



THE HERSCHELIAN 1993

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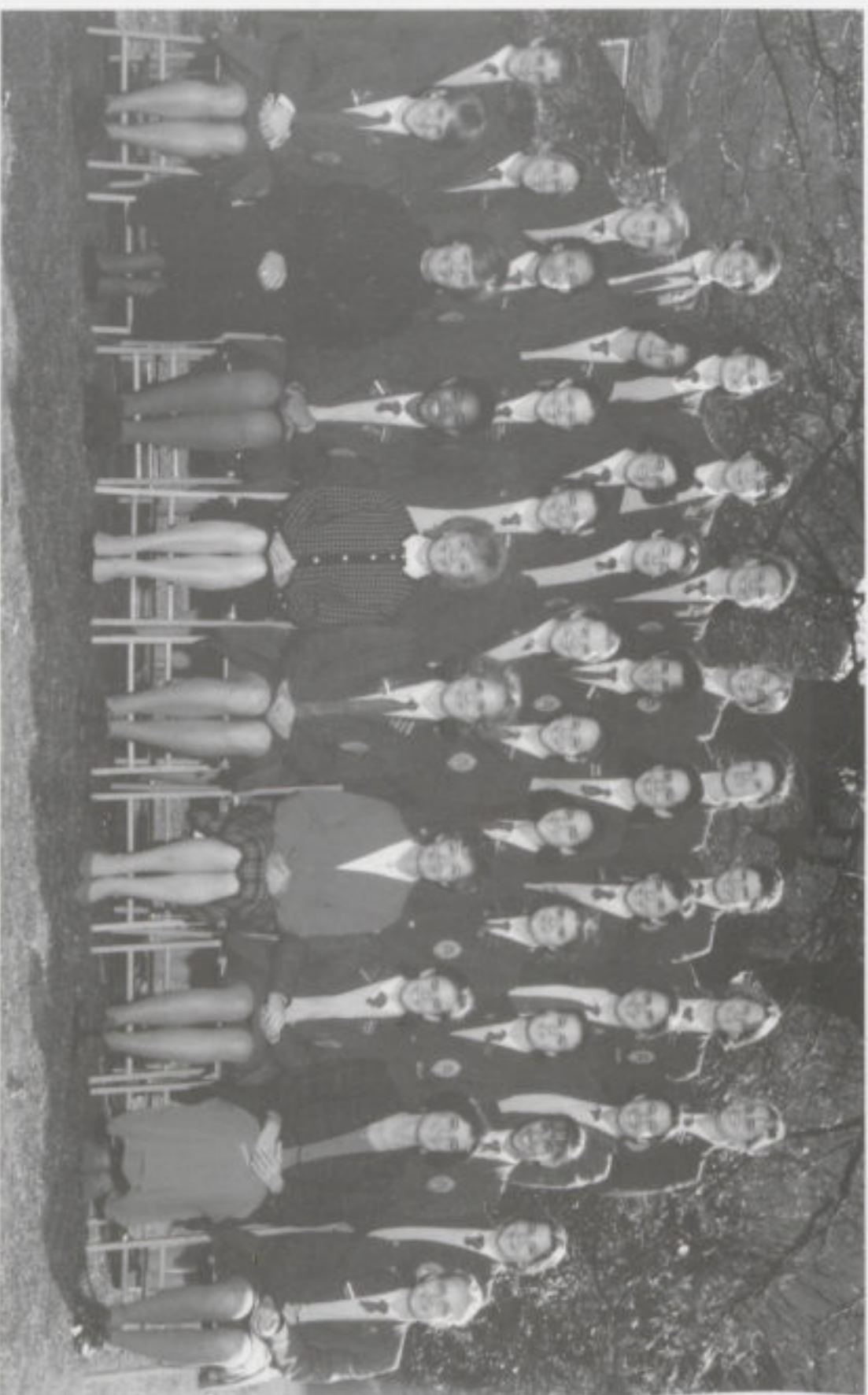
Front Cover: A View of Devil's Peak from the Preparatory School

Back Cover: Gabi Christie - Junior Springbok Synchro Swimmer
Photographer: Mike Wesson

THE HERSCHELIAN 1993



HERSCHEL * 21 HERSCHEL ROAD * CLAREMONT 7700 * PHONE 64-4010



SCHOOL FORUM

Back Row: Deborah Wynne (10P), Catherine Barry (10E), Michelle Watt (7P), Tanya Ruthford (9P), Jennifer Sale (8E), Mary Henderson (10E), Nicola Schonborn (10P), Anabelle Lawrence (10P), Carin Dippert (10E)

3rd Row: Karin Koop (7E), Angela Vasiljevic (6P), Kerry Sherwood (6P), Candice van der Horst (8P), Janice Lightbody (6E), Nicola Dryden-Dymond (9D), Cam Mitchell (10E), Caroline Truter (10E), Clarissa Berry (10D)

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Front Row: Elizabeth Hershon (10E), Mrs I Alder, Anah Nguni (10P), Mrs P Duff, Niccola Clegg (10E), Mrs M Robinson, Nicola Wallace (10E), Mrs R Taylor, Susannah George (10E)

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Seated: *Kim Hunter, Cara Fernor, Mrs Allen, Clarissa Berry, Katherine Adams*



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 Front Row: Katharine Johnson, Sarah Boardman, Amanda de Swardt, Susan Futter, Clare Ellis-Smith



*Mrs Pamela Duff (Headmistress), Mrs Pat Gorvalla (Guest speaker),
Nicola Clegg (Headgirl)*

SPEECH DAY 1993

Mr Chairman, honoured guests, friends and young ladies of Herschel - welcome to our 1993 prize giving ceremony. A special welcome to my colleagues, the heads of other independent schools.

And, a very sincere welcome to our guest of honour, Mrs Pat Gorvalla - a woman of initiative and successful achievements, an example to us all as we enter the new South Africa. We are privileged to have her here today.

Many people contribute to the efficient running of a school - the school council, the teaching and administrative staff, the house staff and catering staff, the estate managers and the grounds staff - I thank them for their enthusiasm, co-operation and contribution.

At the end of a year, it is always sad to say-goodbye to those members of staff who are leaving. The preparatory school loses Jackie Goodrick who returns to England after ten years at Herschel. Jackie is one of the most highly organized and efficient teachers I have met - she initiated the prep schools' "olympic games" at Herschel in 1988. The event was staged at St. Cyprian's last year and will be hosted by other schools in 1996 and 2000, but Jackie has promised to return in 2004 to run it again at Herschel - or, has the seed really germinated and the real games will be in Cape Town!

As an innovative and inspiring drama teacher, Tessa Edlmann has further enhanced theatre work at Herschel. The recent outstanding production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was testimony to her skill and dedication. Tessa also leaves to travel overseas and our warm good wishes go with her: Liesl Malan is not moving quite so far away - Namibia is her destination. Her enthusiasm and lovely smile will be missed both on the sportsfield and in the classroom.

Our saddest farewell this year, was a lasting one. A fortnight ago we lost part of our living history with the passing of Dulcie Howes - a founder pupil on the 16th of February 1922, a loyal and supportive Old Herschelian whose daughters also came to Herschel and whose grand-daughter, Alexandra, is now in standard 2. As doyenne of South African ballet, Dulcie

was inspirational and greatly admired. We were proud to have her as patron of our Herschel Ahead appeal fund. Dulcie was the epitome of all that Herschel stands for - enterprising, talented, witty, charming and caring - and, above all, a very gracious lady.

I appreciate this annual opportunity to thank the whole Herschel family for their support - the Old Herschelians, the parents - especially the mothers who do so much behind the scenes. Thank you for your help in the library, in the clothes shop, with second-hand books, for the wonderful flower arrangements and for developing the lovely gardens this year.

Our 1992 Cape Senior Certificate results were, once again, outstanding - a tribute to both the girls and to their teachers. A 100% pass with 82,5% achieving university entrance matriculation exemption. I am very proud to be the Headmistress of a school where each pupil is stimulated and encouraged to achieve to her own personal maximum capability. I congratulate Carin Dippenaar, Cam McIntosh, Nicola Clegg and Stephanie de Wet who came in the top twenty in the nationwide Afrikaans Olympiad for English Medium schools and, especially Carin, who was 6th in the country and 2nd in the Cape Province (including Namibia). However, the major accolade must go to our head girl, Nicola Clegg; not only successful in the Olympiad, she has also achieved many swimming successes, has played in the first netball team, has continued with piano and ballet, was a finalist in the Argus Achiever of the Year competition, and has been a most efficient, sensitive and approachable head girl. She has also studied 7 subjects for matric, regularly achieving term and exam aggregates of over 90%, culminating in the trials examination with 7 distinctions and the amazing aggregate of 98,6%. Congratulations, Nicola. With all your fine achievements, you have remained modest and unassuming - you have been a real asset to Herschel, a star, and we shall follow your future career and achievements with interest and pride.

Nicola has been ably supported by her deputy, Anda Ngani,



MARY HENDERSON - STANDARD 10
- THE MARY MULLER PICTURE OF THE YEAR



YOLANDE YOUNG - STANDARD 10
- BRICKS



LEANNE LOUW - STANDARD 10
- SWEETS

CARA FERMOR - STANDARD 10
- FISH ON A PLATE



KATHARINE JOHNSON - STANDARD 10
- BUDDHA'S HANDS

CAROLINE TRUTER - STANDARD 10
- HERSCHEL ATRIUM



NICOLA MCQUEEN - STANDARD 10
- WATERFRONT



forum secretary, Nicola Wallace, and a team of loyal prefects. This year's matrics have all made very positive contributions to the academic, cultural and sporting life of the school. They have undertaken additional responsibilities as area heads, forum representatives, boarding house prefects, library prefects, lost property monitors, captains of teams and office bearers in clubs and societies, co-operating well for the smooth running of the school. They have all worked consistently hard (with a few exceptions!) and are well prepared for the final matric hurdle. I wish them every success and much happiness in the future - may all their dreams come true.

Each year, matric girls assist me by describing highlights of the year's activities. This year I am pleased to ask Debbie Wynne and Megan Shaw to give their reports.

SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES by Deborah Wynne

For many of us, 1993 has been a year of great sporting achievements, as well as other activities. It was the year of the water babies; with the result that we have three South African representatives - the two synchro swimmers, Gabi Christie and Miss Su Bernstein, as well as diver Jane Woodard. And a gold medal was won by Amanda-Jo Clegg at the All-England age group swimming championships. All of them have brought honour to the school and this is a record which will be hard to match, as it was achieved in one year.

We are also very proud of our Western Province representatives and the many who have brought honour to Herschel. Special congratulations to Caitlin von Witt who won a silver medal in the Junior Biology Section of the National Science Olympiad.

Hours of training were justified for our regular runners by their success in the Knysna half marathon - the Herschel team winning the ladies' under-21 section. Our own school fun run saw Jagger sweep the board - could it be coincidence that Mr Scott is in Jagger?

International competition is opening up for South Africa and we have followed this trend by welcoming the overseas netball and hockey teams from Woodhouse Grove, England.

Our American contact is now well established with our Brooks Exchange in its seventh year. Beth Cyr and Shana Keegan enjoyed their stay with us and returned home safely, taking with them Masingita Shimange and Louise Thomas - it's a pity we couldn't all go.

However, many of us have also had a chance to travel and we are very grateful to the teachers who organized and accompanied the trips. The April Lesotho pony trek included many first time riders who returned home with wonderful memories - and aching rears! In spite of minor mishaps, heat and sunburn, photographs prove that the Orange River was a great success.

Much further afield, the French and art tour groups had many memorable experiences, while, closer to home, we now have our own Herschel 'tour guides' - Standard 9 and 10 volunteers have enjoyed showing visitors around the school. They are especially proud to show off the refurbished boarders' suit - the bright blue and yellow room is simply stunning. A picture of the room is the centrefold of our long-awaited new prospectus which has many more beautiful photographs.

For all matrics, our dance was a magic evening. The Mary Jagger Hall was transformed by the elegant green and white decorations. Unfortunately, rain caused the teachers to abandon their tent, but it could not dampen our spirits! I know I speak for all matrics when I say: "Thank you Standard

Nines for a memory that will last forever." We hope that yours is as wonderful, and your matric year is as successful and enjoyable as ours has been.

CULTURAL AND SPIRITUAL LIFE by Megan Shaw

Music, dance and drama are very important at Herschel - all were evident in our celebration of *Cabaret '93*, as well as at the annual June Eisteddfod where Merriman won the Interhouse Singing Competition.

Our two most ambitious cultural events this year were *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Mozart's *Requiem* - the latter in conjunction with Bishops' Chapel Choir. Hours of practice culminated in one hour of inspiring music in the Memorial Chapel. Our choir was outstanding, while Anouk Espi held her own in the orchestra of experienced players.

Ms Edlmann's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was very different - set in the 1920's - can you really picture Lysander and Demetrius in cricket flannels and Titania's fairies dancing the charleston? It worked! Many people understood Shakespeare for the first time - we realized how very accurately he observed human behaviour - and we didn't know that we could laugh so much while watching a Shakespeare play. The costumes were fantastic and there were many stars on stage - especially Bottom. Jenny Sale played this buffoon character to perfection, while at the same time rehearsing for the Capab production of Tom Stoppard's *'Arcadia'*. Here, her role as *Thomasina* received good reviews - we are proud of you, Jenny.

Shakespeare played a big part in school life this year - there was our school production, a visit to Maynardville to see *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and then a three day Shakespearian experience for the whole school - including our own Globe theatre and maypole dancing.

Clubs and societies continue to provide stimulation and opportunities. These include toastmasters and debating, as well as Interact, where activities never cease: street collecting; manning refreshment stations for big walks; helping at night shelters and supporting many charities.

The beautiful and functional Baxter Resource Centre has been well used this year, while the attractive Atrium has been the venue for talks, a Prep. School Carol Service, a matric drama production, house meetings, *Cabaret '93* and the recent Old Herschelian art exhibition. There are so many talented and famous Old Herschelian artists, working in various media - an inspiration and challenge to present pupils - a challenge that was more than met by our matric art students whose work was on display at the same time. Proceeds from the sale of Old Herschelian art went into the school's bursary fund - a wonderful gesture.

The year started on a sad note - our classmate and special friend, Patience Nofili, suffered an asthma attack while visiting her Transkei home - and she was never to rejoin us. We have missed her natural and infectious joy, but keep alive special happy memories. And, we record our love for her with the pew bench donated in her name, in the beautiful new chapel that is emerging in the former Duncan Baxter Library.

The important and interesting activities and achievements of each term are recorded in Mrs Duff's regular newsletters - these will be a good record for our history. Mrs Duff used two relevant circular symbols this year - one, a 'no smoking' sign, showing that Herschel is an environment friendly smoke-free zone, and the second, the two doves peace symbol, recording our participation in the nationwide peace campaign - we all share this hope, and pray for peace in our country.

MRS DUFF CONTINUED:

The matrics leave school to enter a South Africa very different from that which existed in 1982, the year they started formal schooling. So, I should like to share with you some thoughts on Herschel and South Africa - today and tomorrow. For, as Franklin Roosevelt said: "The only limit to our realisation of tomorrow will be our doubts of today."

1993 has been a traumatic year for South Africa, with ongoing violence, recession and endless political rhetoric. In some ways it has been an unsettled year at Herschel, with a drastic drop in young boarders, resulting in the closure of the preparatory boarding house. While, in the senior school, we have been challenged by a unilateral decision made by the education authorities, which decrees that Herschel will no longer be able to offer drama as a matric subject.

I think this is an appalling decision - but as I pondered it, I recalled a number of other woefully bad decisions which people have lived with. Beatrix Potter had no less than six rejections for *Peter Rabbit*. Eventually Warne undertook to publish, but only on condition she undertook to bear any financial risk.

And, listen to this - an aspiring novelist in 1836 wrote to the eminent critic and man of letters, Robert Southey, submitting a sample of her work. "Literature," he replied to her, "cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure she will have for it." So discouraged by this reply was Charlotte Bronte, that she wrote nothing for ten years.

But, the real classic - Brian Epstein, piano shop owner of Liverpool, undertook management of an unknown group of musicians. Their demonstration record was dismissed by Dick Rowe of Decca records with: "Guys with guitars are on their way out." E.M.I. picked up the contract - the Beatles are now part of history. But I will come back to history in my closing comments and I must assure you that the battle is now joined on the drama front.

1993 has also been a year of hope for South Africa, with dialogue between opposing groups, doors opening for our sports teams, lifting of sanctions, welcome at the United Nations, the implementation of the transitional executive council and preparations for the first universal elections in our country next April.

Similarly, 1993 has been a year of progress for Herschel - exciting extensions have been completed in the junior preparatory department, our Atrium and Baxter Resource Centre have been extensively used (however did we manage without them?), a new chapel is emerging, the science laboratories are to be upgraded and we welcomed a long awaited violin teacher, Elizabeth Engel, who has returned to South Africa from Europe. Perhaps the most encouraging of all, has been the success of our own "transitional government" - our school forum, which has developed into an effective pupil body where open discussion is encouraged and consensus is used in decision making. Suggestions and plans are carefully thought through before implementation and the forum has accepted accountability for its actions. Prefects, area heads and elected class representatives have all played their part. I am confident that our forum will go from strength to strength and benefit not only Herschel itself, but also South Africa, as confident, sensible young women go out with an awareness of the importance of consensus, to play their part in the future.

I am an optimist; I see peace and prosperity for our beautiful country. However, in the road ahead are numerous potholes

for the unwary, unprepared or faint-hearted, perhaps the most daunting being the uncertainty of future employment.

How can Herschel help its pupils prepare for this future? Although we are prey to pressures of change, it is essential that our integrity should not be eroded; standards of behaviour, of dress, manners and actions, and an attitude to life that others might find old-fashioned, are, I believe, to be prized and treasured. It is my avowed intention to maintain at Herschel, the highest standards for which the school has for so long been so well respected. Herschel's role has always been in the forefront of educational initiative, development and achievement - and this will not change. To be a centre of excellence is a challenge we accept and will meet. Our ethos remains clear and firm, our standards will remain high; be they academic, social or personal.

Herschelians are encouraged to use their initiative, to think and to plan ahead. Successful entrepreneurs at school have made their mark this year - Zara Quail and Caroline Kane Smith were semi-finalists in the young entrepreneurs competition organised by the University of Stellenbosch business school; several girls took part in the junior achievement programme - establishing their own companies, holding executive positions within their companies, designing, producing, packaging and selling their products and keeping control of relevant finances. Within the school, entrepreneurs flourish: standard 9's run our tuckshop as a successful business venture, while "Kate's Cakes" is a thriving enterprise.

Such enterprise and experience should enable Herschelians to circumnavigate the unemployment potholes they may encounter, whether in South Africa or elsewhere.

However, in spite of the optimism I have so enthusiastically shared with you, I must tell you that the only hope for us all here, is to emigrate.

The faint-hearted, unambitious and pessimistic are already rolling around names in their heads - Canada, Australia, New Zealand, America, back to good old "Brit" - but I am going to tell you where to emigrate. There is a great climate, wonderful scenery, good education, superb infrastructure already in place, numerous job opportunities for creative entrepreneurs, challenges - in fact, all the promises and hopes inspired by the picture on the front of a travel brochure - or a seed packet.

And to where do we emigrate? I'll tell you. To the new South Africa, Azania, whatever it will be called. For it will truly be an emigration. Not physically, as we will be able to retain our homes, our gardens, our pets, our school, our friends and, most of all, our lifestyle. But it must be a mental immigration. We must put ourselves in the mode of complete change, wipe our mental black-boards clean of many old prejudices, misconceptions and privileges, and adapt to a new government and new circumstances, settle down and make our country work. It will be worth the immigration.

Let us hope and pray that our leaders will remember the lessons of history. Africa has many such lessons to teach, and a wiser one than I noted that those who ignore the lessons of history are condemned to repeat them.

As of yesterday, my speech should have ended with that last paragraph - but, on re-reading, it seemed a little pessimistic. So, I made use of our splendid library - and found an excellent book of quotations - four are specially relevant and I would like to share them with you.

Did I refer to "lessons of history"? Take comfort in Henry Ford's words - "History is bunk".

While H.W. Longfellow said: "Look not sorrowfully into the past, it comes not back again. Go forth and meet the shadowy future without fear, and with manly heart" - a possible gender problem in a girls' school.

Rather, heed the words of Lincoln Steffens: "I have seen the future and it works." Surely, this must be a rallying cry for new South Africans.

And, for me personally, the words of Charles Kettering have deeper meaning: "When I was young, my teachers were old and they told me of the past. Now, I am old and my teachers are young and they tell me of the future."

Thank you.



Nicola Clegg (Headgirl), Mrs Duff (Headmistress), Anda Ngani (Deputy Headgirl)

MRS PAT GORVALLA'S SPEECH

In her inspiring speech, Mrs Pat Gorralla pointed out that each man and woman is an economic power base, needing only time, talent and treasure to develop that base to the full. People who identify with the needs of the community will achieve self-development, and success inevitably follows, while the commitment, dedication and competence which result in success are likely to inspire others. Investing one's skills, time and knowledge in other people is a long-term investment, but, whereas "all hard work brings a profit, mere talk leads only to poverty." (Proverbs 14:23)

It is irresponsible not to use one's gifts, for, while they lie dormant like closed fists, they benefit no-one. Like open palms, people need to give and receive in order to grow and strengthen and to give up new area where women can express, improve and elevate themselves. Women must unite on issues affecting them and join the broader struggle for non-racism and democracy. Love, unselfishness, truth and human dignity are essential and Mrs Gorralla's aim lies to motivate Herschel girls to be a positive source for good. We bear a collective responsibility.

Mrs Gorralla then went on to say that women earn only one tenth of the world's income, despite doing two thirds of the world's work. If women wish to change this, they have to get involved in business leadership and politics. Only thus can they have a say in the futures of their children.

Women have ambition and determination, like men, but also warmth, wisdom, courage, logic, sense of humour, good looks, intelligence, common sense and modesty. We must use this power.

In discussing the challenges South Africa faces, Mrs Gorralla used the analogy of a fragile table needing all four legs in order to stand: these legs are a growing economy; an effective

education system; adequate health care to ensure physical and mental health and a workable political solution.

She then reminded us of the difficulties women had to face when they first challenged traditional ideas and began to demand a better education. Many of these young women outshone their male colleagues at University and went on to brilliant careers in Law, Science, Mathematics and Chemistry, Literature and Politics, paving the way for all of us who have followed them.

Education is the source which could some day lead to a great flood of true greatness, proficiency and professionalism, if girls are willing to put in the hours of time and self that learning demands. The rewards are great - there is no limit to how high they can go or where in the world they can make their mark. Schools such as Herschel make vital contributions to this development of potential.

Women's status in many developing countries is pitiable - they are poor, powerless and pregnant. They need to improve themselves through understanding, commitment and determination to escape the cycle of poverty which leads to their unenviable status. In 1990 40% of the workforce were women, as well as 60% of the three million people in the informal sector. Women, therefore, have the potential for power. Martin Luther King Jr said, "Any nation or civilisation that continues to produce soft-minded women, purchases its own spiritual death on an instalment plan."

Men seldom really appreciate the needs of women and so women must develop their own strategies, campaigns and organisations to work for their own improvement.

No matter what job she has, no work is insignificant - "Be the best of whatever you are."

HEAD GIRL'S FAREWELL

Good morning Mr Chairman, honoured guests, members of the Council, Mrs Duff, ladies, gentlemen and fellow pupils.

It is with pleasure that I accept the honour of addressing you this morning, but before I begin, I would like to thank Mrs Gorvalla most sincerely for taking time from her busy schedule to come and speak to us today. We greatly value your sound advice and wonderful words of inspiration. Thank you.

The catch phrases in the Matric Common Room at the moment, are "I can't believe we're nearly there!", or "It's gone so fast!" which, come to think of it, is true. And, in a way, we are faced with very mixed feelings.

There is some sadness at leaving behind something that has been such a large part of our lives for so long - because Herschel has been an integral part in our development, not only intellectually, but in our growth as well-rounded individuals.

Here, we are offered so many opportunities to broaden our experience and develop skills. Yet sometimes, as we look back, there may be regrets as some realise too late the opportunities missed - it would be better if we realised this sooner rather than later.

Herschel is made up of a community of loving, caring people, and when one begins to consider all those who have helped us on our way to reaching Matric, we begin to realise to just how many people we owe our thanks. It is perhaps only now in Matric that we appreciate how dedicated our teachers are, and how genuinely interested they are, not only in our marks, but also in our growth as people. And so we thank all the teachers who have supported and guided us through the years up to our present stage - we know it cannot always have been easy!

And then there is the boarding house staff who nobly "adopt" a whole boarding house full of children, becoming their second mothers, and in spite of the trials, continuing to love and care for every one of the girls. The caterers and kitchen staff, too, deserve special mention for all the trouble they take over keeping our appetites satisfied. I would also specially like to thank the administrative staff who are always willing to help, no matter how often I seem to be popping in!

Something so often commented on is the beauty of our school grounds, and the immaculate upkeep of the buildings, and for this we thank Mr Bold and his groundstaff and cleaners.

Then there are also two teachers whom I personally would like to thank for their support to me during my years at Herschel - Thank you very much to Mrs Louw, who lifts me every morning to school and even at that early hour, will always be ready with a smile, and to Miss Sweet, my music teacher for her guidance and faith in me.

And then to all my friends and my Matric class - your support and caring have meant so much to me. Thank you to my team of prefects who have been so reliable and willing to help in so many ways, and especially to Anda, my deputy who has been behind me all the way and whose sense of humour has kept my feet firmly placed. Nicola Wallace, the Forum Secretary, has also been instrumental in the organisation of the Forum, and her artistic abilities have often been called upon. Thank you all.

To my family: all four parents and Amanda, my sister, thank you for your understanding, encouragement and love.

And then Mrs Erasmus who has helped this year with the prefects, Mrs Robinson whose efficiency and practical input of ideas has been invaluable, and of course, Mrs Duff. It continues to amaze me how much time and energy Mrs Duff puts into Herschel. I have been privileged to work with such a lady, and I admire her for her brilliant leadership in an unenviable position. We owe our thanks to Mrs Duff for the freedom she has allowed us as we initiated our School Forum, or pupil government, this year, something which we are confident will go from strength to strength. But, above all, I would like to thank Mrs Duff on behalf of everyone for her unfailing love and concern for the wellbeing of us all, and for her endless support and encouragement.

My last vote of thanks is to my fellow pupils of Herschel. You have made it a pleasure for me to serve you as Head Girl, and I have appreciated every word of encouragement, every smile in the corridors. This has been the busiest but also the most rewarding year of my life, and I am grateful for the many opportunities I have been granted. I should like to wish the new leadership team all the best for their year of office - enjoy it!

So now to take up my first point, we Matrics are aware of how much we will be leaving behind. Yet such a change is also exciting and it can be a good thing. If it weren't for change, we would never have progressed from shy Standard Sixes, hoping to please, through the ropper-than-rop Standard Seven phase, to the year in Standard Eight when we knew everything, through Standard Nine when we began to acknowledge responsibility, finally becoming the perfect Herschel ladies we are today.

And so my fellow Matrics and I will cherish the memories of what has gone before, still recalling moments of laughter and of sorrow, and we will continue to treasure friendships made here, but we will progress now into life, putting to good use the skills and knowledge we have gained in the shelter of our school.

I should like now to share with you a poem which has helped me tremendously in my life, and I believe that the attitude described here is one relevant to us all:

*If you think you are beaten you are;
If you think you dare not you don't;
If you think you'd like to win but can't
It's almost a "cinch" you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of the mind.

For many a race is lost
Ere even a race is run, And many a coward fails
Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of the mind.*

*If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think hard to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.*

And so my message to you all, is that if we strive to live positively in our attitudes and genuinely in our relationships, always giving of our best, we will be able to contribute meaningfully, not only to the life at Herschel, but our country, where a positive outlook could mean all the difference to peace. So as we Matrics step out into the big wide world, we are determined to see change as a challenge, to take initiative, and to use the resources given to us by our wonderful education here, so that we may continue to live to the glory of God.

Thank you, and farewell.

