



**THE
HERSCHELIAN
1996**

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THE HERSCHELIAN 1996

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Editor:	Jane Kurze
Layout and DTP:	Jocelyn Wensch
Preparatory School Editor:	Caroline Melhuizen
Wordprocessing:	Jean Dolloes and Brenda Roberts
Artwork Selection:	Nina Welgemoed and Riana de Preez
Proof-reading:	Annemariéke Golding
Assistant:	Helen Burnett
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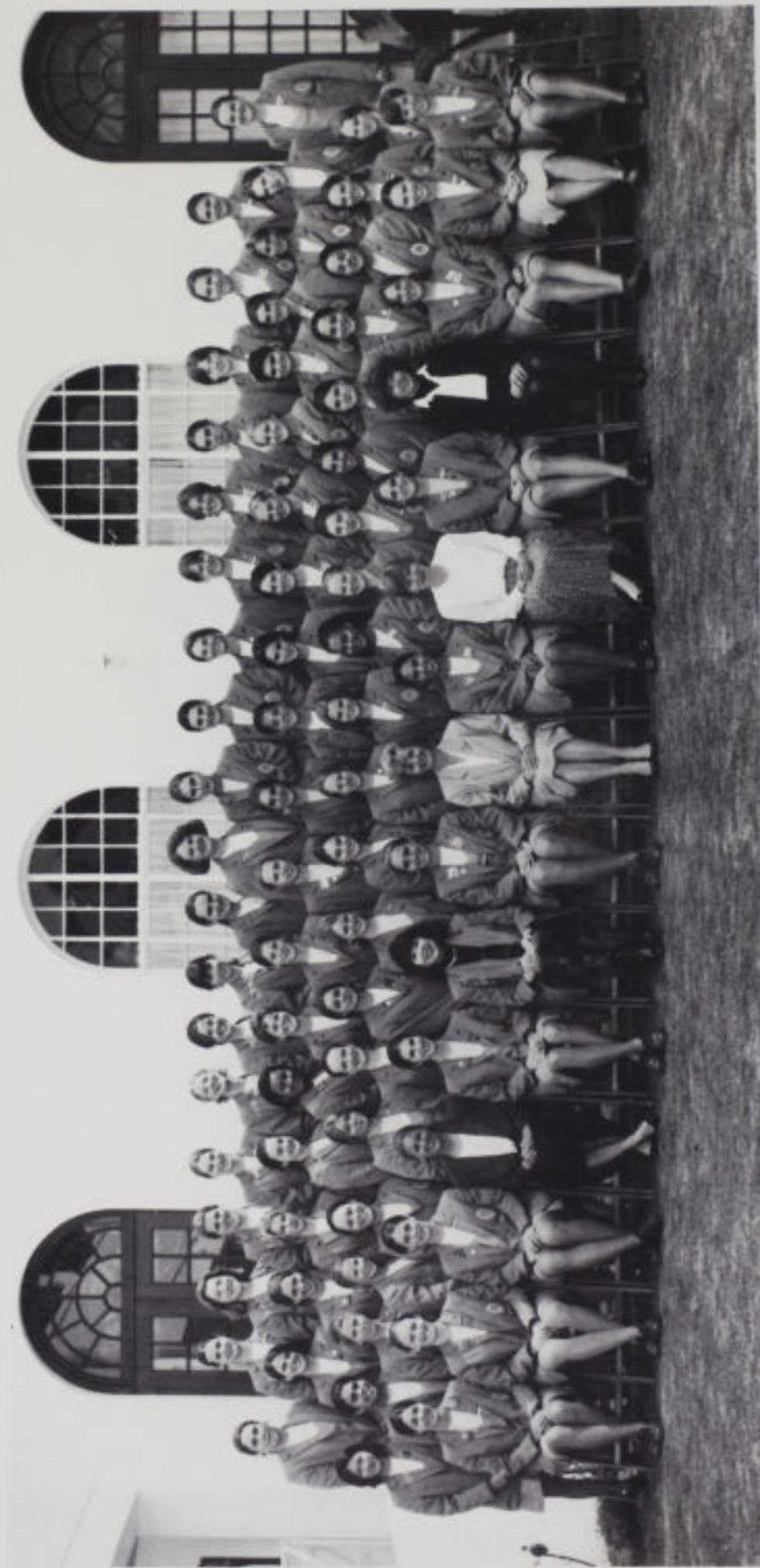
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THE HERSCHELIAN 1996



HERSCHEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
14 KENMAR CRESCENT * CLAREMONT * 7700 * ☎ 762-2841

HERSCHEL SENIOR SCHOOL
21 HERSCHEL ROAD * CLAREMONT * 7700 * ☎ 64-4010



MATRIC CLASS OF 1996

BACK ROW:

L. ...adi, I Serritslev, H Yelland, N Brice, C Hamath, M Louw, M Watt, A Simpson, I. Davies, K Weizelbaumer, N Stephen, K Geline, C von Witt,
S van Horn, T McCrae, F Shulver, S Pullinger, T Welton

3RD ROW:

G Dace, S Newton, S Maguire, K Gant, C Putter, J Snijders, P Taylor, A Phillips, A Bales, V Sheppard, N Delaherty, K Ackermann, C Baille, A Abbas,
K Koop, S Coomer, J Nel, G Siegers, A Daniels, B Vos

2ND ROW:

S Hovstad, D Jefftha, J Sanders, K Learmonth, V Peter, N Struik, V Blumberg, C Ferucci, K Miller, L Ruth, C Martin, K Campbell, W Christian, T Hannay,
J Winhall, D Loureiro, K Shephardson, R Taliep, R Segers, A Borch, S Stablesford-Smith

FRONT ROW:

J Brice, P Caradoc-Davies, C Nixon, Mrs M Kershaw, K Mullord, Mrs D Beames, K Locke, Mrs P Deff, I Croy, Mrs L MacIntyre, A Clegg, Mrs J Korte,
C Bloch, S A Cattell, J Winckard

CONTENTS

SENIOR SCHOOL 1 - 73

STAFF 2

SPEECH DAY 4

Mrs Jeff's Speech	4
Academic, Cultural and Spiritual Life	5
Sport and Other Activities	6
Pam Gulling's Speech	9
Headgirl's Address	11
Forum	13
Results	14

HOUSE REPORTS 16

Jagger	16
Merriman	17
Rail	18

ACTIVITIES 19

Environmental Awareness Club	19
French Club	19
History Society	20
Photography Club	20
Philosophy Club	20
Talkshop and Inter-schools Debating	21
Teammasters	21
Workshop	22
Archives	22
Cultural Collage	23
Herschel Eisteddfod Collage	24
Music Report	25
Flute Ensemble	25
Windband	25
National Schools Jazz Festival	26
Herschel Eisteddfod	27
Cabaret	27
Library	28
Christian Union	29
Children's Christmas Pudding Mix	29
Interact	29
Outreach	30
Balletroom Dancing	31
Matric Dance	31
Matric Dance Collage	32
Bkarate Nanyum	33
Deli Examinations	33
French Trip to Réunion	33
Afrikaans Week in Pretoria	34
Orange River Adventure	35
Art Tour	36
Memories of a Camp in Ceres	36
Brouks School Exchange	37
Appleby College Exchange	38
Norfolk Academy Exchange	39
American Exchange Students	39
Education: S.A. / Germany	40

CREATIVE WORK 41

Standards 8-10 Art	41
Standard 10	43
Standard 9	48
Standard 8	50
Standard 7	54
Standard 6	56

SPORT 59

Swimming	59
The Gala - A 7 Hk View	60
SA Swimming Tour to Germany	61
Waterpolo	62
Squash	63
Volleyball	63
Hockey	64
Indoor Hockey	65
Netball	66
Sports Dinner	67
Basketball	68
Riding	68
Polocrosse	69
Rowing	70
Sports Climbing	71

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF NEWS 72

PREPARATORY SCHOOL 74 - 116

From the Headmistress	74
Staff	75
Opening of the New Hall	76
Student Council	76
20th Private Bank Golf Day	77
Music Report	78
Orchestra	78
Recorder Ensemble	78
African Music	79
Choir	79
Drama	79
General Knowledge	80
Eco Kids Club	80
Ice-Cream	81
Living Maths	81
Scripture Union	81
Design Technology	82
Swimming	82
Drumming	83
Tennis	83
Hockey	84
Netball	86
Squash	86
Cross Country	88

PREPARATORY SCHOOL STAFF NEWS 89

CREATIVE WORK 90

Six 5 Creative Work	90
Pre-Preparatory Art	91
Standards 2-5 Art	92
Six 4 Creative Work	95
Six 3 Creative Work	97
Six 2 Creative Work	100
Six 1 Creative Work	103
Six 2 Creative Work	108
Six 3 Art	109
Six 4 Art	110
Six 5 Creative Work	111
Pre-Preparatory Creative Work	112

OLD HERSCHELIANS 117

STAFF

HEADMISTRESS

Mrs P J Duff, BSc, UED(UCT)

DEPUTY HEADMISTRESS

Mrs I P MacIntyre, BSc, UED(Natal)

SENIOR TEACHERS

Mrs P L Allen, BA(Hons)(UCT), HED(Unisa)

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs I C J Adley, BSc, HED(UCT)

Mrs L M Banks, BA(Wits), HDE(RAT)

Miss M L Barlow, BMus, HDE(UCT)

Mrs D E Beames, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mrs H Betika, Dip(Hons Phys Ed)(Bulawayo)

Mrs H Burnett, HDE(UCT) Home Examiners(Sec)

Mr S D Chapman, BMus(Natal), (HDE)(UCT)

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Mrs L Crutchley, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs A. Duikericks, BA, HDE(Pta)

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Miss A M S Gough, BA(Rhodes), GSM(Hons), LRSM, ARCM(Hon), HDE(UCT), FRC

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Mrs M Kershaw, LLB, Phys Ed

Mrs J M Kurtz, MA(Rhodes), HDE(UCT)

Miss R J Law, BA(Rhodes), HDE(UCT)

Mrs J M Lones, NTD Commerce

Mrs A V Nel, HDE(Phys & Chem)(Edgewood)

Mrs M E Patrick, BSc(Hons)(UCT), HDE(Unisa)

Mrs M J Peacock, BA, STD(Stell)

Mrs A-M Rabbits, BSc, HOD(Stell)

Mrs S C Ryan, BA, BEd(Rhodes), DSF(Sch Lib)(Unisa)

Mrs J Sacks, MA(UCT), HED(JCE), DipSpecEd(UNISA)

Mr A P Scott, BA(Stell), Dip IR(Damelin)

Mrs C E Speck, BSc, HDE(UCT)

Mrs H Stanford, BA, HOD(Stell)

Mrs T J Steyn, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs S Strydom, BA(Hons)(Lon), HED(Unisa), VSAITINT

Mr R A Surrie, BA(SA), UED(Rhodes)

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Mrs K van der Merwe, BSc(Hons)(Stell)

Mrs M C Venter, BA, HOD(Bloom)

Miss N L Wolgemood, BA(PA)(UNISA), HDE(Rhodes)

Mr J C Wensch, BMus(UCT)

PART TIME STAFF

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Mrs D Powell, BMus(UNISA), LRSM, FIPrecDip(UCT)

Mrs E Pretorius, BMus(UT), UPLM

Mrs B Richardson, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mrs R Rosenbaum, NAT104(PETec)

Mrs M Stephens, BA(Hons), PETD(UCT)

BOARDING HOUSE STAFF

Mrs V Bester, Lady Warden

Mrs J Normanton, Matron

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mr P B Dettel, CA(SA), School Bursar

Mrs B S Roberts, Headmistress's Secretary

Mrs J Pollock, Receptionist/School Secretary

Mrs V J Speddy, Fees Officer

Mrs D Bunn, Senior Bookkeeper

Mrs M Newitt, Assistant Bookkeeper

Mrs T Palmer, Admin Assistant

Mrs L Gribble, Liaison Officer

Mr M Bo'd, Estate Manager

Mr E Nicholas, Assistant Estate Manager

Mrs J Rodighiero, Caterer

Miss T Smith, Assistant Caterer

COUNCIL MEMBERS

VISITOR: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

CHAIRMAN: Mr D Loch Davis

Mr G Barr

Mr J B Gardener

Mr R Hendry

Prof C Johnson

Councillor Lalia

Mr G Louw

Mr W Marshall-Smith

Mr J R Miller

Ms M J Moffi

Mr A H Peters

Mrs L Reid

Mrs A Snyders

Mr D Wallia



Mrs Duff congratulates the Deputy Chairman of Council, Mr Graham Barr, on the award of an MBE.



STAFF

- BACK ROW: Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Buss, Miss Gough, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Dielericks, Mrs. Gokking, Mrs. Kurtz
 MID ROW: Miss Wilgemore, Mrs. Crutchley, Mrs. Hugo, Mrs. Roth, Mrs. Venter, Miss Law, Mrs. Hrusmus, Mrs. Nel
 2ND ROW: Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Rabbits, Mrs. Keeshaw, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Socck, Mrs. Steyerler, Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. Ryan
 FRONT ROW: Mrs. Beames, Mrs. Esterhuysen, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. MacIntyre, Mrs. Adley, Mr. Chapman
 INSET: Left - Miss Barlow, Mr. Wensch, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Steyn. Right - Mrs. van der Merwe, Mrs. Cochrane
 ABSENT: Mr. Scott, Mrs. Sacks, Mrs. Engelbrecht



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

- BACK ROW: Miss Smith, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Rochquet, Mrs. Normanston
 FRONT ROW: Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. Pollock, Mr. Oertel, Mrs. Drif, Mr. Beld, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Sperry



Mrs Pam Golding, Kirsten Locke and Mrs Duff at Speech Day

SPEECH DAY

MRS DUFF'S SPEECH

Mr Chairman, honoured guests, friends and young ladies of Herschel - welcome to our 1996 Senior Prize Giving Ceremony. A special welcome to my colleagues, the heads of other independent schools.

And, a very sincere welcome to our Guest of Honour, a dynamic and successful woman; we can certainly learn a great deal from the example set by Mrs Pam Golding.

I always appreciate this annual opportunity to thank the many people whose contributions ensure the successful life of the school: the members of Council, the supportive parents, interested Old Herschelians, the staff - administrative, house, catering and grounds, the estate managers and, in particular, the teaching staff. The strength of the school lies in their commitment, experience and combined wisdom.

It is always sad to say goodbye to loyal long-serving members of staff - but the years do catch up with us eventually and retirement beckons for two ladies: Francophile Sandra Stuytler leaves after 15½ years at Herschel, during which time she established the tradition of successful French tours - we shall miss her, but know that she will stay in touch by sending postcards from the tops of all the mountains she plans to conquer. A big loss for the Preparatory School is the retirement of Janys Minna, who for 14 years has welcomed the latest Herschelians to Nursery and Pre-Prep classes, giving them their earliest memories of school.

Also retiring for the second (or is it the third?) time, after a career of 46 years in education, of which Herschel Latin pupils have been privileged to benefit from the last four, we

say goodbye and thank you to Ray Smiley. Staff meetings will not be the same without his witty comments - and staff Christmas parties will certainly miss the 'hug-a-bug'!

Other staff changes are coming: head of the senior school English department, June Kurtz, leaves after 8 years and will now be able to devote more time to her own writings; Lynn Lillie leaves the Preparatory School after 4 years, both in the classroom and on the sportsfield - thank you both.

I also wish to say a sincere personal thank you to Mr Graham Barr - who sadly cannot be with us today, for he has, only this week, been transferred to London. There fore, he has resigned from the Herschel Council and I shall miss his enthusiastic contribution. Managing a school in the 1990's is comparable to managing a big business. Academics are trained as academicians and the ramifications of the business world can be something of a mystery to us at times. So Graham's keen interest, sensible advice and hands-on help have been invaluable to me.

As Vice-Chairman of Council, Graham Barr was a prime mover in our strategic planning process which has enabled Herschel to identify opportunities, to anticipate problems and to re-strategise where effective and necessary. I am confident that the vision created will keep Herschel in the forefront of education in South Africa.

And, we are indeed fortunate to have the services of a competent bursar and the interest and wise input of clear-thinking, far-sighted men and women on our Council. They look to the future and help us to plan accordingly.

Particularly exciting for me was the inclusion in the strategic planning committees of, not only members of Council,

but also many teachers, several parents and two Matrics. In our own way we thus reflect the new democracy in our country by giving all stakeholders in our community a chance to participate. I like the comment made by an American academic, Professor Fullan: "There should be a parent development programme hand in hand with staff development - every person is a change agent - don't criticize the system, help it change."

Yes, a school is a dynamic family and the ever-changing pattern of pupils, their parents and the teachers weaves a rich fabric that adds colour, dimension and depth to Herschel. It is always exciting to welcome new teachers who bring with them creative ideas and innovative methods. Staff posts for 1997 have been filled by teachers who have high levels of qualification, experience and teaching ability. Herschel's fine record of achievement will be assured.

