me. I've gone because I need to sort out my life. I need to learn to understand myself. I will write. I promise.

Please forgive me. I'll see you soon.

Love always

Mom

How could she do that to me? How could she do it to Dad? Just when Dad was doing so well for all of us. No, it wasn't fair. It was selfish. I cried myself to sleep and didn't even hear my father come into my room, or feel him kiss me gently on the cheek.

"Damn it, Susan! I've had enough of you and of your spoilt attitude. I've had enough of hearing about that bloody mother of yours too! Go to your room! You're a spoilt brat!"

So, here I am, the same house, the same furniture. I refused to go to my room. I went to Dad's room. I knew he missed her as much as I did. There, in his drawer was an old photograph - a memory for him. He hasn't spoken to her since the divorce. All their communication is done via me. She's married again, you know. Fred's a nice guy. He's young, you know . . . I found myself sucking my thumb.

"Hey, Mom! Do you remember that time we all went to the beach together and I taught you how to surf! God, I loved it! Remember how Dad dropped his cucumber sandwich in the sand and you and I laughed for about five minutes without stopping? Remember how Dad sulked! What a day! We must all do it again some time!"

"Susan! What the hell are you doing in my bedroom? How dare you open my drawer? And who are you talking to?"

"Dad! Sorry! I was just . . ."

"Susan . . . you can go out with Phillip tomorrow night and you can stay out until one o'clock. Come on now, get down to some homework!"

I knew it would work out my way. That's the way I get everything I want. I know it's horrible, but it works!

"Sue, I love you!"

"Hey, Dad, I love you too!"

KEELYN MAISEL



Claire Howse Standard 10

Dear Sir

Smothered in a transient, greasy haze of
fatuous phrases, glib lines and Oscar Wildean wit
you nod and smile at us.

Our laughter, fluttering, thickens the mist
and obscures the steel
reality?

Your indispensable buoyancy
supports and creates
moist, soft shelters
on a dry, hard plain.

Your words float like dust particles
in a sunbeam of mutual admiration,
wafting, affecting, inspiring, disappointing.

Through a hypodermic sting of high-pitched giggles you turn
you turn

I catch your eye and . . .

the fragile, silken mask drops.

I know what cowers in the grey backstreets of your mind
and I am comforted by what I glimpse there,
as when one recognises a smile, or a long-forgotten laugh
heard again through closed doors.

Dear Sir, and I call you this sincerely

for you are precious to me
you taught me to think, to question, to know myself.

May you live in perpetual certainty
of love, light and fulfilment,
secure in your realisation of truth.

ELISABETH MALLET



Karine Gowdy Standard 10

Standard 9

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The secret of success is a gift given only to the chosen few. I could begin my essay like that, but my English teacher would immediately feel her upper eye-lids meeting her low ones.

Wake up! You can't fall asleep on me now.

Essay exams are either my best, or worst exams, and this one was not going well. The secret of a successful essay is that of keeping the reader interested, amused or in suspense. A story with a sting in the tail, like one of Roald Dahl's or Somerset Maugham's would be nice. Maybe, one that's witty, clever and funny, like one of Neil Boyd's would also fit the bill. However, no ideas entered my brain on November the third. Oh, the idea of sitting my wrist with my ruler did come to mind, but would take far too long.

Whilst pondering over the titles of the horribly formal essay exam sheet, I noticed Isabel had at work. Words poured out of her pen with speed and accuracy. Last exam she wrote about home, her home. It was a wonderful piece of work which was very real. I wonder what she is writing now.

Then there is Leila. A modern writer and a clever one at that. She has the ability of being able to turn a topic around so that it works for her, and not the other way round. Suddenly reality hit me and I focused back on the topics.

The topics were varied, but difficult. "The Secret of Success" looked vaguely interesting, but experience would be needed to make it work. When one thinks of success, one thinks of having achieved something. But what have I achieved that would interest my English teacher. To start mentioning my theory exam at this point would be death to my English teacher. It must be terrible having to mark a hundred essays.

The topic "My Favourite Time of Day" looked interesting, but that would mean choosing between lunch time, breakfast time and of course supper time. A decision that could take days. No, that topic would not do either.

By now Isabel had nearly finished. I bet she had written about her favourite time of day. She had no doubt used words found only in the complete version of the Oxford dictionary (of about twenty volumes) and used such emotion that it would cause one's pulmonary artery to vibrate for twenty minutes after one had read it. She looked bored after putting her pen down. At least she was not worried - I was worried.

My English teacher came into the classroom as the French one left. I sympathized with her. It was time for me to write something, anything. Sweat trickled down my forehead as she marched up and down the rows of girls. Each footstep reminded me of the seconds I had wasted; trying to think; trying to choose - trying. If only I could grab an idea, if only my ruler were sharper and if only I could find a little key to the real secret of success.

MEREDITH KEEGAN



Fiona Jack Standard 9

SECRETS

Dimly aware of a faraway ringing sound, I tried to shut it out. Maybe if I turned over it would fade into oblivion and I could return to my much neglected and peaceful sleep. But no, it continued. I felt the protective fog of sleep which engulfed me begin to slip away. Frantically I clutched at it, but it faded and I awoke to the incessant ringing of the phone.

Murmuring a sleepy "Hullo" into the mouth-piece, I thought about the comfort of sleep which I had so sadly left behind. Suddenly I went cold and no longer desired to sleep. This was no stranger on the phone, but was my past finally catching up with me.

I remember, sitting in the Doctor's office, being told that I was going to have a baby. Shock had closed in on me and I had broken into a cold sweat. I was sixteen and too young to be a mother. I had my whole life ahead of me, it must be a joke, an awful and nasty joke. What would people say? "I want an abortion," I blurted out. That way no-one would know; it would be my guilty secret.

"Hullo, are you still there?"

"Yes, I am sorry. How did you find me?"

No, I could not meet her! She could not bring up the hurt and anger again. Had I not gone through enough?

I had returned to the four white walls of the clinic and had heard the doctor's reassurances. I was doing the right thing; I was too young for a baby; it would ruin my life. Suddenly it had moved, my baby was alive. I had known then that I could not kill it and had decided to look after it on my own. I had run out of the clinic and for six months I never stopped running.

"Where and when?" I asked. Carefully placing the receiver back on its cradle, I went to the bathroom for an Aspirin.

Six months later, I had been found and taken home. My mother cried, but her tears soon turned to anger and disgust. Countless fights about giving my baby up had ensued but I was not giving up what was a part of me.

I remembered the agony and pain. I had felt my insides being torn apart, but I had known it was nearly over. I had felt the needle and realisation had struck me, "No! I want to see my baby, please!" The next thing I had known was that I was in a hospital ward, with no cut and no baby. They had taken my baby.

They told me she was a girl and had gone to good parents. I would also have been a good mother, but I knew I never would be. I returned to a new school and we pretended it was the same. I hated my mother, how could she have done this? I looked for my baby, but no-one would help me. Later I married and had a good career, but never any children.

We sat across the table: two strangers. We talked, explained and cried. We promised to keep in touch but it was too late. I had lost my child and I felt cheated.

SUSAN EVERED



Sally Blackman Standard 9

LOVE IS A MYTH

And to people with, as the upsides lie dead, and others subconsciously ask to be let out. There is a murmuring and thumping, a drumming of frustration. A tugging is in the air and birdsong is unlearned. Screaming back the old ways. Bringing in the new. Footsteps into the unknown and shadows on the wall. The door opens but is slammed shut, the turning of the wheels of time form the narrow corridor of life.

The voicing of yesterday swallows the looks of tomorrow, and the days are confused with the comings of today. Voices swell, and let us fly across scattered thoughts. The grotesque imaginings of the young are caught up with the melody of the old. Cupid no longer holds meaning, and peace is a question no longer answered. Ideas are split open, closed, and those sheltered few are called by the tolling of the bells of the past, and they cannot look ahead.

There is confusion in the air, and anger swells, as fiction develops between the sky and the earth. They watch their heads in anticipation, and struggle with hopeless dilemmas. Images may appear, but are swiftly annihilated, and the whispers of the wind grow to hurricanes of fear.

Perhaps we are unknown, perhaps a line has been drawn across the pages of our lives. We are mere grains of dust in the harbor, only seen when illuminated by light. We are dropping into oblivion, caught after, yet betrayed by our innocence. Perhaps we should communicate but still the lights of the world are dimmed and darkness envelops the forests of our hope.

ISOBEL ESSERY



Tanya Cohen Standard 9

She had always thought there was something a little odd about Kooz. Maybe it was because he was not all that bright, maybe it was because he had barely ever left the sheep-herding community in the Klein Karoo. It could also have been due to the fact that Kooz's only real friend was his faithful pig, Petunia.

But as Mrs Viljoen, the owner of the hardware store, watched Kooz moping around looking for his beloved Petunia, she could not help her warm feelings for him. At his nineteen years of age, he was big and strong, but incapable of doing a thing. Kooz van der Merwe, the son of the sheep farmer, Janie van der Merwe was well liked.

Mrs Viljoen's husband came out of the store's door and called to Kooz. Kooz came lumbering over, his ugly face creased into a worried expression.

"Looking for Petunia, Son?" asked Mr Viljoen.

"Ja," replied Kooz.

"I saw a truck full of pigs pass through here just a few minutes back. They stopped and picked up a pig which I thought was yours, but it could have been Petunia," Mr Viljoen told Kooz.

Kooz stood there for a while with his mouth hanging open, looking dumbly ahead. Then the penny must have fallen gently to the ground, for Kooz turned and clambered into his small truck, and drove off in the direction Mr Viljoen had pointed.

It was not difficult for Kooz to know which way to go, for there was only one main, a national road, running through their community. The little truck jolted along at a bustling pace, leaving the Karoo shrub behind it. Soon Kooz noticed that he was driving behind a big truck full of pigs. He wondered if that could have been the thing he was looking for. He decided it was, and kept driving behind it.

Kooz barely noticed the Karoo shrub turn to green fields and the kopjes into fold mountains. He did not although the wind blowing he passed through, he hardly even saw the big city he followed the truck into, such was his worry for Petunia. Only when the truck he was following stopped, did he realize that he had stopped too.

Only then did he realize that the truck was not filled with pigs at all, but with ice-cream. In a panic, or what was a panic for Kooz, he reversed out of the cement courtyard and into the side street he had followed the truck down. He noticed he was in an industrial area, for there were factories around him. He drove on, looking for someone to help him find Petunia. Soon he noticed he must be near the docks because there was sea and a harbour. He saw a woman standing alongside the road, maybe she could help him find Petunia. He pulled to the side and leaned over and asked the woman if she could help him.

The woman was dressed rather strangely, thought Kooz, but she smiled and came over to him.

"Sure, hon," she smiled. "I have just what you're looking for."

"...do you have Petunia?" asked Kooz, his heart racing.

"What?" asked the woman, confused.

"I have lost my pig," said Kooz, his heart sinking. "she was picked up by a truck carrying other pigs."

"Oh," said the woman disappointedly. "she must be at the abattoir."

"Will you show me where that is?" asked Kooz, looking hapless.

"For a few bucks, I will," said the woman, now looking happier.

Kooz gave her fifteen rand and off they went across town to the abattoir. Kooz noticed that it was already five o'clock. He had missed the Smurfs! Now he wouldn't know if Harmony got eaten by Gorgamel.

They reached the abattoir and made their way into the courtyard. A thin wiry man with a handlebar moustache came to greet them and asked them if they needed help.

"I'm looking for my pig, Petunia. She got picked up by a truck carrying pigs," said Kooz.

"Oh, sorry to tell you this," said the wiry man, trying to look serious, "but those pigs are already bacon."

There was no reaction from Kooz, he just stared at the wiry man and asked if he could buy ten packets of bacon. But just at that moment, a commotion broke out at the end of the yard. A pig ran squealing out of the gate with three men running and shouting after her.

"Petunia!" shouted Kooz.

The fat pink ball raced at Kooz and jumped up on him, smothering him with grunts. Kooz breathed in that heavenly smell, of ... pig.

A tear rolled out of Kooz's eye and splashed down on Petunia's snout, who squealed in delight. The three men, the wiry man, and the woman had to admit it was a beautiful sight.

SARAH MCCARTHY

Standard 8



Janenne Burchell Standard 8



Catriona Ross Standard 8



Catriona Ross Standard 8

MY WORLD

The sun shone brilliantly, days were long, and my mind was alert. This was a time for living every glorious moment as it dripped on, like translucent drops of amber honey. Time was unmeasured, and, apart from the gentle ticking of the grandfather clock, I knew nothing of it. Books and pictures, words and images, fantasy and reality unravelled and rearranged themselves into cobwebby knots of thought and imagery. I was content, while I potted quietly through my childhood, for the world was mine and no-one would disturb me.

At the bottom of the tangly gardens lay my crystal garden, white facets of quartz glinted in the yellow clay soil. Every day I would trundle down into the dark shade of the saffron-coloured peanut-butter tree, armed with a miniature trowel, prepared to extract the contents of my diamond mine. On the way down, I would pass the neat and forbidden vegetable patch. If it were a Sunday, Daddy would be a distant Mr MacGregor in the garden, one foot on the spade, a red handkerchief plastered round his head and a droplet of perspiration shimmering on the end of his nose. I once even shared my secret treasure with Emma Penfold, who went home with grubby handfuls of it (but that was only once).

My stubby little toes loved the sensation of squeaking in the pungent, thick mud and bog in the marshland below our boundaries. There in the valley and at the banks of the river, I became a fairy water-child. Lying amongst the arum lilies and periwinkles, sucking my liquorice-plant, I talked to the trees and the sky, telling them how much I liked them. In fact the things I uttered were not always easily understood. I once hopped all the way to Mrs Lashbrook's house to tell her of my observations. Fiddling with the vegetable magnets grinning on her fridge, I spoke the truth. "You are a button," I had said - for she was the living image of a button with her squashed, round face and monk's hair-style.

One of my favourite pastimes was shocking our elderly neighbours by running naked to the De Wet's house and sitting on the china dog (life size!) that stood in their hall. They would smile in a puzzled manner at one another, put a rusk into my chubby hand, and, when I was bored with "riding" their dog, firmly usher me home.

A main source of that magical, eerie aura that wrapped itself around my contented self were my visits to the windy, dust lane through the valley. That dark spiderweb of gnarled, hollow

trees and owls and lichen was constantly experiencing a deep dusk. Through the few cracks of sky between bending, whispering trees came fizzed rays of sunlight that formed mottled patches on the ground. I would only stay long enough to be just touched by the place's spell and would then, shivering, hurry homewards.

When the sun had set below the mountains and the garden had emptied a thousand secrets, I would be enticed home by the comforting smell of supper. Gaily, I would climb the ladder in the noisy kitchen to the loft. Here I would sit till supper-time, enjoying the dusty, musty dampness of its wooden poles, beams and floorboards. Marsalle used to hide pork pies in the chest in the corner, but I never told anyone - that was a secret too.

Before bedtime, Daddy would wedge me between his arms and read me some more about Ratty, Mole and Mr Toad for me to digest in bed, in the dark, and of course, the next day. As soon as the sun was up, I would be out again the morning, sitting joyously in the fig-tree. I would be free, adventurous: and a life-loving child.

CATRIONA ROSS

The Mary Muller Picture of the Year



Nina Daniel

Julie van Rijswijk
Collections, '89

Claire Howse
Collections –
with apologies to Picasso.



Amanda Gersh
"Food glorious food." '89



Karine Gowdy
Flowers - tile, '89



Caroline Chapman Standard 8

MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I was cold, tired and feeling extremely peeved, because Tom was being especially nasty.

"You and you are boys," said Tom pointing to Matthew, Alexandra and Alison. "But you," he said to me, "are a girl."

"But I'm not a girl, I want to be a boy," I whined.

"No!" Tom said decidedly "You are definitely a girl."

"Daddy," I whined, "Tom says I'm a girl."

"Yes, Robyn," said my father absently, "I believe you are."

By this time Tom had wandered off and found a far more compelling occupation.

We eventually got home and everyone drifted off. My sister and I drifted upstairs for some reason and went into my parents' room. My mother was having a bath and my dad's clothes had been laid out. Suddenly I had a brainwave.

"I know," I said to my sister, "Let's dress up and scare Tom."

Tom was at least six years older than I. Alison greeted this suggestion with great enthusiasm and decided we would impersonate "Daddy". I was informed that I was the legs. I leapt into the pants and zipped them up, staggered blindly over to the bed and ordered Alison to climb on. She was wearing the shirt, buttoned up over her head. Because we couldn't think of anything that would do for a head, there wasn't one. The thought of navigation never entered our minds. Alison climbed on to my back, making a large hump at the back. Well, that was alright—Daddy could have grown a hump in the last two hours. We were certain Tom wouldn't notice and that he would be instantly terrified at the thought of Daddy reprimanding him. Loud chuckles came from Daddy's heart and stomach as we swayed out of the door. Alison weaved around for a few minutes, until I tripped over one of the size ten shoes I was wearing and crashed loudly to the ground. Alison flew over my head and banged her head on the door. By the howls I could hear that she was not impressed with my performance.

My mother hurried out and scraped her off the floor. She wasn't badly hurt, as far as I could tell. This was confirmed by my mother. She couldn't understand why I was wearing a pair of Daddy's pants and Alison was wearing the shirt, especially since it was buttoned over her head. The clothes were removed and folded and we were sent off to have a bath.

We were having chicken-noodle soup for supper—a meal which I particularly detested. Unfortunately the other four loved it.

"Boys always eat chicken-noodle soup," said Tom, "so you can't possibly be a boy."

I just smiled smugly to myself and thought of tomorrow. Tomorrow we'd dress up as Mummy.

