



THE HERSCHELIAN

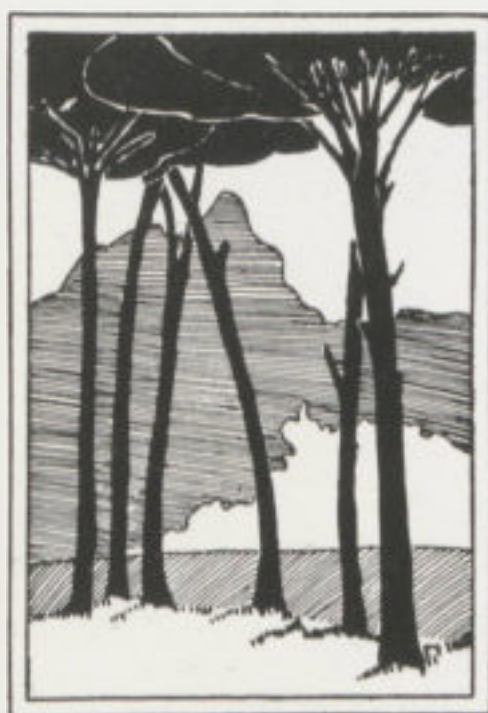
1990

**We would like to thank the following who have generously
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THE HERSCHELIAN

1990





Seated: Mrs Pamela Duff (Headmistress), Suzanne Louw (Head Girl)
Standing: Tebogo Skwambane (Deputy Head Girl), Lucinda Lombardi (Head of Boarding House)

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The editor, Chris Brathwaite, would like to acknowledge the help received from colleagues, especially Caroline D'Unlerville, in putting together this magazine; a task made much pleasanter by the efficient, organised word processing skills of Alison Hirsch, who never grumbled even during the stressful last minute panic. Alison, thank you.

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 Front Row: Mrs M Butler, Mrs M Cowling, Mrs L Herbert, Mrs E Bray, Mrs K Alexander.



SPEECH DAY 1990

1990 SPEECH

My Chairman, Honoured Guests, Friends and Young Ladies of Herschel – I join the Chairman in extending a warm welcome to you all and especially to Dr Anne Hacking. It is a lovely opportunity to welcome an eminent Old Herschelian as our Guest Speaker.

I look forward to Speech Day as it provides me with the chance to say a public thank you to the many people whose enthusiasm, initiative, co-operation and contributions have ensured that Herschel has met all the challenges 1990 has brought. I thank The School Council, The Teaching and Administrative Staff, The House Staff and The Catering Staff, The Estate Managers and The Grounds Staff.

Herschel is extremely fortunate in having a strong core of dedicated, competent and caring teachers. However, in common with all girls' schools, there is an inevitable "turnover" of teachers – young women get married, have families, move when their husbands are transferred, get "itchy feet" and decide to travel or leave for personal and very responsible reasons. Several parents have commented on this turnover and I must reassure them that in my experience of many years in the private school movement, Herschel "loses" fewer teachers than most. Out of a total number of seventy, four teachers have left Cape Town during the course of this year and so sadly we lost their services. Margaret Westgate will be remembered for her forthrightness, her enthusiasm and boundless energy both in the classroom and on many geography expeditions. Kate Bristow and Chris Wilkinson also contributed much to the life of Herschel, from Dynamic Biology, English Or Divinity Classes to numerous outside activities ranging from ballroom dancing and debates to trips down The Orange River and, not least of all, to their annual dancing demonstration on the stage during The Matric Dance! And, no one will forget Chris Wilkinson's sung Farewell and Amazing Smile.

As an innovative Director Of Arts, Bruce Riley put the Herschel Theatre well and truly "on the map" and initiated a Herschel Eisteddfod. We wish him well in his new venture as Master Of Music at The International School in Bophuthatane.

Our biggest loss is still to come and affects me personally and closely – I owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to Cleone Dunleavy. Thank you, Cleone, for your loyal support, for upholding all that is fine and good at Her-

schel. For your calm and reassuring presence giving a thread of continuity at the school when numerous changes were occurring about you and, above all, for your loving concern for all people, especially your care for me during the last five years.

A school is a living institution and the ever changing pattern of pupils and teachers weaves a rich fabric that adds dimension and depth to what we are. It is exciting and stimulating to welcome new teachers who bring with them innovative ideas and creative methods. Staff posts for 1991 have been filled with teachers who have a high level of qualification, experience and teaching ability. Herschel's fine record of achievement can be assured. I am pleased to tell you that a Director Of Music has been appointed. Mr Simon Chapman will co-ordinate music in both the Senior and Preparatory Schools. He has much experience with wind ensembles, school orchestras and musical productions. I am sure that at this occasion next year, we shall enjoy a new musical item in addition to the choir's beautiful singing.

This year's Matric Class has a very special place in my heart, for we were "new girls" together in 1986. I recall it raining on the first day and we all crowded into the dining hall for the new girls' tea. I think that I was more overwhelmed than the girls! How the years have flown – those nervous Standard Sixes are now about to write their final school examination and will soon be leaving us. They have been a remarkably united and happy class – the School Prefects, House Prefects, Class Prefects, House Captains, Library Prefects, Class Representatives and Office Bearers in all clubs, societies and teams have contributed in their individual ways to the smooth running of the school. It has been most rewarding to work with Suzanne Louw, The Head Girl, and Her Deputy, Tebogo Skwambane – Both of whom have shown sensitivity and many fine qualities. I wish the Matrics every success in their examinations, happiness and fulfilment in the future.

Speech Day and Prize Giving is the final opportunity to acknowledge the contribution made to the school by the matric class and my recognition in this regard is to ask two girls to assist me by presenting their own summaries of the main activities of the year.

Sport and General Activities – Tebogo Skwambane
Cultural Activities and Spiritual Life – Christina Raimondo

SPORT AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES

It has been a full and varied year for sport and general activities.

In spite of our relatively small numbers and rather limited facilities, we have many sports alternatives to choose from – tennis, swimming, diving, water-polo, squash, netball, volleyball, hockey, golf, self-defence, "body-works", yoga and modern dancing, all provide opportunities for healthy activity in either team work or individual pursuits.

Every girl is both encouraged and expected to play her part for the good of the school, even if it is only as a spectator-supporter at an inter-house, inter-class or inter-schools match. It is this encouragement that enables us to achieve success – thanks to Mrs Bonellie and Mrs Engelbrecht for all that they have done for us.

We have had many successes as well as some disappointments in our sport this year. The most exciting occasion was to win the Annual Inter-schools Gala, beating our old rivals, Rustenburg and Wynberg for the first time in nine years. Everyone appreciated the half term holiday which the swimming team thus won for us!

Our Squash First Team tied with Rustenburg for first place in the Inter-schools Tournament, while the first hockey team gained second place in their tournament. Both the Standard 6a and B Teams won their Inter-schools Netball Tournaments.

We are very proud of those girls who were selected for Western Province Teams. You will see their names on the programme.

Two of the happiest occasions this year were The Annual Parents/girls Tennis and Hockey Days. Nine mixed teams played hockey, with the staff team surviving the incredibly hot weather to win the day.

Numerous groups of girls have been away on trips this year – two groups canoed down The Orange River, intrepid hikers went on the Cedarberg and Swellendam Trails, Standard Nines went on the annual visit to Hermanus, visits have been made to shopping centres, factories, beaches, Koeberg Power Station, The University, A Hindu Temple, A Muslim Mosque And The Planetarium – to name but a few.

Going further afield, The Brooks Exchange continued – Nikki Bath and Claire-Marie Schonborn enjoyed their short stay in America while we hosted Phoebe Milliken (who fell in love with South Africa) and the exuberant Ellen Shimer, who returned home complete with a new beaded hair style.

The Matrics and their mothers recently enjoyed the delicious lunch organised by the Old Herschel Association Committee. We were told a little about the association and can't believe that we will shortly be members ourselves! A successful Old Herschel returned to the school this year – one Friday Lunch Time Alexa Singer told us of her experiences as an International Model. And there have also been two successful reunions. The Class Of '65 celebrated their twenty-fifth year reunion two days ago and The Class Of 1950 celebrated "forty years on". When Fourteen Old Herschelians were able to answer the summons from their former head girl, June Marshall. They came to Founder's Day and after the church service, they looked around a much-changed school and what impressed them most was that the open sleeping balcony was no longer – it is now the glassed in dorm above the dining room. I wonder what changes we will see in 2030!

I am now pleased to ask Christina to present a report on the Cultural Activities and Spiritual Life Of The School.

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

Within the school all tastes and interests are catered for in the many cultural clubs and societies. Activities which have had support this year are The Debating Society, The Forum Discussion Group and The Historical Society, while The Toastmasters are going from strength to strength. The Inter-act Club has been very active and our concern for those less fortunate than ourselves has been extended into a Standard 8 Social Responsibility Programme which has been very interesting and really worthwhile.

We have had the opportunity to attend lectures, films, concerts, plays and symposia and to participate in olympiads, eisteddfods, ballroom dancing, speech contests, enrichment courses and placement programmes. Several Standard Nines went to a Schools' English Festival in Port Elizabeth, while Matrics went to The Annual July Festival in Grahamstown. Thank you to all teachers who make these opportunities possible for us.

Nine girls had an especially exciting Art Tour to France in July. Mrs D'unienville guarded them well in Italy, where the soccer World Cup Final was under way!

Lunch Hour Concerts and Evenings Of Music have continued throughout the year. It was a special treat for the choir to welcome Dorrit Zalesniak, who left Herschel in 1983, as our Guest Soloist at a Choral Evening.

Our inaugural Herschel Eisteddfod catered for eight categories – Music-Instrumental and Vocal, Literature, Dance, Public Speaking, Drama, Art and Photography. It was a great success and we hope it will become an annual event.

Many hours of hard work went into staging Noel Coward's "Hayfever" – this year's school play. Congratulations to all – especially Ms Edmann and Alex Smith.

This year Herschel has been the fortunate recipient of a very generous donation from Mr Raymond Danowski; Who has given us a large number of beautiful books for the senior library which in spite of recent extensions is again bursting at the seams – we really need a new library-media centre to cope with the information age. Mentioning the library reminds me to thank those mothers who have so kindly helped there this year and also to thank those who have helped with the Secondhand Books, The Clothing Shop, The Gardens and Flower Arrangements. We are proud that our school looks so lovely.

You all know of the problem we are having because of difficulties with supply of uniforms. This dress with its unusual Herschel blue colour and unique bib, has been our uniform virtually unchanged since our foundation in 1922. Although we may complain that the neck chokes us and that the dress does not flatter us, we are proud of the identity it gives us. Now that this identity is threatened our uniform seems very precious. We should hate to return to school one day to find our dress relegated to the archives as was the long sleeved grey silk dress worn on Sundays in the 1940's. Please save it!

The highlight of our Matric Year was definitely The Matric Dance – Thank you Standard Nine. Your Hall Of Mirrors In The Palace Of Versailles was absolutely amazing. We loved every minute of the evening and will never forget it.

Other special memories will be of our final School Eucharist last week and The Matric Communion Service on Tuesday. Father Bands has a very wonderful way of sharing with us all – we shall remember the christian message he has given us as we leave Herschel and face whatever the future brings.

Each year I welcome the opportunity to share a few thoughts with you.

The optimistic realisation of the concept of a "Winning Nation" is by now familiar to all of us. When I add the terms "high road and low road scenarios", you will know that the visionary Clem Sunter cannot be far away. It was our privilege to have him address the school in August, here in this very theatre, and in his address he significantly suggested that a "Winning Nation" shares several of the same characteristics as a "Winning School".

Clem Sunter said that firstly, a nation needs a good education system to be successful, just as a school needs a good academic record. Our excellent 1988 Cape Senior Certificate results were equalled in 1989 with, once again, a 100% pass, five "A" Aggregates, Twenty-five Subject Distinctions and an outstanding 95% of the girls achieving University Entrance Matriculation.

Secondly, he continued by saying that a nation needs a work ethic – hard work is what makes a school outstanding. Here too, at all levels, both our pupils and teachers have a fine record. Thirdly, nations have to have creative entrepreneurs, just as Herschel had with William Jagger and others, whose vision in 1922 led to the foundation of our school.

Successive academic entrepreneurs have developed Herschel's facilities including acquisition of "the hill" for our Preparatory School, the building of The Art/music Block and Science Labs, this Theatre Complex, as well as the Pre-prep. Department which opened in January. In just this one year the Pre-prep. has filled and flourished, providing a very healthy root system to feed the sturdy, branching tree that is Herschel. Our school is really thriving – applications are being received daily. However, we will not go over our accepted optimum number in a class, so there are waiting lists for many standards.

And, The School Council Planning Committee has plans for additional developments to meet new needs; these include a media centre and further sports facilities. Interestingly, we have creative entrepreneurs amongst our pupils too – witness the splendidly organised Matric Dance, Toastmasters' Club, Waterpolo Enthusiasts, Interact Club and numerous other activities.

With this initiative, I am convinced that Herschelians will continue to play important roles in our country and could achieve top leadership positions in The New South Africa.

Clem Sunter further suggested that other aspects of a "Winning Nation" include the existence of social harmony and the ambition to be a global player. Likewise, a successful school has to have harmonious relationships between its teachers and pupils. It has to compete against other schools in both the academic and sporting arenas to maintain its competitive edge. There is a very special feeling of true fellowship among both the staff and pupils at Herschel, bonds that we treasure and cherish. Further, we do most determinedly compete with other schools as seen by successes in English, Afrikaans, Mathematics And Science Olympiads; Inter-school Debates, Hockey, Netball and Tennis Matches and, notably this year, by our win at The Inter-schools Swimming Gala.

1990 brought in a new decade of hope and change of heart, with South Africans of all persuasions seeing each other as partners rather than as adversaries. Fellowship is beginning to over-ride division. It seems that South Africa has now taken the "high road" and Herschel certainly has. The independent private schools have had an open admission policy for fourteen years now, with merit being the only criterion. The long overdue changes in state schools may well cause some hiccups before eventual full implementation. It is reassuring to know that our teething troubles are over and our system is running smoothly and effectively.

Herschel's role has always been in the forefront of educational initiative, development and achievement – and this will not change. Our ethos remains clear and firm, our standards will remain high.

With Clem Sunter, I share the vision of South Africa on a "high road" and I am confident that staff, pupils and parents of this school can contribute much to making it a success. The principles of Herschel are emblazoned above the fireplace in the Duncan Baxter Library: *Truth Ad Honour, Freedom Ad Courtesy*. These are exactly the qualities which will form the fabric of our "high road" society. We are well prepared to play our part and make it happen.

HEADGIRL'S SPEECH

Dr Anne Hacking, Mr Loch Davis, Mrs Duff, members of the School Council, guests staff and fellow pupils.

For the past month it has been spring. The start of a new cycle, a time of regeneration and renewal. The time, when nature makes a refreshing start to a new cycle. We will soon experience the beginning of a new cycle here at Herschel.

We may be inclined to look upon this time of year as a rather sad time for matrics. It's the end of a long and intimate association. We will miss these fine buildings, the lovely school setting, our teachers, and the staff we have grown close to over the years. I got quite a surprise when, as a diversion while writing this speech, I calculated that I have spent at least 17 640 hours of my life right here at Herschel.

For those still at school, it's time to think about the new and exciting year that lies ahead. My message to you is, "Participate in school life with enthusiasm. If you play sport, give of your best. If you don't play sport, support your friends and encourage them to be winners. Take part in clubs and societies. Become active members and develop your talents."

Most of all, be a happy and friendly bunch of people. Friendships breed happiness, harmony and unity. Greet your friends in the corridors, smile and enjoy laughing. For happiness and finding pleasure in all you do is an essential part of life. It is the key to all success. One day you will be able to say, "Herschel was a wonderful experience. I really enjoyed my years at school."

Standard nines, as you take over positions of leadership in your final year, the words of Francois Mitterand seem to be such wonderful advice. He once said, "The essence of leadership is to listen, to learn, to understand, to evaluate and decide and then communicate."

To listen is probably the most difficult part. But it is also the most important. We wish you a very successful and happy matric year.

As matrics our new cycle starts as we go into the world taking on the new challenges of colleges, universities, careers, marriages and our adult lives.

We cannot ignore the fact that we are privileged and yes, lucky individuals who have enjoyed the best education there is. Soon, we will be taking up careers and find ourselves in positions where we can use this education to influence matters affecting the lives of our less fortunate fellow South Africans.

As Mrs Duff has indicated, Herschelians must make a positive contribution, be it big or small whenever the opportunity presents itself.

It is a privilege for me to thank the 1961 Head of Meritman, Dr Anne Hacking. Dr Hacking, you are a perfect example for us to follow. Thank you for all the wise advice you have shared with us. You have presented us with many ideas and challenges. Thank you.

As Mrs Duff has said, we matrics were "new girls" with her in 1986. In these five years we have seen dramatic changes take place in the school, and many are still taking place. We have learnt from Mrs Duff, the importance of setting clear goals and working hard and enthusiastically to achieve them. Proof of the success of her approach is all around us.

There is a saying I'm not quite sure about, but I think it goes something like this: "Cometh the time, cometh the man." Well, 1986 was the time and Mrs Duff was the woman. Everyone at Herschel is very, very grateful to you, Mrs Duff.

There is another well-known saying: "Behind every successful man is a woman." Well, our successful woman has a very supportive man behind her – Dr Duff. Dr Duff, the trouble you take to join us at all our functions is very much appreciated.

We are so grateful to our teachers for their hard work and dedication. Thank you all for the genuine concern you have shown and for going that extra distance for us during our matric year.

I would like to say a special thank you to Mrs Dunleavy for all her help, support and advice. I will miss the warm and sincere relationship that existed between us. Over the years your caring influence has made a deep impression on all of us. We will miss you very much.

I also thank my classmates and the Prefects for being such caring, supportive and loyal friends.

Tebogo, thank you for being such a wonderful Deputy and friend. I really appreciated your ready smile and sense of humour. You were always ready to listen, to give advice and to help.

Thank you to Mom and Dad, Alison and Juliette for all the support and encouragement you gave me throughout the year. I love you.

To all the girls, it was a great pleasure and honour to be your Headgirl. Thank you for being such super fellow pupils. I can't say I always succeeded in controlling your noisy chatter before assembly. Whenever 300 Herschel girls get going, it's really something. But, if it wasn't for your spirit, enthusiasm and sense of fun, what a dull place the school would be. I really will miss you all.

I was going to wish you all good luck. But when someone once said to Gary Player, "You are a very lucky man," he replied, "Yes, isn't it strange how harder I work, the luckier I get?" So, perhaps the right thing for me to say is, "I wish you all the luck that hard work will bring."

Thank you



MATRICULATION CLASS 1990

Back Row: B O'Neill, I Essery, H Taylor, M Keegan, M Lanning, C Holmes
 4th Row: T Cohen, A Dunn, L Fitzpatrick, S Wright, F Klewitz, L Mohanned, T Bostock
 3rd Row: D Christie, C Raimondo, C McPetrie, P Thompson, E Uttley, L Wright, S Blackman, J Franco.
 2nd Row: K Williamson, L Ruffin, S Arieff, D West, T Bridgman, F Jack, S Eversed, T Lange, N Hendricks, L Theunissen
 Sitting: L McCance-Price, J Eedes, Mrs J Kurtz, S Louw, Mrs P J Duff, T Skuambane, Mrs D Beames, L Lombardi, G Zeiegelaar
 Absent: A Mallet, D de Keyser

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE 1989

Subject distinctions in Italics

A AGGREGATE MATRICULATION

Dtsler, Eva (Phys Sci, Geography)
Gersh, Amanda (English, Speech and Drama)
Mallet, Elisabeth (English, Afrikaans, Speech and Drama)
Van Hoogstraten, Sandra (Mathematics, Phys Sci, Biology, Xhosa)
Van Rijswijk, Julie (English, French, Art)

B AGGREGATE MATRICULATION

Bird, Lynne
Carey, Audra (Physical Science SG)
Daniel, Catarina, (Physical Science SG)
Du Toit, Michelle (Geography)
Fourie, Tania
Gowdy, Karine (Mathematics SG, Art)
Snyders, Susan
Stephens, Anthea

C AGGREGATE MATRICULATION

Boyce, Jane
Cardwell, Hilbre
Daniels, Abigail
Howse, Claire (Art)
Kemp, Sarah
Leith, Kirsty
Louw, Berthali (Afrikaans)
Maisei, Keelyn
McDonald, Doranne (Afrikaans)
Millar, Carol
Msengana, Lulibo (Xhosa)
O'Neill, Katherine
Overstone, Alexandra
Smith, Tracy
Wege, Corleze, (Afrikaans)
Wynne-Edwards, Emma

D AGGREGATE MATRICULATION

Banderker, Hanifa
Black, Elizabeth
Blumberg, Kate
Bonner, Lindsay
Magida, Aziwe (Xhosa)
Williams, Sascha

SCHOOL- LEAVERS' CERTIFICATE

McAdam, Katherine
Rayners, Portia

PRIZE LIST 1990

STANDARD PRIZES

STD VI 1. Nadia Mahomed
2. Robyn Blignaut
3. Nicola Dryden-Dymond

STD VII 1. Nicola Clegg
2. Cam McIntosh
3. Nicola Wallace

STD VIII 1. Michelle Kuttel
2. Revyl Haylett
3. Dominique Du Plessis

STD IX 1. Catriona Ross
2. Moira Rose
3. Silke Berens

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

STD VI Angelique Engel
Donna Gray
Sarah Prain
Lisa Reid
Frances Robertson
Louise Thomas
Lisa Trepes
Karen Willis
Ruth Yelland

STD VII Nicola Becker
Nasrin Isaacs
Nicola Jackson
Nosizwe Mgudlwa
Vasantha Naidoo
Lisa Williams
Yolande Young

STD VIII Arlene Benjamin
Leigh-Anne Bird
Priya Chagin
Ariel Cottrell
Shirley Cruise
Candice Noakes
Robyn Poole
Susan Snyman
Kirsten Tharing
Mandy Wright

STD IX Yasmin Abrahams
Nicolette Bath
Roshnee Deva
Lindy Forsyth
Simone Karol
Tanya Peacock
Justine Peters
Alexandra Smith

STD X Isobel Essery
Laura Fitzpatrick
Lucinda Lombardi
Emer Uttley
Lauren Wright

PRESENTATION PENS

Sub A – Matric	Shameema Arief
	Tania Lange
	Suzanne Louw
	Alexandra Mallet
	Bridget O'Neill
	Pamela Thompson

1990 STANDARD X SUBJECT PRIZES

Afrikaans	Gerthe Zwiegelaa
History	Gerthe Zwiegelaa
English (The Lady Woolley Prize)	Jane Eedes
French	Jane Eedes
Latin	Jane Eedes
Mathematics (The Liz Gibbons Prize)	Jane Eedes
Physical Science	Jane Eedes
Xhosa	Suzanne Wright
Geography	Ashleigh Dunn
Biology	Pamela Thompson
Music	Christina Raimondo
Art	Fiona Jack
Speech & Drama	Kate Williamson
Home Economics	Meredith Keegan
Typing	Isobel Essery
Business Economics	Tania Lange

ASSOCIATED BOARD MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Merits:	Grade 1:	K Rorich (Guitar)
Grade 2:	R James (Piano)	
	Grade 3:	H Fernor (Piano)
	F Robertson (Piano)	
Grade 4:	E Beddow (Piano)	
	B Berry (Piano)	
	J Bradshaw (Violin)	
Grade 5:	J Bradshaw (Piano)	
	J Gordon (Piano)	
Pass:	Grade 1:	K Fernor (Guitar)
	D Gordon (Piano)	
	L A Gordon (Guitar)	
	S Jmail (Guitar)	
	K Jackson (Guitar)	
	C Roberts (Guitar)	
Grade 2:	N Danford (Cello)	
	C Loughton (Piano)	
	S Newton (Piano)	
Grade 3:	C Grove (Guitar)	
	K Johnson (Guitar)	
	C McGahey (Guitar)	
	Z Quail (Piano)	
	J Schreiner (Cello)	
Grade 4:	H Bravington (Piano)	
	D Gray (Piano)	
	Z Quail (Violin)	
	A Serritslev (Clarinet)	
	A Soltynski (Piano)	
	N Wallace (Flute)	
Grade 5:	N Clegg (Piano)	
Grade 6:	C Ellis-Smith (Piano)	
	P Gwynne Evans (Flute)	
	M Henderson (Piano)	
	S Ricketts (Piano)	
	T Siebert (Piano)	

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD THEORY OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

1. Silke Berens – Grade 5
2. Thandi Siebert – Grade 5
3. Nicola Wallace – Grade 5

SPECIAL AWARDS / MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship

Robyn Blignaut

Fenella Douglas Scholarship

Catriona Ross

Music – Middle School

Mary Henderson/Clare Ellis-Smith

German – Middle School

Roshan Ismail

Divinity – Middle School

Nicola Munroe

Archimedes Prize

Michelle Kuttel *

Lantern Prize

Catriona Ross

Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness & Accuracy in Mathematics

Pamela Thompson

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Donna Christie

Ethel K Hill Cup for Spoken English

Tebogo Skwambane

Abe Bailey Prize for Spoken Afrikaans

Gerthe Zwiegelaa

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French

Tebogo Skwambane

Jane Haram Prize for Drama

Kate Williamson

McClurg Trophy for Theatre Arts

Cindy McPetrie/Heather Taylor

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Meredith Keegan/Frances Kiewitz