Excellent and dedicated teaching develops interest and commitment in pupils who are encouraged to take responsibility to achieve to their own personal maximum capability. Our 1996 Cape Senior Certificate results were outstanding - 100% pass with 94,1% achieving university entrance requirements with matriculation exemption. There were 64 subject distinctions and 17 girls achieved 'A' aggregates, now called interval 1. Another 21 girls obtained an interval 2 pass, so a total of 56% of last year's Matrics gained top class passes. Equally important and praiseworthy are the results gained by the sheer determination, effort and perseverance of those who do not find academic studies easy and who were encouraged and spurred on by their teachers.

While referring to academic matters, I must mention a present Matric pupil who deserves an accolade - Amy Buzdzik. Throughout her school career she has obtained distinctions in every subject, has achieved much success in music and Olympiads and, this year, has achieved an outstanding average in school examinations - 96%. Congratulations, Amy, we shall follow your future achievements with interest and pride.

The 1996 Matrics have made many positive contributions to the academic, sporting and cultural activities of the school. Head Girl, Kirsten Locke, has been great - she is a real all-rounder and has entered enthusiastically into every aspect of school life, leading by example. She has been ably and loyally supported by her deputy, Inge Croy, who has successfully held a dual role as Head Boarder. Super-efficient Amanda Clegg has ensured a very effective School Forum, and a loyal team of prefects have also undertaken their duties responsibly.

Other Matrics can derive personal satisfaction and reward from knowing that they have served their school with distinction - I name a few: Lynda Davies for 'outstanding organisation in the canteen'; Liza Lucani for 'control of lost property'; Réghana Talup for 'service to the library'; Karin Koep for 'service in the Chapel and backstage work

in the theatre'; Amy Phillips for 'organisation of Interact'; Suzanne Pullinger for her 'organisation of the P.R.C.'s'; and there are also the sports team captains, house captains, standard heads, leaders of the various clubs and societies and forum representatives - I am sure that the experiences they have gained will give them confidence to go far in the future.

The Matrics have also worked hard, as seen by the 17 A's achieved in the recent trials examinations, with several girls 'knocking on the door'. So, they now face the final Matric hurdle, well prepared and excited about the future. I wish them much success and every happiness - may all their dreams come true.

As in the past, and in recognition of the contribution made by the Matrics, I invite Catherine Ballance and Paula Clarendon-Davies to give their own accounts of a few of the highlights of the year.

ACADEMICS, CULTURAL ACTIVITIES AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

When my sister left school, she said that her last school year had flown by. In the middle of sweating for the June exams, I did not believe her - now I can tell you that it is true!

It really is hard for Matrics to believe that school days are coming to an end for they have raced by - filled with academic work and many other activities: sport, clubs, societies, outings, camps, Olympiads, plays, concerts and extendedfests. On behalf of all Matrics - thank you to our parents for giving us the wonderful opportunity of a holistic education that has prepared us for the future.

The introduction this year of a pilot project in Design Technology for Standards 6 and 7 paid interesting dividends when, at the 1996 Western Cape Science Expo, Dianne Gordon and Patricia Netzer won first prize in the Junior Technology section with their project on a "Peel stabiliser". And they were competing against many boys' schools, including technical schools!

Music, dance and drama are very important - all were evident in our celebration of "Culture '96", subtitled "Music, Music, Music", with vibrant music from the "Car-cars" to "Grease" and the "Rocky Horror Show". Because the show was immediately sold out, the run had to be extended to accommodate parents of the cast!

Our new choir mistress, Miss Barlow, has increased the choir's repertoire and a highlight of the year was Herschel's participation in the "Voices of the World" Concert - a musical spectacular of massed choirs at the Newlands Cricket Ground in honour of retiring Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Music pupils have excelled - in the Cape Town Extended the chorale won the Ladies' Choir Trophy and we were very proud of Zoë Beyers who was awarded the Phyllis Brodie Trophy for the open class concert section, and of Nadine Tembach who won a trophy for the Best

Under-13 Piano Performance. Art has not been neglected and the Matric Art on display today shows a new vibrancy.

School clubs and societies continue to flourish. The Tuzen-masters course has again been popular and the debating teams have had many interesting contests. Justine Brice had the unique experience of sitting in a broadcasting studio as a panel member in Nigel Murphy's "Microphone In". New clubs have also started - philosophy, French and environmental awareness, while Interact is still the biggest and most active club, encouraging us to help those less fortunate than ourselves by street collecting, manning refreshment stations for big walks, helping at night shelters, assisting with the Children's Christmas Pudding Mix and helping with the President's Award scheme in our Outreach endeavours.

The School Forum of elected pupil representatives and prefects meets regularly with Mrs Duff and senior teachers to discuss ways to benefit Herschel. Many of our suggestions have been implemented and we appreciate the opportunity to be involved in the running and managing of the school. Head Girl, Kirsty Locke, and prefects, Kate Mulford, were invited to school strategic planning meetings this year and gave the views of the pupils in a vision for Herschel in the next decade.

A special memory of our school years will be the weekly chapel services, termly eucharists and the celebrations on Founders' Day, Easter and the lovely carol service. Our beautiful chapel is also well used for boarders' chapel services, termly family services, special prayer times and, during the year, 5 members of staff have been married in the chapel. We thank Father John Atkinson and the Rev. Tim Harris for their loving care in a part-time capacity. Rumour has it that we shall have a full-time chaplain next year and, fittingly, a woman - Mrs Paddy Allen.

On behalf of all present Herschelians, I thank the teachers for showing such dedication and loving concern for all aspects of our education - we are proud not only to have high academic standards and sporting and cultural successes, but also the chance to enrich our lives in so many other ways.

Paula will be telling you about some of the camps and outings undertaken this year. On these occasions, teachers often give up their free time during evenings, weekends and even during the school holidays. We really appreciate all that they do for us, even though, at times, we may not show it - thank you.

Catherine Bullance

SPORT AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Apart from the traditional girls' school sports: hockey, netball, tennis and swimming, we are fortunate to have the facilities to play squash, waterpolo and indoor-hockey and to enjoy synchro swimming. Basketball and volleyball

have really gone ahead this year with Herschel teams competing in leagues for the first time.

On the coldest, wettest, windiest day of winter, the first hockey team played brilliantly in the inter schools tournament and narrowly lost to Rustenburg in the last minute of the final game. The first tennis team had a very successful year, winning both the Cape Town Inter-schools Tennis Tournament and a South African Independent Schools' Tennis Festival, held in Bloemfontein. The cup they brought home was big enough to be a 'world cup'. Next year this festival will be organised by Herschel. Hockey, netball and waterpolo players all enjoyed short tours to P.E. Perhaps we shall have an overseas tour one day.

We are proud of our Provincial and National sports girls - their achievements are listed in your programme and include outside school activities as varied as polo-crosse, show jumping, dressage, sport climbing and biathlon.

Mr Scott is on leave this term, probably to recover from taking the biggest ever group of girls on an Orange River Adventure. Thirteen girls travelled further - the Art Tour to Europe was a stunning success, thanks to Mrs Pru Crawley. The group left South Africa in the Olympic Team's 'rainbow plane' and immediately felt like V.I.P.'s themselves. Their photographs show what a wonderful experience they had - from art galleries and sightseeing to shopping and sunbathing on the pebble beach at Nice.

Standard 9's have had a very busy year - starting with frenzied activity as they prepared for our Matric Dance, which was an evening we shall never forget. Thank you for a "night with the stars". They also enjoyed an Enrichment Course at Hermanus, where they learnt a lot about themselves and others, as they ate too much food, nearly died of cold and learnt how difficult it is to reach consensus on controversial matters. They also discovered that Mrs Duff is human after all.

The 9's also had invaluable work placement experience and 7 lovely girls went on school exchanges. Sadly, our ten-year exchange with Brooks School has ended, but thanks to the enthusiasm of Geography teacher, Mrs Barbara Erasmus, several more exchanges are planned for next year - at 2 American schools, 2 Canadian schools, St. Mark's in Lebowa and, hopefully, an Australian school.

Standard 7's had a great camp at Ceres and, while they were away, the Standard 6's followed an alternative programme, which ended with their preparations for the Matric Mum's Lunch. Each group of girls was given a table to set, to arrange the flowers and to write out the menu. Many went further, using their design/technology skills to create ingenious boxes to hold the peppermints. Every table was different and quite spectacular - the 6's are superb hostesses in the making!

We are continually inspired by the enthusiasm, interest and active assistance of many parents and Old Herschelians.

The beautiful gardens; the lovely flower arrangements in the school; the activity in the library, clothing shop and second-hand book shop are all testimony to the wonderful work done and an example to us all. It is also interesting for us to observe and to learn another of life's lessons: we see that there are clearly three types of people - watchers, talkers and doers - and obviously it will be up to each one of us to select our particular role in the years ahead.

The Matrics have really enjoyed the new common room in the former crypt chapel, and now we have two Matric lawns - the quadrangle next to the staffroom and also the herb garden lawn. However, in spite of Kathryn Campbell's valiant efforts, we have never managed to keep our common room as tidy as the lovely boarders' sit or their new upstairs sitting room - which is still to be named.

Good luck to the Standard 9's as they start to lead the school next week - your Matric year will be an incredible experience.

Next year Herschel will celebrate her 75th Anniversary, and we have grown from 35 pupils in 1922 to nearly 800 this year. The celebrations are planned to start in mid-February and these will give us good reason to return to see familiar faces and places. Last week the Class of 1950 returned to celebrate "forty years on". They looked around a much changed school - their Matric classroom was in the present book-keeper's office and their dormitories were

open balconies above the dining room and Mary Jagger Hall. They couldn't believe the carpets, heaters, fans and computers that they saw! I wonder what changes we Matrics will see in 2000! Good luck to you all in the years ahead.

Paula Caradoc-Davies

MRS DUFF CONTINUED

Each year after the girls' reports, it has been my custom to share a few thoughts with you. I have previously spoken on themes such as "the year of the family", "the role of women", "a decade of hope", "South Africa and Herschel on the high road", "what makes a good school" and "using information technology to communicate in the global village". But this year I was faced with a problem of what to say - there are so many issues - "the education crisis in our country", "the value of service before self" or "the importance of self-discipline and the maintenance of standards" (in a world where NEITHER practice seems to be extolled) - all causes crying out for comment.

This chance alteration of "C's" set me thinking. When I was younger, I suffered from severe migraine headaches and was always warned against the "C's" that were said to be the cause - citrus, colas, cheese, chocolate and coffee.

I thought 'C' stands for "Change". And this is significant for all of us at Herschel and, indeed, in South Africa. In our



SUB A - MATRIC

BACK ROW: R. Segers, S. Puttinger, C. Sutcliffe, S. van Hoorn, I. Serritslev, B. Vos
FRONT ROW: L. Rubin, Mrs P. Duff, S. Newton

country we have had a change of leadership and we are only now beginning to learn to cope with the implications of this. Here at Herschel, there will also be a change of leadership next year, as well as the possibility of changes in curriculum and examinations. Together with the rest of the world, we are rushing headlong into the 21st Century - but, while looking ahead, we still have to cope with today's problems.

I have quoted before, and make no apologies for quoting again, the Basuto proverb: "If a man does away with his traditional way of living and throws away his good customs, he had better first make certain that he has something of value to replace them".

So, in thinking of the valuable qualities we aim to provide for Herschelians, I have 7 more C's for you:

aged at Herschel by creative writing, e-mail, debating, public speaking, drama and the opportunity to learn languages other than one's own - but also expressed in cultural activities - music, drama and art - and in social skills - welcoming guests, escorting visitors and the school, ballroom dancing, flower arranging - and meeting and living in different communities through school exchanges.

Thirdly: Commitment which means not only taking responsibility, but also the hard work of seeing a task through. Opportunities for Herschelians occur in the decision making School Forum, in the prefects' responsibilities for the organisation, budgeting and purchasing for the tuckshop; arranging meals for the Standard 7 Camp; organising the Matric Dance or any other major function and reliably serving in many areas: lost property, tuckshop, theatre, chapel and as absentee monitors. Com-



Second generation Matrics with their mothers at the Matric Mums' Luncheon

BACK ROW: Kathy and Katrina Weir/banner
MIDDLE ROW: Gina and Jenny Siegers, Gill and Katherine Gani
FRONT ROW: Aingail and Dorrie Simpson, Hilary and Sally Cartell, Binny and Nicola Stephen

Firstly: Curiosity: an 'awareness' nurtured by research skills using our lovely Resource Centre, the computer information highway, current affairs and talks of general interest, outside visits and the introduction of design technology. British Professor, Michael Barber, says, "The basics in education must be expanded to encourage curiosity and to include problem-solving, creativity and a capacity for lifelong learning and re-learning."

I agree - curiosity arouses an enthusiasm for learning and for living, and enthusiasm brightens life for the person and all around her.

Secondly: Communication: so vital for 'understanding', not only using the written, typed or spoken word - en-vo-

vement is also nurtured in keen sportswomen, who keep fit and attend both matches and practices. Commitment, in its turn, encourages loyalty - loyalty to friends, to parents, to school and to one's country. It is wonderful to see girls sticking up for each other in times of difficulty and not letting the side down when the going gets tough.

Next: Confidence: to be true to oneself, to be honest and to hold tightly to values and morals in the face of onslaught from the media or peers, to stand up proudly for what one believes in - for the rest of one's life. To be sensibly aware of the dangers of addictive substances and, one day, of the enormous responsibility of parenthood. All these awesome challenges are nurtured in the Christian life of Herschel.

Two together now: *Concern and Compassion*. Herschel's beliefs are so eloquently summed up in the words of our lovely school song. And not only do Herschelians learn to 'care for one another' in the classroom and boarding house, on the playing fields or during camps; they also learn to care for others as they become involved in literacy, in our Outreach Programme and the Standard 8 social responsibility course. Concern for people is not enough, we must also care for our environment - the plants, animals and land. Wonderful work is being done by our enthusiastic environmentalists, while outdoor excursions, such as the Orange River Adventure, stimulate awareness and appreciation of the beauty of nature, and the value of the simple things of life. I have a vision of an 'outdoor campus' for Herschel - I hope that it will become a reality one day.

Finally: *Courage* to face the challenges that life brings. While at school these include tests, examinations, sports, olympiads, competitions and matches. Courage goes hand in hand with the humility to accept successes and the stoicism to accept disappointments or failures, and to learn from both of these.

"At every step, the child should be allowed to meet the real experiences of life; the thorns should not be plucked from her roses." Ellen Key (Swedish writer).

The courage to have self-discipline, to be self-reliant, to show initiative and to be strong enough to be entrepreneurs if necessary. School opportunities in design technology, information technology and business skills, combined with experience of the "world of work" in the Standard 8 Placement Programme, provide the basis for future entrepreneurs.

Those then are my "Seven C's", but what about *Cheerfulness, Charm, Charity, Camaraderie, Cleanliness, Composure, Competence, Creativity, Constancy and Courtesy*? All these and more are the special "C's" that I believe are embodied in the Herschel ethos. I hope that present Herschelians here today will hold onto my "C's" after they have forgotten all the facts they have learnt at school.

Yes, there are many CHANGES ahead, but changes bring exciting challenges and Herschelians will COPE.

Although I have concentrated on the letter 'C', I share with you a moving observation on life-long learning that I came across in recent reading, it is a thought for us all:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look and a father's nod, and a sister's gentle pressure on the hand and a brother's act of forbearance - with flowers in green valleys and on hills, with oaks' nests admired but not touched, with pleasant walks in shady lanes, with benevolent thoughts, kindly voices and deeds of virtue, to the source of all good, to God Himself."

Thank you - Ad Dei Gloriam.

Mrs P. Duff

MRS PAM GOLDING'S SPEECH

I cannot tell you what a great honour it is for me to be here to address you today. While I am not an "old girl" of the school, I have strong loyalties through my daughter and my grand-daughter and huge admiration for the School in its important role of educating women for the new role they must play in society today.

Today I want to talk to you about Achievement, about Winning, about Success. For women today there have never been more opportunities to achieve, and for you, as young women on the threshold of adulthood, I would like to encourage you to try your best, to succeed at whatever it is that you choose to do.

Use the country as a whole, which sprouted its democratic wings two years ago, women are flying higher and further. South Africa today is a tremendously exciting place to begin this striving to succeed - particularly for women. Constitutionally all doors are now open to us and it is up to you, the new generation in the workplace, that you not only claim, but do justice to the rights that have been entrusted to you.

From a lone Helen Suzman in Parliament, women are not only well represented, but respected power makers in the Cabinet. Women Judges are no longer a rarity and women are moving, albeit still slowly, in the corporate world. We're in the team now and as players we must show the will and determination to score, if South Africa is to achieve the prosperity which will allow it to take its place as a First World Country, offering safety and security for all. If anybody can do it, women can, because we are a very special breed - used to juggling husbands, children, homes, jobs and social responsibilities.