NICOLA CLEGG



Tea under the Ilex, on a beautiful summer's day, Speech Day 1993.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1992

A Aggregate Matriculation (Subject distinctions in *italics*)

Cruise, Shirley (*Mathematics*)
Du Plessis, Dominique
Haylett, Revyl (*Afrikaans, Biology, Latin*)
Hoosain, Fathgaya (*English*)
McKeag, Tamlyn (*Physical Science, Biology*)
Parker, Tamsin (*Biology, Geography, Sp/Drama, BusEc*)
Poole, Robyn (*Afrikaans, Physical Science*)
Snyman, Susan (*Afrikaans, Biology, History*)
Thaning, Kirsten (*Physical Science, Biology*)

B Aggregate Matriculation

Armstrong, Shelley
Benjamin, Arlene (*Mathematics S.G., Art*)
Bone, Michaela (*Mathematics S.G., Biology*)
Clark, Emma
Cottrell, Ariel (*Biology*)
Johnson, Kay
Lander, Dawn
McGahey, Chantalle (*Mathematics, Physical Science, Bus Ec*)
Millar, Dinah (*Biology*)
Parker, Kate (*Sp/Drama*)
Ratcliffe, Jennifer
Seldon, Susan
Van Zyl, Megan (*Mathematics S.G., Sp/Drama*)
Westmoreland Robyn (*Speech & Drama*)
Wolfe-Coote, Jane (*Speech & Drama*)
Wright, Mandy

C Aggregate Matriculation

Amien, Yasmin
Chaplin, Paula
Gordon, Leanne
Grove, Candice
Gwynne-Evans, Philippa
Hammond, Tamaryn
Kennedy, Merlita
Larsen, Annika
Neakes, Candice
Rice, Catherine (*Mathematics S.G.*)
Vincent, Barbara
Williams, Allarice (*Afrikaans*)
Youens, Juliette (*Art*)

D Aggregate Matriculation

Baigrie, Sarah
Binneman, Nicole
Christie, Claire
Danford, Nika
Davids, Lee-Anne
De Bruijn, Mia
Ismail, Roshan
Issa, Suzanne
Kaye, Caroline
Malherbe, Nicola
Morkel, Louise
Ramsden, Amber
Theunissen, Angela

School Leaver's Certificate

Bird, Leanne
Malherbe, Gina
McCullough, Joanne
Murray, Nicola
Taylor, Ming
Thapane, Edlyn

PRIZE LIST - 1993

CLASS PRIZES

Standard 6

1. Kate Bloch
2. Lucie Jeffery
3. Kelly Huber

Standard 8

1. Nicola Ballance
2. Simone Lyons
3. Zara Quail

Standard 7

1. Amy Burdick
2. Amanda Clegg
3. Catharine Ballance

Standard 9

1. Nadia Mohamed
2. Sally Gooden
3. Shelley Wolff

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Standard 6

Anisa Ahmed
Lisa Bester
Hayley Kohler
Blanca Lipshitz
Juliette Louw
Marie Ramsay
Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes
Kerry Sherwood
Xanthe Steward

Standard 8

Sarah Burton
Carina Diedericks
Catherine Loots
Simone Lyons
Lauren Mandy
Shanon van Dijk

Standard 7

Sally-Ann Cattell
Liza Lucani
Reghana Taliep
Susanna van Hoorn
Caitlin von Witt
Michelle Watt

Standard 9

Susan Cattell
Toni Christian
Nicola Collocott
Misti Fowler
Naadira Kajee
Unathi Nkuhlu

Standard 10

Nicola Becker
Cara Fermor
Susan Futter
Kate Growse
Kim Hunter
Megan Shaw

SUB A - MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Clarissa Berry
Tiffany Byers
Sarah Boardman
Kate Growse
Leanne Louw
Nicola Munro
Philippa Rice
Megan Shaw
Alison Sturgeon
Yolande Young

APOLOGY

In the results of Cape Senior Certificate Examination 1991
we omitted the following:
Francoise Bradshaw : C - Aggregate

SPECIAL AWARDS/MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship

Lucie Jeffery

Fenella Douglas Scholarship

Olivia Will

Music - Middle School

Susanna van Hoorn

Divinity - Middle School

Nadine Bowers

Archimedes Prize

Sarah Burton

Lantern Prize

Olivia Will

General Knowledge

1. Fiona Wallace

2. Lisa Morkel

German Consulate Prizes

Std 6 Kate Bloch

Std 7 Katrina Weixelbaumer

Std 8 Carina Diedericks

Std 9 Kirsten Feltz

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Thandi Siebert

The Pat Gorralla Prizes for Entrepreneurship and Initiative

Std 8 Zara Quail

Std 9 Sarah Carter

Std 10 Katherine Adams

 Jacqueline Moore

The Sister Foster Fellowship Award for Boarders

Angelique Engel

Miss Mclean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics

Yvonne Louw

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Mary Henderson

Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English

Carin Dippenaar

Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism

Awarded to second language pupils

Carin Dippenaar and Nasrin Isaacs

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French

Jacqueline Bradshaw

Jane Haram Prize for Drama

Nasrin Isaacs and Elizabeth Notten

McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts

Emma Hill

Choral Prize

Mary Henderson and Annabelle Lawrence

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Thandi Siebert

Dr Silberbauer's Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences

Nicola McQueen

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities

Hannah Young

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy

Cam McIntosh

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library

Katharine Johnson

Herschel Honour Award

Amanda de Swardt

Rotary Prize

Nicola Schonborn

Mrs Stockwell's Prize for all-round participation and achievement

Annabelle Lawrence

Best all-round Sportswoman of the Year

Susannah George

Prize for Good Sportsmanship

Deborah Wynne

Proxime Accessit

Carin Dippenaar

Dux of the School

Nicola Clegg

The Headmistress' Prize for Service to the School

Anda Ngani and Nicola Wallace

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Kate Growse

Old Herschelian Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership

Nicola Clegg

SPORTS AWARDS

SWIMMING

U/14 Medley

Amanda Clegg

U/16 Medley

Jane Woodard

Open medley

Nicola Clegg

Open Crawl

Nicola Clegg

Backstroke Cup

Gabi Christie

Open Butterfly

Nicola Clegg

Freestyle Cup

Nicola Clegg

U/14 Champion

Amanda Clegg

U/16 Champion

Jane Woodard

Open Champion

Nicola Clegg

Old Girls' Trophy

Merriman

DIVING

Diving Champion

Jane Woodard

Diving Shield

Jagger

SQUASH

Most Improved Player

Caroline Truter

HOCKEY

Most Promising Player

Natalie Wood

NETBALL

Most Promising Player

Irma Groopies

TENNIS

Senior Singles Champion

Nicola Ballance

Senior Doubles Champions

Nicola Ballance and
Catherine Ballance

INTERHOUSE EVENTS

Swimming

Merriman

Diving

Jagger

Tennis

Merriman

Squash

Merriman

Hockey

Rolt

Netball

Merriman

Waterpolo

Rolt

Volleyball

Rolt

Fun Run

Jagger

Public Speaking

Merriman

Drama

Jagger

Singing

Merriman

Eisteddfod

Rolt

1993 BILINGUALISM EXAMINATION

The following pupils obtained first grade passes:

Senior Bilingualism Examination:

Carin Dippenaar with Distinction
Nicola Clegg
Catherine Barry
Yolande Young

Junior Bilingualism Examination:

Carina Diedericks

1993 AFRIKAANS OLYMPIAD

The following girls achieved outstanding results and were placed in the top 20 in South Africa:

All these girls obtained over 80% in the Olympiad

Carin Dippenaar	6th in South Africa and 2nd in Cape Province and in Namibia
Cam McIntosh	12th in South Africa
Nicola Clegg	13th in South Africa
Stephanie de Wet	14th in South Africa

MUSIC RESULTS

ASSOCIATED BOARD EXAMINATIONS

Distinction

Lucie Jeffery, Piano, Grade 5
Amy Phillips, Flute, Grade 2
Susanna van Hoorn, Flute, Grade 5
Monique Zurich, Piano, Grade 4

Merit

Justine Brice, Flute, Grade 3
Caryn Buchanan, Cello, Grade 3
Amy Burdzik, Piano, Grade 6
Karin Collocott, Clarinet, Grade 6
Anouk Espi, Piano, Grade 6
Sarah Gilbert, Piano, Grade 4
Helen Mitchell, Piano, Grade 4
Aileen Logan, Piano, Grade 1
Yvette Pelser, Piano, Grade 2
Anna Raimondo, Descant Recorder, Grade 2
Samantha See, Piano, Grade 1
Thandi Siebert, Clarinet, Grade 6
Aaltje Snoek, Flute, Grade 2
Susanna van Hoorn, Flute, Grade 5
Nicola Wallace, Flute, Grade 7

Pass

Tania Arendse, Piano, Grade 2
Alison Bradley, Piano, Grade 2
Madalena da Camara, Piano, Grade 2
Nicole Doherty, Piano, Grade 5
Pauline Forrester, Piano, Grade 2
Rosemarie Hartley, Piano, Grade 4
Megan McDonald, Clarinet, Grade 5
Katie Miller, Piano, Grade 6
Ann-Marie Norman, Flute, Grade 2
Tina Pan, Piano, Grade 3
Zara Quail, Piano, Grade 5
Anna Raimondo, Piano, Grade 2
Alex Soltynski, Piano, Grade 6
Sarah Tuft, Violin, Grade 3
Monique Zurich, Clarinet, Grade 3
Alex Soltynski, Clarinet, Grade 2

AFRIKAANS EISTEDDFOD

Jennifer Bradshaw	1 Diploma 5 Honours
Cathy Cluver	1 Merit
Nicole Doherty	1 Merit
Clare Ellis-Smith	2 Honours
Jacki Gordon	1 Diploma
Rosemarie Hartley	1 Merit
Lucie Jeffery	1 Merit
Chorale	Honours
Windband	Merit





NICOLA WALLACE - STANDARD 10
- TULIPS



SARAH BOARDMAN - STANDARD 10
- FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY, PROVENCE



ANNABELLE LAWRENCE - STANDARD 10
- ABSTRACT NATURE



SUSANNAH GEORGE - STANDARD 10
- FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY



PREFECTS

Back Row: Catherine Barry, Carin Dippenaar, Susannah George, Mary Henderson, Nicola Schonborn, Annabelle Lawrence, Caroline Truter

Seated: Nicola Wallace, Anda Ngani (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs Duff (Headmistress), Nicola Clegg (Headgirl), Mrs Robinson (Deputy Headmistress), Sarah Boardman, Elizabeth Hirshon



SUB A - MATRIC

Back Row: Clarissa Berry, Leanne Louw, Philippa Rice, Yolande Young, Nicola-Ann Munroe

Seated: Megan Shaw, Samantha Byers, Sarah Boardman, Alison Sturgeon, Kate Growse

MERRIMAN

Wow! What a year!

1993 has been an incredibly successful year for Merriman and I'm sure this is thanks to the enthusiasm of every girl in the best house.

We started this year with Public Speaking which was of a very high standard. Thank you to Clarissa Berry and Nicola Dryden-Dymond for their excellent attempts and for helping us to win this event. It was the first of many successes!

On Sunday 7 February we had our House Braai at the Berrys' house. This was lots of fun, and well done to Laura Galan for winning the "Wear as much red as possible" competition. She certainly did look rosy!

The next big event was Interhouse Swimming. What a splash! We won this hands down, thanks to all our brilliant swimmers and especially Nicky and Amanda Clegg who sped along the lanes and led us to victory!

Diving was not quite so successful, but Paula Boers and Gabi Christie dived with elegance and we came second overall. We didn't take the cup home for waterpolo either, but the enthusiasm with which the players played was worth more than any victory!

The House Plays, as usual, were very well supported and Kate Young and Christine van der Mescht did a great job of directing "Our patients". This was very amusing and entertaining and Anne Wright definitely deserved her "Best Actress" award.

Tennis and squash were both smashing! Fun and smiles contributed to the enjoyment of these events and especially to their success! It seems that Merriman takes the cake when it comes to making a racket!

The atmosphere at volleyball was really great and I highly recommend that more people take part in this next time.

Interhouse Singing was, perhaps, one of the most enjoyable events this year and "we had such spirit, I know you could hear it, "Under the sea"!!! Thank you to all my little fishies for being so enthusiastic and co-operative and making me feel proud to be conducting you. To the three little mermaids, Thandi, Karin and Nicky, thank you so much for all your help with the music; I don't know what I would have done without you.

The rest of the Eisteddfod was highly successful and, although we didn't win (by 2 points), the talent that emerged was truly astounding. Well done to everyone who took part. Merriman Day was also a time when great talent was revealed and performance was greatly varied and entertaining. Thanks to all the Matrics for your help with that.

In the last two events, we had a ball. Netball and hockey were both very enjoyable. We won the former but lost the latter, although no-one lacked enthusiasm!

That means that we won 8 out of 13 events this year which is really excellent. Well done, Merriman!

Lastly, well done to Gabi Christie for being the first Springbok in Merriman, due to her brilliant synchro swimming. Amanda Clegg also deserves huge congratulations for winning her section of the All-England Championships.

I would just like to say thank you so much to everyone in Merriman. Thanks to Leanne for being such a reliable and helpful vice-captain, to Mrs Adley for always being so interested in Merriman, and to all the Matrics for their support and enthusiasm. I have derived great pleasure and satisfaction from being House Captain of such a wonderful house. Thank you all for making this year such a success.

Keep Reigning, Merriman!

LIBBY HIRSHON

JAGGER

We might not have won many house events this year, but 1993 has been full of successes because of the lively involvement of so many girls. The highlights must be the House Braai, Interhouse Plays, Eisteddfod Singing, and especially Jagger Day!

In the first term the House Braai was great fun, especially the Jagger tradition of welcoming new-comers into the team. Fatti's and Moni's, our hippo mascots, were revamped just in time to be re-introduced to everyone.

This year, Lindi le Roux and Anna Baxter directed the House Play to a great win. *Ernie's Incredible Illucination*, was superbly performed and much enjoyed by the girls and audience. Well done!

Having Jane Woodard - a Springbok Champion - was a great help in the Interhouse Diving and led us to victory.

Jagger had the difficult task of having the first house day, but the green balloons in the atrium, the house t-shirts, the cake sale and the play performed for the rest of the school ensured that this tradition is here to stay.

We chose to sing "Kodachrome" by Simon and Garfunkel at the Eisteddfod Singing. This fun song suited all the Jagger girls, and I think the girls enjoyed singing it as much as the Matrics enjoyed directing it.

Although we didn't win any other house events, the spirit in Jagger has really improved, creating a proud atmosphere amongst the girls.

Thank you to Mrs van der Merwe and my deputy, Kate Growse, for their support and help through the year.

To the Standard Nines taking over - thanks for all the enthusiasm, and good luck.

SARAH BOARDMAN

ROLT

Although our year of office really begins in January, the House Captains were initiated in advance as Sports Day was made an interhouse event for the first time. Being part of the organisation gave us a taste of what lay ahead and although nothing could prepare us for the job, it gave us much needed experience!

The first event of 1993 was the House Braai, held at Debbie Wynne's house. This was only the beginning of Debbie's support as vice-captain. The braai introduced the new girls, especially the Standard Sixes, to the rest of the house and made them realise there was a lot of fun to be had in Rolt. We played a variety of games, concluding with the traditional, if somewhat barbaric, "Chubby Bunny". The evening was a tremendous success and enjoyed by all.

After this introduction, a year full of action began in earnest. The first event was one of the biggest: the annual Interhouse Swimming Gala. Unfortunately, despite keen participation and loud cheering, we didn't quite take the cake. But the year was young and many opportunities lay ahead. Thanks to Tamsin O'Hanlon for her help.

The first of these was diving, followed by the Interhouse Play Festival in which we came a close second. Congratulations to Nikki Watson and Nikki Louw, who directed. Tennis was next up, but not a roaring success for us. The last interhouse event of term one, was the waterpolo, which we won. Thanks to Linzi Pickup and Tanya Rutherford for their enthusiastic organisation.

Also in the first term we voted for house representatives in each class. This made it much easier to communicate with the Rolt clan. Thanks to Mrs Erasmus, the Efficiency Shield has been efficiently run. We have used this as an incentive for girls to participate in anything and everything they can.

Term two started with squash, and unfortunately our Western Province representative, Caroline McGahey, was absent. However, the players adjusted well and took second place. Well done! Volleyball is a new event which started only last

year, but is proving to be great fun. Rolt won hands down, cheering all the way.

We continued on this high note into the Interhouse Singing. Although we didn't win, this was a wonderful occasion and definitely the highlight of my year. It was lovely to work together as a house. Special mention must be made of Anouk Espi, who was an absolute star. Without her musical expertise and spirited dedication, the task would have been too much for me. However, with her help, and the support of the house as a whole, I enjoyed it all. And finally, Rolt won the Eisteddfod; definitely a memorable evening. To all of you who took part - well done and thanks for your enthusiasm.

The exciting idea of house days was suggested at forum. The house responded enthusiastically and so far Jagger and Merriman have had great fun on their House Days. The girls are allowed to wear civvies and a cake sale is held. At the end of the day, during the talk slot, the house does a presentation for the rest of the school.

Rolt had a good third term. We came a close second in the Interhouse Netball and then went on to win the hockey. And then came ROLT DAY! It was great fun - thanks to the Standard Nines who organised everything so effectively.

This year has been a full and rich one for me and I would like to thank all of you in Rolt for giving me this opportunity. I appreciated your support and enthusiasm (most of the time!) A big thanks to Debbie and all the Matrics and to Mev Louw who were always willing to help. You were great.

The year is not quite done, but mostly academic work lies ahead for the Matrics; so to those of you who remain and take the reigns, good luck and enjoy!

Remember, Rolt has STYLE!

CARIN DIPPENAAR



HEADS OF HOUSES

*Sarah Boardman(Jagger), Carin Dippenaar (Rolt),
Elizabeth Hirshon (Merriman)*

BOARDING HOUSE



Back Row: Chloe Townsend, Abigail Simpson, Stephanie de Wet, Lynda Davies, Linden Gant, Emma Hill, Catherine Loots, Rebecca Young, Amanda de Swardt, Sarah Perioli, Sarah Carter, Kim Jackson, Lisa Reid, Paula de Villiers, Hannah Young, Mary Henderson, Ncumisa Ngcaweni

2nd Row: Karin Koep, Dominique Botes, Julia Rate, Joanna Garson, Anna Summs, Genevieve Grallert, Katherine Ackermann, Annabel Ross

3rd Row: Alexandra Bairnsfather-Cloete, Nathalie Ammann, Helen Bravington, Kirsten Williams, Katherine Gant, Carla Ferucci, Claudia Ferucci, Alison Daniels, Caroline Truter, Victoria Crawley, Katharine Johnson, Unathi Nkuhlu, Chantel Barr

Seated: Helen-Marie Cuturi, Caroline Pratt, Nosizwe Mgudlwa, Angellique Engel, Tina Harsant, Annabelle Lawrence (Head of Boarding House), Mrs Bester, Anda Ngani (Deputy Head), Inge Croy, Anna Kenyon, Margaret Summs, Julia Sanders, Nasrin Isaacs

BOARDING HOUSE COMMITTEE (Opposite page)

Standing: Anna Summs, Amanda de Swardt, Emma Hill, Stephanie de Wet, Hannah Young, Mary Henderson, Ncumisa Ngcaweni, Katharine Johnson

Seated: Caroline Pratt, Nosizwe Mgudlwa, Annabelle Lawrence (Head of Boarding House), Mrs Bester, Anda Ngani (Deputy Head), Caroline Truter, Nasrin Isaacs

BOARDING HOUSE

The thought of living another year constantly run by bells rushed through my head. This thought was, however, quickly and rather abruptly disturbed by the 6.45 a.m. wake-up bell - yes, another bell! Which meant another day had officially begun.

Slowly but surely the boarding house lights began to flicker on - noises started creeping up from various strange directions...then the mad rush. The breakfast bell rang - shoes, stockings, shirts and jerseys all put on in one movement and girls pushed in the direction of the front stairs for line-up into breakfast. However, it doesn't seem to end there; 15 minutes later the mad rush begins for the second time, yet now it's for the bathrooms - 50 girls to 15 basins for teeth cleaning 5 minutes before the school bell goes. There seems to be a great deal of disorder, and so...once again it remains a mystery why the girls who live the closest always seem to miss registration - which is first thing!

Once the school day has ended, after the rush for the choc-chip biscuits at tea, the boarders are free to entertain their 110 different brothers until 5.00 p.m., when preparation for prep begins. Between 5.30 and 8.30 p.m. there is compulsory study time and, thereafter, the well-deserved break which everyone seems to enjoy to the full, and at their loudest (especially on Thursday nights - when hot chocolate is available).

In an attempt to initiate some interaction between schools, the Matrics decided to carry on the tradition of inviting the St. Cyprian's Matric boarders to supper. It turned out to be a great success, resulting in their inviting us there for a super dinner. However, much to everyone's dismay, we decided that, because it had all worked so well - we had to ask them just one more time which turned out to be another fun evening, ending with us all being in hysterics watching a movie together in our Matric Study Room.

Barbara Vincent and her team last year began something which they hoped would become a tradition among the boarders. So at the start of the year, the matrics adopted a Standard Six, almost like a little sister, and developed great

relationships with them. I feel this has worked really well this year and, even though the idea was to ensure their feeling welcome, I must admit we have enjoyed the spinoffs - never having to make our beds! It has been great; thank you, Standard Sixes!

I think 1993 has been the first year in which the day girls have been sincerely jealous of the boarders. Mrs Bester and Mrs Normanton have worked extremely hard to collect enough funds from our various raffles to help with the refurbishing of our sitting room. 'Boarders' Sitt' has been transformed into the best room in the entire school; even my mother envies me. Sincere thanks go to Mrs Duff, Mrs Bester, Mrs Normanton and the team of mothers who enabled us, the boarders, to be the envy of the school. The hard work and time spent is much appreciated by all!

The Standard Nines started taking over all duties in the house early into the third term. We would like to thank them for the super job they have done. It is thanks to their efficiency and support that we were able to take that time to study for exams. Good luck to next year's Head and Deputy - you have a great year ahead of you!!

To all the boarders - although Emily, the ghost, has appeared in many strange and wonderful ways this year - keep her as your friend and love the house named after her.

I am sure we all agree that 1993 has been a very happy year in the Herschel Boarding House - and a great deal of recognition must go to Mrs Bester. She has been dedicated and devoted to us throughout the year. To Mrs Normanton, for always being there for all our aches and ailments - thank you.

There is a special bond amongst boarders which many people cannot understand. When one is living with the same people day and night, one gets to know them really well and in this way true friendships are formed and I find myself looking at these 50 people, not only as a couple more sisters, but as true friends, too.

Thank you for a wonderful year.

ANNABELLE LAWRENCE



ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY

The Librarians had a sad beginning to the year with the loss of Patience Nofili, who passed away during the holidays. She is greatly missed by all of us, as one of only six Matric Librarians, and we shall always remember her as an enthusiastic and valuable Librarian.

The supportive team of Matrics were Nosiswe Mgudlwa, Yolande Young, Vanessa van Spronsen and Nuruneesa Laiken (Deputy Head Librarian). My thanks to them for their help. Other Librarians were Nadia Mohammed, Amanda Clegg, Reghana Taliep, Vicky Blumberg, Lynda Davies, Jackie Snyders, Amy Burdzik, Nicola Brice and Pia Taylor.

This year we were lucky to have a dedicated team of mothers who kindly and efficiently processed the enormous number of new books in the library. Volunteers were Mesdames Willis, Brice, Cattell, Davies, Lorden, Louw, Maguire, Martin, Mullord, Phillips, Pullinger, Robb, Sheperdson, Voigt, von Witt, Burdzik, Woods, Bradshaw and Wright, who have also been very busy computerising the records.

Having celebrated our new library's first birthday, we are very gratified to see our shelves filling and the library being fully utilized. My thanks to Mrs Ryan for a most enjoyable and fulfilling year of many pleasant hours in the library.

KATHARINE JOHNSON

DEBATING SOCIETY

Once again the Debating Team and Talkshop have had an exciting, challenging and enjoyable year of arguments and intellectualizing.

Both the junior and senior teams participated in the Rotary Interschools Debating Competition in the first two terms; this year against forty-five other schools, and involving five stressful, but very rewarding evenings. The senior team comprised Anda Ngani, Nicola Dryden-Dymond and Katharine Johnson. Nasrin Isaacs, Cam Macintosh and Louise Thomas were very successful stand-ins for the team. The junior team included Paula de Villiers, Sarah Peroli, Jennifer Sale, Jennifer Bradshaw, Karin Koep and Angela Franks. In the third term we held an extra, well-supported informal debate against Bishops.

Talkshop, headed by Anda Ngani, for the first half of the year, and Nicola Dryden-Dymond for the second half, enjoyed wide support fortnightly on Tuesday afternoons in numerous parachute debates, teacher/pupil debates and humorous debates proposing motions such as "Buttons are better than zips" and "Valentine's Day is an inappropriate celebration for a school".

I wish the 1994 leaders good luck and a fulfilling year of debating. Thank you for all your help and support.

KATHARINE JOHNSON

SCIENTIA SOCIETY

The Herschel Scientia (General Knowledge) Society has had a very good year. It was taken over this year by Mr Chapman with Olivia Will as Head. Its membership has increased from last year's 5 to 18, and it has also been very active.

The first meeting of the club was a Current Affairs Quiz with questions set on Time Magazine by Mr Chapman. There were two teams of 8 members, each Std 6s and 7s vs the Seniors. The Seniors won (by a rather large margin) but as one wins just by taking part there were prizes of sweets for everyone (even the Quizmaster).

Scientia represented Herschel at the South African Institute of Foreign Affairs Interschools Seminar held on 29 April. Every school was given an African country on which to prepare a presentation. The team of volunteers (Domitilla Raimondo, Nicola Dryden-Dymond and Karin Colloct) spoke well on Zambia.

Another three Scientia members took part in the Argus/Wynberg Rotary Current Affairs Quiz. Carina Diedericks Nasrin Isaacs, Nicola Clegg and Fiona Wallace represented Herschel. They succeeded in reaching the final stages of the competition.

The Rustenburg Interschools Quiz of General Knowledge was held at the end of the second term. Fiona Wallace Carina Diedericks and Olivia Will comprised the Herschel team. Herschel beat Bishops in the first round but were beaten in the semi-finals. It was great fun.

We plan to bury the hatchet with Bishops and to join their equivalent society Lingua Franca for some evening meetings and talks soon.

OLIVIA WILL

"CABARET '93"

Fantastic!, Incredible!, Superb! were just a few of the adjectives used by the *Cabaret* cast members to describe "Cabaret '93".

The cast consisted of pupils from all the different standards and was ably directed by Ms Tessa Edmann and Mr Simon Chapman. The *Cabaret* was appropriately named *In The Mood*, which is exactly what everyone was once the music took over. The audience enjoyed a tasty meal, around attractive tables, ably organised by Mrs Brathwaite and her helpers.

Although everyone was sad to see it over, we were satisfied, knowing that it had been another truly successful musical. *Cabaret* provides light entertainment in an informal setting and the parents seem to enjoy it immensely.



LIBRARIANS

Back Row: Pia Taylor, Jaclyn Snyders, Amanda Clegg, Catherine Watts, Nicola Brice, Misti Fowler, Amy Burdzik
Front Row: Lynda Davies, Vanessa van Spronsen, Mrs Ryan, Katharine Johnson, Mrs Brathwaite, Yolande Young, Nosizwe Mgudlwa



DEBATING

Back Row: Jennifer Bradshaw, Jennifer Sale, Sarah Peroli, Nicola Dryden-Dymond
Front Row: Anda Nyani, Mrs Wilkinson, Katharine Johnson

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The numerous highly successful meetings held by the Historical Society this year would not have been possible without Mrs Beames constant enthusiasm and ready flow of original ideas that ensure extremely interesting meetings. Mrs Beames succeeds (where others would surely fail) in making every gathering both informative AND fun. I would like to congratulate her on achieving this almost impossible feat.

The annual Historical Feast was held in the Mary Jagger Hall and proved to be a mouth watering and very enjoyable affair. Groups of girls prepared various meals from different historical periods and then gave a short speech telling us about their dishes. Meals included a Victorian tea-party, a Malaysian meal and the Last Supper. Mrs Kurtz, Ms Edlmann and Mrs Allen judged the entries and a Roman orgy by the Matrics took the laurels.

The Society also put on an informal historical cabaret in the theatre and our audience was treated to poems, songs, musical pieces and a dance - all with an historical flavour, of course.

A quiz arranged before the June examinations gave girls the much-needed chance to be tested on sections of our syllabus as well as some general knowledge, while, another lunch-break was spent listening to a debate entitled *If a Man of the Middle East War Award were to be made it would go to Saddam Hussein*. The controversial debate was chaired by Emma Hill and won by the opposition (Anda Ngani, Domitilla Raimondo and Nicola Dryden-Dymond).

Iced Monuments, our most recent meeting, has proved to be the highlight of our year. Groups baked and iced cakes which we attempted to make resemble historical monuments. The display included the Arc du Triomphe, the Tower of London and the Colosseum. Each group gave us a brief history of their building and we then proceeded to demolish these carefully constructed historic monuments with great relish and enthusiasm.

Thus, in conclusion, I think I can say that the Historical Society has truly SAVOURED history this year.

CAM MCINTOSH

THE SHAKESPEARIAN EXPERIENCE

During July Herschel took an academic journey into the Sixteenth Century to discover the world of Shakespeare in a cross-curricular research survey. The Globe Theatre was reconstructed and selected scenes were performed not only in English but also in French and Afrikaans by richly costumed enthusiastic actresses. The Geography students chose Macbeth's Scotland for their much admired presentation while the History Department enacted the Loves and Life of King Henry VIII.