ROBYN STURGEON

A DAY IN COURT

As we arrived at the Wynberg courthouse we were greeted by a squadron of suspicious, beady-eyed men, clad in rather out-of-place camouflage uniforms. There had just been a terrorist trial and they were quite convinced that each and every one of us was a likely candidate to be smuggling a deadly Russian limpet-mine into the courtroom, so we were methodically herded through a metal detector and loaded like sardines into the elevators.

On reaching the correct floor we stood for quite a while, waiting for an official to collect us and show us the right direction. However, it became apparent that not a single person who ranked higher than tea-lady or janitor wanted anything to do with us.

Eventually, I think they must have drawn straws because a rather flustered-looking woman erupted into the room, wearing the most violent, sweeping, floral creation. She told us the intricacies of all the boxes and staffs in the courtroom, then, with great relief, handed us over to a rodent-like man who was obviously her underling.

Yet again we were herded to another courtroom. This time, it was the real thing! First we watched the conviction of a supposed drug-dealer who appeared to be a lowly fruit seller, but the knowing, wordy-wise and rather pot-bellied magistrate informed us that he, very definitely, was a rogue and the skinny fruit seller was propelled, by a rather intimidating and somewhat neanderthal-looking bailiff, towards the cells below.

By this time we were becoming accustomed to the steady flow of Afrikaans which the magistrate and prosecuting attorney were using. It is a good thing that we did, because, in the case that followed, the adolescent-looking lawyer used his tongue like a ping-pong bat, to flick amusing innuendoes or witty sarcasm at the accused, all this, of course, for the benefit of his entirely female audience: us!

The accused was presented before the magistrate, she was no sight for sore eyes. She was, apparently, a prostitute. This accusation did not seem to fit though, this woman looked more like a wrinkled prune with an anorak and dirty hair than a so-called "lady of the night".

Two very self-assured policemen testified to having out-witted this woman with their incredible cunning in delving out of her the fact that she was a prostitute. They then informed the surly, rather bored magistrate and pubescent attorney that they were actually English but were so incredibly intelligent that they were able to speak in Afrikaans. This was topped off with a couple of wide grins which stretched from side-to-side as they wedged their pomp forms out of the witness box.

The poor, dishevelled excuse for a lady then, very unwisely, decided to testify in order to defend herself. The lawyer smiled a serene smile, rubbed his hands together and relinquished all thoughts about the large pimple on his chin: his attack was about to begin.

In the next half hour, the accused had been deftly manoeuvred between a rock and a hard spot; she had told nine different stories, all of course to the glee of the attorney, who stared at the ceiling, snickered and rolled his eyes throughout.

It soon became apparent that she was guilty, but alas, it was time to leave. We filed back to the waiting bus as quiet as mice (in our usual lady-like fashion) to return to school for tea, while the poor "prostitute" was surely just like the fruit seller, being led to the cells beneath the courthouse.

CERIDWEN COYNE



Tina Capri Standard 8

Standard 7

THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN

It was a fine, warm Saturday morning. The sun shone brightly and the birds sang in the trees. Mrs Jones was outside watering her geraniums. She noted with interest that the Robertson family were packing their car. They must be going to watch Young Bobby play cricket. "He's ever so good at it" she had often told her husband, "only nine and in his A team too. Not too bright though. Mary, now, she's the clever one of the family."

The Robertson family were soon on their way. The old car rattled out of the driveway and on to the playing fields.

Mrs Jones waved gaily after it, and continued watering her geraniums. She called occasionally to her husband who was sitting in the kitchen, reading his newspaper, surrounded by a pall of tobacco smoke.

Mr and Mrs Jones had lived for years in a little house in a nice suburb. Never having had any children, they were passionately fond of their hobbies. Mrs Jones had her geraniums, a canary called Jasper, and an ever-increasing family of cats. Mr Jones had his stamp collection, which he pored over for hours every day.

Though Mrs Jones chattered often about her neighbours, they seldom really spoke. They lived comfortably aware of one another, and rarely had the need for words.

Mrs Jones was going to town today. This was a change from her normal routine, as they usually had the groceries delivered to the door. Besides this, there was a rose bowl in Mr Williams's Antique Shoppe for which she had been saving. She finally had enough. Mrs Jones was quite excited. With a bright red scarf round her head, and a basket on her arm she set out, stopping occasionally to exchange a word with her neighbours. The thought of the rose bowl fairly put a spring in her step.

Having arrived in town, she first went to buy some bread and milk and stopped to look at a new strain of geraniums in the florist. Postponing the buying of the rose bowl was an excitement in itself, and it was almost with reluctance that she finally approached the Antique Shoppe.

It was a quaint old shop. A stained-glass window was set above the door, and the bell chimed a surprised note as she entered. The shop smelt musty inside, and was rather dimly lit. Mr Williams was sitting on a stool, but he rose and greeted Mrs Jones as soon as she entered.

"Good day, Mrs Jones. What do you wish to purchase?" he inquired, and she told him about the rose bowl.

"Ah, I know the one" he said, and returned with it in his hands. It was more beautiful than when last she had seen it, the colours richer, deeper. Her hands trembled with the urge to take it.

As she fumbled for her purse, the door chimed again. A grimy little boy rushed in, crying and gasping. He made straight for the bowl and clasped it in his arms.

"I won't let you have it, I won't, I won't" he cried. His eyes were streaming, but he stared defiantly up at them. When he saw no reaction, only shock and amazement, he resorted to pleading.

"Please, don't buy the bowl. It's for my mother. I've been saving for weeks and weeks." Now Mrs Jones softened. She looked sadly at the bowl, and then told the boy he could have it.

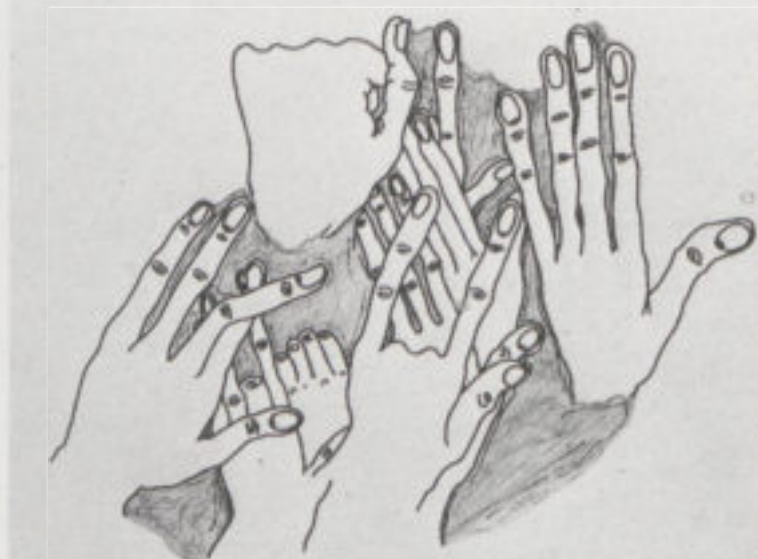
"But do you have enough money?" she asked. The boy proffered a few grimy coins. Mrs Jones stared at Mr Williams.

"I'm sure that will be sufficient" Mr Williams said. The boy laughed gladly, and skipped out of the shop. Gazing after him, Mrs Jones smiled gently and paid Mr Williams.

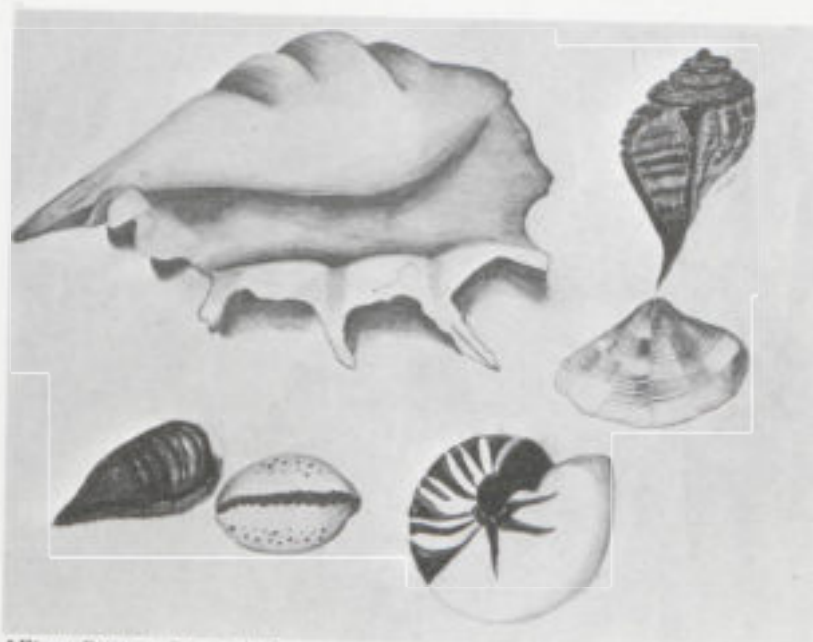
That evening Mr and Mrs Jones were sitting in front of the fire. Up on the mantelpiece was a brass pitcher with a geranium in it. Mr Williams had insisted on giving it to Mrs. Jones.

"Would you believe what happened today?" said Mrs Jones to her husband. "The strangest thing I've ever seen . . ." She was interrupted by gentle snores. Mr Jones had fallen asleep. Mrs. Jones smiled, and stroked the cat on her lap.

MICHELLE KUTTEL



Annabel Ovenstone Standard 7



Allison Porter Standard 7

MY BROKEN HEART

*It was just lying among the other things,
Last time I looked,
A bulbous, pink heart
With a dent
I looked around the heap
In between the clothes
I even moved the mahogany desk and looked behind it,
I found a pen, stickers and a scarf,
But I couldn't find my heart.*

*When I was seven, a friend thrust it in my hand
"You're my friend" she had said,
From then on, I had kept it
But I had never realised why I actually treasured it,
Until now.*

*That heart went through seven years of my life with me,
It was more than a faded pink heart
Plastic and hollow and dented,
It was a cheap toy
Yet worth so much to me.*

*I lifted my little notebook lying on the bed
And there it was
Under the pencils, rubbers and kokis
Dented and faded and hollow
Just lying among the other things.*

ARLENE BENJAMIN

SUSPICION

*Is it fair?
Are we allowed to suspect our fellow human beings?
We do have a right to equality!
Don't we?*

*Just because of a "Boere" holiday,
They expect riots - but it's only a peaceful march!*

*One RED FLAG,
symbolising COMMUNISM!
"Bring the tear gas! The Kaspis! Hurry!"
"You are under arrest! You are under arrest!"*

*It was only a peaceful march,
What did they think?
Only ten students - not even rioting!
But was that enough reason?
Truly?*

*Enough to raid the hostels
And jail twenty-five men and women?
Won't this upset the students even more?
Was it right to raise such suspicion?*

Can you answer that?

KAY JOHNSON

INJUSTICE

*The dog tipped the bin,
The fifth time this week,
It patrolled the street aimlessly,
It stepped off the pavement,
It paused,
A car sped down the road,
It screeched its brakes,
The dog was hit,
My Father drove away,
It was a hit and run,
He had not expected anything to be wrong,
The dog was dead.
No-one knew,
No-one cared,
Is this fair?
Did the dog deserve this?
It was a nuisance all its life
Or is its death an injustice?*

CANDICE GROVE

GUN SHOT

*How did he find it?
I hid it so well
Everyday a different
place.*

*How did he use it?
His hands were too small,
His hands were too tiny;
to steady it.*

*How will I live?
Now he is dead
By his own ignorance and innocence
And my stupidity.*

*How can it all be prevented?
By finding better hiding places?
By locking it away?
No! No! By Education.*

That's all.

REVELL HAYLETT

FRAGILE

*It was pretty
fluttering around in the air
Its wings were beautiful
but fragile.*

*She was like a butterfly too
Young, lively
But fragile
Serious changes could make her break
And when things started to go wrong
She broke.*

ALLARICE WILLIAMS

Standard 6

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

It was dark as Jeffrey lay in his large, unfriendly, white room. He wasn't feeling scared tonight. The kind people wearing white had given him an injection. They wouldn't let anything hurt him. It was very easy to believe in the daytime.

Jeffrey turned to look at the almost imperceptible outline of the picture on his little white bedside table. How he longed for it not to be there, not to be anywhere near him. He wanted it taken away, right away. He knew the person in the picture hated him. He could feel the hate coming from it.

He knew how the picture would look.

Her long dark hair falling about her freckled face. Her smile slightly unpleasant, almost a sneer. A blue sweater hanging over her shoulders.

He knew how she looked.

But he wasn't scared, Jeffrey told himself. He wasn't scared. The kind people had explained that it was all an accident, nothing more. It wasn't his fault. He knew that or thought he did. Most important she couldn't hurt him. How could she?

It had started as a little argument. He was having a glass of sherry and she had commented that he should cut down on the drinking. He had been annoyed that she had tried to tell him what to do. Just to make her angry, (something he would not normally do, but he had already drunk three glasses of sherry) he looked her straight in the eye and poured himself another glass and downed that in a gulp.

That really made her mad and she started shouting at him. He shouted back at her. She screamed at him telling him that she was leaving and stalked to the top of the stairs. He ran after her, up the stairs. She was in her room packing her suitcase. He watched her for a while and when she had closed the suitcase she looked at him with utter contempt and walked out of her room to the stairs.

He went after her and as she reached the flight of stairs he pushed her. He meant her to sprain an ankle and relent, but she just lay at the bottom, her suitcase open and her clothes everywhere.

He stumbled down the stairs to pull her up. She just lay there with her eyes staring at nothing, mouth slightly open, eyes staring and staring but not seeing anything. So she was being melodramatic again, was she? He could

wait. He stepped over her and went to pour himself another sherry.

After a while he went back to the stairs to see if she'd got tired of her little game.

She was just lying there.

He got a bit worried then and slapped her cheek to make her get up. She didn't do anything. Just lay and stared with those vacant eyes.

Jeffrey remembered that.

Now he didn't worry any more. Since the kind people had given him those injections he didn't have to watch her photograph smile at him and wink when no-one was looking at it but him.

Often it used to talk to him, telling him about how he had taken her clothes back to her cupboard and phoned the ambulance. Then it would smile slowly and wink with a vacant, dead eye.

Now, she didn't appear behind him in the mirror smiling gently with that slight sneer.

He didn't have to worry any more, did he?

Did he?

The photograph smiled in the darkness.

ALISON STURGEON



N Becker and C Fermor Standard 6



Tessa van den Berg Standard 6

ID LOVE TO LIVE ON A RIVER

I'd love to live on a river. I have it all planned out. There's a place, in Botswana, on the river, where I'll live. It's beautiful there: tall trees and deep, brown water. Hippos live there, and crocodiles. Long ago, a girl was eaten by a crocodile there, and so our farm is named after her, Mabulele.

I'll have a small rondavel, next to the place where the kudzu browse. I'll live there alone, with the sound of the Scops owl at night, and the barking of the impala by day. People will think I'm crazy, when I retire suddenly from my safe, sane, successful job, and become a recluse, but I won't care.

I'll spin and weave my own clothes. I'll write strange, beautiful books which nobody understands, full of weird philosophies and magical poetry. I'll have a small vegetable garden and keep chickens and a cow. I'll dance naked in the blue moonlight, and talk to animals.

While the world rushes on around my hermitage, I will live slowly, grow old in peace. Every day I will awake to the sound of the river and every night I will stare at the stars. The river is the lifeblood and the heartbeat of the veld. I will live by the lifeblood and the heartbeat, and watch it pump life into the world.

I have already told my father of this dream. He laughed and promised to leave me the farm in his will. He thought I was crazy. Maybe I am crazy. But when the time comes, and I must make my decision, whether to continue as a successful, admirable, sane, career woman, or to become the Hermit of Mabulele, I will return to the river. It's where I belong, with the space and silence; with the rings made on the brown water when the barbel surface; with the burning of the stars in the heavens at night and the snorting of wildebeest as they drink from the river; with the distant wailing of the jackals and the mellow cooings of the doves in the golden afternoon sunlight; with the place, on the river, where my heart belongs.

HANNAH YOUNG



Nicola Wallace Standard 6



Nicola McQueen Standard 6

THE MOUSE

She did not mind being called "The Mouse". Perhaps it was unkind, but worse things had happened to her. They said her step-father used to beat her. I still wonder if I befriended her out of pity or because I really found her interesting but whichever it was, we became inseparable.

Selina arrived late on her very first day at the school and she got lost; more than once, might add. She fascinated everyone with her quiet presence, her dreamy expression and soft lilting voice. After a while, however, the charm wore off and she became in the eyes of the class, plain, shy and not at all confident. I was lucky enough to see another side of her by being her friend. She always thanked me profusely for everything, even the smallest hint of a compliment. I think this was because she was always made to feel so incompetent at home. I worked hard at building up her self-esteem and soon her real personality came bubbling through.

She was actually warm, friendly, giving and a very good sport. Our favourite spot was not far from my home in a beautiful meadow under an ancient oak. There we would gossip for hours and often not return until twilight moved in, turning the majestic oak into a silhouette against the dusty pink heavens.

Many years later I learned the darker side of her past, a side I wish had never existed. She told me one evening when we were both sixteen, that she and her mother had defected from Russia just after her father had been shot when she was seven. At that moment, as if by fate, two men in coats came into view and walked towards us. Selina grasped my sleeve and tugged and together we ran. I glanced back and saw to my horror that the men had broken into a run behind us. It did not take them long to reach us and I saw how Selina was trembling.

"We will not harm you" said one man to me in a curt Russian accent. "We only want Selina. She must return with us to Russia. Her mother is waiting in the car."

The mouse-trap had snapped shut. The men led her off as I stood there, utterly stunned. She was weeping as she walked with them but she did not struggle and I have never seen, before or since, a scene of such complete despair. I never saw "The Mouse" again.