Choral Prize

Meredith Keegan/Alexandra Mallet

Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences

Tanya Bostock

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities

Jane Franco

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy

Emer Uttley

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library

Tanya Bostock

Rotary Prize

Louise McCance-Price

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

Tanya Bostock

Best all-round Sportswoman of the Year

Theresa Bridgman

Prize for Good Sportsmanship

Deborah West/Mandy Lanning

Proxime Accessit

Ashleigh Dunn

Dux of the School

Jane Eedes

The Headmistress's Prize for loyal service to the School

Tebogo Skwambane

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Lucinda Lombardi

Old Herschel Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership

Suzanne Louw

TAALBOND 1989 RESULTS

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Met Lof:

Berthall Louw Coreleze Wege Yolanda Williams

Gewone Graad:

Hanifa Banderker	Lynne Bied	Abigail Daniels
Eva Disler	Michelle du Toit	Jane Eedes
Susan Evered	Tania Fourie	Claire Howse
Suzanne Louw	Elizabeth Mallet	Doranne McDonald
Lulibo Msengana		

Gewone Graad:

Shireen Banderker	Hillbee Cardwell	Tanya Cohen
Nina Daniel	Dominique de Keyser	Ashleigh Dunn
Amanda Gersh	Nisreen Hendricks	Saad Jacobs
Meredith Keegan	Frances Kiewitz	Lucinda Lombardi
Lella Mohamed	Sarah McCarthy	Alexandra Owenstone
Portia Rayners	Tebogo Skwambane	Tracey Smith
Anthea Stephens	Heather Taylor	Pamela Thompson
Sandra van Hoogstraten		

Laer Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Met Lof:

Louise McCance-Price

Hoër Graad

Lisa Black	Lindsay Bonner	Jane Boyes
Donna Christie	Diana Gurney	Zahira Hansa
Celeste Holmes	Alexandra Mallet	Katherine McAdam
Carol Miller	Bridget O'Neill	Katherine O'Neill
Dianne Pentz	Christina Raimondo	Emer Uttley
Deborah West	Lauren Wright	Emma Wynne-Edwards

Gewone Graad:

Shameema Arieff	Deborah Blumberg	Laura Fitzpatrick
Fiona Jack	Jodi Kantor	Tania Lange
Mandy Lanning	Kirsty Leith	

Voorbereidende Afrikaanse Taaleksamen

Hoër Graad:

Janine Hutton	Samantha Morelli	Lesley Ralpin
Kate Williamson		

Gewone Graad:

Sally Blackman	Lisa Turner	Theresa Bridgman
Carianne Wilkison	Nira Lincoln	Sascha Williams
Cindy McPetrie	Linda Theunissen	

INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES

Swimming

U/15 (U/14) Medley	Tamsin O'Hanlon	Rolt
Open Medley	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Breaststroke Cup	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Open Crawl	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Backstroke Cup	Carolyn Lander	Jagger
Open Butterfly	Shaene Kingma	Merriman
Freestyle Cup	Kirsten Tharing	Jagger
U/16 Champion	Kirsten Tharing	Jagger
Open Champion	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Old Girls Trophy		Jagger
U/14 Champion	Tamsin O'Hanlon	Rolt

Diving

Diving Champion	Jessamy O'Hanlon	Rolt
Diving Shield		Merriman

Squash

Senior Champion	Debbie West	Rolt
U/16 Champion	Caroline McGahey	Rolt
Most Improved Player	Kirsten Tharing	Jagger

Hockey

Most Promising Player	Belinda Boyes	Rolt
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Netball

Most Promising Player	Dinah Miller	Rolt
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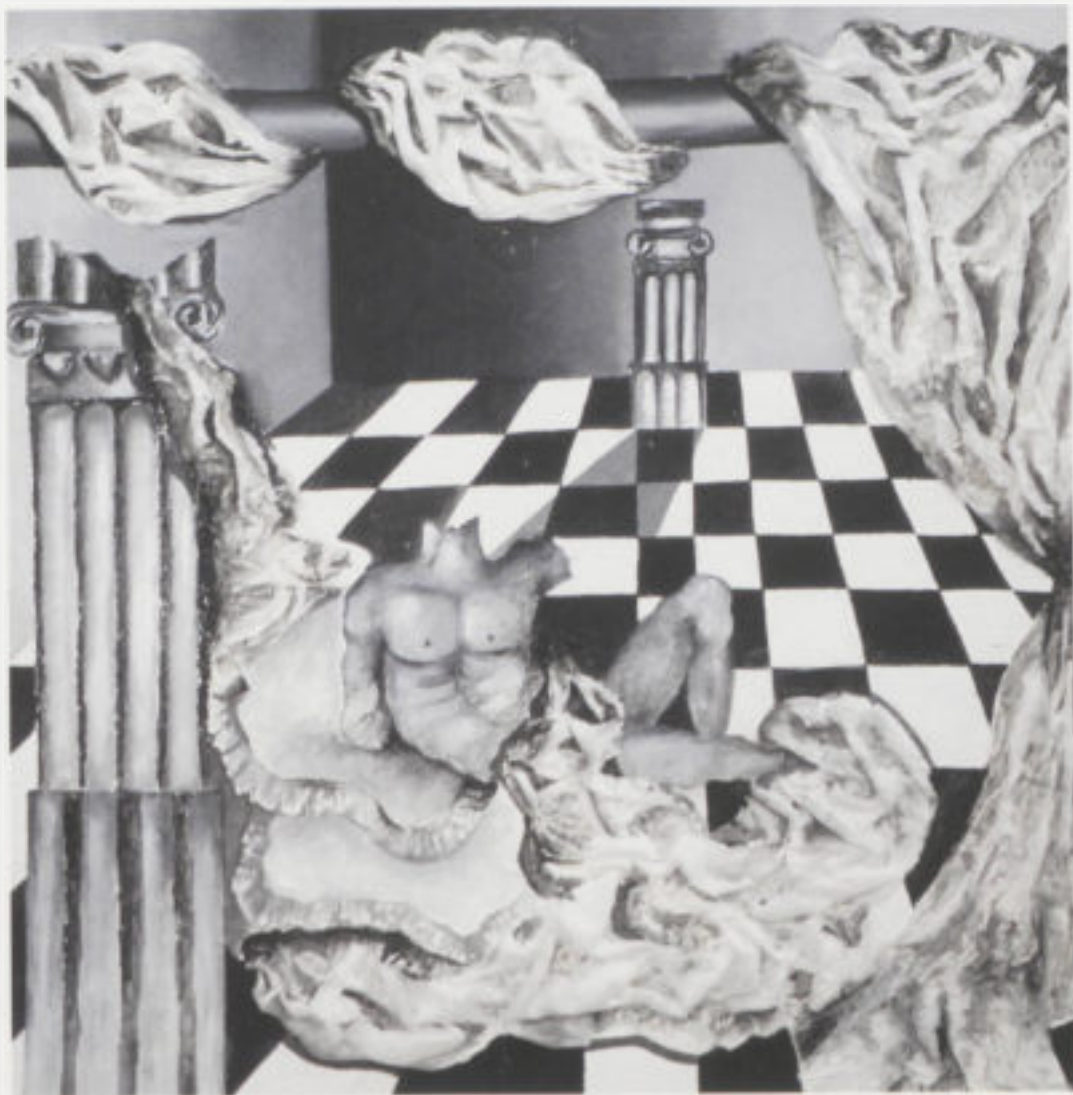
Best All Round

Sportsgirl	Theresa Bridgman	Jagger
Inter-House Swimming		Jagger
Inter-House Diving		Merriman
Inter-House Tennis		Merriman
Inter-House Squash		Rolt
Inter-House Netball		Rolt & Merriman
Inter-House Hockey		

ACHIEVEMENTS 1990

Western Province Schools Open A Squash	Deborah West
Western Province Schools U/16A Squash	Barbara Vincent
Western Province Schools Open Swimming	Nicola Clegg
Western Province Schools Open Swimming	Kirsten Tharing
Western Province Schools U/14 Synchronised Swimming	Gabi Christie
Western Province Schools Water Polo Captain (WPB)	Theresa Bridgman
Western Province Schools Water Polo (WPB)	Gina Malherbe
Western Province Currie Cup Open Swimming	Nicola Clegg
	Kirsten Tharing
Western Province Open B Underwater Hockey	Carolyn Lander
Western Province Equestrian 1989	Annabel Owenstone
Western Province Equestrian 1990 Supreme Champion	Amber Ramadan
Inter Schools Swimming Gala	Herschel won 1990
Inter Schools Standard 6 - A Section Netball	Herschel won 1990
Inter Schools Standard 6 - B Section Netball	Herschel won 1990
Inter Schools Squash	Herschel tied 1st with Rustenburg
Afrikaans Olympiad	Grethe Zwiggelaar top 50
	Silke Berens in top 100
English Olympiad	Moir Rose in top 100
Mathematics Olympiad	Tanya Bostock - Finalist
Computer Olympiad	Michell Kuttel - 2nd in WP; 3rd in SA
Science Expo - Geography Section	Emma Clark and Dominique du Plessis - 1st Prize
1991 Rotary Exchange Student	Louise McCance Price

The Mary Muller Picture of the Year



Donna Christie





Alexandra Mallet



Grethe Zwiigelaar



Fiona Jack



Sally Blackman



PREFECTS

Standing: L McCance-Price, A Dunn, M Lanning, J Eedes, T Bridgman, G Zwiegelaar, F Jack

Seated: T Skuambane (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs C Dunleavy (Deputy Head), S Louw (Headgirl), Mrs P Duff (Headmistress), L Lombardi (Head Boarder)



CLASS PREFECTS 1990

Standing: C McPetrie, B O'Neill, C Raimondo

Seated: H Taylor, Mrs P Allen, A Mallet, Mrs P Duff, L Raffin



BOARDING HOUSE COMMITTEE

*Standing: D West, T Bridgman, J Essery, H Taylor, M Lanning, G Zuliege-
laar, T Lange*

*Seated: T Skuambane, Mrs V Bester (Lady Warden), L Lombardi (Head
Boarder), Mrs C du Preez (Matron), E Uttley*



SUB A TO MATRIC

Back Row: B O'Neill, S Louw, A Mallet

Front Row: T Lange, P Thompson, S Arieff

JAGGER

JAGGER HOUSE REPORT

1990 has proved to be a very busy and exciting year for all the members of Jagger. If I have learnt anything at all this year, it is that running a house is not as easy as it appears to be and I would have been unable to achieve all that has been achieved without the loyal support of the girls.

I thank the matric for supporting me and especially Pamela Thompson and Theresa Bridgman. Your help proved invaluable to me. Among others I would like to thank Caroline Sedgewick, Gina Malherbe, Jeanine Bendzulla and Emma Whitaker for their constant support, participation and spirit.

This year started on an exuberant and triumphant note, when our girls all pulled together and won the Interhouse swimming gala. It is incredible that out of all that chaos the girls were at the start and ready to swim when it was expected of them. Of course, this being the most important event, we stepped back and allowed the other houses some glory.

We did not, however, lose our sense of spirit and everything was entered into with a great sense of fun. For our Interhouse play Caroline Sedgewick directed the play 'As Good As New', with Alida Wilkin, Jeanine Bendzulla, Kate Growse, Nicki Malherbe and Katie Thompson as the hilarious cast.

With the help of Jeanine Bendzulla and Linda Theunissen we managed to show that originality is not dead when we produced our own rendition of 'Wild Thing' which the girls entered into with much spirit after a somewhat uncertain beginning.

The Jagger girls have proved to me that they all have many talents of which to be proud and that, even when they don't win, they are always putting maximum effort in and, most importantly, having fun.

I thank all girls in Jagger and hope that next year they re-establish their intellectual superiority. I also hope that next year is happy and fruitful for all of you.

Good Luck!

SUE EVERED (House Captain)



Jagger

Back Row: C Molteni, H Young, K Hunter, L Le Roux, K Johnson, L Thomas, T Voigt, T L Melville, N Mgudlwa, H Barr

2nd Top Row: M Craig, F Milne, C Barry, J Bendzulla, M Goldberg, H Sparks, C Sedgewick, G Malherbe, A Wilkin, A Baxter, R Haylett

3rd Top Row: L Leinburger, J Heath, W Scholtz, R Khanji, C Convery, R Sturgeon, C Lander, N Becket, M Kuttel, L Fisher, M Rose, T Capri

Middle Row: T van der Burgh, L Cowan, R Ismail, K Thompson, C Ferry, P Stableford-Smith, B Loghdey, J Wallace, T Parker, K Thaning, N Malherbe, L Gant, M du Preez, A Sturgeon

3rd Front Row: T Bridgeman, G Zwigelsaar, B Welch, M Taylor, K Growse, A Williams, S Armstrong, K Johnson, K Johnson, S Cruise, C Pratt, N Wallace, S Roman, M Kennedy, V Naidoo, K Heath, V Argles, S Boardman, A Dunn, S Louw

Seated: J Franco, T Lange, L Theunissen, S Evered (House Capt), Mrs Allen (Housemistress), A Mallet, P Thompson, C Raimondo, C Holmes

Front Row: F Khan, P Nofit, R Petersen, G Abbott, A Theunissen, N Isaacs, H Bawington, L Gordon, C Ross, K Willis

MERRIMAN

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

This year has been an extremely successful one for Merriman having won 6 out of the 10 Interhouse events. The year started with Interhouse speaking which we won with Cathy Moodie speaking in the senior section and Andra Ngani winning the junior section. Well done to both of you! The house braai was a lot of fun and all diets were broken and new records in gluttony were set. Jacqui Evertse and Libby Hirshon reached new heights in the art of playing Chubby Bunny!

The gala was a great success and we were placed 2nd but we excelled in the house spirit department. "The Cagebirds" was the play which displayed the Merriman dramatic talent that won the Interhouse plays. Everyone was very impressed by all who took part in the plays and I would like to say a big thank you to all the Standard 9's for working so hard and to Claire-Marie and Melanie for directing them.

A big congratulations to our divers who won the Diving Shield for us and congratulations to Leigh-Anne Bird and Gabbi Christie who came 2nd and 3rd respectively in the individual category. Tennis was a lot of fun and thanks so much to the 10 girls who took part and we took second place. Well done! Squash was a great success and well done to Barbs "Hop-a-long" Vincent and all those who played so well. Needless to say, Merriman came first.

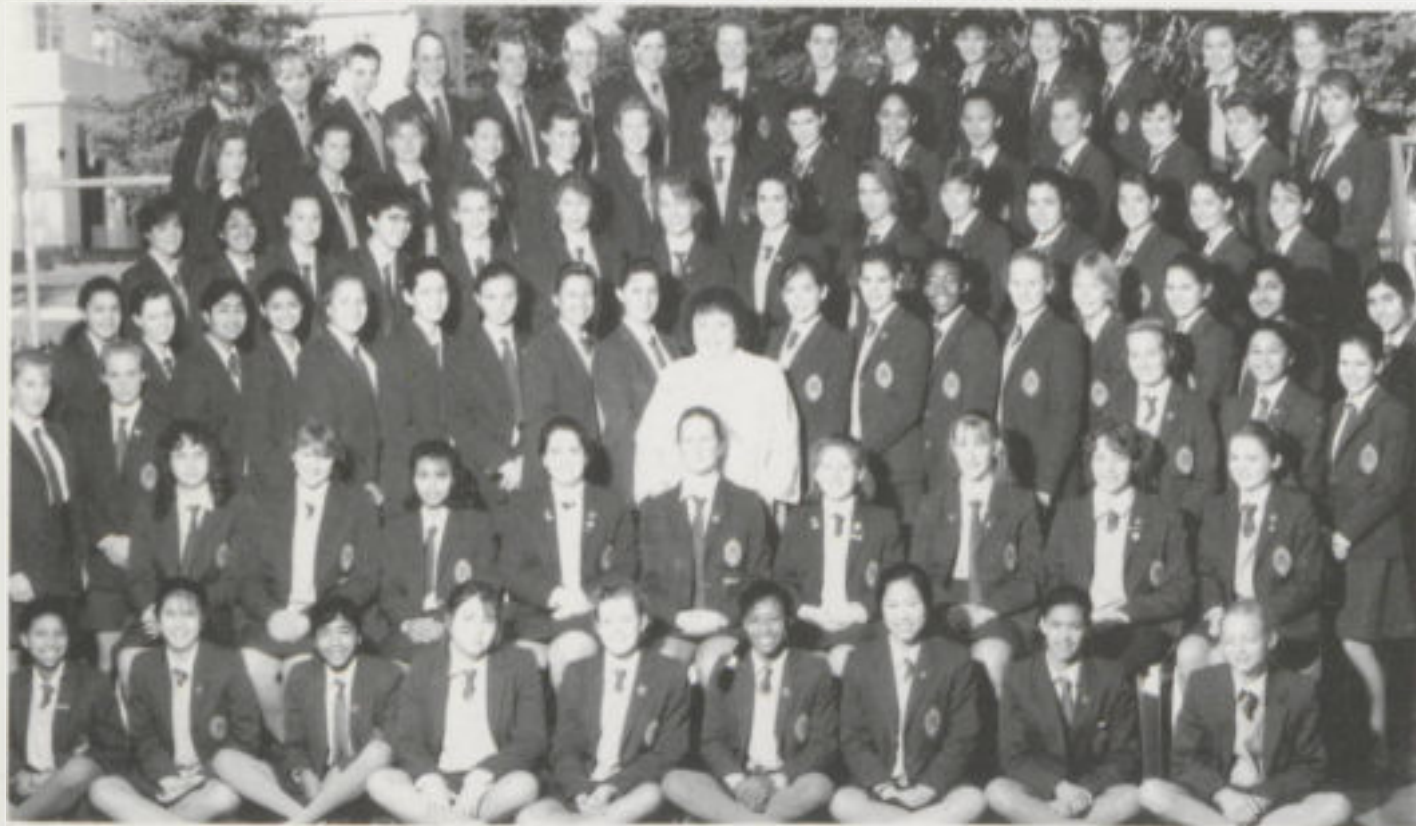
Our General Knowledge isn't quite up to scratch (or rather mine isn't) but I would like to say thanks to Arlene Benjamin and Nicola Clegg who managed to conceal our lack of talent in the General Knowledge area.

"All my loving" was sung with great enthusiasm and I want to say an enormous thank you to the entire house for giving up their time and putting so much effort into such a successful event. Each and every one of you was wonderful and the judges obviously agreed with me! Well done to all of you* who entered the Eisteddfod - you were all great.

Our netball team was handicapped with so many absent but the event was a lot of fun and congratulations to Jenny Ratcliffe who is our champion goal-scorer. Rolt and Merriman were the worthy winners of the Interhouse Hockey and our house spirit was evident in our loud singing (or should I say shouting!).

Thanks so much also to Lindsay Marx and Cathy Moodie for organising a House Book. Merriman has gone from strength to strength this year and has become a very united and happy house. The people who are responsible for this are the house members themselves and they have been incredibly enthusiastic and energetic and have never failed to display tremendous house spirit. I would like to thank Mrs Brathwaite for being amazingly supportive and, above all, I would like to thank the house for making this such a great year. There are many people whose names I have not mentioned but everybody has been so involved and I would not have space to thank everyone. This whole report could be summed up in two words and those are "Thank you". I am really very proud to be able to say that I was the Head of Merriman.

KATE WILLIAMSON (House Captain)



Merriman

Back Row: A Ngani, C Kaye, L Hartnady, N Clegg, C von Dugteren, L Forsythe, S Rice, S de Wet, C Coyne, C Chapman, D van Schaik, B Vincent, S Kingma, A Owenstone, J Ratcliff

2nd Top Row: C Hartwell, P Frith, L Marx, K Ybung, D Gray, D Carolin, H Richards, N Schonborn, M van Schaik, C Mathews, J Evertse, C-M Schonborn, N Bath, L-A Bird

3rd Top Row: J Burchell, R Deva, P Rice, E Hill, T Siebert, M de Bruin, D du Plessis, M Wright, L Louw, C Femor, M Rice, J Burchell, A Kempthorne, C Moodie
2nd Standing Row: R Bignaut, M Shaw, F Isaacs, R Poole, T Hammond, N Dryden-Diamond, S Wolff, C Berry, J Bowden, C McIntosh, R Yelland, I Groepies, L Reid, C Roberts, C Truter, J Devo, C Rice

1st Standing Row: E Hirshon, G Crosshurst, Mrs Brathwaite (House Head), N Munroe, N Kjee, D Botes

Seated: M Keegan, I Essery, N Hendricks, L Wright, K Williamson (House Capt), L Raffin, T Bostock, C McPetrie, S Blackman

Floor: E Thalpane, M Fowler, N Mohamed, A Sheldene, G Christie, A Benjamin, N Jackson, T Christina, S Strachen

ROLT

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

1990 started off on a high note with the annual House Braai which was held at my home in Constantia. There seemed to be a happy atmosphere as the girls sat on the lawn practising songs for the first Interhouse event. Our traditional Rolt game "Chubby Bunny" was played with the usual enthusiasm and a new jaw-breaking record was reached. Later on in the evening Jagger raided, resulting in a soaked Rolt house captain. The braai was a great success and a high note from which I was able to raise the house spirit.

This has also been a rewarding year for Rolt as we have come out with winning colours in many of the Interhouse events this year. For the sports orientated Interhouse events, Rolt did extremely well showing some incredible talent. The first Interhouse event, swimming, was not one of Rolt's highlights but our team swam extremely well, and thank you to the rest of the girls for their support, which was bursting with spirit and enthusiasm. Sports seemed to be Rolt's strong point as we went on to win Interhouse tennis, netball and hockey which we shared with Merriman. Although squash, diving and swimming were won by the other houses, however Rolt's support was really wonderful.

Onto a more cultural note, the House Plays were a great success and I thank Emma O'Hanlon and Shanna Pederson and all the girls back stage for all their organisation. The Public Speaking was a highlight on the cultural front and although Rolt did not win, we did receive a prize for the best speaker. The Interhouse General Knowledge event this year was also enthusiastically supported by the whole school, as the three house teams consisting of junior, middle and senior representatives battled it out on stage with Rolt the victors once again.

It has been a memorable year for me and I sincerely thank Mac Louw for all she has done, she really has been a great help and a pillar of support. Rolt girls give next year all you've got. I will miss you all and would also like to take this opportunity to wish next year's Head of House the best of luck. Thank you to Kate and Sue the other Heads for their good sportmanship. Thank you Rolt its been a real honour.

DONNA CHRISTIE (House Captain)



Rolt

Back Row: C Noakes, J Peters, S Pederson, B Boyes, F Bradshaw, D Millar, A Ramsden, R Wynne, E O'Hanlon, K Rorich, N Danford, L Morkel, E Clarke, Z Africa, C Krottenberger
 2nd Last Row: B Notten, E Ramsay, R Bracher, T Rutherford, N Cronin, S Vasiljevic, N Ngcaweni, K Adams, K Jackson, V Wood, Y Young, F Robertson, F Glen, V Cougill, V Goodwin, D Wynne
 3rd Last Row: M van Zyl, T Lay, A Smith, S Futter, N Biden, J Bradshaw, N McQueen, S Byers, P Chagan, N Lalken, A Ismail, S Issa, N Murray, A Cottrell, S Snymon
 3rd Front Row: N Louw, L McKay, N Binneman, C Dorrington, S Ismail, A Engel, L Trepes, M L Spengler, Y Amine, K Royds, C Ellis-Smith, M Cottrell, S Karol, R Kodale, S Woods, H Martin
 Seated: E Uttley, B O'Neill, L Lombardi, D Christie (House Capt), Mac Louw (Head of House), J Eedes, D West, L Mohamed, F Jack
 Front Row: T Cohen, S Wright, M Lanning, H Taylor, L Fitzpatrick

REPORTS

ANIMAL WELFARE

In our first meeting we watched a video given to us by the "Beauty without Cruelty" organisation, which we found most interesting, but scared us because we found out what happens to our animals and how they are being treated!

Towards the end of the term we organised an assembly in which we invited our pets. We enjoyed their company and they added some amusement to our assembly.

We sent off a petition against cruelty to animals in the Tigerberg Zoo, which hopefully helped in a small way.

We would like to thank Mrs Esterhuysen and all the members for their support.

MANDY LANNING AND PAM THOMPSON



BUSINESS ECONOMICS REPORT

Since Business Economics has been introduced in our school, it has opened doors for different and interesting careers and ideas. We have not only gained knowledge about the business world but also of the social and economic situation in our country. It has taught us to be competitive, consumer-orientated, financially aware, entrepreneurial and independent. We are now able to balance our father's cheque books! With our knowledge of business jargon we find it easier to converse with people in the business world.

With our broad understanding of Business Economics we are convinced that we will make successful business executives.

ZENOBIA AFRICA AND DEIDRE VAN SCHALKWYK

CHRISTIAN UNION REPORT

The Christian Union meets every Thursday at 1:00 pm.

At the moment the C.U. is in the process of rediscovering its very aims and role in the school. With the help of the questionnaires that were sent out, and with discussion, the C.U. hopes to establish its purpose more clearly and challenge everyone to come along and join in a variety of different events which hope to include opportunities for singing, prayer and reflection/debate and discussion, visiting speakers and outings, films and hopefully contacts with other Christian Unions.

The C.U. has enjoyed many successful events in the past such as the camp several girls went on with Mrs Brethwaite and Mrs Wilkinson at the beginning of the year. It is hoped that many more are to be enjoyed in the future – what you make of it is up to you – but EVERYBODY is most warmly welcome to come along and join in.

SENIOR CHOIR REPORT

Choir Leaders: A Mallet, M Keegan

Choir Members: N Davies, H Barr, T Capri, C Coyne, C Convery, C Chapman, L Davies, C van Dugteren, C Ellis-Smith, I Essery, P Gwynn-Evans, L Hartnady, M Henderson, T Hammond, F Kiewitz, A Kempthorne, L Le Roux, A Lawrence, L McCance-Price, L Meekel, L Raffin, S Rice, C Ross, C Raimondo, D Raimondo, S Ricketts, K Rorich, M Swoboda, H Sparks, R Sturgeon, T Siebert, L Wright, G Zwigelaar.

