



THE HERSCHELIAN 1994

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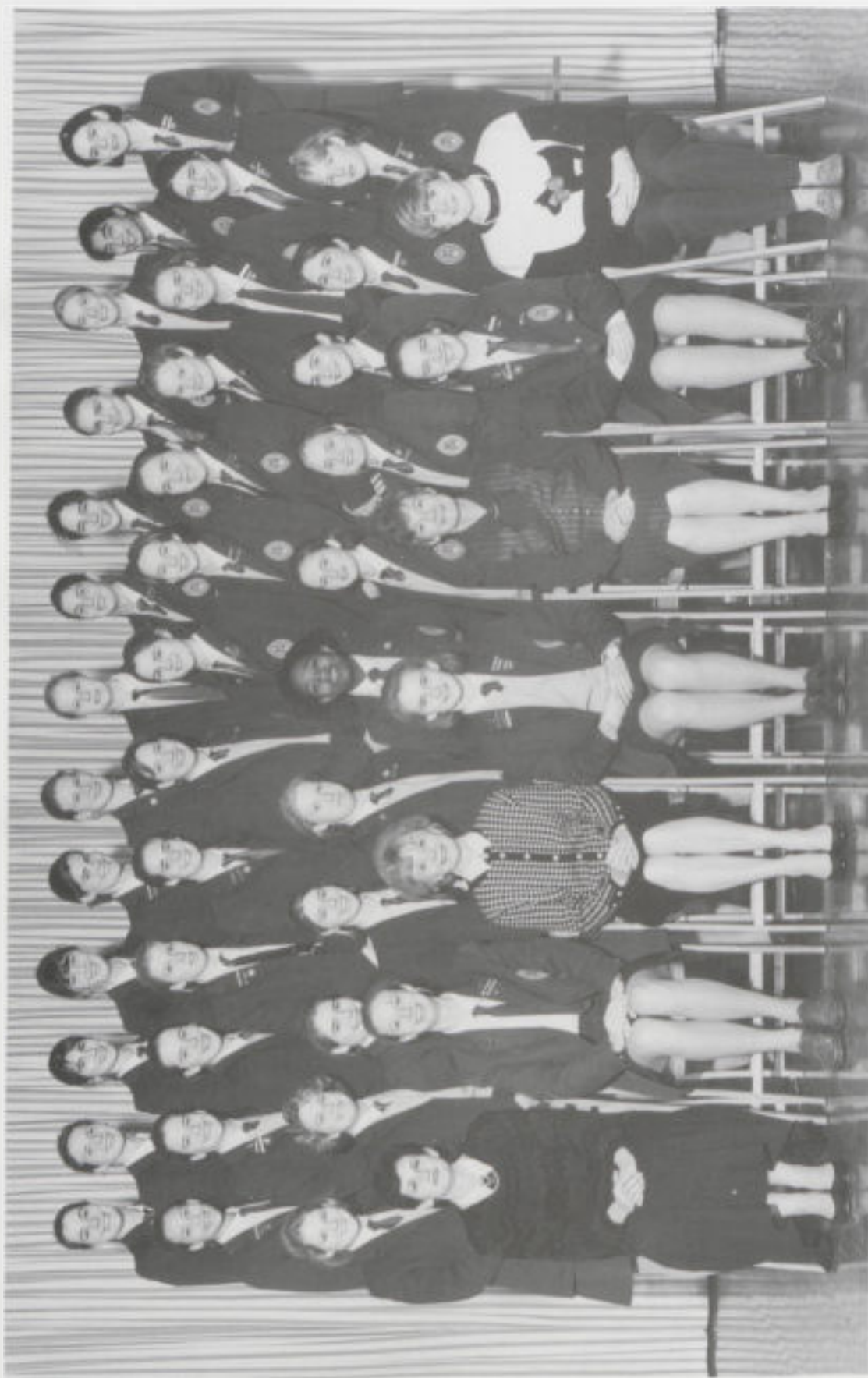
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THE HERSCHELIAN 1994



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



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Editor	Chris Brathwaite
DTP	Judith Herbig & Joan Houston
Wordprocessing	Brenda Roberts & Jean Pollock
Artwork	Caroline d'Unienville
Proofreader	Jane Kurtz
Printer	Creda Press

STAFF

HEADMISTRESS

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Absent: Nicola Cronin



*Erica Hannath (Deputy Head Girl), Mrs P J Duff (Headmistress),
Thandi Siebert (Headgirl)*

SPEECH DAY 1994

Mr Chairman, Mrs Pandor, Honoured Guests, friends and young ladies of Herschel:

I am delighted to see that you have all heeded my words of last year - you have all safely emigrated to the new South Africa. I hope that you, your family and your pets have settled in and that you are all feeling at home in this challenging country. It has been a momentous year in the life of our country's rainbow family and also in the life of the Herschel family; with ups and downs, highs and lows, problems and solutions.

You are here today to share a family celebration and I welcome you, with a special welcome to our guest of honour, Mrs Naledi Pandor M.P., academic and educationist.

While welcoming seventy-five new Standard sixes to the Herschel family in January, we also prepared to say goodbye to several senior members whose horizons now stretch beyond the shelter of our walls - Val Stuart-Findlay retired in March - and we miss her. As secretary/receptionist, she was pivotal at the heart of the school; a confidante for pupils and staff, and a fountain of information on the life, organisation and history of Herschel.

Other major staff changes are coming: at the end of the year, the Preparatory School will see the retirement of Kathy Alexander, who returns to live in England and of Cynthia Sneddon, because of ill health. The Senior School will also see changes: Melmarie Crowther accompanies her husband to Bloemfontein, while Sheena Abert's husband takes her further afield - to New Zealand. We have been enriched by the contributions made by these fine teachers - the love and care given by Kathy and Cynthia; the enthusiasm and exuberance of Melmarie, the delicious cakes and puddings - and the tears - of Sheena.

Our biggest loss will affect me very closely and personally, the retirement of our two Margarets: Margaret Chambers has successfully guided the Preparatory School for seven years - her calm, reassuring manner instilling confidence and trust. Deputy headmistress, Margaret Robinson is

incredibly energetic and highly organised; her integrity, efficiency and wide vision for education are admired by all who know her. We shall treasure memories of her clever way with words and her delightful sense of humour. Thank you to our Margarets, and to their supportive husbands, Dennis and Robbie. God speed to you.

Now for an anomaly - a puzzle question for you: how can a girl of 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ be leaving Herschel in March 1995 after 18 years at the school? The answer is easy - if you were a leap year baby born on 29 February and therefore only have a real birthday every four years. And, who is this baby? None other than our very own Mevrouw - Bernice Louw. (At this point Mrs Louw joined Mrs Duff at the lectern.) "As this is your last formal prize giving and as you have been here longer than the thirteen years that would have taken you from Nursery to Matric - you have really earned and truly deserve your presentation pen!"

A school is a dynamic family and the ever changing pattern of teachers and pupils weaves a rich fabric that adds colour, dimension and depth to Herschel. It is exciting and stimulating to welcome new teachers who bring with them innovative ideas and creative methods. Staff posts for 1995 have been filled with teachers who have a high level of qualification, experience and teaching ability; Herschel's fine record of achievement can be assured.

Excellent and dedicated teaching encourages interested and committed pupils who aim for the highest personal academic standards. Our 1993 Cape Senior Certificate results were exceptional. A 100% pass with 94,5% achieving university entrance requirements with Matriculation Exemption. There were 54 subject distinction, 8 girls achieved 'A' aggregates and 18 gained 'B' aggregates - this means that 50% of last year's matrics gained 'A' or 'B' aggregates. We were especially proud of Nicola Clegg; her 7 subject 'A's gave her a place in the top 20 in the Cape Province.

This year's matric class is our biggest ever. Eighty-one girls commence their finals next week. They have worked hard (and played hard) and they deserve to do well. They have been a wonderfully united group (perhaps due to compressing so many into one small Common Room!) and they have led by example in all areas of school life. Thanks to a much loved head girl, Thandi Siebert, we have an appealing school song which is a pleasure to sing and to listen to. Thandi has been well supported by her deputy, Erica Hannath, and an active team of office bearers and School Forum Representatives.

Prize giving is the final opportunity to acknowledge the contribution made by the matric class and my personal recognition is to invite 2 of them to describe some of the highlights of the past year - from their point of view.

SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

by Sally Gooden (1994 Circle Secretary)

In addition to successful Tennis, Hockey, Netball, Squash and Waterpolo seasons. We have seen some quite different sporting achievements this year. Irma Groepies came first in the U/19 ladies section of the Cape Schools Sports Climbing Championships; Claudia and Carla Ferucci played in the Western Cape schools Polocrosse team; Kirsten Locke was appointed captain of the Western Cape Junior Biathlon team; Jane Woodard came 2nd in the South African ladies three metre diving championships; Vikki Sheppard rode for South Africa in an international championship in Ireland; Vicki and Katherine Peter have both been selected for Western Cape Gymnastics teams and Katherine is even now in Czechoslovakia for an international competition; Holly Christie is the 1994 South African U/14 synchronized swimming champion and her sister, Gabi, was selected to represent South Africa in a synchro competition in Egypt.

We salute these sporting Herschelians, as well as all others who made Western Cape teams.

The matrices are disappointed that they will not have the opportunity to use the new sports hall, but hope that as old Herschelians we can form a club and return to play Indoor Hockey, Netball, Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton and Tennis, as well as keeping fit on the gym circuit. We were writing 'trials' when standard 6 Protea led an assembly for the school to celebrate the opening of the hall, so I have borrowed Mrs Duff's idea; and invite 2 of the Standard sixes to tell you about the ceremony.

REPORTS ABOUT STANDARD 6 ASSEMBLY FOR OPENING OF THE SPORTS HALL

by Melissa Weigel and Lusanda Shimange

As the school entered the sports hall for the first time, we played *Chariots of Fire* because it seemed appropriate to have the Olympics as our theme.

Our special gymnast, Katherine Peter 'opened' the playing surface with a spectacular gym display. Then we called Mrs Duff to our prize winners podium and surprised her with a gold medal award for all that she had done to mastermind the building of the hall.

The ceremony ended with our own 'national anthem' - our school song. It was very moving and many people had tears in their eyes - and to our surprise, Mrs Duff cried too.

We will never forget the day our sports hall opened.

Sally Gooden continued:

Unique academic achievements have also happened this year: in the annual latin 'apis verborum' (a 'spelling bee' to you and me), Herschel excelled, coming 1st out of 12 schools in the 3 categories entered - and the Standard 8 group was the only one in the competition to get 100%. Several of our French pupils wrote an International French examination in June and Amanda Boardman was chosen as one of the winners of a free air ticket to Reunion in December where she will stay with a French family and attend a language course.

During April, Dr and Mrs Duff visited Brooks school in North Andover, Massachusetts. They told us of the fabulous school food enjoyed by our lucky exchange students - Carina Diedericks and Natalie Wood, and in July eleven girls, accompanied by Mrs Kurtz, had a great time shopping, while also benefiting from the literary drama aspects of their tour of England. Nearer home, in September, twenty-six Standard 9's had an Orange River adventure, while members of the enviro club walked the Boland Trail.

We thank all our teachers for everything that they do for us, both inside and outside the classrooms and beyond the bounds of the school.

Finally, I must thank the Standard 9's for giving us such an amazing Matric Dance. It was certainly 'a dazzling night' for us to remember! I hope that your matric year will be as enjoyable as ours has been.

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

by Lindiwe Le Roux (Great-Great Grand-Daughter of John William Jagger, Founder of Herschel)

For the past four years I have watched with awe as seemingly confident Matrics presented their reports at Prize Giving. After blotting my record in Standard 7 by throwing a badly aimed stone that cracked the glass skylight above the tuckshop, I was sure that I was safe from this role. Not so; I have been asked to speak today. So, the mystery remains, how good, or how bad, does one have to be, to be secretly selected by Mrs Duff for this honour; or is it perhaps final retribution!

Music and Drama play an important part in the life of Herschel, and in mine. Cabaret '94 was as successful as in previous years - perhaps more so, because we felt good in black dresses, and the male voices from Bishops certainly helped.

On behalf of the Choir and the Chorale, I thank Miss Sweet for her dedication - and her patience with us. The Chorale won the Zwaanswyk cup for Girls' Choirs in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod and then sang at the prizewinners' concert in the City Hall.

During the July holiday, Anouk Espi and Susanna Van Hoorn attended a South African National Youth Orchestra course and six girls were involved in a Beau Soleil concert tour which travelled to towns along the Garden Route and ended at the Grahamstown Festival. The 1994 HMC conference for heads of Independent schools in South Africa was held in Cape Town, hosted by Herschel and Bishops. For the occasion there was a combined schools concert in the Bishops Memorial Chapel and the Herschel Choir and instrumentalists took part.

Our school play, *Open Doors*, was workshopped and written by the cast. It provided an interesting and amusing insight

into the real life of Cape Town families and ended with a sobering message for everyone. This year a Drama Club was started by three Matrics. It proved a very popular addition to the many active clubs and societies at Herschel. Interact is the biggest club and its members work very hard giving support and practical help to many charities.

A special memory of our school years will be the Chapel services, the termly Eucharists and the celebrations on Founders Day, Peace day, Easter, and especially the Christmas Carol service. We thank our Chaplain, Father John Atkinson and also Colin Tonkin for their loving care.

And now, we have a new Chapel for our worship. A big thank you to the mothers who worked so hard to raise money for the Chapel and to arrange flowers to celebrate its completion. On the 1st of this month, our assistant caterer, Kathy Parkinson, was married in the Chapel and I am sure that Old Herschelian brides will wish to make their vows here in the years to come. Maybe even me?

MRS DUFF CONTINUED:

These reports give you a brief glimpse into our busy school life and of the opportunities and facilities we offer. We are privileged to have excellent resources and recognize our responsibility to share knowledge and experiences with those who have not had the same opportunities. Sharing must be well planned and sensibly effected, so Mrs Paddy Allen is undertaking an extensive programme of research into meaningful ways in which Herschel can play a part, and reach out to the rainbow family of the New South Africa. Already the Preparatory School welcomes teachers in a Mathematics support programme, and under the auspices of the "President's Award Scheme", groups of pupils have tackled Computer Literacy, Word Processing and Public Speaking. A successful initial Physics practical for Science pupils who had never seen or personally handled scientific apparatus, is to be followed by a Chemistry practical session.

Music, Drama and Sport also provide great opportunities for sharing and for learning about others, and over the past six years the theatre has been a marvellous catalyst. Now we have a new sports hall as another venue. The hall was opened recently by sports medicine expert, Prof Tim Noakes, himself a member of the Herschel family by virtue of being a past parent. On this occasion, our Council chairman, Mr Loch Davis, summarized Herschel's building development programme over the past eight years and stressed our commitment to provide excellence for all our pupils in "mind, body and spirit". He explained that with the increase in both the number of pupils and the number of library books, we had outgrown both our Crypt Chapel and the Duncan Baxter Library by 1990.

Relocation of the library to the new Baxter Resource Centre freed the former library for alternative use. This beautiful room has been refurbished to become Herschel's new Chapel. As young people face the challenges of the present and of the future, it has never been more important to nurture our faith. We are blessed to have as our Chaplain, Father John Atkinson who, speaking at a family thanksgiving service in the chapel to celebrate its opening, reminded us that, in spite of the beauty of our chapel and our understandable pride in it, the Christian Church is not a building, the church is made up of the people who believe and belong together in faith.

"Men, not walls, make a city."

So too, Herschel is not just a collection of buildings; Herschel is a family of people: present pupils and their parents, old Herschelians and past parents, present staff (academic, administrative, house, estate, grounds and domestic), and past staff - all united in a wider family, lovingly and sincerely committed to Herschel, to ensuring continued innovations, endeavours, progress, achievements and successes for a new family of pupils still to come.

I share with you a special thought to remember in this, the "International Year of the Family":

"Good family life, is in the last resort, a nation's most precious asset."

1994 has certainly been an exciting and challenging year of change in South Africa, but only a clairvoyant can see the future. We do not have a crystal ball, but we do have knowledgeable and perspicacious national leaders and here at home we have council members who with insight and wisdom confidently point our steps towards some answers and solutions.

I am fortunate in having such a council. They have supported one development plan after another and there is an endeavour now nearing completion with which I am particularly happy; this is the upgrading of the science laboratories. With ever demanding syllabuses, there was an urgent need for new teaching methods, facilitating more practical work. With a new style lecture theatre layout and contiguous practical areas, both teachers and pupils will be better enabled to handle the work load.

The work load! There is now a truly terrifying escalation of knowledge, and it is not going to be possible for one ordinary mortal to store this efficiently, as in the past, in her memory. There is a constantly changing pool of information, and memory is not like the washing; old and dated information cannot be 'rinsed out'. With the staggering computer resources available to us through Internet, which is the largest Network on Computer Networks in the world, maybe the words of Graham Hills, Vice Chancellor of the university of Strathclyde, who said: "Knowledge is luggage, it is best to travel light", are not as paradoxical as they sound. Herschel is now linked to Internet, this information superhighway.

Those with creative problem-solving skills have always tended to be thought of as the poor relations of those with brains. This is certainly no longer the case and the institution of Design Technology on an equal footing with the traditional academic subjects is just around the corner. With our new buildings now in use, we are fortunate to have freed space which may well be utilized for this interesting development.

I remain an optimist and believe that were we to possess the crystal ball I spoke of, we would see the clouds clearing and through the haze we would see not only the colours of a rainbow, but also definite and positive rosy tints.

Above all, it is for parents and teachers to prepare their daughters and their pupils for a meaningful role in the 21st century. In South Africa this role is far from clear, with the uncertainties of developments in Africa, and indeed, the world. What is certain is that it will be in the hands of our young people. Our wisdom and our guidance have never been put to such a test. We must get it right. I think that the words of an old Chinese philosopher can best sum up my thoughts. When asked what he had found to be the greatest joy in life, he thought a while, then said:-

"A child going down the road singing after asking of me the way."



Thandi Siebert, Mrs Pamela Duff, Mrs Naledi Pandor (Guest Speaker)

MRS NALEDI PANDOR'S SPEECH

I'd like to begin by thanking the school council and staff for inviting me to speak on this important day and to offer my congratulations to all the students who will receive prizes; congratulations also to those whose efforts might not be recognised through a prize today, and to them we also say well done for your efforts this year.

1994 is an exciting time in which to be young in our country, it is also a time when we see a real growth in opportunity for women in this country. We have a new government in which for the first time we see a significant number of women parliamentarians and we also have a new constitution that asserts unequivocally that women are equal citizens in South Africa.

For many women the question of equality may be one that you have not had to give serious attention to in your daily life. You may even say to yourself as many women do, what is all this talk about equal rights? I enjoy equal rights and have never faced discrimination as a girl or as a young woman.

It is vital for many of us in parliament that we develop an understanding in young women of the challenges confronting women today, women all over the world as well as in South Africa. This understanding will hopefully persuade some of you to agree to strive in your lives as adult women and workers to ensure that women collectively never face the kinds of discrimination that characterise the lives of women in South Africa today.

It is useful to focus on two or three significant areas in our daily lives to begin our exploration of the position of women and our identification of the challenges that all of us need to take on.

Let us begin with education. You are all very fortunate to be at a school such as Herschel because clearly you are getting an education that prepares you to make a useful contribution to SOUTH AFRICA. For many women a worthwhile future through education is a distant dream, the majority of women in our country do not enjoy access to education at all. More than 30% of South Africans are illiterate and the majority of this number are women.

If one looks at the area of resources for living a normal existence we find that many women in South Africa do not have access to water, access to health care and the basic requirement of safe shelter.

We also find in our country that many women suffer abuse in the home and in the workplace.

Many of you listening to me may wonder why I am referring to what seems so depressing and far removed from you. You have had a good education, you intend to proceed to university or technikon and to follow that with a successful career. It is vital to stress that even in education senior professional women face discrimination and obstacles in South Africa. For example, less than 10% of senior executives in the private sector are women. In the government departments like education, health and so on the majority of junior employees are women and men hold all the senior positions.

So, I am pointing out these things to you to make you all aware of how important you are to the future success of all women. Some of you may have already made career choices. I wish to ask those of you who intend to be teachers, to be teachers who will encourage the girls in your school to reach for the stars, who will provide a setting where girls learn that they can do well in science and mathematics, that they can be engineers, plumbers, electricians, and even politicians. I also hope that wherever you go after Herschel you will work to support the spirit of national unity and national enterprise that our government is stimulating in our country. A spirit that we have never had before and one that will certainly help us to achieve all the goals we have set ourselves.

I am also saying these things because I want you to make the challenge of changing women's destiny your own as well as mine, because together we can do a lot.

Finally I want to remind you, especially the senior students at Herschel, that this school has not taught nor encouraged mediocrity and subservience. This means that whenever you are in a situation where someone, usually a male wishes you to believe you are inferior, you have a responsibility to ensure that you very clearly assert that "I am a South African woman with full and equal rights before the law and therefore equal to any person."

If you remember this, then you will be the kind of woman we need, to take South Africa into the time where we will firmly assert our right to ensure that the potential of every South African man and woman is sure to be acknowledged and rewarded.

Once more my congratulations to you all and to the school staff for all your work and effort in 1994.

HEAD GIRL'S FAREWELL

Sir George Jessel once said: "The human brain starts working the moment you are born and never stops until you stand up to speak in public."

Good Morning Mr Chairman, Honoured Guests, Members of the Council, Mrs Duff, staff, parents and fellow pupils.

It is an honour to address you all this morning.

I have always watched past Head Girls with admiration, as they addressed such a large and diverse audience but never thought that one day I would be up here too.

I'd like to thank Mrs Pandor for coming to speak to us on a matter so close to all of us. South Africa is experiencing turbulent but exciting times, this year has been one I am sure all of us will remember - where change, preceded by numerous negotiations, was followed by a happier country. Thank you for your words of encouragement and inspiration.

One thing that struck me as a new girl, was the friendliness and unity at Herschel, how accommodating and welcoming everyone was. This is a very special aspect of Herschel, one of the few schools to possess such an outstanding quality. The feeling of belonging; being able to be yourself at all times and to feel an important, integral part of a closely knit family. A school where standard barriers don't exist and we all share a very special pupil/teacher relationship. This relationship could only be possible with a devoted and interested staff, who individually care about not only the academic achievements of the pupils, but also the personal development of each child. To our special staff, we look for guidance, direction and advice. You never fail to give of yourselves in every sphere, whether it be mountain hikes, river adventures, Science and Maths Olympiads, cultural excursions or Interschool sporting activities.

We as Matrics, have been amazed by your utmost devotion. This year we experienced a few problems, arising from the holidays over the election period regarding the Matric Syllabus. Many teachers feared we would never get through all the work - so together they decided to set up an afternoon lessons session, much to the Matrics horror. Not only would these extend after school for a few hours, but would also cut across sporting activities and especially, the not to be missed *Bold and Beautiful*. But only recently we came to realise their admirable dedication and the hours they sacrificed for us. For their time and effort put into this year and our previous years at Herschel, we thank them. Without their continual influence, we would not be the mature and dignified ladies we are today. Thank you.

But of course, not only would we fail to be proper ladies, nor the school be where it is today, had it not been for Mrs Duff. I have been fortunate enough to see her working behind the scenes. Most of us only see the always polished performance, but one does not realise the amount of time, thought and care she puts into her work. Quite frankly I don't know how she does it. There is proof of her courageous innovations all around us in this very beautiful school. A dynamic lady whom we all admire. I have been privileged to work with you. Thank you.

Mrs Robinson, you have been outstanding. The amount of energy and enthusiasm and your concern for us all, will always be remembered and we'll miss you very much. Thank you.

My fellow Matrics - what a supportive bunch you've all been. I could not have managed without you. The MATRIC Common Room has again proved to be a great success. We have remained a united and intimate standard, fortunately not subject to the common division of Prefects and non Prefects. To those of you who were not given this opportunity, you have your whole lives ahead of you and with the wonderful education received at Herschel, tasting success at some stage in your lives is inevitable. We are all in the same boat together embarking on an entirely new life. To create the future is our task, to determine our capability and success is our mission and to invest and excel in what we have been challenged.

I wish you all the best for the coming exams and the rather daunting but very exciting future which lies ahead. I thank the Prefects and Erica, my Deputy, for the support I received this year. Erica, your help, enthusiasm and especially your friendship was appreciated and I always admired your efficiency.

To all the girls - your support and encouragement throughout the year has been the one thing that has kept me going. The incessant rustle (or should I call it noise) before Assemblies also kept me on my toes but without the chattering and friendliness, Herschel wouldn't be the happy place it is. It has been an honour being your Head Girl this year - a year I shall never forget and I will miss you all very much.

Lastly I thank my family - Mum, Dad, Nick and Emma for being there always. And my two Grannies who are down from Zimbabwe and England to be here today. I love you.

I would like to wish next year's leadership team a successful and more importantly, an enjoyable year. Good luck to you all.

I will close with an old Irish prayer:

*Take time to work - it is the price of success,
Take time to think - it is the source of power,
Take time to play - it is the secret of perpetual youth,
Take time to read - it is the foundation of wisdom,
Take time to be friendly - it is the road to happiness,
Take time to dream - it is hitching your wagon to a star,
Take time to love and be loved - it is the privilege of God,
Take time to look around - the day is too short to be selfish,
Take time to laugh - it is the music of the soul.*

So may we all continue to live and work according to our motto - *AD DEI GLORIAM!*

Thank You.