Crafts and fortune telling proved a real tarot drawcard on the lawns and the Art students exhibited excellent Old English Works. Alchemists under the Ilex tree brought Renaissance science to life and succeeded in turning base metal into gold bars.

Sixteenth Century birdlife was featured in the Theatre Foyer after much research at the World of Birds.

The whole experience whetted appetites and so Shakespeare's kitchen on the Matric Lawn was hard-pressed to provide enough brandy snaps, toffee apples and tossed pancakes to meet the demand.

The English Department produced a life-like beheading of Lady Jane Grey in the Library where a wonderful selection of books on the Shakespearian theme was exhibited.

All enjoyed the voyages of trade and exploration re-enacted so realistically and the delightful carefully chosen music programme performed in the Chapel was a definite highlight.

In glorious sunshine the Maypole dancers on the front lawn added a touch of colour, grace and glamour as they glided through intricate movements to the strains of the Herschel Orchestra.

The whole proved a time of discovery and a definite breath of fresh air.

TOASTMASTERS

For a number of years now, the Toastmasters Course has been run at Herschel during the first term.

Toastmasters is an international organisation, teaching young and old alike, the art of public speaking. The course, at Herschel, runs for a space of eight weeks with a well structured programme where each session deals with a new aspect of the skills in public speaking.

All girls who have participated in the Toastmasters Course, have benefited greatly. Each person has grown in confidence and learnt that the audience is not an enemy but a friend!

We would like to thank Mrs Bond-Smith, who has run this course so successfully. We congratulate her on her marriage to Mr Macmillan, who was one of the other leaders.

NICOLA DRYDEN-DYMOND

CHRISTIAN UNION

Christian Union this year has grown by leaps and bounds! The activities throughout the year have been exciting, thought-provoking and, in many ways, enriching. The second term was a thematic one on the Holy Spirit and fundamental questions were posed such as *Is the Holy Spirit still relevant today?* And *Who or what is the Holy Spirit?* This had been quite an enigmatic subject for a number of people and therefore these meetings proved beneficial to unravel and demystify previous misconceptions. However, the

Mission which took place for a week, still remains the highlight of the year. There was a positive response all round and even the atmosphere in the school was more relaxed and cheerful - a real boost to the Christian life of Herschel. C.U. has grown and is still to grow even further. What we have learnt from C.U. will remain the firm foundations in our walk with God as some of us leave to meet the challenges of the big bad world!

ANDA NGANI



CHRISTIAN UNION

Back Row: Robyn Blignaut, Kim Jackson, Helen Bravington

Front Row: Caroline Pratt, Anda Ngani (Chairlady), Mrs Taylor, Mary Henderson, Nosizwe Mgudhwa



CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Back Row: Karin Koep, Annabelle Lawrence, Sarah Perioli, Kim Jackson, Abigail Simpson, Catherine Loots, Sarah Carter, Linden Gant, Dominique Botes

Front Row: Katherine Gant, Angelique Engel, Mrs Wilkinson, Mary Henderson, Mrs Allen, Anda Ngani, Helen Bravington



INTERACT COMMITTEE 1992/93

Back Row: Nicola Clegg, Catherine Barry, Alison Louw, Cara Fermor

Front Row: Kate Growse, Mrs Speck, Nicola Schonborn (President), Mr Scott, Karin Collocott

INTERACT 1992/93

It is with great pleasure that I submit the 1992/93 Interact Report. It has been a full, varied and very interesting year. I have found it rewarding to work with my fellow Interactors on various projects and fund raising drives. The real pleasure that one derives from Interact is the opportunity and fulfilment to assist the under privileged in our community.

Our Interact year started with the Silence Marathon held in the Kenilworth Shopping Centre. Twenty two girls passed the silent hours by compiling scrapbooks for the children's hospital. Funds raised and donations went to the Dominican School for the Deaf.

A group of eight girls spent every Tuesday afternoon at the Arcadia Old Age Home in Rosebank. Girls read and talked to the senior citizens who were lonely and had little or no contact with relatives. Girls were encouraged to visit the same people each week to establish and maintain a bond.

Twice a month four girls went to the Claremont Children's Night Shelter. There the girls would teach the boys to make trinket boxes, jewellery, clay models and painting. Christmas cards were also made and sold as profit for the centre.

Gateway, a regular Tuesday evening event, held at Rondebosch Boys School enables girls to make contact with mentally handicapped adults. The evenings included barn dancing, walks, bingo and conversation.

Interact co-ordinated the selling of Ithuba tickets raising funds for this cause as well as the school.

The annual "Big Walk" from Simonstown to Cape Town - all of 36 km was well supported.

Herschel contributed generously to Rose Day. Roses were sold in Cavendish Square and substantial funds were raised.

Once a week sandwiches were collected and given to a nursery school in Guguletu. This was a successful and popular project as many of these pupils are malnourished. Regrettably the project was put on hold due to the danger of the distribution of food in the township.

Herschel Interact helped at the St Lukes Hospice Open day Fete by running a snackwiche stall and assisting the Rotary Annes in the tea garden - again a worthwhile project.

The Groundstaff Christmas party was held on 30 November. There was great fun and laughter and excitement mounted when Father Christmas arrived with his heap of presents.

Forty girls wrapped gifts for Brybor House - a home for mentally handicapped towards the end of last year.

Uncle Willies Christmas Parties once again were enthusiastically supported by the Herschel girls.

After a talk from a social worker of St Annes Home, a home for destitute mothers, our Interact Club decided to run a competition to raise funds for them. The school was divided into squares each being sold at varying prices with randomly hidden prizes to be won. The treasure hunt was most successful.

Claremont Rotary, our parent club, again organized a most efficient 1993 Argus Pick and Pay Cycle tour. Interact helped from 4:30 a.m. through until Gate "2" had been released.

Other worthwhile projects undertaken during the Interact year included

One to one Day - making masks for physically disabled children.

Dance Marathon - Bishops and Rondebosch Boys Club were invited.

St Lukes Hospice Cake sale.

Street Collections eg SANNCOB, SPCA, Sarah Fox and numerous others.

Red Nose Day - Herschel sold red noses and badges.

Interact Cake Sale.

Community Carnival.

Poster Collection for Groote Schuur Hospital.

Jersey and tin collections.

Chocolate raffle - in aid of a nursery school in Khayelitsha.

Constantia Fair

Easter Egg Collections.

Guest speakers included Robyn Sturgeon, an ex-Herschel Rotary Exchange Student. Listening to her talk on experiences in USA encouraged and inspired many girls to apply for this project.

The annual Interact Conference was held this year at Paarl Boys High - the theme *Coping with disabilities* was a thought provoking theme.

To Mrs Speck, Mr Scott and the committee - your help and love for Interact has made our year so worthwhile. Thank you.

"You give but little when you give of your possessions"

"It is when you give of yourself that your truly give".

If we pupils of Herschel can achieve this - then we have achieved everything.

NICKY SCHONBORN

ENVIRONMENTAL CLUB

Due to lack of support for the Environmental Club last year, I decided to try a different approach. Instead of having a club with signed-up members, I decided to organise activities and invite everyone to come. This worked very well in the first term, when we got together on a Saturday morning for a hike up Table Mountain. The two Brooks Exchange girls joined us and it proved to be a very enjoyable morning, despite the wet weather we encountered at the top. I don't think any of us will forget slipping and sliding down Nursery Ravine. Unfortunately, people became busier and busier as the year progressed and we had problems finding a time to get together.

Our biggest environmental achievement this year has been the introduction of recycling to Herschel. Many people have tried to get it going in the past, but it has always petered out. We are now recycling both glass and paper and I am pleased to say that it is thriving and is, hopefully, here to stay. In this regard I would like to thank Mrs Adley and Mr Raimondo for their organisation. I would also like to thank Miss Case and Mrs van der Merwe for their enthusiasm and support throughout the year.

MEGAN SHAW

BASUTU PONY-TREKKING (LESOTHO)

During the first week of the April holidays this year, a group of eighteen girls from Standards 7 to 10, accompanied by three teachers, set off on a pony trek to experience the wonders of Lesotho.

On the first day of the trek we were each issued with our 'own' pony for the duration of the trek.

Although horseriding was not familiar to many of us, we soon learned to trust our ponies and, by the end of the first day, we were all confident enough to start tackling the steep slopes and rolling hills of the Maluti Mountains.

We were also able to be a part of the simple day-to-day life of the Basuto people as we were welcomed into a new village each night - the hospitality of the local people was unbelievable.

The trip will long be remembered by the group. It was enriching and worthwhile and not one member of the group regrets going. The spirit of the Maluti Mountains and its people will always play a special part in our lives.

DANIELLE JEFTHA

SUIS MISSION '93

On Sunday 7 August a lively breeze blew into Herschel, carrying with it Stuart Burns and Charles Bester from Natal, with an enthusiastic team of helpers from Scripture Union in Cape Town.

After a beautiful evensong service in the new chapel, they spent a week with us, exploring various aspects of God's love for us and ways we could respond. Girls and staff were inspired, so that the mission became a thoroughly Herschel enterprise. Drama students started each day's programme with a short skit to highlight the theme. A panel of staff (with knees knocking) were persuaded to share their personal experiences of God at the Friday afternoon Talk

Slot. Lunchtime and evening discussions drew interested audiences: many girls responded gratefully to the openness to questions by the team, and the real sense of love that they radiated - an inspiring example of Christianity in action. They might well have been favourably influenced by the chance for Herschel to inflict a resounding defeat in volleyball on the team! Other schools were invited to Charlie Bester's production, *A Glimpse in the Mirror* - a thought-provoking piece of theatre fresh from the Grahamstown Festival.

All drew close with a cocktail party on the evening of Friday 12 August, when girls shared their impressions of the programme with parents and staff - a warm friendly way to end an inspiring week.

CHOIR

The choir has always been an important part of the cultural life of Herschel and this year we have certainly had an exciting and challenging time.

The first major event of the year in which the Herschel choir and chorale participated was an evensong which was held at St Andrews Church in Newlands. Our second and possibly most challenging event of the year was the Mozarts Requiem which was performed by the Herschel and Bishops choirs in August at Bishops, Diocesan College, Rondebosch.

On the Sunday of the same weekend there was a very special celebration at Herschel when the first formal chapel service was held in our new chapel and at the same time the SUISS mission was launched. The Herschel chorale sang at this moving event creating a wonderful atmosphere.

Throughout this busy year both the choir and chorale have joined in in various other exciting performances including the annual Cape Town Afrikaans Eisteddfod and a Requiem composed by Pieter van Dyk with Beau Soleil Music School.

The choir would like to thank Miss Cynthia Sweet and Miss Sue Gough for all the hard work and dedication which they have shown towards the choir this year, thus enabling us to participate in so many challenging events and new opportunities. Thank you.

We, the choirleaders, would also like to thank each choir member for their loyalty and for all the time they have put into making this choir a successful one.

MARY HENDERSON and
ANNABELLE LAWRENCE



CHOIR

4th Row: Aaltje van Hoorn, Kim Jackson, Jennifer Bradshaw, Zena Williams, Lindiwe le Rouw, Nicole Doherty, Sarah Burton, Elizabeth Notten, Alexandra Soltynski, Dorothy van Hoorn, Anouk Espl, Allison Porter, Nicola Brice, Nicola Dryden-Dymond, Domitilla Raimondo, Zara Quail, Abigail Simpson, Ncumisa Ngcaweni, Rosemary Hartley

3rd Row: Samantha Coomer, Karin Koep, Irma Groepies, Jaclyn Snyders, Inge Haupt, Alison Sturgeon, Anna Summs, Pia Taylor, Marie-Louise Louw

2nd Row: Tarryn Hayden, Caroline Pratt, Katharine Johnson, Helen Bravington, Camilla Ovenstone, Tina Harsant, Katie Miller, Nicola Collocott, Vanessa Rose, Karin Collocott, Annabel Ross, Jacki Gordon, Lucie Jeffery, Megan Shaw, Vicki Crawley, Chantel Barr, Nicole Louw, Sarah Woods, Clare Ellis-Smith, Claudia Mitchell, Nasrin Isaacs

Seated: Silje Hovstad, Penny Waller, Vanessa van Spronsen, Olivia Will, Thandi Siebert, Annabelle Lawrence (Leader), Miss Sweet, Mary Henderson (Leader), Susanna van Hoorn, Carina Diedericks, Linden Gant, Catherine Cluver, Amy Burdzik



CHORALE

Back Row: *Sarah Burton, Dorothy van Hoom, Jennifer Bradshaw, Zara Quail, Thandi Siebert, Irma Groepies, Allison Porter*

2nd Row: *Helen Bravington, Sarah Woods*

Front Row: *Jacki Gordon, Annabel Ross, Lindiwe le Rouw, Leader Miss Sweet, Domitilla Raimondo, Nicole Doherty, Amy Burdzik*



WINDBAND

Back Row: *Alexandra Soltynski, Nicola Brice, Catherine Loots, Olivia Will (Leader) Justine Brice, Monique Zurich*

Front Row: *Karin Collocott, Allison Porter, Genevieve Grallert, Mr Chapman, Ingrid Serritslev, Lucy Deakin, Thandi Siebert*



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: *Susanna van Hoom, Karin Koep, Katie Miller, Kate Bloch, Catherine Cluver, Aaltje van Hoom, Lucie Jeffery, Olivia Will*

Front Row: *Rosemarie Hartley, Zara Quail, Mr Chapman, Anouk Espi (Leader), Nicole Doherty*

WINDBAND

The Windband meets with Mr Chapman at one o'clock every Wednesday. There are eleven members: 4 clarinets; 4 flutes; 2 saxophones and a bass clarinet.

At the end of last year, the Windband played for the school during assembly, played for the Showcase, and also went to the Waterfront on Saturday morning to play. Many schools were there mostly with choirs, but we were the only Windband. We had great fun. A lot of passersby formed an enthusiastic audience and we performed our repertoire twice. We were all very tempted to put out an instrument-case in order to supplement our pocket-money!

This year we have again performed for the school as we officially opened the Herschel Eisteddfod. We were also invited by the Cape Town French School to perform at their Concert Evening. We were applauded with obvious enjoyment, were given a delicious supper, and were treated to marvellous performances by young opera-singers. This was definitely an evening the Windband will never forget.

We have added many pieces to our repertoire and we will soon be performing at the Afrikaans Eisteddfod.

OLIVIA WILL

THE HERSCHEL ORCHESTRA

This year (July 1992 - July 1993) the orchestra has been very active within the school, performing at a number of events such as Speech Day, the Easter Service, the Carol Service, partaking in a joint assembly with the choir and hosting its own assembly. The orchestra has also been involved with concerts outside of the school, i.e. performing at the Capab Youth Festival and participating in the Evensong at St. Thomas' Church.

The orchestra is a very small club of enthusiastic and talented members and we would like to thank Mr Chapman for his help and directorship over the past three years and would like to welcome Miss Engel, who will be conducting us in the future.

ANOUK ESPI

SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS

The newly-built Atrium proved to be an inspiring venue for an exploration into the romantic side of William Shakespeare.

Nasrin Isaacs and Elizabeth Notten joined forces in an heroic attempt to stage a successful endeavour of an Elizabethan documentary. This production embraced many aspects of love and lovers by performing succinct scenes from a few of the most romantic, magic or comic plays of Shakespeare works, interjected with self composed explanatory links.

A few of the plays included *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, as well as a couple of the more famous sonnets.

The Diocesan College thespians were included to help the performance of male counterparts. There was a wonderful camaraderie in the cast even though toward the end, everyone wanted to murder - or at least seriously maim - everyone else. But that's how it goes and everything turned out well polished, cultured and a success.

Ms Edlmann proved to be an amazing source of inspiration, technical knowledge and support (both dramatic and emotional) and we were all exceptionally grateful for this.

The best part of doing an independent production like this, was not only the experience or the knowledge gleaned, not the recognition, but the great sense of fun, friendship and the knowledge of a job well done!

Theres no business like show business! Isn't that right? Shakespeare?



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A HERSCHEL SCHOOL PRODUCTION

DIRECTOR : TESSA EDMANN

HERSCHEL THEATRE

Monday 13 - Friday 17 September 1993

BOOKING : phone 644010

BOTTOM'S PERSPECTIVE

Well, after one month of intense rehearsals, we were finally there. The Opening Night! Feelings of fear, anticipation, trepidation, excitement and butterflies frantically trying to get out of rib cages assaulted the large cast of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. No doubt the same feelings were also assaulting our brave director, Ms Tessa Edlmann who was sitting in our first audience! It was very different performing for an audience, as there were suddenly 'laugh lines' where no-one had ever laughed before, and the audience's appreciation reverberated around the theatre. Each night was different, each audience was unique and for the performers, each night was a new experience. There was, for example, the night where a main part didn't come on stage, or the numerous times we took *actoric licence* with Shakespeare's lines.

The set and costumes were, members of the audience will agree, beautifully '20's - which is the period in which the play was set - down to the exquisite dalmatian dog with its diamond-studded collar!

This interpretation of Shakespeare's much-loved play worked very well, and as someone said when asked what she didn't enjoy about the play, "There was nothing that I didn't enjoy!"

This enjoyment showed in the overall excellence of the play, but I think special mention should be given to Nicky Louw, as Puck, who was delightfully spritely. The lovers, too, were very good and Nicky Watson crawling over the stage had everyone in hysterics. Well done, everyone.

JENNIFER SALE

STAGE MANAGER'S VIEWPOINT

"Oh no! Not a Shakespeare!" was a common statement used around the time of auditions. But by the end of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* it had changed to "unbelievable! That's the first time I understood and actually enjoyed a Shakespeare!"

Ms Tessa Edlmann had taken on a very challenging task: that of turning a seventeenth century play into a 1920's art deco staging and costume. But as it has so often been recounted - she succeeded. Strangely enough I have not even seen the play in full costume yet. I saw it from a very different perspective - from the stage wings.

As co-stage manager with Andrea Serritslev, we had to put the show on the road; and with a very large cast this often proved rather challenging. Although we missed the show, I think we knew it better than anyone. Under the brilliant direction and experience of Ms Edlmann we learnt a lot about the staging of a play and what it involves. We had a really happy cast to work with, although "keep quiet" and "it's your scene now" became almost clichés in our language.

There was a large build-up to opening night. Everyone was really excited. Not even a small audience nor the fact that four people were missing, due to German measles, could dampen our high spirits. Every night ran relatively smoothly, except for a few minor hitches. One hiccup was when Marie-Louise missed her scene and Angelique had to improvise Shakespeare! The gala evening was the best of all and there were outstanding performances all round; all the hard work had paid off. Mrs Brathwaite and Mr and Mrs Louw were the main "production team" and we cannot thank them enough.

We were all sad when it was over and we all know now that Shakespeare can be fun, even after we ate, drank and slept it for a term!

ERICA HANNATH





ORANGE RIVER TRIP

On Thursday 23 September 1993 at 8:30 a.m. twenty-five excited Herschel Std 9's and two apprehensive teachers, Mrs van der Merwe and Mr Scott, fled civilization and headed for life in the bush. Twelve hours later after a heavily delayed car journey - the start of our adventure - we arrived at River Rafter's base camp in the dark.

We were met by Bill, (our "Camel Man") guide and a delicious supper. Our tired bodies hit the hard ground at an early hour and were woken at another obscenely early hour by sunrise and moans of aching backs and frozen ears. We rose at 6:30 a.m. and thought we would be on the river in no time at all with such an early rise. This was easier said than done. Trying to get twenty-five precious girls onto the river without any problems proved a difficult task. By 9:30 a.m. we managed to set off.

We set off in three 8-man rafts and two 2-man crocs. We all thought the 8-man rafts would be 'easy stuff' because we would not have to row too much. That hopeful idea proved incorrect. As the river was so low we had to pull the rafts through every ripple of water - over rocks (in reality rapids) whilst the crocs could sail through at a slightly faster speed. However by the end of the trip we even had to abandon our crocs and carry them.

Our first campsite was a huge one in Namibia. On arrival Mr Scott decided that a mud fight would be a good start to the evening but he ended up regretting the idea after being attacked from all sides! After enjoying an excellent meal we all fell asleep in the howling wind.

On setting off the next morning with everyone's dry bodies glistening from layers of sunscreen, Bill decided we all needed an early morning swim and proceeded to either pull us off our rafts or drench us with pails of water. Thereafter was a day of hard paddling.

At one point, while drifting, we were practically dive-bombed by a helicopter and everyone nearly died of fright. After surviving that experience we stopped at our over-night spot for lunch and were passed by the Rondebosch Std 8 boys. We had yet another great lunch and supper and then a lot of us stayed up talking to Bill and braaiing marshmallows.

We rose late the next morning and had a nice relaxing day with easier paddling, but many water fights! By now many of us had changed from lily-white snowqueens to a deep scorching red or, (if we were Kate or Chelle) straight to that deep tan we all envy! Before lunch we went through a fairly big rapid and we all floated down it in our life-jackets.

On arrival at our third site, our first in South Africa, many of the Nine's proceeded to have another mud fight. A daring few of us then attempted to wash our mop of string-like hair in the river. The result: well it smelt cleaner! Later on a few of us climbed a rocky "mountain". We thought we were real 'Kings of Castles' until Linda and Emma climbed one about three times as high and our "mountain" looked like an anthill!

That night we were taught Bill's famous Frog Song around a large fire and later fell asleep in the protection of vertical rafts. When we rose the next morning we were quite sad to think it had been our last night on the river. That day was hard paddling and boat-tugging. Later that day a breeze came up and we 'set sail' with our sarongs being tied to two oars and filling with wind.

(Lindi was positive we had invented sailing down the Orange River!)

At the regular halfway point, just before the huge rapid Sjambok, we got off the river. We were met by two farmers and their truck. We piled everything onto it and then clambered on top of everything and then drove a dusty, bumpy drive back to base camp. Base camp was like civilization for us with a toilet and taps and even a shower!

That night we had a talent show and the prize giving ceremony. Our drivers arrived that night for supper and sang us a few songs. We left the border post at 9:00 a.m. the next morning and reached the Mother City in a record time of 6 hours!

Everyone enjoyed the trip and our thanks are extended to Mrs van der Merwe and Mr Scott for organising the trip and for being such relaxed teachers to go with.

ERICA HANNATH



ART TOUR - 1993

Eighteen excited people collected anxiously at D.F. Malan Airport on Friday, 18 June. There was a thrilling sensation as we waved good-bye to loved ones and boarded the Air France plane. In the commotion of our departure, I don't believe we realised that all these people would become our friends and that together we would share the incredible experience of Spain, Italy and France. We spent 2-3 days each in some of the most sensational cities of the world, travelling by Eurorail as intercity transport and staying as centrally as possible in tourist class hotels.

After a lengthy flight, including two stops, we arrived in Madrid. This was our first delicious taste of Europe. We took an invigorating walk through Retiro Park to the cultural centre. We entered the Palacio Velazquez in which we viewed a phenomenal exhibition of scientific photography.

The art highlight of Madrid was the handsome Prado Museum. Here we were fortunate enough to see the outstanding use of light and three-dimensional space of Velazquez in his *Las Meninas*. This was the most amazing and charming art work we were able to appreciate on this tour. Mrs d'Unienville shared her cherished knowledge with us and we absorbed all we could. We felt the passion of Goya in his profound painting and his appalling Black works disturbed us.

We visited the New Museum of Modern Art which is a converted hospital. This houses Picasso's *Guernica* with its newsprint colour and mood of destructive hysteria. We observed many distressing surrealist works, including those of Dali.

We were overwhelmed by the Atocha Railway Station and its botanical gardens with rain forest effects. As the humidity engulfed the towering trees, we were amazed.

We took a day trip to delightful Toledo, where we absorbed the magnificence of the Cathedral. We viewed the intricate carved wooden pulpit and exquisite stained-glass windows with the light of heaven glowing through them. We saw the brilliant work of El Greco in his *Burial of Count Orgaz*. Later we had the chance to capture some of the grandeur of the Cathedral on paper.

As the sweltering Spanish sun slowly sank, we walked around the cultural centre and Royal Palace of Madrid. We visited the Plaza Mayor, where the spicy flavour of Spain surrounded us and each of us had a caricature drawn by a side-walk artist. We were all shocked by the bomb blast, which killed eleven people on the morning we left.

When we arrived in the Olympic city of Barcelona, we went to the famous Picasso Museum where most of his early works are housed. In his young days he was already creating works of astounding brilliance. He enjoyed Velazquez's *Las Meninas*, which he interpreted many times.

We walked down the Ramblas, feeling its festive atmosphere. We witnessed a protest march by youths. We had a close encounter with two gypsies who tried to steal Linden's necklace and scared us with curses. They sent us off walking quickly, tightly clutching our parcels.

We were fascinated by the organic Sacrada Familia Church designed by Antonio Gaudi. Like Gothic architecture, it grows upward to heaven. Here we spent time drawing the superb towers and shell forms. We next went to Guell Park also designed by Gaudi, where we saw the fascinating movement and colour of the Serpentine bench.

We took a bus ride around the city and we saw the Olympic village and the acclaimed Olympic Stadium where thousands of sportsmen and women had once assembled to perform for the world.

To end off our Spanish Adventure, we went on a cable car over the entire city of Barcelona. The view was breathtaking as we inhaled the last bit of thrilling Spanish air.

Excitedly everyone got off the train at our next stop, after a beautiful trip through the South of France. Avignon is one of the larger towns in the South of France and most of us found it very difficult to come to terms with the fact that we were actually in France, on the other side of the world. The town, which is surrounded by a city wall, brought both pain and pleasure to the Herschel Art Tour.

Unfortunately, one of our girls saw very little of Provence, including the towns of Avignon, Arles and Nîmes, due to chicken pox. Despite this, we saw the Palace of the Popes and the Petit Palais, where we saw works of early French and Italian painters, as well as icons and beautiful altar pieces. We also managed to go to a Botero exhibition as well as to three of his charming sculptures which can be seen in the city square. We felt a sense of awe as we looked at the bridge for which Avignon is famous.

We took a day trip to St. Remy through the lovely countryside, where we marvelled at the very well-preserved site of a Roman city still under excavation, as well as walking in the heat to an interesting exhibition of French painters of the sixties. Most of the art in this museum was devoted to a man named Prassinos and we had the honour of meeting his wife there. The memorial to Van Gogh was near here.

We took a day trip to Nîmes and Arles, which we managed to fit in, even after missing the early train. In Nîmes we had the privilege of going into the new Carré D'Art - Museum of Modern Art, designed by Foster and Associates and just recently built (1993). Right opposite was the maison carree, an ancient Roman temple and we walked past a Roman Arena to the stunning Garden of Fountains - which we had difficulty in finding. In Arles we saw yet another Arena as we walked through the town of Van Gogh to a square, which is a memorial, with child art and his favourite flowers growing. We saw no work of his there.

Though sad to leave beautiful Provence, we excitedly moved on to the city of Nice on the captivating Mediterranean Sea. Shortly after we arrived in the twin city to Cape Town (as we saw it), we went down to swim in the inviting, transparent waters.

In Nice we had the privilege of seeing a Russian Orthodox Church, the finest example outside Russia and the Palais Lascaris, which is a fine example of Baroque architecture, painting and furniture. Nice was a highlight for the Art Tour as we visited three very important museums there. The Chagall Museum was enjoyed by all the girls, as was the 1990 Museum of Modern Art - but the Matisse Museum was most definitely the favourite. It opened only the day before our visit, after a few years of renovation, and it overlooks an ancient Roman arena.

When faced with the choice of Monaco or Eze-Village and the perfume factory, we couldn't decide, so we visited both. We saw Monte Carlo in all its glamour and splendour, where we visited the palace and had the race-track pointed out to us. The trip to an ancient village overlooking the Mediterranean was very pleasurable and most people made a purchase at the Eze perfume factory.

After a very beautiful train trip along the Mediterranean Sea, we arrived in Florence where we met Michael Barbour, who is a professional guide and expert on the Renaissance style. We were introduced to the old city by a walk around the city centre and various art monuments, before watching the sunset from the famous Ponte Vecchio.

Whilst in Florence, we experienced an unusually art-filled day when we visited the Santa Croce Church with Giotto's St. Francis cycle as well as a De Chirico exhibition and the Uffizzi Museum only half of which was open to the public, following the damage done by the bomb blast in May. We managed to see the two well-known paintings: *The Birth of Venus* and *The Birth of Spring*, as they were protected behind bullet-proof glass.

We also made a pleasant day visit to Siena, a town built only of red brick, but with a cathedral which stands out, white, on top of the hill. We walked through the narrow streets before going into the splendid cathedral, which was spectacular. When we arrived back in Florence we went to the Medici Chapel where we also saw the tombs designed by Michelangelo, which took him most of his life to do.

Florence is famous for its market and many of the girls enjoyed it thoroughly! The market is very big, branching off into three streets and many different things are sold cheaply. The night before we left, we walked up the hill and managed to catch a glimpse of Florence by night. We were sad to leave the beautiful, old city, but excited to reach the city built on water.