This year has once again been very eventful for the choir and our activities commenced almost as soon as we returned back to school. On the 27 January we sang at 2 weddings and in February we sang Schubert's "The Lord's my Shepherd" on Founders' Day. In March we performed at an "Evening of Music" in which the chamber choir and Main choir sang a variety of songs and madrigals.

The second term was spent preparing for the numerous activities scheduled for the third and fourth terms. The choral evening on 29 August was held to raise funds for the grand piano and was outstandingly beautiful. It was a full programme comprising soloist, Junior and Senior choirs. Dorrit Zeleniak was our guest artist. We were particularly proud as she is an old Herschelian (and choir leader). Her programme was varied ranging from Pergolesi to Bernstein – the latter group of 5 short songs entitled "I hate music" were very entertaining and appreciated by all.

The senior choir opened the programme with 2 songs and both middle and senior choirs accompanied Dorrit in Laudate Dominum by Mozart and the Barcarolle from the Tales of Hoffmann by Offenbach. The last song rounded off the programme well with both choirs and two soloists (Dorrit and Meredith Keegan).

We regret to add that although this event was very well advertised the attendance was poor.

Our forthcoming events include singing at the Nurse's Graduation ceremony (19 October) and Speech Day. We also look forward to singing at Nicky Dauncey's wedding as well as the annual Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at St Saviour's.

Once again many thanks to Miss Sweet for all her time and dedication and also to Mrs Tyson and Mrs Geesty, the accompanists.

MEREDITH KEEGAN AND ALIX MALLET



Main Choir

Back Row: L. Morkel, L. Hornady, H. Barr, C. Coyne, S. Rice, C. van Dugteren, M. Skwoboda, M. Henderson, I. Essery
 Middle Row: H. Sparks, L. Wright, S. Coyne, F. Kiewitz, A. Lawrence, K. Rorich, R. Capri, G. Zwiigelaar, C. Convery, N. Bath, C. Raimondo
 Front Row: C. Ross, L. Davies, A. Benjamin, S. Ricketts, A. Kempthorne, A. Mallet (Leader), Miss Sweet, M. Keegan (Leader), P. Guynn-Evans, T. Hammond, C. Ellis-Smith, L. McCance-Price, L. Raffin.



Chamber Choir

Back Row: F. Kiewitz, I. Essery, A. Mallet (Leader), M. Keegan (Leader), S. Rice, K. Rorich, G. Zwiigelaar
 Front Row: C. Ross, S. Ricketts, L. Wright, H. Sparks, Miss Sweet, C. Convery, C. Raimondo, L. McCance-Price, L. Raffin



Junior Choir

Standing: T. Siebert, S. Vasiljevic, L. Le Roux, K. Jackson, E. Hill, W. Scholtz, B. Notten
 Front Row: H. Bravington, K. Johnson, I. Groepies, R. Yelland, L. Reid, P. Nofill, N. Isaacs, Miss C. Sweet

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT

The Historical Society started the year on a heated note when six Standard 9 and Standard 10 pupils debated the topic, "Stalin must rank alongside Hitler as the greatest tyrant of modern time". Both sides fought admirably, however the Standard 9's, proposing the topic, eventually won.

In March of this year four Standard 8 girls entertained us when they presented biographies of four well-known historical figures, namely Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Queen Victoria and Edward VII. They shed new light on these famous people and told us many interesting anecdotes not always written in our text books.

One of the highlights of the year, came in April, when, thanks to much hard work by Mrs Beames, we held an "historical pictorial" game. Six teams participating in the competition. Selected "artists" from each team were given the difficult task of converting words into drawings. Much difficulty was found in illustrating "The Bay of Pigs" and "Prince of Wales". The game was finally won by a Standard 8 team.

In the third term, Mrs Strebel and the members of the society engaged in a discussion about apartheid. This proved to be extremely topical.

We are looking forward to a debate, later in this term, between the Standard 8's and Standard 9's. The topic: "Was the atomic bomb a viable solution to ending the Second World War?"

LAURA FITZPATRICK

INTERACT REPORT 1989/1990

It has, once again, been an incredibly busy year for our Social Responsibility Club, Interact. We've done many exciting things and have all had an amazing amount of fun, gaining personal reward for our various activities.

We started off at the end of 1989 with a few cake sales, various street collecting ventures for the SPCA, The Western Cape Cerebral Palsy Association, Red Cross Children's Hospital, Dominican-Grimley School among others. We then received a letter from the Claremont Innerwheel Club president, Di Coughton, asking us to assist with collecting tins and packeted food for needy families on the Cape Flats. This we did by getting the whole school involved and we ended up with a whole car of Pick'n Pay packets full of tins. They were much appreciated.

On 5 December, we had the annual groundstaff Christmas party which was a great success, with Mr Greenwood as our beloved Father Christmas! Also in 1989, we took part in the 40hr Famine, helped at a fete for St Luke's Hospice, sold roses for the Child Protection Society at Constantia Village and Maynard Mall and finished the year with many new ideas for the following one, 1990.

1990 Brought many appeals for help with which we were only too happy to comply. Our first major project which we had started organising in 1989, was "One to One Day", a day where 30 interact groups came together to give 200 mentally handicapped children a fun-filled day. It took place on 11 February and all our interactors had a part in it. We ran a stall of CLOWN FACE PAINTING and we all made clown faces with paper plates, wool for hair and cutely drawn faces so that the kids could take something away with him. Sarah Baigrie and Manuela Mello were in clown suits and they accompanied the mayor of Cape Town to the stage. Many of us painted faces while others were "friends" to a child and took him/her around. It was a huge success and it was extremely rewarding to be a part of such a big project involving so many people.

Claremont Rotary Club continues to be a loving fatherly hand, always there when we need them. Mr Paul Lee always attends our meetings, passes on appeals, gives tremendous encouragement and is, himself, a devoted member of Herschel Interact! One such appeal was to assist with the handing out of refreshments on the "Running Leg" of the Good Hope 100 on 14 October 1989. We all got up at 5:30 am and had a fantastic time being out in the early morning. We were most pleasantly surprised by a cheque of R100 which we received to add to our funds. In March '90, we also rose with the sparrows to assist at the start and the finish of the Argus M-Net Cycle Tour. The excitement of the race ran high and we were all caught up in the "best ever" Argus M-Net Cycle Tour as the cyclists prepared to leave. Another donation was greatly appreciated and our funds swelled that much more, thank you.

We had more contact with St Luke's Hospice as we sold cheese and tomato snackwiches at Liewenhof Gardens for their annual fete. The Friday afternoon saw many Interactors buttering 21 loaves of bread, slicing boxes of tomatoes and getting very domesticated! The following day was the selling of them and we raised over R250 for this worthy cause.

At Easter time, the Interactors involved the whole school in being the big Easter Bunny for Lelieblom House. We collected over 600 eggs. The grateful smiles on the underprivileged children's faces were enough to wish Easter came every month.

Ashleigh Dunn, Vice-President, and I went to hear a young woman, from the South African National Cancer Association. She had Lymphatic Cancer and appealed to us to raise funds for the Association. We were so moved, as were 20 other Interact Club Presidents and Vice-Presidents that we decided on a big fund raiser. We arranged the first ever "Herschel Interact 24hr Video Marathon" it was tremendous fun and prizes were given to our achievers that evening. Louise Thomas raised the most money and knitted away while staying awake the entire evening. We certainly had our fill of popcorn and videos! While we were watching, however, we were also knitting squares to form blankets for a creche in Khayalitsha. We raised over R1000!

An appeal arrived to help the new Haven Night Shelter establish itself in Claremont, so we have decided to donate our cake sale money to help them in their worthy cause.

The 1990 Interact Conference was held in Somerset West. It was the "best Conference ever" (I quote from many sources!) Over 300 Interactors were present and it was a prime example of an "Interaction Day". We had speakers as well as Rotary Exchange Students speak to us, a braai, a disco and lots of fun. Good Luck to the new Committee as they have to organise it at Herschel in 1991!

Interest in the Rotary Exchange Programme has been very high as we have often hosted exchange students at Herschel. We have just said goodbye to Vreneli Kosibel who returned to Germany in July. We invited 3 ex-exchange students (now Rotex) to come and speak to the club. Mark Bailey (Minnesota), David Becker (Arizona) and Sue Pitt (Germany). They were enthusiastically received. Of course Mark was very good looking! The lecture theatre seemed far too small that lunch time!

On the 19 June, Ashleigh, Mrs Speck and I attended the Induction Dinner of the new Claremont Rotary President, Mark Lancaster. We said goodbye to a fantastic outgoing President, Eion Brown, who has led the club by fine example. The new Rotary Motto is "Honour Rotary with Faith and Enthusiasm" and I hope that our new committee will do so with Interact.

Mrs Speck arrived at the beginning of the year and took Interact under her wing as Mrs Allen had far too many other responsibilities. Mrs Speck was all bubble and enthusiasm and she really motivated us with her talk and ideas. We all thank her for all the time and effort she has put into Interact in the short time that she has been here.

Finally, old bones must be thrown out as we hand over our positions to the new Interact Committee. Shanna Pedeson - President, Claire Christie - Vice-President, Fathgaya Isaacs - Secretary, Vanessa Cowgill - Treasurer, Barbara Vincent and Robyn Sturgeon - Committee Members. We wish them the best of luck for the coming year and we hope that you will all gain personal rewards as you serve our community.

After a super year, yours in Interact.

LOUISE MCCANCE-PRICE - (President)



Interact Committee
Standing: Fiona Jack, Tanya Bostock
Sitting: Ashleigh Dunn (V.-President), Mrs C Speck,
Louise McCance-Price





MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

The Mountain Club has had a very successful year under the enthusiastic and energetic leadership of Christina Raimondo. Support has grown, particularly from the younger girls, who seem to have boundless energy and exuberance, and among staff members, parents, friends and even dogs.

There have been climbs up Table Mountain along various routes, rambles in Newlands and Cecilia Forests, walks in the Silvermine fynbos, a breathtaking climb to the top of the Helderberg Dome, and a wonderful hike in the sand dunes and along the wild rocky coast near Hawston.

During the April holidays twenty of us spend a relaxing yet very active few days in the Cedarberg. Despite the moans and groans from the unfit members of the party we climbed the Wolfberg and also hiked to the spectacular Maltese Cross. We have happy memories of the rugged, beautiful scenery, of swimming in crystal rock pools, of adrenalin surges when jumping from high rocks into deep, dark water, and of campfire camaraderie.

The third term was particularly active with preparations for the Swellendam Trail – getting together kit, “walking in” new boots, getting used to carrying heavy packs uphill and planning menus. The Trail was a great success – with ideal weather conditions, with the mountain slopes covered in sweet scented flowers and with an enthusiastic group of girls who needed no “nurse minding”, whose feet seemed impervious to blisters and who remained cheerful and considerate at all times. The five magical and exhilarating days spent in the Langeberg Mountains will be remembered and treasured by us all.

Reflections on the Swellendam Trail

“As I look through the back window of the bus, back up towards the mountains in which we spent five days, I think of so many thoughts and feelings all at once that it is hard to write about such an amazing adventure. For the first time I felt as though the world had stopped as we lost all track of dates and hours. We got to know ourselves and each other so well. It was a very special trip for me and a wonderful experience to share.”

EMMA WHITTAKER – STANDARD 6

“The highlight of each day was coming over a hill or around a corner and seeing the green roof of the next hut in the distance.”

CHANTALLE MCGAHEY – STANDARD 8

“During our hike, Chantalle was always about 2Km behind the rest of us. She claims, ‘I don’t struggle, I just walk slowly.’ We’ve chosen this as the quote of the trail!”

MICHAELA BONE – STANDARD 8

“After a long, hot, tiring walk, I loved stripping by a waterfall or stream, plunging into icy-cold water and then warming myself, topless, in the sun.”

TAMLIN MCKEAG – STANDARD 8

“Soon the dehydrated vegetables took effect and the hut began to smell as bad as the long-drops.”

DOMITILLA RAIMONDO – STANDARD 6

“Everyone decided to sleep outside on the last night but, just before bedtime, baboons were heard and seen so everyone took fright and fled indoors leaving only Tilla and me.”

ANDREA SERRITSLEV – STANDARD 6

“During the campfire concert, Tammy and I went around the back of the enclosure and pretended to be baboons. When we barked, ‘BAH-HOO’, the Standard 6’s became terrified and some of them began to cry.”

PHILIPPA GWYNNE-EVANS – STANDARD 8

“It was late on the 3rd night of our trip. We were all snuggled up in bed. Every few seconds there was a loud thud on the roof. After a while, everyone was frantic, convinced that the baboons were having a sports day, throwing oranges. Or was it a leopard? Everyone sleeping on the top bunks, dashed down to the bottom in a flash! Emma then explained that the drop in temperature made the roof contract and so, feeling reassured by that “bof” idea, we blew out our candles ready to nod off when suddenly Emma screeched! There was a large, hairy spider crawling towards her. After a dreadful racket the Standard 8’s came into our room in a vicious mood! Mrs Feast arrived shortly afterwards and she spent about half an hour comforting us with stories about the stars. It was really great to have a second Mum around!”

ALISON LOUW & SARAH CARTER – STANDARD 6

“On the 3rd night we were terrified by all the strange noises and we desperately needed the loo. None of us dared to open the door to get to the long-drops in the dark so we all relieved ourselves in a big black bin bag. And guess who had to empty it the following morning? Moi, Kim.”

KIM DURR – STANDARD 6

“On the fourth day, Mrs Feast and Miss Poles took a longer route and, as evening drew near, we began to worry about their safety. Alison, Jess, Sarah and I went up the steep slope behind our hut to look for them. We were having fun making baboon noises and Alison and Sarah decided to return to the hut to fetch an SOS whistle. When they got there they heard real baboons close by! Meanwhile, we thought it was simply them trying to scare us. When we realised the truth we flew down the slope to safety, terrified! Alison and Kim met us in tears – they were sure we’d be eaten alive!”

KIRSTEN FELTZ – STANDARD 6

“On the last night we made a big fire and had our campfire concert. We all sang songs, presented skits and dances – it was great fun! The Swellendam Trail was really interesting and exciting (I loved swimming in the Coca Cola – coloured rock pools) and if I could do it again, I would!”

JESSAMY O’HANLON – STANDARD 6

MRS C FEAST

ORANGE RIVER ADVENTURE

During the June holidays a large group of senior girls accompanied by Mrs Speck and Mrs Feast, spent an exciting five days canoeing down the Orange River. We left Herschel early on a Sunday morning and everything ran quite smoothly on the way up to SWA until one of the minibuses, we were travelling in, broke down, and six rather unfortunate girls had to wait on a pavement in PICKETBURG for 2½ unbearable hours, before Mrs Speck’s husband came to our rescue!

We finally arrived at our base camp, “PROVINCE” which was not quite as we had expected it to be – there were no “lodgings!” Well, that night we slept under the stars after having eaten a delicious braai which had been prepared for us.

The next day was our first day in the water and although the canoeing took some getting used to, by the end of the day we were quite happy and enjoying our adventure down the Orange River.

We stopped at a spot for lunch each day and towards late afternoon we would set up camp at a suitable spot alongside the river. Baboon and leopard footprints were some getting used to at first but the warm fires, hot chocolate and camp fire singing made up for any fears which we might have had.

Our guides, Tammy and Mickey were really great – always willing to help and extremely patient. We all had a wonderful time. It was most definitely a good experience. Canoeing down the Orange River is an incredible adventure which we all would love to do again. Thank you.

BELINDA BOYES

POTTIE TRAINING AS AN EXTRA

The Approach to Clay in Herschel's Pottery/Ceramic Dept. Rosemary Lapping-Sellars reports:

Living constitutes change, and by changing we grow. This is not only applicable to a vibrant organism but to everything which is vital and active. In the case of Herschel's Ceramic Department the vital activity of over one hundred young people, who visit the studio weekly, confirms the very nature of life itself.

In the second term of 1990 I took sabbatical leave to visit Britain to study the methodology of teaching children through the medium of clay. I attended workshops, listened to lectures, spoke to teachers, visited art departments and became engrossed in the study of art as both a therapeutic and an educative medium. I returned home knowing that my own personal relationship with ceramics had to change and my approach to teaching had to shift in order to accommodate this altered perception.

Having trained as a potter and fine artist, I had always stressed the need to produce fine objects to my students; authenticity of and integrity to the medium playing an important role. Observation over time has taught me however that the process of creativity is far more important to the children than the final object itself, and that the memory of both the process and of the learning experience can have more of a lasting effect on the development of the child than the making and keeping of an article.

Preconceived aesthetic tenets have become reassessed and analysed as our children are now raised to relook at and question everything. Visual data which screams from advertising slogans, magazines and television is so manipulated and prepackaged that the children's source of imagery is based very often on an unreal, media-based source. Pop-Art in the sixties was born in this way and the throb of its vibrant beat can still be felt. The pottery object as container has to undergo a radical change in aesthetics as the birth of its modern post-war cousin, The Plastic Pot, has provided a

brightly coloured, exciting an inexpensive alternative. Hand in hand with this concept goes the attitude to the medium of clay itself. The orthodox methods of making pots, whereby a clay object was carefully made, fired and glazed would now appear rather restrictive in the world of today's child where all the rules and restrictions have been challenged and tested.

Yet clay as a medium for expression has no substitute. With its infinite possibilities, clay provides an excellent plastic responsiveness and, with its capacity for sensuous fantasy, can break through the veneer of superficial sophistication, offering the child an honest way for self expression. Watching television will stimulate by way of passive involvement, whereas when the child is actively involved in creative activities, the path for self discovery is wide open.

Children are stimulated and excited by the objects they produce, and being products of the nineties, they respond strongly to the visual stimulation which the media have provided. Thus our clay has to work for them and the fired objects have to be subjected to all sorts of aesthetic demands. Glaze has become only one way to paint the surface and very often a variety of media from enamels and glitter, to sequins and feathers are needed to achieve the required result. The precarious balance between allowing the children free expression and at the same time disciplining their play in a goal-directed fashion can be a difficult and challenging one.

One of the ways which we have coped this year with the ever-increasing demands of the children, is to have more than one teacher in the class. I have been ably assisted by an art teacher who has provided both help and alternative stimulation to what is now a full complement of 120 students. Gone are the days when pottery classes were but a part-time exercise for a pottery teacher. Today it is back to basics with a full scale study in using clay as an added, and at times alternative, medium for education and development of the child's growth. Pottie training for me has only just begun.

ROSEMARY LAPPING-SELLARS



HERSCHEL EISTEDDFOD

Herschel held its first Eisteddfod on 20 June 1990 from 09h00 until 14h30. Categories included: Drama, Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Public Speaking, Dance, Photography, Literature and Fine Art.

The Eisteddfod was organised and co-ordinated by Mr Bruce Riley, Director of Arts. Some outstanding adjudicators were secured for this happening, the proceedings of which reached a climax in the Gala Evening and Pritewinner's Concert. Dr Dulcie Howes graciously consented to hand out the awards, afterwards.

Part of the Gala Evening was the Interhouse Singing Competition, which proved to be great fun, both for the girls and for the enthusiastic audience. Each house had to sing a set song "Fill the world with love" and then one of their own choice. Although Merriman won this section of the Eisteddfod, the overall winner was Rolt. (Points had been allocated throughout the day for participants in the various sections).

Junior, Intermediate and Senior prizes were awarded in the three main categories: Visual Arts, Music, Speech and Drama.

The Best all Round Performance, (A beautiful silver salver donated by Bruce Riley), was awarded to Kate Williamson.

The winning house, Rolt, was awarded The Louis Karol Award, a magnificent silver fruit bowl.

We would like to thank all our donors who ensured the Eisteddfod would be a rewarding venture.

Bruce Riley is to be congratulated on running a highly successful event and we look forward to many more in the future.

MUSIC REPORT

This year has housed events for the Music Department under the good guidance and support of Miss Sweet. After many years, the old tradition of the Easter Service was started again, with the choir singing. The lunch hour concerts held every second Wednesday, continued this year and have helped girls tremendously in performing in front of an audience.

A successful "Evening of Music" took place at the end of the first term, with the Prep. choir and the recorder ensemble performing. At the end of the second term, Herschel held its first Eisteddfod, and many musicians participated and obtained Diplomas and Honours.

This year Silke Berens, Thandi Siebert and Nicola Wallace entered the Royal School Associated Board of Theory Examination Grade 5, and passed. Many girls also entered the practical exam on 11 and 12 September.

Many girls entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod. Clare Ellis-Smith obtained 1 Honours and 4 Merits, Mary Henderson, 4 Merits and Thandi Siebert 1 Merit, all playing the piano. The Senior School Music Department has not been the only part of the music department that has been busy. The Preparatory School Music Workshops were held in the 1st and 3rd term and all music pupils participated with many parents supporting them. Jacki Gordon entered the Cape Town Eisteddfod and obtained a Diploma, Honours and Merit award, and she won the Minor Music Scholarship to Herschel Senior School. Jenny Bradshaw obtained Honours and a Merit, in the Eisteddfod.

The guitar folk groups started by Mrs Jack are flourishing and the girls have made a great effort to attend these sessions.

FRANCES KIEWITZ (Head Music Student)

"HAYFEVER"

The last week of the third term saw the theatre buzzing with activity as the annual play production swung into top gear. The play was Noël Coward's HAY FEVER, and the production was directed by Speech and Drama teacher, Tessa Edlmann.

The cast consisted of five girls from Herschel – Alex Smith (who played a quite outstanding Judith Bliss), Annika Larsen, Clarissa Molteno, Cathie Moodie and Emma Hill – and four pupils from Rondebosch Boys' High School. While the cast may have been fairly small, the backstage involvement was tremendous in terms of number, spirit and reliability, with the result that the production was run entirely by Herschel pupils – there was not a single teacher backstage while performances were taking place.

Valuable assistance also came from two professionals, Pip Marshall (who designed the lighting) and Peter Krummeck (who designed the set, poster and costumes). Peter became even more valuable on the night of the final performance when he stepped in and played Sandy Tynell superbly, with half-an-hour's warning. The actor who had been playing him up until then had had a motor-cycle accident on the way to the theatre! He later arrived, a bit shaken but in one piece, to watch a bit of the performance.

According to public reaction, the standard of the production and the level of enjoyment was high. We hope to continue that level of enjoyment, leaning and creativity in next year's productions too.

DOING TYPING AS A SUBJECT AT HERSCHEL

"I think that typing is very necessary to take as a subject at school because it is a great advantage in future careers. This subject is also helpful in the computer industry."

PENNY FRITH

"I find typing very useful when typing letters, school projects and notes etc. Whatever career you go into, typing will be of great use!"

SARAH RICKETTS

"It is a very relaxed subject but can be tense at times, like exams. However, because everything is so relaxed it does not mean that we do little work – we do piles of work! If you want to excel at this subject, you have to spend many hours at the typewriter practising and perfecting your typing skills."

LINDSAY MARX

"I took typing instead of maths thinking that there would be little work and hoping that this would be an easy way out. I soon realised that there is a lot of hard work to be done in this subject. I really enjoy typing and realise that it will be of great use to me in later years."

GEMMA RICKETTS

"I really enjoy typing and spend a lot of my free time typing letters to friends, school notes etc. I feel privileged that I have had a chance to learn to type, and realise that it will be of great use to me in later years."

TIFFANY BYERS

"It's better than maths . . . and no further comment. Thank you!"

CHARLOTTE HARTWELL

A DAY OF FRENCH (NOT FRANCE)

Outside the bus the vineyards glistened in the early morning sunlight and the mountains stood high among the swirling mist. Inside we didn't have any time to admire the beautiful countryside which was speeding past, we were too busy either talking or trying to interpret the guide's instructions. Of course, it would have been very easy if she had been talking in English, but unfortunately our tour to Worcester had been designed to improve our French.

It was a wonderful day and the first thing we learnt was how the air-conditioning in a luxury bus worked. Seriously though, we visited the farm museum and learned a lot about the early French Settlers. The Worcester farm museum is one of the few open air museums in South Africa and it is worth a visit. I was particularly interested in watching the blacksmith and everyone listened more intently to the making of Witblitz. The pig-sty attracted more of a crowd than the tobacco shed, but the all-round favourites were the minute baby tortoises.

At 3.00 pm we clambered out of the bus to a chorus of "merci's" and "thank you's" after an exciting day among the vineyards of the Cape. Maybe next year we'll get a chance to see the vineyards of France!

NICOLA WALLACE - STANDARD 7

TOASTMASTERS REPORT

There was an overwhelming interest in this year's Toastmasters Club, the numbers doubling from 10 to an amazing 20! Our two co-ordinators from Toastmasters were Mrs Bond-Smith and Mr Jack who were constant pillars of support and encouragement for first time (and rather petrified) public speakers. Our meetings were held in the library every Monday from 5-7 the kitchen supplying us with very welcome hot coffee for our breaks. It is fascinating to see how quickly one improves in public speaking with just a little practise and in the end we were all giving speeches of tip-top quality. We ended off our term with a cocktail Youth Leadership Programme. All in all the course was extremely worth while and a lot of fun and we are determined to be back next year. Those who participated were: R Petersen, N Cronin, F Isaacs, S de Wiet, A Cottrell, C Truter, N Mgudhwa, M-L Spengler, M Kuttel, K Johnson, E Hill, A Ngani, P Nofill, S Vasiljevic, S Pedersen, M Swoboda, B Vincent, V Goodwin.

SHANNA PEDERSEN - STANDARD 9



Visitors to the School

Clem Sunter addressed the girls on South Africa and the Environment. He is seen here with Tibogo Skwambane and Suzanne Louw.