THANDI SIEBERT

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1993

We are very proud of our Head Girl, Nicola Clegg, who obtained 7 subject distinctions and was placed in the top 20 in the Western Province

A Aggregate Matriculation (Subject distinctions in italics)

Biden, Nicole (*Physical Science, Biology, Geography*)
Clegg, Nicola (*English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French, German*)
De Swardt, Amanda (*Physical Science, Biology*)
Dippenaar, Carin (*Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Speech and Drama*)
McIntosh, Cam (*Afrikaans, Physical Science*)
McQueen, Nicola (*Physical Science, Biology*)
Truter, Caroline (*Physical Science*)
Wallace, Nicola (*Physical Science, Art*)

B Aggregate Matriculation

Barry, Catherine (*Mathematics SG, Afrikaans*)
De Wet, Stephanie (*Afrikaans, Mathematics SG, Biology*)
Galan, Laura
George, Susannah (*Art*)
Henderson, Mary (*Biology, Art*)
Hirshon, Elizabeth (*English, Latin*)
Isaacs, Nasrin (*Afrikaans, Mathematics SG*)
Louw Leanne
Mgudlwa, Nosizwe (*Xhosa*)
Moore, Jacqueline
Ngani, Anda (*Mathematics SG*)
Notten, Elizabeth (*Speech and Drama*)
Powers, Kiera (*Physical Science SG, Speech and Drama*)
Schonborn, Nicola (*Mathematics SG*)
Shaw, Megan
Sturgeon, Alison (*Biology*)
Young, Hannah (*English*)
Young, Yolande (*Latin*)

C Aggregate Matriculation

Georgina Abbott
Katherine Adams
Clarissa Berry
Sarah Boardman
Jacqueline Bradshaw
Clare Ellis-Smith
Cara Fermor
Katherine Growse (*Biology*)
Emma Hill
Katherine Johnson (*English, Mathematics SG, Art*)
Nuruneesa Lalkhen (*Phys Science SG*)
Annabelle Lawrence
Danielle Martin (*Geography SG*)
Caroline Pratt
Tessa van der Burgh (*Mathematics SG*)
Deborah Wynne

D Aggregate Matriculation

Nicola Becker
Samantha Byers
Susan Futter
Kim Hunter
Yvonne Lo
Nicola-Ann Munro
Ncumisa Ngcaweni
Philippa Rice
Anna Summs

E Aggregate Matriculation

Jeanette Anderson
Samantha Yates

PRIZE LIST - 1994

CLASS PRIZES

Standard 6

1. Mary Haw
2. Sarah-Jane Morley
3. Fleur Beamish

Standard 8

1. Amy Burdzik
2. Catherine Ballance
3. Amanda-Jo Clegg

Standard 7

1. Kate Bloch
2. Marie Ramsay
3. Kelly Huber

Standard 9

1. Nicola Ballance
2. Lauren Mandy
3. Zara Quail

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Standard 8

Nicola Brice
Sally-Ann Cattell
Wendy Christian
Inge Croy
Silje Hovstad
Michaela Louw
Katie Miller
Amy Phillips
Ingrid Serritslev
Reghana Taliep
Susanna van Hoorn
Pia Taylor
Michelle Watt
Caitlin von Witt
Janey Winhall
Heather Yelland

Standard 9

Emma-Jane Barker-Goldie
Bianca Berry
Jennifer Bradshaw
Sarah Burton
Lindsay-Ann Coetzee
Angela Franks
Chloe Kensley
Catherine Loots
Simone Lyons
Aisling McMullen
Allison Porter
Shannon van Dijk
Dorothy van Hoorn

Standard 10

Nicole Barnard
Robyn Blignaut
Susan Cattell
Karin Collocott
Nicola Collocott
Nicola Dryden Dymond
Misti Fowler
Caroline Kane-Smith
Unathi Nkuhlu
Andrea Serritslev
Thandi Siebert
Karen Willis
Shelley Wolff
Ruth Yelland

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Toni Christian
Gabi Christie
Michelle du Preez
Alison Louw
Nicole Louw
Heloise Martin
Jessamy O'Hanlon
Tamsin O'Hanlon
Samantha Roman
Andrea Serritslev
Karen Willis

SPECIAL AWARDS / MAJOR PRIZES

Herschel Middle School Scholarship

Mary Haw

Fenella Douglas Scholarship

Dorothy van Hoorn

Music - Middle School

Nicole Doherty

Divinity - Middle School

Kate Bloch Marie Ramsay

Archimedes Prize

Amy Burdzik

Lantern Prize

Lauren Mandy

Current Affairs/General Knowledge

Olivia Will Carina Diedericks

German Consulate Prizes

Std 7 - Kate Bloch

Std 8 - Kirsty Learmonth

Std 9 - Anna Buchanan

The Clegg Award for outstanding academic and sporting achievement by a girl in any standard

Nicola Ballance

The Sister Foster Fellowship for Boarders

Inge Croy

Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics

Jessamy O'Hanlon

Mary Muller Picture of the Year

Robyn Bracher

Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English

Olivia Will

Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism awarded to second language pupils

Kirsten Feltz

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French

Andrea Serritslev

Jane Haram Prize for Drama

Nicole Louw

McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts

Angelique Engel

Stobie Musicianship Prize

Karin Collocott Nicola Collocott Thandi Siebert

Choral Prize

Lindiwe le Roux Thandi Siebert

Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library

Nadia Mohamed

Dr Silberbauer Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences

Domitilla Raimondo

Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities

Frances Robertson

Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy

Kim Jackson

Herschel Honour Awards

Karin Collocott Nicola Collocott Nicola Dryden Dymond

Nicola Watson

Rotary Prize

Karin Collocott Alison Louw

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

Louise Thomas

Sportswoman of the Year

Kirsten Feltz

Prize for Good Sportsmanship

Masingita Shimange

Proxime Accessit

Frances Robertson

Dux of the School

Olivia Will

The Headmistress' Prize for Service to the School

Erica Hannath

Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize

Angelique Engel

The Old Herschelian Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership

Thandi Siebert

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (Lady Woolley Prize) Olivia Will

Latin Olivia Will

Biology Olivia Will

Physical Science Andrea Serritslev

French Frances Robertson

German Kirsten Feltz

Afrikaans 2nd Language Nadia Mohamed

Computer Studies Nadia Mohamed

Mathematics (Liz Gibbon Prize) Nadia Mohamed

Xhosa Unathi Nkuhlu

History Domitilla Raimondo

Art Domitilla Raimondo

Art - Drawing Lisa Reid

Geography Emma Harvey

Home Economics Sarah Prain

Music Thandi Siebert

Speech and Drama Anna Baxter

Business Economics Taryn Voigt

Typing Claudia Ferucci

ACHIEVEMENTS 1994

Western Province Schools A Tennis

Nicola Ballance

Western Province U/19A Squash

Caroline McGahey

Western Province U/16B Squash

Kathryn Campbell

Anne-Marie Norman

Western Province Schools Synchro Swimming

Gabi Christie

Holly Christie

Tarryn Hayden

Western Province National Synchro Swimming

Gabi Christie

Holly Christie

Western Province Senior Swimming

Amanda-Jo Clegg

Western Province Diving

Jane Woodard

South African U/14 Synchro Champion

Holly Christie

Western Province Schools Waterpolo A

Kirsten Locke

Tanya Rutherford

Western Province U/18C Hockey

Jane Woodard

Western Province Hockey U/16B

Caron Nixon

Western Province Schools Polocrosse

Claudia Ferucci

Carla Ferucci

Western Province Jun and Sen Biathlon

Kirsten Locke

Western Province Women Gymnastics

Katherine Peter

Western Province Schools Gymnastics

Victoria Peter

Katherine Peter

Emma Berrisford

South African Young Riders Team

Victoria Sheppard

Western Province Show Jumping Championships

Victoria Sheppard

Afrikaans Olympiad for English Speaking Pupils

Carina Diedericks (5th in S.A.; 2nd in Western Cape and Namibia)

Nadia Mohamed (7th in South Africa)

Frances Robertson (8th in South Africa)

1995 Rotary Exchange Student

Anna Baxter

S.A. GUILD OF SPEECH & DRAMA EXAM RESULTS

Standard 6 Intermediate

Zayaan Crombie	Merit	82
Tarryn Hayden	Pass	72
Anna Kenyon	Merit	83
Anisa Ahmed	Merit	81
Inge Haupt	Honours	86
Zena Williams	Merit	76

Senior II

Kirsten Locke	Honours	90
Sarah Newton	Merit	77
Nicole Struik	Merit	76
Caitlin von Witt	Merit	80

Advanced I

Dominique Botes	Merit	83
Emma Harvey	Honours	89
Nicole Louw	Honours	86

TAALBOND RESULTS - 1993

Preparatory Examination

Higher Grade Pass:

Clare Dorrington
Linda Fisher

Lower Examination

Higher Grade Pass:

Lauren Cowan
Linden Gant
Farahnaaz Khan

Linzi Pickup

Catherine Watts

Higher Examination

Higher Grade Pass:

Angelique Engel
Kirsten Feltz
Kim Jackson
Robyn Kadalie
Nadia Mohamed

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF ROYAL SCHOOLS MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Distinction

Lucie Jeffery (Piano, Grade 6)

Merit

Tania Arendse	(Piano, Grade 3)
Tegan Boyd	(Piano, Grade 2)
Nicola Brice	(Flute, Grade 3)
Sarah Burton	(Flute, Grade 2)
Silje Hovstad	(Piano, Grade 4)
Anna Steynor	(Flute, Grade 2)
Carrie van der Hoven	(Flute, Grade 4)
Susanna van Hoorn	(Flute, Grade 6)
Reza Williams	(Piano, Grade 2)

Pass

Holly Atkinson	(Piano, Grade 1)
Justine Brice	(Flute, Grade 4)
Sarah Burton	(Piano, Grade 7)
Kim Cochrane	(Piano, Grade 1)
Nicole Doherty	(Piano, Grade 6)
Clare Emslie	(Piano, Grade 1)
Tamsyn Farrell	(Piano, Grade 1)
Jacki Gordon	(Piano, Grade 8)
Rosemary Hartley	(Violin, Grade 7)
Haviyeh Holmes	(Piano, Grade 3)
Lucie Jeffery	(Viola, Grade 7)
Lauren Kohn	(Piano, Grade 2)
Andrea Larsen	(Piano, Grade 2)
Sophia Lehr	(Piano, Grade 1)
Christi Little	(Piano, Grade 3)
Aileen Logan	(Piano, Grade 2)
Lisa Meintjie	(Piano, Grade 2)
Helen Mitchell	(Piano, Grade 5)
Anne Marie Norman	(Flute, Grade 3)
Yvette Pelser	(Piano, Grade 3)
Amy Phillips	(Flute, Grade 3)
Alia Sattar	(Piano, Grade 1)
Aly Snoek	(Flute, Grade 3)
Maja Snoek	(Piano, Grade 1)
Alexandra Soltynski	(Clarinet, Grade 3)
Julia Thorpe	(Piano, Grade 2)
Lyndall Tuft	(Piano, Grade 1)
Bianca Vos	(Piano, Grade 2)

SPORT AWARDS

SWIMMING

U/14 Medley	Helen Wilson
U/16 Medley	Amanda-Jo Clegg
Open Medley	Tamsin O'Hanlon
Open Crawl	Thea Markovina
Backstroke Cup	Gabi Christie
Open Butterfly	Angela Franks
Freestyle Cup	Tamsin O'Hanlon
U/14 Champion	Helen Wilson
U/16 Champion	Amanda-Jo Clegg
Open Champion	Tamsin O'Hanlon

DIVING

Diving Champion	Jane Woodard
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SQUASH

Most Improved Player	Kathryn Campbell
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HOCKEY

Most Promising Player	Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes
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NETBALL

Most Promising Player	Sylvia Komeni
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INTERHOUSE EVENTS

Swimming	Merriman
Diving	Rolt
Tennis	Jagger
Squash	Rolt
Hockey	Rolt
Netball	Jagger
Waterpolo	Rolt
Fun Run	Jagger
Public Speaking	Rolt
Drama	Rolt
Singing	Merriman
Eisteddfod	Jagger
Sports Day	Jagger



SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: Nicola Collocott, Nicky Watson, Louise Thomas, Anna Baxter, Alison Louw, Nicola Dryden Dymond, Lisa Reid, Kirsten Feltz, Masingita Shimange

Front Row: Karin Collocott, Erica Hannath (Dep Head Girl), Mrs P Duff, Thandi Siebert (Head Girl), Mrs M Robinson, Sarah Carter, Angelique Engel.



PRE-PREP TO MATRIC

Back Row: Tamsin O'Hanlon, Alison Louw, Andrea Serritslev, Jessamy O'Hanlon

Front Row: Heloise Martin, Toni Christian, Gabi Christie, Nicole Louw, Karen Willis

Absent: Michelle du Preez and Samantha Roman



MARY MULLER PICTURE THE YEAR
-ROBYN BRACHER



DOMITILLA RAIMONDO



KIRSTEN FELTZ



SUSAN CATIELL



LISA REID

JAGGER



TUG-OF-WAR

JAGGER started the year off on a high by winning Sports Day.

Our incredible come back against ROLT in the tug-of-war illustrated our characteristic enthusiasm and determination. Hence we were also awarded with the Spirit cup.

The initiation of all the new girls into JAGGER was certainly a highlight of the annual house braai. The 'delightful' thought of having to drink the traditional green sludge before being accepted into JAGGER was 'welcomed' by all those concerned. However, the initiates refused to go home before taking their revenge and as a result everyone got very wet.



< HOUSE BRAAI

The fact that JAGGER also won the Eisteddfod proved that our talents are not only limited to the sports field.

It was thanks to our flexible voices and talented actresses that we were able to successfully perform the much loved song: *Under The Boardwalk*.

LOUISE THOMAS



EISTEDDFOD



MERRIMAN

MERRIMAN REPORT

1994 - an outstanding year for Merriman, whose enthusiasm, spirit and sense of fun never failed!

At the Interhouse Swimming Gala held on 3rd February, Merriman wowed the school. Well done to all the swimmers - whose excellent swimming led us to a "splashing success!"

Merriman's actresses took to the stage at the Interhouse Plays, held on 16th and 17th February, in their production of "Danger! Women at Work". After many hours of practising, and under the talented direction of Julia Rate, Robyn Garratt and Zara Quail, Merriman won second place and great fun was had by all.

Our HOUSE DAY was held on 16th March. It was the first of its kind and truly festive. Merriman led the assembly in the morning, followed this with a cake sale at tea break and a fabulous luncheon in the Atrium at lunch time, with marvellous munchies and many memories!

Congratulations to Shaune Spreckley, our Vice Captain, who was selected to dance overseas in New York. We are very proud of you!

The annual Interhouse Eisteddfod, held on 22nd June, was a definite highlight - we chose to sing the well loved song "I'd do anything" from the musical "Oliver". A huge thanks to you guys for all your hard work and patience, and to all those who helped with the music. You were TRULY TERRIFIC and showed that "You'd do anything" for our house! Well done for winning your traditional first placing.

In general, Merriman did not excel on the sports fields this year, but everyone - both players and supporters - was bursting with enthusiasm, sportsmanship and spirit, and in that sense you were all WINNERS! Thanks for all your perseverance. Congratulations to Rolt and Jagger on your victories.

Thank you to Mrs Adley and the other Merriman teachers for their constant support and advice and to Shaune, for being the 'best-ever' vice captain!

Finally, I'd like to thank every Merriman member for making my year so memorable. You guys are the greatest - certainly the best house - and you always made me proud to be your House Captain. Best of luck for the following years. "KEEP ON REIGNING, MERRIMAN!"

NICKY COLLOCOTT



ROLT



1994 has been a most successful and enjoyable year for ROLT. We started off the year by chewing doughnuts off string and dipping wet faces into flour. We later discovered who had the biggest mouths in ROLT when Tanya Rutherford and Sara McCullough won the traditional chubby-bunny contest at our house braai.



Our 3rd place in the Gala led people to doubt our potential in the water. However, we did manage to take 1st place in the Water polo and the Diving. Well done to Vicki Peter and Helen Wilson who took 2nd and 3rd place in the Diving.



Our success in the cultural field can be attributed to our 1st place in the Public Speaking and the Inter House Plays. Thank you to Jenny Sale for directing the winning play and well done to Paula-Caradoc-Davies for winning the Best Actress Award. I would like to thank Anouk Espi and Jacki Gordon for all their help and enthusiasm in the Eisteddfod. Congratulations to Anouk who went on to win the Bruce Riley Award for overall performance in the Eisteddfod.



Above all ROLT's achievements this year, namely winning 6 out of the 12 house events including Squash and Hockey, the most rewarding aspect of the year has been the keen co-operation of the house and the overwhelming house spirit. Thank you to every member of ROLT for their support and especially to Mrs Speck and Emma Harvey for all their help.

Good luck to the future House Captain and may ROLT's enthusiasm and energy continue.

NICKI WATSON



BOARDING HOUSE REPORT

Last year ended on a good note with the Boarders' Christmas Party. We bade farewell to the Matrics and welcomed the Preppies. As a result of the closure of the Prep Boarding House, four of their girls joined us. They soon settled into the Boarding House, under the watchful eye of Angelique.

1994 began with the welcoming of the Standard Sixes to Emily House. The system of 'Buddies' was continued and worked well. (The Matrics enjoyed the various perks associated with the system.)

Ballroom dancing began in the second term which created an atmosphere of excitement amongst the Standard Eights. Comments overheard in the dorms were, "What are you wearing tonight?" followed by, "Do you think he'll be there tonight?"

The third term was disruptive, but it was reassuring to witness how supportive and caring the girls are when the need arises.

The Matrics had the pleasure of welcoming the St Cyprian's Matrics for supper. It was a fun evening, during which we had the chance to trade various boarding house stories - most interesting. I hope these evenings will become a tradition in order to maintain good relationships with other Cape Town schools.

The third term also involved the organising of the Boarders' sweatshirt. A big thank-you to the Standard Nines.

Satisfying the appetites of fifty teenage girls is no mean task.

However, Mrs Buys has managed remarkably well to do just that. The tradition of Thursday night hot chocolate has continued this year, followed by gatherings in the Boarders' Sit. The refurbishing of the Boarders' Sit has provided us with a lovely, homely venue in which to spend our free time (i.e. waiting for the phone!)

We are also most grateful to our Boarder Mums: Mrs Gant and Mrs Grallert. Sadly we had to say goodbye to Mrs Grallert at the end of the second term. We welcome Mrs Simpson in her place. Various drinks evenings were arranged to enable the boarder parents to meet one another. Mrs Gant co-ordinated the donation of flowers every week, adding a homely touch throughout the Boarding House.

Mrs Bester as Lady Warden and Mrs Normanton as Matron, have continued to be understanding, firm, but supportive. Together they have had to deal with a lot of nonsense.

The Standard Nines also deserve a sincere thank you for taking over the very difficult task of running the Boarding House - early in the third term. This allowed us to concentrate our efforts on our trials (which loom in the not-so-distant future).

Thank you to everyone for making this year a very special one. The Boarding House plays an integral part in the body of Hershel and my happiest memories of Hershel are associated with times here. Keep up the good spirit.

On behalf of the Matrics, I'd like to wish the Standard Nines and the rest of the Boarding House the best of luck in 1995.

SARAH CARTER



BOARDERS

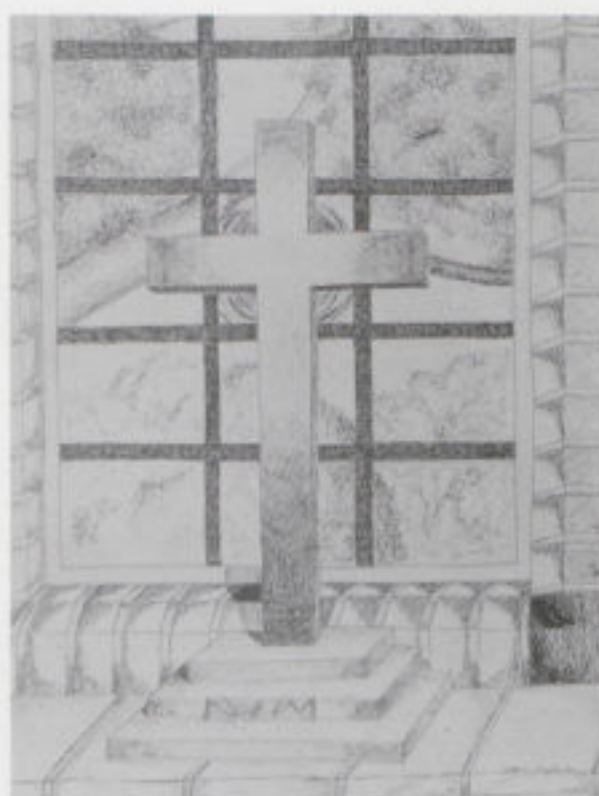
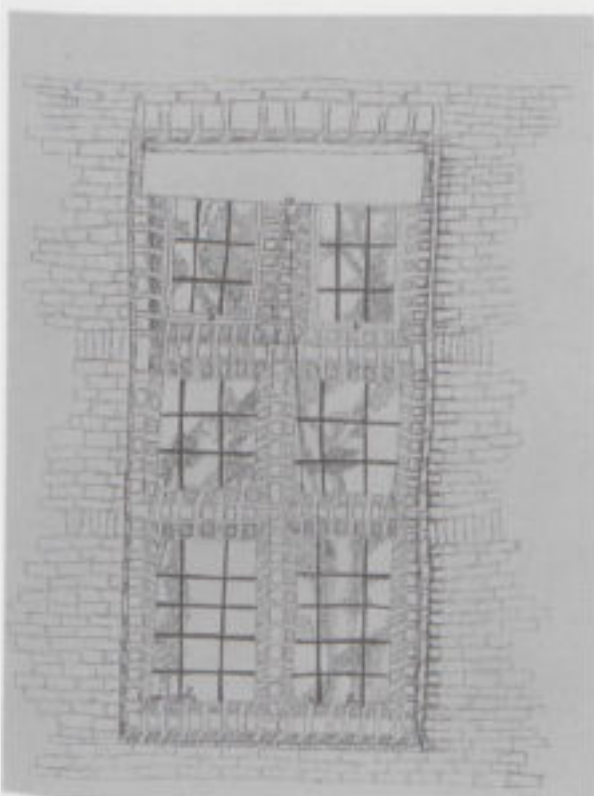
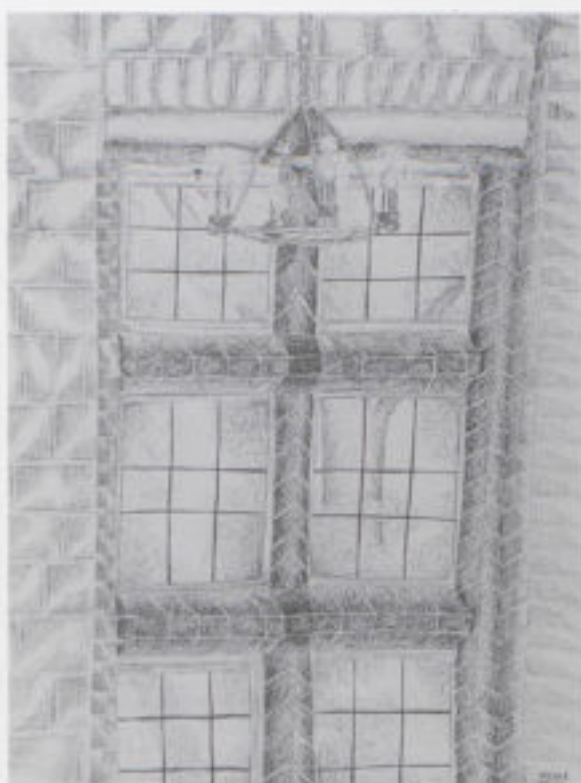
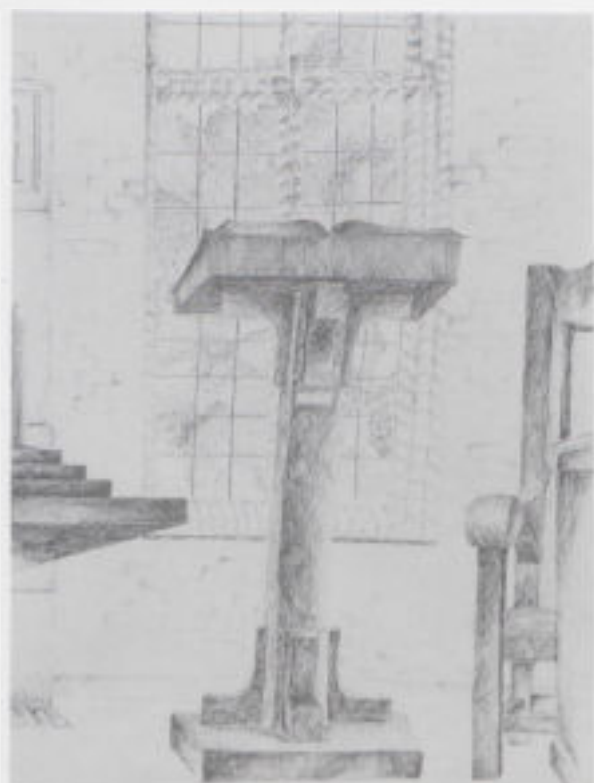
Back Row: Hayley Dutton, Ashley Ford, Kim Jackson, Linda Fisher, Abigail Simpson, Caroline Krottenberger, Chloe Townsend, Rebecca Young, Zoe Brown, Emma Murray, Karin Koep

2nd Row: Geraldine Elliot, Tina Harsant, Katherine Gant, Jeannie Bomford, Alex Soltynski, Vicky Crawley, Kirsten Williams, Carla Ferucci, Kathrin Becker, Moira Flowerday

2nd Row: Kate Taylor, Meg Summs, Michelle Bridgman, Bridget Spence, Inge Croy, Helen Bravington, Frances Koep, Melissa Weigel

Front Row: Helen-Marie Cuturi, Linden Gant, Angelique Engel, Mrs V. Bester, Sarah Carter (Head of Boarding), Mrs Normanton, Lisa Reid, Claudia Ferucci,

CHAPEL SKETCHES FROM STANDARD 8 - clockwise from top left -
KATIE MILLER, NICOLE STRUIK, SHANNON McGUIRE, KATRINA WEIXELBAUMER



ACTIVITIES

CULTURAL AFFAIRS

Cultural life at Herschel is an integral part of each girl's senior school career and this year has been no exception. Each club and society has been very active in organising and participating in various exciting activities from historical quizzes to Interschools' debates to our very own drama production. Interact has also been very active and girls have benefited a great deal by reaching out to those in need.

Not only have our clubs and societies at Herschel been exceptionally successful, but cultural life as a whole, has flourished. The Cabaret, the school play and the annual eisteddfod were all of a very high standard.

I express my sincere thanks to Mrs Brathwaite who has done so much for the smooth running of this most important aspect of our lives at Herschel.

NICOLA DRYDEN DYMOND

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has been directed toward the academic side this year. We have ended each term with a quiz to help in preparation for the exams. We have also had informative talks about the heroes of time. We have not, however, forgotten the lighter side of things in keeping our yearly cake icing contest. Cakes ranged from spotting the 'Mona Lisa' to the 'South African Flag' and the Houses of Parliament. In this way the Historical Society also contributed to the festive spirit of the elections. We end this year, 1994, with our traditional Treasure Hunt. We maintain that the Historical Society has had a fun year and has also managed to impart some information.

Many thanks to Vice-President Sarah Prain, who has been a great support during times of electorate turmoil.

ANGELIQUE ENGEL

DRAMA SOCIETY

The success of the Drama Society is due to the enthusiasm and love for the arts Herschel girls have. We have not had one dull moment and take with us a heap of memories that include only smiles. For us, the committee of this club, our times at Drama Society have been moments of escape, laughter and learning. We have seen how wonderful it is to have people enjoy and treasure the opportunity you present to them. We have learnt that in giving there is much that is enriching. As we end our school careers, having started the Drama Society will remain one of its most radiant highlights.

This year we have concentrated largely on characterisation. We have also encouraged the girls to write their own plays and they performed these successfully at Showcase and obtained Diplomas in the Herschel Eisteddfod. We worked on characterisation through the improvisation of situations. We also did mime and public speaking (Just-a-minute). The girls thoroughly enjoyed this and found it challenging and useful.

We are proud of the Drama Society girls. They have brought life and colour to the club - without them we could do nothing. We thank them for their touching farewell and urge that they continue their creativity.

ANGELIQUE ENGEL, ANNA BAXTER,
LINDI LE ROUX and NIKKI WATSON

ENVIRONMENT CLUB REPORT

Although Miss Case had been away until the start of the Third Term, the Matrics have managed to organize outings, to keep the Enviro Club on its feet. Nan Rice's Friday Talk on 'Whales in Captivity' was followed up by a thought-provoking pizza evening, watching a controversial dolphin video.

For our keen Standard Sixes, a horseride along the dunes of Muizenberg, proved to be a little more dusty and exhausting than expected. A definite highlight of our year was an evening walk up Lion's Head to watch an exquisite sunset, followed by a descent by the glowing light of the full moon. Other strenuous hikes up Table Mountain have kept us fit through the winter months.

Now that Miss Case is back, we look forward to the Boland Trail in the September holidays and we thank her for her organization and help.

Our school environment is also going from strength to strength with a flourishing recycling programme, run by Mrs Adley, and we look forward to our new can crusher.

DOMITILLA RAIMONDO

RECYCLING AT HERSCHEL

Domitilla Raimondo has been Area Head of Environment this year. We have had various campaigns to keep our school tidy and clean and have become involved in recycling. The senior and preparatory schools have been collecting paper and glass for more than a year now and have made R2235,61 to date of printing.

We have recently obtained a can-crusher through one of our senior school parents and will be encouraging our girls to bring clean cans from home and to also crush their beverage cans outside the tuckshop.

We still have to decide how to use the proceeds of our recycling but will leave this to our 1995 School Forum. A good suggestion may be to link it to any outreach programme we might embark on next year.

MRS IRENE ADLEY

OUTREACH 94

Things look different in Herschel on Wednesday afternoons nowadays: as the bell rings to mark the end of school, so taxis arrive from Gugulethu and Khayelitsha with a cheerful group of students from a range of schools. They are met by a group of Interact members, organised by Bridget Magnus and Thea Markovina, and after sandwiches and cool drink, off they go to their word-processing or Toastmasters' courses.

We have been becoming increasingly aware of the pressing need to become more involved in the community at large and to contribute what we can to the Reconstruction and Development process in this country. It seemed very important to go about this carefully, to make sure that what we do is part of the main stream of development, and it becomes a genuinely shared experience with other communities, bringing enrichment to others and to ourselves. To this end, the School Council has allowed me a considerable reduction in my teaching load for the last two terms of this year, to investigate possibilities.

I had an inspiring time in Johannesburg during the June holidays visiting a number of the schools which already run sophisticated Outreach programmes, and, feeling somewhat daunted, started a hectic programme of visits, interviews, telephone conversations, reading, listening and thinking and thinking...