Venice definitely made the greatest impression on us. Venice, with its dilapidated, colourful, eastern buildings and its twisting mysterious canals was more beautiful than any one particular artwork that we saw on the tour. This being the case, we spent more time appreciating Venice itself, than visiting particular museums. We did, however, see the Peggy Guggenheim Museum of Modern Art and the Salvador Dali Museum, both containing very impressive pieces of modern artwork.

The Frari Church, with Titian's tomb and his famous painting, *The Assumption of the Virgin*, also made quite an impact on us, especially as we study this Venetian Renaissance artist quite extensively in Standard 8.

A day's trip to the three islands, Murano (famous for its glass manufacturing), Burano (famous for its exquisite lace embroidery) and, lastly, the tiny island of Torcello with its

beautiful old Romanesque church, was definitely enjoyed by all. Other aspects of Venice that we will never forget were the romantic gondola rides, the pigeons in St. Mark's Square and, of course, the delicious Italian ice-creams.

Our first impressions of Paris were definitely not too favourable - after a terrifying, turbulent flight from Venice, we arrived to find our hotel small and the staff very discourteous. As Paris was the longest stay of the tour we were forced to put up with this unfriendly hotel for 9 whole days! Fortunately all the wonderful activities and sights improved our view of Paris.

The enormous Louvre Museum quite overpowered many of us. However, simply seeing all the French Romantic works made it worthwhile. The Musee D'Orsay, filled with Impressionists' work, was certainly one of the best museums of the tour. Great fun was had when we visited the Rodin Museum and occupied ourselves by copying all the strange poses of his statues. The many cathedrals and churches we visited also made an unforgettable impression on us. We were fascinated by the Church of St. Denis where the French kings and queens are buried, Sainte Chapelle with its magnificent stained-glass windows and, of course, Notre-Dame, where we enjoyed an organ recital, was the "cherry on the top"! We also saw our fair share of modern art at the Pompidou Centre and the Musee Picasso. Other than visiting artworks, we had two most relaxing days in the French countryside, when we visited Giverny, Monet's house and garden, and, by pure chance, came across the Tour de France and, secondly, when we were invited by Helen Henderson, an Old Herschelian, to spend the day in Fontainebleau, where we had a very peaceful day lying on the banks of the Seine and wandering through the beautiful forests. We also indulged in a few evening activities during our stay in Paris, such as a trip down the Seine with the French Tour, as well as the opera "Faust", which we saw in the New Bastille Opera House.

July 14th, Bastille Day, was the highlight of our trip with a breathtakingly exquisite fireworks display, which made a perfect ending to an incredible tour.

We all thank Mrs d'Unienville very much for giving us this wonderful opportunity and for everything she did for us and taught us.

KIM JACKSON, MISTI FOWLER
and DOMITILLA RAIMONDO

FRENCH TOUR

During the June holidays, a group of twelve people left for France. We had two girls from Westerford, a boy from Sea Point and seven Herschel girls. Mrs Rosie Taylor and a friend accompanied us.

Our first three weeks were spent in Angers, a town in the Loire Valley. There was a lot to get accustomed to, but our French host families made us very welcome and we enjoyed their company, while practising our French. Every day we went to a school for about three hours and this helped our understanding a lot. We would often chat about new and funny experiences. In the afternoons we were taken on outings to places such as old castles, churches and mu-

seums. We also got to swim, horse-ride, cycle and windsurf. By the time we left, not only had we improved our French and learnt a lot, but also become quite close to our French families and there were many tears shed at our departure.

The last week was spent in Paris. We got to see many interesting things and had some frightening, funny and exciting experiences. One disaster was when Jeanne had her appendix removed and had to stay on in Paris!! We had no problem in all becoming good friends and we were lucky to have shared such happy memories together on our French Tour.

ANDREA SERRITSLEV



ART TOUR GIRLS - Notre-Dame Cathedral

The brass plaque in front of them is the point from which every kilometre in Paris is measured.



FRENCH TOUR

Back Row: Lucy Deakin, Catherine Loots, Sarah Burton

Front Row: Andrea Serritslev, Nicola Clegg, Mme Taylor, Laura Galan, Helen-Marie Cuturi

SPORT

HOCKEY

For quite a few girls, the hockey season began at the Table-view Hockey Camp which challenged us from the start. Not only were we psyched up to win all our matches, but also inspired to get fit.

It was a good year for all the hockey teams, both indoor and out. Everyone put in a lot of time and effort, played consistently and definitely had a lot of fun! It was a brilliant season for the firsts, who were unbeaten! Our highlight, of course, was our match against Bishops, in which we achieved our record attendance, (in supporters too)!

The season came to a challenging end when we participated in Interschools in "The Big League", and managed to come second...last!

We really grew as a team this year and learnt a lot. Thank you to both Miss Bernstein and Mrs Malan for their time, expertise and enthusiasm - you were great!

Well done to all the players - you've won the spirit award hands down! UGGI UGGI!

SUSANNAH GEORGE



FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

Back Row: Natalie Wood, Leanne Louw, Erica Hannath, Tilla Raimondo, Thandi Siebert, Deborah Wynne

Front Row: Caroline McGahey, Susannah George (Capt), Mrs Malan, Nicola Wallace, Kirsten Feltz

Goalie: Bonnie Quibell



INDOOR HOCKEY

Back Row: Jane Woodard, Unathi Nkuhlu, Susan Weinberg, Sarah Burton, Kirsten Locke, Fiona Wallace
Front Row: Leanne Louw, Susannah George (Capt), Miss Bernstein, Nicola Wallace, Deborah Wynne



U/16 HOCKEY

Back Row: Robyn Gagliano, Ali Biden, Dorothy van Hoom, Jennifer Bradshaw, Helen Fernor, Carolyn Hannath, Annabel Ross, Sally Gooden
Front Row: Sandy Learmonth, Donna Gray, Miss Bernstein, Kate Watts, Jane Woodard,
Goalie: Ingrid Serritslev



U/14A HOCKEY

Back Row: Lucie Jeffery, Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes, Angela Vasiljevik, Tammy Fowler, Marie Ramsay
Front Row: Kelly Huber, Carrie Nixon, Amanda Clegg, Mrs Botha, Tina Harsant, Kate Bloch, Cindy Lloyd

NETBALL

The season started off on a bad note when most matches were cancelled due to the rain. We managed successfully to make up these matches as a result of some very good playing and teamwork.

At the Junior Interschools Tournament, which was held at Sans Souci, the A team came second and the B team came first, winning all of their matches. congratulations to Bronwyn Crofton who played brilliantly.

At the Senior Interschools Tournament, also held at Sans Souci, the A team came fifth. Well done to all netball teams for such a successful season.

Thank you, Mrs Bonelli, for all your hard work which allowed for such a great season.

CAROLINE TRUTER



INTERSCHOOLS NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Carolyn Reid, Stephanie de Wet, Erica Hannath, Nicola Clegg, Sally Gooden
Front Row: Miss Bernstein, Caroline Truter (Capt), Imma Groepies, Mrs Bonellie



U/15 NETBALL

Back Row: Sylvia Komari, Carla Ferucci, Paula Caradoc-Davies, Suzanne Pullinger, Caroline Hannath, Paula de Villiers
Front Row: Miss Bernstein, Inge Croy (Capt), Mrs Bonellie

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has definitely progressed this year. It has taken off at Herschel with steadily increasing support and interest.

The idea of more competitive volleyball has been very successful, following its introduction by our coach this year. He has shown us an entirely new concept of the sport; not only volleyball's uniqueness, but also its reliance on team spirit from each individual.

At the beginning of the year our tournaments were rare occurrences, peppered with great hilarity at the announcement of the scores in Monday Assemblies. But as confidence, skill and team spirit improved, so did the scores.

Mrs Botha's arrival saw the introduction of matches. I must not be modest! Everyone has played stunningly and we haven't lost a single match.

Well, we have certainly had an interesting year, "Nudge, nudge, wink, wink", and the highlight was winning our net. Everyone put in everything she had - and it worked! The main thing is that we survived (despite the usual and mundane sprained bodily parts).

I wish everyone the best of luck next year (especially the poor victim who gets voted captain!)

Bye!

LAURA GALAN



VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Robyn Kadalie, Kate Dorrington, Karin Koep, Lindie Dippenaar

Front Row: Caroline Pratt, Inna Groepies, Carin Dippenaar, Laura Galan (Capt), Joleene Voolmarin, Laetitia Phillipart



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: Claudia Ferucci, Carin Dippenaar, Linzi Pickup, Paula de Villiers, Nicola Clegg, Kate Watts, Susannah George, Kirsten Locke

Middle Row: Nicola Ballance, Claudia Mitchell, Kirsten Feltz

Front Row: Vicky Sheppard, Amanda Clegg, Caroline McGahey, Keira Powers, Caroline Tnater, Tessa van der Burgh, Gabi Christie, Jane Woodard

Reclining: Miss Bernstein

SWIMMING REPORT

The 1992/93 swimming season has been a most enjoyable and successful one. The team has excelled in all that they participated in, but, more importantly, they worked together and excelled as a team. They have all been great to work with. Even the early morning training sessions ended up being fun - once we were out of the water and had a cup of coffee in our hands!

This year, the swimming team lost an incredibly special member of our team, and that was our coach, Mrs Claire Engelbrecht. However, we gained, in that we found a fantastic new coach, a dedicated and special one too, Mrs Helen Botha. Thank you very much!

As a team, we participated in all the weekly league galas held throughout the season, performing our best at each one. The highlight of each season, however, is the Inter-schools Gala which is held annually at the Newlands Swimming Pool. This year was particularly exciting and challenging as there were three possible winners. Herschel came third, losing to Rustenberg and Wynberg by one point - well tried, guys, NEXT TIME WE'LL GET THEM!

On a smaller scale, Herschel had the annual Interhouse Gala which was an exciting event, especially this year, as the winners were not immediately obvious. Merriman took the overall cup with Jagger coming second, and Rolt third.

Looking at individuals, we can be extremely proud of all our water babies! Nicola and Amanda Clegg were chosen to represent Western Province at the South African National Championships in Johannesburg, as well as the South African Schools Championships in Cape Town. At the same time, Kirsten Locke was representing Herschel at the Western Province Country Districts Championships in Malmesbury. However, that's not all - Miss Su Bernstein, Gabi Christie

and Claudia Mitchell were all selected to take part in the South African National Synchronised Swimming Championships, where they all did extremely well, and have been chosen to represent Western Province. Miss Bernstein and Gabi were also selected for the Springbok and Junior Springbok Teams respectively. Gabi has already left to compete in Leeds, England, and Miss Bernstein departs for Cairo soon.

We seem to have lost half our team, as we also lost Amanda Clegg earlier this year. She was sent to participate in the All-England National Age Group Championships and did she participate! Amanda returned to South Africa with a gold medal for the individual medley relay! Congratulations, we are very proud of you! And that's not all - Jane Woodard recently left us to participate in the South African Diving Championships and she came first, only to be transported to England for the World Junior Championships. Well done, all of you! This must be the best swimming season that Herschel has ever experienced!

Whew!

I would now like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Botha for her support, dedication and excellent organisation, which has clearly paid off! To my deputy, Nicola Clegg, for all her help and hard work throughout the season. She really was great. And finally to the whole swimming team - you all worked really hard this season - keep it up, guys.

ANNABELLE LAWRENCE.



SWIMMING

Back Row: Carla Ferucci, Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes, Linda Fisher, Caroline Hannath, Chloe Townsend, Thea Markovina, Kirsten Locke, Amanda Clegg, Cherie du Toit, Tamsin O'Hanlon

Front Row: Kate Bloch, Gabi Christie, Anabelle Lawrence (Capt), Mrs Botha, Nicola Clegg, Jane Woodard, Tarryn Hayden

WATERPOLO REPORT

For a rather new sport at Herschel the support and attendance which the waterpolo team received this year was tremendous. Despite the early morning training sessions 6:30 a.m., the dedication of all our senior teams and the standard six team was fantastic and rather surprising too.

This year is the second year in which the teams were put into their leagues and although this was tough the girls played as if it were a challenge. Their attitude throughout the season was fantastic and special congratulations to Kate Watts, Paula de Villiers and Linzi Pickup who were chosen to

represent Western Province. All the hard practices paid off. Well done!

I would like to thank our coaches, Mr Morelli, and Mrs Botha for all their hard work and for the time spent dedicated to the various teams; as well as to Miss Bernstein and Clarissa Berry, my vice captain for all their help which was never ending.

Good luck and keep up the spirit.

ANNABELLE LAWRENCE



WATERPOLO

Back Row: Emma Whitaker, Nicky Watson, Linzi Pickup, Paula de Villiers, Lindiwe le Rouw, Kate Watts, Natalie Wood, Kirsten Locke

Front Row: Sarah Carter, Annabelle Lawrence (Capt), Mr P Morelli, Shaune Spreckley, Tanya Rutherford

AMANDA CLEGG

I left Cape Town on Friday, July 9, 1993 and flew to Durban where I joined a team of about 15 members. We then flew to London and after about 15 hours travelling we arrived, exhausted, at the Crystal Palace National Sports Centre in South-East London. The following week was spent sight-seeing around London. Swimming training lasted an hour each morning in the magnificent Olympic-size, heated swimming pool. Because we still had to compete, our sight-seeing hours were limited to daytime only.

On Saturday 17 July, the team boarded the Inter-City Railway Train to travel to Leeds (northern England). Here was where the serious part began. Swimmers became tense and irritable, all anxious to swim well that coming week. We stayed in a self-catering holiday park which was quiet and had a relaxed atmosphere, unlike London. The British swimmers were excellent and we were all told that we would have to "kill ourselves" in all our races (coach's exact words). Despite all the nerves, everyone excelled themselves and proved that, although South Africa has missed years of international competition, we've still got what it takes.

Amongst all the swimmers, we won 3 bronze and 3 silver medals and 1 gold medal. Almost everyone made a final, which consisted of the top 8 swimmers, out of about 60 to 90 swimmers in each event. I came fourth in the 14 years 100m freestyle and won a gold medal in the 200m Individual Medley.

After the swimming everyone relaxed and we spent the last week back at Crystal Palace. Now we were allowed to stay out late and we went to shows and saw London at night. At the end of the week we had to nurse our feet because of the blisters. All in all, the trip was absolutely "stunning". I met many new people and made new friends. The swimming experience was invaluable and I have benefited greatly from it. I do believe that the English also learnt something. Now they know that South Africans do not live in mud huts and have pet lions, as they thought we did.

TENNIS

Ace performances by all the teams resulted in a smashing year for Herschel tennis! The league results are certainly proof of that.

The first team was unbeaten, winning their league and moving up to play in the premier league next season. The other teams did just as brilliantly - all did well in the top sections of their respective leagues.

With a lot of effort, a lot of talent and definitely a lot of fun, the tennis girls have really been a hit this season!

LEANNE LOUW



INTERSCHOOLS TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: Sally Gooden, Dorothy van Hoorn, Catherine Ballance, Nicola Ballance

Front Row: Susannah George, Nicola Schonborn, Mrs Malan, Leanne Louw, Elizabeth Hirshon



STANDARD 6 INTERSCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: Lisa Bester, Diana Prosser, Angela Vasiljevic, Kate Dorrington, Lucie Jeffery, Marie Ramsay

Front Row: Cindy Lloyd, Mrs Malan, Hayley Kohler



SQUASH - A TEAM

Back Row: *Deborah Wynne, Nicola Becker, Caroline McGahey*

Front Row: *Caroline Truter, Mr Scott, Susannah George (Capt)*

SQUASH

The season started off with three of our first team players being selected for Western Province. Caroline McGahey was chosen for the U/16 A team. She represented her side during the June/July holidays at Stellenbosch. She was also chosen to represent Western Province in an International Tournament held in Namibia during the September holidays.

Caroline Truter was selected for the U/19 B team but unfortunately was unable to go on tour. Susannah George represented the U/19 C team on a tour to Springs in May.

The B team has done exceptionally well in their matches this season, beating Wynberg and Pinelands.

The A team has also had a very successful season. We lost to Rhenish, but won against Abbots', Rustenburg, Wynberg and Bergvliet. We also came second in the Interschools Tournament held at Wynberg.

I would like to thank both teams for a great season, and a big thank you to Mr Scott for all his enthusiastic training.

CAROLINE TRUTER



SQUASH - B TEAM

Back Row: *Leigh McKay, Helen-Marie Cutjri*

Front Row: *Deborah Wynne (Capt), Mr Scott, Nicola Dryden-Dymond*

ORIGINAL WORK

STANDARD 10

ESSAY

That day I was convinced I looked like a walrus, a great wet walrus, wallowing in its sea of blubber. However long I stared at the cold eye of the mirror it didn't change the fact that I looked as if I could survive in the Arctic, with the help of my insulation and - of course - the company of the other walruses. There we would congregate like a company of opera singers on a vast white stage. This image depressed me to such an extent that I went straight into my room, locked my door and had a nice fat sulk - all by myself.

From the time I reached the age of thirteen, Mother Nature decided that I needed some extra padding. I was so happy being waiflike - I should now experience life from another angle. Good old mother did not rest until - within the space of about six months - I had collected about twenty-five extra kilograms that my various appendages definitely did not need.

I, of course, was shocked and horrified at this sudden transformation from reed to walrus. I soon got used to my sea-lion shape - but never liked it. I felt comforted by the presence of others of my species who were, in fact, my sisters. Together we would face the world, with solidarity!

Then the dreadful day came when I realized with deepening horror that my sisters were in fact staging a coup d'état against the walruses. They had decided to join the legions of the weight-watchers who dripped their excess fat on to gym floors and absorbed energy from the televisions they stared at as they cycled and cycled and cycled. They had melted this too too solid flesh and had left me standing with my heavy burden - alone.

So here I was, a walrus on an island. The Lone Ranger. Believe me, I tried to do something about my lonesome predicament. I even contemplated to eat or not to eat - and when I discovered that the latter made me very very uncomfortable I decided upon the former. I frequented the Constantia Health and Racquet Club, squeezed into my lycra leg-constrictors and cycled until the entire maximus of my gluteus could no longer claim to be alive. Yet my outrageous fortune to be fat did not alter and, however numb the maximus got, it refused point blank to become a gluteus minimus.

I curled up in my bed, that day I confronted my mirror, and continued to sulk throughout the evening. I didn't feel any nobler in my mind for bearing my load; in fact I felt just the opposite. The thin paper models I had posted on my wall - to remind me of how wicked I was - smiled smugly down at me splashing about in my sea of troubles which I longed to oppose - and end. But how?

I stood up - like Joan of Arc or Liberty leading the people - and proclaimed a new beginning! Elizabeth the walrus queen was dead and in her place was Elizabeth the new, the thin, the in-control! I declared an end to grunting and sweating under a weary load. Like a politician I promised a new lifestyle. I would never have to look at my bare bodkin in the reflective glass and shudder ever again. I would resist any temptation.

Then I heard it, floating gently on the breeze, my mother's call and laugh from some cruel force beyond me:

"Supper's ready!"

IMAGES OF A TROUBLED LAND

I live beneath two mountains: On week days, beneath Table Mountain (I stay at boarding school) and at weekends beneath the Helderberg. Between these two mountains (my two lives) lies the N2. It is a long, straight highway bordered by miles of flat infertile land and covered in hundreds of pitiful tin shacks and precariously-balanced shelters.

Each week, during my two journeys between the two mountains, I watch the township, as I have watched it for almost five years now. When I began, there were few huts visible from the road; now it seems as if any day someone will build one on the tar. Each week, silently, the mass of corrugated iron has crept a few metres; spread a few huts nearer to the cars.

The township is not entirely anonymous, however. Certain "houses" I know as I know my own neighbour's home. One large shack, made of three old road signs and some corrugated iron painted bright green, is not strong enough to support its roof. Whenever the treacherous South-Easter wind has been wreaking havoc across the plain, I know, always, to expect the sight of three or four men reconstructing their temperamental shelter, shouting and shifting it around so as to achieve some sort of compromise with gravity.

Another hut I remember is one owning an attached farmstead. A poor excuse for a fence contains a number of cows and chickens, grazing or pecking something from twenty square metres of hard, black, bare earth. Sometimes I see horses grazing on the verge of the highway, always untethered, and unattended except for a few small children.

In Autumn the women spend their days collecting wood in stolen shopping trolleys, and I see them trundling it across the road, some trolleys piled so high that they cannot see the cars. I see children kicking balls around in spare patches of dust, or chasing each other to keep warm.

In the early mornings, when the curling smoke from their fires mingles with the sluggish mist, the township is already awake and beginning the struggle to reach work. Some men walk as much as ten kilometres; some wait in crowds for huge labour trucks; some chance death in the stuffed taxis which dodge in and out of heavy traffic, sometimes speeding along the verges to be on time. Everywhere along the sides of the road there are people running, walking and waiting for their rides to work.

In the Winter, during the long rains, the regular dark blue overalls are covered by thick, plastic raincoats of bright yellow. People walk with heads bent down and their shoulders hunched more than usual, and, of course, the flooding begins.

Enormous shallow puddles cover the flat plain, forcing many families to disassemble their "homes" and move into more crushed areas of the township. It is in these miserable months that I pity them the most. Even if a few manage to remain dry, they must still be deathly cold, and how can they sleep to the deafening sound of rain on corrugated iron? Gust after gust of unwanted water threatens each minute to destroy their only home.

ELIZABETH NOTTEN

Each year, each month, each day, the microcosm grows. It becomes more and more crushed, more poor, more dis-eased and more pitiful with each new-born baby and each migrant worker coming hopefully from the homelands.

Although with each old law dissolved, and each improvement implemented, I can laugh with hope and optimism - the two hours each week I spend on the N2 highway, are times of despair and frustration. Will they ever really know a life worth living?

KATHARINE JOHNSON



MARY HENDERSON - STANDARD 10

DIE SPEELGOED EN SPEELMAATS VAN MY KLEINKINDERDAE

As ek nou aan my kinderdae dink, voel hulle soos tye in 'n droom, so anders is hulle as die pad waarop my lewe vandag loop. Voor ek nege jaar oud was, het ek my hele lewe op die plaas in Botswana gewoon, selde mense buite my gesin gesien en geen regte vriende van my ouderdom gehad nie.

Ons het geen televisie of elektrisiteit by die huis nie en ek dink dis hoekom ek so 'n sterk verbeelding in my kinderdae gehad het. Ek kon baie vinnig lees, en het so daarvan gehou dat ek duisende boeke gelees het voor ek skool toe gegaan het. Daar is geen biblioteek naby ons huis nie en ek het my eie kinderboeke so vinnig deurgegaan dat ek my ouers se boeke begin lees het toe ek nog baie klein was. Alhoewel ek soveel van hulle gelees het, was daar natuurlik baie daarvan wat ek nie verstaan het nie. My drome van daardie dae en nog partykeer vandag, was vol van vreemde mense, dinge en gebeurtenisse waarvan ek gelees het, net half verstaan het, en waarvan ek snaakse prente gevorm het.

My springewendige verbeelding het my nie laat kla oor vriende nie. Ek het 'n groot klomp kamma-maats gehad en hele dae saam met hulle deurgebring. Elkeen het in sy eie boom gewoon en sy eie naam en persoonlike eienskappe gehad. As ek een van hulle wou besoek, het ek nie geweet voor ek by die boom gekom het, of hulle binne sou wees of nie - my verbeelding was byna buite my beheer. As ek met een van hulle baklei het, het ek ure lank in my kamer gesit en huil.

Ek het nie van baie speelgoed gehou nie, en om die een of ander rede het ek poppe gehaat. Iemand, ek dink my ouma, het eenkeer vir my 'n groot pop gegee - een wat soos 'n baba lyk met blonde krulhare en blou oë wat beweeg. Ek en my kamma-maats het eendag haar mooi geel hare afgeskeer en dit in die kersvlam verbrand.

Toe haar kop pienk en nakend was, was ek nog nie tevrede nie. Ek het my pa se mes gaan haal, haar blou bewegende oë uitgesny en hulle aan die deur van my kas vasgeplak. As ek toe die kasdeur oopgemaak het, het die oë beweeg. Ek het gedink dis so wonderlik en onmiddellik gehardloop om my ma te roep om te kom kyk. Sy was nie so bly en opgewonde oor my wonderlike daad nie, maar die oë het jare lank op my kasdeur gebly, en ek was meer as tevrede daarmee.

My geliefkoosde speelding was altyd my teddiebeer, Trumpeter. Ek weet nie nou waarom hy so 'n snaakse naam gehad het, of hoekom ek hom bo my ander speelgoed verkies het nie, want hy was oud en bruin, met net een oog en 'n neus wat half afgeval het. Miskien het ek hom jammer gekry. Maar nou, as my ma daaroor praat, vertel sy vir my hoe ek nêrens sonder Trumpeter wou gaan nie. As dit tyd was om bed toe te gaan en Trumpeter nie by my was nie, het ek gehuil en geskree tot my hele gesin opstaan om hom te soek, voor ek huilend in die Botswananag verdwyn, om my vriend te soek.

'n Tswanavrou, Resina, het my grootgemaak, want my ma het drie klein kinders gehad, en om vir kinders in die wildernis te sorg, is nie so maklik nie, en sy het geweet sy kan Resina heeltemal vertrou. Dis hoekom ek, toe ek nog baie klein was, Setswana beter as Engels kom praat, en ook hoekom ek 'n bondel hout op my kop kon dra. Ek en Resina het elke dag in die veld gaan loop om hout te soek. Sy het dan 'n groot bondel hout op haar kop gedra en ek, net 'n paar jaar oud, en piepklein, het 'n piepklein bondeltjie hout op my kop gedra.

Die speelgoed en speelmaats van my kleinkinderdae was vreemde wesens, en nie heeltemal soos die van ander kinders nie, maar daar was niks anders wat ek nodig gehad het nie. As ek nou terugkyk, dink ek hierdie dae was miskien die gelukkigste tye van my hele lewe, en ek sal dit vir geen ander verruil nie.

HANNAH YOUNG

STANDARD 9

THE MAKING OF FIRE

*It sparked out from the thunderous heavens.
A mighty bolt illuminating the skies,
Enclosing the earth in its warmth
And spreading like disease.
It smoked and smothered anything in its path,
Crackling and roaring in a fiery rage.
It left behind it a deathly scene.
Feeding its unquenchable appetite,
It nimbly curled its fingers around anything within reach.
All life so swiftly destroyed,
By a strength so overpowering.
A strength with the ability
To melt away one's very being.*

LAUREN COWAN

THE HAWK

*His regal eye scans the sky
As through the clouds he soars
Like quills of Gold and Burnished Bronze
His plumes behind unfold.*

*He screams his time-worn hunting cry,
And then as from a bow,
He, with an arrow's deadly power,
Strikes the earth below.*

*Then rise again to the towering heights,
Where bitter breezes bend.
The winged devil wheels on high,
For ages without end.*

NIKKI LOUW



LISA REID - STANDARD 9

A LEGACY OF SENSES

*My mind I leave,
that you may understand
the fury and rage
born of Apartheid's hand.*

*Eyes I give,
that you may see
past fear, confusion and misery,
the rising sun with glowing rays
of hope and promise of better days.*

*Ears I leave,
"Oh, hear the cries,
from dusty, bleeding townships
long hidden from your eyes."*

*Nose to smell
not burning barricades
nor stench of death,
but fragrance ascending
in pleasing breath.*

*Mouth to speak
words true and wise,
"Hush deceiving voices,
No more lies!"*

*Arms to embrace,
not push away,
those who hurt in our land today.*

*Hands I leave,
with tender touch, bind wounds,
heal scars and SERVE
where years of injustice
have stolen so much.*

*Feet,
to step from comforts warm
into shoes of lives
so beaten and worn.*

*My spirit, God given, I give in return;
of love for one's brother,
hard lesson to learn.*

*My heart
sends out its pulse of life,
as it pleads,
"Sweet Land, cease bitter strife."*

ROBYN KADALIE

THE MAKING OF AN ARGUMENT

*Controlled sparks shy their way through
A path is laid down!
Cruel claws of fire reach out,
Sparks are snatched by the wind.
The flames build up!
A roaring rocket of rage races restlessly upward -
Then explodes.
The pungent smoke smothers the air,
Leaving its destructive footprints far behind -
Yet close enough to leave the black fire in your soul!
You feel the emptiness drawing you
Down, down into the darkness.*

SUSIE CATTELL

A SEAFOOD SALAD

*Swishing their frothy tails
the horses race onto the shore
leaping and crashing
scattering diamonds and pearls.*

*The gritty sand glitters with gold
and waltzes in the salty breeze.
Across the slippery, watery ripples
floats a moving mirror of the stars.*

*The rocks, like lazy hippos, doze draped in seaweed
while the seagulls, swoop majestically above
the dolphins dodge the rainbow fish
and God smiles, pleased with his private zoo.*

LUCIE LEINBERGER

DIARY WEEK

The holidays that have just gone by were absolutely fantastic, because it was three weeks of sheer bliss not thinking about anything more stressful than lying on the beach or what I was going to eat for lunch. Being with my family for three solid weeks was wonderful and I feel that I've grown closer to all of them.