Dorrit Zelesniak, Old Herschelian, thrilled music lovers with her beautiful singing when she performed at the Herschel Choral Evening in August. With her is Miss Cynthia Sweet.



BOARDING HOUSE REPORT

Last year ended with our Christmas party, organised by the Standard 9's. It was the first time we all had to work together as a unit and as a result the diningroom was filled with trees, dry ice and decorated in green, red and white. We even had a special visitor - Father Christmas. The Prep School children enthusiastically whispered things in his ear!

1990 began with the welcoming of new girls. After being shown around the boarding house, the girls and parents gathered in the boarders' sitting room. After I had welcomed the new girls, introduced the prefects and the Lady Warden, and answered their questions, each prefect helped to show the girls where their room was. All new girls received a pamphlet explaining the rules. We hope this welcoming helped everyone to settle down quickly and soon feel part of our house.

Our year began with Mrs Boemke as Lady Warden, who always had Mrs du Preez ready to help, as Matron. We won't forget Mrs Taylor's hard work in keeping the house running smoothly. Halfway during the year we were very fortunate to welcome Mrs Bester as our new Lady Warden. She has been wonderful in organising everything (including the rules!) and keeping us all happy. We would also like to thank Mrs du Preez, our Matron, for keeping us healthy. We also thank Mrs Bruins who provides fantastic meals. Every three weeks she has held a food committee meeting which allows girls to make suggestions. The prefects had a meeting weekly with the Lady Warden and in addition to these, a boarding house meeting was held every fortnight. I would report anything important discussed at the prefects meeting. Everyone is given the opportunity to make complaints or give suggestions. During the 3rd term we had a successful raffle, raising money for the boarding house. We hope to buy some pictures and cushions.

A few comments I overheard,

"Sorry, I didn't realise it was so late."

(Caroline Pratt - brushing her teeth)

"The Matrics are under Pre-Mock Tension - we're getting so many ordermarks!"

(Barbara Vincent).

We've handed our duties over to the Standard 9's and wish them the best of luck for 1991!

LUCINDA LOMBARDI (Head Boarder)





HEADS OF HOUSES

Susan Eversed (Jagger), Kate Williamson (Merriman), Donna Christie (Rolt)



Sports Captains

D West (Squash), D Christie (Hockey), E Uttley (Netball), T Bridgeman (Tennis, Swimming, Water Polo)

SPORT



1990 WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Standing: A Ramsden, N Clegg, B Vincent, A Oventstone
Seated: G Matherbe, D West, T Bridgman, C Lander, K Thoring



SWIMMING TEAM

Standing: N Cronin, L Fisher, L-A Bird, TL Melville, B Boyes, V Coughill, C Lander.
Sitting: J O'Hanlon, N Clegg, B O'Neill (V-Capt.), Mrs C Engelbrecht, T Bridgman (Capt.), K Tharing, T O'Hanlon.

SWIMMING REPORT

The swimming team of 1989/90 has proved to be the most successful team, one of the fastest I have ever seen. There was tremendous spirit among the girls which spurred us on to do our best.

Early morning training is a "pet-hate" for any team swimmer but it was well worth it. We were all rewarded by winning the Interschools Gala when Herschel clinched the trophy from the long reigning Rustenburg team. The support and enthusiasm we received from the school at the gala was outstanding and greatly appreciated. Well done to the U/11A team who won their age group and to the U/16 team who came first with Rustenburg. The Open team also did well in coming second in their age group.

It is a great help to have two Western Province swimmers in our team; congratulations to Nicola Clegg and Kirsten Tharing who represented Western Province at the Currie Cup Swimming Championship this year.

Our Interhouse Swimming Gala was once again won by Jagger, second was Merriman and third Rolt. Individual cups were won by T Bridgman (Open), K Tharing (U/16) and T O'Hanlon (U/14).

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Engelbrecht for all that she has done for swimming and to a fantastic team; what a privilege it was for me to win Interschools in my last year at Herschel.

Thanks and Good Luck next year.

T BRIDGMAN (Captain)

WATERPOLO REPORT

Waterpolo was introduced to Herschel for the first time this season. All the girls that participated were enthusiastic and determined to make the sport a success, which it most certainly was.

Despite the early morning practises at 6:30am, the attendance was outstanding, except for a few late sleepers. It was great fun starting a school day with some exercise, if anything it really woke us up and of course the school breakfast was a bonus. Thank you!

Our coach Mr Morelli, was very enthusiastic and supportive. He not only was a coach, but a friend to all of us.

We started playing in one of the lower leagues, but by the end of the 4th term we had already moved up 2 leagues. We did exceptionally well in the Interschools Waller Cup Tournament held at Westerford. Herschel came 5th out of the nine schools participating. The highlight of the tournament was beating Pinelands 1st team who came third.

Congratulations to Gina Malherbe and Theresa Bridgman for being selected to play for the Western Province B side, and especially to Theresa who captained the side. We would also like to congratulate Bridget O'Neill, Shireen Kingma, Gina Malherbe and Theresa Bridgman who were awarded their colours for waterpolo.

Finally I would like to thank Mr Morelli, Mrs Engelbecht and all the mothers who helped with transport. We really appreciated it.

We had a fantastic season and good luck to all those girls playing next season.

THERESA BRIDGMAN (Captain)

WATERPOLO TEAM

Standing: F Milne, M Lanning, B Vincent, E O'Hanlon, B Boyes.
Sitting: D Christie, B O'Neill, T Bridgman (Capt.), Mr P Morelli, G Malherbe, C van Dugteren, V Cougill.



HOCKEY REPORT

For me this has been an exciting and prosperous hockey season and I believe that with the renewed enthusiasm towards hockey that Herschel's hockey will go from strength to strength in the future.

By the results of the hockey teams it is evident that each team played to its best ability, and to me the most important point is that the girls enjoyed themselves. With the many changes with coaches this year the girls felt a little disorientated but soon settled down to hard practising which resulted in a number of good wins.

The first team this season seemed on shaky ground early on in the season, but pulled themselves together in the second half of the season with our first and second games in the second half of the season being wins against Plumstead and Settlers. Our last game in the league, a win against Springfield left us in a determined and positive frame of mind for the Interscholls Hockey Tournament at the Constantia Hockey Club. It was a grim, wet day but the team played extremely well and we came a well deserved second.

The season ended with an exciting Parents/Girls Hockey Day that was well supported by friends and family. It was a really enjoyable morning followed by a braai lunch and thanks to all the organisation that went into that.

My last hockey season at Herschel is one I'll never forget, I would like to thank Mrs Bonellie for everything she has done for us, her faith in the team and her experience that brought us together as a more enthusiastic and positive team.

To all the hockey teams of 1990 - thank you for an exciting and special season, and may hockey mean to each one of you what it means to me.

DONNA CHRISTIE (Hockey Captain)



HOCKY 1ST TEAM

Back Row: A Benjamin, B O'Neill, N Danford, C Noakes, T Hammond, C Christie
Seated: L McCance-Price, E Uttley, D Christie (Capt), Mrs Bonellie (coach), T Bridgeman (V-Capt), L Lombardi, B Boyes



U15 HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: S de Wet, V Wood, L Loxton, J Bouden, C Roberts, D Wynne, N Schonborn.

Sitting: N Wallace, B Notten, T McKeag, Mrs C Engelbrecht, G Malherbe (Capt.), B Vincent, K Feltz

INDOOR HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: C Christie, L McCance-Price,

Sitting: L Lombardi, T Bostock, D Christie (Capt.), T Bridgman, E Uttley.



NETBALL REPORT

For the first time this year we entered a Standard 6 league, which was very successful. The Standard 6A and B teams won both their interschools events, beating the other schools with ease. Well done! The Open's however did not do as well but never the less we played well and as a team. The first team came fifth out of seven and the second team came third.

During the term we have had some tough matches, for example, against St Cyprians which we lost 9-8 in the last minute. All the teams played well in their respective leagues.

The first team coming fourth, second team second, third team first and 6A team first.

Both the third team and the Standard 6 team were asked to play in a knock-out tournament at Belville. Unfortunately the Standard 6 team was beaten in the semi-finals.

At the beginning of the third term, a matric team was challenged by Bishops first basketball team to a game of netball. The game was well supported by both teams which was a change! The afternoon was enjoyed by everyone, unfortunately Bishops won 17-14. After the game we had tea organised by Mrs Peters.

I would like to say thank you to Mrs Engelbrecht and Mrs Speck for all their efforts and Mrs Bonellie for umpiring at interschools. And finally to say thank you to the netball players. It was fun getting to know you and I wish you the best of luck for next year.

EMER UTTLEY (Netball Captain)



STANDARD 6 NETBALL TEAM

Standing: K Durr, I Groepies, TL Melville, C Mathews, A Louw, A Engel
Sitting: K Feltz (Capt.), Mrs C Engelbrecht, C Roberts.

1ST TEAM NETBALL

Standing: G Zwigelaar, N Clegg, A Porter, D Miller, T Skwambane
Sitting: E Utley (Capt.), Mrs C Engelbrecht, L Lombardi (V-Capt.)



SQUASH REPORT

In the first half of the season we entered two teams into the School's League. The A side did very well winning their league. The B side was not so fortunate finding their opposition a little strong.

For the second half of the season teams were placed in a girls' league. Both succeeded in reaching the finals of their respective leagues. However they both narrowly lost to Rhenish's A and B side in the league finals. (We missed Barbara Vincent's skill who broke her leg half way through the term.) We played in a knockout tournament to decide the team to go to National Interschools. We narrowly lost to Camps Bay in the final.

In Interschools we drew with Rustenburg in a close finish. This year we had two Western Province Representatives: Debbie West (U19) and Barbara Vincent (U16). Congratulations to them both. School championships were played during the third term. Caroline McGabey won the under 15 section and Debbie West the Open section.

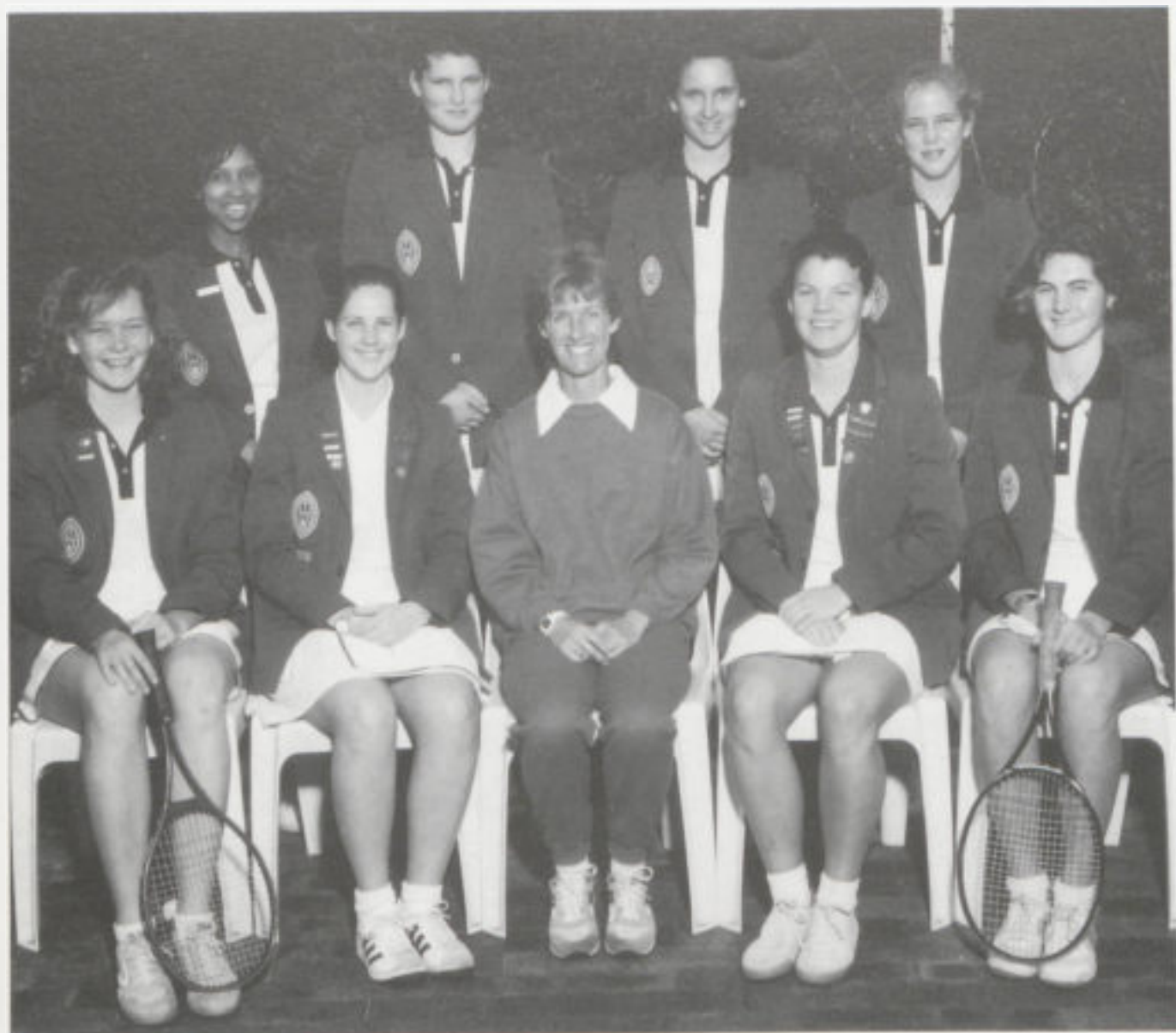
Interhouse squash was held at the Link Squash Courts. Merriman were the overall winners with Jagger second and Rolt third. I would like to thank Mrs Engelbrecht for her support and encouragement throughout the season and I would like to wish Banu the best of luck as captain next season.

DEBBIE WEST (Squash Captain)

SQUASH TEAM

Standing: N Mulherbe, B Vincent
Sitting: D West (Capt.), Mrs C Engelbrecht, T Bridgman





INTERSCHOOLS TENNIS TEAM

Standing: S Snyman, L Louie, N Schanborn, E Thhaxane

Sitting: A Porter, T Bridgman (Capt.), Mrs M Bonellie, L Lombardi (V-Capt.), B Vincent

TENNIS REPORT

Our tennis this season was most successful. We had a very enthusiastic coach, Miss Dillon, who encouraged us to play to the best of our abilities.

Our 1st, 2nd and 4th teams each came second in their respective leagues while our 3rd team deservedly won. The Standard 6 team in the Standard 6A's league came 2nd to a very powerful Rustenburg team.

The 1st team didn't do as well as we would have liked in interschools, coming 4th out of seven schools. Congratulations to the Standard 6's team, coached by Mrs Bonellie for doing so well in their Interschool's, losing narrowly to Rustenburg thus placing them second.

A Parents/Girls Tennis Day was held on Sunday 18 March and was a most delightful day. There was an outstanding attendance, with some exciting tennis played. We appreciated the tea and scones supplied by Mrs Bruins and Mrs Lipart, it was very welcome in the heat.

Congratulations to Theresa Bridgman and Lucinda Lombardi for their rewards and to Barbara Vincent for her new award.

Lastly I would like to thank Miss Dillon for all her hard work and organisation and to Mrs Bonellie for coaching the Standard 6's team.

THERESA BRIDGMAN (Captain)



STANDARD 6 INTERSCHOOLS TENNIS TEAM

Standing: A Sheldermine, D Gray, L Thomas, A Louw, T Siebert,
C Dorrington

Sitting: N Watson, K Feltz, Mrs M Bonelle, C Roberts, T Voigt.

Original Work

Matrics



CHILD SLEEPING

Sally Blackman

"Mandela Released!" "ANC unbanned!"
A new South Africa! An awakened land!
Can't you hear the headlines ringing?
Child sleeping . . . voices singing?

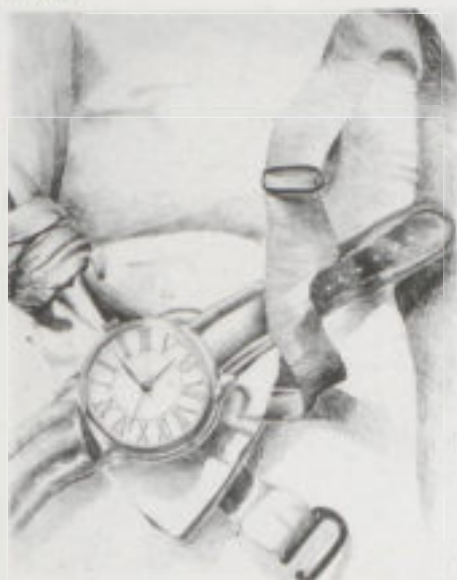
There is no other sound, except . . .
the hospital halls being cleanly swept
You cannot hear, you cannot see
child sleeping . . . your great victory.

Battle-stone looted and smashed
Anger, excitement, accompanying crash
Is this the way freedom's restored?
Child sleeping . . . behind your closed door?

It's not your fault, it couldn't have been
I would have stopped them if I'd foreseen
that window smash and glass a-scattered
Child sleeping . . . life is all that matters.

The door has been opened; the doctor's arrived
He's shaken his head at the coma . . . he tried.
The machine is now off; he did all he could
Child sleeping . . . you died for your country's good.

LOUISE MCCANCE-PRICE



Alexandra Mallet

INSPIRATION!

It came to him, as they say, "a flash." Like lightning from the sky, a bolt struck him on his perfectly rounded, hairless (well, almost hairless) head. His khaki-socked toes curled up with inspiration; his safari-suited body was wracked with anticipation. De Wet was a man who knew his own mind (since nobody else wanted to know what was going on in that sparsely-filled chamber on top of his neck). He'd always done what he believed to be right (usually after flashing lightning anyway); it worked for him. He was in Power now, wasn't he.

After trying to kill them with explosives, guns, rubber bullets and other military equipment (he once tried to drive over them with a Caspir - alas, he failed); he thought of tear-gassing their breeding place. This didn't work either. But De Wet's not one to give up. "Perseverance, (ek dink daai's die word) pays off" he always says. He tried banning them, but mosquitoes don't seem to read that well (or maybe they don't speak Afrikaans - we'll never know). One of his other ideas scared them a bit, but then after a few weeks they came back bigger and blacker than before. You see, he put them (those that he caught, that is) in glass jars; screwed the lids on tightly and stacked them around the stoep. He sat in his rocking chair, smoking his pipe, waiting for them to die. He waited quite a time and even then not all of them died.

"This is my chance," he said, "now I'll get them. They won't expect this from me. I'll try something that will con them all. I'll catch the 'donner's nose!' And he chewed another piece of biltong. "I'll make PEACE with them, that's what I'll do. They won't suspect a thing."

The next morning he decided to speak to the big chief of the Mosquitoes Union. Unfortunately, he was locked up in a jar on his stoep. De Wet, determined not to miss such a great opportunity, decided to release Mansquito (so he was known) De La, amidst revelry and celebration. Lots of blood was served at the great "Do" planned by De Wet.

"So, De La's freed, what now?" De Wet asked himself. "Negotiations - big word for alot of 'buggerall!' Ja, negotiations."

At the heads of the big table in the "Groote Dining Room" sat De Wet and De La, De La looking emancipated after his long stay in the jar.

"Do I bribe him . . . or persuade him . . . or maybe . . . threaten him. Bribe; he wasn't able to resist," thought De Wet. "Ah, Mr De La, I look forward to today's discussion. Many things will come out of this talk - for you and for me."

They both sat down. Mansquito De La has a tired look about him. He doesn't know if he should trust De Wet. He is so tired of it all, he is an old mosquito now - is it worth the fight. He has the feeling that De Wet has something up his sleeve. Is it a bribe? - will he accept it? - will he betray his union? He doesn't know.

LEILA MAHOMED

ROCKS

The earth breathes and stretches,
Her shell absorbing the warmth of the first rays
As they peep over her edge,
And chase the waves, darting lightly behind,
And on the beach they lie,
Their stillness shocking even the sun, and their silence is resounding
They are smooth and harmonious; the sands of
time have formed them to perfection.
Supple and fluid they are motion,
A paradox of weight.
They sigh as the waves glide over them,
Rippling with pleasure
And the sun kisses their backs.

KATE WILLIAMSON



Fiona Jack



Grethe Zwiegelaar



Fiona Jack



Tanya Cohen

Standard 9

INSIGHTS

It was again the time for worshipping our ancestors. I feel a bit foolish saying that; it sounds as if our community consists of a group of unstable, voodoo-involved nutters! But wait, I'll try and explain: One of the things that unites all of us in this community is our similar belief. We believe, or perhaps "feel" is a better word (this runs deeper than just thinking or believing) that nothing really exists except in relation to other things.

Hence the term "worshipping our ancestors." We shy away from the term "God" – it has too many connotations of substance, of a personality, when it is actually just a word to describe the satisfaction of certain human needs. Are you following? I'm sorry, I'm getting carried away; it's just that I wouldn't want you to mistake us for lunatics, the same as all the rest do.

Anyway, on that day, the minister/philosopher conducted the service as usual, but before closing, he told us that the ancestors were calling our sister (Tamara, you know) to the river, which really means that he sensed she was troubled, bothered. Everyone here is sensitive to others' feelings. It is perhaps because we have had to develop other senses to make up for – for our lost sight.

There – now I've really surprised you, haven't I? Remember I told you earlier that one of the things that unites us is our belief? Well the most important is our blindness. And so, we live here, on our own, a community rendered equal by our disability. Wait! I could sense that flicker in your eyes – don't think that this "equality" is inferior to seeing people's lives. Don't make that mistake – we are on an equal, I daresay higher (but I don't mean to sound arrogant), plane to you.

A few days after the service (to get back to the story), I sensed a change. Something was happening in our village. People were slowly turning silent. Since our ancestors had called our sister to the river we were troubled, waiting to see if she would return. We did not really expect any trouble for Tamara, though, because the river is the best place in the world. It doesn't gush or ripple; it just hisses by, slowly, for ever.

We knew that something was about to change our existence, but we had no idea what it might be. It was like hurtling through a tunnel to one's destruction, all senses numb, but brain thinking frantically. And then, when Tamara returned, my sense of foreboding increased, as amongst those close to her, the anxious silence metamorphosed into active dissent.

Finally, yesterday, unable to bear this any longer, hearing Tamara's footsteps running by, I confronted her, and demanded to be told what had happened.

Wildly, almost demented, she screamed, "I realised, 'saw', what we are missing, what we can't have or be. I s-a-a-aw –".

She began to sob. Eventually I gathered that she was leaving. She also explained her "vision" to me. All my beliefs were cruelly shattered to dust, and blown away in a puff of breath.

You see, I had truly believed that, if there was no-one around me who could see, then I wouldn't be blind – that "in relation to" theory I mentioned. We all believed it. But now . . .

"Anyway, when can you perform the operation, Doctor?"

MOIRA ROSE

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

"Oh Mom! For crying out loud! Will you stop hassling me about that stupid Maths mark!"

"But Cathy, you must understand how important it is; extra maths for you my girl . . ." As per usual Mother was pestering and nagging me about something I didn't really feel like thinking about. I slumped into my seat, switched off and watched the rain gushing down the windscreen. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, the light was gently fading and it was absolutely pouring. We were coming home from the 'dorp'. The magnificent, metropolis of Grabouw where we had tried to look for videos, but seeing that their newest release was "The Sound of Music," we had abandoned that hope.

Suddenly we screeched to a halt: a bunch of farm labourers was walking in the middle of the road in front of us. The one was "trying" to ride a bicycle, but was definitely under the influence of a lot of alcohol, in fact they all were. They all scattered but the one on the bicycle, fell hard onto the road and as he picked himself up his glasses fell into the ditch on the side. But he was in far too much of an oblivion to even notice.

"Go and pick up his spectacles, Cathy, hurry!" Mother screeched. "No, I'm too scared," I wailed. With that, one of them shrieked, "It's the Madamel!" and they all ran blindly onto the next farm. "Honestly Cathy, you selfish brat, he doesn't have enough money to buy a new pair of spectacles!" my mother muttered.

As I have a really guilty conscience, it bothered me from then on, niggling at my thoughts, until I eventually got on my very rusty bicycle (covered with huge bright pink flowers!) and fetched the stupid spectacles. Luckily held dropped his labourer's tag with his name on so I could easily identify him. I then waited till the next morning, having collected millions of brownie points from Mum for my brave feat, to take them back to the rightful owner.

The spectacles seemed really old, and the glass was cracked and speckled with dust. He must have been as blind as a bat because when I put the specimen on my nose, a sharp pain drilled into my eyes and everything went blurry. I dragged Andrew with me as a form of rather feeble protection. When we finally discovered our man, his face broke out in total gratification. We spoke to him for about an hour on how the spectacles had belonged to his grandfather. In conclusion he apologised for being drunk and explained that his father had just died.

With that I sauntered home, terribly proud of myself. When I told Dad the whole palaver about the spectacles, he said that the man was an absolute good-for-nothing troublemaker who was always drunk and who he was very tempted to fire. I told Dad that he was actually a very nice man who had been so down-to-earth. We then had a full – fledged argument and Dad concluded that I was naive and a total sucker. When a scrawny thank-you letter arrived from my friend – I was adamant that he was an all right guy.

That event with the pair of spectacles always lingered at the back of my mind, never quite forgotten. But then about two and a half weeks later my rose-coloured outlook on life was shattered into millions of tiny pieces. While walking up from the office one day, I caught sight of my friend struggling with two policemen and my dad.