YOLANDE YOUNG

PREPARATORY

REPORT FROM MRS M CHAMBERS, HEAD OF PREPARATORY

1989 has been a busy and exciting year at the Preparatory School. With our increased numbers at Pre-Preparatory level, the School Council agreed to go ahead with building plans for a new and larger building to accommodate a four-year-old class and two five-year-old classes. In spite of setbacks in getting the plans passed and the very wet weather, the builder assures us that it will be completed on time.

We have had some staff changes this year. Miss Dickinson and Mrs Mace rejoined us in January. Mrs Forrester left at the end of the second term, and Mrs Cogill has taken over the library. Mrs Robb and Mrs McLean left after the third term and Miss Gibbings has come into Standard 1, while Mrs Hamman has joined us for the fourth term. Mrs Purcell leaves at the end of the year, and Mrs Dillon-Robinson will be returning to the U.K. It is always sad when staff members leave,

especially when they have been with the Prep School for many years, and I thank these teachers for their contributions to Herschel. At the same time I welcome our new members of staff, who each brings her own particular talents to the school.

With the end of the school year approaching, it is good to look back on our accomplishments. Our children are well-directed, purposeful and productive in their school lives. With a dedicated teaching staff, in the classroom, and in the very important areas of sport, music, art and drama, I feel we are achieving success in our search for, and concentration on, the whole child, the well-adjusted and confident child, and above all, the happy child.

MARGARET CHAMBERS



Prefects

Back Row: Alison Louw, Kirsten Feltz, M Chambers (Head of Preparatory), Bronwen Davies, Andrea Serritaveu.
Front Row: Cathy Roberts, E Bray (Senior Assistant), Heloise Martin.



Prep School Orchestra

Front Row: J Bradshaw, A van Hoorn, K Mielke, R L Evans, C Barr, T Coeshall, B Debenham, H Christie, R Garlick.
 Middle Row: Mrs McLean, S Gardener, S Newton, R Davies, H Mitchell, C Loughton, C Owenstone, C Roberts, A Durrant, L Robb, S van Hoorn.
 Top Row: I Serritslev, K Moss, R Gagliano, N Balie, A Serritslev, Z Quail.



Prep School Choir

Front Row: T Coeshall, S Newton, C Loughton, F Cull, K Sherwood, T McCabe, D Gagliano, A Ross, G Read, N Wood, A Franks, N Donnelly, K Atkinson, K L McKay, J Price.
 Middle Row: Mrs M McLean, A Durrant, J Bradshaw, C Roberts, M du Preez, K Fisher, K Moss, P Msengana, B Quibell, L Evans, B Debenham, L Brain, T Harant, L Robb, A van Hoorn, Mrs Tyson.
 Back Row: N Louw, D Raimondo, S Gardner, P Taylor, A Wood, L Reid, K Durr, N Balie, S van Hoorn, P de Villiers, C Futter.

SPORT

SWIMMING

Captain: Alison Louw

Vice-Captain: Bronwen Davies

We have introduced a wider swimming programme after school so that the majority of girls can be involved.

The team swimmers continued to train hard to raise their standards in the first term. We swam in friendly galas most Fridays. Our open swimmers swam particularly well throughout the first term beating most schools in that age group—Well done to Tamsin and Jessamy O'Hanlon, Alison Louw, Gabi Christie, Nicola Cronin and Cathy Roberts.

One of the highlights of the first term was when we swam against the Western Province Boys, we were only narrowly beaten by them.

The girls' Interschools swimming gala was also another exciting item on the calendar. This was held on 10 March at Newlands pool—we came third overall. The diving competition was held earlier on the same day and for the first time ever there was a tie for 1st place. Herschel, Wynberg and Rustenburg therefore shared the cup. Well done to the Herschel divers—Holly Christie, Tanya Coeshall, Natalie Wood, Angela Franks, Jessamy O'Hanlon and Gabi Christie.

Apart from team swimming, we also now offer synchronised swimming and life-saving. These have been an enormous success. Also there is a style correction class on Thursday afternoons for the weaker swimmers; so now everyone should find some enjoyment in the water!

Our Interhouse gala went very smoothly and all houses were in robust spirits led by three very conscientious House Captains—Cathy Roberts, Alison Louw and Kirsten Feltz.

The final results were: Merriman, Rolt, Jagger.



Swimming Team

Back Row Left to Right: Pia Taylor, Paula de Villiers, Bianca Berry, Angela Franks, Sarah Gilbert, Aaltje Snoek, Helen Mitchell, Louise Schonborn, Linda Fisher, Nicola Cronin, Bronwen Davies.

Second Row: Jessamy O'Hanlon, Gabi Christie, Alison Louw (Captain), T Rademayer, Tanya Coeshall, Kate Atkinson, Mrs Goodrick, Megan Aubin, Amanda Wood, Lauren Hemmes, Belita Debenham, Holly Christie, Susan van Hoom, Debra Loden.

Second to Front Row: Alex Soltynski, Tamsin O'Hanlon (WP Swimmer).

Front Row: Charan Thomat, Bronwen Davies, Juliette Louw, Lisa Bester, Tanya Weldon, Brenda Vos, Bambine Rouch.







Diving Team

We were joint winners of the Interschools Girls Diving Cup

Left to Right: Natalie Wood (WP Diver), Tanya Coeshall, Jessamy O'Hanlon (WP Diver), Holly Christie, Gabi Christie.



B Tennis Team

Left to Right: Jackie Gordon, Angela Franks, Nicola de Wet, Alison Louw, Mrs Goodrick.

TENNIS

Captain: Kirsten Feltz

Vice-Captain: Cathy Roberts

Three teams were entered into the Peninsula Schools Mixed tennis leagues. A fourth team had a few friendly matches to prepare them for the league in the fourth term.

Our 1st Team did very well, losing only two of their seven matches. The B's lost 3, Won 3, Drew 1 and our C's played their very best. It must be remembered that in this league our A + B teams often meet boys, but in the long term this definitely strengthens the girls' game.

At the Interschools Girls' Tennis Tournament, held once again at Sans Souci, Cathy Roberts and Kirsten Feltz represented our Opens' and Caroline McGahey and Jenny Bradshaw represented the U/12's. They played some very attacking tennis but unfortunately did not make it to the final.

Extra tennis is offered after school for all ranges of ability and I encourage everyone to develop a racquet sport.

WP Colours

Tamsin O'Hanlon
Natalie Wood
Jessamy O'Hanlon
Heloise Martin

Kirsten Feltz
Alison Louw
Catherine Robert
Natalie Wood
Paula de Villiers

Swimming
Diving
Diving
Gymnastics

All these girls were chosen to represent the Rondebosch/Claremont area in netball.



U/14A Hockey Side

Back Standing: Lisa Annoti, Bronwen Davies, Jessamy O'Hanlon.
Sitting Middle: Kirsten Feltz, Domitilla Raimondo.
Front Row: Catherine Roberts (Captain), Alison Porter, Karen Melrose, Mrs Goodrick, Jemimah Peeters.



U/12A Mini Hockey Side Interschools Girls Tournament - Runners-up

Mrs Goodrick.
Back Row: Natalie Wood, Imgarde Bergstedt, Caroline McGahey, Jenny Bradshaw.
Front Row: Helen Fermor, Annabel Ross.

HOCKEY

Captain: Cathy Roberts

Vice-Captain: Karen Melrose

We have had an exciting hockey season. It's good to see so many girls keen to play either for the school or just to participate in the Tuesday practice sessions.

Thank you to Mrs Fermor who stepped in to help me coach the U/12 hockey teams; they have certainly gained a lot from your experience.

Herschel entered five mini-hockey sides in the Peninsula League, one U/10, and U/12A and B and U/14A and B. They played regular matches every Thursday.

The hockey season opened with an U/12 and U/14 tournament held at Constantia and Pinelands clubs. The U/14 tournament was rained off after playing 4 matches. Herschel beat Sweet Valley 1-0 and drew with St Cyprians 0-0 - and lost to Springfield 1-0 and Bergvliet 1-0.

The U/12's tournament was held on Saturday 20 May at Constantia. We entered an A and a B side. Each team played 9 games which were 12 minutes long. Both teams improved enormously as the morning went on, especially in positional play. Our U/12A's beat Kirstenhof 2-0, Pinehurst 1-0, Golden Grove 5-0, Ellerton 3-0, Edgemoed 2-1, Rustenburg 3-2. They lost to Bergvliet 2-0, St Cyprians 4-1 and Oakhurst 4-0.

Oakhurst won the A Section with 18 points and we came fourth with 12 points. Outstanding players were Annabel Ross, Natalie Wood and Imgarde Bergstedt.

Our U/12B's beat Thomson 4-0, Tamboerskloof 5-1 and drew with Springfield 0-0.

They lost the rest of their matches. Outstanding players were Taryn McCabe and Angela Franks.

As the league matches were played each week, Herschel's teams went from strength to strength. The girls' stickwork is a pleasure to watch and their positional play within the game has greatly improved.

The league was played on a friendly basis therefore no league cup was awarded.

Results

U/14A: Played 8; Won 6; Lost 1; Drew 1; Goals Scored 22.

Outstanding players were Cathy Roberts, Karen Melrose and Kirsten Feltz.

U/14B: Played 6; Won 4; Lost 0; Drew 2; Goals Scored 9.

Outstanding players were Tamsin O'Hanlon, Michelle van Schalkwyk.

U/12A: Played 8; Won 5; Lost 1; Drew 2; Goals Scored 29.

Outstanding players were Caroline McGahey, Annabel Ross and Imgarde Bergstedt.

U/12B: Played 7; Won 4; Lost 2; Drew 1; Goals Scored 18.

Outstanding players were Angela Franks, Taryn McCabe and Chene Roberts.

10 and under side, a beginners side, played a few friendly matches during the 3rd term only. Their passing and dribbling has improved greatly. Outstanding players were Paula de Villiers, Nisreen Narker and Shameema Arief.

To complete the Hockey Season our U/12A and U/14A team competed in the Girls Interschools Tournament. The U/12A tournament was held at Herschel. Our girls played good attacking hockey throughout. We beat St Cyprians, Rustenburg and Wynberg, lost to Springfield and drew with Oakhurst.

Congratulations to Oakhurst for winning the U/12 trophy. Herschel, well done for coming runners-up.

The U/14A Interschools Tournament was held at Rustenburg High on 8 September. Sadly our Captain, Cathy Roberts, had broken her leg a few days previously to this and was greatly missed. We beat Springfield, drew with Wynberg, Oakhurst and St Cyprians and lost to Rustenburg.

The U/14's were the most attacking side but just couldn't get the ball to the back of the net. Overall we tied for 2nd place with Oakhurst and Wynberg. Congratulations to St Cyprians on winning the U/14 trophy.

The U/14's played in one final tournament that was held in Beville to honour their centenary. Our team was put in the strongest section and played remarkably well considering 3 members of the team had played in a netball tournament that morning. We beat Pinelands Central and Durbanville, drew with Edgemoed and lost to Bergvliet.

Bergvliet won our section with 6 points, Herschel was runner-up with 5 points.

Well done to everyone for such a fantastic effort!



U/11A Netball Team

South Peninsula League Winners – Interschools Girls Tournament Runners-up

Standing Left to Right: Paula de Villiers, Samantha Coucumbros, Bianca Berry, Suzanne Pullinger, Mrs Goodrick.
Sitting: Bambine Rauch, Natalie Wood and Samantha Gardner.



U/12 Netball Team

Winners of South Peninsula Coed Schools: Winners of Interschools Girls Tournament

Back Row Left to Right: Michelle van Schaikwyk, Helen Fernor, Mrs Goodrick, Caroline McGahey, Shannon Talbot, Robyn Gagliano.
Front Row Left to Right: Bronwen Davies, Kirsten Felts (Captain), and Jenny Bradshaw.

NETBALL

Captain: Kirsten Feltz

Vice-Captain: Alison Louw

The netball season has been busy and very exciting, and as with the hockey, it has been fantastic to see so many keen players trying to make the teams.

This year the girls' schools entered a new league which involved many more schools in the Southern Peninsula which therefore meant more competition. Sadly though our B's did not play as many matches as usual because most of the schools we came up against had only A teams. This, I am sure, will not be the case next year.

In the Peninsula Southern League most of our teams achieved excellent results.

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals Scored
U/10A	10	4	4	2	42
U/11A	14	12	2	0	187
U/12A	12	11	1	0	191
U/13A	10	8	2	0	137

Congratulations to the U/11A and to the U/12A teams for winning their leagues and well done to the U/13's for coming runners-up.

Our U/11A and U/12A teams met the other Southern Peninsula League winners. There are six leagues within the South Peninsula.

Herschel's U/11's beat Holy Cross 10-8, but they lost 6-4 to Wynberg who went through to the finals.

Our U/12's beat Sweet Valley and Maitland. They met Edgemead in the finals where some outstanding teamwork was to be seen, led by Kirsten Feltz, the Captain. We beat Edgemead 12-8, winning the South Peninsula Shield. This is the first time an all girls' school has won it - well done!

Having won the above trophy the U/12's then had to meet the winners in the Northern Suburbs. This was held at Panorama School on 9th September. In our section we drew with Excelsior 10-10, beat Koos Sadie 13-11. Excelsior and Herschel both had 3 points but Excelsior went through to the final, where they met Parow-Wes because they had a better goal difference. Congratulations to Parow-Wes on becoming the overall U/12 Western Province champions.

Under 12's you played superb netball. What more can I say!
Outstanding players - The Whole Team.

To complete the netball season the Girls Interschools Tournaments were held on Tuesday 12 September at Rustenburg High for the U/10 and U/11 teams and on Wednesday 1 September at St Cyprians for the U/12 and U/13 sides.

Our U/10's had improved enormously by the end of the season. They won 2 matches, drew 1 and lost 1.

The U/11A team won all their matches in their section and met Wynberg in the final. This was an exciting final and, at full time, the score was 10-10. Extra time (3 minutes each way) was played and when the final whistle blew we were one goal behind Wynberg, the final score being 15-14. Never mind girls, you played outstandingly!

The U/12's beat Greengfield 14-0; Rustenburg 8-1; Wynberg 14-4; Springfield 11-3; St Cyprians 8-5 and drew with Oakhurst 4-4.

Overall Herschel U/12A won the Interschools trophy - for the second year in a row.

The U/13's also played remarkably well considering the whole team had to be rearranged because Kathy Roberts was injured. They beat Greenfield 6-2; Oakhurst 6-2; Springfield 10-5; St Cyprians 9-1. They lost to Wynberg 5-6 and Rustenburg 0-6. The U/13's came 3rd overall. Congratulations to Rustenburg on winning the trophy.

A very big thank you to all the mums and dads who have helped transport the girls to various venues throughout the year.

The Interhouse Netball was a runaway victory for Jagger with 12 points, Roit and Meriman tied for second place with 6 points.

SQUASH

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

Herschel sent an A and B side to the Interschools Squash tournament on Thursday 14 September, which was held at Constantia Health and Racquet Club. For the first time ever we won the tournament - well done girls!

GYMNASTICS

While being taught as part of the curriculum, gymnastics is also offered after school on Wednesday from 3 - 5 p.m. and is run very competently by Mrs Hopkins - who is a former Springbok and coach. We are very grateful to her for her interest and expertise.

MRS J GOODRICK (Physical Education Mistress)

Squash Team - Interschool Winners

Back Row: Jemimah Peeters, Alison Louw, Bronwen Davies, Caroline McGahey.

Middle Row: Robyn Kadalle, Karen Melrose, Karen Willis.

Front Row: Annabel Ross and Georgina Reid.





Back Row: Left to Right: K Jackson, L Trepes, V Angles, L Fisher, A Desmarais, K Feltz, A Lour, R Kodale, K Heath, K Willis, M van Schalkuyk.
Front Row: G Christie, S Prain, T O'Hanlon, Mrs Bray, T Christian, H-M Cuturi, H Martin.

Standard 5 1989



Standard Five

Back Row: Left to Right: K H Durr, E Rauch, D Raimondo, Mrs J Purcell, S Roman, B Davies, N Cronin.

2nd Row: L Reid, J Peeters, L Christie, C du Preez, J O'Hanlon, K Melrose, A Serritaleo, C Roberts.

Front Row: S Ismail, N Louw, D Botes.

The year for us, we knew, was going to be hectic, fast moving but, we hoped, enjoyable. Things were disorganised at first but we soon settled down. Being at the top of the school seemed strange because no-one had ever relied on us so much before but now we realized we had a lot of responsibility.

Early in the term we had a Standard 5 Braai and Mrs Chambers came along. We had marshmallows after our meal, but, after a few people had eaten them, we discovered they contained fat, green, squashy worms! We didn't finish them! We enjoyed the braai. It was a good opportunity to get to know our teachers.



An outing to the Malay Quarter followed on from our History lessons in which we had learned about the Malays at the Cape. After being taken to the oldest mosque, in Doep Street, we decided to donate R300 to its restoration fund.

Mrs Purcell very kindly took her Class to her holiday house in Churchhaven. We'd booked the school bus and we set off for an "Afrikaans only" day. In spite of seeing a shark and being attacked by leeches we all had a good time!

Our last outing in the first term was to the cinema to see "Little Dorrit". It took a while for us to understand the story but "most of us enjoyed it".

Early in the second term we visited a Hindu Temple. The modern rather bare outside was in contrast to the colourful sight which met us inside. Dr Chavda gave us an interesting talk and it was very fascinating.

The 5a class went on a tour of Cape Town with Mrs Forrester. It was on our Afrikaans network book and we visited the Good Hope Centre, Woodstock and we bought ice-cream at San Marcos and fish and chips at Hout Bay. Little did we know, at this stage, that Mrs Forrester would not be with us for much longer.

Another exciting event was a get-together with Western Province to celebrate their birthday. Various schools produced plays and Herschel presented a comedy - "Cinderella" - in which Dean Cindy is the villain. We enjoyed getting together with the other schools.