Each year I'm lucky enough to go to London and the South of France for three long weeks of absolute Heaven. Somehow the way of life overseas is so much more carefree and relaxed compared to the lifestyle we lead down here. I probably just feel this way because I'm on holiday and get affected by the holiday syndrome. The thing I like most about being overseas especially in London, is that one can be an individual and wear or do what you want without anybody staring or complaining.

The life the people lead in London looks really fantastic and as soon as I've finished school I want to go and work there for at least six months and then go and study French in Aix en Provence.

Every year since as far back as I can remember we've been going to the South of France for our mid-year holiday and each year when we return to Cape Town, we swear we are going to move there for good the following year and buy a little house on the hillside in Biot. As soon as I arrive in France I immediately feel relaxed and little fears like walking around alone at night don't need to bother me anymore. If you drove into the middle of Cape Town at ten thirty on a Saturday night, I would bet money on it that you wouldn't see a single soul except for the odd child begging for money

at a stop street. In the South of France, however, you don't even have to go into the centre of a town to see people because there are people buzzing by wherever you go and you can just sit at a corner cafe watching all the different sorts.

Although I really love Cape Town, I'm not sure I want my children to grow up in the society in which we live; I'm not even sure if I want to. When I return home each year the violence and poverty really depresses me and you can't open a paper without seeing the same depressing headlines. I don't think I could possibly live each day for the rest of my life with all these terrible things that go on around us each day. I'm not saying that France doesn't have problems, because it does: the problems just don't seem so bad.

Each day of my holiday went by very slowly as I did nothing except relax. Most days only began at eleven o'clock, then a late breakfast of croissants and orange juice and finally at twelve o'clock a stroll down to the beach. Lying asleep on a mattress in the sun each day, is my sort of lifestyle and the sort of life I would love to lead, although this is hardly possible, unless I marry someone rich or famous (well, you never know because there are lots of famous people lying on the beaches in St. Tropez and maybe just by chance I'll happen to bump into one of them).

The lunches we eat while we are in the South of France are always fabulous and very provençal. The lunch can go on for up to three hours because the French eat very slowly and very leisurely. We eat baguettes with pâtés and exotic cheeses and stuff ourselves full of peppers and olive oil. After lunch all you want to do is fall asleep as a result of a full stomach and a few too many glasses of Rosé wine.

The life I live when I'm in the South of France is like a dream and, when I think back on past holidays, I can remember only happy times, when we all get on and everyone looks extremely tanned and well-fed.

SHELLEY WOLFF



ROBYN BRACHER - STANDARD 9



KATE YOUNG - STANDARD 9

MONDAY

Dear Dairy.....

Am I the only lost and lonely soul out there who HATES Mondays? No, we're not talking about a dislike here. We're talking about a phobia! It starts on a Sunday afternoon with a pain in the baby finger that keeps you wondering if you're going mad and have just discovered a plague that'll wipe out half the population and keep the census officers at bay. Slowly, like boiling and bubbling lava, it spreads. Your elbow begins to ache as if you've knocked your funny bone. Next comes your right ear and then your left knee, 'til you end up rolling on your bed and whining with pain. But the worst part is that no one believes you. They all think you're facing illness to bunk school. Any sign of understanding on your mother's part is quenched by your siblings' jealousy. So there you find yourself on a Monday morning: it's raining elephants and giraffes outside, your eyes are so puffy you're starting to resemble a fly in sunglasses and your baby finger still hurts. So, you trudge to the kitchen to find you're out of "Frosties", your blazer has vanished like cake in a playground and your lift's waiting. And you asked why they call it: "Blue Monday"!!!

SATURDAY

Dear Diary.....

I woke up this morning feeling half alive and very alien. As usual, my clock radio read: "6.30 a.m." I groaned, crawled under the duvet and dozed until I was woken by my cat clawing at my door. Slowly, I shoved on my slippers and crawled to the kitchen.

This afternoon, as usual, our house resembled Rondebosch Station as six of my brother's friends, an eccentric aunt and a shy uncle, two noisy cousins, a bewildered electrician, a hairdresser, my gran and a make-up artist all took turns to arrive and never depart. My sister ran around in a dressing-gown with two "artistes" trying to make her stunning for a matric dance tonight. At 3.00 p.m. my excited brother and father turned on the rugby and started yelling. Four hours later, my mother disconnected the phone and threatened to lock the front door. She then proceeded to fetch her camera (as my brother fled the room) and start taking photos of my sister. (Her date arrived in time to star in one.) After a rowdy supper, my brother drove me to an old friend's house.

LUCIE LEINBERGER

UNTITLED POEM

*We were on the beach that day,
Chattering in that noisy place:
Hissing waves waved the tops
Of riotous seaweed, tousle-headed and deep.*

*We marvelled at the beach that day,
At extremes of bronzing sun,
Talcum sand and polar water,
Of a scene of fun and grandeur in one.*

*Everything was broad, the sky and earth,
Two cupped palms, together at horizons
Sheltering this wafer of scene,
This swimming surreality of sand.*

*But, truth: we did not think this:
The spirit of the time
Slung an arm around our shoulders
And ran:*

*We ran, too, in active joy;
As vitality should be: reacting
To the scene, not slowing pulses
To ponder.*

*And all was like that:
Seagulls flung themselves free from earth,
Little dreams of elated white in their seamless sky -
And once we saw, far off in the dimpling blue
Whales rolling in spumey life.*

OLIVIA WILL

HERSCHEL TRAVELLERS - FRANCE

Angers (the town we stayed in) was not as small as I thought it would be. Instead of pigs and chickens roaming the streets, we found a busy town with super shops and activities. Besides being built up, Angers was a very festive town with a really jolly atmosphere. During my stay of about three weeks, there were at least five different festivals. There was a festival of the schools, of music, of film, of someone called Saint-Jean and a festival of the whole region. There was music in the streets, brightly coloured flags and lots of young people dancing on the squares. Already I was finding huge differences from South Africa. Angers is so safe, there's hardly any crime and no brutal killings or rapes. In Cape Town there is such a lack of security that you'd never have the same atmosphere you get in Angers.

After school every day - yes, we went to school - we would either leave Angers and visit castles or stay in Angers and see the local museums and interesting places. The castles were definitely a highlight as there is nothing like them in South Africa. As I stand in a castle and think a king must have sat on that chair, a king I learnt about in history a few years back, it all seems to come to life. Besides visiting places we also did sporting activities. We spent a lot of time at 'Lac de Baine' where I learnt to windsurf, we went horse-riding, rowing and cycling. If you think about it, three weeks is not that long and to have achieved all this is quite a task.

Being home seems like such an anticlimax, I wish, more than anything, to be back in Angers. I hope that one day we can experience this together. We'd better start saving up, though.

ANDREA SERRITSLEV

HERSCHEL TRAVELLERS - THE NILE

In Luxor we boarded a Nile River Cruise for a relaxing four-day journey up the Nile. The Nile's waters were so calm that the only movement in the water was the slow ripple caused by our moving boat or the odd wake trailing behind a majestic felucca laden with goods. The reflection it cast on the almost oil-like water was like a painting.

We stopped off at particular towns along the way to observe the life of the villagers and to wander through quaint streets or even to buy hand-woven fabrics from the locals. At each stop a mysterious temple awaited us. If it was not the Lumumbo Temple for the Crocodiles it was the temple of Horus, the Eagle and God of Life or a temple for Ramses I, II or III.

Every temple seemed to be more interesting than the last, every temple had its own air about it and seemed to have more to offer us than the last (or was it just that we were gaining knowledge and could appreciate them more?).

As I stood on the deck of the boat and looked ahead, my view seemed to have been divided into four distinct colours. The first was the deep blue, almost black, of the serene Nile waters and, next, the lush bright greens of the date palms and bushes on the banks and, after approximately one hundred metres of that fertility, was the dead orange-yellow desert, deserted and untouched by man. The beautiful blue sky lay behind that and the sun released its radiant beams of light creating a temperature of almost 50 degrees celsius.

The feeling of being on water, with lush vegetation on either side and then a vast desert is a strange kind of lost feeling. I felt almost trapped on the river, trapped between two huge arms, huge arms of sand and then a vast, lonely body.

Travelling down the Nile to Aswan was the experience of a life-time. Aswan itself was an experience I shall never forget as long as I live. There seemed to be a hive of activity around us in the sweltering heat. The Aswan Dam was a fascinating sight. The difference in levels of water on either side was mind-blowing. We went to visit the Cataract Hotel where parts of the movie *Death on the Nile* by Agatha Christie were filmed. We were shown her private suite, in which she stayed at the time, and walked around the beautiful garden.

Egypt really turned out to be the experience of a lifetime and a place I will never forget. The pyramids of Giza and Sakorah, the Sphinx and Cairo Museum were a wonderful learning experience.

ALISON LOUW

ESSAY

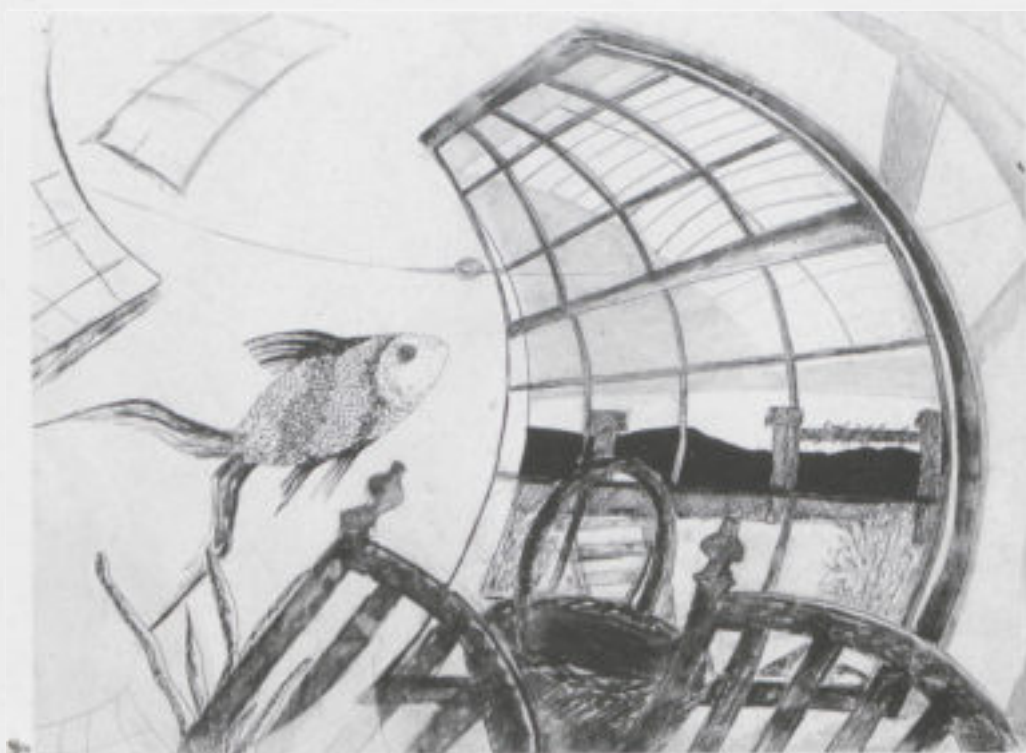
Huge, grey clouds pushed down upon the earth, their swirling vapours seeming to infuse even the warm air with a grey cloyingness; suffocating clothing clinging sweat-sticky to the impersonal forms around. Five o'clock, that oppressive hour, forever hanging between night and day, was dwindling into darkness. Looming suddenly and almost inappropriately before me was an ice-cream stand. With its cheerful colours and happy slogans, it was a forgotten moment of the idyllic months of summer. The face of the woman behind the counter had a sheen of sweat and was reminiscent of that of a glazed clay Indian doll which sat on my shelf at home. But her smile was as cool as the pink and white striped monster she handed me through the window. I thanked her, but, realizing that her thoughts had already run towards home, I left without further disturbing them.

I wandered towards the sea-front, licking tentatively at the already melting edges of my pink friend. The bench greeted me with a tiny creaking sigh. It seemed fresher here somehow, more alive. The incessant arching and breaking of the waves kept me hypnotised and I watched as joyous streams of bubbles rushed towards shattering on the rocks. I raised my hand to my lips, only to find its contents gone. My ice-cream had given up the unequal struggle against the heat and had collapsed into a coloured swirl at my feet. A few forlorn trickles slid over my hand and its soggy cone, before dripping to the ground.

As I gazed bleakly at the floor, berating my treat for its incredible bad manners, I was unpleasantly shocked. The increasing discomfort I had been feeling was explained as I looked up right into the eyes of a man standing less than twenty metres away. He was dressed poorly and his gaze was so intense that even with the mugginess of the day I could feel its searing heat. Rising quickly, I began to move back towards the road and the main town but a hurried glance over my shoulder and confirmed to my horror that he was following me. An increase in my speed resulted in an increase in his, although he did not attempt to close the gap between us.

Abandoning my impossible task of trying to stay calm, I allowed my heart to speed up and my breath to rasp jaggedly through parted lips. Hot air forced its way into my lungs - stifling, searing. The hurried tattoo of my feet broke into beating runs...and the gap had now begun to close and, with a sharpness of wits born of terror, I threw myself into a bush just as I turned a corner and was for a second out of his sight. The drumming of his feet as he ran past concealed any sounds which I might have made. Like a hound he moved onwards to the point of frustration which must come when he realized he had lost his quarry. When I had calmed myself, I crawled back out of the bush and started on a new route which, hopefully, would take me directly to the town. As I walked the first drops of gentle rain began to fall, diffusing the heat and washing away the last stains of fear.

NIKKI LOUW



ALISON LOUW - STANDARD 9



MISTI FOWLER - STANDARD 9

STANDARD 8

VIER, DRIE, TWEE, EEN, ZERO!

Die bom was in die gang van ons woonstelblok in Hillbrow en dit het getik en getik. Ek en Johan het dit gevind en daar was net tien minute oor op die horlosie van die bom.

Ek het paniekerig by die voordeur van die blok uitgehardloop en die polisie gebel, terwyl Johan almal uit die gebou gekry het.

Dit was 'n klein woonstelblokkie, maar in die geskarrel van omtrent dertig mense het iemand haar kat vergeet. Johan het altyd 'n sagte hart gehad en het die kat gaan haal, maar toe hy by die woonstel inhardloop - vier, drie, twee, een, zero! - het die bom in die woonstel ontplof...

Johan, die man wat ek so liefgehad het, het in die rommel, vuur en stof van die woonstelblok in Hillbrow gesterf. My siel het so dood gevoel. Ek en Johan was 'n paartjie en ons het reeds besluit om te trou.

Ek was erg geskok en kon net dink aan die woede en haat wat ek gevoel het vir die terroriste wat die bom geplant het. By Johan se begrafnis het ek besluit dat ek nooit weer iemand sou liefhe nie.

Maar hulle sê dat tyd 'n goeie geneesmiddel vir smart is. Dis nou amper vyf jaar sedert Johan vermoor is en daar is 'n nuwe man in my lewe. Ek het Stefan 'n maand gelede ontmoet. Hy is so aantreklik! Hy gee regtig vir my om.

Vanaand is dit Oujaarsaand en ons gaan saam na 'n partytjie. Ek sien baie daarna uit.

Die aand is vol pret en ek het al baie mooi en gawe mense ontmoet. Nou staan almal met 'n glas sjampanje in die hand en kyk na die horlosie: vier, drie, twee, een, zero!

Stefan soen my vir die eerste keer en ek voel so gelukkig. Ek hou baie van Stefan and dink ek is lief vir hom, maar ek sal altyd vir Johan liefhê; hy sal altyd die man van my hart bly.

ZARA QUAIL

THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA

Serenity. Peace. Tranquility. Death.

The place of prayer and peace -

The scene of murder? Surely not! But, yes.

Gunned down in a senseless act of

Violence and ruthless murder, our loved

Ones gone - forever ...

Rich, full lives - life - simply destroyed in

A matter of seconds.

Like the practised act of a mastermind

Magician, they suffered no remorse in

Disposing of innocent lives - they were

Good people! Do they suffer guilt?

Do they have a conscience?

All I want

to know, is

WHY?

(St. James Church, Kenilworth)

SARAH BURTON

I'M SO VERY LUCKY

When looking at my life, I realise that I'm so very lucky.

Friends of mine have become lost in life

Having no direction to go. Lost ...

Alcohol, drugs and and low morals seem to be

Part of most of the younger generation

Of today,

But who is to blame? Their parents? Them?

The country?

I have stability, set morals and beliefs, but

Most of all, I have love.

I feel so privileged, but yet sad and empty

That I am unable to guide and help those

Who are wandering like sheep, not knowing

Where to go, or what to do about their lives.

God, help me to help them.

SARAH BURTON



SHAZELLE DENOVA - STANDARD 8



ROMY STANSFIELD - STANDARD 8



LAUREN MANDY - STANDARD 8



BONNIE QUIBELL - STANDARD 8

THE CRY OF THE DEAD

*Death is forever constant.
There is no turning back,
When the house of the dead
has summoned your presence.*

*Lurking in the air
Anxious to prey on innocent mortals
Taking life from weak hearts
Death destroys the light of life.*

*The sombre notes of the organ
Are beginning to compete against the decreasing
beat of existence
An unfamiliar voice is beckoning;
You resemble the mask of death.*

*The grief of this dismal potion -
Sewing a black veil of darkness,
Yet conserving the existence of man,
The sting of death is inevitable*

CAITLIN VON WITT

THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

She sat stiffly in one corner of the room her hands folded neatly on her lap. Her soft blonde hair curled slightly on her narrow shoulders. She had the biggest, most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. They were fixed on the wall on the opposite side of the room.

When I entered the waiting-room, my eyes immediately fell on her fragile figure. She did not return my gaze. She did not even tilt her head to look at me. I sat down opposite her on the dull yellow armchair. What was her name? Where did she come from? Where did she live? All these questions started popping into my head.

Maybe she was waiting for someone to pick her up. Her slight build and neatness made me think she was an accountant or even a secretary. Her nimble fingers were curled tightly around one another. An uneasy feeling came over me as she shifted a little in her chair. I got the feeling she knew I was watching her, but she did not let her eyes wonder from the wall. Something told me I should mind my own business. But I could not take my eyes away from her. There was something that I can't explain, that drew me towards her. I think it was her eyes, the way they just focused on the wall the whole time I had been watching her.

I found myself wondering what her favourite food was. I thought it could have been salad and fruit. Perhaps she liked some delicate fish occasionally. She would not like to watch lots of television, but maybe programmes like *50/50* or *Agenda*. Her lips were tightly pressed together. I could imagine her voice: it would be soft and clear, a sweet sound with words of knowledge. She wore cream stockings and neat little buckle shoes. Her dress was a plain style in a light blue material matching her shoes. I could see she did not care much about her clothes or how she looked. Yet everything was neat and in place. That is how I gathered she was an orderly person who liked the look of a neat and tidy room. I wondered where she lived, and with whom she lived. She looked old enough to have finished school and university. Maybe she was married. She could have a dog and a little bird which she would talk to every morning before she left for work.

A man opened one of the doors of the waiting room and walked toward her. He was tall and handsome. He knelt down next to her, she did not even turn her head. He murmured a few words to her, she nodded and bent down to find something. She picked up a white walking stick and stood up. He took her arm and led her out of the room.

ALI BIDEN

DANGEROUS GRANNIES

It had all started a week ago. Beatrice had got a bee in her bonnet about joining the gang of dangerous grannies. She seemed to be having a mid-life crisis.

"Oh, come on, Agnes. It will be fun."

"Are you going senile? I'm not joining that rowdy group!"

"But, Agnes, it will be great fun. Besides they'll do you more harm if you don't join the gang than if you do," interrupted Beatrice.

"Oh, all right then," huffed Agnes.

Beatrice, a middle-aged woman, with perfectly manicured hands and many diamond rings thought that her life was boring. She did not have to drive her own car or feed her spaniels and persian cats. She had been waited on for her whole life. And now, she wanted to join the gang of dangerous grannies.

Agnes dragged her feet as she walked with her hands clenched at her sides, while Beatrice strode confidently ahead.

"Are you sure that they are expecting us, Bea?"

"Of course, Agnes!"

The house was huge and dilapidated. Agnes and Beatrice were greatly surprised when an old lady opened the door. She looked very ordinary, permed white hair, a tweed skirt and a jersey. They went inside with her and she told them that the others were out. They were going to raid a sweet shop that night and were "checking it out."

"We only raid sweet shops once a month," she said. "Other times we hold up banks and trains!"

It was midnight and the grannies were marching down the empty street. For the first time in her life, Agnes' cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Oooh, isn't this fun, Bea?" she giggled.

Beatrice nodded in agreement.

The tinkling of glass broke the silence. Then came the war cry, "Grannies ahoy!" Beatrice stumbled along on her high heels, almost falling, in her hurry to reach the sweet shop.

Shadows leapt around the walls in the dim firelight as the grannies munched sweets.

"Oh, Bea, thank you for persuading me to join the gang," murmured Agnes.

"I wonder where we're going tomorrow?"

"We're raiding a clothing store!"

Once again the silhouettes of marching grannies could be seen against the sky and their shouts filled the silence of the night.

AMY BURDZIK

IT WAS VERY CLOSE

Those five nights in November were the worst of my life.

Cuddles is a small, cuddly white maltese poodle. I'd always wanted a maltese, a dog that could be held and cuddled. A dog that could jump into bed with you. A dog that would bring happiness. After years of persuasion, my mother decided that I would be allowed to get a maltese. On 1 November '91, a sweet, rat-like, white puppy entered the world. I was to become his owner, and he was to be called Cuddles.

No offence to dogs or Cuddles, but maltese poodles are stupid. He runs in front of cars, and runs out gates... We live in Bowwood Road, and we have gates to our house. On 31 October last year, Cuddles ran out of the gates and we thought he'd never return. He had no collar, and no name-tag.

I was getting ready to go out. My friend was at the house, when I heard my mother scream: "Cuddles, Cuddles, come on, boy, dinner!" Nicole and I carried on getting changed. Our cheeks were all rosy with excitement, because we knew we were going to have fun tonight. Mom came through to my room and said: "Sarah, I can't find Cuddles anywhere, the gates are open...I think he's run out of the gates." I went white. Cuddles - run away? No! Nicole and I were due to be out at 7.00 p.m. and it was now 6.50 p.m. - we had to go. Mom dropped us off, and she and my brother went searching through the dark, lonely streets of Claremont looking for a maltese.

The whole night I kept on thinking about where Cuddles could be; my mouth was dry, so the chocolate cake I was eating wouldn't go down my throat; my nails had been bitten so much they were sore. That night, Mom fetched Nicole and me, her eyes sagging and hair ruffled, she looked tired. My brother's face was all red from crying - and there was no Cuddles.

Nicole went home. I went home, into my pink, cheerful room full of posters of Jason Priestly, took off my black suede shoes and jumped into bed and cried. When I woke up, on 1 November, it was Cuddles' first birthday. That day we phoned the S.P.C.A., Animal Welfare and all the veterinary clinics. No Cuddles. We went to the S.P.C.A.. The woman there, Mrs Louw, had a hard face, and all she could say was, "the dog should have had a collar!"

Days went, nights went, advertisements in the newspapers went and still no Cuddles. We had given up hope. Mom was telling me that I wouldn't find Cuddles again. When I came to school, friends tried to convince me that we'd find him. I knew that we wouldn't, but prayed that we would. My bedroom looked so cheerful, yet each day I felt as if the world was closing in on me.

Wednesday came, and nothing. I was at school. It was the day of the essay exams. I was in the Afrikaans room when there was a loud knock on the door. It was my mother's cheerful voice. I went outside, she took me to her car, and there sitting on the floor was Cuddles. He was dirty, scrawny and not cuddly, but he was Cuddles. My smile was wide, I was happy. Some woman had found him, taken him home, and she had seen the advert in the paper and had returned him. Thanks to her, we got Cuddles back.

I had new faith in people. When I saw the woman that afternoon, I realised how sweet she was. I was overjoyed to have Cuddles back. She was a maid and had made sure that the woman whom she worked for didn't find out about Cuddles. She fed him her own food, and took him for walks

each day.

We were very close to losing Cuddles, but thanks to the kindness of one woman, I got my puppy back. The five nights in November, full of worrying and fears, were the worst in my life.

(This is a true story!)

SARAH NEWTON

THE AWAKENING OF THE DEVIL

*A frenzied madman
breathing fire and fury.
Letting off steam of insanity
the turmoil gurgles within
this bubbling cauldron of anger
The frantic flames boil with rage
and the blood-thirsty savage
explodes with excitement,
seizing victims of its hunger,
The volcano erupts.....*

CAITLIN VON WITT

SLEEPLESS

I couldn't sleep. I just couldn't sleep last night. It felt as if the British Grand Prix was being held in my head. Ideas about the next day kept zooming past and it was as if the happenings and events of the day were chasing each other around the race course over and over again. I turned around and tried to think of something else, of something quiet and peaceful. But still the race went on.

Some worrying thoughts started to haunt me. I hadn't practised my instruments and I had a lesson the next day. I had to finish my book and where was I going to find a present for my mother?

As more cars raced by, more and more thoughts emerged. I lay on my back and stared at the dark ceiling trying to picture a vast desolate and still desert plain to halt the cars. I tried to listen to the gentle wind blow and to sense the serene and calm feeling of the night.

The cars were slowing down now and as they crossed the finishing line one by one, my eyes closed. At last the cars stopped and I gradually dozed off. Finally I could sleep.



CARRIE NIXON - STANDARD 7

STANDARD 6

ME

Thursday's child has far to go. A bonny, ten-pound girl was born to Geoffrey and Belinda Huber, thanks to the nurses and doctors at Frere Hospital, East London. A first child and grandchild, christened Kelly Nicola, was born this day, the twenty-fourth of October nineteen seventy-nine.

I took my first steps at thirteen months and "mama" and "dada" were amongst my first words. As a toddler I was chubby with curly, golden hair. I was impish, mischievous, very surefooted and cheeky, but I was also kind, gentle and sincere to my friends and family.

"Don't backchat", "chew with your mouth closed", "don't forget your p's and q's", were all the manners my parents taught me, to stand me in good stead for the rest of my life. I was getting ready for my schooling career. I found that I actually enjoyed school and was developing a passion for reading.

Those were the days. Junior school just seemed to fly past. They were wonderful days, filled with both happy and sad memories, many hours of hard work and friends.

Now here I am. First year of senior school, motivated to work hard and do well in everything I do. What do I look like now? What sort of person am I? What are my likes and dislikes? How do I feel? How do others see me? These are the thoughts, about me, that spring up in my mind.

Blonde-brown hair, hazel eyes, freckles and quite short: that is what I look like. I like hockey and tennis and enjoy playing the piano and learning languages. In my spare time I try to ride my bicycle, read and do crosswords. My favourite food is pasta and I don't eat any seafood! I hate the war and fighting in our land and wish for peace throughout the nation.

Grumpy, bad-tempered, boastful or sweet, trusting and loyal. How do others see me? I don't know. I try to be kind-hearted, happy, modest, generous and possess good-qualities, but after all, who can help being cross once in a while? I feel safe and secure with a wonderful family who love and care for me dearly.

I look forward to my life ahead. My career, new challenges and opportunities, places and people to meet. I am thankful that I am strong and healthy, and able to live life to the full.

THESE I HAVE LOVED

*The Kitchen, the glossy pots,
the old pans.*

*The varnished oak cupboards
Which have a scent of old houses.*

*The bathroom, the smell of lightly scented soap
and the dampness of the walls.*

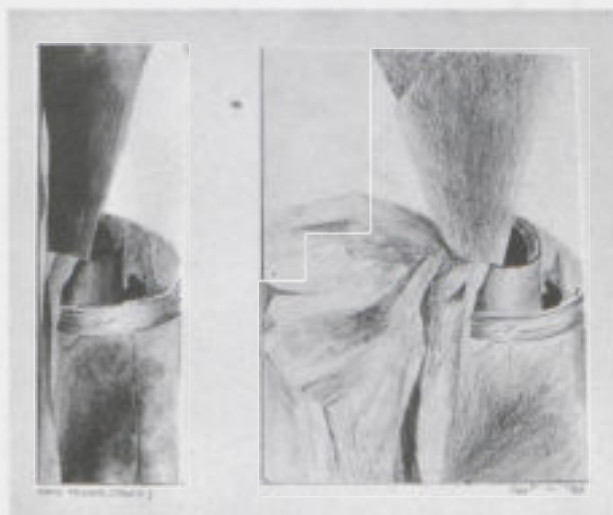
*My own bedroom, the feeling
of dominance and life.*

*The garden,
the pinpricks of the grass,*

*the sound of the wind
through the leaves
the buzz of the bees in the flowers.*

*The sun: the maker and
destroyer of life.*

LARA GEORGE



KATIE MILLAR - STANDARD 7



CLAUDIA MITCHELL - STANDARD 6

PREPARATORY

HEADMISTRESS' REPORT

The year has flown and much has been accomplished, notably our two planned projects - the new computer room well used and loved by all, and an enlarged, upgraded Junior Preparatory, of which we can be proud.