"Yes, Catherine, it's your righteous friend here, who's just strangled his six year old nephew!" said Dad trying hard to cover up his smug tone. This sick man turned to face me and he then took off his spectacles and held them out to me. I turned away in disgust – but I suppose I did need those spectacles, because I obviously can't decipher or see the good from the bad. I remember a hymn we once sang, "Lord we are blind, the world confuses us, although we can see."

CATHY MOODIE

THE ELDEST SON

"It is settled. You are the first-born. You will do as it is the custom." As Jonathan spoke, his face betrayed no emotion. It never did. Neither did the faces of the other seven men and women, sitting around the square blackwood table, flicker. There had never really been any doubt about it. But the pallid, dark-haired young man standing before the Council could not suppress an anguished moan; he tried to speak. All eight faces of the Council turned towards him, shocked, and frowned at this show of defiance, this display of emotion. The young man, Mark, recollected himself and hurried out.

What I am speaking of took place six years ago. It was time for Mark, as the eldest son, to marry his bride – the one chosen for him at birth. It was decreed by law that marriages would only take place within the community of our eight families. Mark, as was right, was betrothed to his cousin, Miranda, the daughter of a Council member.

I remember clearly how shocked the community was when Mark came – dared to come and tell the Council that he did not want to marry Miranda, his chosen; that he was in love with an Outsider – a harlot by the name of Philippa. This flouting of the laws killed his mother – so great was the shame.

Anyway – on that day when he left the Council, relief that Mark had, surprisingly, been spared death, soon gave way to stunned fear – for Mark. He had scaled the wall, left the community! Of course, no one was surprised when his body was brought back nearly two hours later, shot by Luke. Luke was the enforcer of the Council's will.

No one mourned. Mark was duly forgotten as his younger brother James was prepared to marry Miranda. He was the eldest son now. It was the Law. He would, in time, take his place as Head of the Council, they thought. But it did not happen so.

Oh, I see, you're wondering why I now head the Council with Miranda at my side. Well, it's really very simple. I had seen my brother James helping Mark escape from the community. Of course, I had to report this to the Council. Once Luke had done his duty and James had been executed, I took his place and married Miranda.

I took my place as the eldest brother.

This is the Law.

MOIRA ROSE



Catriona Ross

ARITHMETIC IN THE THIRD LESSON

*M is imaginary
the roots are real
three weeks – and week-ends
still to go
what does the a stand for?
going home in three weeks
 x and y couldn't care less
tightly controlled elation
seeps through the equation
and for a moment
the formula disintegrates
scatters the squares
over my far-away smile
until the strict hyperbola
catches the axes of symmetry
and hits the Turning Point
at 5 point something...*

SILKE BERENS

DIVORCE

"Well, I just can't take it any more!"

The slamming of the front door, high-heeled shoes clicking down the steps; another door being slammed, the engine of a car starting, the car roaring away and then total and utter silence. In the short space of time of less than sixty seconds, two lives had been broken. I knew it was for good this time. This time there would be no reconciliation and no forgiving. I felt an overwhelming sadness and grief come over me. What about me? What was going to happen to me? I glanced over at a photo of my mom and dad and me. My dad had his arm around my mom and they both look so happy. What could possibly have gone wrong?

I opened my bedroom door, wondering if I would hear any signs of life. Nothing. I walked down the passage towards the lounge. A faint light was coming from the corner of the room. My dad was sitting in his usual chair, staring at something in front of him. Suddenly I felt an enormous urge to shout and scream at him and demand to know what had happened this time. Then I looked at his face again, and as I did, one tear slid down his cheek. He put his hands over his face and sighed. It was the first time I had ever seen my father cry before. I turned and ran back to my room.

I lay on my bed for hours, until I heard a car pull into the drive-way. I looked at my clock. It was two-thirty in the morning. The front door opened and closed and then all I heard was mumbling. No shouting, just quiet mumbling. I did not have the energy to get up and try and listen. But I promised myself that as soon as I heard her walking past my room I would ask my Mom what was going on. I waited and I waited. Later, all I was aware of was my mom kissing me goodnight and my light being turned off.

When I woke up the next morning, the first thing that came to my head was my parents. I opened my door and walked down to my parents' bedroom: their bed was made and everything was neat and tidy. Without hesitating, I went straight to their dressing room and opened my dad's cupboards. All I was faced with was hangers. I frantically opened my mom's cupboard. Everything was still there. I stood staring at my dad's empty cupboard until I felt arms fold around me and hold me tight. I turned around and buried my face in my dad's chest and cried and cried. He led me to the lounge where my mom was sitting, holding a tissue in her hand. I sat down next to her.

For the next half an hour they both talked to me. They explained everything to me and made me understand. Then finally the word I had been waiting for ended off the explanation: Divorce. The word I had always told my friends I would never hear, and now it was actually happening to me. All I did was nod my head and then walk back to my bedroom.

They were persuaded to try a trial separation and I was stupid enough to get my hopes up. After the separation it did not take long. Six months later they were divorced and I was living with my mother. All I had left of what used to be a family was the photograph on my table.

I thought I would never ever get over it, but after a while I did. I still see my dad every weekend and my parents have become very good friends. My parents' divorce did not really change my life, but what is good about it is that I have come to realise how fragile relationships are.

HELEN BARR



Tiffany Beyers



Robyn Sturgeon



Catriona Ross



Tina Capri

Standard 8

THE WAY WE WERE

"Julian and I were only ten years old that day we went on the picnic. It was a really nice day and we were glad to get away from our chores at the farm."

"The picnic was no ordinary Sunday picnic, it was in honour of my mother's birthday. Pa had decided to have the picnic or else we wouldn't have had it in the first place. He said Ma was looking tired and deserved a break, especially as it was her birthday. Pa had cooked a whole chicken early that morning and Ma had made chicken sandwiches for the picnic. We decided to go to the Macfadden field as it was the middle of summer and all the daisies would be in bloom. Julian, my cousin, came along with his mother, my Aunt Judy, who always was my favourite aunt. Her husband had been killed in the war. I never met him and she never remarried. When we arrived at the field Julian and I ran off into the nearby woods and played hide and seek. Just as we were thinking about returning to the adults my mother's shrill voice rang out across the field.

"Damien, Julian."

Pa wanted to eat and so we ate. Ma was ever so thoughtful and had even brought along her homemade raspberry juice. She knew it was my favourite and I love her for bringing it. I wasn't happy until I had totally finished the bottle of juice and then Julian and I ran back to the woods to play another of our games. We soon grew bored with our game and decided to go exploring. We enjoyed ourselves immensely as we ran about the woods in search of any sign of life. Rabbits seemed to be everywhere and Julian decided to tail one. We followed it and were led further and further into the woods until we found ourselves in a little clearing. By then we had lost the rabbit and our way. Julian sat down on one of the rocks in the clearing and I looked around. It suddenly dawned upon me that we weren't lost we had just gone in circles and were nearly back where we had started our exploration. I pointed out our parents to Julian and we both laughed. Pa surprised us then and took this photograph and then it was time to go.

"Julian and I were always friends and his death came as rather a shock to me, it is funny, all these silly little memories coming back now."

"Grandfather, what about this photograph? Where was it taken?"

"Oh, Gavin, that was taken about four years ago at the farm. Now, go on, I'm sure you have got better things to do."

"Okay, Bye, Grandfather. I'll help you with the rest of the photos tomorrow."

"What a resemblance in our positions! Funny that!"

"What did you say, Darling?"

"Nothing."

SHELLEY ARMSTRONG

THE PAST

I do wish that it hadn't happened that way, that I could change it. I probably already have; slowly, subconsciously my mind has edited the event. I can never totally recapture the feel of that day, those months, for it has warped with the passage of time.

I do remember the way the sunlight dappled on her face, and the cool, smooth feel of the brick beneath her palms. The air was fresh, nutty and earthy, I felt alive.

Little events like that are easy to remember, they are sharp and clear. And yet, to remember a conversation, a sequence of events, is beyond me. There is no-one here to remind me.

The image lies shimmering before me, I am sitting on the stairs, Sally gently played at my feet. Her voice is high and sharp.

"Ja-ane". She always said it that way, dragging my short, practical name into two long syllables. Sometimes, in my moods of fear, it would irritate me and I would snap at her. At other times I would stare in amazement at the wonder of my child.

We walked, hand-in-hand, arms swinging, down the avenue. Sally's little feet scuffed leaves into the air and they fell warmly around us. I picked her up, swung her round, and she squealed.

These events sound soft, rose-coloured, but that is how I remember them. The machinery of my sub-conscience has come into play, ruthlessly deleting the harsh, angry moments, the moments of fear that I need so, so desperately to smooth my screaming conscience. I remember only her, her soft warm little body, the way the sun gleamed brightly on the crown of her head and that one terrible fearful night.

The drive in the car was long, endlessly long. My arms were pimpled – I had forgotten to wear a jacket. Jane sat near me, toying endlessly with her teddy-bear till she fell asleep.

The moon was shining full, over the house. I remember staring at it and feeling wild, madly wild. Yet I cannot blame it on the moon.

She was heavy in my arms as I carried her to the door and did not stir when I rang the bell. She looked so small in their arms. A wisp of hair fell over her eyes as I bent to kiss her cheek. I did not say goodbye.

I felt that it would be better that way. I remember the fear, the fear of seeing her accusing eyes, and, trembling, I turned away.

As I think back, I can find no excuse for myself. I was younger, but younger girls that I have become mothers. I was afraid and irresponsible. I wouldn't do it now, but the past is a foreign country, they do things differently there.

MICHELLE KUTTEL

HATRED

It is black and dark,
Tastes like burnt toast
And smells like a rotten egg
And looks like death.
It sounds like a person out of tune
and feels like knives in your circle.

MING TAYLOR

A WOMEN'S PLACE IS IN THE WRONG

Even while writing this heading I began to fume. I wanted to stand up and yell out of pure frustration. I'm not a feminist fanatic but it is a comment like this that makes me wonder whether women will ever have a fair share or be treated as intellectual equals.

The first, original comment, 'a woman's place is in the home', was bad enough. Amazingly, after all the progress we've made, someone thought up this beauty and probably thought it was funny.

Everyone knows about the feminist movement: the struggle to get the vote, competition for previously male-dominated jobs and many other simple but hard problems that have had to be overcome. In today's world, women still have to fight to be taken seriously and not be dismissed like an upstairs maid. Every bumper sticker – comment like this one, however apparently harmless, sets the whole process of acceptance into all sorts of careers back a step.

Women have started off with a handicap from birth. Physically we are not as strong as men and our bodies were designed for child-bearing and giving birth. We cannot hope to compete at a man's level in sport because they are basically faster and stronger. However, nowhere does it state that as women are physically weaker, they are therefore also mentally weaker.

Admittedly, one mustn't generalize and say women are cleverer than men. On the contrary, history has shown great geniuses, but in the past women have been put down and tramped upon and we will probably never hear about the women who were brilliant in any field but were stifled.

There is light at the end of the tunnel, at last. Exclusive all-male clubs are beginning to be looked upon as a social 'faux pas', women are making names for themselves in their chosen careers and in doing so, have shown the way to all young, aspiring ladies. It is possible to succeed, and not all men are chauvinists. They only pretend to be when they are around the members of the local golf club.

To conclude, women are not stupid, we are not flighty and irresponsible and, given the chance, are able and sensible leaders. The last thing we need is some beer-guzzling bus conductor or out-of-work, jealous male, whose job has been filled by a woman, commenting on a species they could never hope to understand. We are women and our place is not in the wrong, home, kitchen, in front of the stove or barefoot and pregnant. If that is what some women want, let them have it, but do not sentence all women to the same lifestyle.

We can make it in the real world and we can and do make it better than some men!

REVELL HAYLETT

The stench was unbearable. Dead bodies lay strewn all over the bare black ground as a few helpless cries of pain and anguish were heard. Men lay over their dying friends with blank expressions. Slowly, a man with a bloodied bandage on his right shin limped over the hard cold bodies of his fellow fighters. His pace was slow; his hands hung limply by his side.

The sky was covered in a musty smoke as Robert Brown pulled off his mask. He walked past the burnt stumps of trees and dumped over a generation of young men. Finally he reached the sodden road and squelched his way down its path with broken boots on that icy morning.

The date was 21 October 1918 when the two men met. They drew back from one another, afraid. Neither had a weapon. Frank Vernain stuttered in broken English: "I come with you, ja?" Brown nodded. The two walked on in silence.

Neither wanted to talk. They were enemies, but the killer instinct had disappeared. They felt a common bond between them. They had been through the same tragedy. They felt the same pain, self-pity, but the hatred had left them. They had learnt too much in the past years, they had used all the hatred up.

They stumbled on, past countless fields of destruction neither talking, neither looking at each other. Their hearts were too battered and broken. Vernain stumbled, and Brown reached out a hand to help. Reflex action or was it more than that? Was it the common knowledge they shared that they were both human, and had been trying to kill each other? "I hate this bloody war," said Brown. Vernain nodded and asked to rest. He was exhausted. The British soldier scouted around to see if he could see any signs of life.

He edged Vernain on, and finally, in the far distance they could see the walls of a house. "There, surely, must be people living who'll give us something to eat."

They tap at the door, but no-one comes; they look in, but the kitchen is empty.

They stand hesitating in the lonely road.

"I can not go no further, I can not go no further," muttered Vernain under his breath.

They were his last words.

At this time Brown cried. The first time during the long, bitter war. They had been friends. They had not talked. They were enemies. But he cried for himself, for his family, for the world. And he looked up at the clear sky, and he cried for peace and love.

TAMILYN MCKEAG



Allison Porter

Standard 7

DIE PLATTELAND SE BERGE

Ek verlang, ek verlang
Na die platteland se berge
Na die warm wind wat teen my gesig waai
Na die warm barre grond wat my voete brand
Na die warm son wat my liggaam bak
Ek verlang.

Ek verlang, ek verlang
Na die platteland se berge
Na die koele water wat my liggaam steel
Na die koue aande wat my laat bewe
Na die veld blommetjies wat sonlig en sappig is
Ek verlang.

Daar is ek gebore
En daar sal bly.
Dis my land, myne.
Hoe se jy?

Ek verlang, ek verlang
Na die platteland se berge.
Daar is ek gebore
En daar sal ek sterwe!

AMRAIN ISMAIL

DIE WONDERLIKE LEWE

Ek sit nou hier en die jare gaan verby
Ja, ek sit hier met Tom sy aan sy.
Hoekom, Hoekom?
Ag nee dit moet so wees.

Ek lewe vir elke dag wat kom
Ja, net vir hom.
Se vir my, se vir my:

Is ek mooi?
Of is ek net 'n ander nooi?

Luister, Luister,
Hoor die lied,
Hoor die lied van die wonderlike lewe.

"Gister is gister, maar nou is nou,
more sal kom, my vrou."
Ja, die ander dag was ek nog 'n meisie
Toe was ek 'n vrou.
Se vir my, se vir my,
Wie is ek nou?

Luister, Luister!
Hoor die lied van die wonderlike
Lewe.

AMRAIN ISMAIL

PEOPLE NEED PEOPLE

There was a man in the small hut on the plain. He was very old, and had lived all his life among the wavering grasses. He did not know how he came to be there, nor why! He thought he must always have been there. And he did not like it.

Because, sometimes, strange visions filled his hours. He thought he saw other old, creased men, talking to him beside the fire. Thought he remembered a woman, sweet and shapely, with swinging brown hair and eyes like kitchens and babies and firesides. Children would come to him in his dreams, and reach out smooth, brown arms to him, and hum tuneless fantasies.

Many times, in his youth, he had tried to find these joyous spectres. He had walked for days, and weeks through the yellow ripples of grass, but always before him, away to the left and the right curved the ready browns and yellows. Many times, in his youth, he had sunk upon his knees and wept for his distant visions of happiness, in the grass far from home.

He no longer searched the plains for happiness. Slowly, he had wept and decided there was no hope. He was marooned forever, his hut a small island in a vast vegetative ocean.

He drank blue and green waters from a small pool which never dried up. For food, he snared small rabbits and made bread from the crushed seeds of the accursed grass. If only his shades of light had materialized, if only he had never dreamed, perhaps he would have been a happy man.

He was growing very old now, this man of the straw-cursed plains. Every day, his limbs would stiffen a little more, and his ivory hair would thin. Every night, he would sit beside a fire outside his bothy, beneath the stars, terrible in their aloneness and burning, and weep a little for his lost fantasies. Small, acrid tears would materialize in the corners of his eyes and find their way down his face in the wrinkled furrows of ancient flesh, as he stared into the laughing flames and dreamed of companionship.

Then, one day, the antique soul left its home. The old man died. As he sat in the dust beside the flames one evening, weeping, as was his custom, he gave a small sign and loiled backwards in the dirt. The stars blazed fiercely and the flames danced on. Only the old man had changed. He lay in a small pool of light, in the universe of night-black grass, as dead as his visions. He was still crying when he died, weeping long and slow, mourning for things which had perhaps never existed, and which he knew he needed.

HANNAH YOUNG

ON LISTENING

The music dances through the room. Images flood into my mind. The leaping bows of the violinists, children running through tall grasses, water flowing over rocks, trees moving spasmodically in the wind. The last time I heard music similar to this, blaring dustily out as we sped along a flat tar road in the Transvaal.

The music is not all light and breezy. There are deeper, darker notes. It is the music of happiness underground. An Elven family of smiths, living below the earth, light, graceful and industrious, the adults of the family beating contentedly, carefully on lumps of precious metals as they shape them into jewellery, armour and weapons for miniature nobles. Children, tiny, slim with liquid laughter seem to dance as they play amongst themselves. There are many children, for the elves are a wise people. Sometimes they venture together into the searing brightness of the Upperworld, but it dazzles them and they are always grateful to return to the shimmering lamplight of the Underworld.

The singing begins. I dislike singing when it seems meaningless and destroys my fantasies. Please shoot the singer, although she's doing her best.

The music is far softer now. I wonder whether it will stop. No, it rejuvenates itself, a futher soft torrent of noise and light, overwhelming the cheap tape recorder. More images spring to my imagination.

Strange, how someone's combination of silvery sounds will last forever and bring such a variety of thoughts to such a variety of people.

HANNAH YOUNG

AWAKENING

A breeze stirs the new air,
Tall grass stems ripple.
Round, eternal
The sun warms the concrete slabs;
Nature is at peace with Man.

Butterflies flitter,
Their translucent wings absorbing simple melodies.
Sweet and naive,
Baby flowers herald the return of spring.
The world has awakened again.

The low droning of the lawnmower
Broken
Suddenly by a shrill note.
The whispering of a ladybird mingles
With the first breaths of new life
The rustling of leaves,
Quivering wings of a butterfly.

A flower
Bursts
Into bloom.
There is a final cough of the lawnmower.

Then all is still.

NICOLA CLEGG

ON LISTENING

I shifted in my seat, making myself comfortable as the music began. The lights had come on on stage and the scenery was revealed. It was very good, really. I was suitably impressed. But it was the dancer who took my breath away.

She pirouetted on to the stage, her feet moving with astounding precision. Spotlights homed in on her. She performed expertly and I was completely absorbed. I became lost in a world of fairies and elves, palaces and enchanted forests, and, of course, princes and princesses.

It was so beautifully cool in the Baxter and I was able to forget the searing heat that prevailed outside. On a day like that, the air conditioners must have had to work overtime! We were approaching the climax of that particular scene when something quite devastating happened. Under normal circumstances it would have been nothing strange or destructive. But then it was. It broke the spell so carefully cast by the orchestra and the dancers. It irritated me beyond belief. No, it did not irritate me, it angered me. Someone had rustled a chocolate paper.

YOLANDE YOUNG

VOLLEYBALL MATCH

There we were, in the Mary Jagger Hall,
Waiting for Miss Dillon to call
out to us and say
what we were going to play on such a wet, dreary day.

"Volleyball" was the cry I heard
"Anything, but that," I almost dared
to say.
But her command was "Play!"

The girls played well, that I could see,
the only person who didn't seem to like the sport was me.
Then the moment came, to test my nerve,
to see if I could serve!

A mountain of fear swelled up inside me,
I was more afraid of the volleyball than anybody else could be –
The moment of panic grew,
as somebody the ball to me threw.

I could never, never this heavy round object hit –
while on the other side, the girls were having fits,
Because I was taking so long,
They decided I was holding the ball all wrong.

The I heard the whistle blowing,
and hit the ball over in a slow flowing,
motion, hoping for the best –
The ball went over – I had passed the test!

VASANTHRA NAIDOO

MAKES JAM

Sometimes my mother makes jam,
Mulberry jam. Or gooseberry. But usually mulberry.
If we are home, we help.
First the mulberries must be gathered, baskets full.
A mammoth tree in the vegetable garden, sprawling and sturdy.
Broad, emerald leaves and elongated, ebony fruit.
We thrust our hands into snowdrifts of leaves, staining our fingers red.
Gathering thin dark scratches as well as berries.

At last, boredom strikes. We bear the baskets
Kitchenward, and lay them on the table.
Unpack the baskets, see the blood bath beneath.
The bottom layer is always crushed, mangled and red.
But what can one do? There will always be a bottom layer.
Brushed and mangled.

The fruit is sorted, destalked and weighed.
A long black pot, sugar and vinegar.
Why vinegar? I always wonder but never ask.
It is not part of the ritual.

The fruit must boil slowly for several hours.
Strange, sweet smells permeate the room.
Then into little bottles, a purpleness is poured.
Always, there is a little left.
This we eat, hot, with spoons.
Burning our tongues and tasting strange, sweet flavours.
As we have always done.
And always will do.

HANNAH YOUNG

REST

*The simplicity of rest,
A beautiful end to a beautiful day.
The smells of the sheet, fresh from the
wash.*

The clean clear smells of sleep.

*The unending pleasure of rest,
The close of your eyes at the end of
the hours.*

*The feel of the cotton, soft as a cloud
on a still summer's day.*

*The strangeness of sight in a rest.
The colours that dance 'fore my
eyes in a vision.*

*Like fairies and ghosts to haunt
while I lie.*

The awesome hours of sleep.

*The unawareness of life while in
rest.*

*As mystical as mandala's in far
Eastern lands.*

*The weird sounds I hear, serenades
of the stars.*

The strange silent sounds of sleep.

ELIZABETH NOTTEN

WASHING UP

My mother has, all her life, had spurts of wanting the entire family to work extra hard in the house. She wants us to work as a real family-unit. This particular rainy Sunday she was at the worst of one of her phases, much to Dad's and my dismay.

"Right," said Mom, "we'll all wash up together. Yolande, you clear the table and put away, I'll wash up and your father can dry". Believe me, it took great will-power not to groan. You see, I find the voice my mother uses when giving instructions intensely irritating. It is so different from her normal voice. It is hard, crisp, falsely cheerful, and it almost challenges you to argue. Also, it signals one or another unpleasant task.

I stood up and began collecting the plates and took them through to the kitchen. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach as I knew I would now have to face the compost bin. I lifted the lid to dispose of the left-overs and then it sprang at me! It moved fast at first, then slowly spread all around me, assaulting my nostrils. I got rid of that food and closed the bin fast. I had to save my poor nose from further abuse.

YOLANDE YOUNG

MY BICYCLE

Shall I keep you or throw you away. You're old and are starting to deteriorate. When rough winds do blow your paint flakes away.

I'll never get my full use out of you at this rate.

Your wheels still turn and your lights still reflect.

But my friend's bike is brighter, nicer and new. If I were to throw you away my father'd object. But when he was young, he had two! Your hooter is broken and awfully flat. Your rim is bent and I can see it is cracked. You're about to fall apart and drat ...! Your paint is all gone and colour is lacked. Oh dear like, can't you see? You'll never be good enough for me!

CAROLINE TRUTER

SUNDAYS

It was a Sunday morning as I woke up with a shaft of bright sunlight shining in my eyes through a crack between the curtains. Still half asleep, I turned over, away from the unpleasant brightness of the morning.

A few minutes later I became pleasantly aware of the delicious smell of bacon and eggs which had wafted up the stairs. All of a sudden my fatigue deserted me and my taste buds started screaming. I tumbled out of bed and dug my way out of my bedroom, which looked as if it had just been hit by a tornado.

I stumbled downstairs and into the kitchen. As I opened the door I caught a glimpse of my brother looking very contented, satisfied and licking his lips.

On the yellowwood table stood a couple of empty china plates with the remains of what must have been a tasty, filling breakfast. My heart filled with disappointment as I realised I was left with a choice between weetbix and chips. I grabbed the chips and crawled up the stairs back into my nest-like bed.

LEANNE LOUW



Nicola Schönborn



Nicola Wallace

Standard 6

WHY THE LIGHTNING STRIKES

Long, long ago in an age lost beyond the mists of time the world was at peace. No-one had ever heard of a storm or thunder. The rain that fell was more like warm, short, gentle shower. There was one great god, Milana, the Lord and Creator of all. He was a kind, gentle man and was often seen sporting with the deer in a forest glade, or spinning and twirling through the water with the shy fish. Milana kept all the horrible, harmful elements in a magic mirror. Only he could look upon that mirror. If anyone else should touch or see it the evils would escape. The only element he kept by him was lightning. He loved the way the sunlight rippled over its jagged edges and glistened off the sharp points. When he ruled in the sky it was his sceptre; when he walked on the earth it was his stick.

Now, even a god can make a mistake. Milana's mistake was in creating the hyena. He was cunning, greedy and totally despicable. The hyena wanted to be lord of the universe, to control the elements and to see all the other animals bow before him. But even he loved Milana and did not want to distress him. Unfortunately, twisted bodies soon lead to twisted minds. He was sure that Milana had put him above the other animals and in his reasoning this gave him the right to the mirror. So late one night when the earth was still, the hyena crept to Milana's palace. He was very careful not to wake the god and crept quietly through the rooms. At last, he found it and gazed in wonder deep into its crystal depths. What a racket broke out; thunder rolled, winds howled and the hyena stood petrified, cowering to the floor. Suddenly Milana strode in brandishing his bolt. He flung it at the hyena. It shattered and formed thousands of tiny bolts. In horror Milana realized what he'd done and tried to catch them, but could not. Milana is still trying to catch the lightning, and you can sometimes feel the earth tremble as he runs on in chase of the storm.