I read of your own successes - of the young Herschel women who were recently featured in a local newspaper having received diplomas after passing the Oxford University Enterprise examination - a further sign of women getting on to take their rightful place in commerce.

As the Chairman of one of South Africa's largest independent property groups, I want to share with you something I have discovered along my winding path in life. Contrary to what you may think, looking at people who have made it to the top, and to what Hollywood and the "hoax" would like us to believe, miracles and fairy godmothers who wave magic wands and make dreams come true while we sit back and dream on ... just don't happen!

Success and achievement come with work - hard work and lots of it - structuring, planning and determination. I won't deny that luck also plays a part, but luck to a large extent is the ability to recognise opportunities when they come your way and to make them work for you - *Cape Diem - Seize the Day!*

No matter how much the failures find excuses for themselves and criticism for the winners, there is always a place

for those who achieve, and the world needs all the achievers that it can get.

Our daily newspapers catalogue with regular momentum the failures, disasters and tragedies in life. We don't hear as often about success - perhaps because it tends just to get on with being successful. I am reminded of the cynicism of that great American writer and thinker, Mark Twain, who said: "All you need in life is ignorance and confidence ... then success is sure to follow!"

But where would we all be without education and the very important principles of life: honesty, work ethic and discipline, which a school like this imprints on you from your youngest years. They are the pillars which support the moral and economic stability which are vital for this country to be a leader, not only on the African continent, but in the world.

But to take the adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," a little further. While I firmly believe that life should be disciplined, and that we should abide by discipline and dedication to achieve, it is important that we also need to "let rip" occasionally, to ride the rapids - with flair and style, to be bold with entrepreneurial skills. As you cross the threshold into the classroom of life, don't allow yourselves to be bogged down by all the problems of adulthood and limit yourself to the obvious.

Follow your instinct. Don't be intimidated by uncertainties, they're everywhere in the world at any given time. Look instead to the opportunities which abound. Where to start?

I like the answer given by American writer, Eli Wiesel when faced with the same question: "The world is so vast, I shall start with the country I know best, my own. But my country is so very large, I had better start with my town. But my town is so large, I had best start with my street. No - my home, no - my family, never mind, I will start with myself."

South Africa today is a tremendously exciting place to begin this striving to succeed - particularly for women. If there ever was a time for winners to take the lead it is now! And there is something every one of us can do. What counts is not what you are or who you are, it's what you do. That's why I urge you now, while you have the chance to set your goals, set them high and don't be discouraged by set backs. And when you do experience a set-back, it's as well to remember that there is no such thing as great success without great will-power pushing it along.

Striving toward a goal, no matter what it is, helps to focus your activities and makes it so much easier to go to where you want to be.

As South Africa goes through its exciting transition, it's those people with goals, ambitions and sheer determination

who will rise to meet those challenges and lead others less capable than themselves. Here at Herschel, I believe all the examples to point you in the right direction have been set: Bear in mind the Herschel values of Tradition, Work Ethic, Respect, Discipline, Competitive Spirit and an ethos of Knowledge tempered with Honesty, Loyalty and Service. I would like to suggest you spice them with some of the things successful people all seem to have in common.

These are the P's: pride, pals, popularity, perseverance, power and a positive attitude; and the C's: confidence, communication, commitment, challenge, courage and choice.

And attitude - I quote Charles Swindell's verse on Attitude: "The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life."

It is more important than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than whatever anyone might say or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness or skill. The remarkable thing is that we have the choice to create the attitude we have for that day. We cannot change our past. We cannot change the way people act. We cannot change the inevitable. The one thing we can change is the only thing we have control over, and that is our attitude. I'm convinced that life is 10% what actually happens to us and 90% how we react to it.

Sometimes it is good to reflect on one's life. Is life a destination? Or is it a journey towards a destination? We plan a route and map it out and no matter how carefully we plan there are always unexpected twists and turns that crop up. Now there is an opportunity to see how we traverse this unknown territory. Do we turn back or do we approach adversity with curiosity?

It might mean you have to change from all and everything life has taught you so far, but knowing you can change, there is no fear of life any more and you will solve any problem. We have to learn to 'tap dance' on a moving carpet. In this way the carpet can never be pulled out from underneath your feet.

Do not ask what the world needs, ask what makes you come alive, for what the world needs is People who are Alive.

And now I would like to say something about parents. It's part of the pattern of life for children to rebel. Speaking as a parent - and a grandparent - I would like you to spare a thought for them. Parenting today is not easy. Like you, they are having to deal with increased pressures, new ideas and influences. Fear of the many dangers to which you are exposed as crime and drug-abuse are rampant.

When they pull in the reins, don't interpret it as unnecessary restraint. All parents want their children to fly, to be free and experience life, but before that come guidance and security.

I would like to end by wishing you all - especially the Matrics - the best of luck in your forthcoming exams and with whatever you decide to do with the rest of your lives. I would like to leave you with a thought by Eleanor Roosevelt which is particularly relevant to my message to you today:

"The purpose of life," she said, "is to live it, to taste experience to the utmost and to reach out eagerly and without fear for newer and richer experience."

Taste and reach out - whatever choices you make in life, may they be the right ones and may you all succeed, and may you all be winners. Thank you.

Mrs Pam Golding

HEADGIRL'S ADDRESS

It is an honour and privilege to address you this morning.

Mrs Golding, thank you for taking time from your busy schedule to come and speak to us. We really appreciate your being with us and greatly value your sound advice and words of inspiration. In this day and age, entrepreneurship is a vital skill and you are a wonderful role model for all of us here today. Thank you.

My life at Herschel began in 1991. Having lived the first twelve years of my life in the Transkei, I was by no means

a city shaker, but I was determined to make myself known right from the start. This I did without any difficulty.

During my very first week, all the Standard Fives were taken on an outing to the planetarium. I was very excited about this and desperately wanted to look intelligent and ask the right questions, even though I had no idea what a planetarium was. Once we had toured the museum, we all lined up with our teachers outside the doors of the planetarium and I proceeded to ask at the top of my voice, "So what kind of plants are we going to see?"

That was only the beginning. Courtesy of our official school uniform suppliers, I had to wear white socks instead of the regulation beige ones, and because no one could ever remember my name, I was simply "the girl in white socks" for the whole of the first term.

Eventually, my moment of glory arrived - the Inter-house Games. At last I could show these Capetonians that some Transkeians can swim. Then came the fathers' race. Being a new parent, my dad didn't even know this race existed, but, being the supportive and enthusiastic father that he is, he decided to swim. All those well-timed ears lined up at the pool's edge in designer spectacles, while my dad stood there in his faded rugby shorts. This was meant to be a big event and all the girls were standing round the pool cheering their dads on. What a pity! No sooner had the gun gone off, than I suffered the most excruciating and



PREFECTS

BACK ROW: J. Wenzel, C. Bloem, P. Clarnane-Davies, C. Nixon, K. Mullond, S. Cattell, J. Brace
FRONT ROW: I. Croy (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs P. Duff, K. Louke (Headgirl), Mrs L. MacIntyre, A. Clegg (Treasurer/Secretary)

humiliating moment any new Standard Five girl could face - my dad lost his shorts!

So that was the beginning of six of the happiest and most special years of my life. Now, as I stand here at this podium, I can hardly believe that those years have come to an end. It is only now, in Matric, that many of us realise what a big part Herschel has played in our lives. We leave not only well-prepared for our final examinations and well-versed in the three r's, but as well-rounded, confident and mature individuals, ready to face a whole new chapter of our lives with determination and vision.

Barbara Vincent, the headgirl in my Standard Six year, said in her farewell speech, and I quote, "Our Matric class arrived at Herschel to see the foundations of the theatre being laid, and are just leaving as the resource centre is being commissioned. As both projects were initiated by Mrs Duff, it will be interesting to see, Standard Sixes, what you will be leaving behind in 1996."

Barbs, you obviously knew and know what an ambitious person Mrs Duff is with her many innovative and constructive ideas and it gives me great pleasure to answer your question: After five years, we leave behind a magnificently-equipped resource centre, a state-of-the-art computer room, a brand new science block, a beautiful chapel and an Olympic standard sports centre. This is no mean feat!

Mrs Duff, it continues to amaze me how much time and energy you put into Herschel. I have been extremely lucky and privileged to work with you this year and will never forget the jokes we shared and, especially, our 'singing' at Monday assemblies!

Your guidance, understanding, encouragement and support are invaluable and greatly appreciated by one and all. It is a fact that a headmaster or headmistress makes or breaks a school, and I feel that I speak for all of us when I say, Mrs Duff, your foresight and dedication have made Herschel what it is today - thank you very, very much.

Mrs McIntyre, fondly known as Mrs Mac, your understanding and ability to deal with teenage girls never ceases to amaze me. Your friendship and concern for our well being will always be remembered and I know that all the Matrics will miss you very much.

I don't think any of us will ever realise just how dedicated our teachers are. The personal attention they give each and every one of us is something quite special, and we thank you for your time, care, patience and perseverance. You never stop giving, and our consistently excellent academic, cultural and sporting records are a direct result of this.

On a more personal note, I would like to thank my six subject teachers most sincerely for their support and understanding this year. I have loved your classes - yes, Mr Suckle, even Latin! - and will miss you all.

To all the admin. staff, especially Mrs Pollock and Mrs Roberts, I don't know what I would have done without you this year. Your friendly smiles and efficient ways have lightened the load tremendously - thank you.

There is a very special group of people at Herschel whom we often tend to take for granted. It is thanks to them that our surroundings and buildings are kept looking so beautiful and that our forgotten belongings are locked away safely. Mr Rold, Mr Nickloes and your whole team - thank you for always being there when we need you (which is very often) and for always keeping our school looking so good.

Matrics - you have been absolutely stunning! You have made my year an absolute pleasure and I will always be grateful for your encouragement and friendship. I wish you all the best of luck for our approaching final hurdle.

A very, very special thank you must also go to my fellow prefects. Not only have you always been reliable and willing to help in any way, but you have all been the most incredible friends and I'll never forget the many funny moments and laughs we shared.

To all the girls - you are part of a truly magnificent school. Make use of every opportunity and be grateful for every moment - your time will fly by. Thank you for your constant sense of humour, your loyalty and your spirit and unity.

Mum, Dad, Drew - you have been the greatest. Thank you for always being there for me and for helping through the "stressed" times. Ginny, thank you for being here with me today and for all your love and support over the years. I really couldn't have done without you all.

I close with words from Nelson Mandela's book, "Long Walk to Freedom", which I feel are particularly appropriate for the Matrics as we reach the end of our school careers:

"We have not taken the final step of our journey, but the first step on a longer and even more difficult road. For to be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others... I have walked that long road to freedom... I have made mistakes along the way. But I have discovered the secret that after climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb. I have taken a moment here to rest, to steal a view of the glorious vista that surrounds me, to look back on the distance I have come. But I can rest only for a moment, for with freedom come responsibilities, and I dare not linger, for my long walk is not yet ended."

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve you as head girl. It has been an absolute joy and I have loved every minute of it. Thank you and farewell.

Kirsten Louke

FORUM

Forum began 1996 with much enthusiasm, and determination to continue the success that previous years have achieved. Meetings are held every two or three weeks on a Monday evening, lasting about an hour. Here, elected pupils, together with Mrs Duff, Mrs MacIntyre and a staff representative, raise suggestions and ideas for discussion on how to build and improve Herschel.

This year we have made much progress in seeing to the needs of the student body. After much deliberation over its pros and cons, Herschel is probably going to install an Intercom system which will be used for notices and important messages at the end of each school day. A much-needed air-conditioner has been put in the computer room to keep those Internet junkies cool, and in the tuckshop, to prevent the chocolates from melting in summer. It has also been decided that it will be necessary to open a stationery shop next year. Much to the water-polo players' relief, the swimming pool will be converted to a salt water pool shortly. As Forum caters for all the standards, we were very excited to hear that the new Standard 6's had an urgent suggestion to make earlier this year. They requested that

the pillars in the Atrium be removed as they claimed that they were always in the way. Little did they realise that the only reason those pillars are there is to support the roof of the Atrium - without them there would be no Atrium!

As Herschel is constantly planning for, and looking to, the future and the demands that will be made on schools in South Africa, Herschel held a Strategic Planning meeting this year, to look ahead at the next ten years. Head girl, Kirsty Lockie, and the Head of Standard Nine, Kate Mulholland, represented the School Forum at this meeting and gave some valuable suggestions as to what the girls feel needs to be reassessed in the next decade. Some of the suggestions from the student body were that the way of teaching at the school must lean more towards independent research and integrated studies, that computers were going to be needed in all the classes, and that environmental awareness should be a major concern.

As Forum continues over the next few years, most of these suggestions will materialise. The School Forum is an invaluable system whereby girls can give input and be involved in the running and management of Herschel.

Amanda Clegg (Secretary)



FORUM

- BACK ROW: B. Vos, E. Murray, S. Tatov, M. Watt, L. Davies, C. van Hensbergen, C. Loew, N. Vernon
2ND ROW: L. Stchlik, L. Kohu, C. Delson, L. Lincum, S. Pullinger, C. Hannath, A. Phillips, K. Knop, S. Coomer, A.M. Martins, C. Ballance
3RD ROW: Z. Beyers, L. Robertson, K. Campbell, C. Nixon, J. Wondard, C. Bloch, K. Miller, S. Sattler, V. Blumberg
FRONT ROW: J. Braux, L. Grey, Mrs P. Allen, K. Locke, Mrs L. MacIntyre, A. Clegg (Secretary), P. Caradoc-Davies

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1995

Distinction Matriculation (Subject Distinctions in brackets)

Ballance, Nicola (Art, Lat)
 Barker-Geldie, Emma-Jane (Math SG, Geo)
 Beardman, Amanda (Eng, Fre, His)
 Bradshaw, Jennifer (Lat, Mus, Mus Perf SG)
 Crowhurst, Nina (Sci, Bio, Fre)
 Davies, Keri (Eng, Art)
 Deakin, Lucy (Geo, Bio)
 Lynns, Simone (Fre, Geo)
 Mandy, Lauren (Art, Bio, Geo, Art)
 McGahery, Caroline (Math, Sci, Geo)
 Merkel, Lisa (Bio, Lat)
 Pericoli, Sarah (Eng, Afr, Bio)
 Quail, Zara (Art, Math, Lat)
 van Heerden, Dorothy (Art, Bio)
 Walker, Hayley (Gen, His)
 Wolff, Deborah (Math, Sci, Bio, Fre)

Wood, Natalie (Bio)

Matriculation Grade 2

Berry, Bianca
 Bowers, Nadine
 Bryon, Leigh
 Burton, Sarah (Eng)
 Coetzee, Lindsay Anne (His)
 Diedericks, Carina (Art)
 Epi, Anonk (Mus)
 Franks, Angela (Bio)
 Gassan, Robyn (Art)
 Gordon, Jacqui (Lat, Mus)
 Pieter, Allison
 Roberus, Chéné
 Sale, Jennifer
 Smith, Catherine
 Soltyski, Alexandra
 Tazuber, Leigh (Gen, Bus Ed SG)
 van Dijk, Skarmon (Bio)
 van Niekerk, Shelley (Eng, Bio SG)
 Volkmann, Joleene
 Watson, Gillian (Bio)
 Weinburg, Susan

Matriculation Grade 3

Aids, Celeste
 Concombeus, Samantha
 Denovan, Suzanne
 Gigane, Rebyu (Bus Ed SG)
 Hendricks, Suzannah
 Le Roy, Danielle
 Loughton, Caroline
 Mukovita, Thea
 McMullen, Aisling
 Quibell, Bernice
 Robertson, Shelley
 Springfield, Romp
 van der Horst, Candice

Matriculation Grade 4

Groopies, Irma
 Reid, Carolyn
 Stubbs, Taniel
 School Leaving Certificate
 Collins, Katherine

Carr, Philippa
 De Wet, Nicola
 Vernon, Helen (Math SG)
 Haydn, Belinda (Lys SG)
 Kendeley, Chloë (Bus SG, Bus Ed)
 Leamonth, Alexandra
 Magnus, Bridget
 McCabe, Tarryn
 Peter, Megan
 Rans, Julia
 Rowe, Vanessa
 Stewart, Tarryn (Bio SG)
 Wallace, Fiona

PRIZE LIST - 1996

CLASS PRIZES

Standard 6

1. Zoë Beyers
2. Kathryn Grebler
3. Susannah Hacker

Standard 8

1. Mary Haw
2. Sarah-Jane Morley
3. Emma Murray

Standard 7

1. Marguerite Cie
2. Caroline van Hensbergen
3. Kirsten van Rynveld

Standard 9

1. Inge Haupt
2. Elizabeth Dippenaar
3. Cindy Lloyd

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Standard 6

Ashleigh Barth
 Jane Buley
 Bridget Cochran
 Magdalena Da Camara
 Kathryn du Toit
 Nancy Graham
 Nicola Henkel
 Lauren Kuhn
 Sarah-Leigh Paul