In no time we had a number of requests for our involvement, and it seemed sensible to start small programmes straight away to see how it all worked. We have been involved in three areas.

First, we had the pleasure of meeting the warm and formidable Ms Buyiswa Jack of the Gold Shield (now President's) Award Scheme, and she it was who brought the Wednesday afternoon students to us to do courses in basic word-processing and English Communication (by the Toastmasters' Organisation). Members of the Interact club helped to serve sandwiches and cool drink, and facilitated at the lessons. They found it great fun, and exhausting - and now we have a few more computer literate Herschel girls! And

some new friends! About forty students came pretty regularly, even when they had to find their own train or taxi fares here. Very sincere thanks to Mrs Joan Houston who worked tirelessly in the Computer Room, and to Mrs Pat Moolenschott and Mr Allan Rees-Bevan who ran the Toastmasters course. This was real pioneering work for them, and they handled it most successfully.

Then we were approached by the science teachers from Thando-khulu School in Mowbray for help with science practicals. They worked with our science staff, Ms Jenni Case, Mrs Meg Patrick, Mrs Margaret Robinson, with the ever-generous Interact supplying the refreshments, to produce workshops first on setting up electrical circuits, and then on chemical solutions, for Standard Eights. The first workshop was during the pupils' school holiday, yet fifty of them turned up (one science class!) and their only criticism was that three-hour-long science practicals were too short - they were so interesting and such fun. We have enjoyed the contact so much - it has added a new dimension to our own lives - that we are sure that this is going to be the start of a fruitful relationship.

Finally, realising that our own 'family' needed attention and nurturing too, we started an English course for our domestic and ground staff, while the pavilion rattled to the sound of knitting needles, under the guidance of Mrs Bester and Mrs Normanton.

It has been a really fascinating, challenging time, and one of the most important things has been the opportunity to meet some marvellous people, and to discover some of the encouraging things that are starting to happen in our country - the sort of constructive and exciting ventures that never hit the headlines, but could make our country a better place for more of our people. It is a great privilege to have a chance to be a very tiny part of what is developing, and next year we look forward to expansion and enrichment in this field.

MRS PADDY ALLEN

CURRENT AFFAIRS SOCIETY

The Current Affairs Society aims to encourage pupils to read the newspaper on a regular basis so that they may become more aware of local and international issues and personalities. In order to achieve this aim, the whole school has written a monthly test on topical issues, covering political, cultural, social and sporting events. It has been very encouraging to note the general improvement in scores from the dismal depths of the February results to those achieved in the latter months of the year! The highest average scores achieved were those of Carina Diedericks and Olivia Will who have been awarded the Current Affairs Prize for 1994.

The society also arranged a number of talks for the school of Friday afternoons. The first of these was a most illuminating and sometimes acrimonious debate between representatives of major parties contesting the watershed elections in April. Jan van Eck presented the viewpoint of the A.N.C., Johan Rheeder spoke on behalf of the National Party while Dene Smuts represented the Democratic Party. The girls really responded with interest and question time had to be curtailed at 2.15 p.m., a rare occurrence after the final bell on a Friday afternoon! David Buckley gave a most interesting lecture on the celestial fireworks caused by the collision of Jupiter and the comet Schumacher - Levy and the girls were also interested to see a presentation on Cape Town's Olympic bid, a topic of great local interest.

Because of their consistently excellent scores in the monthly tests, Olivia Will, Carina Diedericks, Fiona Wallace and Lisa Morkel were chosen to represent Herschel in the Argus Interschool Quiz on Current Affairs. They were well prepared and won their first round heat, but were eliminated in the second after facing some very challenging and sometimes obscure questions! Carina and Fiona will be joined later this month by Philippa Carr and Paula Caradoc-Davis when they compete in the annual interschool quiz organised by the Institute of International Affairs - we hope to equal or better our achievements in last year's event and end the year laden with prizes for the school!

MRS BARBARA ERASMUS

LIBRARY

This year saw the addition of the computer room to the resource centre. It has been a wonderful source of entertainment for the girls who flock there during breaks to play games. The computers in the computer room are networked and we are hoping that Herschel will soon be able to use the educational software in various classes.

The library has continued to have the assistance of a dedicated team of mothers, whose help with the processing of new books and the computerising of records is truly appreciated. My thanks to Mrs Ryan, my fellow matric librarians and all the other librarians for their support during the past year.

NADIA MOHAMED



LIBRARIANS

Back Row: Jehan Jacobs, Wendy Christian, Pia Taylor, Nicole Barnard, Nicola Brice, Jachyn Snyders, Victoria Schweitzer, Unathi Nkuhlu, Inge Croy

Front Row: Reghana Taliep, Lynda Davies, Nadia Mohamed (Head Librarian), Mrs Ryan, Eloise Katts, Zena Williams, Amy Burdzik

DEBATING/TALKSHOP

Our debating teams had quite a competitive start to the year with the annual Rotary Club Interschools' Debating Competition, in which Herschel fared very well. Although our junior team opted to participate only next year, the senior team did very well indeed. Some topics were extremely demanding yet all were a pleasure to tackle. Best speaker awards were awarded to Jenny Sale, Jenny Bradshaw, Michaela Louw, Sarah Periofi and Nicola Dryden Dymond at different rounds of the competition.

In a lighter vein, Talkshop has held forum discussions, debates and just-a-minute competitions. All standards have participated and support for fellow pupils has been excellent.

Ms Wilkinson's enthusiasm for debating at Herschel has been continued by Mrs Golding and I am very grateful for their encouragement and support.

NICOLA DRYDEN DYMOND



DEBATING TEAM

Back Row: Paula Caradoc-Davies, Kirsten Locke, Michaela Louw, Jenny Bradshaw, Kelly Huber

Front Row: Justine Brice, Nicola Dryden Dymond, Ms Wilkinson, Tarryn Hayden, Bianca Lipshitz

INTERACT

Interact is an exiting and fulfilling club to be a member of and I thoroughly enjoyed working for the club this year.

I can say, on behalf of all the Interactors, that being an active Interactor, one learns to appreciate the many gifts we have: seeing, hearing, running, which we so often take for granted.

I will now briefly mention some of the projects that we were involved in during this past Interact year. We know from the thank yous, the smiles and the atmosphere of happiness that went along with doing this work that it has brought much happiness and warmth to many hearts.

A section of our community that has received much of our attention is that of the many underprivileged children. Firstly, we were involved in a project co-ordinated by a couple from Scotland who saw the need in the Nyanga Township for a creche. We contributed by collecting different items such as socks, towels and cutlery. A group of children from the Leliebloom Orphanage were treated to a change of atmosphere when a few interactors took them to the movie, *Aladdin* at the Claremont Cinema. The friendship formed between the children and the interactors was very encouraging. One of our larger annual projects, the One-to-One Day, held at Wynberg Girls High School this year, was very successful. The day consisted of a display of different stalls, ours being the very popular face painting stall. The mentally handicapped and disabled children went away with many happy memories. We did not miss the opportunity of taking children from St Georges Orphanage to the ever popular Constantia Country Fair. They were treated to an exiting afternoon of rides, food and plenty of games.

Other child related activities were the selling of Red Noses for Red Nose Day, the proceeds of which went to the Child Welfare; a tricycle day held at the Waterfront and a collection of money from privileged pockets to give to the poor. At the end of the last term, we held a very successful collection of winter clothing. A few of us distributed a boot full of clothes to different groups of children in the Rondebosch, Claremont area. The response to this two day collection was overwhelming.

It was not only the children that received our attention, we also took part in many other activities which included spending time with and caring for the aged.

A group of Interactors visited the Douglas Murray old age home in Retreat, taking with us an assortment of delicious cakes. Fortunately some of our talented musicians were among the interactors and so they could therefore lead us all in singing, the old timers joining in heartily.

Our club members were very involved with St. Luke's Hospice this year. We had enthusiastic volunteers that did very well in selling tickets for their raffle, we provided a snackwich stall at their open day and baked cupcakes for their fete.

A class project was introduced to raise money for the improvement of St. Anne's Home, a home for destitute mothers. We contributed R600.

Our girls also took part in some physical activities: a book stacking competition at Westerford; the Old Mutual Fun Run, raising money for the deaf community of Cape Town. Some energetic and eager girls took part in the 36 km. and others in the 17 km Big Walk from Simonstown to Cape Town, whilst others helped at the refreshment stations. The Rotary Club of Claremont expressed many thanks to those who worked at the refreshment stalls. A second Rotary organised project that some of our Interactors took part in was the Odd Ball Olympics. We were very pleased to receive a citation from the Rotary International President for our efforts in this project which was judged best project of the Rotary district in which we fall.

A few girls spent a day at LOFOB - League of the Friends of the Blind. There we spent time playing games with and learning about their disability. We had a rather amusing incident when one of us found ourselves guiding around a young man, who turned out not to be blind at all but was simply taking the opportunity to walk around arm in arm with one of us!

Throughout this term we have had collections of money, tin food and clothing as well as many interactors taking part in street collecting on many weekends. Amongst our very busy schedule we managed to hold an Interact Club tea one Sunday afternoon. It was a great success when some of us designed new Interact T-shirts while others painted posters for the Red Cross Children's Ward.

We have had a very busy term. I would like to say a big thank you to Mrs. Speck, our committee and enthusiastic interact team, we have had a successful and most rewarding year.

ALISON LOUW

INTERACT COMMITTEE:

BACK ROW: Nicola Dryden Dymond,
Erica Hannath, Ali Biden

FRONT ROW: Nicola Collocott,
Alison Louw, Mrs Speck,
Karin Collocott, Amanda Boardman



CHRISTIAN UNION AND CHAPEL

The spiritual life at Herschel has been rewarding for many Christians in the school. The Christian Union has had many excellent speakers who have given the girls some useful tips to put into practice in their everyday lives. Some examples are 'Tips on Praying', 'Quiet Time', and 'Keeping things in perspective before exams'.

There has been an increase in the spiritual activities of the school, which has proved to be very encouraging. The Bible Study Group has met weekly in the boarding house with two dedicated U.C.T. students, who have encouraged and motivated the girls, who have come to know God, as well as the other Christians. This year we have attended several meaningful

and challenging school chapel services at St Saviour's, as well as in our lovely new chapel. A great deal of effort and work have been put into the chapel and we are grateful to all those involved. It is looking lovely and we, the girls, are proud of this new addition to Herschel.

Prayer meetings for our country were attended by all groups and ages before elections, as we have discovered a new awakening to the presence of God in our country and we praise God for His mercy and His grace.

KIM JACKSON AND HELEN BRAVINGTON



CHRISTIAN UNION COMMITTEE

Back Row: *Victoria Schweitzer, Robyn Blignaut*
Front Row: *Kim Jackson, Mrs Taylor, Helen Bravington*



CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Back Row: *Inge Croy, Katherine Gant, Karin Koep, Chloe Townsend, Abigail Simpson, Sarah Carter, Linden Gant, Dominique Botes*
Front Row: *Helen Bravington, Ms Wilkinson, Kim Jackson, Mrs Allen, Angelique Engel*

OPENING OF THE CHAPEL

A wonderfully warm and happy weekend marked the culmination of the Herschel Chapel Appeal with a Musical Soiree on Friday night - baroque music, candlelight and flowers in the lovely Old Tudor-style room. A steady stream of visitors on Saturday enjoyed the flowers and peace of the chapel.

A vibrant, joyful family thanksgiving service with the Chaplain, the Rev. John Atkinson of Christ Church, Kenilworth, on Sunday morning.

The project began when a modern resource centre was completed last year to cater for the increasing emphasis on research skills in education today. We were then left with the beautiful Duncan Baxter Library - warm red brick, leaded light windows framing the mountain and the trees of the Arderne Gardens, wonderful Tudor-style arched ceiling - ideally suited to become a chapel with seating for 150 people.

A committee of staff and parents was formed, spearheaded by the Countess Labia, with Mrs Duff, Mrs Allen, Mrs Snyders

(responsible for the wonderful flowers), Mrs Durrant, who organised the soiree with the gourmet food supplied by Silwood Kitchen, and Mrs Margie Thomas who kept the books and organised the making of another 80 kneelers. The first part of the year was spent planning the refurbishing and the furniture, then the appeal was launched in early August. Parents, Old Girls and friends were asked to 'buy' items of furniture or bricks in the chapel. We were overwhelmed by the generosity of the response: less than two months later we were only a little short of our target of R46,000.

The most heart-warming part of the whole process has been the way that the chapel, the symbolic focus of the spiritual life in the school, has moved out of the curriculum into the families. We hope to foster this by having regular family services each term, so that, more and more, the Christian nurturing of our pupils can be experienced as a joint school and family responsibility.

MRS PADDY ALLEN

EXTRACTS FROM MRS DUFF'S SPEECH AT THE SOIREE TO CELEBRATE COMPLETION OF THE NEW CHAPEL

23 SEPTEMBER 1994

This is a momentous occasion in the history of Herschel - the completion of the refurbishing of this beautiful room with its handsome architectural features to give us a new chapel for a place of worship.

This chapel was originally built in 1940 as a facility much needed at the time, that is, as a library, thanks to the generosity of Mr Duncan Baxter, son-in-law of the school's founder, the Honourable J.W. Jagger. And, as the Duncan Baxter Library, it forms a treasured memory for Old Herschelians who recall the wonderful atmosphere of the room and the joy of discovering the excitement of the written word - reading while curled up on the window seat.

Our traditional links have been with St. Saviour's, where our annual major services are held. But in 1945, the newly appointed Headmistress, Miss Barbara Elcome, realized the need for the boarders to have a chapel within the school, so she lovingly created one by cleaning out the old crypt where the sporting equipment had been kept. In spite of inconveniences of a low ceiling, numerous sight obscuring pillars and uncomfortable benches - the crypt chapel also became a very special place in the life of Herschel with many precious memories for Old Herschelians.

This is a Herschel family occasion, and so it is fitting that I share with you some of the very special donations that have been made for our Chapel:-

In memory of

- the Wilkes family (the original owners of 'The Hill' - now our Preparatory School)

- the late Dulcie Howes - founder pupil, patron of the Herschel Ahead appeal and grandmother of a present Herschel pupil.

- Mr Justice M.W. Searle and his wife. Mr Searle served on the original steering committee which founded the school and he was an active supporter of the school in its early years.

Happily, Jean, his daughter (a founder pupil of the school in February 1922) is with us this evening.

- the late Patience Nofili - much loved recent past pupil, whose infectious sense of humour and enthusiasm for life was an inspiration to her peers who dedicated a pew bench in her memory.

We look forward to the formal consecration of our Chapel by our Regional Bishop, Merwyn Castle, on the 1st December.

AD DEI GLORIAM

CHOIR/CHORALE

A candlelit procession and a festive repertoire allowed everyone to lose themselves in a Christmas fantasy, at our annual Carol Service.

We returned to the lovely St. Saviour's Church for Founders Day where we sang "Brahms' Requiem", which was enjoyed by all. Unfortunately, we were unable to perform in the Second Term, owing to the absence of the Matrics. However, in the Third Term we made up for lost time and were awarded a Diploma in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod. In the same competition, the Chorale also received a Diploma and managed to walk away with the cup and a flourishing repu-

tation. This resulted in our being invited to perform at a parents' formal dinner at Sweet Valley Primary School. Both choir and chorale graced a Friday Talk slot. With wonderful acoustics, the Atrium overflowed with sweet melodies, happy tunes and rich harmonies.

Special thanks to Miss Sweet for her admirable dedication and consistent enthusiasm. Thank you to Miss Gough too, who had accompanied us so beautifully at all our performances. Without their hard work and encouragement, we would never have reached the heights, towards which we have always striven.

LINDI LE ROUX AND THANDI SIEBERT



CHOIR

Back Row: J Bradshaw, Z Quail, S van Hoom, N Brice, A Simpson, Z Williams, A Mallet, D Raimondo, M Louw, C Schmidlin, K Jackson

3rd Row: S Burton, A Porter, A Soltynski, D van Hoom, K Hutton, M McDonald, C Thomas, R Yelland, O Will, A Ford, N Dryden Dymond, A Espi, L Gant

2nd Row: V Crawley, L Jeffery, M Haw, C Futter, A van Hoom, K Koep, B Vox, A Franks, I Groepies, P Taylor, S Coomer, J Wallace, J Gordon, S Cattell, K Miller, Miss Sweet, L le Roux

Front Row: S Hovstad, C Cluver, H Bravington, L Robertson, D Jeftha, S Woods, A Steynor, K Collocott, N Collocott, P Waller, S Cattell, G Eliot, M Flowerday, R Hartley, C van der Hoven, T Hayden, A Burdzik, T Siebert



CHORALE

Back Row: *Nicola Collocott, Lucie Jeffery, Jacki Gordon, Nicole Doherty, Irma Groepies, Nicola Dryden Dymond, Susanna van Hoom, Jenny Bradshaw, Angela Franks*

Middle Row: *Zara Quail, Domitilla Raimondo, Allison Porter, Anouk Espi, Sarah Burton, Dorothy van Hoom, Sarah Woods, Helen Bravington, Rosemarie Hartley, Amy Burdzik*

Front Row: *Lindi le Roux (leader), Miss Sweet, Thandi Siebert (leader)*

THE HERSCHEL ORCHESTRA

The school orchestra, small as it is, has enjoyed a friendly, yet hardworking, atmosphere at rehearsals.

As an orchestra, we have taken a much more active role in the cultural life of the school this year. We played in the Easter Service, a Showcase, we led a Wednesday morning assembly and participated in the Herschel Eisteddfod. We also gave a performance of our work at a Friday Talk and we were invited to repeat this performance for the Prep. School. We represented Herschel at a concert, which was an evening of music, hosted by the French School, in Cape Town.

Our repertoire includes arrangements of works ranging from Baroque to quite modern music, e.g. Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" to "Sunrise, Sunset" from "Fiddler on the Roof".

ANOUK ESPI



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: *Anouk Espi, Susanna van Hoom, Catherine Day, Nicole Doherty*

Front Row: *Katie Miller, Lucie Jeffery, Miss E Engel, Aaltje van Hoom, Rosemarie Hartley*

THE WINDBAND

Clarinets, flutes, a saxophone, and a bass clarinet meet every Thursday at lunchtime to produce fun music: rock, love songs, jazz and classical too. We have had a busy year, performing at the French School, for the School Eisteddfod, a Lunch Hour Talk, and the Prep School. We have also performed for the HMC guests at Herschel. Recently, we prepared an assembly for the school, with "Romantic Love" as our theme, playing Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet".

Next year, Alex Soltynski will be head of the Windband. We thank Mr Chapman for his imaginative musical arrangements, and for his enthusiasm and support.

OLIVIA WILL



WINDBAND

Back Row: *Ingrid Serritslev, Lucy Deakin, Mr S Chapman, Nicola Brice, Justine Brice*

Front Row: *Alex Soltynski, Karin Collocott, Olivia Will, Thandi Siebert, Megan McDonald*

THE FLUTE ENSEMBLE

A momentous year for Herschel: the birth of our new Flute Ensemble! The six flautists meet every Monday afternoon, and we have completed a wide range of pieces, from the traditional "Scarborough Fair" to the modern Andrew Lloyd Webber. Learning to play with each other - in tune and in time - has been exciting, and we have performed in the School Eisteddfod, at a Lunch Hour Talk, and also for the Junior School.

All members of the Flute Ensemble would like to thank Mr Chapman for all his help and support. Next year, Samantha Coomer takes up headship of this merry little band.

OLIVIA WILL



FLUTE ENSEMBLE

Back Row: *Justine Brice, Nicola Brice, Anne-Marie Norman*

Front Row: *Olivia Will, Mr S Chapman, Samantha Coomer*



CABARET 94

The 1994 Cabaret was a joint venture with Bishops. At first, the idea of using the legend of Tristan and Isolde as a storyline was met with a bit of scepticism, but the scriptwriters and directors did wonders in creating an up-beat, modern production.

Initially the rehearsals were shaky but as we became more familiar with both the music and our fellow performers our confidence grew. Choreography proved to be an interesting exercise, but with practice, most of us managed to move rhythmically in time to our singing.

The performances were undoubtedly the highlight. Each night, with the excellent backing of the band, our fun and enjoyment of singing seemed to blend into the audience who participated in the rock 'n roll.

Cast spirit was always very high and many lasting friendships were formed and renewed. With many thanks to the directors and everyone involved, "Love and Honour" was an unforgettable musical experience.

ZARA QUAIL



PICTURE - THE KISS BY GUSTAV KLIMT

LOVE AND HONOUR



OPEN DOORS

This year's school play, entitled "Open Doors", was written and workshopped by the actual cast with the help of an ever enthusiastic producer, Miss Syre. The story was based on family lives in Cape Town, so, many of us could relate to some of the places and events mentioned.

The lighting, set and sound effects enhanced the overall dramatic effects. The play was a mixture of both laughter and tears, with a wide range of characters; varying from, "the caring mother," to, "a humorous vagrant". Other characters were: a constable, a school girl, a typical rugby player, a domestic worker and many more.

The play was a great success and had a powerful message. Apart from the experience gained by the girls, it was enjoyed by all those who came to watch.

BRIDGET MAGNUS





CHAPEL FUNDRAISING COMMITTEE

Mrs Allen, Mrs Snyders, Countess Labia,
Mrs Durrant, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Duff,
Rev Atkinson



FLOWER FESTIVAL AND SOIREE TO CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL



Miss Gough, Mr Chapman and Miss Engel





**HERSCHEL
SPORTS CENTRE**

was opened by
Prof Tim Noonke
father of Candice, 1992

September 1994



DRAMA AND LITERARY TOUR

A very excited group of girls disembarked at Heathrow Airport on Saturday 19th June 1994. Within about half-an-hour, we had managed to lose two members of our party, but, fortunately, they were soon restored to us. However, it was not the last time during our memorable tour that we lost people and I can only sympathise with Mrs Kurtz, who had the great responsibility of keeping us together and moving in the right direction. In the month we were there, we experienced so much and I must admit I found it quite strange to be visiting places I'd read and heard so much about. We visited the houses of many famous authors and the highlight of Mrs Kurtz's tour was our visit to Hardy's cottage. I think the rest of the party were a bit of a disappointment, as we threw ourselves into the more frivolous things - such as shopping, horseriding, visiting the beach and

movies with great delight. The week most of us enjoyed most was the one in London, where we got to see fabulous shows and do some very interesting walks and sight-seeing. Early in the tour, we attended an evening of folk dancing, which really stands out as a magic occasion. We had great fun taking part in the dances and we even helped in the entertainment by singing 'Nkosi Sikilele' for the audience. And our egos received a boost when we overheard this remark, "Well, I say, not even an English Choir could do better!" We all had great fun and made some friendships which are sure to last a long time. Thank you, Mrs Kurtz, for giving us this opportunity and for bringing us home - tanned, out-shopped and most definitely culturally enriched!

NICOLE LOUW



Tess of the D'Urbervilles' House with Anna Kenyon, Nicole Louw, Alex Bairnsfather-Cloete, Bridget Magnus, Annabel Ross, Mrs June Kurtz, Brenda Vos, Jenny Magnus, Vicky Blumberg
Sitting: Ms Tessa Edlmann, Hayley Walker, Robyn Garratt, Kirsten Locke

MATRIC DANCE '94

After a flurry of preparation, nerves and hairspray, the Matric Class of '94 was welcomed to the 1994 Matric Dance by the sounds of romantic serenades from a group of Standard Nines.

After introducing our dates to Mr and Mrs Robinson (unfortunately, Dr and Mrs Duff were overseas), we entered the Mary Jagger Hall, which had been transformed into a "Starry, Starry Night" where fairy lights twinkled and silver, blue and white prevailed.

As we greeted our friends, we realised that the school uniform really isn't flattering! Everybody looked extremely beautiful. When the initial nervousness had subsided somewhat, Thandi made a speech and led the first waltz with Mr Beames, while her partner danced with Mrs Beames.

The Matrics had a magical evening with delicious food and wonderful music. Thanks to the Standard Nines and Mrs van der Merwe for creating an evening we'll always remember.

SALLY STRACHAN, PIPPA SMITH, MARIE-LOUISE SPENGLER, JULIA WALLACE AND RUTH YELLAND.



ST HELENA

First let me qualify that this is St. Helena Island, South Atlantic Ocean, British colony I am talking about. Not St. Helena Bay.

I was given the incredible opportunity of spending two months on this wonderful island through Herschel and the Rondebosch Rotary Club.

The only way to get to St. Helena other than a private yacht, is via the ship the R.M.S. St. Helena, a Royal Mail Ship run by the St. Helena government and Curnow Shipping (Ltd). It is a five day journey from Cape Town, five days of empty sea until you see huge, barren, harsh, volcanic rocks rising, towering out of the sea.

The ship docks in James Bay, the only port, and one then enters Jamestown the main centre on the island. I was immediately welcomed and strange people came to say hello. I was overwhelmed by the friendliness. I was also introduced to the Acting Governor and invited to cocktails at Plantation House (the Governor's residence) the same night of my arrival.

I attended Prince Andrew High School for four days before they broke up for their Christmas holidays. It was very different from our schooling, much more informal. Senior students are paid a monthly "allowance" as an incentive to complete A Levels (the school is run on a British school system). I did a lot of sightseeing, Napoleon's house and grave and hiked to the highest point on the island - Diana's Peak and camped in a place called Fairland in an old flax mill. I was constantly amazed by the contrast of the volcanic rock on the outside of the island to the lush green beautiful interior.

My family on St. Helena consisted of Terry, June, Anya, Dax and Griselle Richards, and through them I gained a family of around six uncles, eight aunts, and all related spouses and children.

The Richards were the most wonderful family and I couldn't have hoped for more kind, understanding people. I think the people and their friendliness is what I will always carry with me.

I hope some other lucky person will get this opportunity. I know that I am already scheming to try to get back there to visit.

EMMA HARVEY



Emma and St Helena friends



Cruisin' down the river

ORANGE RIVER

On 30 September 1994, twenty-six girls accompanied by Mr Andrew Scott and Mrs Shealagh Ryan, set off for their four day adventure on the Orange River. Drivers and combis had been hired for the nine hour trip to Namibia, all of whom must be considering career changes after driving rioting, screaming and over-excited Herschel girls with music blaring constantly and an average of two tons of junkfood being consumed per combi.

We had some very funny experiences while going down the rapids in our inflatable boats, and often exasperated our poor guide, Bill, no end. Several people did fall out of boats but no-one was ever hurt. On our last day on the river we paddled to meet a truck that would take us back to base camp, where we spent the last night.

On the trip back we enjoyed re-discovering junkfood, vital to the wellbeing of any healthy adolescent as the food on the river had been delicious but healthy.

All in all, we had a super time despite the bats, barbel, whirlpools, baboons, heat-rashes, sunburn, mosquitoes, long-drops and below-freezing temperatures at night! We learnt to co-operate, we made new friends and got to know Mr Scott - "Kaiser Chief", and Mrs Ryan - "Camel Man" much better. (Ask them to explain their nicknames!)

Most importantly this trip made us realize how lucky we are to have luxurious homes to go back to. It was a novel experience to sleep under the stars but most of us were thankful to get back to our warm beds. We would like to thank Mr Scott and Mrs Ryan for accompanying us and Bill for adding so much fun to the trip.

AMANDA BOARDMAN

BROOKS EXCHANGE 1994 INTERVIEW WITH KATIE DI RESTA AND KERRY MEDEIROS

(American language usage has been left in!)

Where do you live?

Katie - West Newbury, Massachusetts (20 minutes from Brooks)

Kerry - North Andover

What is life like in North Andover?

Katie - Right now North Andover is experiencing the most severe winter ever - tons and tons of snow and below freezing temperatures!

Kerry - Much more quiet and very snowy!

Why did you apply to come to South Africa?

Katie - I wanted to apply the first time I heard about the exchange in my third form year (Std 7). It just seemed to be this other world over here and I wanted to experience it for myself.

Kerry - To experience a new culture (I had never been out of the USA) and it is a once in a lifetime opportunity!

What had you heard about Herschel and South Africa?

Yes, it is a shame, but some Americans do think of roaming elephants in the backyards (a few!) and lions in the road - but we did have a more accurate perception because of friends that have come here years past and the awareness at Brooks of what's going on in South Africa.

What was your first impression of South Africa?