NICOLA LOUW

THE SINISTER CALLER

She slowly replaced the receiver and stared at the telephone. For a moment her eyes, usually so full of laughter, were quite expressionless. She felt a cold shiver run up her spine. She felt numb all over. Why was this happening, who was doing this to her? Slowly, carefully, as if trying not to be heard (by whom, she didn't know). She made her way up the seemingly long flight of cold cement stairs and went back to a dream-full and disrupted sleep with that ringing laughter from the other end of the line in her ears.

By the time morning had come, it seemed as if decades had passed since that disturbing telephone call. She was back to her usual bouncy self and enjoying her routine cup of coffee when the telephone began its sinister ringing. Before she even picked it up she knew that it was the same person or people that had been phoning her so often. "Probably just to scare me," she said to herself, trying to sound reassuring. But she knew it was a lot more than that. After hesitating for a few seconds, trembling very slightly, she picked up the telephone. There was no reply on the other side of the line and as she was about to replace the receiver, as if the caller was watching her, he began to chuckle, very softly, but it was there. The kind of laughter that won't leave your ears for a while after it has stopped. Suddenly the voice, for the first time, began to talk. "You can't hide your past, because I know what you did the summer of 1974," the husky, yet coherent voice whispered. The line went dead.

She hadn't realised what he had meant, but now, as it all came back, a clammy sweat broke out on the palms of her hands. That was the summer she had been baby-sitting and had let the baby fall into the swimming pool. She had heard the car of the parents pull into the driveway and, panicking, had run out of the house. She had never known whether or not that child had lived or died and never would. But how had whoever the caller was found her, and how did he know about it? That was a question she knew she would never find an answer to.

It was more than a week later, and she hadn't had another phone-call when she heard that faint familiar tinkle of the telephone. With a blank mind, she ran to answer it.

ALEX SHELMEIDINE

HOW THE SPARROWS BECAME KING OF THE BIRDS

Long ago, the bird world was ruled by an old, but very well-respected, eagle. He was thought to be the wisest of all the birds, excepting the owl, who could not possibly be a ruler, as he slept during the day. The eagle had no sons, but three daughters instead, and as it was thought that he wouldn't live much longer, a competition was held, to determine who would marry the eldest eagle princess, and become heir to the throne.

To win the princess, the competitors first had to fight the well-known eagle warrior, Ranger, and if they were beaten they would be executed immediately. If they won however, the next task was to survive a night in the lair of an enormous dragon, who lived up on the mountainside.

Many brave and wise warriors came from all parts of the kingdom, hoping to defeat the great eagle and become heir to the throne, but so far all had failed, and the great eagle remained victorious. Many great birds: owls, vultures, hawks and eagles had been executed; none having passed even the first test.

One day a sparrow fluttered past the castle gates, chirping merrily, and saw the eagle. He was not a very modest fellow and thought immediately that it was just the right sort of competition for him. He flew in at the door, and asked to see the King of the Birds.

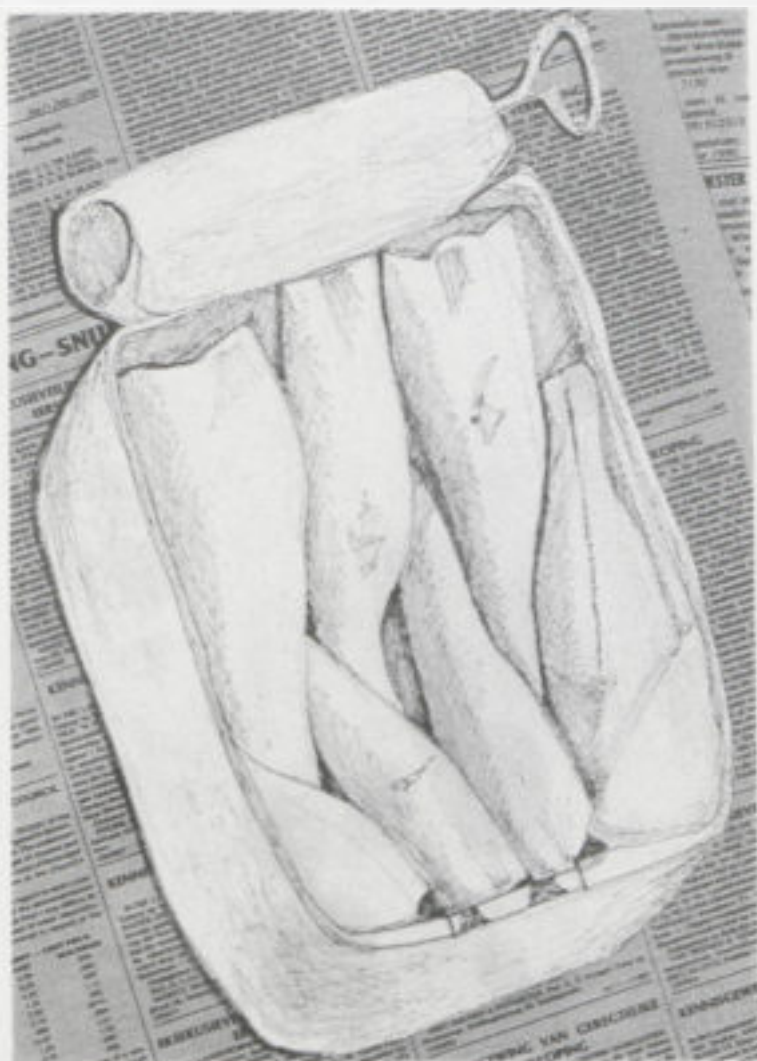
The old eagle was scornful when he saw the sparrow. So many great birds had failed even to beat the famous eagle. How could the little insignificant sparrow think that he had even the remotest chance of doing so? But in the end, the old monarch wearily agreed to let the sparrow attempt to win his daughter's hand in marriage.

The next morning, as the sun rose, the whole population of the kingdom turned up to watch the sparrow lose the fight against the famous eagle. The eagle swaggered into the ring, overconfident and certain he was going to win. The sparrow rose into the air, twittering cheekily. This infuriated the eagle. He lifted a claw and swiped a well-aimed blow at the sparrow with his talons. The sparrow dodged. He flew round and round the ring twittering cheekily all the time. The eagle chased him, round and round, seventeen times in all, and eventually the weary eagle flopped to the floor; all energy drained from him. The sparrow had won!

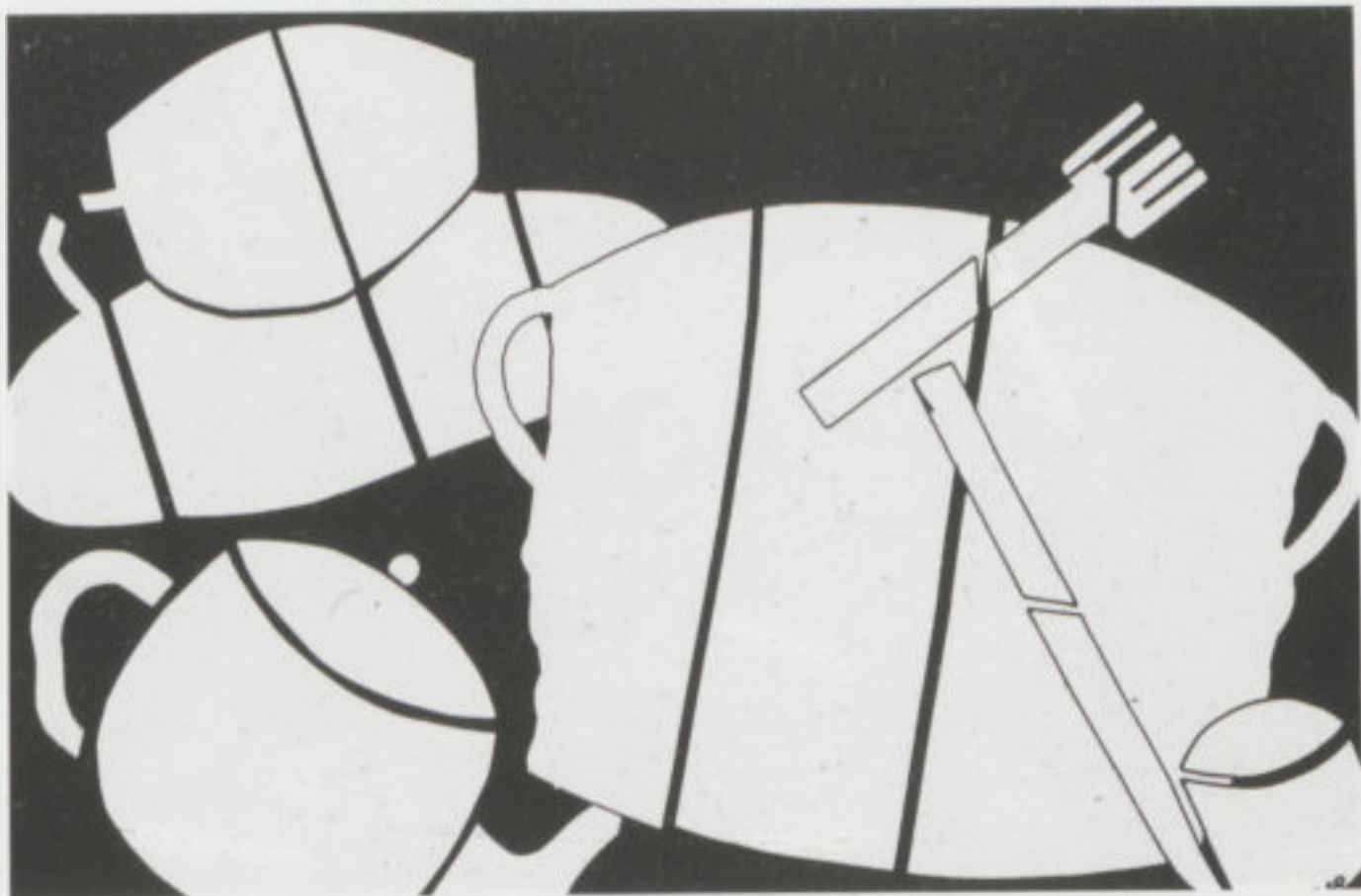
The king was so delighted that he need not execute another bird, that he said the sparrow need not spend a night in the dragon's lair, but the sparrow said that it wouldn't be fair, and at nightfall he flew up the mountain side. Before the dragon could devour him, he tickled it, so that it rolled about on the floor of the cavern, helpless with mirth, and at dawn the sparrow flew out, without a scratch on him, except that his tail was a bit singed, because every time the dragon laughed, flames flew out of his mouth, and scorched the little bird's tail.

That was how the sparrow won the princess's hand in marriage, and became King of the Birds!

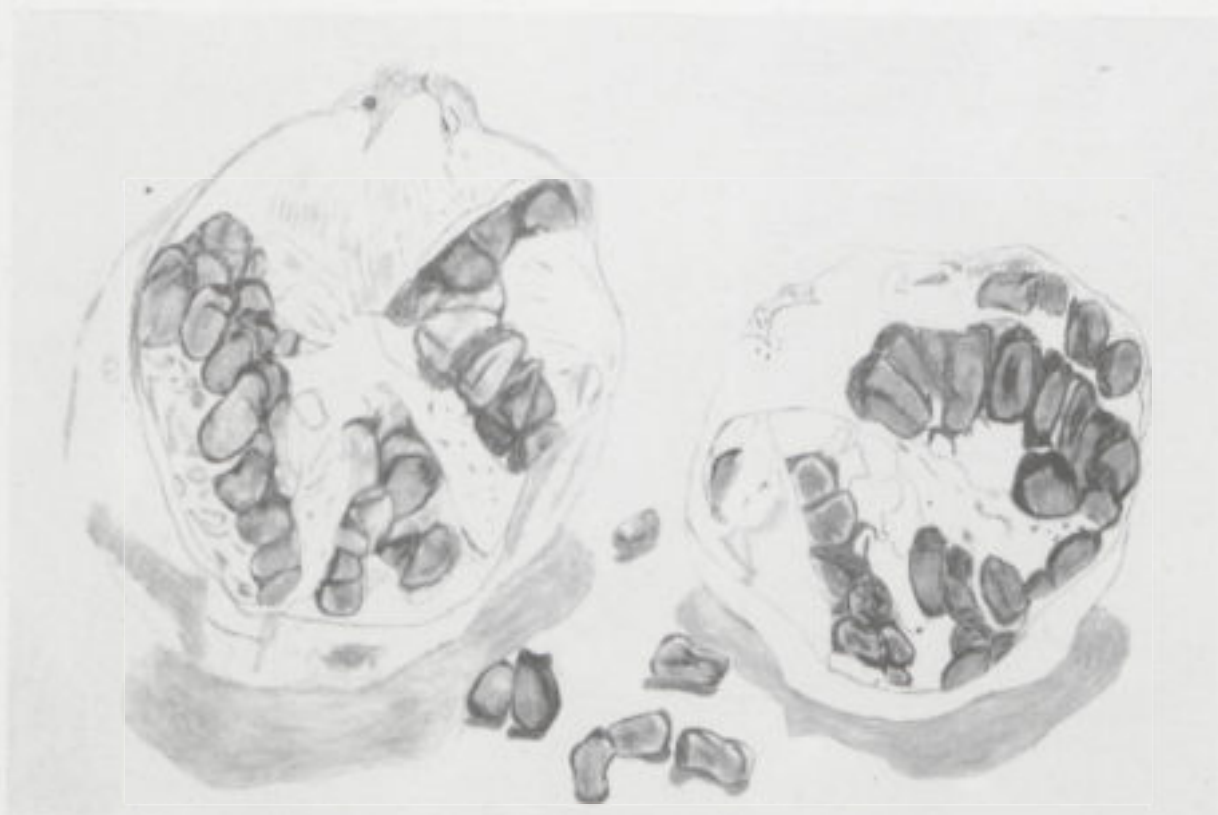
FRANCES ROBERSON



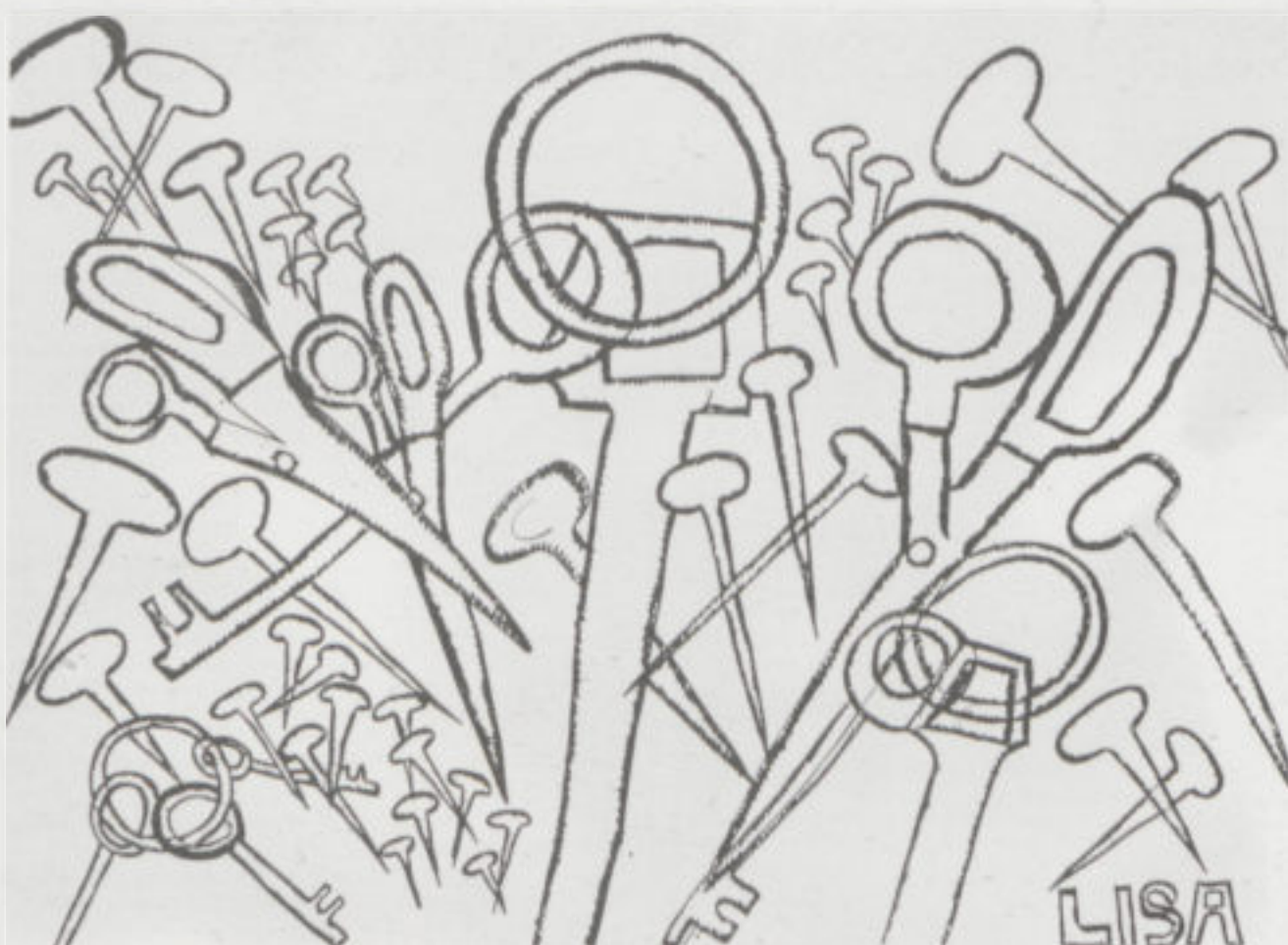
Lisa Reid



Taryn Voigt



Samantha Roman



Lisa Trepes



Lissa Christie

WHY THE KUDU'S HORNS ARE TWISTED

It was a fresh new morning in the month of April. The insects of the wild were already busily gathering food. The shrill call of the "piet-my-vrou" could be heard all around.

A young bushman boy, by the name of Gama, was searching for a big kudu to bring back to his tribe, to prove his manhood. He had set off at dawn and had taken the familiar path out into the wide, open veld. He carried with him an eggshell to store water, for when his throat was dry. As he was walking determinedly on, he came across a kudu which was lying on the ground. He crept up to it, as all bushmen did and as his father had taught him, to inspect the animal.

To his surprise, the beast was not dead, but was breathing faintly. Gama saw how huge her stomach was and how it "moved"! He knew what was wrong, the kudu was pregnant and was about to give birth. Suddenly, the kudu gave a cry and started breathing hard. Gama saw that the calf was just emerging from its mother, but it was coming out with its horns first, instead of its feet first. Gama was worried and knew he had to act quickly. He grabbed the calf's horns and gave a slight pull and twist on them.

When eventually the calf was delivered safely, Gama gave the mother kudu some of his water. He saw that the calf's horns were twisted, and then remembered how he had helped with the birth. He left the two and walked away back to his tribe, feeling happy.

He knew that he had proved his manhood in a different, but good way.

SARAH PRAIN

HOW THE GIRAFFE GOT HIS NECK

Once upon a time, before there were many men on this earth, and when there were still many animals roaming about, there lived a giraffe. He was just like any other giraffe that we may see (in a Game Reserve) nowadays, except that instead of a long neck, he had a short one, just like you or me.

This giraffe was perfectly satisfied with life, eating the sweet juicy grass, flowers and low bushes, until one day, he happened to look up, into the trees, and saw the fresh green leaves, rustling in the wind. He looked down at the grass. Somehow, it didn't seem quite so sweet and juicy any more. He nibbled the top of a blade of grass. It didn't taste quite so good any more. He looked up longingly at the dark green leaves. How he wished that he would reach up there, and pluck them off the branch!

Just then, an elephant came by, and carelessly reached up with his trunk, curled it round a small branch, and broke it off. He then proceeded to eat the green leaves. The poor giraffe watched mournfully. "Why can't I have a long nose like that?" he sighed to himself. He stretched himself as high as he could go. Still he wasn't tall enough! He stretched again, a little higher this time. The leaves were just out of reach. He stretched his neck a few more times, getting closer to the leaves each time. Eventually, the leaves just brushed his nose. He sneezed, and reached higher. He opened his mouth and bit into a bunch of leaves. Delicious! He picked another bunch, and ate until he was quite full.

By then, his neck had grown so used to stretching, that it was a little bit longer than before.

Every day from then on he stretched up to pluck the juicy leaves for breakfast, lunch and dinner. In the end, his neck had grown so long that he could reach up, and pluck leaves from the trees as carelessly as any elephant!

FRANCES ROBERTSON

PREPARATORY

REPORT FROM MRS M CHAMBERS, HEAD OF PREPARATORY

The new decade ushered in a period of growth for the Preparatory School. By mid-year all but two classes were full and with waiting lists for 1991.

The new Pre-Prep is our pride and joy. This beautiful building with its adventure playground and lovely garden and view has proved a welcome addition. It is difficult to imagine how we survived without it.

Because our aim is to balance the children's school day with purposeful learning, life skills and wide exposure to cultural and sporting experiences, our programme is a full one. It requires ingenuity and imagination on the part of all staff, and I am grateful to them for their dedication and unity.

In the face of the changing world and upheaval in many countries, including our own, Herschel is a haven for our children, where traditional ideas are upheld along with the development of clear thinking, confident and happy individuals.

MARGARET CHAMBERS

OPENING OF THE PRE-PREPARATORY BUILDING

On 11 April 1990 our new Pre-Prep was officially opened by Mr Clive Keegan, City Councillor of Claremont. The function was attended by parents, teachers, members of the school council and visitors. The new Pre-Prep was in action from January 1990, when our new intake of 56 pupils and an additional teacher was welcomed by bulldozers, builder's rubble and a wonderful new building. With the new adventure playground and the tireless efforts of Mrs Louise Wood we now have a beautiful garden and the Pre-Prep is our pride and joy.







SPORT

SWIMMING

Captain: Angela Franks Vice: Captain:

Having introduced a wider swimming programme after school last year, everyone from Std 2-5 is encouraged to take part in a water activity. This continues to be a successful development because it fulfills one of my aims and that is for mass participation in sport as well as encouraging excellence. Those who enjoy competition can get involved in the school team, whereas if they are not that way inclined they can choose to do synchronized swimming and/or life saving. If they need extra help with style there are regular correction classes on Thursdays.

The team swimmers continued to train hard in the first term to raise their standards. We swam in friendly galas most Fridays and our U/8, U/9 and U/10 swimmers swam particularly well throughout the season.

Well done to: Lauren Elliot, Caryn Stanley, George Sutcliffe, Sarah Gilbert, Nada Vasiljevic, Helen Mitchell, Aty Snoek, Tanya Coeshall, Holly Christie, Kate Atkinson, Amanda Wood, Megan Aubin.

Angela Franks helped to generate enthusiasm, tremendous spirit and, above all, wonderful sportsmanship amongst the girls.

An exciting climax to the season is the Girls' Interschools Swimming Gala, which was held at Newlands on 8 March.

The competition is keen at this event and only when you see all the schools seated in the stands do you realise that Herschel do well considering their size in comparison to Wynberg and Rustenburg.

We didn't win overall but we swam our best and that in itself is a fantastic achievement. Congratulations to Wynberg who took 1st place and Springfield who beat us this year as well as snatching 2nd place from Rustenburg.

Our divers acquitted themselves equally as well and congratulations to Angela Franks for winning the open section. There is always tremendous excitement in preparation for the interhouse gala which completes the season.

Merriman had a runaway victory with 572 points, second was Jagger with 428 points and last but not least Rolt with 381 points.



Swimming Team

Back Row: R Davies, C McGahey, R Stansfield, B Berry, D Evans, Z Quail, P De Villiers, H Fernor, B Rauch, P Taylor, A Vasiljevic
2nd Back Row: N Vasiljevic, J Croy, L Robb, A Franks (Capt), A Soltynski, S van Hoon, B Vos, T Weldon, D Lorden, H Mitchell
2nd Row Sitting: S Gilbert, P Pletzer, P Waller, S McGuire, K Mleike, Mrs Goodrick, J Louw, M Chaplin, T Coeshall, D Gordon
Front Row: L Brain, M Aubin, A Wood, D Hazell, L Bester, H Christie, K Atkinson, A Snoek



Diving Team

Standing: B Berry, P de Villiers, N Wood
Middle: K Hubert, A Franks, T Coeshall
Front: M Aubin, H Christie

TENNIS

Captain: Jenny Bradshaw; Vice Captain: Helen Fernor

Herschel again entered four teams into the Peninsula Co-ed League. Our A side: Jenny Bradshaw, Helen Fernor, Caroline McGahey and Angela Franks have improved enormously. Their game has gone from strength to strength and this is reflected in the league results. They played 6 matches and won all 6, therefore in the fourth term they will play in a higher league. The B.C and D teams are steadily gaining in strength and are playing more consistently. The B's played 6 matches won 7 and 7 lost. The C's played 6 matches, they won 2 lost 3 and drew 1. Finally our D's lost 3 and won 3. The Interschools Girls Tennis Tournament completed the season and this was held at Sans Souci on Wednesday 14 March. This is a doubles tournament and we were represented by

U/12's: Natalie Wood, Paula de Villiers.

Opens: Caroline McGahey, Helen Fernor, Jenny Bradshaw, Angela Franks.

Overall we played some good attacking tennis. Congratulations to Rustenburg and Wynberg.