Standard 7

Viviki Andersen
 Vanessa Christie
 Tarryn Golding
 Zofia Nowicki
 Patricia Pietzer
 Louise Schönborn
 Amy Smek
 Caroline Sylvester
 Julia van Essen

Standard 8

Marke Botha
 Fiona Braumfield
 Catherine Day
 Nadia Donnelly
 Hayley Dutton
 Ashleigh Gordon
 Katherine Twycross
 Kim Brice
 Erin Tuom
 Jan Watson

Standard 9

Amisa Ahmed
 Shireen Amien
 Lisa Bester
 Catherine Chiver
 Victoria Crawley
 Halima Gangraker
 Hayley Kohler
 Chira Louw
 Sonia Constantinos
 Diana Prosser
 Marie Ramsey
 Kerry Sherwood

Standard 10

Catherine Ballance
 Amanda Jo Clegg
 Catherine Carter
 Carolyn Hamath
 Amy Phillips
 Suzanne Pullinger
 Réghana Tatiep
 Michelle Wat

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Sarah Newton
 Suzanne Pullinger
 Lauren Robb
 Roxanne Segers

Ingrid Strutslev
 Susanna van Hoorn
 Brenda Vos

SPECIAL AWARDS / MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship	<i>Kathryn Grobler</i>
Fenella Douglas Scholarship	<i>Shireen Amien</i>
Music - Middle School	<i>Carrie van der Floren</i>
Monique Zürich Trophy for Music	<i>Carrie van der Floren</i>
Art - Middle School	<i>Marika Bocha</i>
Archimedes Prize	<i>Erin Thomas</i>
Current Affairs/General Knowledge	<i>Nancy Chaham</i>
German Consulate Prizes	
Std 7	<i>Vanessa Christie</i>
Std 8	<i>Francis Koop</i>
Std 9	<i>Hayley Blaauw</i>

The Sister Foster Fellowship Award for Boarders	<i>Zakiswa Dhlala</i>
Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics	<i>Wendy Christian</i>
Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English	<i>Justine Brice</i>
Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism (second language pupils)	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French	<i>Chlöen von Witt</i>
Jennifer Sale Drama Trophy for Outstanding Performance	<i>Victoria Blumberg</i>
McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts	<i>Karin Koop</i>
Mary Muller Picture of the Year	<i>Katherine Ackermann</i>
Stobie Musicianship Prize	<i>Nicole Doherty</i>
Choral Prize	<i>Nicole Doherty and Susanna van Hoorn</i>
Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library	<i>Roghayeh Talep</i>
Dr Silberbauer Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences	<i>Wendy Christian</i>
Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities	<i>Justine Brice</i>
Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy	<i>Jane Woodard</i>
Rotary Prize	<i>Amy Phillips</i>
Herschel Staff Honours Awards	
<i>Catherine Ballance</i>	<i>Kathryn Campbell</i>
<i>Liza Lucanu</i>	<i>Kate Müller</i>
<i>Amanna Pullinger</i>	

Prize for Good Sportsmanship	<i>Sally-Anne Castell</i>
Sportswomen of the Year	<i>Kirsten Locke</i>
The Hannath Trophy for the most outstanding sporting achievement of the year	<i>Victoria Sheppard</i>
The Clegg Award for outstanding academic and sporting achievement by a girl in any standard	<i>Amanda-Jo Clegg</i>
Mrs Stuckwell's Prize for All-round Participation and Achievement	<i>Nicole Doherty</i>
Proxime Accessit	<i>Kathleen Mullond</i>
Dux of the School	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Service to the School	<i>Lynda Davies</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Leadership	<i>Paula Canadoc-Davies</i>
Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize	<i>Alexandra Biden</i>
Old Herschelians Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership	<i>Kirsten Locke</i>

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (The Lady Woolley Prize)	<i>Lisl Robertson</i>
French	<i>Lisl Robertson</i>
Latin	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
Biology	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
Physical Science	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
Mathematics (The Lie Gibbons Prize)	<i>Kathleen Mullond</i>
Geography	<i>Kathleen Mullond</i>
Afrikaans 2nd Language	<i>Susanna van Hoorn</i>
Xhosa	<i>Michelle Warr</i>
History	<i>Justine Brice</i>
Art	<i>Justine Brice</i>
Art - Practical	<i>Alicia Daniel</i>
	<i>Daniela Loureiro</i>
Home Economics	<i>Nicola Stephen</i>
Music	<i>Nicole Doherty</i>
Speech and Drama	<i>Kirsten Locke</i>
Business Economics	<i>Wendy Christian</i>
Typing	<i>Emma Straker</i>

ACHIEVEMENTS - 1996

WP Junior Tennis Squad	<i>Catherine Ballance</i>
WP Junior Tennis Squad	<i>Laura Middelmann</i>
WP U/13B Squash	<i>Kathryn Campbell and Annes-Mari Neuman</i>
WP U/15A Squash	<i>Dianne Gordon</i>
WP U/16D Squash	<i>Diana Prosser</i>
WP U/14A Squash	<i>Michelle Matthews and Louise Milne</i>
WP Junior Swimming	<i>Georgia Simpson</i>
WP Senior Synchronised Swimming	<i>Holly Christie</i>
	<i>Chrynn Hayden</i>
WP U/13B Hockey	<i>Caron Nixon</i>
WP U/13C Hockey	<i>Angela Vasiljevic</i>
WP U/16B Hockey	<i>Tatiana Lindsay and Helen Wilson</i>
WP Junior Gymnastics	<i>Catherine Mann and Katherine Peter</i>
WP Rock Climbing	<i>Alexandra Tringoni-Jones</i>
WP U/12A Waterpolo	<i>Kirsten Locke and Helen Wilson</i>
WP U/19B Waterpolo	<i>Michelle Bertrange and Jeanette Barnard</i>
WP Children's Show Jumping and Equitation	<i>Roslyn Ferguson</i>
WP Junior Equitation Team	<i>Kathryn Gable</i>
WP Junior Showing Team	<i>Alexandra Barstowden-Cloete</i>
WP Polo Course	<i>Carla Berneri</i>
WP Barchon	<i>Amanda Allias</i>
WP Schools Swimming	<i>Amanda-Jo Clegg</i>
WP Senior Swimming	<i>Amanda-Jo Clegg</i>
SA Junior Swimming Team to Germany	<i>Amanda-Jo Clegg</i>
WP Junior Diving	<i>Jane Woodard</i>
WP Senior Diving	<i>Jane Woodard</i>
SA Diving Team to Mexico and Canada	<i>Jane Woodard</i>
WP and SA Junior Show Jumping Team	<i>Victoria Sheppard</i>
WP Junior Equitation Team	<i>Victoria Sheppard</i>
SA Junior and Supreme Equestrian Champion	<i>Victoria Sheppard</i>
WP Junior Fencing Team	<i>Victoria Sheppard</i>
Science Olympiad - High achievement in round 2	<i>Amy Bardzik</i>
Afrikaans Olympiad - High achievement	<i>Amy Bardzik,</i> <i>Hayley Blaauw, Roghaya Talep,</i> <i>Marika Bocha and Pia Taylor</i>
Capitlan Marks Challenge - 9th for SA	<i>Nadia Dannelly</i>
Yvonne Järfin Award for Medicine	<i>Wendy Christian</i>
Western Cape "Aps Verbonum" Std 6	<i>Zoe Beyers</i>
Winner of Open Concerto Prize in CT Fingertford	<i>Zoe Beyers</i>
Winner of Best Overall Performance (13 years and under) CT Fingertford	<i>Nadine Brunsch</i>
Oxford University Enterprise Examination (distinction)	<i>Amanda Allias</i>
1997 Rotary Exchange Student	<i>Kirsten Locke</i>

JAGGER

What a great year it has been! We certainly started off on a high note by winning Sports Day. The initiation of all the new girls into Jagger at the annual House Braai was again the traditional success it has always been. The new girls certainly went home waterlogged!



Once again we proved how effective our acting talents are by winning the Interhouse Play Festival. Thanks to Lee Baxter and Jenny Magnus for all your hard work. 'Tn all the actresses, you were great!

The swimming gala... we'll, maybe next year?



The annual Inter House Eisteddfod was a definite highlight. We chose to sing "The Lion sleeps tonight", and the spirit and enthusiasm were always tops. A huge thanks to all of you for your hard work and patience, especially to those who helped with the music. The fact that Jagger won the Eisteddfod proved that our talents are not limited only to the sports field.

Jagger's achievements this year have been incredible. I would like to thank every Jagger member for your unfailing support, enthusiasm and overwhelming house spirit. Jagger, you are the greatest, you always made me proud to be your House Captain.

Best of luck for the future and may Jagger's SPIRIT continue to be TOPS

Sally Cancell

MERRIMAN

1996 - an amazing year for Merriman, which has been full of fun, determination and high spirits!

As far as Inter-House Sporting Events are concerned, Merriman has had a very successful year, winning 6 out of 9 events. The first event of the year was the Inter-house Swimming Competition, which Amanda Clegg and our other star swimmers led in style right up to the end, which resulted in Merriman's being the overall winners.

Our talented actresses took the stage at the annual Inter-house Plays. After much hard work and a lot of effort, an outstanding performance of "A Different Kind of Woman" was produced. Thank you to Shireley Stephen and Michelle Bradley for doing such an excellent job of directing the play, and to all those who participated and achieved such a great result.

The "big" Inter-house Singing Competition took place in the third term this year. Very daringly, we selected a song which required much power, energy and enthusiasm from everyone in the House. We chose the theme song from the musical "District Six", "The Heart of District Six". Merriman stunned the audience with the great singing and won this much-coveted trophy for the fifth time in a row!

A special word of thanks goes to the deputy head, Nicole, who has given me the most unbelievable support this year. She has always been so helpful and reliable. I would also like to thank Mrs Adlee, who is probably Merriman's greatest supporter, she has truly been so encouraging and incredibly supportive this year.

To the House - thank you! You have been amazing this year and really are the best! It has been a great privilege for me to head a House as wonderful as Merriman. The spirit that has developed during the year has been terrific and your enthusiasm and energy have been really inspirational!

To next year's Matrics - keep up your wonderful enthusiasm and make sure that Merriman's rights are upheld!

Carrie Nixon

Graphic by Caroline Ambler-Smith



ABOVE: Tania Lindsay defending Merriman
BELOW: Mogozi Auhun and Carrie Nixon



ELSTEDDFOD '96



ROLT

ROLT

At first I was afraid, I was petrified,
My plaidy knees kept shaken' and my tongue was tightly tied.
But then I saw your toothy grin,
And I foresaw so many wins
And I grew strong,
And I learned how to get along!

As I'm sure you can imagine, the very first meeting a house captain holds is the most daunting task of her whole year. I was no exception, but somehow my normal loquaciousness kicked in and the 1995/1996 Rolt year was well under way.

Rolt has done exceedingly well this year and has made an impact in all fields of competition. In the sporting arena it is impressive to note that Rolt came 3rd in only one of the 9 inter-house events, basketball proving to be our Achilles Heel!

Second seems to be where Rolt has found herself placed most often this year with line displays at the gala (losing to Merriman by a mere 6 points) and in the water polo competition. Special mention must be made of Kirsten Locke and Helen Wilson, who worked wonders in both events and did themselves and their house proud. We also came second in the tennis, netball, hockey and athletics, all of which were in the face of fierce competition.

Despite the absence of most of our provincial players, Rolt produced an unbelievable and quite heroic performance on the squash courts to snatch victory from Jagger by three points. Thank you once again to all those players who filled in at the last minute - you're all stars. Rolt's other victory was in the indoor hockey competition when our teams, headed by Ali Bicen, deputy head of Rolt and captain of indoor hockey, stormed to a narrow victory over Merriman.

I'd like to thank all girls who so willingly volunteered for who were so gracious when 'forced' to participate in the inter-house sports events and to applaud those girls who weren't sporty, but who made up for it with their lung power on the supporters' stands. That was when Rolt's true house spirit shone through.

In keeping with tradition, the Standard 9 drama girls directed and produced works for the inter-house play festival. Directors Kerry Sherwood and Alex Bainsfather Cluete are commended for their outstanding production of "The Diary of Adrian Mole Aged 13 3/4", as is Mary Law, who won this year's Best Actress award for her perfect portrayal of the awkward Adrian.

In the inter-house singing competition, the success of Rolt's performance is thanks in a major way to the dedication and effort of Susan van Hooen who spent hours sorting out

script, music and musicians. Without her, I would have been somewhat at a loss! The set song was "River of Dreams" by Billy Joel and, as a contrast to it, we chose something light hearted and wild made famous by the movie "Priscilla, Queen of the Desert"... "I'll survive" by Gloria Gaynor. I have never seen a house rehearse and perform a song for a competition with such enthusiasm before. Being part of the Rolt team on this occasion made me extremely proud. Rolt didn't win, but the spirit that was created was equal to the trophy.

To get us in the mood for what lay ahead, our great bunch of Rolt matrics started the year with a Rolt matric supper. This was followed by a Rolt braai attended by the whole house one Sunday afternoon. Once again I would like to thank Lynda Davies and her family who so kindly hosted this event. My thanks must also go to the matrics, and especially to Ali Bicen, for their amazing help in organising teams and their enthusiastic cheering which I wasn't always available to lead. This was often because I was attempting to find people to participate at the last minute and, in really desperate circumstances, participating myself. How did I get to swim the individual medley?!

Our two teachers in charge, Mrs Speck and Mr. Hugo, offered outstanding support and were never shy to cheer themselves hoarse. Thank you for all your efforts.

To the new head of Rolt, I wish you the best of luck. You could not hope for a more pleasurable and exciting job at Heischel and I hope you make the most of it. Remember, Rolt: "We will survive!"

Paula Caradoc-Davies



ACTIVITIES

ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS CLUB

This year saw the establishment of a new club at Herschel, The Environmental Awareness Club, headed by Mrs Diedericks and three Standard Nines.

The growth of our club has been slow but, as the second term progressed, E.A.C. grew enormously. At present we have roughly forty dedicated members. We hope that, as the club becomes more active, more girls will join us in our efforts to protect our environment.

The second term was filled with exciting and fulfilling activities. One of the highlights was a visit to the well-known Nan Rice. Mrs Rice spoke to us about the issue of whale and dolphin protection in South Africa. Another successful activity was a cake sale in aid of the Amazon Forest. We raised over R300 and were very pleased with the turn out of cakes and goodies as well from the E.A.C. members. The money should buy us 100 square feet of reinterest, and, as our ugly field of land is being destroyed every second, we think our money is being put towards a worthy cause.

The third term got off to a good start with a very successful poster afternoon which was attended by ten E.A.C. members. Posters were made on the topics of marine conservation and on club promotion. Our clean up of the Herschel hedge and grounds was also very successful and many bags of litter were picked up. After picking up such a great deal of litter, we realised the need for more awareness within the school of the harmful effects litter can have on our environment.

Articles and pictures on environmental issues are now on display on our club board in the library, thanks to Mrs Ryan and Mr Bold, who helped organise the board to promote school awareness of environmental issues. On 26 August we organised a movie evening. The weather was awful, but there was good support and the movie on the beauty of our rainforests was enjoyed by all.

The past two and a half terms have been very rewarding for us. We hope to complete more projects by the end of the third term, a few clean ups, weather permitting.

All our thanks to Mrs Diedericks for her dedicated work in helping us organise outings and for being the driving force behind the club. She always manages to be motivated for projects and is a true role-model to every girl in the E.A.C.

We feel that we must first target our immediate surroundings. Therefore, we hope to play an active role in the

preservation of our beautiful school grounds and promote more awareness within the school.

Our club code of conduct:

"I will put all my litter into litter bins
I will keep my school and surrounding areas neat and clean
I will plant at least two young trees this year
I will never destroy plants and trees
I will save water, as every drop counts
I will care for and clean my home and school gardens
I will respect nature as all plant and animal life contributes to my survival
I will do everything possible to ensure we all have a clean and safe environment."

Ann Wagh, Bronwyn Tostee and Kerry Dixie



Silje Hovstad and Caitlin von Witt

FRENCH CLUB

It seems as though Herschel is hopping with French, or is it our more romantic side that inspires us to join the French club?

Of course, that's not all. We have learnt about the French culture by celebrating their "fêtes" - most of which involve food. French breakfasts were enjoyed by the early birds with a variety of croissants, chocolate brownies and coffee, we were sure to start the day on a high note. On "Mardi Gras", or "Shrove Tuesday", we ate pancakes for the last time before Easter.