Katie - South Africa is truly an amazing place - my time here has been incredible and very insightful. One of my first impressions: seeing all the low paying jobs occupied by only one colour people, non-whites, struck me quite hard. I understand why it is so, but it is still hard for me to see. We just don't have that at home.

Kerry - Absolutely beautiful - it is unlike anything I have ever seen. The accent was very difficult at first to understand.

And of Herschel?

We weren't used to uniforms, singing "Our Father" and the formality (standing up when a teacher comes in the room). Our classroom atmosphere is more relaxed and concentrates on discussion. We have students from all over the world, so discussion is always interesting - so many view points. The teachers don't chase after you to do each assignment. The student has much more independence and responsibility.

At Brooks we have much more of a choice of what classes you want to take. We have something like 30 English courses. Our free periods are FREE - you can sleep, leave school, etc.

What do you like about Cape Town?

Katie - Social life (!!!), no school on Saturdays, restaurants and everything is less expensive.

Kerry - Just about everything is less expensive. The people are friendly and the food is great. I especially love Green Market Square.

What do you do in your summer holidays?

Katie - Last summer I lived in Spain with a family who only spoke Spanish and I had only two years of classroom experience previously. I loved it! This summer I haven't decided definitely, but I may attend a summer program at Cornell



Natalie Wood, Katie, Kerry & Carina

University studying psychology.

Kerry - Like most of my friends, I work. I am a counsellor at Brooks Day Camp, which is a lot of fun because many of my friends work there and I am able to spend a lot of time outdoors.

Have you been homesick?

Katie - A little, but I have been a boarder since I had just turned 14.

Kerry - Surprisingly, I haven't been too homesick. I talk to my parents every Sunday evening, so that helps from not being homesick. Also, many of my friends write frequently.

Are you looking forward to going back to Brooks?

Katie - Yes - in a way - it's hard to say goodbye because I don't know when I will ever be back.

Kerry - In some ways, yes, and in others, not at all. I am looking forward to going back because I miss a lot of people, but at the same time I have met so many great people here that it will make my departure from Herschel difficult.

What places have you visited in South Africa and are you going anywhere else?

Cape Point, Oudtshoorn, Hermanus and many beaches. We are going to the Kruger National Park for our final four days in South Africa.

Have you seen wildlife before?

Katie - Yeah - just in the zoos though.

Kerry - Only in zoos at home! I am hoping to see a lot of wildlife in Kruger.

What do you think of our food?

Katie - VERY good, more healthy here.

Kerry - I have enjoyed it very much. It is all so fresh and healthy. At home, there are a lot of fast food restaurants, so it was nice to get away from them all and not to be tempted to eat there.

What was your weirdest/funniest/saddest experience in South Africa?

Watching our Brooks boy, Tait Keon, herd cattle at the Melck's farm. He is from Miami and had never ridden a horse before. The man in charge was telling him to use his whip, but Tait thought he meant use it on the horse - the man meant the cattle!

Will you come back to South Africa?

Katie - YES!!!!

Kerry - I DEFINITELY would, if I was given the opportunity. Unfortunately, it is quite expensive to fly overseas, so I don't know if I will ever be able to return. Regardless, I will never forget what an incredible time I have had here and all of the great people I have met.

CARINA DIEDERICKS

**SPEECH OF MR LOCH DAVIS,
CHAIRMAN OF THE HERSCHEL COUNCIL
AT THE OPENING OF NEW SPORTS HALL**

The Herschel Council and the teaching staff are committed to providing excellence in education for all Herschel pupils in "mind, body and spirit".

To this end, we have embarked on a well planned development programme:-

'MIND' - a theatre completed in 1988 to facilitate development of drama and music

- a new Pre-Prep Department in 1990

- new Prep classrooms in 1992

- up-to-date computer facilities in both the Preparatory and Senior Schools

- also in 1992, a new Resource Centre in the Senior School, incorporating a splendid library and seven new classrooms

- at present, the four Science Laboratories are being modernized and upgraded. They are on stream for completion in 1995.

'BODY' - encouragement for Physical Education in all its facets: team sports, aerobics, self defence, rock climbing and river rafting expeditions down the Orange River.

- improved facilities in two outdoor recreation areas at the Prep School

- and now - this incredible new Sports Hall which provides for:-

- indoor hockey, netball, basketball, tennis, volleyball, badminton and gymnastics, as well as squash and the provision of a gym circuit room for fitness training

The Prep School will also use these facilities, while long term future plans include a swimming pool and gym hall in the Prep grounds.

'SPIRIT' - with the increase in the size of the school, the much loved Chapel Crypt proved to be too small

- relocation of the library to the new Baxter Resource Centre, freed the Duncan Baxter Library for alternative use

- this beautiful room has been refurbished to provide a splendid new Chapel for Herschel

Herschel will never 'stand still'. We are confident that the school will successfully meet all the challenges the future promises to present. We plan to provide further opportunities for Information Technology and other fields necessary to educate pupils for the 21st Century.

TO 'OPEN' THE SPORTS HALL, I am pleased to introduce Professor Tim Noakes

- well-known to all South African sportsmen and -women

- a past parent, father of Candice who matriculated in 1992 (she played First Team Hockey)

- Professor of Sports Medicine and Liberty Life Chair of Exercise and Sports Science and Director MRC/UCT Bioenergetics of Exercise Research Unit

- a highly respected expert in South Africa and with an international reputation.

Professor Tim Noakes had the audience very amused when he read the following "fax" supposedly from the British Prime Minister.

September 1 1994 Prime Minister's Office
10 Downing Street

Dear Pamela

**BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPPORT FOR SPORTS
DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA**

My cabinet has considered your proposal that the British Government should assist in the reconstruction of the new South Africa by supporting the development of South African sport in all communities. That this proposal should come from Herschel, a school that we consider to be amongst the leading schools for young ladies in the entire British Commonwealth, is perhaps to be expected. We note with appreciation that not only is Herschel again the source of such inspiration but that your school board is setting the example in practical ways by instituting its own sports development programme including the building of a state of the art indoor sports centre. We congratulate you for the inspiration and leadership.

The good news, Pamela, is that my Government has agreed to support your proposal for the reconstruction of South African sport. As a result, a delegation led by myself and including a number of top British athletes will be visiting your country in late September at which time we will announce the details of how we are to assist in the reconstruction of South African sport. Lest you think that we are stealing your ideas, please be assured, that in the corridors of power here at Whitehall, when we talk about Pamela's plan for the reconstruction of South African sport, we all know exactly who and what we are referring to. I am sure you won't begrudge us British our little jokes. Ha! Ha!

With regard to your request that I should personally open your new Centre on September 19th, Pamela, the bad news is that the Saudi's are again ***** As a result I will be coming to Cape Town only on September 20th.

However I am sure that you will be able to find any number of famous Capetonians to deputize for me. My personal preference would be for that world famous medical doctor, scientist and researcher from the University of Cape Town, who has become a house-hold name around the world and who has done so much for your country and its people, Professor of *****.

I look forward to the opportunity of discussing our plans when I am in Cape Town.

With fond regards and sincere best wishes for the success of the Herschel sports centre and for your creative plan to restructure South Africa sport,

JOHN MAJOR

SPORT

SPORTS REPORT

1994 has been particularly successful - not only the school teams, but also individuals have excelled in outside activities.

Special mention must go to Vicki Sheppard and Carolyn Martin on their outstanding riding achievements throughout the year, to Claudia and Carla Ferucci on representing Western Province in the polocrosse team and to Shaune Spreckley on her brilliant success in the international dancing championships, held in New York in June this year. We also have many waterbabies to congratulate: Gabi Christie, her sister, Holly, and Taryn Hayden achieved very highly in synchronized swimming. Gabi was selected for a South African team which went to Cairo earlier this year. Also to Kirsten Locke; congratulations on captaining the Western Province Junior Biathlon Team! To Irma Groepies and Caroline Cooke - well done for their mountain climbing successes. Finally, we congratulate Katherine Peter, who has been selected to go to Australia later this year in a gymnastics team.

We'd like to thank Mrs Botha, especially, for all her time, hard work and enthusiasm throughout this year and thank you, also to the coaches of the various sports, who've shown such a keen interest in their teams.

We must thank the catering staff for supplying us with refreshments at many sporting functions and let us not forget the kind parent and pupil supporters who've stood by their teams under all conditions.

With the new sports hall, the school will be able to introduce various new sports - such as basketball, badminton - and it will provide indoor courts for tennis, netball and hockey. We are all very excited about the addition and are sure that 1995 will prove to be just as successful as if not more successful than, this year.

Good luck!

KIRSTEN FELTZ



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Front Row: Taryn Hayden (Synchro), Holly Christie (Synchro), Anne-Marie Norman (Squash), Carla Ferucci (Polocrosse), Jane Woodard (Diving), Kathryn Campbell (Squash)

Back Row: Gabi Christie (Synchro), Claudia Ferucci (polocrosse), Carrie Nixon (Hockey), Amanda Clegg (Swimming), Tanya Rutherford (Waterpolo), Kirsten Locke (Biathlon & Swimming), Caroline McGahey (Squash), Vicki Sheppard (Riding)

SWIMMING REPORT

The 1993/94 swimming season has been exceptional. It has been one of outstanding performances by all members of the team, both for the school and at provincial and national level. The commitment and enthusiasm contributed by everyone, were just the ingredients required for the positive approach that prevailed throughout the season.

The main swimming event, the Interschools Gala, held at Newlands, was a fantastic success. Each member of the team swam her race well, and the team spirit and support from the rest of the school, resulted in us moving up one place from last year: 1st - Rustenburg; 2nd - Herschel (only 1 point behind!), 3rd - Wynberg.

Another very important event was the Interhouse Gala, which never fails to be the most well organised and most exciting interhouse event of the year. Thank you to Mr Bold and the grounds staff for setting up the equipment and the kitchen staff for organising the tea and snacks for the teachers and parents. The result for this gala were: 1st - Merriman; 2nd - Jagger; 3rd - Rolt.

As mentioned earlier, I am extremely proud of those swimmers who competed at provincial and national level. Selected to represent W.P. at the South African Schools Championships were: Amanda-Jo Clegg (swimming); Jane Woodard (diving); Holly Christie and Tarryn Hayden (synchronised swimming). Kirsty Locke was also selected for both the Junior and Senior Biathlon Teams.

Chosen to represent W.P. at the South African National Swimming Championships, were Amanda-Jo Clegg (swimming); Jane Woodard (diving) and Holly Christie (synchronised swimming). Amanda, however, did not attend Nationals, due to her being ill, and her absence was sorely felt.

In the diving competition, Jane Woodard excelled herself. After doing brilliantly on both the 1 metre and 3 metre diving boards, she was one of the very few who were chosen to go through to the Springbok Trials. Well done to all of you.

Finally, I would very much like to thank Mrs Botha, whose unfailing dedication, encouragement and patience kept all the swimmers going. I would also like to thank my deputy, Linda Fisher, who was always so cheerful and encouraging. Thanks for all your help.

Best of luck to the 1994/95 Swimming Team. I am confident that all of you will do brilliantly.

GABI CHRISTIE



SWIMMING

Front Row: Kate Atkinson, Jane Woodard, Gabi Christie, Mrs Botha, Linda Fisher, Jeannie Bomford, Kate Bloch
1st Row: Carla Ferucci, Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes, Tamsin O'Hanlon, Helen Wilson, Angela Franks, Cherie du Toit
2nd Row: Kirsten Locke, Amanda Clegg, Thea Markovina, Chloe Townsend, Carolyn Hannath

HOCKEY REPORT

Hockey at Herschel has gone from strength to strength this season, led by the U/16A's who lost only one match in the league.

The school fielded four senior teams: two U/16's and four U/14's. This is remarkable for a school of our size.

The U/14 teams enjoyed mixed fortunes with the B-Team being the most successful. The U/14C and D teams must be commended for their spirited approach to both practices and matches. They played with enthusiasm and there was never a dull moment when they were on the field!

The U/16 teams showed that dedication and hard work are the key to success. They played excellent hockey, which augurs well for the future.

During the June holidays, Carrie Nixon represented WP U/16B at tournament in Mossel Bay. Congratulations, Carrie!

The 2nd, 3rd and 4th teams faced tough opposition throughout, on many occasions, played most smaller schools 1st or 2nd sides. But despite this, they played open and constructive hockey, ending the season on a high note. The 4ths were the only team to beat Rustenburg. They, too, approached practices and matches with much enthusiasm and made great progress.

The first team improved with every outing and developed into a solid unit, characterised by discipline, guts and determination. Despite not winning many matches, the team drew to some of the best in the league - notably Bergvliet and Pinelands - by means of good teamwork.

The team played attractive hockey and enjoyed the support of many parents who encouraged them. Thank you especially to such loyal supporters as Mrs Brathwaite and Nicki Watson. A special mention must also be made of Jane Woodard who represented the W.P. U/18C team. Congratulations!

The highlight of the season was our second position at Interschools, behind Rustenburg.

Whilst all the teams enjoyed a certain degree of success, we still need to be more aggressive when it comes to scoring goals. Should we master the technique, then few would measure up to our style and pattern of play.

Our sincere thanks and appreciation go to Mrs Kershaw and Mrs Botha for their excellent coaching, and their faith in us.

Good luck for next year!

KIRSTEN FELTZ



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Tina Harsant, Jane Woodard, Natalie Wood, Jenny Bradshaw, Masingita Shimange, Caroline McGahey, Susan Weinberg, Halima Gingraker

Front Row: Donna Gray, Erica Hannath, Kirsten Feltz, Mrs Kershaw, Louise Thomas, Catherine Watts



UNDER 16A HOCKEY

Back Row: *Kate Bloch, Lusanda Shimange, Angela Vasiljevic, Sarah-Anne Rose-Innes, Lucie Jeffery, Sally-Ann Cattell*
 Front Row: *Carolyn Hannath, Lucy Deakin, Mrs Botha, Dorothy van Hoom, Ingrid Serritslev, Carrie Nixon, Claire Bloch*



U/14 HOCKEY

Back Row: *Karen Hobson, Mary Haw, Zoe Brown, Jeannie Bomford, Robyn Farrell, Penny Waller*
 Front Row: *Kate Atkinson, Mrs Kershaw, Helen Wilson, Tamsin Lindsay, Cindy Lloyd*

NETBALL REPORT

The netball teams this season fared very well under the coaching of Mrs Bonelli and Miss Jefferson. There were two Open teams and four U/15 teams. Our Open teams played against very strong competition as they were not in the league of teams which were unfamiliar to them. The U/15 teams had some excellent results and have some very promising players.

This year we also had the opportunity to play teams from the townships. They have a very high standard of netball and our teams had to play hard, but the matches were enjoyed by all.

As Standard Tens were unable to play this year because of extra lessons, necessitated by all the election holidays, our teams next year will be very strong as the members will be very similar. Good luck for next season.

Captains: ERICA HANNATH and CAROLYN REID



FIRST TEAM NETBALL

Back Row: Irma Groepies, Paula Caradoc-Davies, Catriona Smith, Suzanne Pullinger, Masingita Shimange, Carla Ferucci
Front Row: Sylvia Komeni, Erica Hannath, Mrs Bonelli, Carolyn Reid, Gina Dace



U/14 NETBALL

Back Row: Juliette Louw, Luzanda Shimange, Cherree Gloyne, Cindy Lloyd, Linda Evans
Front Row: Tammy Harvey, Miss Jefferson, Claire Thomas

WATERPOLO REPORT

Our third year in first league waterpolo has been very successful and rewarding. Without the friendship, dedication and inspiration of our coach, Mr Peter Morelli, we would never have achieved as much as we have. Our First Team came fourth in the Waller Cup and our Second Team, comprising mostly Standard Sixes, managed to be placed second in the Bowl Section, despite playing against other schools' First Teams. This is extremely encouraging for our future teams.

In March we were lucky enough to tour Port Elizabeth, playing Alexander High Schools' unisex team as well as Rhodes University, scoring thirty goals and only having five

scored against us in the entire tour. However, the highlight of our waterpolo season was definitely beating Westerford, the winners of the Waller Cup, 4 - 1, at Newlands.

Congratulations to Kirsten Locke and Tanya Rutherford for being selected to represent Western Province. Special mention also goes to Linzi Pickup and Tanya for managing to score an own goal against Camps Bay!

Thanks to Mr Morelli and Mrs Botha for all their effort and hard work, making waterpolo an important part of our school days.

KATE WATTS



WATERPOLO 1ST TEAM

Front Row: Sarah Carter, Louise Thomas, Kate Watts, Mr Morelli, Taryn Voigt, Kirsten Locke, Emma Whittaker
Back Row: Shaune Spreckley, Nicola Watson, Lindi le Roux, Linzi Pickup, Tanya Rutherford, Donna Gray

INDOOR HOCKEY REPORT

The indoor hockey team was extremely enthusiastic this year. We had a lot of fun at our practices on Monday afternoons and especially at our matches on Wednesday evenings. Although our initial scores against other competitive schools were not very impressive, our spirit and determination definitely shone through. As a result, better scores were achieved towards the end of the season.

Due to the new sports centre, I know participation and professionalism in indoor hockey will flourish and we expect great successes for future teams; Old Girls included!

LOUISE THOMAS



INDOOR HOCKEY

Back Row: Masingita Shimange, Aisling McMullen, Donna Gray, Carrie Nixon, Keri Davies
Front: Kirsten Feltz, Mrs Bonelli, Louise Thomas, Tina Harsant, Fiona Wallace. Absent: Natalie Wood

TENNIS REPORT

The 1993-94 tennis season has revealed much talent and perseverance amongst Herschel's tennis players. It is a pity to observe little support from the rest of the school at tennis matches. Come on, non-tennis players: The ball is in your court.

Congratulations to all the teams in their respective leagues - you really have shown Herschel's potential. The premier league offers some tough opposition from the first team players but I feel that we can only benefit from this. The fact that Herschel distinguished itself in the Senior Inter-

schools Tournament by coming third, shows that we do have what it takes. There is added hope for the future because the Standard Six team excelled by winning the Junior Inter-schools Tournament.

A big thank-you to Mr Scott and Mrs Botha for all their time and effort spent on organising the weekly tennis matches. I hope that Herschel tennis continues to improve and that the co-operation remains as excellent as it is. Well done to all players!

SALLY GOODEN



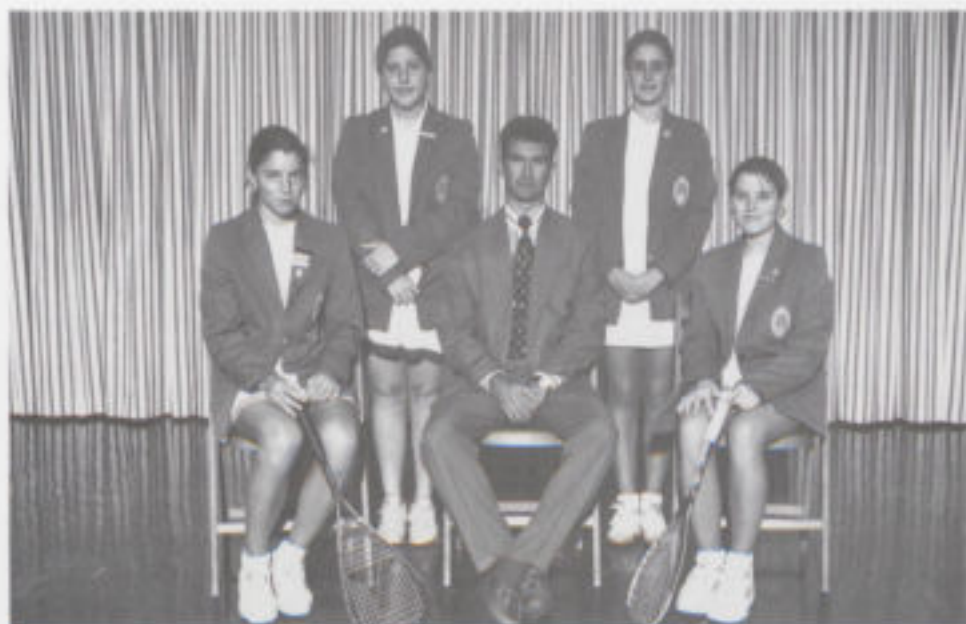
TENNIS - 1ST TEAM

Back row: Lucie Jeffery, Dorothy Van Hoom, Gillian Watson, Claire Dorrington, Cindy Lloyd
Front row: Jenny Bradshaw, Nicola Ballance, Mr Scott, Sally Gooden, Catherine Ballance



STANDARD 6 TENNIS

Back Row: Claire McClarty, Lauren Hemmes, Emma Murray, Kate-Louise McCay
Front Row: Leanne Chamberlin, Karen Hobson, Kate Taylor, Antonia Labia



SQUASH - A TEAM

Back row: *Vicky Schweitzer, Jacki Gordon*

Front row: *Caroline McGahey, Mr Scott, Leigh McKay*

SQUASH REPORT

Unfortunately the season started off very slowly due to many public holidays and, as a result there were many catch-up matches and few practises.

The first team won their league last year and therefore this year the girls played in a higher league where the competition was pretty tough. Well done to Caroline McGahey for winning all her matches and to the rest of the first team for not giving up in those strenuous matches.

The B-team played exceptionally well this season, winning every match and therefore will be promoted to another

league next season. Congratulations to Anne-Marie Norman and Catherine Campbell for being selected for Western Province.

I would like to thank Mr Scott for being so dedicated and enthusiastic even when a few too many sick notes arrived. Once again a great thanks to Mr Scott and Mr Norman for transporting the teams.

Food luck for next year and keep it up in your beautiful new squash courts.

LEIGH MCKAY



SQUASH - B TEAM

Back row: *Diana Prosser, Nicole Barnard*

Front row: *Anne-Marie Norman, Mr Scott, Kathryn Campbell*

ORIGINAL WORK

STANDARD 10

'LOOK TO THE ANT, YOU SLUGGARD ...'

Man is not an ant. Ants were created for industry and their short lives are filled with work of various kinds. How much pleasure does an ant get out of its diligence? After years of research, I might be able to light upon a truthful answer, based upon scientific fact, but I prefer to guess in a few seconds that, judging by the expressions of the relatively few ants that I have seen, they regard their work as a duty, a chore needing to be done, and do not enjoy it at all.

I can safely say that an ant has no leisure time unless to sleep (and even then I am not sure ...). What is the purpose of a life spent beetling to and fro, always involved, always busy? An ant's life ends, and what does it have to show for it? A nest? Thousands of baby ants to do exactly the same work as their parents and grandparents? The enjoyment factor in an ant's life must be very near zero.

What about man? I do not know any creature more able to enjoy itself than man. A man's nature is not to work: it is to be merry. Work might bring short-lived happiness to peculiar individuals, but idleness without guilt is eternal and absolutely blissful.

The trouble with idleness is its lack of definition. True idleness is doing nothing that you are obliged to do: just those things you choose to do out of your own idle will. Man can be perfectly happy without work and without achievement. In fact, a man can only be perfectly happy without the cares and worries that come necessarily with work. 'Living for the moment' entails enjoying every minute of your life, which means that (certainly in mine) there is no place for work.

To eat and to drink are two of the great pleasures in life: these are things that a man can do in idleness until he no longer enjoys them. Then, he can give them up. Remember, true idleness means doing nothing that is no longer an immediate source of pleasure. It follows that idleness varies with the individual. If to eat and to drink are not forms of enjoyment, then, for some people idleness may be to sleep; but idle sleep is different from the exhausted sleep of the worker. Idleness provides endless sources of merriment, and there is no better moment than that spent in idle contemplation, relaxation, or even sleep.

It is better to spend a life enjoying every moment than to spend a miserable life slaving over a test-tube of boiling microbes or a deskful of books, in the hope of finding a panacea, which you will leave behind when you enter the afterlife.

To return to the ants: it is the ultimate fate of most ants to be stepped on. Most men die. The difference then between men and ants is that men have the opportunity to be delightfully, selfishly idle and to enjoy it thoroughly. Ants are not so lucky. Seize the day!

In conclusion: these words are proof of my labour. I would now like to go home, shut my eyes and practise the art of being idle for a few hours before I start my homework.

FRANCES ROBERTSON

PEACE: ILLUSION OR REALITY?

'Peace is flowing like a river' ... or is it? Nowadays, all anyone ever talks about is peace. A day doesn't go by without someone going on about it. Of course, it is very important to have an optimistic attitude, but just how realistic is it? Are we not striving for something which is unattainable? So far, peace has not been achieved and South Africa's future looks bleak. One starts to wonder if this talking about peace is really getting us anywhere.

Just as violence has become a part of everyday life in South Africa, so talking about peace has become a common occurrence. I think that the leaders and future leaders must realise that there can never be true peace in this country, because the people are too different. It is impossible to satisfy everyone's needs and this will usually lead to dissatisfaction and ultimately violence.

The media bombard society with messages of peace and idealised images of the 'New South Africa'. Politicians use it to their advantage to gain support and popularity. Peace is a common need amongst most South Africans, and we can be lulled into believing that there will be peace. Unfortunately, the harsh realities are far more apparent.

It is stupid to say that if you want peace you'd better step off the world! It is possible to achieve a certain degree of peace - not world peace or national peace, but peace of mind. I feel that it is a good start to improve a person's state of mind. If one is at peace with oneself then one is at peace with one's environment. If only more South Africans had this peace of mind, our situation could improve greatly.

Peace means different things to different people. Some see it as the state existing during the absence of war, to others it means the absence of anxiety. I see it as a feeling of harmony and love. As a child I was at peace. I was surrounded only by people who loved me and my little world was happy and secure. But as I am growing older, I have become more aware of life beyond the four walls of my house. I am now exposed to the harsh realities of life and, as a South African, I am affected by the violence in this country. I am no longer ignorant of what is happening in the world and as a result I will not be able to experience total peace, unless I block myself off from all that is going on in society.

I feel that I have a responsibility towards society and that I have a role to play, however small, in the shaping of this country. It would be very unhealthy to take everything too seriously: unnecessary stress and anxiety are a waste of anyone's energy. On the other hand, one cannot ignore what is going on. The secret is to find a balance and to have a positive outlook on life even when there is turbulence all around you.

LISA REID

20TH CENTURY PEACE

Whether it is township violence or anxiety about being left out or not liked - fear eats away, it destroys. The only salvation is peace. Peace, to me, is the feeling of relief, complete assurance that you are free from fear. I have chosen not to write about politics because, though I live in South Africa, I have not felt the life-threatening pressure of violence or intimidation. I have been discriminated against because I am brown, but it is nothing compared to what others have experienced. I have not been beaten up because of my colour, or been denied entrance into a school. God has been good to me in allowing me to lead a protected life thus far. How can anyone privileged know what peace in South Africa means to the violence-harassed people in Guguletu?

To truly appreciate the peace in a country or world-wide, one needs to have been affected by the problems to understand the real meaning of that peace.

Most of us are not super-heroes who can save the world. Everyone would like there to be world peace and love for humankind irrespective of race or religion or social status, but life teaches us differently. People seem to have realised that complete peaceful relations in a world so diverse are hardly possible. We can, however, try to achieve some peace on a smaller scale.

The quest for peace within individuals is a constant theme in society. People seem to go through life searching for something which they call love or hope - but it all results from peace. There is the satisfaction that one can rest assured that one has found what we think to be the ultimate fulfilment in life.

For Christians their peace is Christ, for a wife it is the love of her husband perhaps, but, what we see, is that peace is closely related to security. Knowing you are loved, and being wrapped in that love, gives the security, the peace, which is so vital to human existence.

The inner peace of an individual is beneficial to society. Once someone is at peace within herself, she can make a positive contribution to her family and wider community. Much of the conflict in the world comes from unhappy and frustrated people.

Finding inner peace is different for everyone. It is individual and original - like people. Experiencing peace for a priest might be different from the peace experienced by a mother when watching her child. Therefore, there is no formula for finding fulfilment in life. It is up to the individual to search for it so that each one can taste peace.

When one has fear or turmoil in one's heart - a fear of failure, a fear of loneliness - one cannot enjoy a more universal peace. The world is vast and changes, it cannot feel the pain an individual feels. World peace would be no comfort if we could not appreciate it - because of our turmoil within. With this perspective, we can see why inner peace is a more necessary and realistic goal than achieving a wider peace.