A Tennis Team

J Bradshaw, C McGahey, Mrs Goodrick, H Fernor, A Franks

NETBALL

Captain: Shannon Talbot; Vice Captain: Robyn Gagliano

Although it has been one of the wettest winters since I arrived in Cape Town, we managed to play all our netball fixtures.

Once again it really pleases me to see so many keen and enthusiastic girls wanting to play netball.

Herschel manages to field 8 teams, U/10 A + B, U/11 A + B, U/12 A + B and open A + B. The A teams play in the Southern Peninsula League System, which comprises approximately 48 schools. We play matches regularly every Wednesday against schools in the Rondebosch region. Our B sides play friendly matches normally on the same day as the A's. Without our B team girls our A teams would not be as strong as they are today! In the Southern Peninsula league most of our teams continued to achieve excellent results:

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals Scored
U/10A	10	7	3	-	65
U/11A	12	10	2	-	119
U/12A	0	10	0	-	144
Open A	7	5	2	-	55

Congratulations to the U/12A team for winning the league, and then going on to beat the other league winners at the Southern Club on 1 September - scooping the shield 2 years in a row for Herschel. This is a real achievement for Herschel comparing the size of our school to some of the other schools that we came up against. Well done to: Bianca Berry GS, Paula de Villiers GA, Roxanne Segers WA, Natalie Wood C, Samantha Coocumbros WD, Bambine Rauch GD, Suzanne Pullinger GK, Paula. Our U/10A's also did us proud by coming runners-up in the league. A special mention must go to the U/10B side who played extremely well during the 3rd term often beating A teams. The U/11A team has a lot of new players but they show lots of potential for next year and they came 3rd in the league. Our opens also came 3rd, which was a good result considering this team was hampered with injuries/sickness.

Having won the U/12 Southern Peninsula Shield, our U/12's met the Northern champions at Bellville Headquarters on the 8 September. Our girls played some of their finest netball winning against de Tyger 12-10 but narrowly losing to Eversdal 11-16. Congratulations to Eversdal for becoming the overall U/12 Western Province champions.

To complete the season the Girls Interschools tournaments were held on Tuesday 4 September at Springfield for the U/10 and U/11 team, and at Rustenburg High for the U/12 and open teams. Our U/10's won 3 matches and lost 1 making them runners-up in their section. The U/11's won 3 and lost 1 but tied with Springfield and Wynberg with 6 points. However, Springfield went through to the final because they had a better goal score. The U/11's played their best netball all season, well done to Rhamwen Davies, Cindy Burchell, Lisa Bester, Carolyn Martin, Angela Vasiljevic, Inge Croy and Tammy Fowler. In the U/12 and Open Tournament the U/12's won all of their matches reaching the final where they met Wynberg. (When this team was U/11 they also met Wynberg in the final.) This was a final in the true sense. We would score a goal and then the opposition would quickly follow suit - both teams displayed fine attacking and defending skills and at half-time it was 5-5. When the final whistle blew Wynberg just pipped us to the post 9-8. (Ironically they also beat us last year 15-14.) Congratulations to Wynberg but watch out next year! We might be lucky the third time around. Our open side led keenly by our captain Shannon Talbot, also played some of their best netball all season. They won 3 matches and lost to the overall winners Oakhurst, congratulations to them. Thank you to all the parents who helped transport as well as support the girls during the season.

The Interschools Netball is always cause for great excitement at the end of the season because most of the girls are involved. This was won by Rolt with 10 points closely followed by Jagger with 9 points 3rd Merriman 5 points.



U/10a Netball Team

Runners-up in the Rondebosch League

Standing: K Dorrington, I Holft, S Ann, M MacDonald

Middle: N Baile, Mrs Goodrick, C Lloyd

Front: J Louw, P Waller



U/12a Netball Team

Southern Peninsula Champions

Girls Interscholastic Tournament runners-up

Back: P de Villiers, B Berry, S Pullinger, B Rauch, S Coucombros, R Segers

Front: N Wood, Mrs Goodrick, P Cadac-Davies



Open A Netball Team

Standing: R Gagliano, S Talbot (Captain), Mrs Goodrick

Kneeling: C Roberts

Sitting: C McGahey, H Fernor, J Bradshaw, I Bergstedt

HOCKEY

Captain: Helen Fernor; Vice Captain: Imgarde Bergstedt

The hockey practices are just as keenly attended as the netball and this is such a pleasure to see. Herschel fielded 5 mini hockey sides, U14A+B, U12A+B and a beginners side. The girls train regularly on Tuesdays for 1 hour 15 minutes and play matches on a Thursday.

The season opened with a mini hockey tournament which was held at Constantia Club for the U12's on the 12 May and Pinelands for the U14's on 19 May. Herschel entered 3 U12 teams. Our U12A's played 8 matches, they won 4 drew 1 lost 3. The B's also played 8 matches they won 4 drew 2 lost 2 and the C's won 2 drew 2 lost 4.

The A's outstanding players were :- P de Villiers and Natalie Wood.
U12B outstanding players were: Heather Yelland and Suzanne Pullinger.
U12C outstanding players were: Nisreen Narker and Susan van Hoon.

The U14's entered 2 teams. The A's met the following teams:

Parow Wes	0-0
Rhenish	1-1
Oakhurst	2-1 to Herschel
John Graham	5-1 to Herschel
Golden Grove	1-0 to Herschel
St. Cyprians	2-0 to Herschel
Tableview	0-1 to Herschel
Pinehurst	0-1 to Pinehurst
Bergvliet	0-1 to Bergvliet

Pinehurst won our section and we took 3rd place.

The U14B's won 2 drew 3 lost 2. Outstanding players U14A: Imgarde Bergstedt, Caroline McGahey. U14B's :- Georgina Read, Bonnie Quibell. The league is played on a friendly basis therefore no cup is awarded. The U14A's won most of their league matches and their game went from strength to strength.

Outstanding Players: Imgarde Bergstedt, Natalie Wood and Annabel Ross.

Most Improved Players: Angela Franks and Jenny Bradshaw.

The U14B's tried hard throughout the season but lacked the cohesion of the A side.

Outstanding Player: Chene Roberts

Most Improved Players: Nicola de Wet, Robyn Gagliano

The U12A's stickwork and positional play in the game also improved as the weeks progressed. We must thank Mrs Dorrington for coaching the U12's throughout the season.

They also won the majority of their weekly games.

Outstanding Players: Caroline Martin, Paula de Villiers

Most Improved Player: Bianca Berry

The U12B side's stickwork also improved but their positional play needs to be developed.

Outstanding Players: S van Hoon, S Pullinger

Most Improved Players: Fiona Wallace, Angela Vasiljevic, Rhianwen Davies.

The beginners, who are made up of mostly Std 3 girls, learnt the basic skills at an encouraging rate. There is a good supply of talent amongst these girls who will next year make up the U12 sides.

The girls interschools hockey tournament completed the season for the U12A and U14A sides.

The U12A tournament was held on Thursday 13 September at StCyprians. Herschel beat Springfield, Oakhurst, StCyprians, Wynberg and drew with Rustenburg 3-3 and they eventually won the U12 trophy.

The U14A tournament was held on Friday 14 September at Herschel we beat:

Springfield	2-0
StCyprians	3-0
Wynberg	3-0
Rustenburg	1-0

and lost to Oakhurst 2-0 who won the U14 cup with 9 points closely followed by Herschel with 8 points. Congratulations to Oakhurst but well done to our girls. You played superb hockey!

Competition was keen for the interhouse tournament which was won by Rolt with 8 points second Merriman with 6 points and third Jagger with 4 points.



Open A Mini Hockey Team

Girls Interschools runners-up

Standing Back: C McGahey, J Bradshaw

Middle: A Franks, B Quibell, N Wood, Mrs Goodrick, A Ross, J Bengstedt (V-Capt.)

Standing Front: H Fernor (Capt.)



Squash Team

G Read, J Bradshaw, C McGahey, P de Villiers, A Ross

GYMNASTICS

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

SQUASH

Squash continues to be offered after school with professional coaches. A squash ladder is in operation throught the year. We commend Caroline McGahey for her high standard in squash which has earned her a place in the senior school team.

ATHLETICS

Athletics is taught as part of the curriculum and we take part in the British 5 star award scheme to give the girls incentive to perform their best. Sports day is arranged during the fourth term and involves the whole school from pre-prep to Standard 5. Competitive and fun events make up the sports programme.



STANDARD 5 ALPHA

*Back Row: Bianca Berry, Helen Fermor, Taryn McCabe, Debbie Evans, Robyn Gogiano, Zara Quail, Lusanda Nshinga
Centre Row: Caroline Laughton, Mrs Hirshon, Natalie Wood, Chené Roberts, Bonnie Quibell, Nicki De Wet, Sharon Talbot
Front Row: Samantha Hendricks, Amanda Boardman, Jeanine Schreiner, Haley Walker, Samantha Coucumbros*

STANDARD 5 1990

STANDARD 5A

*Back Row: Nadine Bosiers, Allison Porter, Caroline McGahey, Romy Starsfield, Jenny Bradshaw, Cordice van den Hoven, Georgie Read
Middle Row: Chloe Kensley, Fiona Wallace, Alex Soltynski, Mrs Bray, Angela Franks, Nicci Trepes, Taryn Naroth
Front Row: Annabel Rooss, Imgarde Bergstedt, Emily Beddows, Jacki Gordon, Shazelle Denovan, Celeste Abels, Julie Chou*



The Standard Fives addressed many topics this year

They had no problem in deciding what made them happy

A DELIGHT

What a delight it is
When someone I fancy
says, "Hi," to me
Because then I have
A wonderful feeling for the rest of the day

NATALIE WOOD

WHAT A DELIGHT IT IS

What a delight it is
When I have to hand in some work
And I have not done it
When the next morning I find
That my teacher is absent.

NICKY DE WET

What a delight it is
When I go to school
And find to my delight
That there is no Afrikaans
Because Mrs Cogill is sick

FIONA WALLACE

WHAT A DELIGHT IT IS

What a delight it is
When I have been eating
So much junk food
And I get on the scale
Only to find I have not put on weight!

NICKY DE WET

WHAT A DELIGHT . . .

What a delight it is
To climb into bed on a
Freezing, cold day, with a
Good book, watching the
Rain falling outside.

ZARA QUAIL

TANKA

What a delight it is,
When on a boring afternoon
I receive a letter from a
good friend,
Done in bright glowing colours
And filled with juicy gossip!

AMANDA BOARDMAN

WHAT A DELIGHT IT IS

What a delight it is
To wake up on holiday
And then remember
That there's no school
And I can go back to sleep.

SHARON TALBOT

What a delight it is
When my mother makes a chocolate cake,
And there is one piece left
Which the guest refuses,
And the cake is left for me.

EMILY BEDDOW

WHAT A DELIGHT IT IS

What a delight it is
When a chatterbox calls you
then says,
"I'm sorry I have to go"
and puts down the phone.

CELESTE ABELS

THEY LOOKED AT EMOTIONS

JOY

Joy is emerald green
It tastes like a thick piece of cake
And smells like fresh rain after a drought
It looks like trees swaying in the wind
It sounds like a symphony orchestra
It makes you happy.

FIONA WALLACE

JOY

Joy is a bright pink
It tastes like strawberry yoghurt
And smells like fresh rolls
Joy looks like paradise
And sounds like children laughing
It feels like Christmas.

LUSANDA NTSHINGA

EXCITEMENT

Excitement is blue
It tastes like a cool crisp water melon
and smells like freshly popped popcorn
Excitement looks like a huge balloon
The sound of children laughing
Excitement makes me happy.

NICCI TREPES

HATE

Hate is black
It tastes like spinach
and smells like a rotten egg
and looks like a volcano
It sounds like the crying of a baby
Hate is cold and hard.

BONNIE QUIBELL

ANGER

Anger is a bright red
It tastes like a ball of black pepper.
It smells like a raging battlefield.
And looks like a vast fireball
Anger sounds like flames licking up a tree
It is standing on the sun.

ALLISON PORTER

ANGER

Anger is a burning red
It tastes of mushy cold porridge
and smells of dust and ashes
Anger looks like a blazing fire
It sounds like trumpets blowing.
Anger makes you feel guilty and sad.

EMILY BEDDOW

MADNESS

Madness is dull
It tastes like sand
and smells like a dead animal
Madness looks like a spooky graveyard
The sound of howling ghosts
Madness is scary

SHARON TALBOT

HAPPINESS

Happiness is bright yellow
It tastes like chocolate
and smells like red roses.
Happiness is a green meadow
The sound of a waterfall
Happiness is wonderful.

SHARON TALBOT

LONELINESS

Loneliness is white
It tastes like an orange gone dry
And feels like emptiness
Loneliness looks like a fading lamp
light shivered in the dark
It sounds like drops of water echoing
as they fall to the ground
Loneliness hurts me.

BIANCA BERRY

JEALOUSY

Jealousy is black
It tastes like a sour lemon
and smells like rotten eggs
Jealousy is a dark cloud
the sound of thunder
Jealousy is terrible.

CHENE ROBERTS

JEALOUSY

Jealousy is green
It is bitter radishes in a sensitive mouth
The smell is bitter acid
And it looks like rotting leaves
Jealousy sounds like a croaky screech
And it feels like a gnawing pain.

AMANDA BOARDMAN

CRUELTY

Cruelty is deep purple
It tastes like unripe, sour grapes
And smells dry and strong
Cruelty looks like a wet, bedraggled kitten
And sounds like a screeching monkey
Cruelty makes me feel sad.

ZARA QUAIL

POPULARITY

Popularity is luminous yellow
It tastes like creamy chocolate
and smells like new made crunchies
Popularity looks like a summers day
the sound of church bells
Popularity changes me.

CAROLINE MCGAHEY



Georgina Read



*What a delight it is
When my dad goes
overseas and is away
for a few weeks
then, brings me a present*

ROBYN GAGIANO

*What a delight it is
When an orthodontist you can't bear
Says, at your appointment
your braces are coming off
And you can smile again.*

CAROLINE MCGAHEY

DELIGHT

*What a delight it is
When, I can sit in front of
the TV. On a rainy day
and eat chocolate
and sleep.*

SAMANTHA COUCOUMBROS

WHAT A DELIGHT

*What a delight it is
When it rains on
a Saturday morning
So I can sleep
even longer in bed.*

CHLOE KENSLEY

WHAT A DELIGHT

*What a delight it is
When, I come back from school
And remember that
I have a delicious lunch
And desert waiting for me.*

LUSANDA NTSHINGA

*What a delight it is
When your mother
Finally finds out
How to burn spinach
Cauliflower and broccoli.*

NICCI TREPES

LOVE

*Love is red
it tastes like a juicy lamb chop
and smells like a cold, wet morning
in the country.
Love looks like two people holding hands
the sound of birds singing.
Love makes me happy.*

NATALIE WOOD

LOVE

*Love is deep red.
It tastes like honey
and smells like freshly
baked flap jacks.
Love looks like a
sticky red lollipop
and sounds like leaves rustling.
Love feels like a hug.*

BONNIE QUIBELL

SADNESS

*Sadness is black
It tastes like sour milk
and smells like a dead carcass
Sadness looks like grey thunder clouds
the sound of wailing
Sadness makes me feel alone.*

DEBORAH EVANS

SADNESS

*Sadness is black
It tastes like whirling
hot soup,
and smells like a damp,
cold room.
It looks like a dreary
old man
the sound of cries
in the distance
Sadness is depression.*

CELESTE ABELS

THEY LEARNED TO USE ONOMATOPOEIA

THE SEA

*The sea is like an angry dragon
It roars with its mighty voice
And hisses like a rattle snake
It sniffs and sneers at the damp sand
While it lashes its tale from side to side
It drags its huge slimy body
And digs its feet in the slushy sand.*

LUSANDA NTSHINGA

STORM

*Curled up in a blanket
Wrapped up tight
I hear the crash of thunder
break the silent night.*

*Flash flash flash
The lightnings out
The rain pelts down
pit pat pit pat*

*Creeek moans the oak tree
bending in old age
as the wind howls around
in a tearing rage.*

*The windows shatter
Doors shout in fear
Crash crash bang bang
The storm doesn't care.*

*Until with one last roar
The storm blows away
and leaves me curled up
to face the next day.*

CAROLINE MCGAHEY

SOUNDS OF THE WILD

*It is dawn
The sun silently spreads
Her body of light
Across the land*

The world awakes.

*A busy, little bird
Chips and tweets
Singing it's new song*

*The trickle of a stream
is mixed with the croak
of a lonely frog.*

*A lion roars in the distance
Spreading fear over the land
The drumming and thumping of
Zebras galloping, across the plains is heard*

*The sound of bees droning
In a hive nearby means honey
For the growling bear that
Crunches leaves as it walks.*

*It is late afternoon
The buck slurp lazily at
The riverside
A pride of lions is snoozing
Under a tree while the
Cubs play.*

*The buzz of an insect
Dies away as it
Gets darker.
An eagle screeches as the sun
Falls slowly behind the
Mountain and day
Becomes night.*

ZARA QUAIL





THEY OBVIOUSLY RECOGNISE THEIR STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES

A PRAYER BEFORE BIRTH

*I am not yet born, provide me
with lovely shoulders and sunsoaked hair
bright blue eyes, dark eyelashes
and a tan as brown as braided sausages.*

*I am not yet born, Oh hear me
let me not be scared of public appearances
let me not be nervous and self-conscious
and let me not fear darkness and loneliness*

*I am not yet born, provide me
with the ability to sing with the most tuneful
voice and to dive with utter grace
let me be able to write with the neatest
handwriting and keep quiet for five minutes.*

CAROLINE MCGAHEY

A PRAYER BEFORE BIRTH

*I am not yet born, Oh hear me.
Let my nails peep over my
finger tips and see the floor.
Let my hair flow gently around
my face with a wave in each brown strand
Let my eyes sparkle like a diamond
on a bright green lime stone.*

*I am not yet born, Oh hear me.
Help me conquer the fear of darkness
when I am alone.
Let me fight the fear of death,
and let me have courage to say how I feel.*

*I am not yet born, Oh hear me
Let me dive off the highest diving board,
like a snow white turn,
Let my body have a bounce in
each step that I take.
Let my arms swing through the air,
with a tennis racquet in my hands.*

NATALIE WOOD

THEY LOOKED AT THE PROBLEM OF REFUGEES

"Why Do We Have To Leave Home?"

*The night was extremely black, the moon was just a silver in the sky
The children thought this was fun, an exciting game
They slowly trudged out of the gates and saw the exquisite snow capped
mountains in the distance*

*The front door had slammed shut
Why were their fathers' eyes watering the children asked in alarm
The game was beginning to lose its excitement*

*Everyones' legs were exhausted
They needed their safe, warm beds
"Why can't we go home?" the little ones whined
Their mother looked away and replied softly,
"Because we have no home."*

AMANDA BOARDMAN

REFUGEES

*They trudged on, along the dusty road,
The few things they owned,
Were like sparkling diamonds,
Valuable.
They were dejected and weak with hunger.
The child cried and the mother moaned,
The father was silent.
They saw a muddy puddle,
And drank in gulps.
They were desperate.*

*Darkness fell and they rested beside the
road,
The night was long
And cold
Their rags did not keep them warm.
They then awoke to a new day, hoping for
a brighter future.*

ANGELA FRANKS



Nadine Bowers

REFUGEES

*It was a freezing cold night
Everything was silent,
Except for the hum of people singing.*

*It was a sad tune,
about being cold and hungry.
The sound of a child crying
became louder
as they come closer.*

*The people were poor,
and looked exhausted
They were all thin
from lack of food.*

*They saw a well where they stopped,
and drank
Gallons of water.*

*Soon they started walking
up the steep hill.*

*Where they were going
No-one knows except
for the fact
That they are fleeing
from the terrible fighting,
Which had already killed
many people in their village*

NATALIE WOOD

Standard 4

Rain On Earth

The earth is dry
There is no rain
Blue sky, white fleecy clouds.
Suddenly, softly, drops of rain fall
The world looks up in wonder.
All is still.
Pattering down, rain on earth,
Drooping flowers lift their heads.
Quietly the earth thanks God.

RACHEL JAMES

STANDARD FOUR TOUR

On Monday 4 June, the Standard Four's and their families assembled on Cape Town Station. We were bound for Kimberley where we arrived on Tuesday morning. On our arrival there we boarded our bus and set off on a 5 hour journey to the Willem Pretorius Game Reserve where we had very comfortable accommodation, flatlets which slept five girls. On Wednesday morning we had planned to go game watching but as the bus could not be started due to the cold overnight conditions, that had to be cancelled. However, we had breakfast and then set off for Welkom where we visited the President Brand Gold Mine and a gold pour, after which we were treated to lunch in the mine canteen. That night we slept at the Kimberley Youth Hostel which was not as luxurious as the Willem Pretorius Reserve, but lodgings were adequate. Early the next morning we visited Magersfontein, the site of an Anglo Boer War Battle and thereafter we went to the De Beers diamond recovery plant. Later we enjoyed a tram ride from the Kimberley town hall to the Open Air Mine Museum. Here, Kimberley has been represented as it was in the old days and we saw a pub, a church, houses, plenty of shops and of course the Big Hole. We returned to the Youth Hostel for supper and later boarded the train. As we sped through the Karoo we saw ostriches and buck and the Hex River Mountains were blanketed with snow and very beautiful to behold. As we drew into Cape Town Station we hung out of the windows to wave to our parents who were waiting for us. We had had a wonderful week.

RACHEL JAMES

RAINBOW

Look, look in the sky
A rainbow shining
like a star.
Seven colours
brighter than light
Oh what a lovely rainbow
Never anything
More beautiful.

SANDHYA MISEER

RAINBOW VALLEY

Rainbow Valley is a mysterious place.
Quiet with a trickle from the
Stream nearby,
The buzzing from the bees in the
Trees, the dew on the grass sparkling
In the sunlight.
The blooming of the daffs and tulips,
The whistle of the wind in the trees.
The rainbow with its colours shining
Brightly.
It's a fantasy to me and to us all.

CERRIGAN KLOTZ

RAIN ON EARTH

The earth is dry
There is no rain
Blue sky, white fleecy clouds.
Suddenly, softly drops of rain fall
The world looks up in wonder,
All is still.
Pattering down, rain on earth
Drooping flowers lift their heads.
Quietly the earth thanks God.

RACHEL JAMES

TAKE OFF

I have heard of many space disasters,
Things that just don't go quite right,
Take offs and landings,
They sometimes explode,
Will you survive? You just don't know.

I am tense in the cockpit,
Will all be fine, will I reach Mars and meet a
new race,
They might be strange with great big eyes,
Maybe they are friendly, maybe they are enemies.

BANG. Underneath me everything explodes,
or seems to,
I know this is the crucial moment,
Will all be well?
Next thing I know I am soaring through
space,
And, I am in one piece!

HEATHER YELLAND

THE CREST AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

It was in the early hours of the
morning
when everything was still
The silver mighty giant stood tall
and noble at the crest of the hill.
Then it came
the bright red flame
turning blue white
as it gave all of its might
The silver giant rose out of
the dust
you could hear the
engines giving the main
thrust.
As he disappeared out
of sight
The sun was rising bold
and bright.
He will go to
Jupiter, yes he will
that noble Silver
Giant
from the crest of
the hill.

SAMANTHA GARDNER

SPACE!

*As rockets ride with power and pride,
Covering mega miles in micro minutes,
to reach an unknown destination,
through endless skies of darkness,
on micro film maps.*

*They speed through tangled trails of space,
galaxies, stars, planets, moon,
comets, suns and alien shuttles,
ducking from hurtling meteors,
super-sonic ears, detect the foreign sounds,
safety measures taken, by telescopic eyes.*

SUSAN VAN HOORN

KRACTONS

Kractons are definitely the bad guys in the universe. They are greedy snobs who wish to take power of SOCC. If they can manage this, they could easily take over the universe which would be dangerous for every living creature as the Kractons are the meanest, vainest, worst aliens in the entire universe.

They are also pretty ugly. They have an S shaped head, a pointy middle, long flexible arms and strong, steel legs. Their feet are leaf shaped and very ugly.

These aliens do not have a home base, they just float around the universe fighting battle after battle. They are extremely dangerous, this is my final warning, beware of the Kractons!

HEATHER YELLAND

ZIRCONIANS

The Zirconians are short aliens with a round body and a long neck. They have two antennae and two long ears.

They are wreckless drivers and they always need their ships repaired. When they sleep they sleep standing up, they never lie down like we do. They are quite peaceful and only sometimes argue but if you disturb them they can be very dangerous. They live for about fifty years.

CAROLYN MARTIN



Daniela Loudeira

"HOWLERS" FROM THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE TEST

Many BULBS make light work
MEN

The person known as The Iron Lady is the Statue of Liberty.

The name of the English newspaper available in the morning in Cape Town
- The Ball Street Journal.

EXPRESSIONS speak louder than words
LOUD SPEAKER

The name of a well-known cricketer moved to East London -
MR MANDELA.

Name given to natural vegetation of Cape Town - LIFELINE.

The land of the Rising Sun - New Orleans (as per the song).

And heard during the course of the year -
"And if the baby isn't born by midnight, the doctor will seduce her?"



Kate Durr



Nicole Struik

Standard 3

Red Sails Hut
Sanderell Island
32
August 14th 1792

Herschel Preparatory
Kenmar Crescent
Claremont
7700

Dear Mrs Bray

I have got your child, Georgie Read. I found her snooping around my treasure chest. I demand five minutes more break. If you don't give that to me, I will cut her throat with my cutlass and shoot five bullets into her side with my pistol. I have killed many children from other schools. I have all thier bones in my hut. I will give you 24 hours to make up your mind.