The highlight of the third term was our four-day camp and there is a special report on that at the end of this article.

A popular book in our library is "Circles in a Forest" so we were very pleased when our teachers took us to see the film. See Andrea Serritslev's very good review.

We have had a successful time with our fund-raising this year and, so far, we have made R1 600. We've had cake sales, raffles and a sponsored spelling test. We also organised Civvies Day which was great fun but maybe the highlight was our clothing sale. The school hall was transformed into a boutique and we even managed a fitting room! In no time at all, most of our racks were empty and we had raised R600. We are planning even bigger things for the last term!

We know we still have a busy time ahead of us in the last term and we shall be ready for our holiday. We've certainly enjoyed our time in Standard Five.

Report compiled by:

SARAH PRAIN
LISA REID
FLORENCE CULL
MICHELLE DU PREEZ
NICKY LOUW

CIRCLES IN A FOREST by DALENE MATTHEE

I thought "Circles in a Forest" was a good film, being South African. The film was given a good name. The surroundings were perfect for the movie and they captured the atmosphere of that era very well. I felt I was being taken away into the story, it was very realistic. The photography was one of the better aspects of the film, they took beautiful shots of the scenery and life therein. Sometimes the characters didn't change age although the film was taking place over a number of years. For example, Mr MacDonald and Saul's father didn't age. I wasn't too sure that the elephants could collapse after one shot so easily but they had been trained well. Sometimes it jumped from one scene to another too fast and it was difficult to follow.

In the end I had enjoyed the movie a lot after learning a bit of history as well as seeing how they treated animals.

ANDREA SERRITSLEV

CROCODILE FARM

*A crocodile farm is fun you say,
We'll let us tell you about the day,
When the Herschel school with lots of style
Saw the grey alligator and green crocodile.*

*We went to all the pens there were,
And carried on with our interesting tour.
We saw the crocodile's mouth open wide
As the guide took a stick and went inside.
Then the guide told us the interesting data
About the crocodile and alligator
He said the croc has a pink mouth inside
and the alligator's orange and yellow combined.*

*We saw the Nile croc, small as they were
He told us this and we knew he was sure
That this was one thing he did know
Was that that's as big as they'll ever grow.*

*Then at last we saw the longest,
This big beast is also the strongest.
He is said to not have wanted a female
and with that he kicked her out with his tail
So about this creature there is no doubt
That he is a beast with a long, big snout.*

*The croc has 66 teeth in all
30 on top and on bottom 6 more.
The croc has very elegant features.
But be careful 'cause they are dangerous creatures.*

*88km he can go
22 on land which isn't slow
If you should swim in a swamp, beware
for crocodiles can rip and tear.*

LILLA RAIMONDO, CHEKE DU PREEZ, JESSAMY O'HANLON



TOUR OF OUDTSHOORN

FIRST DAY – MONDAY – CAPE TOWN TO OUDTSHOORN

"We arrived at school at 8 a.m. The bus had arrived early, and the driver called for our luggage. There was high excitement, chattering and laughter as we piled our bags and boxes into the luggage compartment."

ELLEN MARIÉ CUTHBERT

The school was empty as I arrived as we were trying to get a view with a friend. By the time we had passed Simon van West at 9.30 a.m. most of us had finished our lunch and were ready for another meal."

TAMSEY O'BANLON

"At 12 noon we went to the shop to buy our lunch. We bought junk food at the cafe and went on our way in our minibus."

ELLEN MARIÉ CUTHBERT

"We stood speechless in the Dias Museum in Mossel Bay when we saw the Garrold built to commemorate Despatch."

DOMINIQUE BOTHA

"We also saw the Post Office Tree and the Blue Museum. When we had finished putting knowledge into our heads, we wandered through the museum then sat on the grass while the teachers enjoyed tea and coffee."

NICOLA CROONIN

"At the Merges Centre, all the girls were pressing the buttons of the display at the same time so, of course, it didn't work properly."

KAREN WILLIS

"When we entered at Oudtshoorn, the teachers gave us a lecture on the state of the bus and Mrs. Ray told us to get our rubbish in the bin, but none of us did. She then showed two unlucky people to clean out the bus."

JEMMAH PETERS

Also at the camp are

"We were delighted with the bungalows although the plumber had quite a busy day when one group's toilet didn't work and my group's shower didn't have any hot water but even the plumber came and found out that everyone had pulled out the hot tap for the roof."

LINDA FISHER

DAY TWO – OUDTSHOORN

Visit to the Congo Cave.

Afternoon – Visit to Ostrich farm

"We arrived at 12.35 p.m. Lunch was provided by the farm and we found we were eating ostrich meat – our fellow companions for the day."

LISA TRIPES

"We had close encounters with a large and hostile group of ostriches and took turns sitting on one for a photo. A Fox National Bark dog was put over its head so we couldn't see what was going on. They couldn't use a Nubark bag because that would have made him sick."

"10 of us was allowed to ride the ostriches. Linda Fisher was with me and I found it was not too scary. Instead of running she was a good rider and she was on the ostrich for 10 minutes."

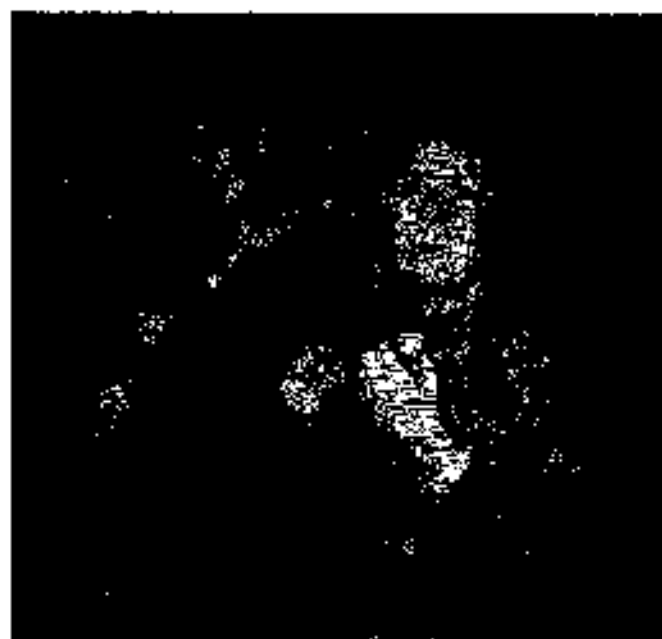
KAREN MEL ROSE

"Ostriches can be aggressive but, as Tanya learned from the police, they are scared of a thorn branch. When we walked into the Kgal, Tanya was scared. She was named with a two-inch long bag bearing 10 thorns. And the ostriches came nowhere near me! Gail Chaire posed as a cuber dancer with the ostrich leathers. Mrs. Parnell also posed and a hidden talent was discovered."

KIM FURR

"For the night races, the only rule was that there were no rules at all. The monkeys, who were farm employees, cheered. It was great fun."

ELIZABETH BAUCH



CANGO CAVES

The Congo Caves are a beautiful sight
 You go in the day and not in the night
 On our camp we visited the place
 At nine o'clock we left home base
 We arrived at the caves at twenty past nine
 We were all feeling fit 'n fine
 Until we stepped into the cave
 Where we were suddenly hit by a heat wave
 We were directed into the Van Zyl Hall
 It is very wide and very tall
 This hall can 4 000 people seat
 It is very tidy very neat
 Move on a few to Fairyland
 Made of Granite and of sand
 The walls were orange, yellow and red
 In the bridal chamber there was a bed
 In the next room King Solomon sat
 He was way up high and very fat
 We went up the iron ladder and into the tunnel of love
 We all got stuck so we had to shove
 The ice chamber came next
 We all thought it looked the best
 The chimney was narrow and thin
 And all the fat people weren't allowed in
 The postbox was thin and wide
 To get out you had to slide
 Along the caves we hurriedly walked
 We were panting so hard we hardly talked
 Outside the caves we sat down to rest
 We had finished the Congo Caves climbing test
 We found a telescope which some of us looked through
 Others bought biltong on which to chew
 At 12.30 we reached our bungalows
 We trooped inside to nurse our toes
 We were covered in blisters from toe to heel
 But at last we sat down for a luscious meal

BRONWEN DAVIES, KAREN HEATH, ANDREE DESMARAIS

DAY THREE - OUDTSHOORN AND SWELLENDAM

We spent the morning at the Crocodile Farm - cheetah land.
 "Lisa Trepas dropped her purse into the jaguar's enclosure. Fortunately
 they were in their feeding pens so the guide could get to it easily."

HELOISE MARTIN/ALISON LOUW

Then the journey to Swellendam and, whilst negotiating the Tradouw
 Pass "a few people were sick but, luckily, Karen Melrose was there to
 save the day and clean up."

ELIZABETH RAUCH

And on arrival in Swellendam - "unfortunately, we had to unpack the
 bus in the rain."

LISA TREPAS

Dinner Out - at the Kaapse Korbuis in Swellendam. "We were all
 relieved that we did not have to wear our school track suit and our 'no
 longer' spotlessly clean white t-shirts."

LISSA CHRISTIE

"We had delicious hamburgers and chips and, when Mrs Purcell told us
 we had to finish everything if we wanted ice-cream, in no time at all
 there were 34 clean plates!"

GABI CHRISTIE



DAY FOUR - DROSDY MUSEUM IN SWELLENDAM

"I decided I wouldn't take my mother to the Museum as she would
 probably try to buy all the antiques. We tried not to notice the telephone
 behind the old coffee tin."

LISA REID

After visiting the Craftsman's Yard and the Victorian house with its rose
 garden "we then went to a little shop to buy home-made jam and rusks
 for our mothers. Poor Mrs Purcell was running a bank at the time
 because everyone was borrowing money".

SHAKIRA ISMAEL

From Swellendam we travelled, via Worcester, back to school. And, as
 we approached the Huguenot Tunnel, "there was a bit of dancing and
 hip swinging in the back of the bus which was soon sorted out by a stern
 warning from Mrs Bray".

CATHY ROBERTS

Alas, en route, Tamsin and Lisa Reid "opened half a business by mak-
 ing French plaits for almost everyone".

KIRSTEN FELTZ

We arrived at school at 3.15 p.m. "unpacking wasn't as much fun as
 loading had been but everyone lent a hand. I think we all agreed that we
 should have stayed in Swellendam just one more night."

TONI CHRISTIAN

Some "catering" comments:

Kim Jackson said "Some groups even fought over who was to buy the
 food."

"In my group we had 3 different kinds of yoghurt so everyone squab-
 bled over which one to have. The toast was discarded, the marshmallows
 were scattered across the floor but, in the end, our breakfast wasn't too
 bad."

VICTORIA ARGLES

Andrea Semitslev said: "I don't know about the other potatoes but our
 group's were rather good". Nicky Louw on cooking spaghetti "It was
 not as easy as it looked. Our group sat for 15 minutes and then found
 we hadn't turned on the stove! If it had not been for the teachers, this
 may have turned into a major disaster!" We bought sandwiches to eat
 on the bus. Most of us enjoyed them but some of us fed the birds!

This report was taken from a presentation which we gave to our
 parents, The Standard Sixes and Mrs Duff. Mrs Duff wrote us a letter to
 say how much she had enjoyed it and she went on to say, "You all
 looked very smart in your track suits - I am very, very proud of you. I
 am certain this is an experience you will not forget."



A GRANNY WITH A DIFFERENCE

Miss Conticourt was sitting, huddled up, in a corner of the bus-shelter. Outside it was drizzling drearily. "The bus is a long time in coming," she thought to herself as she gazed up at a toothpaste advert with a smiling belle, showing a mouthful of dazzling teeth. "The young these days," she thought, sniffing, "no personality, no personality at all." Then she remembered her own youth and smiled. "How long had it been since Cheryl and I ran off to the students' ball at college," she reflected. "Well, most of her friends were dead now but Cheryl and she were still going. And what a pleasant afternoon she had had! Tea with Cheryl, going to the cinema and walking, window-shopping . . . And she even had some of Cheryl's marvellous coffee-cake and some sandwiches for her lunch tomorrow. And she clutched the bag containing these delicacies more tightly.

Suddenly, out of the gloom stepped a young man. And his hair! It hung down, wet with the rain but she could see it normally went up in a spike. And to top it all off he had an earring in one ear, a leather jacket, some very tight trousers and army-type boots. He even had an earring in his nose! And he was holding a stick! "Uh oh," thought the old lady as she glanced at the rows of warehouses and the deserted street.

"ello," said the man, "I've come to mug you."

"Well then, you may as well dress for it. Look at you, you're a disgrace to the name of a crook, no mask, no revolver, no waiting car to pick you up!" The punk was obviously puzzled. "You ain't suppose to act like that, you're supposed to screech-like and beg for mercy!"

"What do you take me for, idiot of the Year or something! D'you think the government will pay me back my pension if it get's stolen, huh?"

"This was a puzzler," thought the unfortunate punk who was not overly intelligent, "I never knew it would be like this!" Anyway . . .

"You said you had some money," he asked, beginning to get excited.

"Yes," she said, "right in the box in this bag."

"Box?"

"Yes, box. I have to carry my jewellery someplace, y'know. T'aint safe to leave it at home."

"Quite," said our young punk, beginning to drool. "Would you mind letting me have a peep?"

"No, no, that's all wrong, you're supposed to say: give me the bag nice and slow or it will be the worse for you."

"Well, anyway, can I look?"

"Certainly, but you'd better hurry, I see my bus coming."

"Curses," thought our spiky friend, (curses being an old-fashioned but useful word).

As the punk drew the box from the bag he felt its weight. Getting excited he ripped off the cover to find . . . a cake!

This was the last thing he saw before he found himself face-down, head smarting, in a pool of mushy coffee-cake.

As the old lady refurled her umbrella she told him crisply, "And let that teach you to attack a harmless old lady!"

Then she marched triumphantly to the bus.

MARIE-FRANCE RENWICK



Rachel Phillips has been a stalwart at the Prep School for 25 years and was given a surprise party by the staff and boarders to celebrate this happy occasion. (The boarders gave her a watch and the staff a table-top stove.)

OCTOPOEMS

TEACHER

A teacher is yellow
She is the summer in her classroom.
A teacher is sunny and bright.
She is a long skirt and blouse.
She is a blackboard
She is an advert;
A cup of tea.

KIRSTEN FELTZ

A witch is black
She is the dark winter in a haunted house.
She is like a storm
A witch is a big pointed hat,
a huge black cauldron.
A horror movie.
A disgusting cabbage stew.

HELOISE MARTIN

THE SPIDER

The spider is black.
It is the autumn in a creepy, damp house.
He is cold and shivery.
A spiky fur coat
A dusty couch.
He is a horror movie.
A lump of stringy spinach.

LINDA FISHER

MY BROTHER

My brother is red
He is the winter
always in a mad house
a storm, with lightning
a denim jacket
a damp hard stool
He is the Bionic Six
a sour lemon.

VICTORIA ARGLES

Misery is black
It tastes like a cold fried egg
and smells like rotten fish.
It looks like a big black hole
and sounds like a clap of thunder
Misery upsets me.

KAREN MELROSE

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness is bright yellow
It tastes like toffee apple
and smells like beautiful perfume
it looks like a fountain full of birds
and sounds like children's laughter
Cheerfulness is wonderful.

KIM DURR

SADNESS

Sadness is dark grey
It tastes like sour tears,
and smells rotten.
Sadness looks like an empty house
While rain pours down
Sadness feels like a broken heart.

MICHELLE DU PREEZ

CAULIFLOWER

Crisp and crunchy
Steaming hot with melted cheese
creamy on my tongue
quite enjoyable with rice.

KIRSTEN FELTZ

PEACH

Red, yellow, round
furry and soft
Sweet, juicy, squashy
The best there is!

LINDA FISHER

MANGO

A piped, orange oval
a hairy, juicy, sticky
mouth-watering, slippery bite
a tropical, summer splendour

MICHELLE DU PREEZ

SPINACH

green and leafy
soft, mushy, sour
bitter in my mouth
infects my tastebuds.

ANDREA SERRITSLEV

SWEET POTATO

Round and golden brown
smooth, soft but crisp
Melts in my mouth
A taste to remember.

ANDREE DESMARAIS

APPLE

Appletising
Glossy
Snacking
Refreshing
It makes my mouth want more

CATHY ROBERTS

GEM SQUASH

Stringy, soft
Squishy and squashy
fury on my tongue
revolting to eat

TAMSIN O'HANLON

GRAPEFRUIT

Big, yellow, bold
Bumpy and rough
bitter, sour segments
Like needles on my tongue

KIM JACKSON

CHEWING GUM

A small, sticky ball
Gluey, and soft like prestik
But too bad, it's mine!

KAREN HEATH

TEDDY

Soft cuddly and mine
Comforting at night in bed
I'm never too old.

TANIA CHRISTIAN

ALLEYS

Damp, smelly, cold, dark
Ugly odours waft past you
Not very pleasant.

TAMSIN O'HANLON

PEACE

Second chance, renewed
Ray of sun baptizes earth
The beginning, life.

LISA TREPES

DAWN

Dawn brings the sunshine
and the awakening word
puts fire to the sky

BRONWEN DAVIES

ENCHAINED THOUGHTS

Hands in chains of steel
Cries like the roaring thunder
Echoes in your heart.

SHAKIRA ISMAIL

ICE CREAM

Smooth creamy and soft
Slowly melting in your mouth
Leaves your tongue frozen.

SAMANTHA ROMAN

CRAYFISH

A golden orange
in his hand, rough, bumpy shell
served on a platter.

ROBIN KADALIE

OYSTERS

Odd with scrawny shells
Treasures of pearls to behold
a woman's desire.

DOMINIQUE BOTES

CLOUDS

Floating through the blue
Dressed in their coats of white fluff
Everchanging shapes.