Despite the fact that the French don't celebrate St. Valentine's Day, we sold miniature roses with blue, white and red ribbons. These were a real hit and it was great to see so many girls wearing these roses on their blazers for the rest of the day.

Unfortunately, it is time to say "au revoir" from the 1996 committee. May the French flag continue to fly at Herschel in the future!

Cathia von Will

HISTORY SOCIETY

The History Society started 1996 very appropriately with a cultural and colourful banquet, combining the culinary wonders of Ancient civilisations, the Victorian era and South African groups, such as the Malays and the Voortrekkers. Although the "historical" speeches were somewhat less well prepared than the amazing food, everyone enjoyed themselves fully!

At our next meeting, Kate Louw spoke about her travels in Egypt and we saw some beautiful photos. In the second term we enjoyed historical charades - it is unbelievable what people will do for a few Smarties! Mrs Rabbitts, we especially enjoyed your efforts to get your elephants across the Alps!

The Sté 8's were obviously determined to fight back after the 10's won the charade Smarties and they deciphered the "War Games" in record time and were already demolishing the cake before the rest of us had even read the first clue. That will definitely go down in History!

And, finally, at our most recent meeting the Matrics were avenged when their team proved all-knowing when it came to 1996 Historical Milestones. So they were the ones to enjoy the cake this time (thanks, Sarah, for your baking skills) - and thank you very much to the Sté 6's who set some pretty tough questions!

It seems we manage to keep occupied, informed and well-fed! Thanks to Mrs Beames and everyone involved.

Lis Robertson

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

New and exciting opportunities have opened up in the life of Herschel this year in the form of our own photographic society.

We have done quite varied activities this year, the most significant being the construction of a darkroom. The first black and white photographs that we developed were indecipherable, but, after trial and error, and much help from Mrs Patrick, we managed to achieve some amazing results.

Miss Welgemoed gave us a very interesting talk on "Photography of the Past and Present", when we were able to see some of her original work. Among some of the photographs she showed us were photographic collages using photographs from different centuries. We were fortunate enough to print our own photographs from some of Miss Welgemoed's antique glass negatives.

There was an enthusiastic response to enter the Agta 1996 World of Birds competition (with the first prize being R1000's worth of photographic equipment). In preparation, Mr Hofmeier, a keen bird watcher and photographer, came to give us some useful hints which helped enormously when we arrived at the World of Birds one Saturday afternoon.

This year has been a great success and I would like to thank Mrs Patrick for all her enthusiasm and support. Good luck to Dominique Hazel, who will be taking over in 1997.

Katie Miller

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

"To be or not to be", that is the question that we asked Mrs Allen! Between mouthfuls of delicious cake and cups of tea, she managed to make her answer fairly simple (we couldn't believe that philosophy could ever be simple!). To help us in our quest to explain the inexplicable, Mrs Allen called in a few people to give her a hand. Among these people were Mr Chapman and Dr Donald Hart.

Dr Hart had us forgetting our tea and cake for two sessions as we ruthlessly bombarded him with questions on dreams and psyche (his speciality) and their relation to everyday life. Mrs Allen successfully continued this theme and filled us in on the blacks (of which there were many!).

We would like to thank Mrs Allen for her input and support, which have helped our club grow. Good luck to Anisa Ahmed and her committee, who will be taking over from us next year.

Our final comment on what we have learnt as amateur philosophers is that, "All are lunatics, but he who can analyse his delusions is called a philosopher" - Ambrose Bierce.

Justine Brice and Kate Mulloud



Nicole Struik



DEBATING

BACK ROW: T. Ismail, C. Day, K-L. McCay, C. Bloch
FRONT ROW: K. Mulford, J. Brice, Mrs A.M. Goiding, P. Caroline Davies, K. Locke

TALKSHOP AND INTER-SCHOOLS DEBATING

Our start to the year was quite literally something to talk about - with a vast number of girls signing up to join the club which makes an act of what Herschel girls do best - TALK!

Combined with the ever-growing demand that people be computer literate is the need for people to be able to express themselves in a clear and concise manner and it is wonderful that Herschel provides many opportunities for girls to do just this.

The Toastmasters' Youth Leadership course is an invaluable course offered at Herschel which allows one to develop public speaking techniques.

Talkshop is the informal debating society which provides the relaxed atmosphere that some girls need in order to feel more comfortable when speaking.

I was truly impressed by the intelligence (yes - there is some!) and maturity of the Std 6's and 7's who took part in several 'Just-A-Minute' competitions, parachute debates and informal debates on a broad range of topics. These debates took place on a round-robin basis and saw 71 and 6D emerge victorious. The supporters at these debates also deserve mention for their enthusiasm and constructive comments.

With regard to our Inter-Schools Debating Team, Herschel stood firm against some stiff opposition on several obscure and untutored topics.

Our senior team (Paula Caradoc-Davies, Justine Bence, Kirsty Locke, Claire Bloch and Kate Mulford) won two of the five debates - the most satisfying of these being against a rather surprised Bishops team!

Our junior team really did strong foundations this year for what should be a very successful season team in years to come. The team (Tasneem Ismail, Catherine Day and Kate Louise McCay) won four of their five debates and also walked away with several Best Speaker awards.

I would like to thank Mrs Goiding, our teacher-in-charge, for the amazing amount of effort she puts into debating at Herschel and for the lifting she has done to and from various debates. She is as much part of the team as any of the girls and pre-debate meetings often turn into very humorous occasions.

Good luck to Bianca Lipschitz - the new head of Talkshop. I hope you have as happy a year as I've had.

Paula Caradoc-Davies

TOASTMASTERS

I thought I might share my thoughts on the Toastmasters Course which I and many other girls are taking part in. The course here at Herschel is being co-ordinated by Mr and Mrs MacMillan and their assistants.

First of all, I want to say that the Toastmasters Course is very educational and wonderful fun. I can honestly say that, after only three lessons, I have already learned so much. Toastmasters is a course on public speaking and

junior leadership skills, and during this course you learn tips, ideas and rules on these two topics.

At the beginning of the course the class learns about conducting a meeting and appoints a chairman and allocates other duties, for example, minutes, agenda, time keeping. All the girls then do a short, impromptu speech about themselves. This is so that we can learn about one another and basically find our feet.

Every week we prepare a talk, each time slightly longer than before. After you have made your speech, the toastmasters evaluate you. They criticise your speech, but they point out a lot of good things. This is actually very interesting, because you realise how effective certain things you do are, and you find out what all your bad habits are. The 'nuts' and 'buns'. The toastmasters are a great help for they give you a complete evaluation and tell you how you can improve your speeches. After watching the toastmasters evaluate, the girls start evaluating. So, in the end, everyone is able to say something about someone else's speech.

We also practise table topics. This is when you have to speak without preparation other than a minute or two. This is always a lot of fun, because the topics can be rather odd: "Toes" or "The day I forgot to brush my teeth."

The classes are conducted in a formal manner. Anything you want to say has to go through the chairman first. The girls learn to take control and run the class on their own. This increases maturity and understanding in all the girls.

Laura Müdelmann

TUCKSHOP

The year started off very well with the Standard Nines outdoing themselves. Thank you to the Matrics for setting such a good example for us to follow.

We have had a well stocked Tuckshop and have been buying new products and thinking up new ideas all the time. The profits have been put to good use: an air-conditioner, the Movie Dance and a charity of the Standard Nines' choice.

Some of the services we provided this year have been: a coldrink vending machine, a lunch order system and a regular supply of snacks and "treats".

Best of luck to the new Head of Tuckshop and her team. I have every confidence in you all.

Lynda Davies

ARCHIVES

"Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone ..."

Could you imagine yourself at Herschel 74 years ago, when it was founded? There is no doubt that life at the "Seminary for Young Ladies" was very different from that at Herschel today. Things are changing every day and it is the Archives that contain an accurate record of all the events that have taken place over the years. There are photographs (several of which date back to 1922) of Herschel Eisteddiocs, school dances in the Mary Jagger Hall and annual plays, as well as



TUCKSHOP COMMITTEE

BACK ROW: T. Hayden, C. Overstone, K. de Wet, A. Vasiljevic, J. Louw, C. Buchanan
FRONT ROW: Z. Brown, J.L. Gangraiser, Mrs J. Lones, L. Davies, Miss T. Smith, P. Boettger, K. Huber





posters, scrap-books and reports of more recent activities and developments. In fact, if any one room can be said to contain many of Herschel's treasures, it is the Archives. And this collection is constantly expanding. If you have anything of interest relating to Herschel's history, please send it to the school: you can be sure it will be safe in the Archives - for many generations to come ...

Caitlin von Wul

MUSIC REPORT

This year the music life at Herschel has continued to strengthen and diversify, owing to more the number of new, enthusiastic Subject music pupils. The Department has also grown, welcoming three new staff members, namely Miss Barlow, Mr. Wriensh and Mrs. Arzoo.

The Cabaret was, as always, a great success and, due to its popularity, an extra performance was arranged. The girls, once again, enjoyed it thoroughly and we would like to thank everyone involved.

Another highlight was the World Choir Festival held at the Newlands Cricket ground on 27 April, where the Herschel Choir joined numerous other choirs, including an Irish adult choir, to celebrate the long-standing service of Archbishop Tutu. This was a great experience.

During the 3rd term the Herschel Choirs Concert was held in the Atrium, featuring the Senior School Choir and Chorale, as well as the Junior School Choir. This was fantastic! The acoustics of the Atrium enhanced the beautiful tone of each choir.

The Windband and Flute Ensemble took part in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod and were very successful. Later this year, in the Cape Town Eisteddfod, the choir and chorale gained a Diploma and an Honours respectively; the Windband and Flute Ensemble both gained High Honours, and the Orchestra played exceptionally well, gaining a Diploma and winning the cup of its section.

On 6 August the Herschel Eisteddfod included an overwhelming number of entries in the music section and the Prize-winners' Concert was a true reflection of the high standard of all the items. This year Rose Hartley was awarded the Bruce Riley Award for all round performance. The Interhouse Singing was also a wonderful event in which all the houses excelled themselves and participated with great enthusiasm. Well done to Merriman for winning the Singing, and to Jagger for winning the overall Eisteddfod Cup.

A joint event song with Bishops on 6 September, in which both the Bishops and Herschel Choirs sang, was enjoyed by all who attended; and the series of various other music concerts held throughout the year involved some splendid performances.

Nicole Doherty and Susan van Hoorn

FLUTE ENSEMBLE

The Flute Ensemble has been very busy this year. We have entered many Eisteddfods and have done remarkably well.

In the Cape Town Eisteddfod we gained Honours Plus, while at the Afrikaans Eisteddfod we gained Honours - a good result considering that Mr Chapman had been overseas for two weeks. We also took part in our annual School Eisteddfod in which we gained two Distinctions, which was a nice surprise.

The Windband and Flute Ensemble ran a Wednesday Assembly during which we played well-known tunes such as "Over the Rainbow".

This year has been very successful for the Flute Ensemble. I hope it continues to go from strength to strength. Thank you, Mr Chapman, for giving up your time and coping with all our nonsense. Good luck to next year's leader.

Samantha Coomer



FLUTE ENSEMBLE

BACK ROW: K. van Ryneveld, C. van der Horst, A.M. Norman
FRONT ROW: J. Brice, N. Brice, Mr S. Chapman, S. Coomer

WINDBAND

Success for the Windband! 1996 has seen the Windband participate in the Cape Town, Afrikaans and Herschel Eisteddfods gaining either Honours or Diplomas. Along with the Flute Ensemble, we had one of the Wednesday assemblies. Thanks to Mr Chapman's energy and interesting arrangements, we have enjoyed playing music ranging from rock to love songs and classical. We have continued with our weekly lunch break sessions, which are always a source of entertainment and provide an enjoyable break from our normal classes.

On behalf of the Windband of 1996 I thank Mr Chapman for keeping us going and all his hard work. I hope the group continues and grows in the coming years.

Ingrid Scrittley

NATIONAL SCHOOLS JAZZ FESTIVAL

During the July holidays I was fortunate to take part in the four-day National Schools Jazz Festival in Grahamstown. It started on the eve of the main Grahamstown Festival and was organised by Mike Seppel of D.S.G. and St Andrews. There were 140 pupils from schools all over South Africa, which included Stirling, Collegiate, D.S.G., St Andrews and, of course, Herschel. Beau Sealeil was also there.

The big excitement this year was the presence of a 25-strong band from the school Kirrawee near Sydney in Australia, who travelled to South Africa for the Jazz Festival. The Australian band, which was superb, had a few slots of their own at the Smirnoff Jazz Festival, as well as playing with us.

We were very lucky to have eight of South Africa's top jazz players as our band leaders, who gave us two "lectures" each day on the History of Jazz, how to improvise, what techniques we can use on our instruments and other interesting

topics. The lectures were more of an improvised format than a talk. We also had three of the Canadian Jazz Giants play for us one afternoon. The well-known jazz pianist, Darius Brubeck, was a joint founder of the Festival and was there to lecture and perform for us.

Our programme comprised auditions on the first morning, whereafter we were split into live bands, one being the National Youth Jazz Band with the top players and the other four (which included the Australians) being of equal strength. Each morning was spent rehearsing and at lectures, with an afternoon break to wander around the main Festival, and each day ended with a public performance (people actually paid to come and listen to us!).

We were treated to a couple of evenings at the Smirnoff Jazz Festival and the National Youth Jazz Band participated on one occasion. All in all, the Jazz Festival in Grahamstown was extremely beneficial and I only regret I did not go earlier. I met a large number of musicians with whom I can continue playing in the years to come, I learnt to enjoy Jazz, how to play the Saxophone with more appreciation and I had an enormous amount of fun in the process. I hope next year more Herschel girls will take part as I, unfortunately, was the only representative there this year. Next year I plan to watch the show and support South African Jazz which is very much alive and well.

Ingrid Scrittley



CHOIR

- BACK ROW: N. Doherty, N. Brice, G. Giovannini, C. van Hensbergen, P. Waller, P. Taylor, K-L. McCay, A. van Hoorn, K. van Ryneveld, S. van Hoorn.
- 2ND ROW: A. Burdzak, C. Clover, J. Miller, C. van der Hoven, C. Johnson, A. Steynor, K. Miller, S. Coorssen, S. Lee Patz, C. Fritter, S. Gillert, M. Ilaw, N. Graham, A. Trengrove Jones.
- FRONT ROW: Miss M. Barlow, L. Kohn, P. Orpen, G. Kruiser, N. Twemach, Z. Beyers, T. Hayden, S. Hovstad, M. Snyman, P. Gegela, A. Patison, R. Hardley, A. Schoek, M-J. Witter, N. Fasham, G. Elliot, T. Ismail, Miss S. Gough.

HERSCHEL EISTEDDFOD

The annual i Herschel Eisteddfod was held on 8 August and the wildly successful Inter-House Singing was held the night before.

This year the singing was delivered by three well prepared and highly enthusiastic houses. The themes were varied - from Merriman's "Klop Klop" from District Six, to "In the Jungle" by Jagger and the wacky "I will Survive" by Rolt. After hours of practising and an enormous amount of support from the girls in the houses, the final night arrived. It was certainly a night of colour, fun and excitement. A good time was had by all and Merriman managed to win the Inter House Singing - again.

The Eisteddfod the following day was an overwhelming success. After much prompting, most categories were flooded with entries and, owing to the shortage of time, many people were asked to reduce the number of events they had entered. It was wonderful to see such enthusiasm for this inter-house event. All categories were well-supported and it was lovely that so many parents found themselves wandering from one venue to another.

The dancing and singing were, once again, widely supported and wonderful to watch. All the entries were of an extremely high standard and this year saw a large number of Diplomas awarded, which was encouraging.

The Prize-Winners' Concert took the best entries from the various categories, which satisfied many people who had been unable to spread themselves amongst all the events.

This year's Eisteddfod was a tremendous success and it would not have been possible without the support and hard work of Mrs Grobler, Mr Chapman, Miss Welgemoed and Mrs Steyn. Thank you also to all the people working behind the scenes; the Eisteddfod would not have been as successful without you.

Most of all, the girls should be commended on the support and enthusiasm which they gave to all aspects of the Eisteddfod. It certainly was a relief for the House Captains and made the Eisteddfod enjoyable for all involved.

Justine Brier

CABARET

The 1995 Cabaret show, "Music, Music, Music," was a fulfilled and successful week comprising music, singing, dancing and wonderful costumes.

There were about 24 girls involved and rehearsals started a month before the show opened. Through these gruelling hours of practising, we had many humorous moments which certainly helped to keep our spirits up! Mr Chapman's dogs, Lil, a pup, and Lucy, a mixture, provided much entertainment with their antics. We still cannot believe pups breathe in such an extraordinary manner!