We trust that our children are learning much more than we can teach them - such as self-respect, independence, team spirit, consideration, pride in our school and our country. These qualities are an integral part of our vision at Herschel of purposeful and well adjusted children.

MUSIC REPORT

Another busy year has passed and the department continues to grow, with many girls learning the piano, violin, 'cello, recorder, clarinet, flute and guitar.

Captain Noah was the main musical event of the year and a special report has been written about this in the magazine.

During the first, second and third terms of the year, music workshops and lunch-hour concerts are held and the staff always find the progress of the pupils most interesting.

Three girls entered the Trinity College Pre-Primary Grade piano exams and Victoria Madden and Gaby Pharo obtained distinctions. In October fifteen girls played their violin and piano Trinity College exams. Seven girls wrote the Royal School's and UNISA theory exams recently and we look forward to hearing their results. Sixteen girls entered the Royal School's music exams (piano, violin, 'cello, recorder, clarinet and flute) and eight girls obtained Merits.

Caryn Buchanan excelled in the UNISA Grade 3 piano exam, obtaining a distinction (91%). She also passed her Grade 3 'cello exam with merit and received four honours in the Cape Town Eisteddfod.

Sarah Gilbert once again excelled at the Cape Town and Afrikaans Eisteddfods. She received three diplomas, five honours and two merits. In addition, Sarah was again awarded three cups for the best performance in her various sections.

During October, we welcomed Ms Elizabeth Engel to the Music Department. She will be taking all the violinists in the school.

Next year Ms Julie Ward will be joining us and she will be taking class music, clarinet and recorder.

My grateful thanks to all the music staff for all their hard work.

MRS ALISON TYSON

CAPTAIN NOAH AND HIS FLOATING ZOO

Music and Lyrics - Michael Flanders and Joseph Horowitz
Script - Annette Woolley

The girls from Standards 3, 4 and 5 participated in the Preparatory School production of *Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo*. This was a real team effort involving drama, music, dancing and costumes. Anne Lehr designed and built the set and was Stage manager, and a group of mothers helped with the costumes, props and make-up.

The discipline and commitment to a production of this nature is worthwhile experience and everybody had great fun. It gave us all a chance to display our creative talents, and for the girls to take on the responsibility for backstage and lighting.

We were thrilled to have Keith Merrington, George Haydn and Peter Gilder augmenting the musical accompaniment. They joined in the fun with enthusiasm and made the cast party a night we will always remember.

This was a very ambitious project and we feel justifiably proud of our girls for their remarkable success.

ANNETTE WOOLLEY - Speech and Drama
ALISON TYSON - Musical Director



PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHOIR

Back Row: T Pan, P Pillay, M Berrange, K Weixelbaumer, N Shapira, M Chaplin, R Farrell, A Labia, C Delson, M McDonald, A Mallet, A Ford, N Vasiljevic, N Hendricks, C Abbott, K Hutton, H Mitchell, C Johnson, E Basson, KL McCay, L Brain, J Smuts-Loxov, G Giovannini
 4th Row: C Day, Y Pelser, S Susman, C Cooke, A Burg, M Lehr, Z Nowicki, R Prinsloo, L Heynes, A Raimondo, C Little, H Afran-Hobnes, A Bradley, P Pletzer, D Gordon, L Kohn, Z Dluhla, K Dooley, J Grouwstra, S Wesson, L Woolley, H Roberts, K Whittaker, Mrs A Tyson
 3rd Row: J Haw, T Boyd, T de Nobrega, C Boyes, T Soole, K van der Burgh, A Trengrove-Jones, G Levinson, C Buchanan, T Golightly, A Christian, A Rawson, B Vos, M da Camara, V Sweatman, T Ranger, A Snoek, M Snoek
 2nd Row: S J Lawson, L Clifford-Holmes, K Stuart, S See, A Cawood, K du Preez, L Dittmer, C Klotz, K Stewart, N Fasham, P O'Donohue, S Tuft, L Park-Ross, J Hendricks, K Ferguson, A da Camara, S Lehr, P Minchener, L Tuft
 Front Row: T Farrell, F Bain, L J Heller, L Bechet, V Madden, M Lloyd-Roberts, M Pape, M Waller, I Crombie, P Tripp, G Nowicki, N Spengler, E Whitehead



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: D McDonald, C Wilby, P Pletzer, M Berrange, M McDonald, H Mitchell, K Bernard, M Da Camara, A Trengrove-Jones
 Middle: S Wesson, N Fasham, A Snoek, S Tuft, A Bradley, B Cochrane, K Dooley, B Banderker, O Christian, N du Preez
 Front: C Little, C Gordon, P Tripp, Mrs F Pattison, A Durrant, Mrs A Stone, L Schoonraad, K Mann, C Buchanan

STANDARD 5

CAMP WITH A DIFFERENCE

Friday 27 August

As we filed into the five alpha classroom we cast our minds back to the attack on the bus which had made many of us uncertain as to whether or not we would be going to camp. And once we saw the teachers' expressions it was obvious that camp had been cancelled once again. But the good news was that we were going to have a week of "FUN"! At once our Glum expressions turned to wide smiles as we all started chattering about our week ahead. The rest of the day was spent bouncing our enthusiastic, yet mostly unrealistic, ideas about "FUN WEEK" at the teachers.

Monday 30 August

Monday morning, 7:55 a.m. and for a change we were all smiling and in a good mood, the reason being that we were going to be crammed into several dutiful mothers' cars and taxied down to the one and only majorly exciting place in Cape Town... the V & A Waterfront Complex!

Arriving at the Waterfront half an hour early with everything closed and nothing to do, we sat around and stared at the 20 million buck yacht, the SNOWGOOSE, dreaming...! At 10 o'clock we boarded the Queen Victoria, for a harbour tour, but where was the skipper? Mrs Bray and Mrs Hirshon began to talk scandalously of abandoning ship, but he pitched up, albeit looking as though he had had a really bad night. A few minutes later the poor skipper was lowered down head first into the great, grey-green, greasy harbour waters, to remove a plastic bag caught in the propeller. The tour was worth the wait, a fishing trawler was unloading its fish and feeding the seals. Four headless fish came flying into our boat, one bounding off Kate-Louise's hair!

When we docked, we headed straight for "Fisherman's Choice", where we were served with scrumptious fish and chips. The food was swallowed in a couple of seconds, we all wanted a longer stampede of the shops. We crammed Marcell's Frozen Yoghurt, Brittan's heavenly sweet shop, Sweets from Heaven and the toilets first. Then we browsed around the rest of the shops, meeting at the Nu Metro cinemas just in time to catch the beginning of "Benny and Joon", which met with mixed opinions. The day was almost over when we came out and we sadly left the complex to be dropped off at school and taken home. One day down, four to go!

Tuesday 31 August

We arrived at school and anxiously awaited Mrs Hirshon's and Mrs Bray's decision.

"Hout Bay", screamed Callie.

"The ice-rink", argued Chantelle.

"Mrs Bray", Kate asked anxiously, "where are we going?"

"The ice-rink", she replied.

The classroom exploded into joyous cheers of approval.

We set off in the cars that parents had graciously provided, ready for a day of fun and excitement.

We rushed through the door like a herd of stampeding buffaloes which must have sent some heads spinning. We pulled on our skates, gripped the handle bars and skidded off. Within half an hour, half of us were wet and aching from numerous falls while the others were spinning around with

the greatest of ease in the centre of the rink. We (the wet and aching ones) hopped up and waddled off to the tuck-shop for a bit of comfort.

At 11:30 the lights were dimmed and the rink turned into a whirl of fluorescent colours. We all got up and joined the rest of our class in a human skating-train round the rink.

The day ended all too soon and we were already being told to hurry up and get into the cars. We arrived at school and yelled our "goodbyes" and "see you tomorrows" for tomorrow it would surely be the beach. Wouldn't it?

Wednesday 1 September

As we climbed up the Hout Bay Sand Dunes we knew that we were in for a day which we wouldn't forget. Upon reaching the top we dumped our bags on the sand and bombs away! We were sliding down the dunes. Those who didn't have a tray jumped or rolled down the dunes. We had a long jump competition which everyone took part in, even Mrs Hirshon. However, this proved to be too much for Mr Bray and she caught forty winks instead. Meanwhile Destiny was catching some rather amusing moments on the camera. Lunch was quite a sight as the little groups of people were sitting scattered all over the dunes. From afar you could see the brightly coloured clothing and only if you came closer could you hear the gossiping. After lunch we rolled down the dunes to digest our food. Chantelle decided to sleep instead and ended up being buried in the sand along with Kim. We had a sand modelling competition and ended up with some state of the art cars and peace symbols. There was even a Zulu village and a "Sandy Claus" with reindeer. Chalky, Mrs Hirshon's dog, expressed great pleasure as he bashed down the models. But our day wasn't over yet as we were all going to the Claremont Spur for dinner.

To work up our appetite, we ran down the up escalator and slid down the down escalator rail. We made a speedy entrance as an over friendly drunk paid us a visit. Our corner of the restaurant was rather noisy but no one complained. As the waiter, Steve, arrived with our food, it was obvious that Callie had a crush on him. Our food was delicious and it didn't last long on our plates. Our dessert came soon after our main course. Our "Chico the Clowns" were rather unusual but tasty. As we departed we took a few mints and thanked the waiter for his good service.

Thursday 2 September

All the Standard 5's arrived at school early on Thursday morning to give peace ribbons and peace prayers to the parents and whoever passed by. After the "Peace Brigade" had finished their duties we all indulged in some light hearted fun making plays and skits which were filmed by our number 1 camera person, Destiny! At 12 o'clock we all joined hands and formed a circle on the field to observe the one minute silence. After this Lucia read a touching prayer compiled by the Std 5's. The rest of the day was spent finishing off our plays and just relaxing after our, so far, hectic week. At the end of the day we were all feeling more positive about the future of our beautiful country.

Thursday Night

Thursday, the day we had been waiting for, for that night we were to sleep at school.

We all arrived at 5 o'clock, bubbling with excitement and carrying lots of bedding and unnecessary things. After settling down in the singing room and the 5A classroom, we rushed off to play dumb games on the field, while Mrs Bray started the braai. Then an unexpected guest arrived, namely

*Std Five "camp" week in Cape Town.
(report opposite.)*





Chalky (Mrs Hirshon's dog). He found great pleasure in stealing our cups and dodging us as we tried to retrieve them. While Destiny was burning the sausages, Mrs Chambers arrived for a drink. Thank goodness for Mrs Bray and Mrs Hirshon who cooked the rest of the meal, assuring us a yummy dinner. After we had eaten, since no one had any grisly ghost stories to tell, some girls went to watch a movie, while others sat around and gossiped.

At ten o'clock the teachers ushered us to bed, threatening dire consequences to anyone caught jumping out of the windows or running around the school. It took us a while to settle down, but soon we were all in dreamland, fast asleep. We had had a long day of play and now it was time to collect our "beauty sleep".

Friday 3 September

Mrs Bray came in to wake us up at about six-thirty a.m. and between a lot of moaning and yawning we arose, slightly short of our "beauty sleep". When we had finished changing and making ourselves pretty we enjoyed a cup of hot chocolate and a Marie biscuit before watching a video, which didn't get very far, because soon we were on our way to Kirstenbosch. Once at Kirstenbosch we had a very nice breakfast consisting of eggs, bacon, toast and orange juice (which, as Mrs Bray informed me, was freshly squeezed) as well as a few sweets to add variety!

After breakfast we all went for walks around the beautiful gardens. And, in my case, got lost! Then we all piled back into the cars and went back to school.

When we arrived back we watched a few of our very interesting skits which we had filmed the day before. After that we packed our things away and got ready to go home. As we left school, we were a lot of tired but happy people. The week seemed to have rushed past but, after all, time flies when you're having fun!!

LUCIA BRAIN
KATE-LOUISE McKAY
FLEUR BEAMISH
HELEN MITCHELL
NADIA DONNELLY
TIFFANY RADEMEYER
KATE FISHER

SCHOOL SOUNDS

Clip, clop
the teachers walk,
Chit, chat
the girls will talk.
Singing and screaming
the piano plays.
Shouting and shooting
on hockey days.
Giggles and wriggles
from pre-prep kids,
a ball bounces,
a girl skids,
clutter, clatter, clash.
Bblrrrnnnggg!
Children shout,
school is out!

TIFFANY RADEMEYER



FLEUR BEAMISH - STANDARD 5

WAR

The cannon exploded too suddenly
for her to protect her child.
The sheer terror struck her as her child
fell down to the ground
There was nothing anyone could do,
but to hide and to wait
Her repulsion against the opposition
was so strong, but her courage kept
her going through each day
Their lust to destroy buildings,
Our buildings
And march proudly through
our demolished streets
with revenge in their eyes
was abominable
What about the people abandoned
and defenceless
We couldn't fight, we were defeated.
Anxiety consumed our souls
as we waited for some support
to save our beloved country.

KATE ATKINSON



Spes Bona

This was our first and most difficult walk. What an initiation to the walking club!

Sto 5 walking club

Vlakkenburg Trail

From the heights we climbed, we looked down on spectacular views of The Peninsula and everyone had a refreshing cool off in the nearby streams.



Noordhoek Peak

After the hot walk we found refuge in a stream and recapped. (The club's word for filling our hats with water and putting them on!)

MORNING OF FRIGHT

Suddenly my hair stood on end. Standing right in front of me was the largest rhino I had ever seen. He was kicking the sand with his front legs, like a bull getting ready to charge at anyone wearing red, and I was sure that I could see stale air coming out of his nostrils. His tail seemed to be swaying from side to side, probably because he was delighted to have an early morning snack. His ears were flapping from excitement and his eyes were glowing for joy.

I must have stood with my body frozen and my hair standing on end for at least ten seconds. As soon as I raised my hand to flatten my hair, the rhino started to charge. I lost all worry about how I looked and started to run. I had never ever run that fast in my life. The vegetation around me seemed to be one big fuzz. I couldn't make out any of the wild trees and flowers around me. I carried on running and looked behind me to see how close the rhino was to me. He was about twenty metres away from me. I started to run faster.

In the distance I could see our campsite with its wall around it. If I could make it to the gate and close it behind me, I would be safe. I reached the gate and closed it very quickly behind me.

My legs felt like jelly and my body felt weak as I walked to my bungalow. Thankful that the escapade had ended, I sat down and brushed my hair!

NADIA DONNELLY

THE GOOD & BAD

The street-lights flickered on and old Mrs O'Done, wheezing from the weight of her parcels, climbed down from the bus to the street, trotted across the drizzle-wet road, stepped up onto the pavement and made a bee-line for the gloomy, dark and cold bus shelter. Once there, she carefully set the parcels that contained most of her supplies for the rest of the cold winter months, around her protectively, just in time to miss getting drenched in the following downpour. Making sure that no one was lurking around, the sweet, defenceless and old fashioned soul released her grip on the small, worn purse in her hand and proceeded to count out its contents, the remains of her tiny pension. Footsteps echoed down the lonely street and Mrs O'Done looked fearfully around, hastily slipping her purse down her bosom.

A young man stepped into the shelter with a cold, steel glint in his eyes, that made Mrs O'Done shiver and her intestines feel like both frozen ice and boiling water at the same time. His hair was well past his shoulders in length and twisted evilly around his back. He was wearing skin-tight leather pants, a "Nirvana" t-shirt and flung over his arm was a black leather jacket. His neck was adorned with chains and his bare arms were a tattooist's canvas. He had a pale, hollow, grim face, grey-green knife-slit eyes and wore an expression of revenge surrounded by scars. The man looked at her, through her, and said in a flat, dark voice, "Give it all to me, the parcels and the money."

Mrs O'Done whimpered and objected timidly, but the man reached down to his belt and slowly revealed a razor-sharp knife.

"Take it, take it, please don't hurt me," was Mrs O'Done's pathetic reply. Her eyes flooded and she cried tears of self-pity. She looked the man in his eyes and explained, "It's all I have."

"Lady, you're well off compared to me, I don't actually enjoy doing this but I need the rewards. Now if you'll hand over your purse."

Mrs O'Done made an attempt to save her money and fearfully exclaimed, "Young man, take my shopping if you will but I'm afraid I left my purse at the shop."

"Look, I don't have time to mess around here and I don't fall for dumb excuses," he said, exasperated and glanced hurriedly at his watch. "Hand over your purse." He pointed the gleaming knife at her.

Mrs O'Done removed her purse from its hiding place and clumsily passed it over to her tormenter, causing the feeble catch to break open, scattering the contents into several rain-dimpled puddles. The man swore violently. Old Mrs O'Done intercepted his thoughts and wheezed down onto her knees to start collecting the coins and water-logged notes. But as she had a great deal of years behind her she proceeded to do this at a snail's pace. The man swore again in frustration. He lowered himself down onto his knees and wailed in agony as his back clicked out of place. Realising that this was her cue to escape, Mrs O'Done stood up, gathered her belongings and as much money as she could and trotted off into the wet night.

FLEUR BEAMISH

MY FAMILY OUTING

My body ached as I scrambled up the slippery rocks.

"Dad, why are we doing this?" I asked.

"I promised you a walk, and because I drove for over two hours to get here, I'm going to give you one!"

"But, Dad," I said, "It's illegal, and besides this isn't the kind of walk we expected. My back is killing me!"

I thought back to the beginning of the walk. We had arrived and seen a big sign. It said "WALK CLOSED DUE TO BAD WEATHER".

It was raining a bit. My dad was very determined to continue. My mum was most concerned and told him it was extremely dangerous. He finally agreed with my mum and suggested we take another route which he knew was safer. Safer? If it was safer, then the other path would have been as dangerous as climbing Mount Everest in a blizzard! The route he took us on was strewn with rocks. No path, nothing! It was just slippery rocks going up and up.

"Where on earth are you taking us, Dad?" I moaned.

"Dad, this is some family outing!" said my ten year old brother. We all felt that we could not go on an inch further when suddenly the ground flattened in front of us and there was the most beautiful cottage I'd ever seen. Smoke was ascending in a spiral and light was shining out of the windows. We all looked at each other and then started laughing as our tension was released.

"Oh, Dad!" said my brother, who by now was looking like a drowned rat. "Can this be true?" my mother chorused.

We ran towards the hut and were welcomed by a blast of warm air and the smell of soup cooking on the stove.

Our beds had been prepared with hot water bottles, and the forest keeper entertained us until into the night with stories of the mountains. "Thank-you, Dad, for pushing us on. The effort was certainly worth it..." I mumbled as I drifted off to sleep.

It was a family outing I would never forget.

KATE-LOUISE McCAY

STANDARD 4

SAM AND I

Suddenly I saw him. He was sliding out of his box with a graceful elegance I didn't know he possessed. The cobra had an evil look on his face. I looked at those watchful eyes and flickering tongue and decided that I actually liked snakes. Brian walked in whistling, stopped and smiled.

"Have you two met?" he asked.

"This is Sam and Sam this is Alison." I stared at Sam, at his smooth scales and almost flat neck. He was kind of brown with different pattern. Brian scooped him up with his snake catcher and showed me some of his tricks. My best one was the one where he ties a knot in the snake and he untangles himself. Sam slid along the floor and coiled himself up in the corner. Brian showed me all his snakes but none of them appealed to me as much as sliding, slithery Sam.

ALISON BRADLEY

KAMENBERT

Kamenbert is an enchanting siamese who prowls around the house like a leopard searching for his prey. His teeth are sharp like sabres and his tongue is rough, and he always licks his lips slowly. His eyes are like jewels and his ears are brown and pointy. His whiskers are long and zebra-like. His claws are sharp and are curved. His hair is soft against my cheek. He has legs that are long and wrapping. His nose is moist and cool. His tail is snake-like...and twitches from side to side. He has Egyptian padded feet that are dark and dusty.

KRISTIN WEIXELBAUMER

SNAKES

Her body has flecks of dark green and her stomach is a silvery colour. The colour of her skin is apple-green and here and there are pitch black stripes which fade away at the edges near her stomach. Her watchful eyes are deep mahogany slits set deep in her head. I'm not sure what kind of a snake she is but there is one thing I'm sure of, she is beautiful. Her graceful movements leave me astounded, the way she slithers over rocks and twigs is unbelievable and her forked tongue flickering this way and that. Silently she stalks her prey, a little fieldmouse. Closer and closer then suddenly she darts, her long fangs sinking deep into the fieldmouse's body. She waits for the fieldmouse's life to pass and then inch by inch begins to swallow it.

SHAHRA SATTAR

DESCRIPTION OF KLINKA MERIS

Klinka has a very friendly, warm face. Her round face welcomes you and her eyes comfort you. Her aged hair is streaked with grey and normally covers her head with a well-worn shawl. She has a bit of a moustache, but you can't see it from a distance. Her eyes crinkle up into a smile.

She looks warm and gentle and has probably led a happy life, although filled with hard work. She looks content with her simple life.

PATRICIA PLETZER



SARA-LEE NEILSON - STANDARD 4

GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

We're going on camp

Yeah!

But the ground will be damp

Boo!

We will be going by aeroplane

Yeah!

Or perhaps by train

Boo!

The tickets will be free

Yeah!

Not for you! Only for me

Boo!

I'll get lots of smarties...

Boo!

But there will also be lots of camp parties

Yeah!

It is going to rain

Boo!

We will play a fun game

Yeah!

The camp will only be three days long

Boo!

Although we will be having another one

Yeah!

SARAH GILBERT and PARUSHA PILLAY

BETTY'S BAY CAMP REPORT

On the 23rd March 1993 Standards 4a and Alpha went to Disa Kloof Camp in Betty's Bay. When we arrived, we handed in our packets of biscuits, one packet each, which we were to share on our trips to the beach. After that we heaved our luggage up to the bungalows. These were more like little cottages, with tables and bathrooms in the larger ones. I was in a big bungalow, with ten others, called "Somerset-Wes". After a lot of nose-poking to see how neat every one else's bungalow was, we went exploring or we settled down. The whistle blew and everyone lined up, only to be sent back and told to prepare for the beach. Poling around in the rock pools, we found a few anemones and urchins, and lots of periwinkles, but not much else. After some free time and a mug of Oros we walked to the Harold Porter Botanical Gardens and listed all the animals we saw, that is, we lounged on the grass and watched the bees buzzing. On the same day, we walked to a "Coca Cola" reservoir (we walked everywhere) for an icy swim. It was delicious once you got used to it. On the way back my foot decided to be a nuisance and grew blisters. I limped the rest of the way home.

The next day we went to Shelly Beach where we found an endless city of urchins. I had never seen so many! Everyone was groping rocks (everyone with shoes on) trying to find pumpkin shells. Sometime later Aty triumphantly held up a giant starfish. After much oohing and aahing we went back to work. I was on the beach when I heard screaming. People were clambering out of the shallows as fast as they could and pointing at the water. A beautiful maroon octopus was shifting across the sand. It made three wide circles, slapping its tentacles against the rocks. On each circle it returned to the same flat rock which it somehow managed to squash under. The rock must have been its home.

That night we did camp plays in groups. Most involved dreams or ghosts and there was almost always a 'toddler' in pigtailed!

The next day, our last day at Betty's Bay, was spent making last minute trips to the beach and gardens to finish off projects. A small group went back up Disa Kloof for some photos. At a shallow part of the dam where we were walking, we saw a large grey bird that looked like a miniature seal. The teachers were still up the mountain and, after several futile attempts at pretending to be asleep, we went home.

We were all pretty tired out by the time we got back, but I think I can speak for all of us when I say we had a great time.

JULIA SMUTS-LOUW

WHALES

*One day I saw a wondrous
whale wallowing in the sea,
Whispering, whooping, whining as
it looked at me.*

*Then breaching its beautiful, blubbery, blue, body,
This great, glossy, grey animal,
gloriously and gracefully glided
away.*

CAROLINE JOHNSON

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat

They took some honey and plenty of money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat set sail from Honeyport on their voyage to the Land of Silk and Silver to find the finest silk for Pussy-cat's wedding gown. The wedding was to be the finest there ever was. They were in for a big surprise filled with adventure and fun as you will see.

They had been sailing for a day when suddenly the wind stopped and everything was still. After a while little heads started popping up. Owl and Pussy were very surprised and a little frightened. The people were merfolk! They introduced themselves and soon they were good friends. After a while a mermaid suggested that they should go and have tea in one of their caves. Pussy told them all about their voyage to the Land of Silk and Silver. The merfolk told them that if they ever needed anything they should just blow the horn that they gave to Owl.

Owl and Pussy had five lovely days at sea feasting on fish (which of course they both found thoroughly delicious). One night there was a terrible storm. Water gushed into the boat and Owl and Pussy were tossed from side to side. The wind howled causing the waves to toss the little boat like a cork. Owl eventually got hold of the horn in his claws and started blowing it. While he was blowing it a great gush of wind came and broke the sail. Shaking with fear, they felt themselves moving. It was the merfolk! They were towing them. They were delighted and fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

When they awoke, they found themselves lying on the sandy beach of the Land of Silk and Silver. What was even better was that their sail had been fixed! The merfolk had already left so they could not tell them how grateful they were.

They wandered slowly up the steep hill though the trees till they reached the busy village of Shim. Rolls of rich silk spilled out of shop doors and windows. Pussy did not know where to start! At first she liked this, then she liked that and then the next. Finally Owl had to make the decision. He chose the most extravagant silk for his beautiful bride to be.

With the package under her arm and a basket full of delicious goodies they wandered back down to the beach and to their beloved pea-green boat. They sailed off into the sunset with the merfolk trailing behind.

LOUISE SCHONBORN

Std. IV - Whale Trail - Hermanus



Std IV Camp ~ Betty's Bay



ANIMAL WELFARE OUTING

On Thursday, 25th February, Standard 3a went to the Animal Welfare after much encouragement not to cry!

When we got there we were divided and taken around one group at a time.

The dogs were lovely.

Once the one group had finished and was waiting, the others would look at the cats.

After all that we went to the hospital. Unfortunately the encouragement didn't work for some but others stood their ground.

After all that we had a few red faces but all worked out well and it was a learning experience for us.

HARRIET BEAMISH

A CROCODILE'S PRAYER

Dear Lord

Please let there be lots of nice big dams and big rocks to sleep on. Let there be no humans or poachers except for Noah and his family. Please may I have a mate to play with so we can have more baby crocs.

Amen

SAMANTHA SEE

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT H₂O (WATER)

*The sea is blue and salty,
and washes on the shore.
The fishes swim and play about,
and seagulls high above soar.*

*Rivers run and gurgle,
the children sail their boats.
Frogs and dragonflies frolic,
while watched by the village folk.*

*Raindrops pitter patter,
and rush through all the pipes.
The animals all sleep soundly,
while the rain scatters round all night.*

KIM BERNARD

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT H₂O

*We use water every day.
At showering bathing and in play.
Tea time and coffee too.
Entering pools and flushing the loo.
Really, without water we would die
and to the animals, we'd say "good-bye".*

CAILEY GORDON

LETTERS FROM WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS

6 September

Dear Annie

Sorry I have not written for such a long time for I have been so busy (you'll soon find out why).

I went up to Ruanda (Burundi) for I heard the gorillas were dying, as people were killing them for fun and to put their heads on their wall and use their hands as ashtrays!

I went up there and I found a little hut, up where the gorillas live. The next morning I went out to find the gorillas. Slowly I walked into the green wild jungle, where the mist surrounded me. Then I saw a gorilla and he saw me, so I got on the ground and started to act like a gorilla. Then it started running towards me, so I stood still and then moved slowly away - if I run then it would have attacked me.

Two weeks later they were quite tame and some of the babies even jumped on my back and played with me. I had some favourites - King (he was the leader of the pack) and I loved him, and my other favourites were the babies. Then a week after that the killers came and started to kill. They took a baby named Baba, but I was later able to save it, but unfortunately lots died. The baby was very ill, I went into town to speak to the mayor and he said he would stop the killing if I gave him Baba to send to a German zoo. I had to get the baby well again before he could leave for Germany.

Hope you are well - please write soon.

Diane Fosse

(otherwise known as the gorilla lady)

P.S. They are going to make a movie about it called "Gorillas in the Mist".

PIPPA O'DONOGHUE

CAPTAIN NOAH PRACTICES

At Herschel the Std 3's to Std 5's are acting out Captain Noah.

The Std 4's and Std 5's are dancers and actors, but there are some 4's and 5's that are singers.

The practices are sometimes quite nice but there are times when it is a bit boring.

There are animals like ducks, cows, lions, humming birds and other animals. The music is played by Mrs Stone, Mrs Tyson and Megan McDonald. The producer is Mrs Woolley.

The teachers that taught the dancers their steps are Miss Herbert and Mrs Goodrick.