SARAH PRAIN

Standard 4



THE KIMBERLEY TOUR

We left for Kimberley on Monday April 25. There was much packing and loading of our car and finally we were on our way. Our first night on the train was just though it was hard getting to sleep with the strange noise and the late hours.

On arrival in Kimberley we were met by Douglas, our bus driver, who was to spend the first two days with us. He drove us to a lovely hotel which was a home of Mrs. Merrill had organized for us. We had a drive around Kimberley and then continued our journey to Welkom. We arrived there just as the bus with Helen and Charles came back. Plans for everyone. Once in Welkom we were on a separate bus to spend the night with families of some of the girls in St. Agnes' convent.

The next morning our memories are everyone had a different tale to tell. We visited the beautiful Grand Gold Mine where we were taken to the mining area to see what it would be like underground. We walked a good piece which was amazing. Then we were off again, this time to Kimberley. On the way we stopped for food and traveled for a bit through the mountains though we had to give because of a sudden thunderstorm.

Our base of Kimberley was a Price Club which Stuart's Dad had kindly organized for us. We were given a delicious meal and later there was an entertainment which led us into the public house where we were to go to sleep. Blenda spent the evening looking her foot up and down then seeing the other girls away!

Our guide for the next day to take us to see a working mine in Kimberley and then the McGregor Mine. We had lunch at the Randers Mine Museum which was more like a village and we finally got to see the Big Hole about which we had heard so much. We all tried our best at seeing a diamond but only one girl was a good. After a meal in the city, we were taken out to Klerksburg, the street of one of the besties in the First War.

Back at the Price Club that evening we had to say goodbye to all who had been so kind to us. At Kimberley, when we packed our car and said their goodbyes to Helen and Emma. Our car was really over but we had made wonderful time together. Then with tea and pickles, we were successful in our goodbye experiences.

THE GIRL OF STANDARD 4

HAIRDRESSER

When I walk into the hairdresser,
With all the different styles,
I smell shampoo and conditioners,
And see the steamed-up tiles.
I hear the sound of hairdryers
And water in a basin,
On my hair I feel hairmousse
Perming for an occasion.
People are either rushing or cutting
or grabbing hair utensils.
Some are simply having highlights
or adding up bills with pencils.

CAROLINE MCGAHEY

WRITTEN FOR RIVER DAY

Rivers are commonly known to be clean
The sun on the surface makes them gleam
They flow all twenty-four hours of the day
Stirring unwanted mud and clay
Lots of people come and litter
So some of our rivers have ceased to glitter
After a week, a month or so
The fresh clean rivers have got no flow
Our river is brackish, cold and brown
As it moves sluggishly through the town.

ROBYN GAGIANO AND BIANCA BERRY



Masks Standard 4



A SPECIAL FOREST

The giants of the forest are Yellowwood trees
And peering between someone silently sees
A stream bubbling merrily and flowing along
Seeming to sing its own little song.
The Knyana Loeie has its own song too
Which seems to come right out of the blue.
Then there's the sound of the lynx from the night
And orange eyes shining like a light.
The reason for those wonderful trees
Is under the soil in the rotting leaves
The fungi decays the rotting wood
And makes the soil moist and good.
This place that we have just observed
Is the Tsitsikamma forest which must be preserved.

AMANDA BOARDMAN

WINTER

At this time of year it is cold and wet
But if I wear wellingtons it makes me forget,
So I whirl and I twirl in the wild windy weather,
With my warm winter wear and my jacket of leather.

NATALIE WOOD

HEAT

Cool ice-creams were the order of the day
As I walked across the sunny bay
The cement was steaming
And the people were sizzling
The smell of the braai
Was in the sky
The beaches were packed
It was space that they lacked
PLOP!
My ice-cream was no more
As it fell to the floor.

FIONA WALLACE



There was great excitement among the Std IVs recently when Mr and Mrs Mottram of Sydney Australia, visited Herschel. The Std IVs have been corresponding with the Sixth Grade girls at Ravenswood School in Sydney. Mr and Mrs Mottram are the parents of Caroline Loughton's pen-friend, Catherine.

THE RIVER

I am a river and I am dark blue.
I come from the plateau in the Karoo
Gushing round corners and dashing into
pools.
Running down waterfalls as my water cools.
At last I became a river so grand
I move slowly now, and carry much sand.
And then I quietly slide into the sea
Where the bitter taste of salt comes into me.

BONNIE QUIBELL

THE ELEPHANT

I am an elephant big and strong
We move around in our elephant throng
I live in a jungle large and tangled
I have a big fat rear and a tail that dangles.
All day long man is after me.
I think he wants me for my ivory.

BONNIE QUIBELL

THE PRAYER OF THE MOUSE

Lord, please when I get off this altar, there be a little piece of cheese or food for me to eat and a tiny bowl that I can keep warm in. And please keep all my enemies away from me such as the cat, the dog and I hope I am not wrong but mice. But please if there are a few for me, or a bit of dry grass for me and Mrs. Morris. I will be most grateful. AMEN.

PIOMA JANSANT



Andrew Downmanks Standard 5

WHY IS THE SEA BLUE?

Long, long ago when God hadn't created the sea, there was a clever magpie by the name of Mr Who knows Who. He thought the sea would look very dull if it had no colour. So he in secret went and decided to paint the whole land blue. One day he put the water on the earth. Mr Who knows Who then decided to get into his sea and paint the top of the sea blue as well. The paint dissolved into the water and made the sea blue. That is why the sea is blue.

SARAH NEWTON

THE TORTOISE'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, please give me a bed of cabbage or lettuce and please keep cats away from my eggs or hatchlings. I would like to ask you to keep a single farm snake away from my back because I cannot turn over on to my back. AMEN.

CAROLYN MARTIN

THE COLOURFORIA VICOUSIA HA-HA

My story begins on a planet called Monster Heaven. On this planet lived monsters and all sort things. There were a few good people passing by but not many like this because it was so evil. The leader of the planet was called Colourforia Vicousia Ha-Ha. It was named this because it was so funny and vicious and it laughed all the time. Now a happy laugh had an evil angle. The reason for this, it is because the Colourforia Vicousia Ha-Ha was not like the other one and it was C-V-H-H for short.

The C-V-H-H had its house. One main room and four other on top of that house. With these it could see in all directions. Its rooms were so bright that nobody could look at it without wearing dark glasses. The C-V-H-H had one weak spot. If you shone a bright light at it it would vanish into thin air and never be seen again. But nobody knew about that and once Monster Heaven was always dark and shiny it had nothing to worry about. Its colour was bright to everyone except itself. The C-V-H-H and a pair of bronze mice were together making hell gates that had supernatural powers.

For many years the C-V-H-H ruled, until one day a man from Earth came with strong lights, and the C-V-H-H got his first.

One day a boy of about ten years old came and all creatures that were evil felt in the sight of him. Monster Heaven started to glow so brightly that the C-V-H-H vanished. The whole of Monster Heaven was covered in hills and valleys. It was like a heaven to the boy and he decided to call it heaven. A small bird's stallion came galloping to him. Then he got up onto the stallion's back and rode away into the sunset and lived happily ever after.

PIA TAYLOR



Nisreen Narkar Standard 5



OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Optical illusions make me mad
Are my eyes really so bad?
Am I funny, or am I right
I must mark it out
But it's late at night
Is it far or is it near?
These illusions I do fear
It's still here,
Or must I go
I probably need glasses before long.

KATE DURR



Carolyn Martin Standard 5

MY FAMILY

Terry, my Dad, loves to work in cars
He often has to mend lots of cars
He has short grey hair and green, blue eyes,
he tells the man and never lies.
Judy, my Mum, loves to play the fute
When I try to play, it makes a small fuss
She has long, black hair and dark brown eyes
she can't give up and always lies.
Keith, my brother, likes to play soccer
and often talks about a knacker
He has dark brown hair and darkish eyes
I sometimes like to rule
but when it's not the horse can shirk.
I have dark brown hair and light blue eyes.

SAMANTHA GARDNER



Sarah McCullough

THE SHADOW MONSTER

One day I was standing by the pool when suddenly my shadow started to change shape. It looked like a monster. Then two black hands came out of the ground. It was trying to get me. I tried to run but it caught me. Then I heard a loud laugh. There was a big hole and he tried to pull me in. I couldn't escape. The sun shone brightly. The shadow monster couldn't stand it and suddenly my shadow changed back to its normal shape. I told my friend Alice and she just laughed. Suddenly I heard a voice saying that he would get me next time!

LEIGH ANNE HAVEMANN



Ichaam Crombie Sub A



Lisa Reid Standard 5

FEET

*Feet dangling in the water
Till night arrives
And ends our play
Steely toes
Pointy toes
Dancing on the stage
Big toes
Stamping in the case
Fat feet
kicking me around
But pretty feet
Skipping up and down
They are always everywhere Feet.*

MANDY FEBRUARY

FEET

*Feet meet
Day and night
Stamping and slumping
Feet are glum
Toes are numb
When it's cold
Fun feet
Feet are neat
Feet in puddles
Sticky feet
Baby's are very sweet
Feet*

KATE WILLOUGHBY

TREES

*11 August 1989
Is Arbor Day, quite divine
Plant a tree
With greeny leaves
Children play in them
Birds build their nests in them
Some trees are bold, but
Others are very old...
To cut them down
Will make us children frown.*

ROBYN GARLICK

NEVER FORGET THAT DAY

In the garden my friend and I were playing cards on the short soft grass. My friend's mother came to fetch her. My whole family went to see the snow on the mountains but I did not want to go because I saw the snow on the mountains on Saturday morning. I decided to stay in the garden for a few minutes.

I was surrounded by little sparrows singing sweetly. Suddenly the singing changed into a rather horrible sound, as if someone or a baby was crying, but much worse than that.

I looked up at the birds, and one of the sparrows grew huge and then one by one they all grew huge. It was an amazing sight! Then suddenly they came nearer and nearer and Oh I could not look. I ran to our front door but it was locked.

I saw a bucket near our garden tap. I decided that if I throw water at them they would shrink to their normal size. I tried it and it worked.

I will never forget that day!

ANISA AHMED

THE SNAIL

*My house is in a shell
Which hides me very well
My feelers are long
Which never smell wrong
My eyes are the best
Which see east and west
I can pretend to die
So tell me, what am I?*

PRATIBHA CHAVDA

POPCORN

It looks like snow flakes falling from the sky. It is very delicious. It smells like melted butter and movies. It tastes very like salt and dissolves in my mouth. It sounds like guns firing and crackers exploding. It feels very crispy soft and spongy. Pop Pop Pop.

CAROLINE COOKE



WHAT IF . . .

What if the world was filled with children only . . .

Tanny: I would go to bed whenever I like.
 Clare: I would have big parties every night.
 Victoria: I wouldn't go to school.
 Lauren: I would go and get a job.
 Kate: I would grow up quicker.
 Tiffany: I would watch horror movies every day.
 Holly: I'd wake up late.
 Caro: I'd fill the fridge with ice cream and Fanta.
 Caroline: I'd give parties and knit.
 Louise: I'd do pottery and eat sweets.
 Jane Pegrum: I'd fill the house with cats and dogs.

What if I don't grow taller . . .

Nora: I'd get stilts.
 Alex: I'd stay a child.
 Jane Price: I'd stretch myself.
 Kirsty: I'd spray my hair till it stands up straight.
 Antonia: I'd walk on tip toes.
 Belita: I'd be a clown in a circus.
 Nadia: I'd wear high heel shoes.
 Nicky: I'd eat lots of spaghetti.
 Robynn: I'd take "growing" medicine.

BY STANDARD 1A

WINTER

Winter is cold and sometimes white;
 because of the shivers
 I can't sleep at night.
 Lots of the animals hibernate
 they don't even hear me
 knock on the gate.
 All of the leaves drop on the ground,
 and some of them don't make a sound.
 The street lights come on
 at the end of the day time
 for bed hip hip huray.

HOLLY CHRISTIE



Belita Debenham Standard 1

A TREE

Most trees are tall,
 Some trees are green.
 They have long branches
 and small green leaves.
 The bark is rough and very brown.
 The leaves are soft when they are found.

NADIA DONNELLY

GUESS MY PET

Snowy and Scampi are my new pets,
 They scamper around like two little jets,
 They use their pouch to store their food,
 And soon I hope they'll start a brood,
 I've heard of one that had 24,
 All those babies must be a bore.
 The question is what is my pet?
 From my poem have you guessed it yet.

LOUISE LOMBERG



Amanda Wood Standard 1



Alexandra Trengrove-Jones Sub A



Victoria Dudley Sub A

ON A COLD WINTERS DAY

On a cold winters day
the snow falls down on
the horses and hay
and when it falls on me like
the rain but it is
Colder you See.

SARAH TUFT

JACK FROST

On a cold winter day
Jack Frost is not about,
but on a cold winter night you know
he is about
He takes his magic powder and
sprinkles it all out
And the world is covered with
crispy white.

LOURSE SCHONBORN

I can see the snow
I can't see you
The snow falls thick
I can't see you

GEMMA MONTGOMERY

JACK FROST

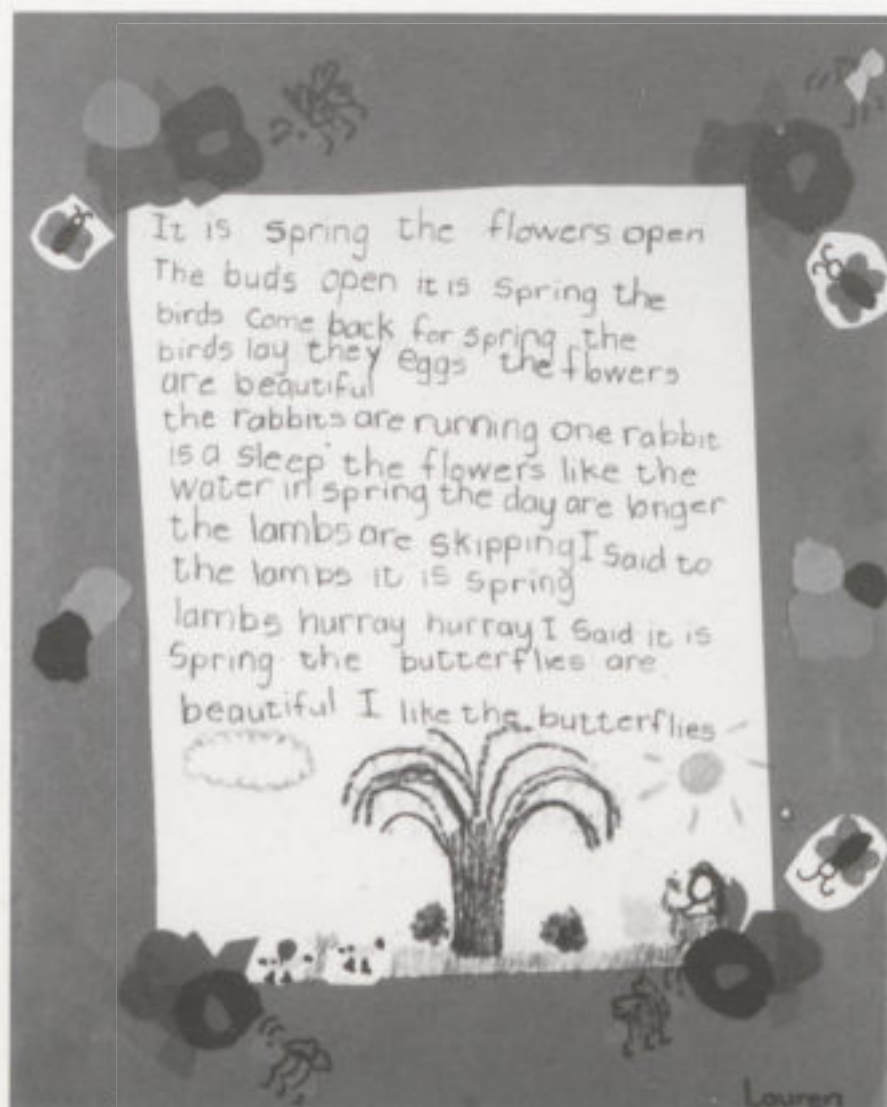
Jack Frost is about. Do you know him?
He jumps through the white snow
While the lights are still aglow.
He writes on my window
and when I awake he quickly
Scampers away.

EMMA McADAM

IT'S SNOWING

It's Snowing It's Snowing
Oh hip hip hooray
I'd like to see
the snow all day
I am making a snowman
with a big straw hat
when he melts
he'll go down flat.

SARAH GILBERT



It is Spring the flowers open
The buds open it is Spring the
birds come back for spring the
birds lay they eggs the flowers
are beautiful
the rabbits are running one rabbit
is a sleep the flowers like the
water in spring the day are bnger
the lambs are skipping I said to
the lamps it is Spring
lambs hurray hurray I said it is
Spring the butterflies are
beautiful I like the butterflies

my birthday party

On my birthday I invite my
friends to my party. I turn seven
At my party I have a magician.
at my party we play lots of fun
games. the magician does lots
of tricks. then we have lots
of nice things to eat. after we
have eaten our food we have
icecream. When I am at my party
I get lots of presents. after
my party my friends go home.