Mrs Steyn proved to us that she would go to any lengths to get what she had in mind. The result was massive costumes, ranging from traditional, and, of course, the "Grease" car! How exciting to have a real Beetle replace a make-shift car made with chairs!



CHORALE

BACK ROW: Miss M. Barlow, K. Miller, C. Johnson, M. Flaw, C. van Hensbergen, K. van Ryzewick, N. Brier, A. van Hoorn, J. Miller, C. van der Hoven, A. Steynon, P. Taylor, Miss S. Gough.
FRONT ROW: N. Doherty, T. Hayskan, R. Hartley, Z. Beyers, A. Burdzik, P. Gogola, C. Chuver, G. Reader, G. Eliot, T. Ismail, S. Lee Pan, S. van Hoorn

The songs and costumes were varied, wild and, in many instances, we cringed when Mrs Steyn showed us our future apparel! We soon learnt that doubling up with laughter at the poor girls who had to wear catsuits only made you a target for future experiments!

The week of the show was extremely successful and there had to be an extra performance to accommodate the numbers of pupils who had not managed to get tickets. I know that, even though we detested the long practice hours, we were sad to see the show end.

For us Matrics it was our last Cabaret and, as we sang and danced through the decades of this century, we gathered some wonderful memories.

Thank you to Mrs Steyn, Mr Chapman and everyone else involved for their wonderful ideas and support.

Justine Brice

LIBRARY

The library has seen many new developments this year. The first has been the installation of the turtle-tape machine. Girls have approached this with fear and trepidation, as those who have left without desensitizing their books have been most embarrassed! Although this machine has cost quite a lot, we hope it will save money in the long run.

The library mums have had the unenviable task of sticking the magnetic strips into about 11000 books. They are also hard at work processing all the books onto the computer, which Mrs Ryan hopes will be completed by the end of the year. Girls find it a great help to use the computer to search for books. We are also keeping up with trends by acquiring new books all the time. The new fiction books have proved very popular.

Special mention must be made of Mrs Martin, whom Mrs Ryan describes as a "Godsend". Her hard work has ensured

that the library runs more efficiently and effectively, especially during project times, when books used to go missing. Thanks also go to the librarians, who sacrifice their time during breaks and after school to help in the library, especially those who have been librarians since Std 6 and are matriculating this year.

We had a sad farewell to those mums who will be "matriculating" this year. They started with Mrs Ryan, when their daughters came to Herschel in Std 6 and will be leaving with them. If the noise and laughter from the workroom are anything to go by, they will take with them many happy memories. The mums leaving this year are: Judy Brice, Maureen Phillips, Robin Pullinger, Heather Robb, Jane van Wilt, Ruth Weldon and Sue Ballance. Suzanne Mulord will stay on as her other daughter is coming up from the Prep. school.

The other mums who have helped this past year have been Loraine Shepherdson, Merle Brice, Carol Norman, Handlore van Rynveld, Nela Beyers, Dorothy Gouvanna, Hasseena Abbas, Caroline van Zyl and Biddy Miller. We thank them for giving up their time and for their unstinting efforts. Without them the library would not have been such a success this year.

Régina Taliep



Above Graphic by Nicole Struik

LIBRARY MONTRESSES

BACK ROW:

C. Day, P. Taylor

2ND ROW:

A.M. Norman, C. van der Hoven, T. Ismail, A. Burdzik, A. Louw, S. Boome, Mrs S. Ryan

FRONT ROW:

W. Christian, R. Taliep (Head Librarian), J. Snyders

ABSENT:

N. Brice, C. Robertson



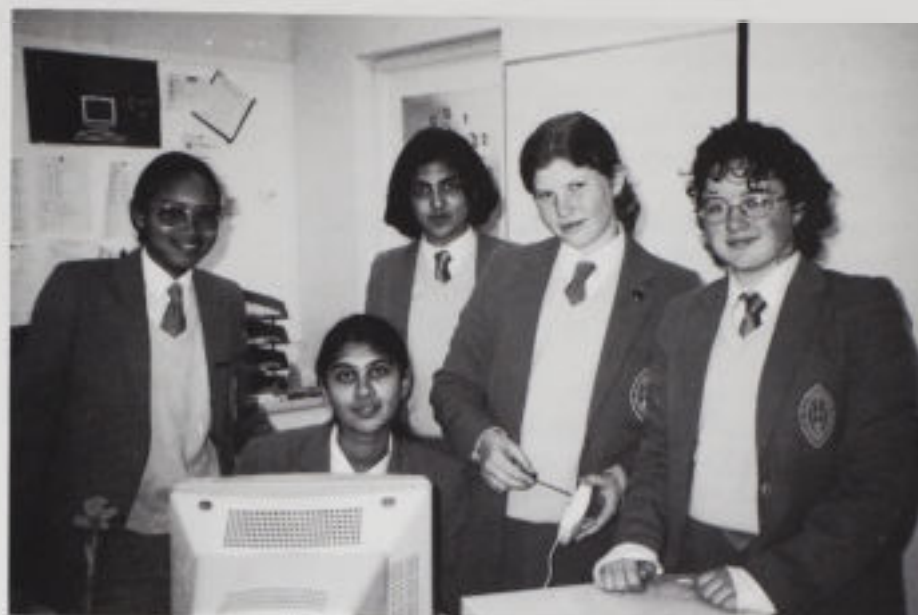
COMPUTER MONTRESSES

FRONT ROW:

H. Blaauw, S. Amien,
A. Ahmed, A. Loebenberg,
K. Louw

ABSENT:

M. Buchanan, J. George



CHRISTIAN UNION

This year has been a very busy one, but, fortunately, we have had great support from the Standard Sixes.

Numerous activities have taken place throughout the year: treasure hunts, Bible reference competitions, all with many prizes. We have also had several guest speakers, such as Colleen Saunders, who used to work as a missionary at Jane Furse in Lesotho, and Bart Willinga, who is a Scripture Union of Independent Schools' member. He spoke to us about, "Is there life after school?", which we all found extremely interesting.

I would like to thank Mrs Crutchley and the C.U. committee, Nicole Doherty and Karla Koep, for their support throughout the year. I have enjoyed serving with you. Good luck to next year's committee.

Samantha Coomer

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING MIX

During the September holidays, over two days, the annual Children's Christmas Pudding Mix was held, yet again, in the Mary Jagger Hall. This year we aimed to make nearly 3000 Christmas puddings as a fund-raising event for the needy children of the Peninsula.

Many pupils from different schools were involved, including Herschel. It is said that 'many hands make light work' and, in this case, it was certainly true. We mixed, scooped and packaged nearly 3000 Christmas puddings. Although we worked hard, we all had fun, knowing that our efforts would benefit such a worthy cause.

Megan Buchanan

INTERACT

The past Interact year has been a busy and eventful one. It has truly been a rewarding experience to be head of a club which is motivated to make a meaningful contribution to the community. I have briefly described the highlights which made it so very special.

The first project of the Interact year was a visit to the Haven Night Shelter in Claremont. Ten Interactors prepared a meal for the boys and entertained them with dancing and games. Then, a group of Interactors supported the third annual fun walk organised by the South African Red Cross Society. It was a wonderful day and we got to have fun.



CO Committee: Karla Koep, Mrs Crutchley,
Nicole Doherty, Samantha Coomer

keep fit and support a worthy cause. During the September holidays a fundraising event was held in the Mary Jagger Hall at Herschel to help the needy children of the Cape Peninsula. The school's facilities were used to assist in the preparation of Christmas puddings.

During the Cape Times Big Walk our Interactors provided assistance at the refreshment stations. This event continues to grow as it is a wonderful fun day for the walkers and extremely successful in raising money for community projects.

An organisation which we regularly support is St Luke's Hospice. The Hospice heightens the dignity, identity and sense of worth of each terminally ill person who comes to the home for care. One of the ways in which our club assists St Luke's Hospice is by helping at their annual tea tent and snack stall. Other assistance includes the sale of tickets.

Over the Christmas season the Herschel Interactors helped at Uncle Willy's Christmas parties. This is a delightful project where no real hard work is required.

A special highlight was at the beginning of this year when ten Interactors took fifteen underprivileged children from St George's Orphanage in Claremont on a three day camp to Glencairn. It was a fulfilled weekend with many carefully-planned activities. Over the same weekend the Odd Ball Olympics were held at Sans Souci. This is a day of one-on-one interaction with an underprivileged child. Our Interact Club invited children from the Moravian school in Philippi. They will, I am sure, remember the day for a long time to come.



INTERACT COMMITTEE

L to R: C. Bloch, Mrs H. Burnett, C. Hamath, A. Phillips, K. Mulkend

Our Interactors also helped at the annual Argus Cycle Tour and braved the early hours of the morning to provide assistance at the start of the race. The Herschel Interact Club has also been actively involved in the Windside Sanctuary and Arcadia, providing much needed care and comfort to the severely mentally and physically handicapped children and to the aged.

As can be seen, this has been an extremely busy year and it would not have been possible without the help of my committee and Mrs Burnett and Mrs Speck. Thank you for all your commitment and enthusiasm. Special mention must be made of Mr Lee, who has given our club ongoing support and encouragement. Good luck to the new committee and may they have a wonderful year.

Amy Phillips



OUTREACH

PRESIDENT'S AWARD PROGRAMME

This is a relatively new programme at Herschel, yet one of great importance. Disadvantaged students from Children's Homes and schools in the townships take part in various activities in which they are able to make use of the facilities here at Herschel. Through these interactive learning experiences, they are able to improve their performances in order to achieve a real sense of worth.

Herschel teachers and pupils work together to organize workshops in such areas as computer skills, catering, drama, art, typing and pottery.

It was originally through a modular programme which took place at the end of last year (Drama for Social Action), that a few girls from Herschel became involved in Outreach.

Ten students from Herschel and Manenberg were selected to formulate a "forum theatre" on the new Constitution

and perform it for various schools in the Western Cape. During this time the students gained a greater insight into one another's cultures and thus broadened their knowledge of the problems related to racism, abuse, education and transport which occur in the different communities, as well as exploring various solutions to these problems. An aspect which was thoroughly explored was the effect of the media on the way in which we perceive one another.

Outreach offers opportunities similar to those of the modular programme, as well as improving one's language skills in Afrikaans and Xhosa.

I'd like to thank all the girls and teachers who assisted in the Outreach programme for their dedication and service during the past year: Mrs Allen, Mr Wrensch, Miss Smith, Mrs Steyn, Miss Levine, Ms Edlmann, Mr Allen, Mrs Stephens, Mrs Adley, Mrs Gohlmann, Clara Louw, Kate Louw, Shireen Arrien, Marie Louise Louw, Geraldine Elliot, Michelle Bradley, Kate Louise McCay, Kerry Sherwood, Inge Haupt, Totum Cochrane, Sarah Stableford-Smith, Carrie Nixon, Dominique Hazell, Shelley Stephen, Roxanne Segers, Antonia Lahn, Olivia Mitchell, Inge Croy, Zukiswa Dhludla, Sarah Jane Wilmer and the Std 6's.

A special thanks to those who helped at the Children's Homes sports day and attended the youth committee meetings in Guguletu.

Anna Kenyon

BALLROOM DANCING

Twenty girls were chosen, most, of course, being boarders, because we do not have the chance of getting out much. It all started on 25 January, at Bishops. Juni Watson's parents acted as our taxi.

Our final 'ball' was held on 22 August with lots of delicious eats and refreshments. Most of us wore our Std 8 dance dresses

and the guys wore bow ties. Using dance cards, we booked our dance partners. Even Miss Law had a dance with the head boy, Stuart Berry.

We had three competitions: firstly, the Rock 'n Roll, the champions being Megan Aubin and Sango Siyengo; secondly, the Broom dance, which was won by Megan Aubin and Caspian Albott (even though they cheated, they deserved it); and, lastly, the Limbo, won by Ashley Ford and Robert Nicholas.

Thank you very much to Miss Law and Mr and Mrs Coet for organising the experience for us.

Michelle Bridgman

MATRIC DANCE

Three days before:

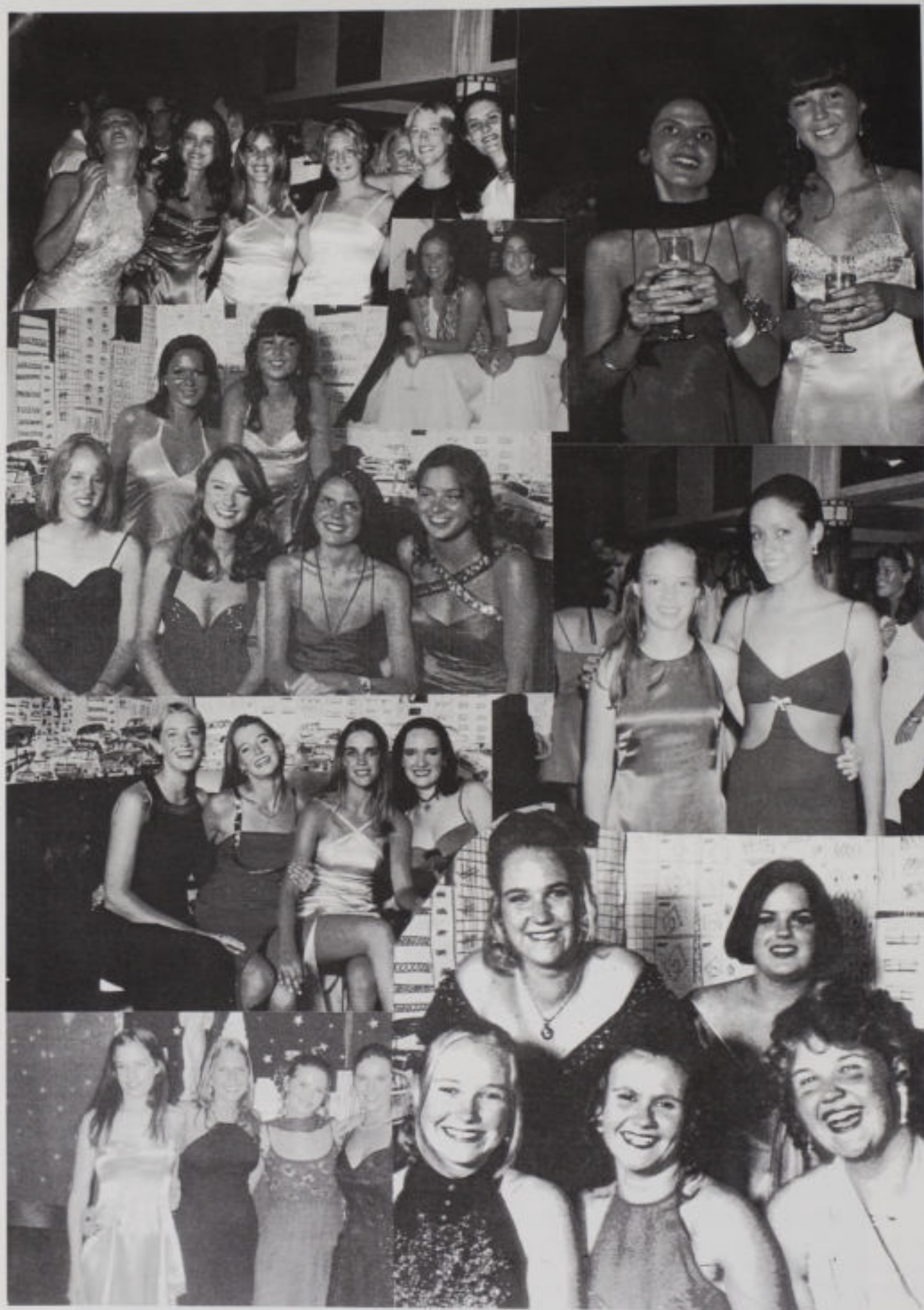
I can't believe some people are being so immature about arrangements which have changed for the before party. To now try and swap tables is really pathetic and certain people should grow up!! I just want the dance to arrive and for us all to be at Herschel. I wish it was 8:00 on Friday night now and everything was perfect. I also hope Paul has got a Tux!

The morning of the dance:

My hair is greasy, my nails are non-existent, my legs are hairier than my brother's and my eyes are sore and swollen from crying. It's great. I'm so nervous, because my dress is nothing like I expected it to be. You build up a picture in your mind and the masterpiece you imagined never looks the way you wanted it to. I'm sad.

My head is full. My stomach is empty. I don't know if I am looking forward to it or just expecting it, but I am excited. I hope there are no problems. I am worried about car accidents. And people being hurt. I want it to be special, but can't see how it can be as much as everyone wants it to be.





I'm nervous! I've accepted the table situation and the before party is arranged, yet now I'm having second thoughts about my dress and I'm worried about the partner. I know that I can't change my partner, but I wish I had a few more days to alter my dress. I'm nervous yet at the same time excited. I just hope everything goes alright.