MADALENA DA CAMARA



Interhouse Swimming Gala 1993



Body Image activity



Piggy-bank making



Parents' Tag



Eating with chopsticks



Puzzles and games



Clay



Bubble blowing



Number activity



Pirates' Day



Mother and daughter's race



Father and daughter's race

WHY THERE ARE WAVES IN THE SEA

Have you ever wondered why there are waves in the sea? Yes!

But have you ever found out? No!

Well, in this story you will find out why.

In this story there are mermaids for the girls and pirates for the boys.

One day, a long time ago, long before your grandparents were alive, there was a mermaid who lived in the sea. The sea didn't have waves, it was as calm as a river on a sunny day. The mermaid's name was Beauty and she was a princess. She was going to ask her Dad if she could sit on the rock above the sea. Her Dad said she could go for he was king of all mermaids and mermen.

When Beauty got there she saw something in the distance. It was too far for her to see what it was, so she went to sleep. A few hours later she awoke and saw the thing near her. It was a ship with a pirate's flag. Beauty was scared. She tried to hide behind the rock but the pirates saw her and took her prisoner.

They said, "We will let you go if you make the sea bumpy," because mermaids are magic.

She said, "Leave me in a room by myself and I will make the sea bumpy," so they left her.

She said, "Roomy, se doomy inney boo, make the sea bumpy, as bumpy as you."

Suddenly the ship started swaying and the pirates let Beauty go and from then on the sea has had waves.

The ship was never seen again. Some people say the ship ran into rocks. Others say the mermaid put a spell on it to make it disappear but we will never know for sure.

KATHERINE MANN

WHY THE SEA IS BLUE

One day a young man, called Peter Ho, found out his family were low on money and they could barely afford food. He decided he was going to make money for the family of six. He had two sisters and one young brother. (All the children were quite young)

He set out one day to find work. As he was walking he saw a sign. It said, "IF YOU WANT TO BE A HELP, then come to this address - 8 North Wood." Luckily for him it was just down the road. He walked for about three minutes and then he reached the house. An old man sat in a chair and painted. He said, "Come and sit." Peter sat down. The man said, "Don't you find the sea ugly? I really wish I could change the colour from brown to blue or green or even white, just not brown!"

Peter thought and thought and thought. Finally he came up with a plan. He said, "How about giving me a painting board, lots and lots of paint and a paintbrush."

The man did. "What colour paint do you want?" said the man. Peter said, "Oh maybe blue or green or even white."

The man said, "What do you want to paint?"

"Ahh that's a secret. Wait and find out," said Peter.

The man was puzzled but asked no more questions. Peter left with everything he needed to paint the sea. How much fun it would be, he thought.

It took him one whole year to paint the sea, but when it was finished he was very proud of his work. The old man gave him a lot of money and from that day the sea was blue and he and his family were very, very rich.

BIDDY COCHRANE



JACQUI GOUWSTRA - STANDARD 3

Captain Noah and his floating zoo!





STANDARD 2

PEACE-DAY MESSAGE

*I wish there were no guns
No children throwing stones.
I wish there was more light
for there is darkness when people fight.
I wish that all violence would cease.
Then our country would be at peace.*

KATHERINE SCOTT

I WANT PEACE

*Dear Lord please help us to make peace
And make war cease
Because people are dying
And I am crying
And soon this place
Will be one of war
For once let's have peace
I want violence to cease
Innocent people are being shot.
I WANT PEACE.*

ALEXANDRA CAWOOD

SPRING

Spring is when the animals wake from their three month sleep.

*When the weeping willow starts to weep,
When all the animals start to yawn.
And the squirrel wakes at the crack of dawn.
Berries go red, apples turn green
And the juiciest grapes, I've ever seen!
Flowers appear in beautiful colours
Some animals wake up and stay with their mothers
Others go on their weekly walk
While some small children start to talk.*

SARAH-JANE LAWSON

AUTUMN

*Berries are blooming with a delightful flame
A honey-bird is collecting honey far down the lane
Far down the lane and in the woods
Mr Fox is collecting his goods
While I'm about it I might as well say
There are some other animals that like to play
Like the squirrel, badger and all the rest too
So let's just pray they don't catch the flu.*

PIA MINCHENER

AUTUMN'S HERE

*Summer's come and now it's gone
Autumn's here and it's time for fun
People chatter and play in the leaves
They get so hot that they roll up their sleeves
Now it's time to have a bite
After that, I'll fly my kite.*

TARRYN GOLIGHTLY



MELISSA LOUDON - STANDARD 2

AUTUMN POEM

*In Autumn when the air is sweet
It is then that squirrels meet
Chitter chatter all the day
Some of the birds move away
In the sky leaves flutter and whirl
It is the breeze that makes them twirl
The park gardener rakes the leaves
Which have been blown down by the breeze.*

MELISSA LOUDON

*I like to feel lots of things
Some I'd rather not
I like to feel the softest silk
But stoves are rather hot
Jam's a bit sticky
I like sand when it is wet
What's rather nice is jelly
Just after it has set.*

JULIA DURRANT

*I like to feel orange peel, seaweed and straw
Babies' skin and fishes fins
And rose petals galore
But I don't like scales or scabs, snakes and crabs
And little stones on the floor*

TAMSIN RANGER

Sta. 2 ~ Field Trip
to Blout Bay.



STANDARD 1

LOVE

*LOVE is the greatest thing.
LOVE will help you out.
LOVE has a special power
The greatest on earth.*

CHORUS

*LOVE is the greatest in the world
and I know it and you know it.
LOVE is the greatest thing on earth.
I know it and so do you.
LOVE will help you anywhere and anyhow.
LOVE helps me and it will help you.
LOVE is kind to me and it will be kind to you.*

CHORUS

*LOVE will help the sick
LOVE will help the poor.
LOVE will show us good and bad
and show us which one's which.*

CATHERINE HEALD

THE GALA

Everybody is nervous at the gala today.

The first thing is Synchro which is very beautifully done.

Next are some races with the Std 5's. At first it looked like Rolt would win then it got more challenging and Merriman got more points. Poor Jagger was last at this stage and was desperately trying to make amends. But still they couldn't make as many points as Rolt or the winning Merriman. The fathers' race was very amusing. The next race was the red nose challenge. In this race, which wasn't really a race at all, you had to float on your back for a minute with your red nose on. This proved to be very difficult. Then it was time to count the points. First came Jagger, then Rolt then Merriman.

SAFFRON HALL

GRANDPA'S FISH

One day my grandpa was fishing all alone and it was a calm day. And suddenly a bad storm came up and then my grandpa's rod fell from his hands. But fortunately he caught it again and started pulling. He wasn't going to lose this one. Finally he got it up on to the boat. Then he killed it but it was not dead, it was just acting dead and it jumped out of the boat into the sea and swam away.

And my grandpa is still grumpy because he lost the fish.

NANCY MITCHELL

MY GRANDPARENTS

*I have three grandparents.
My grandad died last year.
I was very sad. My granny
now lives on a farm in
Picketburg and runs a guest
house. My other granny helps
me with my knitting. She has
short brown hair and wears false
nails which are normally red.
My other granny has blonde hair which
she wears in a bob. She very seldom wears
pants. She also wears glasses. My grandad
has grey hair and also wears glasses. All
my grandparents wear glasses and I love them.*

MEGAN LLOYD-ROBERTS

MY GRANNY

*My granny lives in P.E. next to the
beach. She is fat because she likes to
cook. When visitors come she always
keeps the edges straight, (if you know
what that means). My gran is extremely
special.*

HOLLY ATKINSON

THREE WISHES

*I wish I could see my dad more often
because I only see him at night.
My family wishes the baby would come
because my mom finds it very hot.
For the world I wish there would be
more than 100000 elephants because there
are only a few left.*

MAJA SNOEK

DAD

*DAD, you are funny when
you are playing games.
DAD, you are mean when
you are cross.
DAD, you are caring when
you are in any mood.
DAD, YOU ARE THE BEST DAD
IN THE WORLD.*

ANNE-MARIE DA CAMARA

HANDS

*Hands
Big, wrinkly
Writing, playing, holding.
They simply do everything.
Hands.*

MARINA PAPE

MY SPECIAL OBJECT

My favourite object is a horse. Her name is Beauty. I got it when I was seven years old. I got her at Christmas. I don't know where she comes from. My mum and dad gave her to me. She stays on my shelf and I play with her. It is twenty-seven cm tall and nineteen cm wide. She has a long mane and tail. She is light brown with dark brown spots on her bottom. She has dark brown eyes and dark brown hooves. It is special because she is my very own and I love her.

TERRI VAN DER LINDEN

THE BOY AND THE SHARK

A very long time ago there was a little boy and his name was James. One day his dad said he could go fishing. When the day came, he was very excited.

He got on the boat and threw his fishing line out to sea. After a while there was a pull on his rod. He pulled his rod up but there was nothing there so he put the line back.

Suddenly there was a big tug on his line. He nearly fell out of the boat. Two eyes popped out of the water. It was a big shark! Then James got an idea. He cut the fishing line and the shark swam away. James rowed the boat to shore.

He told his mum and dad that he caught a shark but they said there weren't sharks there. So the moral of the story is that mums and dads are not always right.

GENIA NOWICKI

MY PET

We have four horses. My pony's name is Mazy. He is a lovely pony. I have won all my trophies on him. It is winter now and he looks like a woolly bear. He kisses me by wiggling his nose.

We also had a squirrel but we had to let it go. It was a baby squirrel. One day my sister was walking with her pony and a squirrel ran up to her and that is how we got the squirrel. All my pets are wonderful.

TANYA DE NOBREGA

MY MUM

My mum was born in London. Her real name is Virginia but her nick name is Gina. She went to St. Mary's, Ascot. Her best friend was Briory. She had a dog called Crystal and a cat called Chi-chi. When she was young she had short brown hair. She liked all her teachers in her school. She studied Chinese. She did do work. She got married to Mark Clifford-Holmes on the fifteenth of June 1991. I was a bridesmaid. If mummy had a fairy godmother her wish would be that there was peace in the world. My mum is five foot two. My mum likes to do lots of things and to go everywhere. I don't like it when she shouts at me because it frightens me. What I like most about my mum is that she loves me.

LAUREN CLIFFORD-HOLMES

I AM A TREE

I live in the lonely bit of the country, where the hills sweep away like the waves on the sea. You cannot see a town, village or even a house for miles. Of course, I am a tree, and there are lots of other trees around me. Pine trees and Oak trees. I am a Pine tree. Lots of animals and birds live and nest in me, like the Woodpecker, who in the early hours of the morning pecks away at my rough, brown, weather-beaten bark. Sometimes he brings his family down to peck at the bugs that squirm in my bark.

Squirrels also live in me, in hollowed-out spaces in my trunk. They eat the pine cones that crowd the ground along with masses of pine needles. A stream trickles gently by me, splashing and swirling around the rocks. In the stream there are lots of fish, such as trout and pike. Little shy deer and small silver-eared foxes roam the undergrowth.

The seasons pass. Spring, the first of my long life in this forest, brought a gentle breeze through the forest, and the birds came and rested on my boughs and sang about the places they had been. The sun's rays trickled gently through the greenery and the forest glowed with light. Then came summer. It was extremely hot and the animals walked slowly round me, and sometimes splashed in the stream to cool off. The birds flew round me, sunning themselves, swooping and gliding, trying to cool down, but to no avail. The stream started to get lower and lower, and my boughs wilted in the hot sun. I was thankful when autumn came, sending with it lots of downpours.

The squirrels and other animals started to collect provisions for the long winter ahead of them. The deer had now started to fight for their does, who stood watching, eyes wide with admiration. All the deciduous trees' leaves started to change colour. It was a magnificent sight to watch them.

Then winter came with storms, a terror for all trees. Swirling rain-drops with crashing thunder and flashing lightning filled the sky. One of my boughs broke and went hurtling down to the mud beneath. It was sore, and lots of other trees had the same problem.

I am growing old now, and with a winter storm, there shall be an ear-splitting CRACK, and I will fall to my grave beneath, never to see the world again. My life is still a happy one, and although there are many difficulties each season, I still enjoy every year.

ANNA CHOMSE

Spelling has not always been corrected

PEACE

I would like people shaking hands and not pointing guns at each other. I would like to see south Africa to be peaceful. I am tired of hearing violence on the radio. I wish killing would stop and I wish that children would have smiles on their faces and pick up rubbish.

JADE B WATKINS

OUR PEACE DAY

On Peace day we all went down to the field. We said a Prayer that the standered fives made up. I liked it very much. We saw Jets and the people in the Jets came with helium balloons. They were white and blue with letters on them. It was the best day.

EMMA CORDER

MY PEACE PRAYER

Dear lord Jesus

Please can we have

Peace in our land, Just think how nice it would be no shooting no fighting and no violence.

Amen

LEXI BECHET

MY PEACE WISH

I, Jessica wish for peace. I wish that there was no sound of gunfire in the world. I wish the blacks and whites would all become friends and the baddys would suddenly turn into goodys. I wish that South-Africa would become a more peaceful land to live in and that there was no more violence.

JESSICA SCHIPPER

MY PEACE PRAYER

Dear father in Heaven

I pray for peace in our land.

I wish all Police and criminals would throw away their guns and join hands for peace.

Amen

MARY-KATE VERSFELD

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Once upon a time in South Africa there was lots of fighting.

Good and evil were against each other and a lot of people were hoping for peace in our land. All the schools were praying for peace and letting go blue and white balloons and wearing blue ribbons and every good person was hoping it would work.

CASSIE WEIR

WHEN I WAS A BABY

I gave my Mom pimples before I was born - she had problems. She was sore when I was born. I was very small. I was heavy for my Mom. She survived with me. My Mom loves me very much and I love her very much.

She looked after me very well.

TIFFANY VOS

WHEN I WAS A BABY

When I was a baby my Mum had just had her carpet cleaned and I came in and put all the paints on the carpet and I spread all the paints on the carpet and my Mum was very cross and she had to have the carpets cleaned again.

SARAH LOUW



FUN AT THE FARM

A visit to Red Hill Farm.



Friendly
Jersey
cows.



Watching Milo the cow being milked.



Oupa python enjoying a hug from the girls.



Hungry Sub.B's enjoying their lunch in the shade.



The Sub. A's and B's.
"A parade of Spring hats!"

SUB A

Spelling has not always been corrected.

ALL ABOUT ME

My name is Melissa.

I go to herschel. My teache's name is Mrs Mace. I like school we have fun at school.

we learn to bee friends and to bee loving. I love my teacher we go to school to learn. in summer we swim

when I went to school I was shy. we have a big green board.

Mrs Mace has always got a joke

she makes us laugh. my teacher has a big desk wth lots of things on it.

MELISSA MCKEY

MY NEWS

I love my holiday lots and lots. I love the house at knysna. I went fishing. There were three televisions and I went shopping and I bought biltong. I drew and I play all day. my birthday was in the holiday.

GEORGINA CUMMING

PEACE DAY

people kill people and so many people get killd so don't kill people. you must stop killing and you must love everybody and I love everybody. I wish there was know violence in this world.

KATIE GULL

PEACE DAY

violence must stop.

its getting worse and more people are getting killed.

JANINE FOWLER

AZALEA IN SPRINGTIME

my name is azalea

I am a pretty flower

I am a pink flower, I live in the park. evry time I am smelled. I love the place. I see the children. the children play. I see flowers I see my friend and her name is lily. I love spring time.

JESSICA COLLINS

Sea sun smells

Pink play

Red rose

Ice-cream

Nice nuts nice

Goat grops godin green

KIRSTY VAN DER LINDEN

Sun swimming skipping

Playing pink pollen

Roses rabbits rane

Ice-cream

Nests nice

Green

ROMY HONEYSETT

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

I love the queen and the baby, it was very good. the queen was very cinde and the baby was very cute.

MARION CHOMSE

THE SNAKEMAN

On Wednesday the snkeman came to school and The snkes were scary

Snkes are dangerOus They don't have feet They don't have ears They are cold blooded he took them out with a big hook there were lots of snkes a lizard and a bullfrog a babboon spider too

JESSICA PHILLIPS

THE SNAKEMAN

We went to The snakeman. The snakeman talked me that snakes are important they can only see you when you move. I like Cape Cobras because they have a hood and the little dinasaur lizard was cute. the bullfrog was fat.

TARYN MOLLER

FIRE

Red

yellow

purple

like a Lion

roaring

creeping

TESSA MOXON

FIRE

Red

Orange

Spitting

popping

hissing

sissaling

Like a snake

slitharing

crawling

CATHERINE MEINTJES

FIRE

blue

yellow

popping

cracking

like a snake

spitting

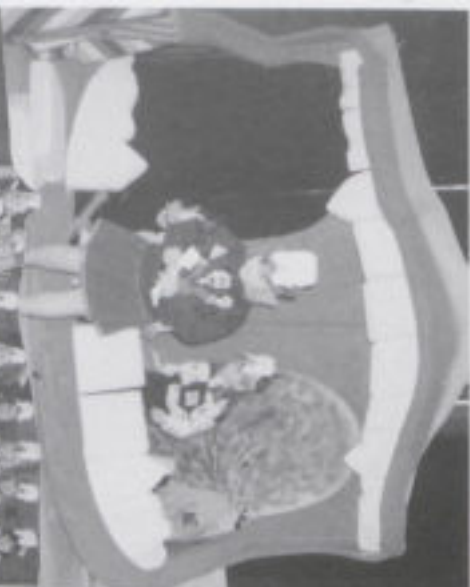
slithering

TASNEEM HARNEKAR

SPRING - HURRAY!

On the first day of spring we went to the park Their was a big rubber monkey tree. We all were on it. There are lots of roots on it. We went to see The ducklings. The blossems come out in The spring. Then we went to see The Jasmise. Spring is here. Hurray! In Spring baby lambs are born without any wool lambs are born during spring we had a lovely time.

ASHLEIGH TYRRELL



Siblings Day



Teddy Bear's Picnic



The Reptile Man



Spring Day

SPORT

SWIMMING

Captain: Megan Aubin

Vice: Holly Christie

This year has been one of our most successful years in competitive swimming. We have a large number of girls who are keen on competitive swimming and try hard to improve their technique and stamina in order to achieve faster times.

We swam in friendly galas most Friday afternoons and it is at these galas we achieved some excellent results. During the first term we swam in 5 local galas, we won 2 of those, came 2nd in 2 and 4th in one. This is a fine result considering our opposition, Wynberg and Rustenburg normally have runaway victories.

The Girls' Interschools Gala which was held at Newlands pool on 26 March was particularly more exciting for us this year because we had done so well in the lead up galas. Competition was fierce from the outset. Everyone swam their very best; we had no disqualifications and everyone finished their races with speed. Overall our U/8's came a close 2nd to Springfield with 19 points to their 20. Well done to Tiffany Vos, Marina Pape, Kirstin van der Hoven and Jackie Pickup. Our U/9's came 2nd with 36 points, well done to Kate Chambers, Tamsin Farrell, Uya Snoek, Bianca Vog and Victoria Gill. Our U/10's had their best swim every coming 3rd overall. The U/11's were also just beaten by Wynberg and half 34 points to our 33. Well done to Patricia Pletzer, Caryn Stanley, Louise Milne, Vicky Sweatman, Lauren Elliott and Lindi Heynes. The U/12's took 3rd placer and last but not least our opens took joint 1st with Rustenburg. Well done to Megan Aubin, Holly Christie, Kate Atkinson, Cailey Amber-Smith and Amanda Wood. This led to a very close and exciting final result:-

1st Wynberg	182 points
2nd Herschel	172 points
3rd Springfield	150 points
4th Rustenburg	147 points
5th St Cyprians	92 points

Congratulations to Kate Chambers who represented Western Province in swimming and also broke the U/9 Interschools breast stroke record with a time of 21.29. As usual there was a tremendous atmosphere at our Interhouse Gala, where everyone from Std 1 to 5 participated in both serious and fun events. With it being the day before Red Nose Day everyone bought red noses. In setting a record for the M-net red nose book of records, 220 girls as well as some staff floated on their backs for 1 minute wearing red noses. It was great fun for a worthy cause.

The Interhouse Gala results were very close this year, 1st Merriman with 444, 2nd Rolt 443 and 3rd Jagger 429. Congratulations go to Tamsin Furrell for breaking the U/9 individual backstroke school record with a time of 23.66.

Apart from offering team swimming practices after school, we also have synchronized swimming, life saving, diving as well as style correction. All the girls are encouraged to participate in a water activity.

A special thank you to Mrs Farrell, Mrs Chadwick and Miss Jefferson for running the early morning sessions.

WESTERN PROVINCE COLOURS

Holly Christie	- Synchronized Swimming Silver medal at the Nationals
Victoria Sweatman	- Diving 4th in the Nationals.
Kate Chambers	- Swimming Bronze medal at the Nationals
Katherine Mann	- Gymnastics
Aileen Logan	- Gymnastics
Dianne Gordon	- Squash

TENNIS

Captain: Antonia Labia

As we all know, tennis is a game for life and should be encouraged as early as possible. At Prep level progress can be relatively slow for the number of hours one has to put in. However, the girls must persist because eventually their skills will come together.

Herschel entered 3 teams in the Peninsula Co-ed league. Our A team only lost one of their league matches during the 1st term and will go up into a higher league for the fourth term. Their game is going from strength to strength. Well done to Georgie Sutcliffe, Michelle Berrangé, Antonia Labia, Emma McAdam and Kate Louise McKay.

The Interschools Girls doubles tournament was held on 17 March at Sans Souci. Antonia Labia and Emma McAdam represented Herschel's open couple and Michelle Berrangé and Georgie Sutcliffe represented Herschel's U/12 couple. Our U/12's won 2 out of their 3 matches and our open won 1 out of 3. Congratulations to Rustenburg and Wynberg for winning the cup. Congratulations to Georgie Sutcliffe for becoming the 4 counties U/10 champion in England.

ATHLETICS

Athletics is taught as part of the curriculum and we take part in the British Five 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. Competitive and fun events make up the sports programme.

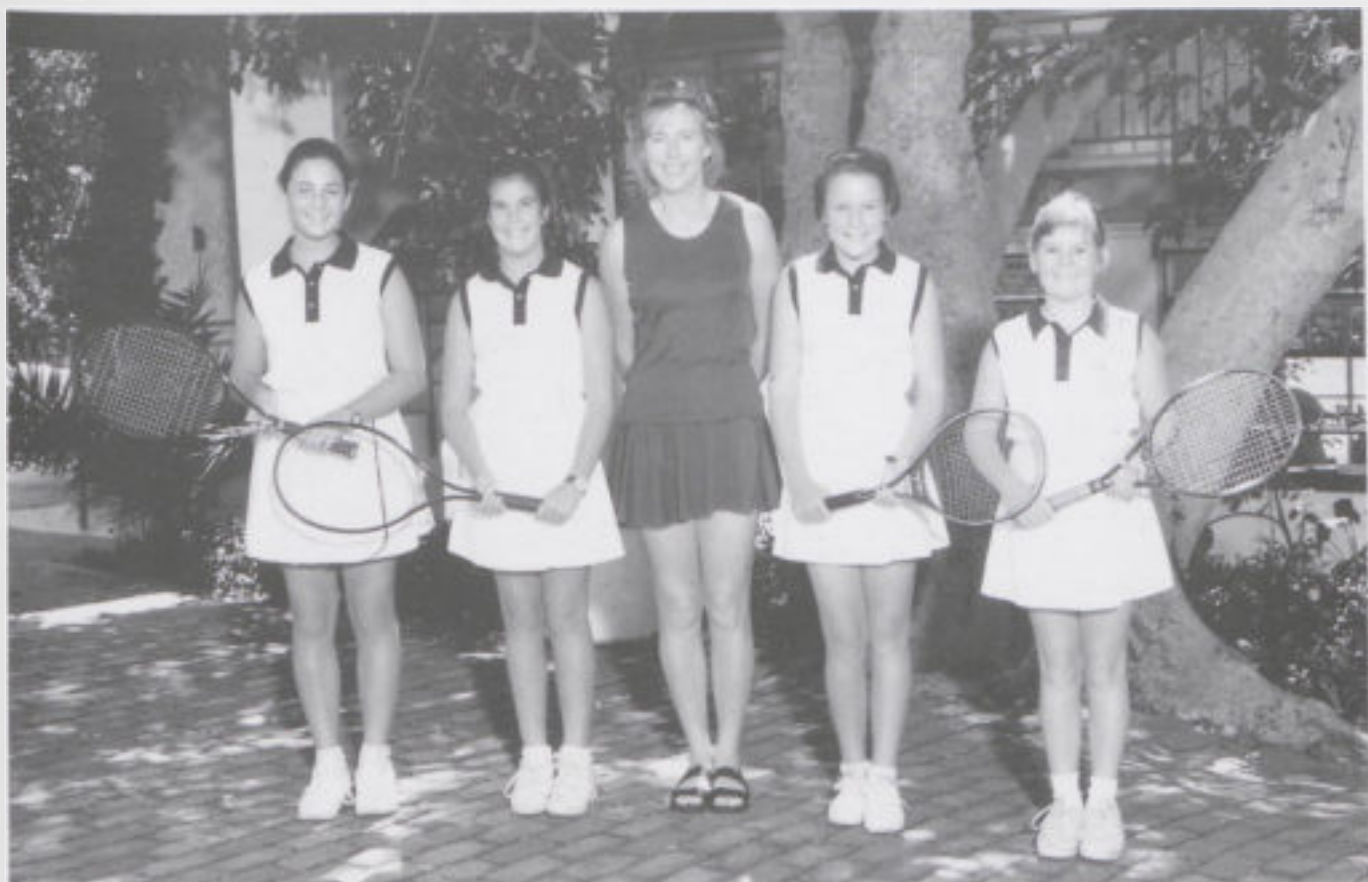
SQUASH

Squash continues to be offered after school with professional coaches. A squash ladder is in progress throughout the year.

We entered a team into the junior squash league during the 3rd term. Thank you to Mrs Milne for organising these matches.

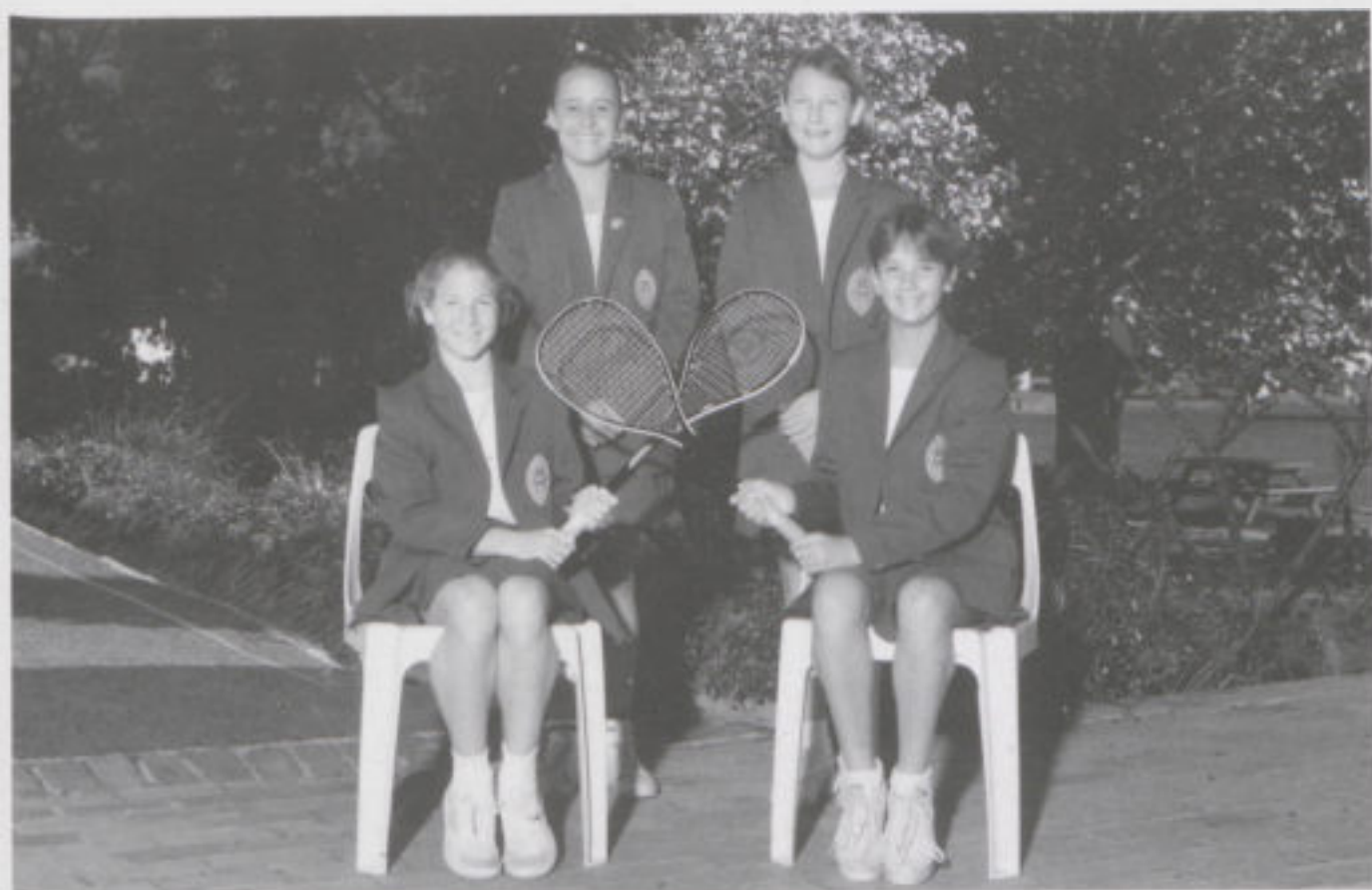
GYMNASTICS

While being taught as part of the curriculum, gymnastics is also offered after school on a Friday and is run very competently by Mrs Hopkins.