It has been very difficult to write on this topic. I feel that what I have pointed out is why inner peace is necessary. It is difficult to express exactly what peace means to me. I experience peace through my Christianity - the fact that I know Christ loves me no matter what my faults are. I hope, though, that one day I will be at peace with myself completely. That I will accept the faults in my character and use what I have to make my dreams come true. I hope, too, that I will be able to make a positive contribution in my family situation and in my community.

ANGELIQUE ENGEL



KIM JACKSON

THE SEASONS OF MY LIFE

Spring

The very name implies

Birth,

Joy

and new discoveries.

In my Spring, I was trapped in a bubble of closeness and love,

All the evil and darkness obscured by the clouds of my mother's kisses

All decisions were made for me.

My life was structured around what was 'best for me',

But I was happy.

After all, I was but a child.

As Summer progressed I grew up.

I realised the importance of hard work if my dreams were

ever to reach fruition,

if my imprisoning bubble was ever to burst,

if I was ever to be free.

Free to think what I want.

Free to do what I want.

Free to live how I want.

It was my first smell of freedom and I was hooked.

My Autumn and Winter have not yet come.

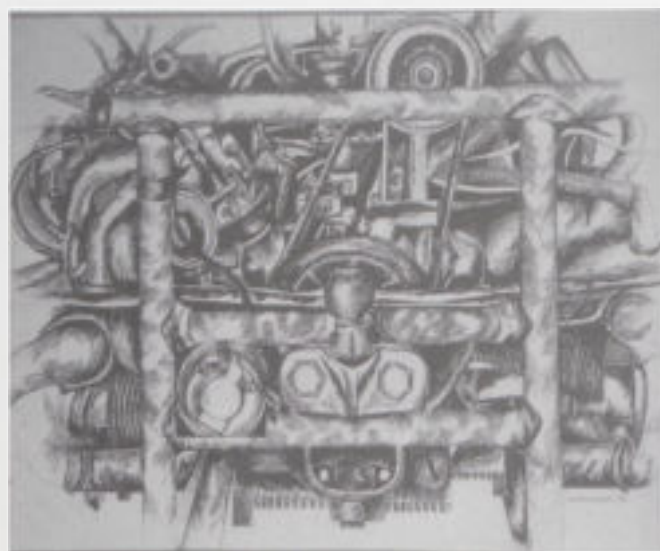
Will my leaves slowly but steadily fall to the ground and decay?

Will my departure be quick and unexpected, like the final blow of a feller's axe?

Nobody knows.

Least of all I.

HEATHER YELLAND



ALISON LOUW

UNTITLED

*The sun has arisen on a glorious day
Compact with promise, sensuously ripe.
Yet Icarus was punished for his crime
His wings were stripped and melted in
Disgrace.
Pride sent to fall, to die from such a height
Image of limitation.
This day unfurls before my eyes.
I will not diarize nor turn to words
Nor tempt the fates by setting down my
Ambitions
For the hours ahead will bloom and grow
And of themselves bear limit.*

OLIVIA WILL



TAMMY PEARCE

WHAT DID PEACE DAY MEAN TO ME?

On the second of September, 1993, South Africa celebrated Peace Day. At twelve o'clock that day, all the traffic was to stop and everybody was to stand still for a few minutes and think about peace.

When I arrived at school that morning, I was welcomed by a bunch of bouncing, bubbling girls. Anna issued me with a lightblue ribbon and said, "Here, put this on your collar." As I walked along the corridor towards my classroom, I bumped into Lindi. "Happy peace day, Bruno," she said in a sarcastic way as if she was wishing me 'Happy Birthday.'

After a long battle with the ribbon and the pin, I finally managed to make the bow stay put on my collar and whilst sighing with relief, I sank into a comfortable chair and sucked my finger, which had suffered many a poke from the stubborn pin. "No, moron!" I heard Tarryn exclaim. "Not like that! Here, I'll do it for you!" And, with this, she ripped the ribbon off my collar and started rearranging it.

"Look at mine, Tarryn!" I heard Lauren shriek. "Mine's still better than yours!" Why do I even bother? I thought to myself.

As I watched the girls bouncing around, laughing and comparing bows, I could have sworn it was the first day of term and not Peace Day. Everything just seemed so wrong. Here we were, trying to create peace in the country and all that we had managed to do, was to make a celebration out of it. What difference was it going to make if three hundred girls became this excited about Peace Day? What difference was it going to make if we all stood still at noon and thought about peace? Had any of us actually thought about it? I felt that same disillusioned feeling I always feel when I go to church on a Sunday morning and everything seems so perfect and so right, and all my problems seem resolved and I feel strong and determined enough never to sin again and it seems as though from here on things can only get better, and then I arrive home and I fight with my mother and swear at my sister and then I open the Sunday newspaper and I read about sex scandals and rapists and murderers. What difference was this ceremony going to make? How many people will actually celebrate it anyway and how many church-bells will ring in the end? My thoughts were interrupted by Sarah. "This is so dumb," she said critically, and I felt relieved that I wasn't the only one who did not share in the festive mood.

As we walked down towards the grass circle shortly before noon, Sarah said sarcastically, "I hope no-one is going to cry." I felt like laughing, but said "Please, spare me!"

After we had sung the song and said a prayer, there was a silence which I have never experienced before. It was a feeling of peace and tranquillity and the sound of far away churchbells ringing sent cold shivers down my spine. As I watched the balloons with peace messages floating in the sky, I thought about everybody else who was standing thinking about peace at that moment. We want peace, because we want to be able to walk around at night without being scared, but Jackson probably wants peace because he wants to know that when he arrives back at the township, all five of his children will still be alive. And for the first time I realised how selfish my thoughts had been and I realised that we have to start somewhere. Maybe this Peace Day could have been the start to a peaceful South Africa.

I felt touched by these few moments and as I walked back towards the classroom I whispered in Sarah's ear: "I think I'm going to cry." She looked at me with knowing eyes and said, "Me too."

CHRISTINE VAN DER MESCHT

A NEW BEGINNING

The school bell screamed its harsh cry of release, sparking off an instantaneous reaction. Chairs scraped and desk-lids banged as teachers and children alike spewed out of the halls and scattered, wind-blown, homewards. The school building remained behind, grey and sombre, and in one of the deserted classrooms somebody sat. She is small, almost fragile-looking, sitting there at her desk in the muted, dust-mote-filled light. But Miss Livingstone has lived a thousand other lives. She is Miranda, stranded on her desert island. Cleopatra, proud Egyptian Queen. All, and yet strangely it seemed to her, none of these. She had read all of Shakespeare's works, till her copies of the plays were tired and dog-eared. She was always transported to wonderful, magical paces and each time the return to her own small and lonely world was a greater disappointment. She sat dreamily reading one of her favourite lines, 'All the World's a stage ...' She sighed. Imagining herself as a player on a stage was infinitely more romantic than plodding through her everyday existence. "Well!" she snapped her book firmly shut, encouraged by the hollow echo her timid voice made and stood up at her desk. She flung her head back, nearly knocking off her glasses in the process. She sheepishly tucked them into the pocket of her jacket and stood erect again. Norma Livingstone - actor No, wait! The name was not quite right. She pondered this for a while, then smiled. Desiree Livingstone - world-famous actress and universally desired woman - was about to make her entrance. She gathered her stuff together, sailed to the door and threw it open.

She swayed through the halls, then decided that perhaps a brisk, determined walk was more suited to daytime use. She exited into the facing light and took a deep breath. How beautiful the world could look when viewed from a new angle. She wondered for a moment what Desiree would do next, but then remembered that the mere mortal shell Desiree was inhabiting would go very hungry tonight, if she did not make a quick stop at the supermarket. She set off firmly in that direction with a spring in her step.

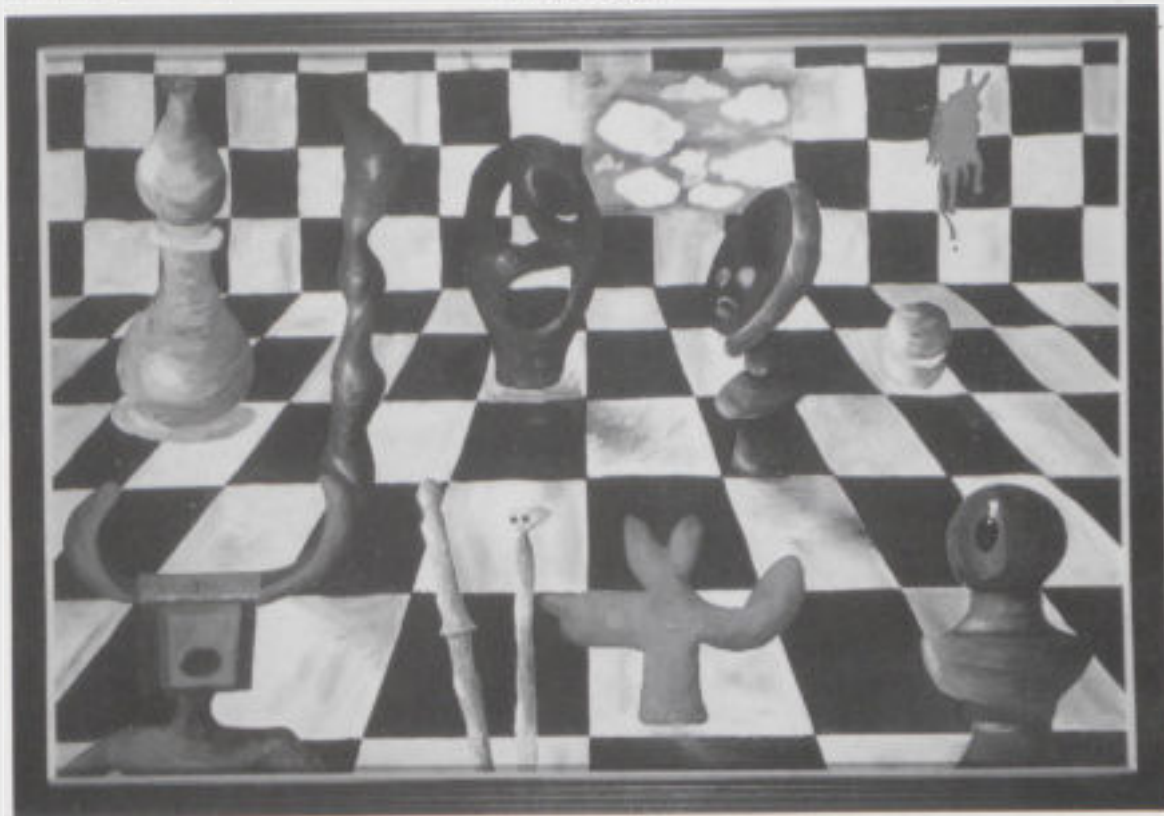
She gave everyone she passed a huge smile and pretended not to mind if someone didn't smile back. After all, those who did were worth so much more. She had just turned the corner into Olive Street when she saw him. He always walked alone in the evening, this mild-looking, light-haired man, and she had often passed him on her way home. If only he knew how many times he had been the dashing hero in her dreams, for there was something in his face that appealed to her. She was surprised the people walking past him could not feel how special he was and did not stop and gape in wonder! And now he was walking towards her and, with a wild, reckless courage, she squared her shoulders. He had almost passed her, when she managed to squeak, "Hello." What on earth had happened to Desiree's rich, sultry tone, she thought, horrified! He turned towards her. Oh, that sweet, gentle face. "Hello?" It was a query, and her mind went blank.

When it woke up, he was looking at her in puzzlement. If Shakespeare was right in saying all the world's a stage, why isn't there a prompt sitting in the wings, she thought frantically. He was still looking at her. She gave him one half-frightened, half-embarrassed glance before she turned and walked away. She pulled Desiree's tattered coat of confidence about her and just made it back to the house. She fumbled for a while to find the key, her mind numb. She even dropped it once, before she managed to get it into the lock. As she was about to get inside, away from harsh reality, a voice drew her back. "Excuse me!" It was him! "I'm sorry, but you dropped this back in Olive Street." He handed her one of her tattered books. She looked down and saw the title, *Romeo and Juliet*. She looked up again, to see his face lit up by a beautiful smile. "I'm a Shakespeare addict too. My name's Paul and what might you be called?"

She hesitated only an instant, before she replied, "Desiree," and smiled back. Romeo had just stepped out of the pages of her book and come home.

NIKKI LOUW

MISTI FOWLER



UNIFORMITY

I woke up this morning and got up. Why do I have to get up, why can't I get down. And then I suppose, it's customary to rub your eyes and stretch. Imagine if I were to say I got down this morning and burped or winked. It's ridiculous that everyone has to stretch and rub their eyes really, I mean where's originality and all that.

I then ate breakfast and brushed my teeth although I would prefer to have combed my teeth. If a comb gets knots out more effectively than a brush does, surely it would remove plaque more effectively.

I then put on my 'uniformity' - stockings on legs, shoes on feet, watch on arm. I looked in the mirror, so normal, so boring - nothing new at all, no excitement racked my body. Imagine if I were to wake up one morning and my hair had changed colour or my lips suddenly pouted, but of course that would never happen, it would be too out of the ordinary.

My first lesson entailed opening my book like the rest of the class, behind the same desk as everyone else. What if I were to assume a sudden dramatic pose and bellow ... - You're right - the teacher would tell me to take a pill and pull myself together. Everything is always the same; the same roads, the same buildings, day after day, week after week. Everything is so familiar, but familiarity breeds contempt, not so.

You write with a pen, you don't wrong with a pen, although I think it could be quite interesting. We're told it's wrong to write on walls, but then why did they make walls to look so much like paper - they definitely didn't consider those of us who are cerebrally challenged.

Some things you have to accept - I know. I understand why you should walk on your feet because if you walk on your hands your chewing gum falls out of your pockets, all the blood rushes to your head, you get a headache, have a red face, your eyes bulge, your veins pop out, and you look like a twit from mars.

But why do we all use the same slang? You're considered rop if you say rop when everyone else is saying rop, but if you forget to stop saying rop when everyone else is saying cool - you are no longer rop or cool, but a dork. If you wear a high pony tail for longer than anyone else - you'll also be a dork!

There is a poem that I love; it reads:

*I opened my light
and switched on my door
I put on my bed
and sat on my clothes
I said my pyjamas
and put on my prayers
I switched off my bed and got into light
- all this because
He kissed me goodnight.*

Ah - so maybe that's what we need, LOVE
but before you start loving make sure you have the following
- a red rose, a candle, a bottle of champagne,
greet him or her with a kiss and sail off
into the distance with the moonlight
shimmering on the water - sound familiar?

You see - sad, but true I too have been conditioned by society and I dare not take a step in the 'individuality' direction in fear of scarring my reputation - 'the fashionable, socially acceptable sheep'
The way I see it, Life is a cliché!

KIM-HAYLEY DURR

LIFE IS BUT A STAGE....

Act One: Scene One

The play begins with the new mother arriving with baby; the apple of mummy and daddy's eye. All the family gather round to admire the placid little red bundle (of soon-to-be-joy) and brother Joey reaches over to give new baby Sarah a wet, mushy kiss. The cast form a loving picture and freeze.
LIGHTS FADE

Act One: Scene Two

Spotlights centre on actress baby Sarah (now a clumsy little toddler) serenely building blocks. Big brother Joey tackles the tower, which crumbles obediently. Brother Joey is reprimanded angrily, and sent to the corner. Spotlight focuses on triumphant Sarah, cuddled by comforting mummy.
LIGHTS FADE

Act One: Scene Three

Lights on Children's party. Balloons and streamers bob and sway to the jiving music. Joey stands out in the party of girls in pink frocks.

Mummy: Okay, everyone, come sit down and form a circle. Yes, that's right. Now, to the music, you must pass the parcel around the circle and once the music stops, take off one layer of paper. Ready? Go!

The music begins. The cumbersome parcel moves energetically around the circle until the music stops. It is Sarah's turn. She takes off one layer proudly and shares half the sweet underneath with a friend. The music continues. It stops once more - it is Joey's turn. Joey rips all the paper off and flings the 'newly-born' teddy into Sarah's lap. The curtain falls as Sarah bursts into tears.

Act Two: Scene One

Sarah is waiting outside the school. Joey drives up on cue and she climbs into the car, laden with a tennis racquet and two bags bulging with homework. They smile at each other.

Sarah: Hi!

Joey: Hi! How was your day?

The car pulls away. Traffic sounds are heard.

Sarah: Fine. I've got a lot of work. Miss Block has given us a Geography project on urbanisation and I've got two enormous tests tomorrow! We lost our tennis tennis our tennis ..

A bang is heard.

From the darkness a voice yells. "What the hell do you think you're doing? This is not a practice! It's a dress rehearsal! The lead actress shades her eyes from the light, as she stares blankly into the auditorium. "I'm so sorry! I don't usually make mistakes. I...I... forgot my lines!" she calls out loudly. The male actor steps out from behind the polystyrene car and rubs his eyes. A crew member walks across one of the buildings to straighten the drooping sun.

A spotlight focuses on a small mousy woman dozing behind the curtains. She holds a copy of "Romeo and Juliet" in her lap as she snores softly. "Mrs Liversey!" shouts the director. "Mrs Liversey, wake up! We need a bit of powder on Joey's nose. Please touch up his makeup, and give Sarah some more lipstick." Aah! Wouldn't it be nice if there was such a thing as a prompt?

LUCINDA LEINBERGER

STANDARD 8

A DAY IN AFRICA

The cold light of early morning gently pushes darkness away as a little arc of red sun appears on the horizon. It is bitterly cold and, as our Mother Africa exhales and relaxes, fine breaths of mist float into the air ... and disappear.

The new sun begins to warm the earth. A lonely bull elephant ambles to the river's edge. From amongst the reeds emerge a group of stony hippopotamuses, returning to the cool water after a night of grazing on the bank. Above them, in an old and twisted tree, a kingfisher sits patiently, waiting; its sharp eyes peering intently into the dark river.

Far away on a grassy plain, a slim spotted cat stretches and yawns. Three small cubs arrange themselves prettily around her, closing their eyes and lifting their furry faces to the slowly rising sun. Somewhere, there is the echo of a jackal's call, an answering cry, then the tuneful chattering of a thousand birds preparing for the new day. The bright sun reaches higher.

In the middle of the day, the heat transforms all energy to thirst, and the animals head for the waterholes: buffalo wallow in the slippery mud, striped zebra roll in the dust, hooves in the air, while a couple of elegant kudu look on with an air of arrogance. There is a grunt and a snort, and a warthog family appear through the dust, trotting eagerly, tails held stiffly in the air. A crocodile stirs in the shallows, and suddenly logs come to life and lower themselves quietly into the water.

The light grows softer and more gentle. A chilly breeze encourages sunbathing snakes to return to their holes. A large stork positions itself in view for miles, and miles ... and miles. The great blue sky blossoms with colour - red, pink, orange and every combination. The tall baobabs stretch their gnarled branches to the setting sun, a young giraffe looks about himself and chews thoughtfully.

Nearby, a lioness stalks. She is a study in concentration and strength, a look of quiet confidence in her eyes. All around, the antelope stiffen, sensing her presence; and in one single movement they let themselves free with bounding leaps in all directions - their speed is their safety, but one is always just too slow.

The sun has set, the sky is red. The evening is filled with sound - the impala's excited shrieks, a bushbaby's cry, and the quiet breathing of a contented rhinoceros. The birds begin to settle for the night, but for the moon-eyed owls the day is just beginning. A black-rosetted leopard looks down from a branch at a small troupe of baboons eating breadfruit. There is no hurry, the whole night lies before them.

Far away on an earthy mound, a waterbuck stands proudly - head held high, surveying the winding rivers, the tall reeds and the grassy plains of Africa.

LISL ROBERTSON

REFLECTIONS BY A POOL

It was as still as a mirror, reflecting the perfect image of a weeping willow gently swaying in the soft breeze. A rainbow trout rose with the excitement of catching a fly, shattering the perfect mirror into rings and rings ever expanding, ever growing until they could do so no more. I watched until the very last ring vanished from the mirror and it was still once more.

I was quiet as I let my eye wander over the lake. I felt a sense of peace come over me as if there were no more troubles or cares in the world. I felt the warmth of the sun's rays covering me like a blanket.

My eyes were suddenly caught by a tiny grey field mouse cleaning her nose with her dainty paws. Her quick nervous movements were so fast, I could hardly follow them. She suddenly noticed me and stopped still in her tracks. I dared not move lest she run away. She did. She must have sensed danger in my presence. I did not know why. I intended no harm.

The sky was deep pink as the last of the golden sphere plopped down behind the mountain. The crickets started chirping and singing their lullaby to the world. To whom-ever would listen.

I wondered who wouldn't choose to listen to the lullaby. Who would frighten away a timid mouse, for fun? Who would choose a world of speed and pollution over a world of peace and purity?

I heard the distant rumble of a car zooming as fast as it could to get to another destination in as short a time as possible.

Tall buildings made from rock. People dashing around taking no notice of the last tree left, as they throw their beer can into its branches. Grey skies filled with smog and pollution. Smelly oily waste being pumped into rivers that are desperately trying to breathe. A world of growing greyness...

I felt a chill run down my spine. I shivered. I let the images of beauty soak into me, absorbing them like a sponge, fearing that one day these beautiful images will no longer be a part of our world. Only a part of our memories.

KATIE MILLER

AUTUMN, WHY SO LONELY?

Autumn, why so lonely?

Your trees are covered with an undulating layer of leaves

Falling gently to the ground in twirls and eddies

One by one, the colours reminding me of half-forgotten sunlight

Which warmed me such a brief while ago.

No longer do I hear birds singing when I wake

And I am unaccustomed to the darkness without.

No rabbits fly swiftly to their nearest burrow,

Fleeing a keen-eyed hawk,

Floating gracefully on gentle thermals,

Wings spread wide.

The breeze, now a wind, blows cold,

A forewarning of an icy winter.

The ground is hard,

Its inhabitants in the deep and peaceful state

of hibernation, which we humans can only envy

As we pass into the iron clutches of winter.

Autumn, oh so lonely.

PIA TAYLOR

DEATH

*Death, a flash of lightning knocking you down
a knife piercing through your heart,
You feel empty and lonely,
but try to show no emotion.
Sadness looms upon you like a thunder cloud
and depression seems to swallow you up
making living impossible.
You ask yourself, "Why her and not me?"
and conclude that life is unfair.
Anger awakens,
and you strike out at people you love.
Death has no reason.
Death is black and cold.*

BRENDA VOS

FREEDOM

*Freedom, oh, Freedom,
how I desire thee!
To be as free as the flowing water;
able to gush over rocky scenes,
trickle down steep cliffs,
roar at passing offenders,
toss and turn one's enemies
and yet able to be still
and bring inner-peace to all those who see thee.
Yes!! I want to be as Free as the water!*

*Freedom, oh, freedom,
How I require thee!
To be as free as the birds of the air;
who soar to unreachable heights,
and glide down to fearful depths.
To have the strength of an eagle,
as it drops on its prey
and yet be able to sing a melody
that quiets even the strangest winds of the soul.
Yes!! I need to be as free as the birds of the air!*

*Freedom, oh, freedom,
Where do I acquire thee?
To be as free as a lion;
to roam the jungle without a care,
to be able to scare all enemies with one roar.
to prey, to feed and drink as you desire.
For none other can match your strength
and yet able to be gentle with your cubs.
Putting a smile on the most tormented face.
Yes!! I want your freedom, oh, King of the Jungle!*

*Yet I feel like frozen water on a high mountain
like a bird held in a cage
and like a lion on a short chain.
The clouds have blocked my sunshine
and evening has come before its time.
Where is that freedom that brings happiness?
Where is that freedom that brings peace?
Where is the sun that melts the snow?
Where is the key that unlocks the cage?
And where, oh where are the shears to cut the chain?*

*Freedom, oh, freedom
How I desire thee ...*

WENDY CHRISTIAN

A DEEP ENCOUNTER

It was our last full day on Phuket Island. We had booked to go on an organised boat trip to one of the many exotic tropical islands. The coast at Phuket is littered with many islands including the famous "James Bond Island."

We had an early breakfast and set out for the "isolated island which we were going to discover!" We were aboard our luxury boat for two hours and arrived at our destination just after lunch. On arrival we were greeted by the swaying palms on the soft golden beach. The friendly locals were there, waiting for us, ready to sell their crafts. The water was a clear blue. I decided to go for a parasail. Up in the air I could see the coral reefs and the distant sea. My father and I planned to go and explore the colourful reefs.

We got geared up and set out to find the tropical fish promised. We had not been out long when we spotted our first big shoal of fish. We were totally surrounded and could not see more than thirty centimetres in front of us. We had been out for more than half an hour, but the fish became more exotic the further out we swam.

I am not an experienced diver, but my father is and he knows the warning signs. Perhaps it was because he had not dived for such a long time that he did not suspect anything when suddenly all the shoals of fish quickly swam away and disappeared. The water now looked a deep blue. There were three skates below us, but otherwise we felt totally isolated. There were no plants, seaweed, coral, even the sand bed, no fish, nothing! There was a reason those fish had disappeared so quickly; they were obviously in danger. That reason soon became extra clear as a huge blue object came into view. Only when it got closer did we realise: it was a shark!....

Keep calm! He is probably not even hungry. I repeated this over and over in my head, wishing that I could convince the shark. My father told me to keep dead still. I remembered hearing heroic stories of how people punched the shark on the nose. I would do the same thing. I could not believe I had agreed with the Shark Institute to "Save the shark". I wished that shark knew that my family had donated money to the "Save the shark" fund. He swam closer and started nudging me. Perhaps he knew what I was thinking and was now going to attack me because I was being horrible to his species. If he continued to nudge me, I'd hit his nose. Luckily he bumped me one more time, turned around and slowly swam further down. Eventually he disappeared.

We floated dead still for a few minutes. If our air tanks had permitted we would have floated longer. We slowly started swimming back, constantly looking around, hoping not to meet any more unexpected visitors. Our air tanks started running out as we came closer to the shore. We had to swim holding our masks and coming up for breaths towards the end.

The rest of our tour were waiting for us to make the return trip. After explaining our meeting with the 'Scavenger of the Seas', we lay back and relaxed, watching the fish through the glass bottom of the boat as it slowly drifted back to civilization.

KATHRYN CAMPBELL

RELAX AND LOVE

Have our twentieth century minds and hearts forgotten that "love is a many-splendoured thing"? Love doesn't happen once a year, sometime in February and isn't to be used and abused by Hallmark and Cardies to fatten their purses and lengthen their limousines. Love is for everyone from everyone.

I fear that we have become tired of love, because if we are not having roses, at R6 each, being sold to us in a restaurant, it is being sung about by some lonely soul on the radio.

Hallmark makes millions every year from the sale of "kitsch" cards and teddies for your loved one. In February, the world gets thrown into a state of frenzy as Valentine's Day draws near. Every shop becomes filled to the brim with cards, roses, chocolates and teddies. When the great day arrives, everyone is filled with love, but then it is over and we forget about it till next year.

But love is not about telling someone how special they are, once a year. Most importantly love is in all the in-between days when it is cold and windy and you sit sipping warm cocoa reading a good book and feeling content.

Love is not a mad rush, trying to buy roses and cards whilst nearly breaking the bank. Love is slow and gentle like the rise and fall of the tide. Sometimes, you may feel like a lone sailor in the middle of a great ocean, lost and lonely, but soon the wind will puff out your sails and bring you home again.

Love is sharing and giving and receiving from a friend. When you are cross or upset, it is the knowing that there is someone who is thinking of you that brightens up your day.

We have forgotten just how many different forms love comes in. Love isn't only between a man and a woman, but with any thing or person who is your friend. It may be a pet or a sibling or a parent or even your oldest teddy.

Love is perhaps the only emotion in the world that everyone feels, because you are never too old, too young, too fat, too ugly or too mean to love. In times of trouble, it bonds people together, making them strong.

We may all need a lesson or two from a true romantic, William Shakespeare. He had this terribly confusing emotion in perspective. He knew that unlike all the other forces of nature, love is eternal and that if you truly love someone, they will never die, as he wrote in a famous sonnet, "so long lives this and this gives life to thee".

Shakespeare was very romantic, but perhaps Khalil Gibran had his head more firmly on his shoulders when he wrote the book, "The Prophet". He realised that love is not just a feeling, but, as it fills you up, it may also bring you down. He wrote, "For even as love crowns you, so too shall he crucify you. As he is for your growing, so is he for your pruning". These words are very true and put love in a new light, that is not all happiness and good times, but also some pain and sorrow.