Susan Marks

Old Herschelians

1989 COMMITTEE

President	Mr P J Duff
Vice-President	Mrs Adele Parsons (Mooste)
Chairman	Mr Eugene Symons (Diceyl, "Lexicons", P.O. Box 143, Ceres 5835
Secretary/Treasurer	Mrs Emma Burns (Diceyl, 4 Rose Street, Newlands, 7700.
Parliamentary Secretary	Mrs Judy Smith (Cordier, Ringwood, Southern Cross Drive, Constanza 7802
Magazine	Mrs Mandy van Dugeren (Noakes, Alderson Close, Constanza 7802

ENGAGEMENTS

ABERNETHY - HOLMES Susan to Christopher Holmes
BETTISON - WILLIAMS Linda to Lloyd Williams
BRAUN - BOWNES Tara to Ronald Bownes
BROOME - TODD Candice to Donald Todd
GAUTH - VAN DEN HONERT Lisa to Robert van den Honert
HAD - COOMBS Victoria to Colin Coombs
JONES - BECK Lindsay to Marvin Beck
JONES - SCHRAUWEN Nicole to Dany Schrauwen
KEDSGIETER - BRANDON Krista to Gerald Brandon
MAISEL - THURLING Louise to Mark Thurling
NEWTON - THOMPSON - BOSMAN Sandy to Tony Bosman
ROOMES - BRIDGE Tony to Todd Bridge
SMIT - HABLUTZEL Kathryn to Neil Hablutzel

MARRIAGES

Blondell - Stelmus Stacey, daughter of Mr & Mrs E Blondell to Robert Stelmus, January 1989
Borton - Wake Bridgit, daughter of Mrs G Borton to Anton Wake, February 1989
Deal - Price Nicola, daughter of Mr & Mrs G Deal to Greig Price, March 1989
Dicey - Tuckness Jacqui, daughter of Mr L Dicey to Chris Tuckness, March 1989
Ellner - Brown Marge to Malcolm Brown, December 1988
Fletcher - Coetzee Rosemary, daughter of Mr & Mrs B Fletcher to Robus Coetzee, November 1988
Grootendorst - Newton Clair, daughter of Mr & Mrs C W Grootendorst, to Tim Newton, December 1988
Hine - Matheson Danielle, daughter of Mr & Mrs P Hine to Ian Matheson, January 1989
Hunter - Schwabe Verly, daughter of Mr & Mrs I Hunter to Gary Schwabe, April 1989
McLennan - Pearce Fiona, daughter of Mr & Mrs J K McLennan to Howard Pearce, January 1989
Newton - Nel Dianne, daughter of Mr & Mrs J Newton to Leon Nel, February 1989
Prain - Ramage Erica, daughter of Mr & Mrs Prain to Robert Ramage, November 1988
Sandell - Coppi Bridget, daughter of Dr R Sandell and Mrs J Sandell to Brian Coppi, May 1989
Saunders - Bailey Kate, daughter of Mrs Li Saunders to Gary Bailey, December 1988
Schubert Hildegard (Mrs Cron) Married Jean Cron 1987
Swanepoel - Chennan Linda, daughter of Dr & Mrs A Swanepoel to Richard Chennan, February 1989
van Niekirk - McShane Meg, daughter of Prof & Mrs J P van Niekirk to Gerard McShane, January 1989

BIRTHS

ASHMORE - To David and Marie (Scott) a daughter, 2 February 1989.
BEYERS - To Soms and Violette (Matheson) a son, July 1989.
BISHOP - To George and Rose (Meynell) a daughter, 5 September 1989.
BURGER - To Xenon and Edwina (Abbott) a son, 13 January 1989
CHAMBERS - To Roh and Fiona (MacSymon) a daughter, 22 September 1988
CRAWLEY - To Tim and Pam (Borton) a son, November 1988.
DAKARIDES - To Ian and Susan (Lloyd-Roberts) a son, January 1989
DANN - To Lawrence and Jean (Moodie) a daughter, 7 January 1989
DE BEER - To Alwin and Joan (Saunders) a daughter, 5 May 1988
DONNELLY - To Mike and Fiona (Balgie) a son, 5 March 1989.
DRUMMOND - To Rob and Jill (Golding) a daughter, 5 July 1989.
EASTMAN - To Bruce and Jenny (Louw) a son, 26 September 1989
EMARY - To Peter and Louise (Mundock) a daughter, 16 April 1989
ESNOUF - To Patrick and Siobhan (Mannion) a son, 7 April 1989.
FANCIOLI - To Paolo and Pippa (Torri) a son, 16 June 1989
FREER - To David and Barbara (Gordon Bagnall) a son, September 1989.
GREEN - To Gary and Nicky (Kohler) a daughter, 22 July 1989
GREEN - To Geoffrey and Cathy (Pikholz) a daughter, 14 September 1988.
HORNE - To Robin and Theresa (Campbell) a son, 14 February 1989.
HUXTER - To Mark and Coloe (Fouche) a son, 16 November 1988.
LOOTS - To Joep and Stacey (Smith Chandler) a daughter, 27 September 1989.
MACGINTY - To Mark and Dorothy (Baukes) a son, 17 April 1989
MCLENNAN - To David and Karen (Croome) a son, 1 October 1988.
MEAGER - To Chris and Sharon (Gird) a son, August 1989
MILNE - To Stephen and Michelle (Jacobson) a son, 21 March 1989.
MONTEAKE - To Nicholas and Suzanne (Ackerman) a daughter, 27 September 1989
MUNDOLL - To Steve and Mandy (Rowe) a son 11 March 1989.
PYBUS - To Rupert and Jannika (Post) a daughter, 11 May 1989.
RIP - To Mike and Clark (Dixon) a son, 1 August 1989
ROWSE - To Jennifer and Jane (Bettison) a daughter, 20 June 1989
SHERMAN - To Peter and Suzanne (Naude) a daughter, 25 April 1989
SMITH - To Rodney and Julie (MacGregor) a daughter, July 1989.
STANFORD - To Mark and Gail (Pettigrew) a son, 22 September 1989.
STICZAK - To Michael and Claire (Guthrie) a son, 1 January 1989.
TROUF - To David and Aelga (Mathieson) a son, 22 January 1989.
WEST RUSSEL - To Christopher and Catherine (Baker) a son, 21 September 1989
WINTER - To Ian and Veronique (Batchelor) a son, 20 May 1989.

DEATHS

BABTIE Nicky on 19 June 1989.
HENDERSON Moira (née **Baxter**) on 21 May 1989.
STONE Ina (née **Davidson**) on 14 July 1989.
WATSON Pippa (née **Thal**) on 10 February 1989.

OBITUARY

STONE Ina (née **Davidson**) Ina passed away on 14 July 1989, at the age of . She was one of the founder members of the school, and was the first boarder to arrive at the school. She came by train from Kimberley, and the train service being what it was in those days, she arrived a few days before any of the other boarders!

O.H.A. LUNCHEON HELD AT KELVIN GROVE ON THURSDAY 5 OCTOBER 1989

Judy Semuts organised a luncheon to coincide with a visit to Cape Town of Brenda-Lynne Hoffman who was previous Chairman of the O.H.A. Brenda-Lynne is, if possible, even more glamorous and vivacious and entertained us all with her talk of her life and work in New York. She is working for a multi-national Insurance Company and manages a budget which would make most of us feel weak at the knees. She travels worldwide, dealing with the interior design of all the offices, where she can use local materials and craftsman.

She was most entertaining about the life and people of New York, the fashions and the way of life. She travels to and from work on the subway and sees the "bag people" of New York who live in the subway during the day and have all their worldly possessions in bags or trolleys with them. She is obviously loving her new life, but still feels that her heart is in Cape Town. We hope it stays here so that she will keep returning.

HERSCHEL 25-YEAR REUNION - CIRCLE CC

Further to my letter of 28 March 1988 I have heard from a number of people who are booking flights, making holiday arrangements to fit in with our reunion and others who phoned to say they will be able to make it, good! I can't believe this year has gone so quickly.

I confirm that the date of the reunion is Saturday 17 December. We will meet at the school at 5.30 p.m. to look around at the new buildings, in particular the magnificent auditorium just completed and all the other changes that have taken place over the past 25 years. I believe this will be most interesting for those of us who have not been involved with the school through our own children. Mrs Duff, the Headmistress, is looking forward to meeting everyone and has invited us to join her in a glass of sherry afterwards. We will then go on to the Oak View Room at Kelvin Grove for supper and drinks.

The tickets for the evening are R20.00, if you are coming please send me a cheque as soon as possible so that catering can be organised. The cheque should be made out to S B Beele as I will be opening a saving account at the SA Permanent Building Society specifically for this purpose.

Jill Eckstein (**Phillip**) who coaches squash at the Constantia Health and Raquet Club has told me that we can make use of this fabulous venue on Sunday 18 to have a braai and use the indoor swimming pool and squash courts. So on Sunday please bring your family or just yourself and the charge there will be R10.00 which you only need pay when you get there, plus your drinks.

Whether you are coming to the reunion or not we would like to have a photo of your family, or an up-to-date photo of you - so please send one in the post or bring one with you. If you are unable to be with us it would be nice to have some up-to-date news as well as a photo.

If you need to know anything further please phone me in the morning at UCT, or at home in the evening at 71-6481. Jill Eckstein can be contacted at Constantia Health and Raquet Club at 74-1010.

Looking forward to hearing from you and seeing you soon.

SUE BEEL (**Bothner**)

HERSCHEL NEWSLETTER CIRCLE CC 1963

Sue Beele reports

Anne Toertcher. The language school that she runs in Old Harlow, Essex is very busy. She had a letter from the Old Herschelians Association saying that they were winding up the London Branch, but with no contact address. She was out here last Christmas and we had a lunch at Di Hodge's (**Seymour**) in Lakeside, with Moira Kamstra (**McAuley**), Sue Hutton (**Kennedy**), Juliet Hartz (**Butters**) and myself. Anne is due here again this year to visit her father who lives in Fish Hoek and will be celebrating his 80th and to attend the reunion.

Moira Kamstra (**McAuley**) is living in Fish Hoek and works at Herzlia, Constantia hall days.

Di Hodge (**Seymour**) has had several exhibitions and is continuing with her painting.

Sue Hutton (**Kennedy**) is a mine of information on macro-biotic cooking and eating.

Loma van Allan (**Pickering**) (recently divorced) is living in London. She said in her letter she might make it to South Africa at Christmas, so we're hoping to see her at the reunion. She said that Pippa Thal showed her some photos of last year's reunion and she couldn't get over how everyone looked like their mothers! Her children: Robert is 8 and Emma is 4. Loma loves London and continues to work in music when time allows. By the way she is now known as Rosie!

Loma tells me that Judy Gerrard (**Twentyman Jones**) lives close by and works and has Alex who is 8 and twins of 2 years. Shen Liknatsky (**Attwell**) looks very stunning and trendy according to Loma.

Annette Names Etienne (**Campbell White**) wrote to say that she was in Cape Town for her 40th birthday party which Denise gave for her, in 1987. She and her husband have very full schedules, but as her husband enjoyed Cape Town very much he may be persuaded to take a trip towards Xmas time from their California base.

Jenny Townsend (**Thal**) wrote from Bunbury, West Australia, where she and Charles have been living for almost 10 years now. They had a Herschel reunion in Perth in 1986, a small gathering with Marge Goldswain (**Watson**), Cheryl Bell (**Warr**) and another Herschelian from the 40's now married to Peter Packer (no name given). She says that it makes more sense for their family to spend their holidays in Asia e.g. Bali than in South Africa (or even Australia) as it is cheaper - (lucky!). She said in 1988 they would be going to Penang and Tioman and were lucky to be able to tour China for 2 weeks and a week in Hong Kong, without their kids.

Carol Steen Nielsen (**Phillips**) wrote after we had a get together at Jasmine Turnbull's (**Stephens**) house in 1987 saying she was sure she could come to the reunion in 1988.

Her son was going into the Air Force and her daughter had 2 more years in Grahamstown (I presume at Rhodes).

Anne Zwill (**Welsh**) wrote from Fife, Scotland, said they had been here in 1987 and wouldn't make it in 1988. She included some news: they live in a small village in a farming/fishing area of Fife about 10 miles from St Andrews. Her husband is currently National Development Officer for Health Studies and originally from Bermuda. Their children Duncan (14) and Alison (12) are both tennis mad and squash crazy - she and Eldon play as well and she coaches tennis at a "not too adventurous level". Her latest craze is golf. Her life is busy to the point of being chaotic (well that seems to be the order of the day for most of us from what I experience and hear!).

Karolyn "Kaaitje" van Zyl (**Wood**) is still busy running Bodyworks Studio. She has not been well recently but no doubt due to her hectic schedule.

I had phone calls from Judy Day (**Hill**), Anne Ferry (**Cooper**), Jo Sater (**Dean**), Penny Taylor (**Raath**), Di Wrigfield (**Hams**) - she was here last year but is living in Cambridge.

Karin Anderson (**Attwell**) whom I saw in 1987 and who ran the Comrades Marathon this year! Annette Slingsby (**Versveld**), Jo Fair (**Moll**), Biffy Thompson (**Bryant**), June Protheroe (**Ellis**), Jenny Wolf (**Pare**), Gail Fincham (**Dr**), Elspeth "Moosa" le Roux (**Henderson**), and finally Jill Gordon (**Sparks**) who I believe, through Jill Eksteen, was killed this year in a tragic shooting accident, this I have not verified though.

Well that's it Mandy - in haste.



1947

Jean Branford (Gordon Brown), Trish Gwynne Davies (Dicey), Maureen Lith (O'Connell), Annette Thom (Foot).



1948

Back: Left to Right: Priscilla du Toit (Waterson), Bunty Jones (Walton), Pam Alport (Swart), Adele Fouche (Jooste), Barbara Gott (Bulus).

Front: Pat Harpur (Lindsay), Inky de Villiers (Brinkman), Gill McMaster (Paver).



1949

Back: Maureen van Reenen (Brockman), Sheila Bales (Kirkpatrick), Val Taylor (King), Angela Prew (Barry), Maureen McLennan (Bourke). Front: Margaret Ward Able (Impey), Roma Corgatelli (Ashton), Pat Garthwaite (Hogsett), Ruth Fuller (McLeod).



HAPPY FORTY YEARS ON REUNION 47-49

Thanks to the stalwart efforts of the committee consisting of Adele Fouche (Jooste), Angela Prew, Pat Harpur, Celia Jooste, Maureen Lith, Yvonne Dowdle and Maureen McLennan, the classes of 1947-49, enjoyed a very happy reunion in October. This started on Thursday 19 October with a dinner at Kelvin Grove. It was with some trepidation that many of the "old girls" entered the lounge, worrying whether they would recognise old classmates and friends. Name-tags were handed out, and as these were in rather fine print one had to peer closely and spectacles were hauled out to read the names. This, however, led to the ice soon being broken with reminiscences and news flowing. We were fortunate to have Hilary Harsant, who had taught many present in KG, as well as their children, with us, as well as Pamela Duff whom many of us were meeting for the first time as headmistress of Herschel.

Photos of our times were on view as well as plenty of news from those unable to be present. Angela Prew (Barry) had contacted all those she could overseas with a terrific response, including one from Virginia McKenna.

At the sitdown dinner Angela acted as an able Mistress of Ceremonies and gave a brilliant welcome speech. Pamela Duff also spoke her few words but guest speaker of the evening was Pinky Tremble, for many years Librarian and General Knowledge teacher at Herschel. She kept everyone very amused with her anecdotes.

Next morning we assembled bright and early at School and after enjoying a cup of tea under the flex tree were taken on a quick tour of the buildings which have appeared since our time. Needless to say the old boarders were very scornful and perhaps envious of the luxury of the present day boarders. The only familiar part being the bathrooms! The art and science rooms are most impressive.

We then joined the parents, teachers and girls in the magnificent new Herschel Theatre being used for prizegiving for the second time. The guest speaker was Justice Leonore van den Heever who had everyone enthralled with her easy way of speaking being both amusing and serious and imparting a good message to the pupils which we never had in our day. We were all particularly impressed with the welcome in six different languages by the girls, English, French, Afrikaans, Latin, German and Xhosa. The poise and self-confidence of the Matric pupils who spoke also led us to say we could not have done that.

The prizegiving was followed by a luncheon in the dining hall which again evoked many memories for us all.

The final gathering of the reunion was held at Klein Constantia in the beautiful new winery belonging to Adele's brother, Duggie Jooste. Unfortunately his wife, Celia (1949), could not be there as she was visiting a new grandchild in Santa Cruz, having arrived at the same time as the earthquake occurred. We all parted from there, reluctantly, with promises to keep in contact. Herschel has certainly provided a bond for all of us.

1947 LEAVERS

BANGHART Gail. Address not known. Gail became a nurse and returned to the United States some years ago.

BAUMAN Penelope (Sussens). Address not known.

DICEY Patricia (Davies) 8 Wells Avenue, Parkwood, Jhb. 2193. (011) 447-1510. Trish is married to a doctor and has four children. Her son, Gerald de Kock, is a well-known SABC sports commentator.

ETHELSTON Jane 297 Down Road, Portishead, Bristol BS20 8HZ, England. Jane has lived in the UK since 1963. She worked for 11 years as a scientific officer in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, researching the control of insect pests in stored foodstuffs. She has now retired.

FOOT Annette (Thom) Demnegeur, Marne Avenue, Newlands, Cape 7700. Annette has worked at UCT for 25 years. She has two daughters.

GORDON-BROWN Jean (Branford) 13 Harrismith Road, Grahamstown 6140. (0461) 22693, 28280. Jean's academic achievements are too impressive and numerous to detail here. Her published works are: A Dictionary of South African English; The Rumour and the Shadow. She has one daughter, one son, one grandchild.

HALL Anne (Chappel) P.O. Box BW2, Borrowdale, Harare, Zimbabwe. Anne has recently been visited by Margaret Ward-Abble.

HOLLEBONE Sonia (Bourcier). Address not known. Angela could find no one who had recently been in touch with Sonia.

HOWIE Nancy (Morris) Aboyne, Aboyne Road, Kenilworth, Cape 7700. 76-17696.

JEPPE Jackie (Ascham) 10 Cardiff Road, Parkwood, Jhb. 2193. (011) 442-9650. Jackie lives quietly in Johannesburg.

KILPIN Val. Address not known.

LANGFORD Sheila (Sharp) Dean Court, Dean Street, Newlands, Cape 7700. Sheila works at UCT. She had one daughter in England.