'A' TENNIS TEAM

Antonia Labia, Michelle Berrange, Mrs Goodrick, Emma McAdam, Georgie Sutcliffe



SQUASH TEAM

Dianne Gordon, Samantha Milne, Louise Milne and Michelle Burger

NETBALL

Captain: Kate Atkinson

Vice: Linda Evans

Netball continues to be a thriving sport at Herschel with over 120 girls participating 2-3 times a week along with some early morning sessions.

Herschel has gained a reputation for good strong netball and has obtained many successes and this year has been no exception.

Matches are played regularly every Wednesday against schools in the Wynberg region. We manage to field 8 teams U/10A and B, U/11A and B, U/12A and B and Open A and B. Our A's play in the Southern Peninsula league system which comprises of approximately 54 schools. Our B's play friendly matches usually on the same day as our A's and without them our A teams would not be as strong as they are today!

Southern Peninsula League Results-Wynberg Region

In this league we competed against Simon van der Stel, Wynberg, Springfield, Rhenish, Ferndale and Greenfield.

Overall our U/10A's finished 6th

U/11A's won the league

U/12A's won the league

Our Opens came a close 2nd just 1 point behind Wynberg.

Congratulations to the U/11A and U/12A teams for winning their league. Having won the league, both teams met the other league winner in the Southern Peninsula Schools netball final on Saturday 28 August. Competition was of the highest standard and our girls played their very best netball. The U/11A beat Timour Hall 12-2, but lost to Fish Hoek 9-3 and Edgemead 9-4. Our U/12's played in a very strong section. They beat Star of the Sea 13-7 and V.R.S. 6-4 but unfortunately just got beaten by St Anne's 6-5, who eventually won. Well done to them.

The Interschools Girls tournaments were held at Springfield on 7 September for the U/10 and U/11's and 8 September for the U/12's and Opens.

Our U/10's have improved enormously as the season has progressed. They beat St Cyprians 4-2 and Rustenburg 5-1 but lost to Greenfield 3-1.

Our U/11A convincingly beat Rustenburg 8-0, Greenfield 10-4 and St Cyprians 4-2.

They met Wynberg in the final and showed their fine team spirit by beating Wynberg, and became the Interschools champions.

The U/12 and Open tournament was run on a round robin basis. This meant they played more matches than usual and therefore besides good team play, needed a lot of stamina. This applied especially to our U/12's who played five matches in a row. However, they weren't deterred and delivered excellent results.

They beat Greenfield 6-2, Wynberg 4-2, St Cyprians 8-3 and they drew with Springfield 6-6, Rustenburg 7-7 and Oakhurst 5-5.

Overall, Herschel and Rustenburg had the highest number of points but Rustenburg had scored 44 goals to our 41 and therefore just won the cup.

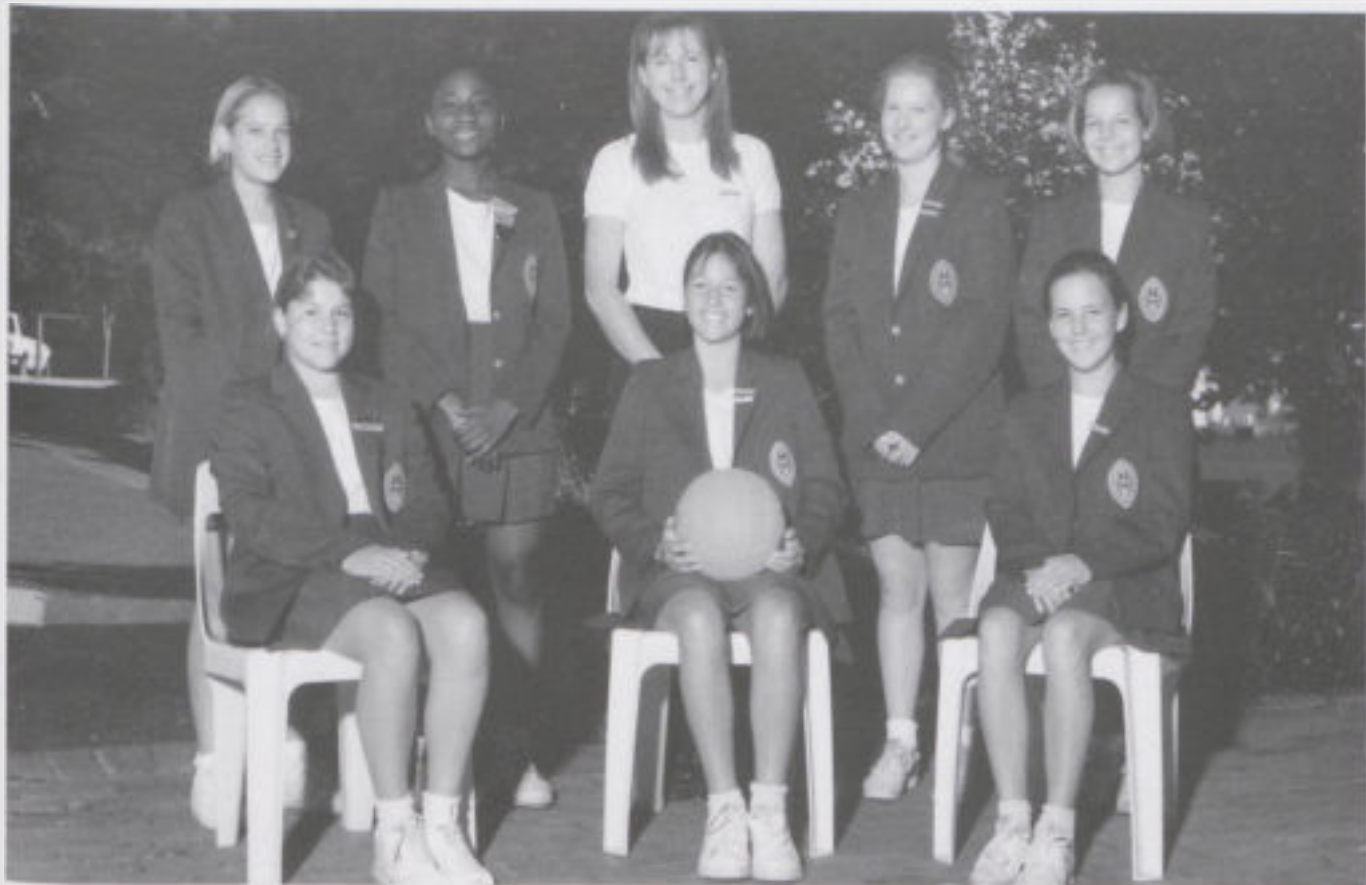
Our Open A's beat Springfield 11-6, Oakhurst 11-3, Greenfield 6-3 and Wynberg 4-2, thus winning the Open Cup for Herschel. Well done!

The mothers and daughters tournament was held on Monday 21 June and just over 70 mothers/daughters took part. Apart from the great fun all the girls learnt a lot from their mums. In section 1 the Orange team had a runaway victory and in section 2 the Green team won overall.

Last but not least, the Interhouse Competition is always cause for great excitement. We encourage as many girls as possible to participate (not only A team players). Jagger won with 16 points, 2nd was Rolt with 12 points and 3rd Merrimen with 7 points.

Congratulations to Lusande Shimange who made it to the last 30 girls in the Western Province Trials. There were over 100 girls initially.

A special thank you to Mrs Atkinson, Mrs Buchanan and Mrs Milne for organising such delicious teas at our home games.



OPEN A NETBALL TEAM - Interschools Girls Champions

*Standing: Linda Evans, Lusande Shimange, Mrs Goodrick, Jane Watson, Holly Christie
Front: Kate Atkinson, Amanda Wood, Megan Aubin*



U/11 NETBALL TEAM - Interschools Girls Champions

*Standing: Alison Bradley, Christie Little, Caryn Stanley, Patricia Pletzer, Victoria Sweatman
Sitting: Sarah Tuft, Mrs Goodrick and Caroline Boyes*

HOCKEY

Captain: Lusande Shimange

Vice: Cailey Amber-Smith

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

Girls from Std 1 and 2 are now involved in beginners' hockey which takes place on a Wednesday afternoon.

Thank you to Mr Bechet for helping coach the U/10A and B teams. Your experience has been invaluable.

Herschel entered 6 mini-hockey teams in the Peninsula league, U/14A and B, U/12A and B and U/10A and B. The hockey season always opens with an U/12 and U/14 tournament but unfortunately the U/14's couldn't participate due to entrance exams. However, the U/12's competition was held at Pinelands Club on Saturday 15 May. Three U/12 teams took part, all 3 teams improved during the morning and they played each game with tremendous team spirit. Our A's won 3 matches, drew 1 and lost 3.

Outstanding players were:

Illaam Crombie, Nada Vasiljevic and Lauren Elliott.

Our B's won 2, drew 2 and lost 2.

Outstanding players were:

Michelle Burger, Kim Sonntag

Our C's who were mainly U/11's did very well to come 3rd overall in their section. They won 3 matches and lost 3 matches.

Outstanding players were:

Christi Little, Beluees Banderker and Sarah Wesson.

The league is played on a friendly basis and therefore no cups are awarded. In our league we met the following schools:

Springfield, Oakhurst, Rustenburg, Grove and Wynberg.

Our U/14A team won 7 out of 8 matches and the U/14B won 3, drew 1 and lost 3.

Outstanding players:

Lusande Shimange, Cailey Amber Smith and Destiny Gagi-ano.

Most Improved players:

Kate Atkinson, Lucia Brain and Louise Lomborg

The U/12A won 5, drew 1 and lost 2.

The U/12B won 5, drew 1 and lost 2.

Outstanding players:

Nada Vasiljevic, Lauren Elliott and Illaam Crombie.

Most Improved players:

Kelly May, Louise Schonborn, Erica Basson and Chloe Abbott.

The U/10's only start playing matches during the 3rd term. They won 2, drew 1 and lost 1.

Outstanding players:

Lara Bechet and Joanna Ryan.

Most Improved players:

Francis Gain, Gina Beaumont and Tessa Soole.

The U/10B team won 2 and lost 1 match.

The mums and daughters tournament was held on Tuesday 17 August. Great fun and experience was had by all. The Western Province mini hockey festivals were held at Bellville at Saturday 28 August for the U/10's and U/12's and on Saturday 4 September for the U/14's.

The U/12A team won 1 match and lost 5. Unfortunately, half of the A team were playing in a netball final.

The U/12B drew 2 matches and lost 3. Overall the above

teams came 5th in their section.

The U/10A and B teams were really excited because it was their first tournament.

Golden Grove	1-0
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Parow West	3-0
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Pinelands N	1-0
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Milnerton	0-0
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Fish Hoek	0-1
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Both the U/10A and U/10B teams tied for 2nd place in their section.

U/14A

Bergvliet	2-0
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Golden Grove	1-0
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Monte Vista	1-0
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Pinchurst	1-0
-----------	-----

Grove	0-2
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Gene Louw	0-1
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Our A's came 3rd overall in their section.

The U/14B won 1, drew 4 and lost 1. Overall they came 4th in their section.

The Girls Interschools mini hockey tournament completed the season for the U/12A and U/14A sides.

The U/12's played on Tuesday 14 September at St Cyprians, the competition was run on a round robin basis. From the outset our U/12's were determined to play their best hockey and spirits were high. Our first match was against Rustenburg and although they had very good skills, we outplayed them winning eventually 33-1. We continued to win, beating Springfield 2-0, Wynberg 3-2 and Oakhurst 1-0. We lost to St Cyprians 2-0, although we were mainly on the attack. Overall Herschel and Rustenburg had the most points - 12, so to determine the winner they looked at how many goals each school had scored. Unbelievably both had scored 9 goals, so they then looked at how many goals were scored against both schools. Herschel had 6 against and Rustenburg 5, so eventually Rustenburg just won the trophy. Well done to our U/12's for their determined efforts.

The Open Competition was held at Herschel and many of us were delighted with their fine stickwork and good team play. Lusande Shimange, Cailey Amber Smith and Robyn Farrell all played outstandingly.

Rustenburg	3-0
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Springfield	2-1
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St Cyprians	0-0
-------------	-----

Wynberg	1-1
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Oakhurst	0-2
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Oakhurst eventually won the competition with 11 points and we came 2nd with 8 points. Well done and good luck to the opens next year when they start playing fullside hockey.

The Interhouse competition was well supported and the Std 2, 3, 4's and 5's all took part. Jagger had a runaway victory with 20 points, 2nd Merriman with 7 points and 3rd Rolt with 6 points.

Thank you to the parents who regularly supported us and helped with transport. A special thank you to Mrs Amber-Smith for organizing such delicious teas at our home games.

To close this report I would like to add that I have thoroughly enjoyed teaching at Herschel and have gained tremendous experience. Cape Town is a special place for me. Thank you to those parents and staff who have expressed their appreciation. To the girls, you can achieve anything that you want to. "Where there's a will there's a way."

MRS J GOODRICK



U/12A HOCKEY TEAM - Interschools girls tournament runners up

Standing : Mrs Goodrick, Nada Vasiljevic, Louise Schonborn, Emma Mcadam,
Front: Kate Ryan, Illaam Crombie, Kelly May, Lauren Elliott



U/10A HOCKEY TEAM

Standing : Harriet Beamish, Joanna Ryan, bianca Vos, Debbie McDonald
Sitting: Mrs Blencowe, Samantha See, Lara Bechet and Hoviah Holmes



STD 5 VS STAFF HOCKEY MATCH

L. Brain, A. Wood, C. Schmidlin, L. Shimange (Captain), C. Cooke, C.A. Smith, D. Gagliano and R. Farre



OLD HERSCHELIANS

BIRTHS

- BECK - to Lindsay (Jones) and Mervyn, twin sons,
28 April 1993
- BINGHAM - to Hilary (Marten) and Matthew, a daughter,
28 January 1993
- BLUMER - to Annie (Meynell) and Ant, a daughter,
August 1993
- BRANDON - to Kirsten (Keirsgater) and Gerard, a daughter,
January 1993
- BROOKS - to Cathy (Moll) and John, a daughter,
22 July 1993
- CATTO - to Penny (Sharpley) and Jon, a son, 14 April 1993
- CHAPLIN - to Marilyn (Knudsen) and Derek, a son,
23 September 1993
- CHEESEMAN - to Judith (Swanepoel) and Dick, a daughter,
22 December 1992
- DOUGLAS - to Libby (Aitchison) and Gavin, a son,
4 May 1993
- GAUTSCHI - to Barbara (Parry) and Frix, a daughter,
November 1992
- GOLDING - to Tanya (Landless) and Andrew, a son,
3 June 1993
- GREGORY - to Patrizia (Moni) and Neil, a son,
11 November 1992
- HABLUTZEL - to Kathryn (Smit) and Neil, a daughter,
14 March 1993
- HARVEY - to Belinda (Couzens) and Philip, a daughter,
31 January 1993
- HUMBY - to Tracey (Scott) and John, a daughter,
11 January 1993
- LE ROUX - to Suzanne (Käcullen) and Stephan, a daughter,
1 September 1992
- MATTHEWS - to Lynn (Stamper) a daughter, April 1993
- MINNAAR - to Louise (Gray) and Mike, a son,
2 August 1993
- MOIR - to Katherine (Dicey) and Andrew, a daughter,
13 December 1992
- MORRIS - to Siobhan (Winstain) and Adrian, a son,
December 1992
- MURIE - to Peta (Simpson) and Peter, a son, 23 October 1993
- PRICE - to Nicola (Deal) and Greg, a son, 22 July 1993
- PUNZUL - to Alison (Bareiter) and Robert, a daughter,
28 January 1993
- RAMMAGGE - to Rickey (Prain) and Rob, a son,
23 September 1993
- SANDELL - to Shelley (Mills) and Tony, a son,
3 December 1992
- SCHWABE - to Vicky (Huxter) and Gary, a son,
23 December 1992
- STARKE - to Kathy (Ince) and Andre, a daughter,
December 1992
- STUART-WHITE - to Dot (Douglas) and Alastair, a son
30 January 1993
- TODD - to Camilla (Broome) and Don, a son, 20 April 1993
- TRIPP - to Mandy (Crowther) and David, a daughter,
3 March 1993
- TUCKNISS - to Jacqui (Dicey) and Chris, a daughter,
5 May 1993
- WATSON - to Judy (Knutzen) and Jumbo, a son, 25 May 1993
- WILLIAMS - to Tash (Hofer) and Peter, a son 1 January 1993

ENGAGEMENTS

- BAILLIE - RIDGARD Laura to Derek Ridgard
- BOTMA - GAINSFORD Helen to Murray Gainsford
- BUTTERS - KERKMANN Ruth to Tony Kerkmann
- DURR - MAURIN Alison to Sebastien Maurin
- PEIRCE - FRONEMAN Debby to Grant Froneman
- DU PLESSIS - ANDREWS Lyndall to Steven

MARRIAGES

- DICEY - RAVENSCROFT: Helen to Billy Ravenscroft,
October 1993
- DONNELLY - KRAMER: Kim to Lairs Kramer,
December 1992
- ECKSTEIN - CHISHOLM: Nicky to Guy Chisholm,
February 1993
- GRAAFF - STREEK: Tessa to Barry Streek,
October 1993
- GROWSE - HALES: Joanna to John Hales,
November 1992
- GROWSE - HEMM: Fenella to Geoff Hemm,
February 1993
- HORN - WALKER: Robyn to Douglas Walker,
October 1992
- JOOSTE - MOXLEY: Hillary to Paul Moxley,
December 1992
- LANDLESS - GOLDING: Tanya to Andrew Golding,
December 1992
- LITTLEFORD - DAVEY: Page to Neil Davey, April 1993
- LYHNE - ALFRED: Lisa to Luke Alfred, November 1992
- MEYER - DAS: Susan to Chris Das, December 1992
- STUART-FINDLAY - NEVIN: Clare to James Nevin,
April 1993
- SWANEPOEL - VAN RENSBURG: Judith to Dennis
April 1993
- THOMSON - BOUDIEN: Robyn to Jacques Boudien,
September 1993
- WEINLIG - HINDLEY: Vanessa to Jeremy Hindley,
March 1993
- WOODE - SMITH: Shelley to Richard Smith, February 1993

DEATHS

- CONNOR: Joan (nee Smithers) 11 October 1993
- CRONWRIGHT: Dulcie (Nee Howes) 8 October 1993
- HERUD: Vera 1 June 1993
- MORRIS: Nancy (Nee Howie) 22 June 1993
- NOFIL: Patience January 1993

OLD HERSCHELIAN REUNION

On Friday 23 April, the 1993 Matrics held a reunion for the recent Old Herschelians - those from up to four years ago.

This delightful event was held in the new Resource Centre which was a new excitement for many. Approximately forty-five Old Herschelians arrived for the drinks evening which began at six o'clock. They caught up on all the scandal and compared notes with one another as well as with the present matrics.

It was a much enjoyed evening by all, and will hopefully become a new tradition for Herschel to continue.

1968 OLD HERSCHELIANS' 25 YEAR REUNION

At last the day we had been preparing for (it felt like all year!) arrived. Friday 15 October 1993, 6.00 p.m. found us arriving at Herschel for a tour around the school and a drink with members of staff and fellow pupils, we were especially lucky as Jenny Skidmore (Susman); Joanne Michie (Faulds) and Pip Goring (Broadbent) had come out from the U.K.; Suzanne Edwards (Nosworthy) from Namibia; Carol Denoon-Stevens (Newton-Thompson) and Carol Annear (Clarkson) from Johannesburg and Carol Buchan (Reid) from Natal. It was most peculiar as no-one looked or sounded at all different - if anything we had just fulfilled the potential lurking under our teenage skins in 1968! The excitement and noise level were very high and the three Matric boarders looked fairly stunned, even Mrs Duff's handbell didn't make a great difference!! It was wonderful to see Miss Sweet, Mrs Popham-Smith, Mrs Griffiths, Mrs Duncan-Smith and Mrs Bennett again all also looking amazingly young and spry.

We then went to Delia Charton (Beck)'s house for dinner, most beautifully and deliciously catered for by ex-Herschelian, Lyn Train (Bailey) and had a wonderful evening that lasted till the early hours. On Sunday everyone gathered at my house for a bring and braai; we were over fifty all told, including husbands and progeny. The children disappeared to watch a cow give birth, swim in the dam or talk about their looming matric exams, depending on their age and stage, while we all carried on where we had left off on Friday evening and left the husbands to get to know each other around the fire. Those present on Friday were Lindsay Catlin (Gasson), Pauline Hall (Gilbert), Perry-Anne Minchener (Johnson), Angela Dewar (Leverton), Judy Fuller (Scott-Shaw), Jane Buckland (Seymour), Elizabeth Chaplin (Spilhaus),

Shelley Watermeyer (Stevens), Gill Norgarb (Verster), Maz Magnus (Simpson), Lindsay Middelman (Unite) and Maggie Bishop (Copeland).

It is really sad to think it is all over - we needed a week! However, I am sure it will not be 25 years before we all get together again; already those in England are planning a lunch next June/July holidays!

PRU CRAWLEY (BORTON)

OLD HERSCHELIAN SPRING ART EXHIBITION: 6 - 9 OCTOBER 1993

At a meeting of the Old Herschelians' Committee in March, it was decided to raise money to establish a bursary fund for daughters of Old Herschelians, and an art exhibition was the method decided on for this year's effort. Artists, either Old Herschelians or of the extended Herschel family, were approached and the response was very exciting.

Even more exciting were the artworks that arrived to be hung on the Monday prior to the opening. The opening was the greatest fun and attended by many. Louis Jansen van Vuuren opened the exhibition and praised the high standard of works exhibited.

At the end of the evening quite a few artists had sold works, Rosie Sturgis' bronzes and Ann Nosworthy's Impressionist-like paintings being very popular. Ex-Headmistress, Dr. Barbara Silberbauer's paintings were also in demand.

The Matric Art was on display in the Mary Jagger Hall and anyone who visited either exhibition was treated to a veritable feast of colour and interest. At the end the bursary fund got off to a very healthy start, thanks to all those in any way involved with the project.

PRU CRAWLEY (BORTON)



1968 OLD HERSCHELIAN 25 YEAR REUNION

Back Row: Miss Sweet, Suzanne Edwards, Jenny Skidmore, Mrs Duncan-Smith, Mrs Popham-Smith, Jane Buckland, Mrs Bennett, Lindsay Catlin, Miss Harsant, Gill Norgarb, Shelley Watermeyer, Delia Charton, Carol Reid.

Middle: Maz Magnus, Pauline Hall, Perry-Anne Minchener, Judy Fuller, Carol Denoon-Stevens, Maggie Bishop, Mrs Griffiths.

Front: Lindsay Middelman, Pip Goring, Pru Crawley, Carol Annear, Jo Michie, Angela Dewar, Beth Chaplin

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR PATIENCE PHUTHUMA NOFILI

Address - Anda Ngani, Deputy Head Girl - Thursday 21
January 1993

Patience Phuthuma Nofili who was born on the 16 December 1974, eldest daughter of Reginald and Amelia Nofili, lived in New Crossroads. She was very proud of her mother's birth right as a Transkeian citizen and as a result; she was spending her December holidays there when she died tragically due to an asthma attack.

Patience, a dear friend of us all, leaves us weeping and mourning; yet let us wipe our tears and rejoice that she is Home. Being the sort-of-person that she was - cheerful; bright and the light-hearted approach which she had - I can almost imagine her saying - Death is nothing at all. I have slipped away into the next room. I am me and you are you... Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity. What is death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval somewhere very near just round the corner. All is well.

I find it comforting to think of Patience's loss in that way - that our dear friend is reassuring us that all is well. Patience is in a deep sleep which no morrow's mischief knocks her up. I remember my first day of Std 6 sitting under the Ilex tree and crying. I was homesick and my mother had promised to come and visit before she left and Patience, like a sent guardian angel, came up to me in her usual broad smile and comforted me. She is one of the first people that I met and I am grateful for that. Treasured memories live and grow more precious with time and I am confident that these beautiful yesterdays help to ease the sadness of today.

I do not know why sorrow comes and burning teardrops fall. I only know God still is God and watches over all. I do not know why we must part from loved ones and from friends. I only know God's love lives on, I will live to the end! Find so in faith. I must believe, regardless of the rest; no matter what each new day brings whatever is, is best.

Kwikhaya bkwaNofili ndithi xokani akubhanga lungehlanga.



DULCIE HOWES

The Grand Dame of South African ballet

Dulcie died at the age of 84. A legend in her lifetime, she was a founder pupil at Herschel in 1922 and has always had close ties with Herschel.

Dr Howes, known as Mrs Guy Cronwright in private life, made an outstanding contribution to the cultural life of Cape Town and to the country earning an international reputation. She founded the University of Cape Town Ballet School in 1934 and Capab Ballet, of which she was artistic director. She was also patron of the Balletomanes.

Described as a pioneer, the doyenne of South African ballet was born on December 31 1908 at Little Brak River. At 16 she went overseas and trained in London and Paris. She returned to South Africa in 1927 after having toured with the Anna Pavlova Company.

In 1934 she was invited to join the staff of the University of Cape Town and to start a ballet school, which celebrates its 60th birthday in 1994. The school led to the University Ballet Company and, in 1963, to Capab Ballet, of which she was the first artistic director.

Dr Howes was also the first woman director of the Little Theatre where she produced theatre as well as ballet.

Dulcie is survived by her two daughters, Amelia Brown and Victoria Cawood, both Old Herschelians, while her granddaughter, Alexandra is in Std 2 at Herschel Preparatory.

Dulcie graciously agreed to be the Patron of Herschel Ahead, the appeal to build the theatre; she gave sensible and practical advice on the seating plan of the theatre. She was also present on Founders' Day 1992 when the school celebrated its 70th anniversary. She cut the birthday cake and said a few words.

Dulcie was a wonderful role model for today's Herschel girls, always elegant, very caring and understanding, gentle yet strong. We treasure her memory and share with her family the loss of a wonderful mother and a very special past pupil and friend.

(From Cape Times and Mrs P.J. Duff)



TRIBUTE TO MARGARET SAFFERY

When I arrived at Herschel in Sub-B, Margaret Saffery was already an 'institution', loved and admired for her gifted teaching and ebullient personality.

She taught me (and so many others) Speech and Drama throughout our school years, and I will always be indebted to her for the love and appreciation of dramatic art and literature that she so generously shared with her pupils.

How well I remember our weekly Speech lessons ... we must have been quite a handful - always wanting to hijack the lesson and indulge in our own 'improvisations' or 'lets-make-it-up-as-we-go-along dramatic works! Mrs Saffery was always so patient and tolerant, yet she was unquestionably in control. I learned so much from her - years later, when I was admitted to the Postgraduate Acting course at the Webber Douglas Academy of Dramatic Art in London, it struck me that the grounding she had given me was quite superb. She had the ability to recognise and nurture talent and to extract the best from EVERY pupil - not only the budding Bernhards.

Her productions were, without exception, excellent, and under her guidance, Herschel acquired a justifiably fine reputation for the calibre of its drama department. Her dearest wish was to see a properly equipped theatre added to the school's resources - how she would have enjoyed working in the present magnificent theatre complex.

Teachers are rarely adequately thanked and rewarded for the many special lessons they impart to others. From Mrs Saffery, I learned about dignity, graciousness, humility and confidence. Herself an accomplished actress, she never tired of working with her pupils to achieve something 'magical'.

I will never forget her brilliant rendition of Noel Coward's *NINA FROM ARGENTINA* (with a tambourine as accompaniment) - we were forever nagging her to 'do it again', but, like all true performers, she knew how to leave an audience wanting more!

Herschelians past and present owe her a great deal - she was a truly exceptional teacher, actress and human being. I will always remember her with love and with the deepest gratitude.

TERRY LLOYD-ROBERTS



*Alexandra Durr (1987) talking to
HRH Prince Michael of Kent in South Africa House.
(This was the first Royal family visit since the 1940's.)*



*Old Herschelians and Matric Daughters:
Alison and Shona Sturgeon : Patsy and Leanne Louw*

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