We all need to sit back, relax and let the power of love sort out all the money we could be making whilst doing this.

MICHAELA LOUW

I AM FOREVER

Sometimes, when I lean on my window-sill and look out into the night, I can hear the world breathing. The stars shine brightly all around, comets free-fall and circle in orbit, black holes lurk in the empty nothingness of nowhere ...

And suddenly, I am the centre of the universe. I am the sun, the moon, the stars. I am alive, yet I am not living. I am not living, but I have not died. For the universe is forever. It is me. I am forever. No time will change me, no sun will dawn my final day. No bright moon will ever rise on a cold earth, without me.

I am forever. Galaxies revolve around me, ringed planets, stardust, moonsand, seas of everchanging tides; nothing can hurt me. I am too wild to be tamed, too strange to be magical. I am complete, I am eternal. Nothing can hold me: I am free, a bird released into the deep skies of Heaven; above, below, and all around. I am free, I am full, I carry life, your life and my living.

Without me, you are nothing. Without me, your last breaths would be your cries: Save me, can you not see what you are doing to me? Give me life, give me life once more ...

A million years, months, days, and you remain. I support you; without me you would have crumbled to dust. Will I keep you here forever?

A million years ...

I am the centre of the universe. I gave you life, I keep you living. Can you not see what you are doing to me? Save me! Give me life once more... And as I suffer, as I die, yes, I am dying, you are doing what your destiny declared. It was you. I knew you would, I could not stop you, I could not halt the flow of time.

You are stripping me of all that was mine. My yellow-tailed streamers, my black buttons of nothing - why do you do this? My stardust is sold to the Devil, my cold moons are melted, my wings of milky atmosphere cannot take me away. I am away. There is no part of space I do not fill: I cannot hide, I am afraid.

Face to face, we meet at last. Little being, you were so small. How you have grown! I am still the larger, but I am weaker. I have given you everything, I have loved you as the living cannot love. But I am forever, I am forever, you cannot kill me. I cannot be held, I am free. You are the destroyer and I am hunted. And so I take myself, in a burst of self-destruction, to my eternal freedom, of spirit.

I have ended my life of not living, ended my freedom of captivity. I am no longer the centre of the universe. I no longer give life. I have died. You have killed me. You have killed forever ... and with her she has taken you ...

Sometimes I am the sun, the moon, the stars. Sometimes I am a symphony of light and sound and movement. Sometimes I am a feast of life.

Sometimes, when I lean on my window-sill, and look out into the night ...

LISL ROBERTSON

A SEASIDE DAY BEGINS

Mom and I went to the beach this morning. We went early to avoid the crowds of holiday makers and the vicious summer sun.

When we arrived, a soft mist still clung to the angry looking ocean. The smooth waves, breaking on the kelp-littered sand, were a formidable steel-grey topped with fluffy white foam - looking like the icing on a metallic birthday cake.

The sky was a lighter shade of grey in comparison to the sea and in some areas it split open like a juicy over-ripe grape. Through these gaps, peeped happy smudges of blue, confirming a day of glorious summer weather ahead.

We walked barefoot along the cold, tightly packed sand, noticing a pair of tiny sandplovers skim ahead of us. Their fragile little legs carried them at such a speed that they seemed to be floating just above the ground. One of the birds, obviously guarding her eggs, let out a series of shrill calls and darted between the sand dunes, closely followed by her anxious mate. I quietly followed them over the mound of pulverized pebbles and sea shells and, after a few moments of searching, spotted the fairy-like birds. My suspicions had been confirmed - one of the tiny plovers crouched in the sand whilst her partner stood bravely by her side, watching me with utmost suspicion. My curiosity satisfied, I silently returned to the shore.

CENDRILLON

Nous allons vous raconter l'histoire de Cendrillon. Vous vous souvenez, sans doute, de l'histoire de la petite fille qui est allée au bal après beaucoup de difficultés et d'aventures et qui a rencontré le prince de quelque part et ils se sont mariés, etc. etc.

Bon, ici nous voyons cette même Cendrillon, sauf que cette fois elle est plus vieille, plus grosse et divorcée trois fois. Elle en avait assez de princes et de souliers de verre, alors elle a décidé de partir en vacances, loin des nobles et des marraines. Elle est partie pour le Cap, le soleil et la mer.

Au bout de quelques jours de solitude et de calme, Cendrillon a pensé que cette ville tranquille n'était pas pour elle. Alors un soir, elle a pris un taxi et elle est allée à Rondebosch où elle a trouvé le "Crowded house".

Toute la soirée elle a dansé avec un beau garçon aux cheveux blonds aux yeux bleu clair. Ils ont dansé ensemble pendant des heures. Tout d'un coup, les flics sont arrivés. Ils ont demandé au beau garçon blond sa carte d'identité. Le beau garçon blond est parti en courant à toute vitesse. Cendrillon était désolée de le voir disparaître. Elle l'a suivi en courant mais c'était trop tard. Il n'était plus là. Tout ce qui restait de lui, c'était une de ses chaussures. La cloche a sonné minuit. Cendrillon ne pouvait pas le croire. Elle a dit: "Mince alors! j'ai l'impression d'avoir déjà passé par là!"

LISL ROBERTSON and KARIN KOEP
St 8 French Class

Continuing along the beach, we saw an elderly fisherman, perched precariously on the high rocks, trying in vain to untangle his fishing tackle. A row of beady-eyed sea gulls watched him and the single fish that he had caught with undivided attention. They started as we approached and took off into the chill morning air, squawking harshly as if to scold us for disturbing them so inconsiderately. The old fisherman looked up at us and smiled shyly before busying himself with his knotted line once more.

We walked for only a short while, but, when we returned, the previously dreary car park glittered cheerfully as the rapidly strengthening sunrays reflected off the polished roofs of the cars.

Dogs of every colour and size excitedly chased each other in the salty water, yelping frantically. Toddlers sat on the wet sand, pushing their fat little fingers into the cool mud and squealing with delight.

As I stood and watched, umbrellas of every hue opened like delicate desert flowers blooming after the first summer rains.

The shore was alive with movement, colours and sounds as we set off back home.

JANEY WINHALL

Deux amies discutent la Nouvelle Afrique du Sud. L'une voit tout en rose, l'autre voit tout en noir. Imaginez leur dialogue.

Magalie: C'est génial La Nouvelle Afrique du Sud sera magnifique. Il y a tant de gens qui l'ont voulu depuis si longtemps et maintenant tous nos rêves, tout ce qu'on a attendu, deviendra une réalité. Tout va changer.

Pauline: Oui, j'en suis sûre, mais cela ne veut pas dire que tout va améliorer. La transition entre le régime du vieux gouvernement et la démocratie sera difficile. Ceux qui auront tout le pouvoir n'y sont pas habitués et ils seront donc incapables de former le gouvernement fort dont on a besoin.

Magalie: Tu es pessimiste. On se débrouillera. Après quarante-six ans nous avons enfin l'égalité entre les noirs et les blancs. Maintenant on peut espérer qu'il y aura de la paix dans notre pays, qui a été si trouble. Il n'y aura plus d'oppression, plus de violence, plus d'injustice... et tout le monde, soit noir, soit blanc, aura les mêmes opportunités. La population sous-privilégiée peut se développer et on donnera une éducation à tous. Pense surtout ce que cela peut faire à l'économie!

Pauline: Je n'y crois pas. Les infrastructures que nous avons construites seront détruites par l'inexpérience. Le problème du chômage ne peut pas se résoudre. Il y a même beaucoup de blancs dans ce pays qui sont en chômage. Il y a trop de chômeurs pour pouvoir donner un emploi à même la moitié. Mais qu'est-ce que tu sais de choses comme ça? Tu n'as aucune idée: tu n'es simplement pas réaliste. Moi, je ne sais pas ce qui va se passer. Le pays se trouvera dans un état de tiers monde si l'on ne fait pas attention.

Magalie: Maintenant je suis de mauvaise humeur. Tu me mets en colère! Tu ne peux jamais réfléchir avant de parler et ce que tu dis n'a aucun sens. Tu attends toujours le pire. J'en ai marre! Je m'en vais.

Pauline: Tu as raison. Je ne devais pas le dire. Je devais savoir que tu ne pourrais pas entendre la vérité. Tu vives dans un monde de rêve!

FRANCES ROBERTSON

STANDARD 7

BEING A TEENAGER MEANS ...

The bed is unmade and pyjamas are crumpled up on the floor. On the desk, there are millions of books and fashion magazines, a few sweet-wrappers and an empty tea-mug which, by now, is swarming with ants that crave the sweet sugar at the bottom. A pair of "Levis" and a bodysuit from 'the night before' are hanging over the bedposts and a polished black pair of Doc Martens are scattered on opposite sides of the room, laces still tied. There are posters of movie stars on the walls.

So where do I fit into this picture? I am the person sitting on the chair with my feet on the desk. I feel trapped. This room is the only place where I am free to be myself, the only place I can express my true feelings.

Let's step outside my room and into the world. On my left we have my friends. We go out to parties, we dance, meet new people. We share secrets and gossip and we talk about boys and relationships. But do you honestly think I can show them my serious side, the part of me that is terrified of life and the future, scared that she will be a failure in love and work? Well, I can't.

Let's look at the right side. Here we have my parents. Everything I do, they watch closely, to make sure I make the right decisions and choices. When I don't, they jump on me, but when I do, they say nothing. They hate to see me lonely, yet they criticise my friends and boyfriends.

I am living a charade. At this time in my life, I am experiencing mixed feelings about everything. I have mood swings and there are times when I just want the world to end. Yet all the time, I put on a front, a happy face, to try and make people think everything's great; otherwise they'll interfere and try to make things right. Why can't they let me be?

Now let's think back to the first picture. A messy room with me sitting at my desk. What's different? I'll tell you. There's no longer a person sitting at the desk, but only a parrot in a cage; a parrot that copies and imitates other people; a parrot with none of its own views or ideas. Is this how it should be?

LUCIE JEFFERY

BEING A TEENAGER MEANS

Can you imagine a fifteen-year-old girl telling you her favourite pastime is going to the opera? If your parents decide to see the latest Nico Malan Opera and they come home telling you they saw that lovely girl, Eunice, there, wearing a pretty pink, lacy frock, what would you think? The Ultimate Nerd!

Being a teenager means wearing the right clothes, talking in the right way, going to the right places and never, ever sticking out in any way at all. You can't be an individual or state your opinions on something, if it isn't the same opinion as the group's. Being yourself and being happy with who you are is out of the question. And, should you have been blessed with brains or the ability to work hard, you had better do something about it, and fast! Only nerds work hard at school and care about what their future holds.

If, like the poor, unfortunate Eunice, you happen to have an interest in the arts, you are doomed to loneliness forever. Don't expect to have a companion to the opera, you're on your own!

Being a teenager means not actually being a person, but being one in a group, a face in a sea of faces. It stifles individuality and makes everyone wonder if they are "doing the right thing." Is this outfit too risky? Isn't that place totally out? Always wondering if what you are doing is the socially accepted thing to do, or will you be laughed at by friends.

I think every person should be accepted for who she is and be allowed her own opinion. We should be able to wear what we want, say what we like and spend our free time doing whatever we please, without risking being friendless forever.

I think people who have the courage to do, say and wear what they want to should not be cast out, but admired. Or are people jealous that others have the courage to stand out?

LINDIE DIPPENAAR

SCIENCE HAS SPOILED MY SUPPER

Science and technology have taken the world by storm especially in the home. The invention of micro-wave ovens and pressure cookers have both helped women to keep up in this new high-tech rat-race. In the future, they say, people will eat a capsule instead of food. These will provide the correct balance of vitamins and minerals. But what happened to good old home-cooked food? In my mind I cannot imagine home without the pleasant smell of bread baking or chicken cooking in the oven. To me, a home devoid of food and its aromas is very strange.

Technological advances have taken over. Scientists are testing every imaginable product on poor laboratory animals. Herbicides and other toxins are being sprayed on our fruit which can sometimes be devastating to the environment. Our water is polluted with chemicals, and preservatives and additives are being pumped into every food sort, with the result that people, in desperation, are becoming vegans and vegetarians or even growing their own fruit and vegetables. Instead of the wonderful flavours which can be obtained by oven baking goods, micro-waved products taste bland in comparison. Natural, healthy and wholesome foods have been swapped for artificial and synthetic products.

Technology has even spoiled the situation at meal times. Instead of families all seated together at a meal, T.V. dinners have become popular, with the children all crowding around the box to watch some or other cheap-American comedy. The togetherness is destroyed and conversation suffers.

I wonder what will be next? Robots, computerized to act as mothers? Already people frustrated by the slow cooking methods (e.g. mothers and teachers) have resorted to buying pre-cooked meals or take-aways. There has been a terrific increase in the consumption of junk-food. Oil-saturated hamburgers, dripping with cholesterol, are the order of the day. Children are being exposed to potato chips and cool-drinks and now refuse to eat their vegetables. Moral standards decline and so does our food. These advances may be quick and efficient, but if you ask me, I still prefer a good old-fashioned, hearty meal!

ZENA WILLIAMS

STANDARD 6

THE LONG JOURNEY

A small trickle, flowing faster and faster, falling over rocks and pebbles as it gathers speed. Down, down past rock faces; flowing and growing in size. Dassies peer over the sides to glance at the sudden miracle after the rainfall. Splashing, laughing, tumbling down. The last drop. Now on level ground. Not stopping to turn around and look back at its beginning. The mountain's task is done. Fishes and life are now here in the splashes.

Rapids. The flow is strong. The river carries on its long journey, stopping in quiet pools to gaze at the thirsty impala and duiker having their share of the water. Zebra and wildebeest come slowly for a drink. Crocodiles and hippos bask in the sun and make their way towards the sudden flow. Kudu stand proud, waiting for their turn. Carrying on, the river is like a pearl, glistening past lush vegetation. Butterflies and bees dart from flower to flower.

Down in the distance, a large building. A factory, pumping warm, murky water into the silent flow. Cans and old tyres lie on the bottom of the river. The murky and polluted water drowns the fish. Dead seagulls and creatures lie stranded on the side. The once lush vegetation is now brown. The smell wears away as the sick and deserted river, choked with pollution, makes its way. Sand. Sand as far as the eye can see! A desert. Dunes. The warmth of the sun dies down as the mass of burning gases sinks beneath the sea. Sea! The final task. Nearly done. Down towards the sea. Closer and closer, over fynbos-covered dunes. A lost baboon stares at its reflection. Onto the wet sand and into the cold, salty waves of the ocean. Coming with the strength of the waves to say its last good-byes to the land. Mingling with the new life. Seagulls, anemones, shells, coral, creatures of the deep. Darkness covers the sky. A pink purple sky. The light from the heavens appears. Stars and the moon. A task well done.

ASHLEIGH GORDON

STORMS

The wind begins to blow. It howls like a hurt animal all alone in the night. It blows cold and cuts like a frozen knife through the animals' fur coats. Rabbits huddle close together and cats curl their feet under their bodies. The dogs can feel in their bones that a storm is on the way.

With the wind comes the cloud. Black, thick, swirling clouds, heavy with rain, the ends curling and joining to form a dank carpet over the earth. The world goes dark and the animals doze in their shelters.

The tiny droplets in the cloud begin to join and as they fall to earth they grow bigger and bigger and they splat on the ground. Others come down with them. The cows and sheep carry on grazing. The ground turns to slushy, brown mud under their feet. It sticks to their hooves and splatters their fur coats with mud.

The sky is lit with heaven's light: lightning. It is like cracks in the sky with light flashing behind it. The animals are filled with fear, the light reflecting in their eyes. The foolish cows now run for shelter.

Somewhere, a tree on an open plain bursts into flames and falls to the ground crushing the poor animals sheltering beneath it and now the plains are alight.

The screams from the crushed animals are drowned by the

roar of the thunder. The sound is like a great giant blowing a giant's horn with a deep growling voice, echoing around the earth.

When the dawn breaks, the animals come out and see what has happened. The storm has ended and the fires have died and are now smouldering masses of black soot with tiny puffs of smoke billowing out of them every now and again.

Storms are violent forms of nature.

CLAIRE WILBY

GYPSY

Monday morning, overcast and a slight drizzle. a sleek black figure tiptoes cautiously through the boarding house's passages without a sound. It makes its way through an iron gate and avoids the drizzle by running between every school girl's legs that it can. Yes, it is the Herschel cat, Gypsy.

The bell rings for assembly and everyone makes their way to the theatre, including the cat! She chooses just the right moment, when everyone is silent and seated, and starts crawling under all the chairs. When she feels like attention, Gypsy runs across the stage causing a bit of a dilemma. Nevertheless, nobody takes her out.

Once everybody is in class she gets slightly bored. So every day before lunch break, she will visit Mrs Beames or Mevrouw Herbig's classroom (she senses that they love cats) and after she has received some attention, it's time for her to curl up in the science laboratory and catch up on forty winks.

There goes the lunch bell. It's off to the dining room to see if there are any scraps to be found. Once Gypsy's hunger is satisfied it's time for another nap: it really is tiring work being a cat.

The day goes by while Gypsy sleeps, eats and, on occasions, tries to "play" with Mrs Bester's cat, Toffee. Unfortunately, just when she finds the companion she wants, the type of cat you can boss around, Mrs Bester spoils all the fun by keeping Gypsy feline "friend" out of Gypsy's life. How awful!

During the evening, Gypsy gets in no-one's way. But little do people know, she is actually planning her evening schedule. Let me tell you about a few of her evening activities.

Gypsy is a very wily cat. What she does is quite remarkable. When the Standard Six boarders first arrive she comes and sleeps on everyone's bed and pretends she is an absolute angel. She waits until she knows she's won your heart and then she ruins your budding friendship by bringing in a mouse.

It has happened to me on one occasion. I was sleeping soundly (I had an English test the following day) when I heard extraordinary sounds coming from next to my bed. I woke up and peered cautiously down the side of my bed to witness an awful sight. Soon I was the one making extraordinary noises!

The next thing I knew, a bewildered and bedraggled mouse was making its way across my bed with an excited black cat after it.

The next morning one actually hears something like the following: "Gypsy brought a mouse into my room, Mrs Bester!"

"You're lucky it wasn't a rat,"

It really is a cat's life!

EMMA MURRAY

PREPARATORY

PREPARATORY SCHOOL REPORT

Not only has this year flown, but looking back to the day that I arrived at Herschel, I wonder how nearly seven years have gone by so quickly. The answer must be in the totally absorbing nature of the work.

Herschel is such a happy school. Strangers often comment on this aspect, and credit must be given to the team of staff who keep our children motivated and positive. Not only do we operate as a team, but the group work in each class enables the children to share ideas and negotiate, to discuss and solve problems, and at the same time to learn interpersonal skills and the ability to communicate.

Our little school has grown, but it has not lost the personal touch, the close link with parents, and its friendly atmosphere.

I trust that the emphasis at Herschel Preparatory will continue to be the development of the complete child, who can face the future with confidence and enthusiasm.

I will miss you all.

MRS MARGARET CHAMBERS
Head of Preparatory

PREP MUSIC REPORT

The Music Department continues to flourish with a large variety of instruments being offered to the girls.

Lunch hour concerts and workshops, where all the girls have an opportunity to perform, have been held regularly throughout the year.

The Evening of Music and Drama, held in the second term, was a great success. There were a number of solo items and in particular, Sarah Gilbert excelled herself when she played the Alex Rowley Piano Concerto. The Wind and String Ensembles, and the Standard 5 Singers all enjoyed performing their items and the evening ended with the Choir singing excerpts from the popular Cantata 'Holy Moses'. The Orchestra joined the Choir in the performance of the peace song *Hand in hand*.

Twenty girls have written the Royal Schools of Music Theory exam and in the June exam Kelly May, Alexandra O'Keefe and Kim Bernard obtained Distinctions. We are still waiting for the results of the October exam.

During the year, fourteen girls played their Trinity College Practical exam and Sarah Gilbert obtained a Distinction for Grade 5. The other results are only due at the end of October. In September, twenty-one girls played in the Royal Schools Practical exams and Tegan Boyd, Tania Arendse and Reza Williams all obtained Merits.

Sarah Gilbert once again excelled herself in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and obtained eight Honours. Other results were: Tina Pan - 1 Honours; Katherine Mann - 1 Merit; Julia Thorpe - 1 Merit. The following results were received at the Afrikaans Eisteddfod: Sarah Gilbert - 2 Diplomas, 1 Honours; Cristi Little - 2 Merits; Aileen Logan - 1 Honours; Tina Pan - 2 Merits; Lisa Meintjies - 1 Merit.

We would also like to congratulate Sarah Gilbert on sharing the Herschel Senior School Minor Music Scholarship. We wish her all the best in high school.

Many thanks to the music staff whose contributions have made this such a successful year.

MRS ALISON TYSON

SPEECH AND DRAMA REPORT

Herschel was the host for the Festival of One Act Plays in March. The other participating schools were Western Province Preparatory School, Micklefield, St Cyprian's and St George's Grammar School. The festival was held over two evenings and was a resounding success.

The Herschel entry for the festival, *The Seven Slaves* was repeated in the second term for the Evening of Music and Drama, which gave everybody the opportunity to enjoy the play.

During May, ten of our Standard 5 girls were included in the Western Province Preparatory School production, *The Happiest Days of our Lives*. The contact between the two schools has been great fun for pupils and staff.

During the Eisteddfod this year, Herschel entered eight choral verse choirs from Standards 1 to 4. The results were pleasing, with two choirs being awarded Honours and six Merits. These items were repeated with props added and costumes for the Evening of Music and Drama. This evening was a great success with all the girls from Standards 1 to 5 participating.

MRS ANNETTE WOOLLEY



PREPARATORY STAFF

Back Row: *M Soole, A Tyson, L Jefferson, A Woolley, C Christie, M Butler, R Joyce, C Tatz, A Mace*

2nd Row: *G Young, C Hirshon, M Nixon, L Pullen, P Hanekom, J Ward, M Davies, M Sleigh, M Cowling, C Blencowe, S Bossr, G Bakker*

Front Row: *K Alexander, E Bray, M Chambers, J Munro, C Sneddon*



STRING ENSEMBLE

Back Row: *C Gordon, K Mann, N du Preez, A Trengrove Jones, Miss E Engel, N Fasham, O Christian, B Banderker, P Tripp*

Front Row: *D McDonald, P Slingsby, S Wesson, S Tuft*



PREP CHOIR

Back Row: A Bradley, G Giovannini, M Lehr, N Vasiljevic, C Moore, M Chaplin, C Delson, M Berrange, S Lee Pan, A Raimondo, B Cochrane
 4th Row: A Snoek, K van der Burgh, S Tuft, J Hendrikse, A Rawson, M da Camara, P Pletzer, D Gordon, A Burg, Z Nowicki, Y Pelser, K Bernard, L Kohn, K du Preez, A Trengrove Jones, N Fasham, C Boyes
 3rd Row: Mrs A Tyson, T Vasiljevic, L Clifford-Holmes, T Farrell, M K Versveld, K Sontag, S Wesson, T Ranger, K Weixelbaumer, V Wood, P O'Donohue, T de Nobrega, L Park Ross, A Canwood, M Waller, E Whitehead, C Johnson
 2nd Row: V Madden, A Bechet, A Mullord, P Minchener, A Larson, S Whitehead, N Mitchell, F Bain, A Kohn, P Slingsby, K Pickard, M Pape, L Tuft, V Gull.
 Front Row: T Boyd, J Watkins, M Snoek, M Lloyd-Roberts, H Atkinson, S Afnan-Holmes, K Davel, B Housden, A Slingsby



WIND ENSEMBLE

Back Row: K Carkeek, I Crombie, K Heeger, A Snoek, Miss J Ward, Z Dhudla, M da Camara, T Soole, J Thomas, L Woolley, C Biesman Simons, K Pickard. Front Row: T Ranger, M Berrange, G Giovannini, L Heller, L Duffett

STANDARD 5

DINNER AT NELSON'S

F.W. climbed out of his blue Citi Golf and slammed the door. He was fond of the little car, which he drove himself when he didn't want to be recognised. He walked up Mandela's drive and looked up at the large beach house painted in white and winter green. His own beach house was nearby, though not quite as grand. He checked his watch. Six o'clock. Right on time. He rang the doorbell. It was immediately answered by the doorman, who showed him in. Nelson rose as he walked into the living room.

"Hello F.W. I'm so glad you could make it," he said.

"Hello Nelson," said F.W. "I love what you've done with the place." The living room was done in rich mauve tones. A large bay window looked onto the sea.

"Dinner is in about half an hour," said Nelson. "Please sit down, have a drink."

"Thankyou Nelson." He addressed the servant hovering near the couch. "Shandy please, not too strong."

Nelson drew his attention again. "How are you finding your new position F.W.?" he asked.

"Quite restful, really. I've got the media off my back at last, and half as many speeches. You must be exhausted," he finished sympathetically.

"I'm not as old as I look!" Nelson laughed as the servant entered, announcing dinner.

F.W. drained the last of his shandy, and rose.

The dining room was impressive, with a feeling of great size but not emptiness, in mysterious reds and blacks. African masks and paintings decorated the walls. Nelson watched his guest's reaction, pleased.

"Do sit down," said Nelson, indicating a chair around a square oak table, not too large, to allow for easy conversation. F.W. sat down admiring the walls around him. He couldn't keep the pride out of his voice.

"It's a magnificent room, Nelson."

Red wine was brought in with the dinner. The main course, lamb in mint sauce, was served with a salad.

"Let's start," said Nelson.

F.W. helped himself to salad. Mozart plinked away on a harpsichord in the background.

"How is Marike, F.W.?" Nelson enquired.

"In a cooking-mania," he answered. "I'm the guinea-pig for quite a few not-entirely-successful recipes, I'm afraid." He paused to chew a mouthful of lamb, then smiled as he asked the next question. "And how's Winnie?" he said.

"Well, it's hard to keep her caged nowadays," Nelson answered. "I don't know what I'm going to do about her, F.W." "Hmm... I have a straight-jacket in my cupboard," F.W. said, mocking deep thought.

"And there's this doberman-pincher breeder I know..."

"You've had a little too much wine, F.W." laughed Nelson.

"If that isn't the pot calling the kettle black!" F.W. accused, pointing at Nelson's brimming wine glass.

"That proverb is politically incorrect nowadays, F.W. Here comes dessert."

It was mulberry pavlova.

"Oh, doesn't that look good," said F.W. "Marike is trying to get me on a diet, you know."

"Oh horrors," said Nelson. "Back to the old exercise bike, eh? Winnie once tried that one on me. She really had me on my toes!"

"I can imagine."

"Don't count on it."

F.W. nodded, and scooped some more pavlova into his mouth. "Gosh, Nelson, this is delicious," he said feelingly.

"It's Pierre's work. I take him with me everywhere. Can't live without him anymore."

"Can I borrow him for my dinner party in two weeks time?"

"Ooh!" said Nelson. "Can I come?"

"Only if I can borrow Pierre."

"It's a deal. Another slice?"

"Thankyou, Nelson," said F.W. but I really must be going now. I told marike nine sharp."

"Well if you must." They both rose. "I'll see you out."

They dawdled to the door and down the drive, still talking. Eventually F.W. reached his Golf.

"Goodbye, Nelson. Thankyou for the dinner. See you in two weeks. And bring Pierre," said F.W. shaking his hand.

"I will. Thankyou for coming."

"I'll be in touch."

"Goodbye."

F.W. checked his car clock as the dashboard lit up. Ten past nine. "Oh - oh," he murmured, and hit the gas.

JULIA SMUTS-LOUW

JUST THREE THINGS

If my house were on fire and I were allowed to take three things, I would probably take my piece of Berlin Wall. I have been to Cologne and I drove all the way to Berlin to get that piece of Berlin Wall. My whole family's history is in Germany and this means everything to me, and I'm sure that it is irreplaceable. This piece carries a lot of history, the separation of Germany. Just think Germany was split and I have a part of that, and that's why I would take my piece of Berlin Wall.

I went to another school in Durban before I came to Herschel and I would take all my school reports and certificates from those days. When I read those certificates, old memories flow into my head of how I achieved through the years. My reports I can read and then I will remember all the things I learnt and studied and I will also remember if I enjoyed the subjects, liked the teachers and so on.