Katty Kerry
or Bloodthirsty pirate
KERRY SHERWOOD

Dear Katty Kerry

I am so sorry Georgie was caught snooping around your treasure chest. She is such a kind, happy person and I would not like her to be hurt so I will meet with your request and grant you and your fellow-islanders five minutes extra break on Friday 18 May.

Yours faithfully
Elaine Bray

CICADAS

Once in mid-August two Cicadas were singing in the sky. They were singing to their hearts content and the air was filled with their joyful singing. They were glad because they had just escaped from the ground after being there for three years.

Their names were Jubil and Herby and they were glad that they had escaped from the darkness and stuffiness. Now that they were free, Jubil and Herby were planning to start a refreshment station for the insects that lived in the Spruce tree. Mr Grasshopper was always complaining about the heat and now he wouldn't need to anymore.

That was how Spruce Tree Refreshment Station started. It had a leaf cash register with poppy seeds in it with which the insects paid them.

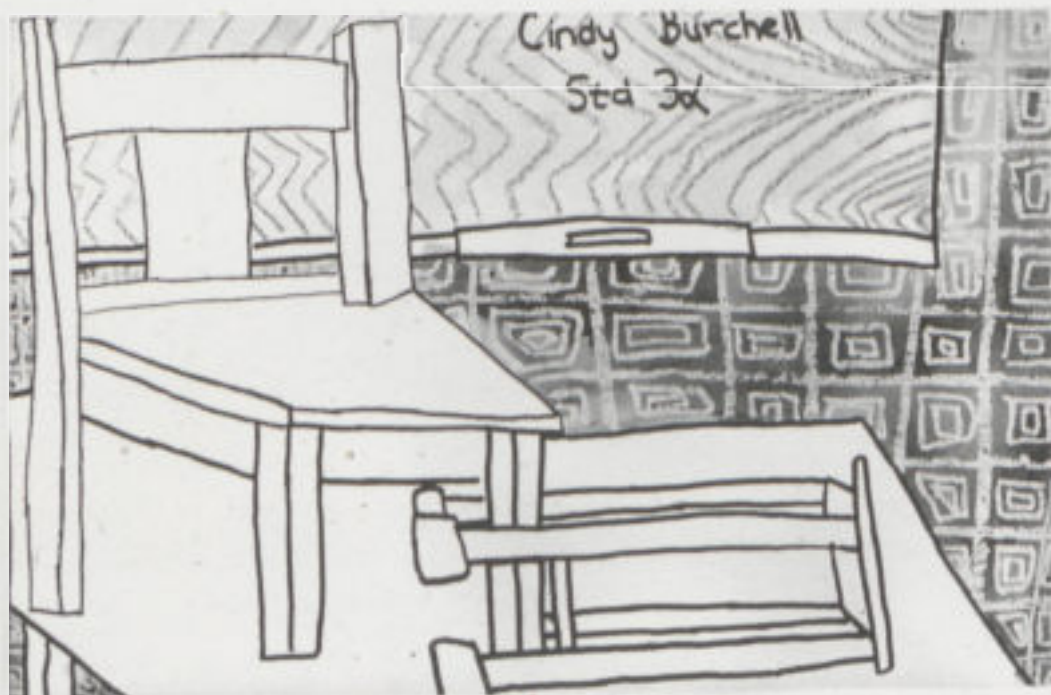
They lived happily for many years and so did their children and after that their grandchildren took over the station. That's why Cicadas always sing so joyfully.

ZENE WILLIAMS

HOW THE HYENA GOT IT'S LAUGH

Once upon a time there lived a baby hyena. His name was Sunny. Sunny lived in the echo forest. When Sunny was a baby there was a war going on between the hyena and the lion. The lions always said that they were the Kings of the jungle. You couldn't even kill a fly squeaked Sunny. At this the lions flew into a rage and went after him. Quickly hid Sunny. Within two seconds his foot was out and the lion was lying on the floor and Sunny laughing. Since he was in the echo forest all the hyena families; kings and queens and babies came to see what it was. When they found Sunny laughing and the lion lying on the floor they all burst out laughing. They never forgot that day and still find it funny. So if you ever see a hyena laughing you'll know why. And that's how the hyena got its laugh.

CAMILLA OVENSTONE



Cindy Burchell

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

An optical illusion is very, very strange.
First you are in a muddle and then you have solved a puzzle.
It is actually quite amusing to see someone in confusion.
You will tear out your hair if your stare and stare and you still can't find the solution.
You will boil with red and tread on your father's head.
It's a bit like a quizz and your hair will start to frizz, because you get into such a tizz.
So next time you see an illusion, don't think it is an intrusion.
Just get your mind in gear and all will become clear.

KELLY HUBER

THE DEVIL

He's as hot as fire,
As evil as death,
His meanness spreads the earth
But in his lair beneath the ground
He moans, groans and sneers.
To see him or to hear him
would give you a nightmare
He's mean and sly and ugly
when it comes to human flesh
But most of all he likes bats wings -
All in a mess!!
So stay away
or you'll be his prey.

KATE DORRINGTON



Kate Dorrington

BLUE

Blue as the flowers
that sway in the breeze.
Blue as the blazer
that I wear for school.
Blue as the sea
as cold as ice.
Blue as the rain
that pours down in buckets.
Blue as the sky
that stays so clear.
Blue as the cold
that I feel in my bones.
Blue as my sheet
that stays on my bed.
Blue as the river
that flows past my house.
Blue as the space case
that sits on Juliette's desk.
Blue as the agapanthus
that grows in my garden.
Blue as my curtains
that hang in my room.
Blue as my pencil
that I use for school.
Blue makes me cold
especially in winter.

PENNY WALKER

RED

Red as the flowers
that grow in the garden.
Red as the road signs
as we whizz by.
Red as the lipstick
that mommy uses.
Red as the paper
that is kept in the drawer.
Red as the blood
that comes out of my anger.
Red as a big heart
like dads got.
Red as a butterfly
that flits around.
Red as cherries
that I like to eat.
Red like the lips
that I have.
Red as a bow
that I wear.
Red as tomatoes
that mommy loves to eat.

KERRY SHERWOOD



Mandy February

Standard 2

A TAP

*Drip, drip, drip goes my bathroom tap.
I try to block my ears but the rhythm comes through.
I shut my door but I hear it still.
I get up and turn it off.
There's no more noise.*

KATE ATKINSON

THE RAIN

*This winter I went out in the rain.
With my raincoat on and my wellington boots.
My umbrella in my hand
I splash in the puddles
I hear the pattering on the road
The drains are flooded so I walk in a river.*

AMANDA WOOD

WATERFALL

*The waterfall,
It crashes on the foaming water,
It is misty there,
As it splashes over the rocks.*

MEGAN McDONALD

THE DELICATE PLANT

*The wild waterfall
Crashing, Splashing
Rumbling and tumbling
Giving me life, protecting me.
As I live in peace and harmony.
Amongst the rocks and trees.*

CHANTELLE SCHMIDLIN



Robynn Farrell

SNAILS

*Have you ever eaten a snail?
I have, and it makes me go pale.
If you eat some snails today,
I'll say, "Oh yuk, just stay away!"
The sauce goes all slimy and their tails
are all linked
Oh how I wish that the snail was extinct!*

ROBYNN FARRELL



Nadia Donnelly

WHY MY BROTHER DOESN'T EAT LETTUCE

One day my brother Andrew was eating some salad with a lot of salad dressing on it. He had eaten most of his salad except for a big piece of lettuce with a pool of salad dressing inside it. Then he put it in his mouth and as he was eating it he could feel a little "thing" on his tongue so he spat it out. It was half a worm because it had eaten half of it without knowing, because he had such a lot of salad dressing on it. Now he NEVER eats lettuce!

LOUISE LOMBERG

A REFRESHING SHOWER

"Go and have your shower, Kirsty!" shrieked Mum from downstairs.

"Alright! Alright! I'm going," I answered.

As I stepped into the shower, I immediately felt a blast of refreshing, steamy water gently cascading my body. It felt smooth and silky. I felt relieved. It felt as if I had been in the desert for a few days and was just entering a cool river. I switched off the taps and the last thing I heard when I got into bed was the gentle trickle of water. It was only then that I realised I hadn't turned the taps off properly.

KIRSTY MOSS

RAIN

*It starts with drizzle
Then pattering so fast
Then it starts pouring
And stops at last
And then when the clouds start moving away
You know it will be a sunny day.*

NADIA DONNELLY



Jane Pegrum

Standard 1

*Drowsy little daschund
Obedient to his master
Growling at the people.*

SHAHRA SATTAR

*Peaceful animals are these
In smelly sties they stay
Giving grunts and snorts all day*

SARAH TUFT

*Slippery, slimy, fond of fish
Easing around on his tummy
And always hungry
Looking for his mummy.*

ATY SNOEK

*Darling animals, they are so sweet
Obedient and friendly
Giving love to everybody they meet.*

CAROLINE BOYES

*Difficult to dislike
Obedient and loving
Guards his master*

MICHELLE WELLENS

*Droopy eyes, soft, wet nose
On four paws walking down the street
Giving wags to everyone he meets.*

SOPHIE POLAND

OUR SCENCES

HEARING

*We like to hear •
laughter – Chloe
good things happen on the news – Sophie
the crackle of leaves – Trish*

*We don't like to hear
opera music – Laura
scratching of a violin – Robyn*

SIGHT

*We like to see
sun after the rain – Lauren
happy, well looked after pets – Michelle, Louise
bottom of a train as it goes by – Trish*

*We don't like to see
people cutting of Rhino's horns – Helen
sad people – Chantal*

TOUCH

*We like to feel
velvet – Gemma
crispness of Winter – Alison
We don't like to feel
dirty – Lauren
slime – Sarah
our nails being cut short – Shahra*

STD 1 COLLECTIVE NOUNS

A ladder of snakes – *
A link of worms – CHLOÉ SHAND
A whisper of kisses – KATY THORPE
A wriggle of worms – EMMA MCADAM
A facet of kisses
A laughter of girls – LOUISE SCHONBORN
A halt of cars – CAROLINE JOHNSON
A steer of cars
A wiggle of worms – JULIA SMUTS LOUW
An exhaust of cars – RUTH PRINSLOO
A ponytail of girls – DIANNE GORDON
A rope of snakes
A hoot of cars – SHARON LEE PAN
A sludge of kisses
A slime of worms – RICHMOND SCHONFRUCHT

ALLITERATION (A Co-operative Effort)

Sandy snakes sunbathe
Confused camels collapsed
Angry alligators argue
Enormous elephants exploded
Elastic eels expand
Afghanistan alligators attack
Self-indulgent snakes sneeze
Cool camels consider
Happy hippos hummed
Grumpy girls gossip
Classical camels compose
Handy hippos help
Horrible hippos hiccup
Speedy snakes swim
Slippery snakes slide
Electric eels entertain
Enormous elephants emerged
Sneaky snakes sniggered
Anti-perspirant alligators ambled
Exclusive eels expired
Humorous hippos hooted
Spastic snakes slide
Suspicious snakes snoop
Artistic alligators act
Ex-con elephants escape

LOVE AND HATE

I love my warm bed but I hate making it – KATE THORPE
I love making a mess but I hate tidying it up – ALAEXIS BURG
I love grapes, but I hate pips. – CAROLINE JOHNSON
I love mammals, but I hate amphibians – CAROLINE JOHNSON
I love TV, I hate advertisements – NADA VASILJEVIC
I love puppies, I hate bites. – DANIELLA DU PLESSIS
I love dogs, I hate fleas – DANIELLA DU PLESSIS
I love ice-cream, I hate drips – JACQUI KENT
I love curry, I hate masala – RUTH PRINSLOO
I love playing with hair, but I hate lice – SHARON LEE PAN
I love babies but I hate them crying – MYFANWY LEHR
I love horse-riding, I hate falling – MYFANWY LEHR

SMELL

We like to smell
the garden in the morning – Aty
Mum's perfume – Erica
We don't like to smell
pepper – Sarah

TASTE

We like to taste
spaghetti with bacon and mushroom sauce – Caroline
salad – Michelle
crumbed chicken – Kathryn
We don't like to taste
medicine – Shelley
citrus soda – Kristin
raisins – Karen

THE PERFECT TIMETABLE

I would start at 10 O'clock
because I have time to
sleep
I would start with art because
I can get all my dreams
out.
Then I would do cursive because
it is very relaxing
I wish you did not have to
do maths because some sums
are hard.
I would like to have my bread
for 2 hours because I could
swing on the swing and play
with my friends.
After break I would like to
do computers because you
can play games on the
computers.
And I would go home at
any time I want.

CAMILLA HENDERSON

A FROG POEM

Five little frogs hopping on the
floor
One hopped away
and then there were four.
Four little frogs hopping by the sea
One met a shark
And then there were three.
Three little frogs looking at the blue
Down came a seagull and then
there were two.
One little frog eating a bun
He ate too much, he burst,
And then there were none!

JULIA SMUTS LOUW

WINTER POEMS

When it is hot and a Summers day
the children go out to play.
But when it is a winters day the
children stay inside and play.

OLIVIA CHRISTIAN

Thunder, thunder, I like thunder
Thunder Thunder brings the rain
Thunder thunder you're a pain
Thunder thunder don't come again.

BRENDA O'DONNELL

MY FAMILY

My Father is medium. He is a nice man and he teases me. My brother is so big that his feet are bigger than my moms. He teases me too. My Mother is small. My cat is called Thomas. He is a black cat. I have two dogs, the girl is pregnant and she is a show dog. The boy is the oldest. He is a normal dog.

CHRISTI LITTLE

THE PERFECT TIMETABLE

I would like to start at
ten o'clock because I will
have more time to get up.
I would go to computers
first because it is
my best thing.
Then I would like to
do art because I like
working with paint.
Then it would be nice to
do maths because it's one
of my worst things.

CHLOE SHAND

WHAT IS BIG?

A tuna is big and so is a
redwood tree.
An Irish wolf hound is enormous
and a Great Dane is huge.
But the biggest of all
is a Titanic.

KATY THORPE

THINGS I LIKE

1. I like to see people hugging
when people arrive at the
airport.
2. I like to taste a carrot
when it is peeled.
3. I like to touch my dogs
fur.
4. I like to smell my mum's
cooking.
5. I like to hear my mum
and dad saying I love
you.

PARUSA PILLAY



Natasha Wood

A RAINY DAY

What do you like to do on a rainy day?
I like to listen to the rain falling pitter patter
and stay in bed and drink tea and cuddle with
Mum and dream about the sunny days I had.
Come on put on your rain coat and wellies
and bring an umbrella if you need one Oh no
it is raining come in quick come and have
some tea.

LAUREN ELLIOT SUB B

A Rainy Night

Pitter patter
Pitter patter
What a lovely
night.
Pitter patter
Pitter patter
no cars in
sight.
Listen to the
raindrops
on a windy night
listen to your
mother say
switch off that
light.

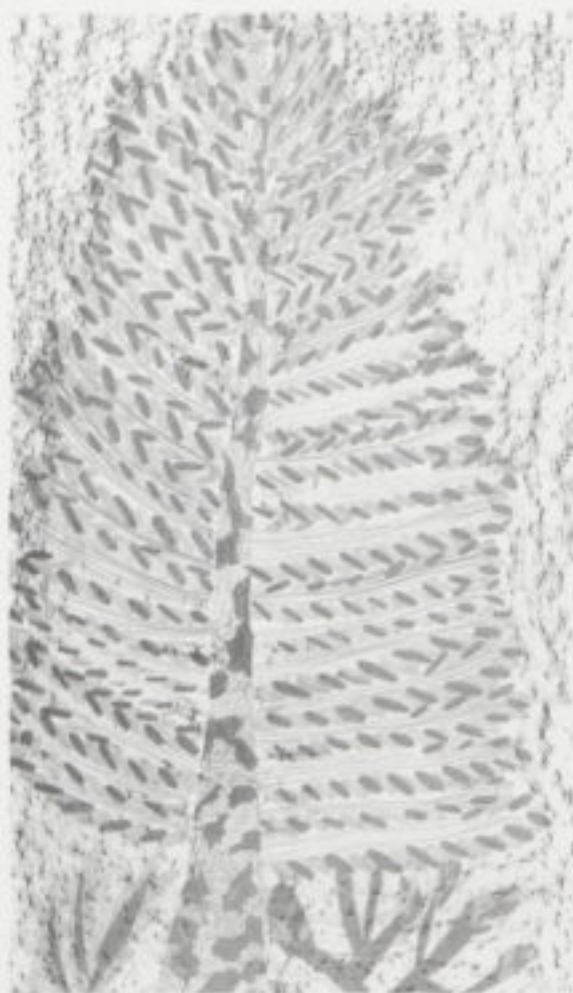
TATUM COCHRANE SUB B

MY MUM

My Mum is special because I love her best. She loves me the best in the hole wide world. When my Mumy gose to England she brings me bake presents. My Mum baths me. My Mum puts me into my bed. My Mum is in love with her husband. My Mum makes me breakfast.

SELINA FOREST

Kate Atkinson



Megan Aubin



Lorena O'Donnell



Catherine

Old Herschelians

ENGAGEMENTS

BIEBUYCK VAN HEERDEN Monica to Gregory van Heerden
BREEN - HOSKING Jill to Keith Hoskin
COMMINS - ANDREAS Shona to Ralph Andreas
KILCULLEN - LE ROUX Suzanne to Stephen le Roux
LOUW - PRESCOTT Daryl to Greg Prescott
MANNION - COOPER Moira to James Cooper
MARR - OLDEN Catherine to Bruce Olden
MILLS - SANDELL Shelley to Tony Sandell
SEDGWICK - MELTZER Jo-Anne to Mel Meltzer
SHARPLEY - CATTO Penny to John Catto
ZELEZNIAK - NOBLE Dorit to Peter Noble

MARRIAGES

BETTISON - WILLIAMS Linda to Lloyd Williams, January 1990
BRAUN - BOWNES Tania to Ronald Bownes, February 1990
COOPER - HARDCASTLE Penny to Justin Hardcastle, January 1990
DAUNCEY - GERHARDI Nicky to Michael, October 1990
DICEY - MOIR Katherine to Andrew Moore, May 1990
ENTHOVEN - BUTLER Madeleine to Peter Butler, January 1990
FOUCHÉ - BENNETTS Adele (nee Jooste) to Basil Bennetts, July 1990
FOUCHÉ - WHITFIELD Jill to Larry Whitfield, February 1990
GAWITH - VAN DEN HONERT Erica to Robin van den Honert, January 1990
HAU - COOMBES Victoria to Colin Coombes, February 1990
HOFFER - WILLIAMS Natasha to Peter Williams
JONES - BECK Lindsay to Mervyn Beck, November 1989
KIERSGIETER - BRANDON Kirsten to Gerard Brandon, December 1989
MAISEL - THURLING Lelise to Vidrick Thurling, December 1989
NEWTON-THOMPSON - BOSMAN Sandy to Tony Bosman, December 1989
QUIBELL - VERWEY Janine to Alan Verwey, January 1990
ROOMES - BRIDGE Terry to Todd Bridge
SMIT - HABLUTZEL Kathryn to Neil Hablutzel, November 1989

DEATHS

GROVE Joy (nee **Stuttaford**) on 22 September 1990
HARDING Elizabeth (nee Appleyard) on 16 May 1990
MANN Heather (nee **Close**) on 19 November 1989, aged 83

1990 COMMITTEE

President:	Mrs P J Duff
Vice-President:	Mrs Adele (Jooste) Mrs Corinne Symons (Dicey) "Loxtonia", PO Box 143, Ceres, 6835
Secretary/Treasurer:	Mrs Diana Burns (Dicey), 6 Rose Street, Newlands, 7700
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Magazine	Mrs Mandy van Dugteren (Noakes), Alphonse Close, Constantia, 7800
Members:	Mrs Lorna Ramsden (Harris) Mrs Lynn Reid (Harris) Mrs Jenny Wynne (Brimble)

BIRTHS

ACKERMAN: To Mandy (**Crutchley**) and Gareth, a son, 31 July 1990
BEROLD: To Doune (**Hannay-Robertson**) and Grant, a son, 24 October 1989
BOOTH: To Susan (**Dowdie**) and Stephen, a son, 18 February 1990
BRINK: To Liz (**Meynell**) and Monty, a son, 17 March 1990
BROWN: To Marge (**Filmer**) and Malcolm, a son, 26 December 1990
BURGER: To Edwina (**Abbott**) and Deruzil, a daughter, 5 July 1990
BURTON-MOORE: To Melodie (**van Rooyen**) and Mark, a daughter, 20 November 1989
CHAPLIN: To Marilyn (**Knudsen**) and Derek, a son, 31 July 1990
CHEESEMEN: To Linda (**Swanepoel**) and Dick, a son, 28 March 1990
DE VILLIERS: To Susie (**Brownlie**) and Louis, a daughter, 12 September 1990
DE VOS: To Amanda (**Robins**) and Carl, a son, 16 October 1990
DOUGLAS: To Ashley (**Chapman**) and James, a son, 28 December 1989
FOULSER: To Clemmie (**Robinson**) and Jeff, a son, 14 December 1989
HUMBY: To Tracey (**Scott**) and John, a daughter, 13 July 1990
KUIPER: To Jean (**Bergh**) and Adrian, a daughter, 29 January 1990
MILLMAN: To Devon (**Lees**) and Paul, a son, 19 January 1990
MURIE: To Peta-Anne (**Simpson**) and Peter, a son, September 1990
RIXON: To Michele (**Kinlay**) and Guy, a son, 10 February 1990
STARKE: To Kathy (**Ince**) and André, a son, 22 March 1990
THOMPSON: To Nicola (**Fouché**) and Murray, a daughter, 31 August 1990
TODD: To Nancy (**Jackson**) and Andy, a daughter, 28 February 1990
TUCKNISS: To Jackie (**Dicey**) and Chris, a daughter, 20 April 1990
WALE: To Bridget (**Borton**) and Anton, a son, 16 December 1989



OBITUARY

HARDING (APPLEYARD), MARGARET ELIZABETH, who died from cancer in Cape Town in 16 May at the age of 65, was born in Yorkshire, the only child of Alfred and Margaret Appleyard. She came to South Africa at the age of three when her father was appointed General Manager of Rhodes Fruit Farms. Here, in the Groot Drakenstein Valley, began her lifelong love of nature, particularly birds, about which she grew to have a deep knowledge, travelling to India more than once to see them, besides to the Galapagos Islands and many parts of South America.

She matriculated from Herschel in 1941 and was one of the most brilliant students of her generation. In 1944 she graduated with distinction in Economics and Economic History at the University of Cape Town, having previously achieved the medal for the best student for in Pure Mathematics I and II, a medal and the Louis Weiner Scholarship for the best student in Economics I in her second year and, in her third year, the class medals both for Economics II and Political Philosophy I. She was also awarded on graduation the Queen Victoria Memorial Scholarship from women for three years.

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Helped by an introduction from General J C Smuts, a friend of her parents, she was accepted at Lady Margaret Hall at the University of Oxford, where she studied Modern Greats (Politics, Philosophy and Economics) for two years. On her return to South Africa, she studied Afrikaans and typing and then returned to UCT for three years to study librarianship, working part time as a librarian during this period and receiving her higher certificate with distinction in 1951. After several months overseas, visiting various libraries – if Elizabeth studies a subject she did it thoroughly – she later took up permanent position in Jagger Library at UCT, leaving it in 1955 when her father died in order to help her mother.

When she started work again in 1963, it was for the South Africa Museum, where she had the distinction of starting the Printing Museum, obtaining all the exhibits for it, and becoming its curator. In the foreseeable future, this exhibit is to become an important part of the South African Library's Centre of the Book to be established in the old Archives building in Queen Victoria Street. In 1964, she married Julius Coward, a British farmer whom she had met in South Africa, and went to live in England.

The marriage proved unhappy and short-lived and she returned to South Africa to become a companion to her elderly mother. Everyone was delighted when, some four years after the latter's death in 1981, she found great happiness in marriage to a widower, Wallace Harding. They were, it was said at her memorial service, "like playmates".

Her many friends knew how much she busied herself with anything to do with conservation – whether it be the buildings or the natural environment. Yet she never imposed her expert knowledge on anyone. Little did we know that she was also busy with finance – for her knowledge of Economics was not wasted. We knew her as the gracious hostess who gave elegant but never opulent dinner parties and luncheons – and as a skilled camper on expeditions of the Cape Bird Club who took her turn at doing the chores. She never dressed extravagantly or drove expensive cars and, although she was apparently comfortably-off, none ever dreamed that she had, through her own efforts and careful investments, become a millionaire – for she never imposed her vast wealth on friends who were so very much poorer. Only since her death have some of her benefactions to others during her lifetime come to light.

It took 11 days after her death for the Press to hear that Elizabeth Harding had, besides other bequests, left R8m. to the South African Nature Foundation for the purchase of a bird sanctuary and its upkeep – in memory of her parents, herself and her husband. It is believed to be the world's largest private bequest for the creation of a Nature Reserve. But those who were close to Elizabeth remember her for the wealth of her friendship and warm love and consideration for others and that is the treasure she has taken with her. She will be greatly missed. Tot Siens, Elizabeth!

Marion Robertson (Spijthaus)

STOP PRESS



Matric Girls with their Old Herschelian Mothers
 Pamela Thompson, Isobel Essery and their mothers.



Further afield! Paris, in fact. Three happy Herschelians, Alexandra Ovenstone, Elana Rista and Katherine McAdam.



At a reunion of recent matrics were seen, Emma Wynne-Edwards, Karine Gowdy, Mrs Bernice Louw, Kate O'Neill.



Gold pour at President Brand Gold Mine, Welkom



Lunch en route

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