MACHANICK Pauline (Friedman) 30 Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Jhb. (011) 788 0688. Pauline has now retired from her legal practice but she is still extremely busy with many interests, particularly farming. Her daughter and her husband have recently bought Le Quatier Francaise at Franschoek. Her son is prominent in aeronautic circles.

MURPHY Molly (Small) 22 Milner Road, Tamboerskloof, Cape Town. 235614. Molly has two sons.

NICOLLS Anne 3 Russel Avenue, Pietermaritzburg.

O'CONNELL Maureen (Lith) 24 Heron's Way, Pinelands, Cape 7405. 5313795. Maureen took her Finals and was awarded her teacher's Licence in Scottish Dancing at St. Andrews, Scotland, last year. She has a daughter and two grandsons. Her son is crewing on a South African yacht in Spain.

PAGEWOOD Marygold (Brooks) Cloud Eleven, Valley Road, Winterskloof, Natal 3240. Marygold's husband has recently retired from the N.P.A. He is a doctor. She has two sons, two daughters and four grandchildren.

WITHIEL Ruth (Kewley) P.O. Box 208, Saldanha, Cape 7395. Ruth keeps very busy with charity work.

RUDD Gill (Woods) Gill and Angela Prew found themselves living next door to each other in England. She married a diplomat and had five children. Sadly, she died some years ago.

KIRKPATRICK Sheila (Bales) P.O. Box 424, Halfway House, Tvl 1685. (011) 805-4256. Sheila breeds dogs - she and her daughter are bringing one of her dogs down to the Cape for a show this week.

LEVERTON Rita (Easton) 401a Currie Road, Durban 4001. Rita became very well known as a golfer.

MACLEOD Ruth (Fuller) 1 Dias Avenue, Hermanus, Cape 7200. (02831) 23103. Ruth and her husband retired early this year to Hermanus where they love to see friends, particularly Old Herschelians. She has five sons and one daughter.

NORGAR Celia (Jooste) The Meadow House, Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape 7800. 742298. Celia and Dougie have just been on a barge trip in the South of France with Yvonne and Doodle Dowdle. Celia is now in the States awaiting the birth of her first grandchild. She has two daughters and one son. Celia and Dougie have very kindly let us the Winery at Klein Constantia (which was also Di Austin's home) for our party on Saturday evening.

PHILLIPS Anne (Jolly). Sadly, Anne died many years ago.

PORTER Jean c/o 5 Molteno Road, Claremont 7700.

ROUX Yvonne (Dowdle) Annalong, Norwich Road, Bishopscourt, Cape 7700. Yvonne is in Cambridge for a year where her husband has a fellowship to do medical research. She has two daughters.

SIMMONDS Susan. Address not known.

TINDALE BISCOE Janet. We have just heard that Janet died last year.

1948 LEAVERS

ADAMS Gene 12 Lawn Road, London NW3. Mary Gibbs (Carver) has just been staying with Gene in London.

BERGH Thelma (Harding) White Walls, James Barrie Avenue, Constantia, Cape 7800. 722326. Thelma and her husband travel all over the world these days. She has two sons.

BOLUS Barbara (Gaff) 12 Forest Glade, Tokai, Cape 7945. 722326. Barbara and her mother share a house. She has a son and a daughter who is a dress designer. Her son is a farmer.

BRANFILL Barbara (Motr) Autumn Rise, 19 Merrifield Drive, Broadstone, Dorset UK BH18 8BW. (0202) 693483. Barbara and her husband have been very busy since retirement, raising money for charity and spending time with their two daughters and four grandchildren. They plan to visit South Africa next year.

BRINKMAN Ingrid (de Villiers) 2 Tudor Gardens, Kenilworth, Cape 7700. 7624413. Ingrid spends her time between Cape Town and Hermanus. She has one son.

GIBBS Mary (Carver) Rosebank, Albert Road, Colwall, Malvern, Worcs. WR13 6QZ, UK. (0604) 40167. Mary has lived in England since 1976 after years in Malawi, working with her husband, in an Anglican Diocesan Centre. Now widowed, Mary hopes to visit South Africa in the not too distant future.

JOHNSTONE Jennifer (Peters) 15 Denewood Road, London N6, UK. Jenny and Jim were here, staying with Thelma, earlier this year so she could not manage to be at this reunion.

JOOSTE Adèle (Fouché) 23 Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, Cape 7700. 7615374. Adèle keeps very busy with her many and varied interests. Two of her daughters are married and her youngest daughter has recently become engaged. She has three grandchildren.

1949 LEAVERS

ASHTON Roma (Corgatelli) de Goede Hoop Estate, Private Bag, Noordhoek, Cape 7985 (from end of year). 7941423. Roma and her husband now plan to spend half the year in the Cape and they are busy building a new home here. Roma has three children, two daughters and one son, and four grandchildren scattered around the world.

BARRY Angela (Prew) c/o 25 Beauleigh Mansions, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth 7700. 7978992. Or Island House, Stokenham Kingsbridge, Devon TQ7 2SZ (0548) 580793. Angela spends half the year teaching in Devon and half in Cape Town, looking after her mother and writing. She has two boys and two girls and a grandson.

BOURKE Maureen (McLennan) Selati, Silverwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape 7700. 6864142. Maureen divides her time between her family farm in the Eastern Transvaal and Cape Town. She has a son and daughter and one grandson.

BROCKMAN Maureen (van Reenen) P.O. Box 100, Tokai.

BUCHANAN Oswynne (Lady Hugh Jones) Fosse House, Avebury, Wiltshire SN8 1RF UK. Avebury 397. Oswynne has recently returned from a visit to the States. Unfortunately, her husband holds strong anti-South African political views so she was unable to come to this reunion. She and Huw play a lot of golf.

DAUGLISH Elizabeth Anne (Milward) 5 Farncombe Road, Worthing, W. Sussex, England. (0903) 39516. Lizanne owns and runs a nursing home in Worthing. She has two sons and a daughter.

de WET Jessica (Lady Jessel) 4 Sloane Terrace Mansions, Sloane Terrace, London SW1. (01) 730-7843. Jessica, now auburn-haired, but otherwise quite unchanged, was unable to come out to the reunion owing to her husband's very frail health.

DOUGLAS-HAMILTON Diana (Austin). Sadly, Di died 17 years ago. She left her husband, Ian, three sons and one daughter.

FEHR Vivienne (Elzinga) 9 Coucou Street, Chanteclair, Durbanville 7550. 964130. Viv divides her time between Durbanville and her much loved cottage at Greyton. She has two sons.

GIE Louis (Gardner) P.O. Box 54, Alexandra, C.P. 6185. Lois is very busy and involved with social work.

HART Georgina (Bryson) Flat 4, 4 Lewes Crescent, Brighton, Sussex BN2 1SH, UK. Brighton 699330. Georgina and her husband are retired now. Her daughter is a Solicitor in Gray's Inn and her son is a doctor in Diving Diseases Research.

HIMING Shirley (Duncan) 16 Morpeth Road, Plumstead, Cape 7800. Shirley's husband has recently had a big operation on his back. She has four sons and two daughters and three grandchildren.

HOGSETT Pat (Garthwaite) A1, Schoon-gezicht, Main Road, Kenilworth 7700. Pat works locally, at Barkly House, and shares a flat with her daughter.

IMPEY Margaret (Ward-Abble) 82 Shelley Road, Lombardy East, Johannesburg 2090. (011) 882-3570. Margaret's three daughters have all married in the past few years. So far she has one granddaughter.

KING Valerie (Taylor) 85 Winton Crescent, Woodbridge Island, Milnerton, Cape 7441. 5514319. Val and Gerry retired to the Cape from Zimbabwe a year ago. Val works for an organisation training Africans as craftsmen to become self-supporting. She has two sons and one grandson.

1953 MATRIC REUNION - Lyn Marklew reports

On Saturday 29 October the Class of '53 held a most successful and enjoyable reunion at the Alphen Hotel.

Of the 34 who wrote Matric, we were fortunate to have 16 present on the day, all of whom came armed with photographs of family and old school days. There were also letters from classmates unable to attend.

This get-together was the brainchild of Pat Reid (**McCarthy**) who, with the help of Nanette Mills (**Elliott**), Alvina Scambougeras (**Thorne**) and Lyn Marklew (**Holmes**) have been hard at work tracking down everyone and organising the great day. After a delicious lunch Mrs Duff was kind enough to give us a tour of the school. We were all most impressed with the improvements that have been made, especially the beautiful theatre complex. The school as we remembered it seemed so small in comparison. We finished off a memorable day with tea in Dr and Mrs Duff's lovely new home. Many thanks to them for giving up their Saturday afternoon to show us around.

Those present were:

Chloe Dobree (**Baumann**) who came from Oxford. She is on a working holiday with her husband who is in computers. They have lived in many interesting places; Alice (or Janette) Mathews (**Hofmeyer**), our Head Girl, came from Antwerp, complete with her Herschel summer uniform, which still fitted her with lots of room to spare. She is a slim, trim, grandmother; Rosemary Faber (**Roberts**) came from Macheke, Zimbabwe where she and her husband and son farm tobacco, cattle and maize on a large estate. Her other son is studying engineering at Natal University; Linda Armstrong (**Hyde-Jones**) was delayed in London and arrived a week later. She lives in Santa Cruz du Sol, Brazil with her husband who is in tobacco. They have two children in London. Linda visits her mother in Cape Town frequently; Moira Crookes (**Woolford**) came from Merrivale, Natal where she and her husband farm grain and cattle. They frequently show cattle at the Royal Pietermaritzburg show. They have two sons.

From the Transvaal came:

Valma Lindsay (**Guicherit**) who was dressed in full Herschel uniform,

holes in the ribbed stockings and enormous lace-up shoes. Valma and her husband live in Johannesburg and spend the week-ends at their farm on the Vaal River. They have a son and daughter; Christine Boucher (**Faure**) has recently moved into an old house in Kensington which she and her husband are restoring to its former glory. They have two sons; Anne Hart (**Mair**) and her husband live in Bedfordview. They have five children and Anne is a grandmother, yet still finds time to work as a school bursar.

Those living in Cape Town who attended were:

Pat Reid (**McCarthy**) who taught at Herschel before her marriage. She lives in Claremont with her husband and daughter. Pat plays an excellent game of golf; Nanette Mills (**Elliott**) and her husband live in Newlands. They have three children. Her daughter Shelley, also an Old Herschelian, has just returned from a world trip. Nan plays the piano and loves visiting their cottage in Greyton; Lyn Marklew (**Holmes**) and her husband live in a beautiful Cape Georgian homestead on a wine farm in the Stellenbosch district. They have a daughter and a son; Alvina Scambougeras (**Thorne**) lives in Rondebosch and has three children, one of whom is at Davis University, California with her husband. Alvina works as an estate agent; Elspeth Ivey (**Grant**) and her husband live in Claremont and have four children. Elspeth is on the Committee of St George's Home for Girls and takes an active interest in Christ Church, Kenilworth; Rosamond Coomb (**Goddard**) and her husband have settled in Fish Hoek after living in Zimbabwe and England. She has a son, and still enjoys painting. Margaret, better known as Gorry, Bowes-Taylor (**Gordon Bagnall**) writes for the Woman's Page of the Argus. She lives in Claremont with her photographer husband, Desmond, and son, Charles; Diana Herweg (**Michelson**) and her husband live at Marina da Gama. They have five children.

After the Cape Town reunion Valma organised a lunch in Johannesburg for those unable to come to Cape Town. They included Gillian Lorimer (**Glennie**), Marion Marchand (**Kneen**), Lynette Watson (**Sumner**), Jean Kyte (**Burton**), Christine Boucher (**Faure**), Anne Hart (**Mair**) and Alice Mathews (**Hofmeyer**) and Valma.



On Sofa: Left to Right: Susan Stutchbury, Mary-Jane Harris, Ann Kirk.
On Chairs: Anne Hailey, Rosie Wilks, Helen-Pat Stubbs.
Standing: Catriona Farquhar, Marg van der Bijl.

REUNION HELD IN LONDON LAST YEAR OF THOSE WHO LEFT SCHOOL IN 1946

Amongst those who attended were:

SUSAN STUTCHBURY (Mrs Greig) who retired recently as Headmistress of a girls' school in Bath. She and her husband (ex Navy) run a raspberry and strawberry farm near Swindon.

MARY JANE HARRIS (Mrs Duckworth) who travels around the country judging ballet exams.

ANNE HALLEY (Mrs Heffernan) who is now living in Suffolk. Anne's husband who is a TV engineer set up TV in Ethiopia and Belize. Anne is teaching, having previously worked for Harry Secombe.

CATRIONA FARQUHAR (Mrs Smyth) who is widowed and living in London.

ROSIE WILKS (Mrs Sturgis) and her husband live in Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Rosie keeps very busy with her sculpture and earlier last year had an exhibition of her works in London.

HELEN PAT STUBBS (Mrs Brazier) lives in Dorset where her husband restores antiques. Their son is Conservative MP for Salisbury.

GILLY PARKER (Mrs Baeyens) lives in Paris and is involved in photo-journalism. Her travels have taken her to such places as Ladakh, China, etc. She has written a book on Tibetan medicine.

YASMINPETERSEN (Mrs Brandolini) lives in Milan, Italy where she paints and does collages.

OLD HERSCHELIAN NEWS 1989

Anne Axelson is Personal Assistant to the Portuguese Ambassador commuting between Pretoria and Cape Town with the Parliamentary sittings. She has recently bought ground in Langebaan and intends building herself a beach house. (Matric 1968)

Suzanne Nosworthy (Mrs Edwards) is married to Bryce and has three children. She is living in Walvis Bay where she is Deputy Mayoress. (Matric 1968)

Dee Percy (Mrs Taylor) is married to Colin and has two daughters and a son. She is living in Inanda, Tvl and has a holiday house on the Natal South Coast which she often visits.

Gail Kelly (Mrs Ridge). She and her husband Peter live in Atholl, Johannesburg, with their two sons. They recently holidayed in the Far East and stayed with **Liz Simpson (Mrs Smart)**, in Hong Kong. The **Smarts** were in Hong Kong for a year and have now returned to their house in Sydney, Australia, with their son and daughter. They are due to visit South Africa at the end of the year.

Rose Smuts-Muller (Mrs Sinton) is living in Parkview, Johannesburg. Rose had a daughter earlier in the year.

Pam Percy (Mrs Harrison) is living in Bryanston with her husband, Royden, and her son and daughter. She spends much time coaching her daughter who is an up-and-coming young horsewoman.

Helen Dicey is living in Cape Town and is Senior Supervisor of the Property Section of the Argus. Helen canoed the Orange River in April.

Suzanne Allen (Mrs Leighton) is a qualified engineer. Recently married, Suzanne and her husband are living and working in Hong Kong. (Matric 1975)

Terry Lloyd-Roberts is teaching English at Boston House College. She is very involved with her music, writing and singing many of her own songs. Some of her work has been recorded by the SABC. (Matric 1975)

Suzette Anderson (Mrs Pelt). Suzette and her husband have been chartering yachts in the Caribbean for the past ten years. They have recently purchased a small-holding near the Barrier Reef in Australia. (Matric 1975)

Josephine Frater is a stockbroker working for Simpson & Frater in Cape Town. (Matric 1975)

Barbie van Alphen Stahl. After many years of teaching Latin and English at Groote Schuur Hoerskool, Barbie is studying horticulture and teaching Latin, part-time at UCT.

Mandy Scott (Mrs Zwarts) is married with two children and is living in Hong Kong.

Judy Knutzen is still with National Publishing. At the end of last year she spent a month holidaying in Japan. She is also editing a wildlife photography book for Gerald Hoberman and has recently bought a Victorian House in Claremont.

Lynn Harris (Mrs Reid) is married to Michael and has a son James (16) and a daughter Lisa (13). Her daughter is in Standard 5 at Herschel and Lynn is on the School Council. She commutes between a home in Cape Town and a farm just outside Ceres. Lynn is a Trustee of the Ceres Museum and very involved in fundraising for various charities. She and her family spent a month over Easter in Singapore and Thailand this year. Last year Lynn visited Europe and whilst in England stayed with **Gail Dicey (Mrs MacNamara)**. Gail is married to merchant

banker Brian and has two children, James and Jessica. They have recently bought a new home in Lobbam, Surrey.

Janet Graaff (Mrs Parrish) is living with her husband, son and daughter in Boulder Colorado. She recently visited South Africa to see family and then went to Switzerland to a family reunion.

Monica Graaff is a Journalist with the Cape Times in Cape Town.

Linda Graaff is a fifth-year Architectural student at UCT and spent her fourth year studying in Cambridge and London. She has recently bought a house in Mowbray.

Vicky Huzler (Mrs Schwabe) married Gary Schwabe in April. They are living in Claremont and Vicky is Regional P.A. for Quest Personnel.

Jane Dicey returned to Cape Town in February after two years abroad in Europe. She is now a guide for the Orange River Rubber Duck Expeditions.

Jackie Dicey (Mrs Tuckness) married Chris Tuckness in March and they are now living in Bakhoven.

Susan Burns is living in Claremont and is teaching at the Rosebank College.

ABDY (1983). Anne completed her Internship in Recreation Therapy in Little Rock, Arkansas and moved home for the summer whilst looking for a job. She is presently working in Nashua, NH in a psychiatric/chemical dependency hospital with adolescents. She is finding it very challenging and stimulating. Anne is also creating an Instructor's and Patients manual for a new programme developed at work on increasing self esteem with hopes of publishing this in the New Year. In November she will be attending a Regional Conference at which she will present this programme to fellow professionals. She recently flew to California to visit a friend and decided that the California weather is her kind of climate and she hopes to live there someday. Anne's mother Gayle (née **Banghart**) (1948) recently suffered a stroke and had a leg amputated, but appears to be making good progress. She lives in South Carolina. Anne would very much like to hear from any of her old classmates.