My diaries, yes my diaries mean a lot to me. All my personal feelings are enclosed in those books. They represent who I am and my happenings and I can look back and see myself. I couldn't leave those behind.

KIM SONNTAG

(The Standard Fives worked in groups and had 1 hour to write a poem and present it in choral verse.)

BULLDOZERS

*Tearing down buildings, tormenting trees,
that is the job for the bulldozers we,
Creating, destroying, that's our way.
Working nonstop throughout the day.
We have no heart, we feel no pain,
destroying loved homes for the peoples own gain.*

*Although we destroy, we also create,
levelling, lifting, we carry the weight.
Kicking up dust, churning the sand,
we bulldozers, stand tall and grand.*

LOUISE SCHONBORN, CAROLINE BOYES,
SHAHRA SATTAR, KRISTIN WEIXELBAUMER

ME

How do other people see me? What do I really look like?
My hair is dark, and flowing but it tends to get in the way.

I have boring brown eyes, a mouth full of metal and small protruding ears. I am feebly built, with thin lanky arms and legs like sticks. But I like the way I look all the same.

What kind of person am I? What's my nature? Although I appear frivolous on the outside, my inside is far from it.

I am passionate and can speak from my heart if I want to. I am very humorous but I tend to get rather sarcastic. Unfortunately, my temper cannot be easily controlled. All in all I think I'm quite an agreeable person.

Well, as everybody knows, I'm crazy over Michael Jackson. I also enjoy playing the piano, mountain biking, needlework, new clothes and cats. I'm not too fond of swimming at school but I enjoy it at home. Teachers that look for homework to give us are not in my good books! One thing that I cannot stand is a sharp, high-pitched noise.

Now you know my looks, my nature and my likes and dislikes so, what do you think of me?

SHAHRA SATTAR

I AM TABLE MOUNTAIN

I am Table Mountain standing firm and towering over the lovely city of Cape Town. For all the millions of years I have stood here I have experienced the most drastic changes. It started when the first sailing ships came into the bay, now I see big over powering ships and tugs instead. Jan van Riebeeck and his refreshment station, now the waterfront and a huge city. "Oh", the changes that have happened you will never know!

Summer, oh summer, you're here again. You make me feel warm and wanted, majestic and used. In winter I am cut off from everyone. I feel alone and cry a lot. Now people walk upon me and admire my beauty. They ride up on cable cars, and on top of me they can gasp in wonder at the incredible beauty of the Peninsula. I feel as though I am appreciated.

I am happy to be me. Over all the millions of years that have been and are still to come, I shall always be here and remain the same. From beginning to end I will have seen and witnessed everything.

LOUISE SCHONBORN

PEACE IN OUR LAND

*As the breeze
weaves through the trees
where they so stately stand
the tune it sings
and word it brings
is "Please ... peace in our land!"*

*And as the dolphins
leap the waves
that lap the golden sand
their hopes still high
their joyous cry
is "Yes! Peace to our land!"*

*As the dove
cicles the sky
wings spread and white tail fanned
She coos her message to the world
"Oh, bring peace to our land!"*

*And as our children
singing loud
stand joyfully hand in hand
their voices blend harmoniously
"PEACE, PEACE, PEACE IN OUR LAND!"*

JULIA SMUTS-LOUW

WHEN I GROW UP

When I was four, my heart was set on becoming a Queen, and I asked my mother the question: "Will I wear my crown to dinner?"

Of course, this ambition was short-lived, for before seven the whole world of careers is open to one, and I decided to set my sights a little higher, and become Batman or Superman. Or a cat. I spent hours on the floor being a cat. My father had always wanted to be a teapot when little, but the cats were decidedly more cuddly.

In between flying crimefighter and feline there was the inevitable fireman stage. (I failed to see myself as a firewoman) and a policeman stage sparked off by a present of an English bobby's helmet. One day in the park, while patrolling the area, I was fetched by a friend who asked my worried parents: "Have you lost a policeman?"

Now, at twelve, I have a good idea of what I want to be. My dream is to work with dolphins in an aquarium, for at least ten years or so. It was a long held dream of mine. If I decided not to continue doing this, and only if, I will perhaps become a full time writer. I would like to get one or two novels out into the world.

I may stay with the dolphins and be a part time writer. But I'm definitely going to work with animals, and I'm definitely going to write. Then I will have accomplished my dream in life.

JULIA SMUTS-LOUW

STANDARD 4

BETTY'S BAY - 1994

In the first term the Std 4's went to Betty's Bay. We were told to get there with our parents or liftclubs. We had to be there by nine o'clock. The drive only took one and a half hours to Betty's Bay.

First Day:

When we arrived we were all extremely excited to get into our bungalows, which we had chosen. After we had all settled in we set off for the beach to start on one of our projects we had been given, the seashore project. When we had collected and answered some things, we headed towards the Coca-Cola Dam, where we swam for about an hour. There were lots of moans and groans while we were walking there. When we came back we had lunch, then we played volleyball until supper - which was prepared by another bungalow. After that we got served Milo. We were then sent to bed to have a good night's rest and to be prepared for our busy day ahead.

The Second Day:

On the second day, after everyone had calmed down about being "on camp", some of us played volleyball which was kindly set out by Miss Jefferson. Then we set off for the beach, aching feet or not, to do some of our "explore the sea shore" project. After having a great time at the beach, we had a tea-break before we set off for the Coca-Cola Dam. Everybody was eager to get to the dam after having had a great swim there the previous day. We walked happily along trying to get to the dam as soon as possible. The swim was great despite the chilly weather. That night we had a wonderful supper consisting of lasagne and salad. With bulging stomachs, we played a few delightful games of "beetle" which Caryn Stanley won convincingly. At the end of a tiring day we were sent to bed each with a mug of delicious hot chocolate.

The Third Day:

On the third and last day, we visited the beach. Once again everybody seemed to enjoy searching for whelks, starfish, etc. Later that day we were able to go to the Harold Porter Botanical Gardens where we were taken around by Mrs Sneddon who knows the place well. We then returned home for some tea and biscuits, packed our bags and got ready to go. All of a sudden it started to rain and stayed that way until we left. I am sure we were all sorry to leave Betty's Bay, but at the same time, happy to go home.

HARRIET BEAMISH & ILHAAM CROMBIE

WHY THE CHAMELEON CHANGES COLOUR

Once a long, long time ago Chameleon and Fly were good friends and did almost everything together. Even though they were good friends Fly did not like Chameleon because Chameleon also spent a lot of time with Butterfly. So one day Fly decided to kidnap one of Chameleon's children.

As Fly had planned, she went to Chameleon's house and took not one but all of Chameleon's children. When Chameleon got back from hunting she was devastated and ran to tell Lion and her friends. Everybody was horrified except for Fly. She wasn't there. Chameleon was even more devastated now, for she thought they had also taken Fly.

The whole town looked for Fly and Chameleon's children, day and night until one day they found Fly eating one of Chameleon's children. They took Fly to Lion and it was decided that Fly should be killed. When they had killed Fly, Lion told Chameleon that Fly might have had children and that she should try and kill them, and to do this she had to be able to change colour. So Lion said some magic words and wished her luck.

From this day on, whenever a Chameleon sees a fly it kidnaps it and keeps it in jail, in other words, its stomach. The fly cannot see it because it changes colour so that it can blend with its surroundings.

LAUREN ELLIOT

SHREWS!

*Shrews,
Pointy, dainty,
Quick, careful, cautious,
Hiding their offspring,
Crafty shrews.*

HARRIET BEAMISH

WHY WARTHOG HAS A SQUASHED SNOOT

Long ago the creator felt sorry for Warthog because he was such an ugly animal, so he decided to give Warthog a lovely yellow beak.

So Warthog got his beak and was very proud of it, because no other animals or birds had beaks. But he was a little bit too proud and would prance about with his head in the air and say to the other animals, "Look at me! I am more beautiful than any of you filthy creatures could ever be!" And so the warthog carried on time after time, until one day Hare had had enough and stormed off to see King Lion. Lion told the Creator. He was very angry because he had taken pity on Warthog and Warthog had taken advantage of it. So that night, while Warthog was sleeping, the Creator took away his beak and put it on the birds. In its place he put a soft, pasty snout. When Warthog woke up he didn't notice the change, and set off to gaze at himself in the watering-hole. Normally he would ram his beak into a tree to sharpen it, and this time he did that and squashed his snout, and ever since then Warthogs have had squashed snouts.

SARAH WESSON

A STREET AT NIGHT

*The street is silent as a mouse,
I can't hear anything inside the house.
The dog is barking now,
My dad's in the barn milking a cow.
Tick, tock, DONG! goes the clock,
It must be at least ten o'clock.
I should be getting to bed soon,
My mum will worry 'cos it's full moon.
A helicopter is whirling overhead,
I wonder how I'll get to sleep in bed.
The noises on the street are loud,
They sound just like a cheering crowd.
Well, I'd better get to bed,
Or my mum might have my head.*

LAUREN JANE HELLER



Laf 7

STANDARD 3

SYMMETRICAL JACKSON

Symmetrical Jackson is a monster. He has six eyes, two big ones and four small ones. This monster is almost symmetrical. He wears pants with a belt. He is four metres tall. He has no fingers and no nails. He wears brown shoes with black laces. He has eight teeth and two are rotten. He has a squashy nose with big nostrils. He is five years old. His pants are very baggy. He lives in the east most point of Venus in Monsterland.

He is a very cute monster who is naughty. He has a mother whose job is screwing on the tops of toothpaste and his father has the job of punching holes in Marie Biscuits. He always forgets to pull up his zip when he puts on his pants and he never brushes his teeth. He loves walking to Brown's and scaring the cat. He likes eating worm stew and crab shells. He hates his sister Unsymmetrical Jackson.

One day Symmetrical found a box; he looked inside the box and found a key. He looked and thought of the old study upstairs which was always locked. He went upstairs and fitted the key. "It fits!" he shouted. "Symmetrical," shouted his mother, "what are you doing?" "Er... nothing, Mom." He turned the key and it opened. He went inside. It was very dark, he turned on the lights and saw a big box. Inside the box were costumes and building blocks. He found a pirate costume and put it on. Suddenly he thought of a plan. He would build a ship with the building blocks. Then he built it. It had blocks for the keel and an old blanket for the sail. It was lovely. He went downstairs and looked in the fridge for some crab shells to eat on the journey. He sailed the seven seas and looked for the buried treasure. He sailed and sailed until it was 7 o'clock. "Symmetrical, time for bed," said his mother. He quickly threw the building blocks and the old blanket plus the costume in the box and ran to bed.

ALIA SATTAR

MY PEACE POEM

*Oh, how nice it would be,
our beautiful country united to see.
An end to the sound of guns
and the repeated reports of dying
and the constant sounds of babies crying.
Oh, how nice it would be,
to live in perfect harmony.*

LARA BECHET

MY WEEKLY CAMEO - SUMMER

Summer is when bees are buzzing, when the sweet smell of flowers is in the air and children are playing in the day. From the early break of day the early birds twitter. The thing I like about summer is that I can go and swim and I can eat ice-cream beneath the blazing sun. The things I see in summer are birds hatching and little flower buds opening. The things I hear in summer are the sound of bees buzzing, children laughing and birds singing. In summer I smell the flowers, burnt grass, fresh air, the chlorine in the pool and I can smell the sea and the waves.

SHIREEN HARNEKAR

A CAR'S STORY

It was a bright summer's day and everything was happy. Well, almost everything. Down by the scrapyard there was a little blue car who was feeling very sorry for himself. "Oh dear, oh dear" he was saying over and over again to himself. "Oh dear, oh dear,"

"Do you mind!" said a voice. "I'm trying to get some sleep and I can't with all your moaning".

"Sorry, I'm just feeling a bit low-spirited. I'm going to be turned into scrap metal".

"Shame, poor you. I guess I could stay up and talk to you".

"Thanks. I'm Danny Datsun".

"I'm Ollie Owl. Now tell me how you got here".

"Well, it all started in Japan. That's where I was made. I was shipped down here in a huge cargo ship named The Blazing Breeze. When I got off I was put in a car shop. I still had my first coat of paint on and I was bright red. It didn't take too long to sell me. I was a fine looking car. I was bought by a very rich man who lived in a big house. I lived there for 20 years, then suddenly I was sold. The man whom I was sold to was a terrible man. He used to drive me full speed, then stop so quickly I skidded and that didn't do anything for my tyres. I had to go through this torture for 10 long years. Then one night he had too much to drink, and we crashed into another car. The driver of the other car was unharmed, but my foolish master broke his neck and would never drive again. After that I was painted blue to cover the scratch marks, and sold again. This time I was totally wrecked."

"And here I am, about to be turned into scrap metal." With that Danny sighed. Then the big crane picked Danny up. Suddenly there was a shout from below him: "Put that car down, Mike, I'll keep it for my collection!" Then the next thing Danny knew he was in the car garage. The workers were painting, fixing, cleaning and replacing. Then he was put in a room with lots of other friendly cars. They welcomed him, and he has stayed there, happy for ever, since.

As for the owl, he made his home in the attic of the house, and every night they talk to each other.

The end

KIRSTEN BEETS

46A Baking

Spring hats

Honey
Fountain

Studying
Sub A

Sea Creatures
Sub A

Sub B Hats

Peace Party

The
Party

Environment
Party

The
Party For Peace

Election
Day

Ballot
Box

Easter



STD 3 ACTIVITIES 1994



BABIES

*Babies are cute,
Dimpled and round,
To cuddle, to hug,
In silence or sound.
Sitting and smiling.
Oh! What a job,
A bump on the head,
A sniff and a sob.
Nappies and bibs,
Are what babies wear,
And what do they eat?
Porridge or pear,
Lying in the cot,
Through the bars peeping,
Tell her a tale,
Soon she'll be sleeping.*

KATE CHAMBERS

THE ELEPHANT'S PRAYER FROM NOAH'S ARK

Dear Lord

First of all I'd like to say sorry that I'm not kneeling but there's not enough space and I'm a bit tired after running so fast and for so long. Thank-you very much for waking me up with the lighting bolt (although I was quite scared because all the animals were running everywhere) I'm very grateful that you saved me before the rain came. I hate the rain! Please when I'm on land can all the trees and grass have recovered so I can have a good munch I'm getting a bit sick of dried grass. But I'm still grateful that I have something to eat.

Amen.

PIA MINCHENER

MY THOUGHTS ON PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

*Peace, what is peace?
Peace does not exist!
It won't unless we, the people, pull up our socks.
No little wozzle is going to put things right.
Watch the news
Listen to the radio
Read the paper
All you will see, hear or read is Violence, Violence, Violence.
If only we could have peace.
What does it matter - the colour of our skins?
It is said that God does not care what is on the outside
But what is on the inside.
So why do we?
I have lots of friends that are Black, White, Jewish, Christian, Muslim and Indian.
If everyone made friends with everybody
Then we would have peace in our world.*

CANDICE ETZINE

WHY THE SEA IS SALTY

This famous African story has been told by men and women of many different villages across the African coast. It has been passed from generation to generation and greatly loved. This is the story of Ngubane and the salt stone.

Ngubane had two sisters. Their names were Tokola and Seswe. Ngubane was twelve, Tokola was eight, and Seswe was fourteen. Ngubane, his sisters and their mother and father lived in a small hut by the sea on the East coast of Africa. Ngubane's father worked at a cattle stall and only came home on the weekends. His mother worked in the hut and on the vegetable hut. Anyway, six days before Tokola's ninth birthday, Ngubane was walking along the Strands. It was a long sandy beach near his house. He sat down on the beach with his feet in the water and sighed, "What can I get Tokola, for her birthday?" He sat and thought and thought. He fiddled frantically with a little stone in his hand. He looked down and there in the palm of his hand was the most beautiful stone he had ever seen. It was gold with white spots and little glittering sparks twinkling in the early afternoon sunlight. He jumped up and ran all the way home. "Mama, Mama!" he cried, tearing into the hut. "Yes, my child," she answered. She was cracking oysters into a turtle shell. "Mama, look what I found on the beach!" He showed her the beautiful stone. "It is certainly beautiful my child. Why not give it to Tokola for her birthday?" He looked at her helplessly. "Please, Mama, can't I keep it?" "Well there is no trade until Friday when your father comes home." Ngubane frowned. "Alright, Mama. Where is some hide?" he asked. "In the wicker basket in the corner." The next day, Ngubane had a cold and had to stay inside. "Mama, bring my sea stone from the chair, please?" asked Ngubane. His mother brought the stone and placed it next to his bowl of soup. Ngubane squeezed the stone and small powdery type crystals came out of the rock. He tasted it. "Salt!" he cried. "It's a lucky stone. I'll go down to the beach and see if I can find another one." He put his pillow under his back and jumped out of the window. He ran and ran all the way to the beach. He got on his hands and knees and looked everywhere. He put the stone into a rock pool near the sea. The sea was not salty during those times, and he was hot, so he drank some water. He eventually gave up, and went to the rock pool. "It's gone," he murmured. He started sobbing. A little hermit crab called Solimeila asked, "Why are you crying, little boy?" "I lost my salt stone," sobbed Ngubane. "A salt stone?" asked Solimeila. "Do you mean that you put the magic salt stone of the Strand into the sea?" gasped the crab. Ngubane stopped crying. "You mean it was magic?" he asked. "As true as seaweed, it was," replied the crab. "Go and taste the water now." Ngubane went to the sea, cupped his hands, and sipped. "Ooh, it's terrible," he cried. "It's all salty and sour." "Yes, yes, the salt stone has proved its power." From that day on, the sea has been salty.

JULIA DURRANT

KITCHEN CONVERSATION

Mrs Dishwasher: My, my of what use can a rust trap like you be in Mrs Smith's kitchen?

Mrs Washing Machine: Pooh! I could say the same about you, Rattle Bones!

Mrs Dishwasher: Rattle Bones! You're the one who keeps the kitchen awake at night, right, Sir Microwave.

Sir Microwave: Yes, Mrs Dishwasher, anything you say, Mrs Dishwasher.

Mrs Dishwasher: You see, I have proof, so now do you believe me?

Mrs Washing Machine: No, I will never believe such a nitwit as you!

Mrs Dishwasher: You can call me names all you want but if it wasn't for me you would all be single, for I am not only a super-doooper dishwasher, I am also the matchmaker.

Mrs Washing Machine: The matchmaker, well whom do you make fall in love, the saucers and teaspoons?

Mrs Dishwasher: Well, actually yes! I made that chipped china teacup fall in love. They went to the pantry for their honeymoon flying on chirpy the bird's express jetplane.

Mrs Washing Machine: Oh, how romantic. You aren't so bad after all, at least not as bad as Jimmy, he could not get his clothes any dirtier even if he tried.

Mrs Dishwasher: Oh, I am sorry, I didn't realise you had such an awful job. If I were you, I would resign.

Mrs Washing Machine: That's a good idea but I couldn't. I think I am a little jealous as you get to eat all the scraps.

Mrs Dishwasher: Well, of course, you were jealous. Friends?

Mrs Washing Machine: Friends! By the way, who did the china tea cup fall in love with, James, my imaginary friend?

Mrs Dishwasher: No, with that dashing handsome silver fork, silly!

KATIE CARKEEK

WHY THERE ARE WAVES IN THE SEA

Once upon a time the sea was like a huge, still lake. There were no waves. In the sea lived many huge whales. The chief of the whales was called Pongo. These whales like to eat sailors. Not many ships were wrecked so they often went hungry.

One day Pongo called a meeting. "We must get more ships wrecked," he boomed. "I have an idea," said a small whale named Bingo. "We could all come up under a ship and tip it over". The whales all thought it was a great idea.

It did not work. These whales had very sensitive skin. All ships have barnacles underneath. All the whales were sore for weeks.

Pongo called another meeting for the same reason. "We need another idea," he said. A whale named George spoke up. "We could all cling to rocks or the shore and make waves with our tails," he said.

They tried it. George's plan worked. More ships were wrecked. The whales never got hungry again. The waves continue to this day. Tidal waves come when the whales are really hungry.

MELISSA LOUDON

BLACKBEARD PETE

Blackbeard Pete is the most feared pirate of all the sea. He wears an eye-patch on his left eye. He also has a huge scar on his right cheek. His nickname is Blackbeard. His right leg is a wooden leg. He has a black beard and a black moustache. He also has a parrot that sits on his shoulder, mainly it sits on his left shoulder. Blackbeard has a fat nose. His ears are flat and he wears an earring in his right ear. His eyes are dark with black eyebrows. His eyebrows are black and bushy. He has one gold tooth and the rest are yellow. He has an oval face. His hair is messy, long and greasy.

He wears a scarf around his neck. It is red with purple polka-dots. He wears one earring. He does have a hook on his arm. his shoes have big buckles on them and they are also black. His hat is black with a skull and cross-bones on it. He has pants that are knee length, then stockings that cover up the rest of his legs. He wears a jacket which is small. He wears a waistcoat with B.B.P. embroidered on it. He always has a cutlass and dagger. The dagger is tied onto his left leg and the sword is on his right leg. They both have cases in which they are kept.

POLLY TRIPP

SUMMER!

Summer is a time of swimming and when children laugh and have fun. When the smell of the sea fills the air. When I think of summer, I think of playing and having fun. When the sun shines and warms all living things. When days are long and nights are short. When flowers are ready to open. When birds start to sing and have fun.

JESSICA STUBBS

THE DIARY OF A HATCHING CHICKEN

12:00 pm I'm getting cramped. There is absolutely no room to move. (Wriggle) Oops! I broke the shell, now what am I supposed to do?

12:10 pm I thought that maybe I may as well see what's outside. I've made a hole big enough for me to see outside. I can see a huge brown thing, which I guess is my mother, and I'm, starting to get tired.

12:20 pm I'm almost out! Just a tiny bit more to go.

12:25 pm There! I did it! I'm out, but now I'm very tired. I think I'll just rest for a while.

12:45 pm Now I'm fully rested. I looked terribly ugly when I was wet, but now that my feathers are drying, I think I look quite pretty.

12:55 pm I'm trying to stand now, but my legs don't seem to do what I want them to.

1:00 pm I mastered the art of standing and walking.

1:20 pm My mother has taken us to the food and water trough. The food was delicious and the water was okay.

1:30 pm Mom has fluffed out her feathers and we are going to go to sleep. Maybe the world is not so bad!

JOANNA RYAN

PEACE PRAYER

Dear Lord

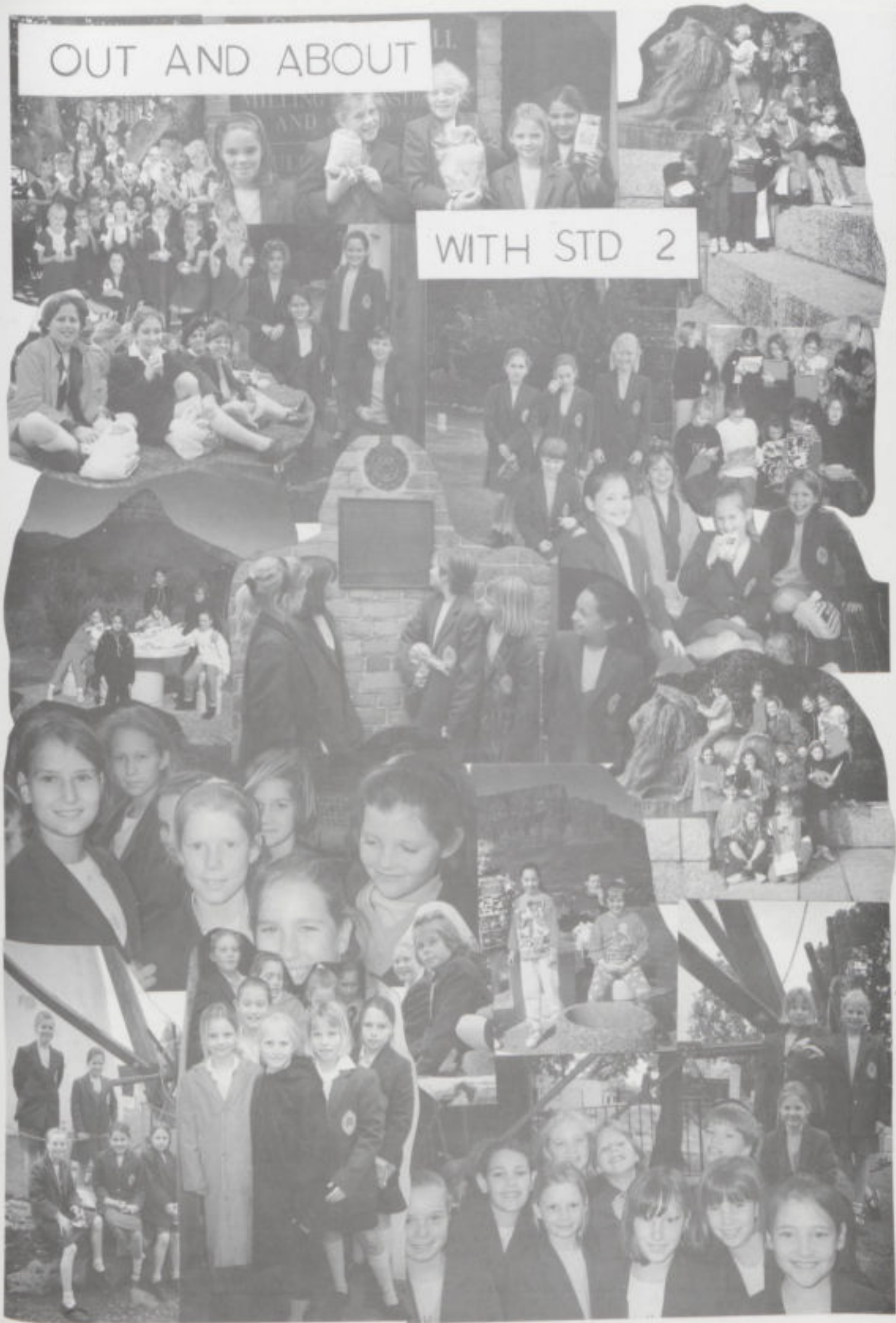
I hope after the elections there will be peace in our land and nobody will be killed. I also hope that who ever becomes president keeps all the promises he makes. I pray that everyone will be happy in the new South Africa too.

Amen.

TEGAN BOYD

OUT AND ABOUT

WITH STD 2



STANDARD 2

MY HOMEWORK DIARY

*Oh, my homework book,
I have to trust you.
If I don't know what to do
I look it up in you.*

*When I look up things
I find it very useful
I couldn't live without it
So I keep it all year round.*

JANE WATSON

MY LUNCH BOX

*I've got a lunch box
It's very, very square
It's got four corners
And that's very fair
It gets very untidy
Especially at break
Because I put lots of things in
And sometimes some cake.*

*My lunch box has lots of colours on it
They are blue, red, yellow and green
I'm sure you like the colours
All of which I think you've seen.*

BETH HOUSDON

I WANT TO BE A MODEL

When I grow up I want to be a model. I want to be a model because I love dressing up and putting on make-up. When I was little I put on my mother's clothes and high heels and had competitions with my friends. Then my sister would judge and almost always choose me. My mom and dad say I have lovely legs and say I should be a ballerina, but I would rather be a model because I want to be in the Miss South Africa competition and my dad says I should be in the lovely legs competition. I also like it because I want to wear new designer clothes.

LEXI LAMOND

BEING A WAITRESS

I would like to be a waitress because whenever I go out for lunch or supper we have a waitress serving us. I always wish I could go around serving people.

If I ever do become a waitress I will have to practise a lot so that I won't drop plates of food or glasses of cooldrink.

FIONA BAIN

PONY SAFFRON HALL

*I gave the pony a pat,
his fur was stuck together with sweat.
But the pony quite happily went on trotting.
I pressed my heels tighter,
He cantered, like a rocking horse.
His tangled mane curled between my fingers,
I felt the wind push back his blond locks.*

POLLY TRIPP

THE SABLE ANTELOPE

*A male Sable Antelope,
Is so elegantelope,
Dark and pitch black,
with mane on its back,
It fights with its foes
to mate with the does.*

VICTORIA MADDEN

THE SHARK

*Swimming, swimming
Head held high.
Artfully, she winks her beady eye.
Ready for supper, she lies in wait.
Klip-klap! Oh no! She swallowed bait!*

ANNA CHOMSE

ONE DAY I WANT TO BE A VET

One day when I have to choose my career I would like to be a vet so I can help animals in need. I love all animals and love being around them. I think I might get to be a vet because I know I will help them in every way. I would even risk my life for an animal. When I see movies I don't cry about people who die, I cry about the animals that die. That's why I want to be a vet.