The Monday after the dance:

Wow, I can't believe it's over. The night that caused me so much anguish and sleepless nights is now just a memory. I must say it was more than I expected. Unbelievable. My partner was divine, I love him lots and I had so much fun, time just flew by. Well, it was well worth every bit of preparation and nerves, because it's a night I'll never forget.

I am so depressed. I knew that it would fly past. I had the best weekend of my life. I did not want it to finish!

The whole evening was so perfect. I'm glad I met Richard/Bill. We had such fun together. Not only was the dancing magical, but the entire weekend! I am so unmotivated to do any work at the moment that it's scary. I want it to happen again.

My dress was a huge success. I loved being in it. I hope that I can wear it again.

BHARATA NATYUM

Although Bharata Natyum involves a great amount of hard work and dedication, I thoroughly enjoy it. I never realised that it can't play such an important role in my life. Here I found an escape route from reality and was able to experience the joys of my religion and culture. While growing up, one is influenced by various aspects of life. Being at Vadimur, I have not only gained an extensive knowledge of dance, but also a greater understanding of the Hindu religion and of its beliefs and culture. I have had the opportunity of fulfilling my greatest wish, but most important of all is the self-confidence, the will to strive for perfection and the self-discipline that have been acquired in the process. Although I have received many awards during my years of dancing, the highlight for me was receiving the "Student of the Year" award in 1996.

Vashini Pillay

My dancing career began at the Ingrid Carlzon School of Ballet. After starting ballet I was introduced to Kumari Savitri and her folk dancing classes. Unfortunately doing both ballet and Indian dancing proved to be quite demanding on me as a seven year old, so I decided to give up ballet and concentrate totally on Indian Classical dancing. At the age of seven I enrolled for tuition in folk dancing and at the age of ten I started Bharata Natyum.

Parusha Pillay

DELF EXAMINATIONS

The Diplôme Élémentaire de Langue Française is a French Government diploma being offered by the Alliance Française. It has international status, and a student successful in all five units of the diploma would be qualified to enter a French university.

Herschel first entered in 1994 and Amanda Boardman's results won her a free trip to the Isle of Réunion to study French for three weeks. In 1995, 31 Herschel girls sat these exams: 19 Standard 8 girls passed Unit 1 and 19 Standard 9 girls passed Units 1-4, two of them, Amanda Clegg and Susan van Hoorn, winning the prize of the trip to Réunion.

FRENCH TRIP TO RÉUNION

After writing the DELF French examinations in June 1995, we were selected to be part of a group of 20 South African girls to spend a two week "séjour linguistique" on the Island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean.

We arrived in Réunion on December 12, to be completely stunned by the picturesque, tropical landscape dotted with white-washed Créole cottages and surrounded by clear blue water. Our drive down the West Coast to Saint-Jules-Bains was very eye-opening and the large signs warning tourists of dangerous rockfalls reminded us that Réunion is an ACTIVE VOLCANIC island!



Vashini and Parusha Pillay at their Bharata Natyum



Sitting near an active volcano - Amanda Clegg (front row left) and Susan van Hoon (front row, fourth from left).

We were each assigned to a French-speaking family, and co-resided in the tourist area of St Gilles-les-Bains. Since the object of this stay was to improve our French, we attended school with our "brothers". Strangely enough the schools were also struggling with striking teachers - and so we didn't feel too far from home.

Some of our excursions included a visit to the active volcano, to a turtle farm, to St. Leu (where Kelly Slater frequently surfs), to the 'Three Waterfalls', to St. Denis (the capital) and to an Indian temple, where people walked across burning coals. The food at the day was typically French with baguettes, five-course meals, cheese and wine and Créole spices added on the side (not for the weak at heart).

Amanda was invited to stay an extra week and trained with the swimming club of St Paul, winning several medals in an international gala.

The trip was a wonderful experience and we definitely improved our French, making many new friends in Réunion. We thoroughly recommend that the Standard 9's write the D.E.L.F. examinations and take the opportunity to go to Réunion. It is the chance of a lifetime!

Amanda Clegg & Susan van Hoon

AFRIKAANS WEEK IN PRETORIA

After writing for 8th Afrikaans Olympiad (die Agste Gehele-Afrikaans Olimpiade) in 1995, the top prize winners were invited to attend an Afrikaans-week in Pretoria, sponsored by the ATKV, NASOU and Liqueur-fruit.

I was part of the small group of matric students from the Cape Province, and met up with other matric students from all over South Africa, in Pretoria, after a very long, cold and tiresome 19 hour bus trip.

We, 75 of us, stayed in the hostels on the university campus and all enjoyed the very interesting lectures and discussions on various topics, which ranged from, for example, a talk on very recent Afrikaans pop music, and on the origins of the Afrikaans language, to a presentation on Holland and Belgium, and even a fascinating talk on the translation of Shakespeare into Afrikaans.

Some other highlights included a very comical drama production about Pretoria (which was also staged at the



Left to Right: Amanda Albas, Kathryn Campbell, Liza Luciani, Emma Shulver, Pia Taylor
Herschel girls with their diplomas received after passing the Oxford University Enterprise examination. The girls have all completed the Junior Achievement programme in which they were part of a mini-enterprise. For the exam, they were given a case study and were required to relate their own experiences in order to solve problems identified within the case study.



Afrikaans Olympiad: Susan van Hoorn and Amy Burdzik

Graaustuun Festival); a picnic in the Botanical Gardens with several well-known Afrikaans poets (such as Robert Pierce, Lucas Maan, Melania Grobler, and Johann Lodewijk Maré); a night-visit to the Pretoria Zoo, which ended with hot chocolate and marshmallows around a bonfire, while being watched very closely by two particularly large and curious elephants; and a formal dinner on the last evening.

Prizes were awarded for group work and creative writing and each member of our group received R20.

Although the four days in Pretoria were jam-packed with activities, we did have enough time to get to know each other, forming some very valuable friendships; and also experienced some Gauteng nightlife. Altogether, it was a wonderful week and ended perfectly with snowball fights near Colesburg on our way back home.

Susan van Hoorn

ORANGE RIVER ADVENTURE

I'm not entirely certain that "Mr Speedo" Scotty and "No Satisfaction" Shielagh quite knew what they were getting themselves into, when they agreed to "chaperone" 34 wild and highly excitable Herschel Std 9's down the Orange River this last September holiday, but it definitely wasn't just 5 days of plain sailing...

During our low days on the river, the majority of us became hooked on that new "natural look", managing to go without washing or brushing anything for the entire time. We also mastered the art of sunbathing and piggies-out, and, lo and behold, even in the middle of Namibian desert land, a few girls kept alive that unique Herschel art of flirting; because where there's a will, there's always a way!

We had a fantastic 5 days. Thank you, Mr Scott and Mrs Ryan, especially for sharing with us your hidden musical talents (don't quit your day job...). I think we can all agree that this trip has been one for the record books and a great way to mark the end of our Std 9 year. Thank you.

Lucy Jeffery

ART TOUR

On Sunday, 16 June, thirteen girls from Standard 9, accompanied by Mrs Pru Crawley, departed from Cape Town International Airport, our final destination being Paris.

After checking in for our flight from Johannesburg, we were delighted to find that our aeroplane to Paris was to be the official Olympic Plane, Néezani. Excitement ruled our ten-hour flight and, once we were all through passport-control at Charles de Gaulle, our tour became a reality.

The five days in Paris were filled with extensive galleries, tourist attractions and many hours of walking. Among the art galleries we visited were the world-famous Louvre,



Musée d'Orsay, Musée Rodin and the Pompidou Centre. The amount of art we crammed into five days was incredible. We saw all the famous cultural tourist attractions there are to be seen, a highlight being a trip down the River Seine on the 'Bateaux-mouches'.

A three-hour trip on the TGV took us to Cape Town's twin city, Nice. The weather was superb and our first glimpse of the Mediterranean was unforgettable. Our itinerary for Nice again consisted of many galleries, some temporary exhibitions, as well as some small and unknown galleries. On the hill overlooking Nice, we visited two outstanding galleries: the Matisse House and the Chagall Museum. One of the main Nice attractions is its market, which is filled with flowers, fruit and spices and in which we spent one full morning. To end off our stay in Nice, we visited Èze, an ancient village situated on a hill. The views were spectacular and we understood why it is one of the most photographed places in the world.

Florence, a supposedly six-hour train trip from Nice, ended up being about nine hours, after a detour because of flooding. We had a delightful, old-fashioned hotel with high ceilings and chandeliers. Our main artworks in Florence were sculptures and we got a real taste of the Italian Renaissance artists and their works. We all felt the very special atmosphere of Florence and the people's relaxed outlook on life was obvious.

Venice was a completely different city, unlike any other city in the world. Here we were exposed to modern art, the Peggy Guggenheim Museum with its very diverse exhibits being one of the museums we visited. Our stay in Venice was quite relaxed and we all enjoyed riding on the boat taxis and gondolas instead of subterranean buses and trains. A boat ride to the islands surrounding Venice was a perfect end to our stay on the island.

Another train trip? This time an overnight journey to Amsterdam, stopping in Cologne. Amsterdam was cold and just did not have the French and Italian charm we had been exposed to. Our hotel, though, was the best of the lot and was situated close to all main transport systems and art galleries. The Rijks, Van Gogh and Stedelyks Museums were the art museums we visited while in Amsterdam. We had time to shop and on our last night of the tour we had a final meal together, thanking Mrs d'Unienville and Mrs Crawley for a most memorable tour.

Overall the tour was a great success enjoyed by all. We all benefited from Mrs d'Unienville's insight and knowledge of the art we saw and her input will definitely help the art girls with their art syllabus. All credit for the tour's success must be given to Pru Crawley. Without her, the tour would not have been possible or half as much fun as it was. Thank you also to all the girls for their support of their fellows while on tour and to Mrs Duff for allowing us to have the unforgettable Art Tour of '96.

Anne Wright and Kate Naughton

MEMORIES OF A CAMP IN CERES

THE START by Lauren Morley

Crowding around Mr Bold's Ford, cameras clicking and whining in protest at the multitudes of "group shots"; moans echoing across the driveway as two-time bags dropped to the tarmac, followed by smiles of relief and shouted greetings. There we were in our full glory: the Class of '99. The Standard Sevens were going on camp, and our bus didn't have a tape deck!

We survived thought (that is, the initial stage of shock), and sympathised with Mrs Gidding about the several girls (we won't mention any names) who merely left their bags at the foot of the bus, in order for the bags to step into the luggage compartment and load themselves. Perfectly understandable, of course.

The bus ride was fun - we sang every song we knew, from our parents' vinyl collections from their youth to tracks that nobody knew the words to, so we all just hummed. This is how we carried on for the next hour, leaving Miss Law to sleep to the sound of us screaming out the words to the international chart-toppers.

And we ate. We sucked lollipops, we slurped Liqui-Fruits, we crunched chips, munchered sandwiches and chewed bil- tong - and when we reached the big tunnel, we rolled off our chairs in our excitement, but continued to re-mach scenes from "Speed" and "Independence Day" with much enthusiasm once inside.

So what was our actual camp like? Oh well, if you think in again at the end of the third term, next year, maybe the Standard Sixes will tell you the secrets if you ask them nicely.

CAMP FOOD by Zoshi Nowicki

From the first day that we heard that we were going on camp the most important aspect was food. Who would buy it, where would we buy it, what we would buy and how much it would cost?

Every Tuesday morning for three weeks we would congregate in a classroom to negotiate with the other five members of our boarding groups. It was at one of these meetings that we were informed that we were only to spend a maximum of R45 per person. To some this was a terrible shock (especially those who planned to bring caviar, strawberries and cream). To others it was perfectly adequate. There was much argument as to what food to buy as people have many different tastes and preferences. In the end it all seemed to be resolved, but a few lists were a bit strange, such as listhings for breakfast.

The weekend before we left for Ceres, Pick 'n Pay was full of Herschel girls on their first independent grocery shopping spree. It took some time to find our way around, but we soon got the hang of it. After the food was bought, we packed it into cool boxes and it was ready to be taken.



Std 7's at the Ceres Fruit Packers

PIZZAS by Louise Schönborn

It was seven-thirty on Tuesday morning when our group woke up to a loud banging on our door - it was Mrs Golding with the day's instructions and, of course, our pizza base recipes, which we were to cook for a competition that night. Our group had gone to great lengths to make our pizza a success, so once we had prepared the base - actually remembering to allow two hours for the yeast to activate and rise - we set to work on the topping.

Tomato-paste, extra cheese, salami, mushrooms, red-pepper, feta and green pepper all covered the base, making it an absolute masterpiece. Thanks to Lauren's ingenuity, we decided to become creative and make our master-piece into an apple and write "Ceres" across it in red pepper! This really appealed to the judges - Mrs Patrick, Miss Law and Mrs Burnett, so despite having to run through the pouring rain with a black bag over our pizza to show them, we walked away with first prize and a free Bar-One for our pudding!

CERES FRUIT PACKERS by Tareyn Golding

One of the most interesting things we went on was to the Ceres fruit packers. When we arrived, a lady who works there talked to us briefly and gave us some idea of what goes on. After her speech, we were divided into 2 groups. Firstly we were shown the warehouse where we could see how the fruit was graded, cleaned and polished, and put into boxes or packers. I found it fascinating how quickly the workers could sort and wrap the apples. Our guide then showed us the crates given to the farmers to pack their fruit into and told us what happens when they arrive. The crates have to be put into a room full of nitrogen within 48 hours. Without oxygen the fruit 'sleeps' and can be left for up to a year. These rooms are kept at 3,05°C. We were shown an empty room. All these cold storage rooms together can hold 22 jumbo jets.

DUSTER HOCKEY by Colleen Munns

This was a game we played on our last night of our camp at Ceres. Duster Hockey, we were shown in final out, is quite a boisterous hockey game. None of us knew how to play,

which didn't help us very much. But the rules were quite easy (and there weren't very many of them). Try to keep the ball in the 'field' and don't hit your opponent in the face with your stick. And that was that.

We all had to think of a name for our team. These were some of the stranger ones: "Porno Stars" (the teachers), "Natural born killers" and "Mad Cows". Then all the teams got put into pools. The competition was tough, but we managed to win a few games. We soon realized that hitting your opponent distracted them, so you could take the ball away, so soon everybody was doing this.

The following day we had a hike planned, but, unfortunately, it rained so we could not walk very far. Instead we went back to our bungalows where we were given a piece of black cardboard and a serviette and told to make a "hat" and then model it that evening. It was all great fun and the hats that turned out were amazing. We also made up songs and showed them that evening.

The day we left it was a beautiful sunny day. That was just typical. On the way home we stopped at KWV brandy cellars. Only the teachers got to actually try some. We got grape juice.

BROOKS SCHOOL EXCHANGE

On 22 March 1996, we changed our place of residence: our new home was a no educational boarding school in North Amherst, Massachusetts - acres of open fields bordered by Lake Cochichewick, with scattered faculty (staff) homes, 11 boarding house dormitories, an ice hockey rink, sportscentre, theatre, chapel, library and art gallery, and let's not forget the classroom blocks! The purpose of this relocation was to experience a different education system and culture, and to broaden our outlook on life.



Jessica Harris sporting new headware by Std 7 of 1996



Kate Bloch and Lucie Jeffery in America

We lived in separate dormitories and took 7 courses each, ranging from U.S. history to journalism to choir. We even sang "Nkosi Sikelele" for the school with some fellow Africans from Kenya who were also on exchange - gave the Americans a taste of Africa! Of the sports offered in the Spring Semester (lacrosse, crew (rowing), softball and tennis) we both played tennis, but only after trying the frustrating game of lacrosse.

During our three months, we were taken on all expenses-paid trips to Washington D.C. and New York, where we saw a show on Broadway. We also went snowskiing, canoeing and sight-seeing with friends and faculty members.



Alex Bairnsfather-Cloete at Appleby

Our time at Brizika flew by. We found the Americans to be so hospitable and were constantly being entertained. It was definitely the people and new friends who made our stay so wonderful - Brooks is like one big happy family.

Our overseas experience has been extremely enriching, teaching us to be more open-minded and accepting of people of different cultures and moral standings and the American way of a low key, relaxed education system allows for independence, yet requires a lot of responsibility.

This exchange has been the best experience of our lives and we encourage everyone to take full advantage of Herschel's ever expanding exchange programme.

"Experience is not what happens to you; it is what you do with what happens to you." - Aldous Huxley

Kate Bloch and Lucie Jeffery

APPLEBY COLLEGE EXCHANGE

Appleby College is a co-educational school of about four hundred and fifty pupils, situated in Oakville, Ontario, Canada, right on the shores of Lake Ontario. It is an exceptionally beautiful school surrounded by 8 playing fields, an ice hockey arena, physiotherapy centre and much more, not to mention an incredible variety of students from over 80 international schools!