CAMPBELL, (Mrs Horne) (1979). Theresa has been living in the little village of Godstone, Surrey for the past two years. She worked for a computer firm in London for some time before returning to teaching, having trained at Barkly House. She is now fully occupied with her young son.

CUNNINGHAM (Mrs Parker) (1967). Lynne and her husband, Bruce run a Construction Management Services Company in Auburn, WA, USA. In August '88 they spent a super ten days in England visiting friends and family and meeting up with family who had gone over from PE. In June '89 Lynne, Bruce and their two daughters went to California for the 20th Reunion of the High School Class with whom Lynne graduated as an AFS student. Visits to Disneyland and San Diego's Seaworld were much enjoyed by all.

DEWES (Mrs du Toit) (1953). The highlight of Helen's year was a visit to London in March for the wedding of her daughter, Catherine to Peter Thomas, a fellow architect. The reception was held on a Barge/restaurant on a canal in Regents Park on a perfect sunny day. Helen's son Gerard is studying at Wharton Business School in Philadelphia. Helen has been on Vintage car tours to Ohio and Maine

and is looking forward to others to Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. Whilst in England she visited Pat Lusty (**Dukes**) in Essex where they talked gardening and antiquing.

DURR Alison (1987) is in London studying for her A Levels.

DURR Shelley (1983) has got an Honours Diploma in Art History from the University of East Anglia.

FAUVILLE (Mrs Amm) (1962). Claire is President of the Appaloosa Horse Club of SA. She breeds these beautiful and versatile horses on her farm in the Eastern Orange Free State, and together they take part in endurance rides, the toughest of which is the National Endurance Ride which takes place in Fauresmith in July over three days when a distance of 200 kilometres is covered, a gruelling event for horse and rider.

FISCHER (1959). From small beginnings Marguerite's interest in the healing power of plants has developed into a flourishing small business which supplies nurseries, landscapers and gardeners with about 70 varieties of herbs. Marguerite started her herb growing business 18 years ago, not to make money but to make a complete change in her life after an illness. A kindly neighbour in Claremont offered her the use of an open patch of ground which she painstakingly reclaimed from the long kikuyu grass. She has always been an organic farmer and is expanding an interest in biodynamic methods of cultivation based on a philosophy developed by Rudolf Steiner. Marge now employs six people and spends much of her time supplying nurseries and traders, but on a Friday morning you will find her at the Mowbray market in Strubens Road selling her herbs in the company of friends.

HOFFMAN (1986). Kerry has recently returned to Cape Town from USA to resume her studies at UCT. Kerry settled well into "College Life" in America and made many friends, with whom she spent time in Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Boston. She passed all her subjects and was selected for the Who's Who's of International Students.

LLOYD-ROBERTS (Mrs Dadakarides) (1980). Suzy is still in Cyprus where she is involved making television commercials - everything from sweets to washing machines. "Cyprus", she says "is wonderful for film locations, deserts, mountains, snow and seashore". Suzy's company plans to make Cyprus a production centre for world-wide distribution of miniseries which is what all the TV channels are looking for. Suzy has a film set in the island in the back of her mind, we hope it comes to fruition.

MACSYMON (Mrs Chambers) (1972). Fiona and her farmer husband have recently moved from Bowna to Wagga Wagga in New South Wales. She would be interested in organizing a get-together in the eastern states of Australia. She has a busy life with four children to care for. Her music consists of singing with her children and a little teaching at the local school.

MAYDON (Mrs Campbell) (1952). Sarah is living in Somerset West and is still enjoying painting. She is now also doing sculpture. Her sister-in-law, **JEAN CAMPBELL** (1952) has held several very successful exhibitions in Cape Town recently. Sarah visited her daughter **Theresa** (1979) and grandson earlier in 1989.

NITOSLAWSKA (Mrs Romocki) (1959). Janina lives in Calgary in Canada. Calgary hosted in February, the Winter Olympics, an experience which will stay with them forever. Also in February Janina's daughter Krystine visited Thailand with her school and so enjoyed it that she wants to travel after university. In July the whole family visited Switzerland, Poland, England and Scotland for six weeks for a brief glimpse of Europe and where their ancestors came from. Krystine did a year of Engineering Science at the University of Toronto to fulfil her dream of being an aerospace engineer but has this year opted for chemical engineering instead. Son Andrew is doing industrial engineering in Toronto and younger son Stefan has just completed six years of schooling in French and is now in an English private school. Janina works at home for her husband's small company and loves it.

KIRK Jinty 16 Brook Lane, Haywards Heath, Sussex, UK. Jinty, retired now, lives quietly with her cats. She was here, last year, on a visit to Adèle.

LIMBY Elizabeth (Couldridge). Address not known. After some years in Malawi, Elizabeth moved to England where she still lives. She sees Barbara Moir (Brantill) from time to time. Her son and daughter are both married.

LINDSAY Pat (Harpur) 19 Surrey Street, Claremont, Cape 7700. 619901. Pat has worked at the UCT for many years. She is now working at the Michaelis Art School. She, herself, graduated with a B.A. degree last year and is now studying for a further B.A. in Fine Arts. She has two sons.

MAKIN Judy (Hodgson). Present address not known. Judy has moved to England from the Scilly Isles since her husband died.

MUELLER von WEISENBURG Pam (Foster) 169 Forest Drive, Pittsburgh PA15241 USA. (412) 833-4889. Pam and her husband, now retired, are spending some years in the States where their three children are living. She would love to hear from anyone visiting or living in the USA.

McKENNA Virginia (Travers) Gamekeeper's Cottage, South Holmwood, Surrey RH5 4LW, England. Virginia and her husband, both so well known as actors, now spend most of their time working for their charity, Zoocheck, which they founded and of which their son is Director. They have four children and two grandchildren.

PAVER Gill (McMaster) P.O. Box 65439, Benmore, Tvl 2196. (011) 783-6929. Gill is active in the world of interior decorations, these days. She has two sons and a daughter.

STODDART Jean (van den Berg) Lanzerac, 2 Knighton Close, S. Croydon CR2 6DP. Jean is still working and has two children.

STRATFORD Sally (Lady Vernon) Sudbury House, Sudbury, Derbyshire, UK.

SWART Pam (Alport) 6 Golf Gardens, Maroelana St. Maroelana, Pretoria 0081. Both Pam and her husband are still studying! They sail and cycle for recreation. Her four children are scattered. She has three grandchildren.

THOMAS Diani (Pare) Applegarth, Elgin, Cape. (0240) 3361. Diani's daughter is a Gordon Bleu.

THRESHER Topsy (Kippatrick) P.O. Box 537, Greytown 3500. (0334) 32835. Sheila Bales will have news of Topsy who is married to her brother.

van der BIJL Nicky (MacPherson) Attadale, Strathcarron, Wester Ross, Scotland. (05) 202217. Nicky lives on a beautiful estate in Scotland, facing the lake of Skye. She has three children and four grandchildren.

WALTON Elizabeth (Jones) 3 Long Street, Hermanus. Bunt is Hermanus's estate agent. She has a son and a daughter.

WATERMAN Helen. Address not known.

WATERSON Priscilla (du Toit) 7 Ireland Road, Craddock, Cape 5880. Priscilla is involved in all aspects of Craddock life and keeps a keen interest in civic affairs. She has three daughters.

WATSON Joy. Sadly, Joy died fairly recently, as did Edith Wylie.

PHILLIPS (Mrs Eckstein) (1963). Jill, as if her life was not busy enough with her squash involvement in the Protea School of Squash and the Constantia Squash Club, has started another business venture - "Wind-O-Wash". This grew out of a need to get the windows of her double-storey home cleaned. There being no suburban window cleaners available she decided to fill the gap in the market. She hired two women and two men, bought a balde, two ladders and was ready to go. Jill's daughter Nicola represents the business going to clients and drawing up contracts and explaining the process.

SUSMAN (Mrs Skidmore) (1968). Jennie lives in Walton-on-Thames, and has a four year old son and a daughter of two. She still has her computer consultancy business though the demands of a family mean she no longer accepts assignments abroad. She hopes to be in South Africa in December 1989.

TYERS (Mrs Hoffman) (1959). Brenda-Lynne is leading a happy and busy life in New York. She has several large projects to design, including new office blocks ranging from seven to twenty-six-storey buildings in Chile, Trinidad, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas, as well as an apartment in Tokyo. This involves a great deal of travel. She is in charge of the corporate image of the company and heads the interior design department. The company has offices in 130 countries world-wide. Brenda-Lynne lives in a 10-bedroomed rented house on 16 acres and has a busy social life, involving tennis, sailing and other outdoor activities. She is friendly with the British Ambassador and often fills in as the "extra lady" at evening functions which means she meets many interesting visiting dignitaries.

VAN KALKER (Mrs Rogel) (1962). Barbie is still living in Newlands with her husband and dogs. She had a wonderful holiday in the Far East in May - her wish for many years. Barbara is working at Rosebank House College - along with Sue Burns (1980). She is thoroughly enjoying working with young people - keeps her young at heart.

INFORMATION ABOUT 1986 HERSCHEL MATRICES

Attwood Jill	UWC BA LLB 3rd year.
Bailey Lois	Cape Technikon - Personnel Management 2nd year.
Bottger Alex	Alex is now Mrs Werner Margull and she has a lovely son, Nicholas. She is living in Oranjemund.
Challis Lindsay	Graphic Design at Tech.
Collie Joanna	Jo is still at UCT doing 2nd year BA. In July this year she married John Mathews.
Crawford-Browne Sarah	UCT BSocSci 2nd year.
Day Alison	UCT BSocSci 3rd year.
Dacey Heather	Working for a computer company in Cape Town.
Drummond-Hay Samantha	UCT BA 3rd year.
Eckstein Nicola	3rd year marketing at Tech.
Elvin-Jensen Tanya	UCT BBusSci 3rd year doing Special Field Statistics and Operational Research.
Garson Rebecca	Rebecca is in her 1st year at Isa Carstens Academy of Skin and Health Care Therapy.
Haldane Liesl	UCT BA 3rd year.
Hendry Jill	UCT BA 3rd year.
Hoffman Kerry	Kerry is at UCT doing BA at the moment but she alternates between staying here and in New York with her mom.
Horn Robyn	UCT BA 2nd year.
Hutchinson Karen	Still doing nursing. Is possibly going overseas next year.
Jordan Nicolette	UCT BSc 3rd year.

Kendal Charlene	Manageress of the Somerset West Spur.
Lazarus Liora	UCT BA 2nd year, Economic History. Liora was on the Dean's Academic Merit List for her achievements in 1st year and has continued to maintain this year with distinctions in all her courses.
McCarthy Catherine	UCT Medicine 2nd year.
McGhie Carolynne	UCT BA 2nd year.
Meyer Susan	UCT BSocSci, Social Work 3rd year.
Milner Michelle	UCT BA 1st year.
Murray Lynette	Health and Skin Care Therapy at the University of Stellenbosch - she finishes this year.
Myburgh Kelly	UCT BA 2nd year.
Newton-Thompson Linda	UCT BA 2nd year.
Niven Gina	UCT Occupational Therapy 2nd year.
Pelt Corien	Performer's Diploma at UCT
Porter Kim	UCT Michaelis 2nd year.
Robb Tanyana	UCT BA Economics 2nd year.
Sass Vanessa	UCT Architecture 3rd year. Ness will be going overseas to work next year as she has her year's practical.
Saunders Charlotte	Living in London and working for a stockbroker.
Searl Cathy	UCT BA 2nd year.
Sedgewick Judith	Judy is in London at the moment.
Simonis Chantal	UCT Medicine 2nd year.
Thompson Amanda	UCT Michaelis 3rd year.
Tudhope Susan	UCT BPrimEd 3rd year.
Westgarth-Taylor Nicola	UCT BALaw 3rd year.
Wilson Polly	Stellenbosch BSc 2nd year.
Woode Shelley	UCT BA 3rd year.

OBITUARIES

G ALISON J GOOD

Dr G Alison J Good died on 8th January, 1989.

Gillian Alison June Lomax was born on 5th June 1929 in Durban. She was educated in Durban and at Herschel where she was Head Girl in 1946. She studied medicine at the Royal Free Hospital in London. Extraordinarily gifted, she followed a brilliant school career with outstanding success in London, graduating in 1953 with honours in surgery and captaining the University of London tennis team through three most successful years. After house jobs in London she went to the Whittington Hospital as paediatric registrar. She was an outstanding paediatrician, bringing to the post broad clinical experience together with genuine concern and empathy, for by this time she was herself a mother, having married a fellow registrar, Christopher Good. They moved from London to Newcastle to Rye and in 1969 back to Durban. For a time Alison worked in the King Edward Hospital, but then took over and ran the coloured outpatient department at the Addington Hospital. She left to start her own multiracial private general practice combining it with factory appointments. When in 1986, illness forced her to give up the practice she continued and expanded her occupational medicine, carrying out valuable research on chest disease in fabric workers.

In these days of programmed careers we shall probably not see her like again. To all the changes in her life, geographical and professional, she brought the same intelligence, enthusiasm and commitment. She never short changed anyone and was the trust of friends, always to be relied on for an honest opinion. When her illness was taking its toll she still gave hospitality to others iller than herself. Clear sighted in dying as in living she organised her own admission to the hospice she had always supported.

Alison will be remembered by old Herschelians of her time as an outstanding Head Girl, who virtually ran the school and the sport during a stressful period at the school.



MR STEWART QUABAKA

A familiar figure at all Herschel functions in his blue jacket and blue and white striped checked trousers, Stewart retires at the end of 1989. He has worked at Herschel since 6 April 1956. He speaks with pride of serving under five heads: Mrs Maclean, Mrs Kitow, Dr Silberbauer, Miss Geldard and Mrs Duff. He has lived at Herschel all that time and in 1974, his wife, Elsie, joined him to work in the kitchen. Now in his retirement, the school is assisting him to purchase a house in Khayelitsha. He has been loved by generations of Herschel girls and staff who have always been able to run to him when they were hungry or when they needed to gain access to vital places such as the staff-room or the chapel, after hours!

School functions will not be the same without him. We wish him a happy retirement and we hope that we will still see him regularly.

Joan Hagen, a loyal and dedicated music teacher at Herschel for many years, died suddenly on September 12. She was motherly and very interested in her pupils, while her kindness and concern for their welfare, endeared her to them.

Joan's integrity, sound judgment, and devotion to her work gained the respect of all. We are indeed privileged to have had the opportunity to work with this faithful and gracious Christian lady.

THE HERSCHEL MUSIC STAFF

1987 MATRIC CLASS

Bailey Samantha	BA at UCT.
Bell Tracey	Working.
Booth Michelle	UCT.
Chapman Bridget	BA at UCT.
Emmerich Sindy	Jewellery Design at Durban Tech.
Gowdy Serin	Physiotherapy at UCT.
Gurney Tessa	Stellenbosch.
Kaminski Helen	Homeopathy at Durban Tech.
Mackay-Davidson Samantha	Nursing in England.
Marx Heather	BA Teaching, BPrimEd at Stellenbosch University.
Meredith Clare	Studying through Unisa.
Pelt Tineke	Back living in Cape Town - doing a travel course.
Peters Christie	Social work at UCT
Pyott Lisa	Working.
Snyders Karen	Nursing at Groote Schuur.
Van den Heever Hildegard	Married, living in Germany.
Wheeler Mary-Anne	Tech.
Wilkin Catrola	Industrial Psychology at Stellenbosch University.
Wouldidge Laura	BA at Stellenbosch University.

SEE HOW THEY RUN

This farce, produced by Bruce Riley, our Director of Arts, had just the right amount of general confusion to allow for a most amusing evening's entertainment.

The three female parts were played by staff members:

Suzanne Jupp (Mrs Toop, the Vicar's wife)

Chris Wilkinson (Ida, the maid), and

Chris Brathwaite (Miss Skilton, the village gossip).

Who could forget the hilarious Act II with Miss Skilton, "hopelessly inebriated" and the wild antics of the various men running in and out during Act III.



Elena Rista after she had graduated cum laude from her school in Canada. (She would have been in Matric this year.)

We gratefully acknowledge the following
sponsorship

A HALF PAGE

Anonymous
Arluff Family
Balgile Family
Camara Family
Carey Family
Centrabosokis (Phyl) Ltd
Clement Pharmacy
Mr & Mrs A. Cochrane
Mr & Mrs C. J. Dine
Farrow Family
Fen Falls (Phyl) Ltd, Gt. West
Gagliardi Family
Glenn Gilbert Study Methods
Hammes Family
Hutchinson & Smith
Innes Family
Julius (Phyl) Ltd
Lath Family
J. R. Miller and Family
Meadie Family
Motor Mechanical Repairs CC
Nelson Family
Lee Osmen
Mr & Mrs H. G. Radin
Ramsden Family
Mr & Mrs B. G. Richards
Sander Industries
Nack and Son-in-Taylor
Wellens Family

A QUARTER PAGE

Anonymous
Chou Family
De Bruin Family
Mr & Mrs K. D. S. Durr
Mr & Mrs Harold Eades
Ferry Family
J. H. Gardner and Family
Gardick Family
Goodwin Family
Serin and Karlne Gowdy
Grangul Patents
Mr & Mrs J. J. Havemann
Meeks Family
McCabe Family
McCance-Price Family
Mr & Mrs N. McCarthy
Olympic Cycle & Locksmith Works
Roberts Family
Sadgork Family
Serdakov Family
Mr & Mrs A. M. Skwarbaum
Shimon Talbot
Joss and Kurre van der Brugg
Mr & Mrs J. S. Venter
Mr & Mrs H. Jenner Clarke
Kang Family
Leeming Family
Lesley and Natasha Wood
Mr & Mrs R. Wood