TANYA DE NOBREGA

STANDARD 1

BLUE MONDAY

I had a blue Monday when we were on our way to school very late at 8.00. KATHERINE PICKARD
I had a blue Monday when I walked out of the doorway and shut the door on my finger. SHELLEY HOULISTON
I had a blue Monday when my father forgot to tell me a story. NISHA DESAI
I had a blue Monday when I fell off a horse. LISA COATES
I had a blue Monday when I stepped on the thorns. CATHERINE FERGUSON.
I had a blue Monday when my first favourite horse was sold. EMMA CORDER.
I had a blue Monday when I had stitches. LEXI BECHET
I had a blue Monday when everybody was blaming me. AMY SLINGSBY.
I had a blue Monday when my sisters went to London. JACQUI PICKUP.
I had a blue Monday when I got out of bed on the wrong side. JESSICA SCHIPPER.
I had a blue Monday when I dropped a pot. MANDY COMBRINK.
I had a blue Monday when I left my book at home. TIFFANY HARRIES.
I had a blue Monday when a dog bit me on my face. SARAH LOUW.
I had a blue Monday when I fell in the rose bush. EMMA-KATE FINKELSTEIN.
I had a blue Monday when I got a hook in my leg. KRISTEN VAN DER HOVEN.
I had a blue Monday when I jammed my finger in the car door. REZA WILLIAMS
I had a blue Monday when Sally killed my goldfish. CASSIE WEIR.
I had a blue Monday when nobody listened to me. MORGAN JENKINS.
I had a blue Monday when I saw a big fat spider in the car and I screamed. VICTORIA SHERWELL.
I had a blue Monday when I scraped both my knees. SARAH DESMARAIS.
I had a blue Monday when my mom got up late. ANNE DOOLEY.
I had a blue Monday when I fell off my granny's horse. LEE-ANN DELL.

BIRDS

*Birds are warm, fluffy and soft,
Birds are the sound of small instruments early in the morning.
Birds are small, dainty and light,
Birds are beautiful when they soar in the sky,
Birds are smooth and silky.*

REZA WILLIAMS

PEACE

*Problems
Elections
Agony
Celebrations
Expectations*

KATHERINE PICKARD

SEEING RED

I see red when my mom tells me to go to bed. TAMSYN WOODS.
My big sister sees red when she gets to school late. TIFFANY VOS.
My gran sees red when I don't eat my food. AMANDA OVERMEYER.
My maid sees red when I don't tidy my room. MEGAN HUTTON.
My mum sees red when she bumps herself in the kitchen a million times. KAYLEIGH DAVEL.
My dad sees red when he's on the phone and everybody else is talking. TADINKA VASILJEVIC.
My dog sees red when the other dog gets more attention. JADE WATKINS.
My maid sees red when we're not listening to the story. TARA DAY.
My mum sees red when she says something ten times and we don't do it. SHEENAGH BRUCE.
My dad sees red when something goes wrong at work. MARTINE DE KOCK.
My mum sees red when something goes wrong at work. TESSA BIESMAN-SIMONS.
My brother sees red when I ride his bike. SHANE HODGES.
My maid sees red when my cat brings a mouse into the kitchen. DANIELLA LOUBSER.
My ballet teacher sees red when everyone is playing with their character skirt. MEGAN GRIFFITHS.
My brother sees red when I tease him about his girlfriend. SARAH WHITEHEAD.
My dad sees red when people at B.P. don't fix his car. NICOLA SILBERBAUER.
My mom sees red when he's showering and my mom puts on the tap and he gets cold water. ALEXANDRA FERGUSON.
My mom sees red when I smack my sister. EUNICE KOMENI.
My sister sees red when I annoy her when she's doing her homework. ASHLEIGH KOHN.
I see red when my brother throws a tennis ball at me. SELENA AFNAN-HOLMES
I see red when my sister hurts me. It makes me want to hurt her back but I must remember to control my temper and just ignore it. HELEN RAINE.

MY STORY

When I was a baby I was born in an egg. I didn't know what I was. I was a scarlet macaw but there was one problem. I was all grey and brown instead of yellow, red and blue. I was all short and wet and I had a spiky tail. But when I heard a tap, tap, tapping sound I decided it was time to come out. So I made the noise of the tap, tap, tapping a little louder. When I saw my mother she was red, yellow and blue. I looked at myself in a grey shabby brown and thought that I had the wrong mother. But she soon cheered me up and I went to sleep all snuggled up in her feathers. I was dry in a night and my feathers had some red on them but my tail was long and my beak was strong. But in several weeks time I became as bright as my mother, I was a scarlet macaw at last!

MEGAN GRIFFITHS



A
T
W
O
R
K



Std 1



Arbour Day



The Gem Factory



Still at work...

MY JOURNEY TO SPACE

As I was travelling past the stars through the darkness of space I lost control of my wheel. It seemed as if the stars were travelling a thousand miles faster than before. I closed my eyes and HEY PRESTO! the spaceship came to a stop. I leaned over and looked out of the window and you wouldn't believe what I saw. In front of me was a planet much like ours except the trees' roots were in the air and the leaves seemed to be underground.

"I don't think I like the look of this planet and anyway its getting late."

I set off home and dreamed about the strange land all night.

MORGAN JENKINS

I AM A BIRD

I am a cockatiel, I live in the jungle. I have yellow wings and little feathers sticking up on my head. When I was just a weak little bird all I could do was just sit in the nest my mother had built expecting a big fat juicy worm from my mother. I have very dainty little wings and I fly very gracefully. I built my nest in a very high tree because of the danger in a low tree. When I do down to the river I am always aware of things lurking around close to the water's edge. I am a peaceful bird and I love the jungle.

EMMA CORDER

COLOURS

Mr Green was very keen to watch the rugby on the screen.
TIFFANY VOS.

Mrs Pink couldn't think because her brains were down the sink. MARY-KATE VERSFELD.

Mr Black had a shack, when it rained it fell down flat.
JADE WATKINS.

Mr Brown had a frown whenever he lost his dressing gown.
SARAH WHITEHEAD.

Mr Red went to bed and when he woke up he bumped his head. KAYLEIGH DAVEL.

Mrs Blue goes to the zoo every Monday afternoon.
SHEENAGH BRUCE.

COLOURS

*Mrs Pink loves to wink
In the middle of the Link.
Mrs Puce had a goose
That ate her beautiful chocolate mousse.
Mrs Blue threw a shoe
In the middle of the zoo.
Mrs Grey went to pray
On a stupid little sleigh.
JESSICA SCHIPPER*



Aileen Logan and friends from John Pama enjoy getting to know Gabriella - and she enjoyed it too!

SUB B

(Spelling has not always been corrected)

GRAPES

*biting, Swarting
dripping, spiting
running, tering
tung is turning
lips are smaking
eyebrowes are twitching
juice is running
from my lips, down
my chin
onto
my
tummy*

JESSICA PHILLIPS

APPLE

*cleening
cutting
refreshing
crunching
tastbuds are popping
tung is feeling
juice is dripping
from the apple
onto
the
floor*

JANINE FOWLER

NAARTJIES

*spraying squerting
poring eating
lasting
nose is twitching
fingers are rigalin
eyes are blinking
tongne is moving
juice is dripping
from my hand
onto my jersy
from my
chin down
to my
neck*

CATHERINE MEINTJES

MY DAD

*A bee came down
to the gruond
and stung my Dad's hand
He yelled very loud
Louder than a band
OwOooooo*

JUDY RAUCH

HAIL

*hard
cold
wet
slashing, beating
crashing, dropping
crashing on rooftops
covering treetops
on long winter nights.
Like bats and owls
flapping their wings -
hammering*

ASHLEIGH TYRRELL

FOG

*Soft
Cold
Wet
Slolee, Jently
like littel cat feet
crepin*

TESSA MOXON

SNOW

*Soft
gentle
cold
falling floating
falling on roof tops
like a little kitten walking
silently*

CARLA DE NOBREGA

WIND

*Soft
cold
dancing
flying, Singing
Sweeping down
the tiles.
Swishing threw
the windows.
Like leaves
rusling.
Wispring*

SARAH GIRDWOOD

HOW THE BEE GOT HIS STING

long long ago a bee was in the garden he saw little girl. he smelt roses! he went strate to them. he wanted to go into the middle so he walked backwards he bumped into to thorns and bothe fell off. The little girl was macking something and the thorns landed in the gloe and and the flat sides were stuck to gether the bee went down to say sorry about the thorns he sat down ouch! said the bee the thorns were in his bottom. And thats how the bee got his sting.

CLAIRE ROSE-INNES

(Spelling has not always been corrected)

WHEN I GOW UP

I am going to be a shop keeper. People are going to buy food from me. I will get lots of money.

The money I will put safely in the till. I will sell chocolate and chips and peanut butter and marmite.

CANDICE VIETRI

MY NAME IS SNEAKY

frogs hibernate in winter. when frogs are hungry they want to eat flies. frogs lay eggs the eggs are called frog spawns the mother frog lays lots of eggs when frogs are small they are called tadpoles. frogs can jump high ducks like to eat the frogs so the frogs have to hide from them so the frogs and the tadpoles have to hide from the ducks and the poisonous snakes frogs have lots of enemies that want to eat them

NADIA READ

MY NAME IS POLE

I started in an egg I wriggled and wriggled I started to grow a tail I wriggled so much, until I wriggled it out of the egg I ate the jelly it tasted good I clinged to a leef un til I got strong I swam arond there were lots of enimies I hid in the weeds. Wen the enimies were gone I swam out of the weeds I lifd happe all my life.

FRANCES IONS

I AM A SQUIRREL

Nutkin is my name Because I love nuts.

Under my tail it is Snug

Because it is furry and warm

the children come and give me nuts evry Wednesday

Because I ask them to

Swinging blinging I love to swing

NABEEHA MOHAMED



The Standard 5s played host to 120 pupils from John Pama School. Here, Kim Sonntag shows 2 pupils what can be found in a rock pool.

Pre-Prep 1994

River Day



Mother's Day



Sport's Day



Pirate's Day

SPORT

SPORTS' REPORT

Sport plays a very important part in the life of a Herschel pupil. Emphasis is placed on participation and every girl is expected to take part in a swimming activity during the summer terms and either play netball or hockey during the winter terms. (In many cases the girls play both sports during winter.) The girls have a great variety to choose from each term. Apart from our swimming team, which takes part in regular galas, we offer synchronized swimming, life saving and stroke correction. Herschel has three teams playing league tennis and offers beginners tennis, intermediate tennis, mini-cricket for the U/10's and volleyball for the Standard 4's and 5's.

The aim of sport at Herschel is to contribute to the education of the pupil in the movement, physical, affective, social and cognitive domains. The school strives to promote healthy inter-personal relationships, sound value systems, a positive self-image, the acquisition of physical skills, insight into tactics and enjoyment of participation. Girls leave Herschel Preparatory with the skills necessary to enable them to continue participating confidently in all sports.

WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: K Mann (gymnastics),
M Waller (U/10 tennis), K van der Burgh (horse riding),
S Hall (U/10 tennis), F Bain (Gymnastics),
V Gull (U/10 tennis)
Front Row: D Gordon (squash), Mrs M Chambers,
K Dooley (gymnastics)
Absent: A van Hoorn (squash)



TENNIS

Captain: Emma McAdam

Vice: Sarah Tuft

Tennis is one of the hardest sports to master at Prep level. Progress can be relatively slow for the number of hours one has to put in. However, it is a game for life and should be attempted by all.

Herschel entered three teams into the Peninsula Co-Ed League. Our A team played six matches during the first term, winning three of their matches. The B team played four matches, winning one, drawing one and losing two. The C team's play improved immensely during this term and they managed to win four out of the five matches they played.

The Interschools Girls' Doubles Tournament was held at Springfield. Patricia Pletzer and Sarah Tuft - U/12's; Georgie Sutcliffe and Michelle Berrange - Open A, and Emma McAdam and Dianne Gordon - Open B.

The U/12's beat Oakhurst 6 - 4 and lost to Wynberg 1 - 6 and to St Cyprian's 4 - 6.

The Open A's beat St Cyprian's 6 - 2 and Springfield 6 - 2, and lost to Oakhurst 1 - 6

The Open B's beat Greenfield 6 - 5 and lost to Rustenburg A 1 - 6 and to Wynberg A 2 - 6.

A special thank you to all the mums who helped with transport for the various matches.



TENNIS A TEAM

Emma McAdam (Captain), Trish Pletzer,
Michelle Berrange, Dianne Gordon, Ms L Jefferson

SWIMMING

Captain: Dianne Gordon

Vice: Samantha Milne

This year's swimming season was a combination of hard work and fun with the swimming team training on Monday afternoons as well as before school on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. Although we didn't win any of our Friday afternoon league galas, the experience gained from swimming galas on a regular basis, proved invaluable.

The Interhouse Gala was a great success, bringing all the houses together in full spirit. Every girl from Standard 1 to Standard 5 took part in at least one event and were all inspired to excel by their enthusiastic cheerleaders. Congratulations to Rolt for coming first.

The following records were broken:

U/10 crawl relay - Rolt

U/12 crawl relay - Rolt

U/10 individual crawl - Kate Chambers

U/10 individual breaststroke - Kate Chambers

Open individual butterfly - Dianne Gordon

The season came to an end with the league gala held at Newlands Pool in which six schools participated. This gala was won by Wynberg Girls Junior School.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: L Milne, A Snoek, K Chambers, C Little, C Stanley, L Elliot, V Sweatman, P Pletzer, M Burger, T Ranger, J Stubbs
2nd Row: J Haw, B Hall, R Vietri, M Hazell, B Vos, Ms L Jefferson, T Vasiljevic, T Farrell, A Larson, M Snoek, S Afran-Holmes
Front Row: C Johnson, R Honeysett, N Vasiljevic, M Pape, D Gordon, S Milne, V Gull, M Berrange, T Vos, S Gilbert

NETBALL

Captain: Patricia Pletzer

Vice: Caroline Boyes

This season was characterized by enthusiasm, tremendous team spirit and wonderful sportsmanship. It has been fantastic to see so many keen players trying to make the teams.

Southern Peninsula League Results - Wynberg Region:

Herschel is placed in the same league as Wynberg, Simon van der Stel, Rhenish, Greenfield, Springfield and Ferndale. We played each school twice.

Teams	Played	Won	Drew	Lost	Goals Scored
U/10A	8	5	3	0	45
U/11A	10	3	3	4	35
U/12A	10	8	1	1	141
Open A	10	9	0	1	126

Congratulations to the Open A for winning the league, you had a great season and played superb netball.

The U/12's came second to Wynberg and the U/10's came tie first with Simon van der Stel but missed out on going to the League Tournament on goal average.

The highlight of the netball season is always the Peninsula Girls Interschools Tournament which is run over two days on a round robin basis. This tournament was held at Springfield this year.

The U/10's who have had a good season, continued to play excellent netball and beat Rustenburg, Wynberg, Oakhurst, Springfield, St Cyprian's and Greenfield. We were delighted to bring the trophy home. Well done, girls, you certainly did us proud.

The U/11's (who had a difficult start to the season, but who kept training and persevering) also managed a clean sweep, beating all their opponents to bring the trophy home. This victory was particularly impressive as at the last minute we had to rearrange the team due to our shooter being ill. I really felt very proud of you.

The U/12's came second to Wynberg who hadn't lost a game all season, and the Open's came third to St Cyprian's and Rustenburg.

Thank you to all the parents who helped transport, as well as supporting the girls during the season.

Last, but not least, the Interhouse Competition is always cause for great excitement. Standards 2, 3, 4 and 5 participate in this event and as many girls as possible are encouraged to play for their house. The trophy this year was won by Rolt.



U/14A NETBALL

Standing: A Snoek, M Berrange, N Vasiljevic, Ms L Jefferson, K Weixelbaumer, C Delson, M Lehr

Seated: S Milne (Captain)



U/12A NETBALL

Standing: *C Boyes, A Bradley, C Stanley, Ms L Jefferson, V Sweatman, C Little*
 Seated: *P Pletzer (Captain), S Tuft*



U/11A NETBALL

Standing: *J Thomas, M Loudon, Y Pelser, Ms L Jefferson, A Rawson, C Klotz, J Stubbs*
 Seated: *H Afnan-Holmes (Captain), J Ryan*



U/10A NETBALL

Standing: *L Tuft, T Farrell, K Weixelbaumer, Ms L Jefferson, T Soole, M Waller, K-L Bonellie*
 Seated: *K Chambers (Captain), J Haw*

HOCKEY

Captain: Nada Vasiljevic

Vice: Louise Schonborn

The 1994 hockey season got off to a great start with approximately 120 pupils arriving at practice.

The U/10 group was particularly large and so Mrs Kershaw had to call for assistance on a Monday afternoon and we are most grateful to Mrs Martine Elliot, Miss Tammy Hammond and Mrs Rose Prew.

The U/11 group unfortunately were not entered in the league as the system used in Western Province does not allow for the U/11 category. At the hockey meeting earlier in the season Herschel expressed concern about this issue and the committee will review the situation for the 1995 season. A few matches were organised where possible and our U/11's played against U/12 teams.

The U/12's had a fairly successful season, showing vast improvement towards the end of August.

The U/14's had the potential to do well this season but were a little too complacent at times. Fortunately they realised that if they wished to enjoy the season they must listen and work as a unit. From there on they played as a team and produced some fine hockey.

Herschel is one of the largest hockey schools, fielding 5 U/10 teams at the tournament as well as U/11, 2 U/12 and 2 U/14 teams. This is wonderful, but poses a problem as there are only 4 other schools who have the same number of teams as Herschel. This results in many Thursdays where teams do not have matches. Hopefully the interest in other schools will grow.

I'd like to thank my captains for all they have done in organising teams, teas and transport. Well done to you both.

A big thank you is extended to my coaches - Margie Kershaw (U/10), Gaye Young and Caroline Blencowe (U/11), Caroline Christie (U/12) for their dedication and professionalism. The 1994 season has been a most successful one and the accolade must go to each one of you.



U/14A HOCKEY

Standing: K. Ryan, E. Mc Adam, M. Berrange, L. Schonborn, S. Milne, L. Spence, A. Snock,
Seated: N. Vasiljevic (captain) Insert: E. Basson



U/12A HOCKEY

Standing: *M Beamish, S Poland, C Little, Miss C Christie, L Elliott, L Duffett, B Banderker*

Seated: *I Crombie (Captain), R Milne*



U/11 HOCKEY SQUAD

Standing: *F Gain, A Larson, J Stubbs, C Etzine, Miss G Young, D McDonald, B Vos, J Ryan, P Slingsby*

Seated: *J Durrant, L Bechet, S Lehr*



U/10A HOCKEY

Standing: *J Haw, T Madden, K Bonellie, M Waller, A Rawson, Mrs M Kershaw*

Seated: *J Thomas*

SQUASH

Captain: Dianne Gordon

Vice: Sam Milne

Squash continues to be offered after school with professional coaches. Dianne Gordon and Aaltje van Hoorn represented Western Province at the Inter-provincial Tournament held in Durban during the July holidays. Both girls were commended on their sportsmanship and behaviour on this tour and proved to be a credit to Herschel.

Miss L. Jefferson



SQUASH A TEAM

Dianne Gordon, Michelle Burger, Louise Milne, Samantha Milne



PREFECTS

*Back Row: Patricia Pletzer, Samantha Milne, Louise Schonborn, Michelle Berrange, Emma McAdam,
Seated: Mrs M Chambers, Chantal Delson, Mrs E Bray*

OLD HERSCHELIANS

BIRTHS:

ALFRED:

To Lisa (Lyhne) and Luke, a son, 16 February 1994

ANDREAS:

To Shone (Commings) and Ralph, a daughter, 27 January 1994

BLOM:

To Katherine (Eve) and Francois, a son, 3 June 1994

COPPIN:

To Bridget (Sandell) and Brian, a daughter, December 1993

DIEM:

To Belinda (Pentz) and Armin, a daughter, 3 November 1993

EDWARDS:

To Lucinda (Richards) and William, a son, December 1993

ESNOUF:

To Siobhan (Mannion) and Patrick, a daughter, 3 December 1993

GARSON:

To Sue (Abrahamse) and Greg, a daughter, 12 June 1994

GAUTSCHI:

To Barbara (Parry) and Frederick, a son, 10 January 1994.

HEERDEN:

To Shane (Fairhead) and Mark, a daughter, 17 January 1994

KERKMANN:

To Ruth (Butters) and Tony, a daughter, 26 September 1994

KIESER:

To Sue (Lanfear) and William, a daughter, 18 July 1994

MACFARLANE:

To Judy (Richards) and Robert, a daughter, 5 March 1994

MACKENZIE:

To Catherine (Hales) and Charles, a daughter,

16 September 1994

MERTON:

To Jenni (Pentz) and Pete, a son, 30 August 1994

MILLER:

To Jocelyn (Taylor) and Andrew, a son, 4 January 1994

NEL:

To Dianne (Newton) and Leon, a son, 11 June 1994

NEVIN:

To Clare (Stuart-Findlay) and James, a daughter, 6 January 1994

NEWMAN:

To Martine (Franck) and Chris, a daughter, December 1994

PADIANI:

To Belinda (Morris) and Bruno, a daughter, 19 July 1994

STEENKAMP:

To Sally Ann (Seymour) and Andre, a daughter, 29 October 1994

TWIGG:

To Camilla (White) and Garnet, a son, 27 August 1994

VAN HEERDEN:

To Monique (Biebuyck) and Greg, a son, 10 February 1994

ENGAGEMENTS:

BATCHELOR-WILENSKY:

Jackie Batchelor to Gavin Wilensky

BESTER-HUTCHISON:

Sonya Bester to Bruce Hutchison

CHAPMAN-BENN:

Bridget Chapman to Mark Benn

DICEY-RUTHERFORD:

Sally Dickey to Tammy Rutherford

JOOSTE-ALVAREZ:

Mary Jooste to Juan-Carlos Alvarez

MACFARLANE-BELL:

Joanna Macfarlane to Peter Bell

MANNION-CURTIS:

Clodagh Mannion to Charles Curtis

McADAM-BARLOW:

Katherine McAdam to Tom Barlow

PRATT-SCHLEBUSCH:

Kyra Pratt to Thomas Schlebusch

SEDGWICK-BLEEKERS:

Judy Sedgwick to Lance Bleekers

STAMPER-SMITH:

Catherine Stamper to Mathew Smith

MARRIAGES:

BAKER-MEINERT:

Elizabeth Baker to Detlef Meinert, September 1994

DURR-MAURIN:

Alison Durr to Sebastian Maurin, July 1994

DURR-YOUNG:

Shelley Durr to Rupert Young, July 1994

LLOYD-ROBERTS-NICHOLAS:

Terry Lloyd-Roberts to Brennon Nicholas, May 1994

MARX-THOM:

Heather Marx to Quintus Thom, July 1994

DEATHS:

CURTISS:

Elaine (nee Skea, 1954) June 1994

FISHER:

Madge (nee Brown, 1942) 3 November 1993

OLD HERSCHELIAN CHRISTMAS CRAFT FAIR - 14 - 15 OCTOBER 1994

This year the Old Herschelian committee decided to hold a craft fair to add to the bursary fund for the daughters of Old Herschelians. The Old Herschelians and extended Herschel family were again approached and an enthusiastic group of crafters arrived on Friday morning to display their creations. Attractive pottery, smocked Christmas decorations, striking notepaper and a host of exciting ideas for Christmas presents were on sale. Boarders' parents and others picking up tired runners after the Fun Run, drifted in all afternoon and from 6.00 to 9.00 p.m. that night visitors enjoyed a glass of wine and Mrs Buys' excellent snacks while they browsed.

Sadly, it was not as well attended as last year as there were some beautiful things and there was a lovely atmosphere of fun enhanced by Rosemary Lapping-Sellars' evocative music. Every little counts and we look forward to making next year's craft fair fuller, more exciting and even more fun so please will all members of the extended Herschel family get crafting and remember to support our fair next year!

PRU CRAWLEY



Michelle du Preez
and Jenny (Simpson)

OLD HERSCHELIANS MUMS AND DAUGHTERS

Back Row: Linden Gant, Gill Gant (*Gain*), Lisa Reid, Lynn Reid (*Harris*), Gail Durr (*Mortimer*), Kim-Hayley Durr
Middle Row: Linda Fisher, Munya Fisher (*Grant*), Hilary Cattell (*Dempers*), Lindi Le Roux
Front Row: Vicky Prain (*Louw*), Sarah Prain, Susie Cattell. **Absent:** Mosa Le Roux (*Henderson*)

STOP PRESS

VALETE! IT IS ALWAYS SAD TO SAY GOOD-BYE AND THIS YEAR WE THANK THOSE IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALL THEY HAVE DONE AND THEIR VALUED CONTRIBUTION TO HERSCHEL. WE SHALL MISS THEM AND WISH THEM GOD SPEED



PREPARATORY SCHOOL LEAVERS:
Back: *Lindsay Herbert, Cynthia Sneddon.*
Front: *Margaret Chambers, Kathy Alexander*



SENIOR SCHOOL LEAVERS
*Bernice Louw, Melmarie Crowther,
Sheena Abert, Margaret Robinson*



Mrs Val Stuart-Findlay
who retired earlier on this year



Congratulations to Olivia Will on being the Dux of the school.
We have just heard that she has been awarded the
Yvonne Parfitt Bursary for Medicine.



Our first wedding in the Herschel Chapel.
Martin and Kathy Le Roux - 1 October 1994.
(Kathy is the Assistant Caterer)



Robben Island

We arrived at Robben Island, excited and unaware of what the day would bring. After being introduced to our tour guide, Wayne, and our tourbus, "Wayne's World", (as we nicknamed it) we set off on our way. There were many sights and splendours for us to admire and we were all sad when it was over. Robben Island is a place of excitement and hope. It's one trip we'll never forget!



The Walking Club

Unfortunately the walking club this year was not very active, as many walks had to be cancelled. Some due to bad weather and some for health reasons. We enjoyed a walk up Noordhoek Peak where the views were spectacular. As I write this we are looking forward to an evening walk, a picnic supper at the top of Table Mountain and a blissful weekend at Churchhaven. Hopefully none of these events will be cancelled and we will be able to make up for our shaky start to the year.



Sarah Michelle Kate Katy Kelly Shaina



Laura Kate Emma Shelley C.J. Katy Antje Erica



Karen Kate



Kathy Amber Alexis Kristin Louise Kate Tina



Pamsha Dianne Myfanny Vicki Carla Alison



Caroline Aty Sarah Karen Cassy Zeshi



Julia



Lauren and Vicki



Sarah



Caroline



Michelle



Erica



Myfanny

Alison

Mekbos Camp

I think it is safe to say that that a good time was had by all at Mekbos. Certainly the projects were very original and tremendous fun, and though the old whistle (calling groups to line up) has yet to be done away with, discipline is fairly lax. Our first assignment was to 'build a monster' using our own bodies piled together any which way, as long as it could move on legs-or hands! The sand-sculpture project also received much enthusiasm and the build-a-shelter project was a good challenge. All in all I'd say this camp was a great success.

The cooks in the kitchen!

WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE SPONSORSHIP OF A
HALF PAGE OF THE HERSCHELIAN 1994

Anonymous
Berry and Donaldson
Biggie Best
Dr and Mrs K Brice
Business Line cc
D Chambers and Family
Gerda Coombes
Duncan Family
Flowerday Family
Gooden Family
Hobson Family
Errol, Manon, Lauren, Ashleigh Kohn
Learmonth Family
Multitrust Estates
Mulberry Farm
Olympic Removals
Rademeyer Family
Michael and Lynn Reid
Mr and Mrs R C Robb
Robertson Family
Suburban Motor Spares cc
Taylor Family
Kate and Alison Thompson
Dorothy van Hoorn
Mr A P van Niekerk
Vos Family

We also acknowledge the contributions of the following: -

Callie Ambler-Smith
Esther Gobile
A A de A Martens Family
Seiderer Family
Woodard Family