Appleby College concentrates a great deal on outdoor experiences. It has "Northern Campous" which is an island in a lake 80 miles north of Toronto. In winter, students go there to build igloos in which they camp, coping in thick snow; and, in summer, they canoe and camp out among the bears!

The school has four boarding houses, two for boys, two for girls, and one for girls; all are beautifully set up with endless recreation rooms and filled to the brim with everyone's personal computers! It is compulsory for the Seniors (Majors) to board, and so, of course, there is a huge amount of fun to be had! Independence and a "grown-up" way of thinking are customary, so there is much to learn.

The three months that I boarded at Appleby taught me a lot about people and the world we live in. It broadened my horizons and gave me a chance to experience real independence, e.g. managing my finances and so on without anyone to rely on other than myself. To have managed for three months on my own has given me confidence in my ability to manage in a world that has so much to offer. I am so much more aware of different cultures, attitudes and histories of people from everywhere!

I encourage anyone who has any desire to know and discover more, and who wants to meet some wonderfully friendly and kind people, to go to Canada and have a wonderful enriching time.

Alexandra Bairnsfather-Cloete

NORFOLK ACADEMY EXCHANGE

Knowing that we were Herschel's first ambassadors to Norfolk Academy, Virginia, made the idea of going on exchange that much more exciting. Any expectations we may have had were surpassed and it is a difficult task to describe three months in three pages, let alone one third of a page.

Unlike the other exchanges, we were hosted by families for the 3 month period while attending school each day and participating in normal classes and extra-mural activities. Apart from 'attempting' softball, we helped in the hot dog stand at the annual field day, attended prom at the Norfolk Opera House, watched the seniors (including Katie Deal) graduate and tutored young children as part of a Youth Encouraging Success Programme (YES Club) at the nearby elementary school.

The stereotype of American schools does not apply to N.A. The classes were informal and relaxed, but at the same time surprisingly beneficial and each was an experience in itself. As far as subjects were concerned, dissecting cats in biology in order to study the body systems, discussing American literature and being taught U.S. history by the incredibly dynamic Mr Eric Aura were unlike anything either of us had experienced before.

Besides these 'day to day' school experiences, we were fortunate to travel to New York City, Washington D.C., the colonial town of Williamsburg and finally end our exchange with 4 days in Disneyworld, Florida, with Lucie and Kate.

We are very grateful to have had the opportunity to experience an exchange and would like to thank Mrs Drif and the School Council for kindly selecting us to go. Go, Bulldogs!

Paula Boers and Maré Ramsay

AMERICAN EXCHANGE STUDENTS

When Ashley Alley and I found out that we had been selected as the first students from Norfolk Academy to embark upon an exchange to South Africa, we were excited, if a little unsure, what exactly we were coming to. No, we didn't think that people in South Africa had lions and tigers in their backyards, but nothing could have prepared us for what we did find.

As we landed in Cape Town, we felt as if we had been whisked away to a land of indescribable natural beauty. We appreciate and are amazed by the diversity of the landscape in and around Cape Town. It seems so strange and wonderful to us that the Cape can enjoy the best of both worlds: the modern business centre of Cape Town is balanced by the natural splendour of Table Mountain, the vineyards of Constantia, and the soft white sand of Llandudno. We have decided that we will never be able to understand how Capetonians can drive around the area without their faces pressed to the window, staring out at the mountain, which never looks the same, two days in a row.

At Herschel itself we were met immediately with friendliness, understanding and warmth that remained extended throughout our visit. We met a faculty and staff that seemed to take an interest in the globe not only as pupils, but as people as well. Slowly but surely we adjusted to wearing school uniforms and did our best to share something of America, whether talking to Mrs Beames's Standard 6 students, explaining the honour system we abide by at Norfolk Academy, meeting non-Herschelians while working after school at Outcraig, or just casually making friends with our classmates and teammates. We felt so lucky to be included in the excitement of the junior socky season, Cabaret, the Interhouse Play Competition.

Thanks to the generosity and thoughtfulness of families within the Herschel community who opened their homes to us and shared their time and enthusiasm, we were never at a loss for adventure. While in South Africa, we were able



Exchange Students from America: Katie Deal and Ashley Alley (Norfolk Academy, Virginia)
Hilary Bertolami and Greta Lundenberg (Brooks, Massachusetts)

to go up north to a game park for an unforgettable safari, and I had the opportunity to hike Nursery Ravine and stand atop Table Mountain. We also had the pleasure of trying klawing and sailing and exploring Stellenbosch. Through the school itself I was able to spend a memorable weekend at Inta-ract camp. A visit to St George's Cathedral with Mrs Allen turned out to be an opportunity to speak to and shake hands with Nelson Mandela.

Although I know I will board a plane home for America in a little over a week with a great deal of nostalgia and definite plans to return to Cape Town in the not-to-distant future, at the same time I have so much to teach to friends at home who, up to this point, may have actually believed me if I told them that the "big five" roam the streets here. Indeed, much of the purpose of the exchange is to educate students, both directly and indirectly, and to illustrate that we are not as different as we may first appear, even though we live on different continents with an ocean separating us. Don't worry, Ashley and I will take good care of Pam's Boers and Marie Ramsay - we are excited to introduce them to our homes and families, welcome them into our daily lives, and extend to them the support of the Norfolk Academy family. Thank you all for such a "stunning" experience...cheers!

Katie Deal

EDUCATION: S.A. / GERMANY

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HERSCHIEL AND MY SCHOOL IN GERMANY

The first thing I noticed when I came here was, of course, the discipline and the school uniform. The way you have to wear your hair (I always forget this when I go to breakfast), no jewellery, assembly three times a week where you have to stand up when Mrs Dull comes in and sing hymns and pray. All that we don't have in Germany.

I think the Boarding House didn't really help me to recover from my shock, although now, as matrics, it isn't so bad, because we have a lot of privileges. I found it (and still do sometimes) very difficult to get used to all these rules. The most stupid rule, I think, is that you are not allowed to drink or eat ice-cream in your school uniform when you are in Cavendish; only if you go into a cafe. Apparently it looks sloppy or something like that, but we are school children!

That is what is so different from my school at home. The children here are trained far more with regard to manners and behaviour, which of course isn't too bad. We don't have to step aside for older pupils at home. In summer when it's hot, we always lie outside in the sun and walk around barefoot. We are even allowed to go to class barefoot.

On Speech Day, I was really surprised to see how important the Prefects are. In Germany we have one Head Girl or Head Boy and one Deputy. Every class has one 'class speaker' and that's it. Instead of the Prefects, we've got something called SMV and everybody who wants to help

and do something for the school can join. We don't have a Speech Day and we don't get so many prizes when we finish school. We've got one prize for Maths, one for Biology, one for German Literature and one for Science. That's it. And I must say, I prefer the way without the Prefects who are treated as something special.

What also is different from German schools is that Herschiel has many more Clubs, Societies, a much bigger Library than we have, Computers, E-Mail and Sports, but I guess that is because you pay school fees here. We don't pay for school or university, but that's why our school hasn't got so much money for things like that. What I think is very nice here, is that Matrics have lunch and supper with their Headmistress and so have the chance to speak about what they don't like, what they want to change. We also don't have Houses, House plays and House braais at our school.

What I really found shocking was when we collected for the Squatter Camp and there were only about two suitcases and maybe ten bags. When we did that at my school for Bursars we always had masses of food and clothes. Everybody brought something. This is one of the richest schools in the country and, if you know that, you start to think why many people think of the words 'selfish' and 'snobbish' when they hear the name Herschiel.

What I really enjoy here is Art. It is so much better than our Art. At some schools you can't even take Art for Matric and when you can take it, you definitely don't learn as much as you do here.

Our whole school system is totally different. We have thirteen years of school. We can't choose our subjects; only in the last two years and even then we have to take at least eight. Next year I will have twelve subjects. We also don't have to write exams twice a year. You have to write a certain number of tests per year, normally about six for each subject, and, in between, the teachers can set as many tests as they wish to. I think our system is much better, because you don't have such pressure every time before exams.

Jenny Dittmann





ABOVE: MARY MULLER PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Katherine Ackermann (Std 10)

BELOW: Chloe Townsend (Std 9)



ABOVE: Justine Brice (Std 10)

BELOW: Marika Borha (Std 8)





TOP: Janey Winhall (Std 10) BOTTOM: Daniela Loureiro (Std 10)



TOP: Nicole Strulik (Std 10)



TOP: Nicole Strulik (Std 10) BOTTOM: Victoria Crawley (Std 9)



CREATIVE WORK

STANDARD 10

ENGLISH

(For what reasons might it have been easier for you to have written an essay in a language other than English?)

Easier in another ~~language~~ language? This must have been ... oops! mixed tenses ... must be a rhetorical ~~question~~ question, because English is one of the most complex languages in the world.

Well, first of all ... wrong register ... Firstly, there is incorrect register when ~~fighting~~ writing a formal essay. One must keep her ... oh, no! ... one's register the same the whole way through ... and not end a sentence with a preposition unless there's ... wrong! ... there is nothing else to end it with.

Then, of course, there is all those ... lack of concord ... are all those grammatical errors e.g. ... no abbreviations allowed ... for example, one is not supposed to frequently split infinitives and do things like ... like cannot be used here ... such as using a non-finite verb as a main verb of a sentence.

Misrelated ~~participles~~ ~~principles~~ participles are also a ~~so-pa~~ faux pas and playing good is definitely not well. Cluttering skill, adjectives ... ah, a misrelated participle ... are seen to be very N.B. ... more abbreviations ... important as they add color ... Americanism ... to your writing.

punctuation is essential as it adds sense to ones writing without it we would not know when to breathe or when to end the sentence.

Spelling of words in English is another matter allongha bein nothing sounds the way it is spelt ~~except for a few~~ ~~exceptions~~ exceptions. And there is always the problem of plurals ... does the word get an 's' or an 'es'? Does 'ky' become 'kies' or just get an 's'.

One does get bored of ... with? ... learning all the different figures of speech, Synchlothe ... the part for the whole ... or is that Metonymy? ... Tautology, repetition, redundancy ...

Would anyone like to re-ask their ... sorry! his/her ... or is that not politically correct? Should it be her/his? ... question about English? Have I proved beyond a shadow of a doubt ... cliché ... so that no-one has the slightest hesitation in admitting that English is the most difficult language to write in?

Besides ... should that be 'made from'? all the grammar mistakes and errors one can make, one has to think of ... about? ... creativity and use synonyms and antonyms and

opposites in one's essays and compositions. There are also different ~~annotations~~ connotations to each word and so you have to carefully think ... infinitive split ... think carefully about which one you really need.

Latin is a much easier language ... is it still called a language if not spoken, or is it a science? There are few synonyms and, in actual fact ... tautology - fact is actual ... in fact, few words. Latin has a very limited vocabulary which makes learning it more simpler ... does that sound wrong to you?

Although English is my home-language, I sometimes feels ... concord ... feel as though I am wading through thick pea and am stuck in a swamp of grammar errors. I do think, however, ... commas on both sides ... that after sixteen years, I am finally getting the hang of it ... oh dear! That was slang!

Amy Burdick

DEAR TEACHER

I don't know where to begin. There is so much to say, and I don't know how to start.

I think I should apologise - in advance. I think I probably shouldn't be doing this in any case. I think I ... think too much. I've just realised that for the past seventeen years of my life, I have been thinking non-stop. Ouch.

Dear Teacher

I think I'd better say this and get it over with. I am nearly seventeen years old and I am a prisoner. I have been since I was five. I am institutionalised. I am just a name on a class list, along with twenty-four other names just like mine. In fact, it's not really my name, because it's not what I call myself. I don't call myself anything, and that is what has made me afraid. I don't know whom I am ... I only know that I am not allowed to be who I want to be. What I want to be.

I am not allowed to live my life in the sunshine. I am not allowed to enjoy simply what is there. I have to know, to learn, how it got there, and why, reasons. I cannot breathe in fresh air on a beautiful day and just feel great, I have to know that it is oxygen that keeps me alive, that I only feel great because the atoms and ions in the substances I ingest renew the depleted stores of stored-essential atoms and ions in my body ...

My whole, beautiful, mysterious, wonderful world is rationalised. And because I have to remember it all, so that I can spit it out again in order to get a piece of paper that says I'm intelligent enough to get a job, because I have to remember it all, I have grown to hate it. I don't want to know about it any more. I've had enough. Don't make me hate my world.

Once a week I am allowed half an hour to get a little closer to determining my future. It's a half-hour I enjoy, actually, except for one thing. I don't want to know my future. I don't want to know what I am going to do, I'll just do it when the time comes. Why decide now? I'm thinking about so many other things, I'd probably decide wrongly anyway. Why do I have to do anything? People used not to do anything with their lives. They were happy people. They even lived longer. Nowadays people just give up sooner because they don't want to work any more. They give up because their lives are empty once they don't work. They have nothing to live for. They've forgotten how to do anything else at all.

I will never forget. Yes, I will work to live, everybody must, but I will not live to work.

You tell me I'm wrong. I have a future to think of. Well, I say you're wrong. I have a present to think of. So we're even: you can look after my future, if I can have my present back. But I win - once I have my present, I'll never let it go ... and the future never comes.

Dear Teacher

Thank you for teaching me so much.

Lisl Robertson

Nicole Struik



A COMFORTABLE SILENCE

The toilet flushes again and out of the door walks a pale skeleton. I stand at the sink washing my hands, watching her every move. The fine hairs on her arms stand up and her dress hangs on her weak body. She washes her hands carefully and rinses out her mouth indiscreetly. She looks up at me, I turn away. She walks towards the door, opens it and leaves. I stand there confused, scared and helpless.

Why do I feel like the guilty one? Is it because I'm not helping her? I've tried to, but she just rejects me.

I follow her out of the bathroom and back to the dining room, where our main course awaits us. She sits down again and turns to her friend and carries on with the conversation. I can't help but stare and think how sick she looks. The main course is served and she gulps it down as though she's never seen food before and then, when finished, she excuses herself and walks to the ladies' room. I sit there more confused than before, but this time she doesn't return.

The guilt and pain are now too much for me and I break down. I return to the bathroom and collapse in tears. She needs so much love and attention, yet she won't accept it. Again the toilet flushes and this time no one opens the door. I stumble to my feet and cautiously open it; her skeleton sits huddled in the grey corner. I reach over and touch her coarse hair which shelters her ashamed face: she pulls away. Again rejecting my help. A lonely tear falls gently on the cold floor and she shivers. Now shaking, she looks up at me and wipes the tear from my face and smiles. I too hand falls back down gently and the silence echoes through my empty body.

The passages are cold and clinical. I don't feel welcome. I turn to leave, but my guilt makes me stay. A chubby

woman questions me and then points me to a door. Cautiously I open it, afraid to disturb her. The plastic objects surround her and I feel intrusive. As I walk closer, I hear the faint beat of her weak heart on the machine; my body relaxes. I thought I might be too late. She opens her dull eyes and the sparkle that once lit them up has escaped and is replaced with an empty stare. I reach for her bony hands and squeeze them; she smiles. The warmth of her smile comforts me. I want to hold her, but the plastic objects separate us. She lies there even more helpless than I am and yet she seems content. Why, I don't know. I try to talk to her, yet every time I try I can't find the right thing to say and I stand there, unconsciously staring at her. I can't handle it and as I turn to leave she stops me by saying, 'Sorry'.

I stand there as though frozen in time. She says it again and it echoes through my body. Why is she saying 'Sorry' to me? I'm the one who should be apologising. I could have prevented this, if only I had tried harder to help her. She needed my love and affection and I didn't give it to her and now it might be too late. I torture my selfish self.

The chubby woman throws open the door, breaking the silence. She walks over to the small bed, pulls out a clip

board, notes a few things down and then leaves. I want to tell her to be careful, but I don't. The door closes and I walk to where the chubby woman stood and realise that she has removed the plastic tubes from her face. I think the worst, but the faint beeping of the machine comforts me. I stand there and a tear falls: I feel ashamed so I turn away. So many questions are swimming around in my head, yet none of them seems to have a destination. I want to tell her how I'm feeling, but when I look at her peaceful face I can't. I know she feels more comfortable with the silence.

I return every day and never a word is spoken. The silence isn't uncomfortable as we are at peace with each other and, in some special way, our minds are linked. No one understands her as I do; people question her and all she wants to do is to tell them to leave her alone, but she's too afraid. Their concern scares her and she crouches down deeper every time someone stares at her face up at her. They overwhelm her. She hides away from them, yet she now lets me enter her selfish world to try and understand her. I do.

As they close the door behind them while muttering condescending words about me to each other, I lie there listening. We're now alone again: me and my concerned friend - the comfortable silence returns sheltering us from the cruel, judging world. Will I recover? Will I ever feel comfortable around those who love me? Or will I only feel uncomfortable with the silence within myself?

Carolyn Harnath

LES SIX MOUSQUETAIRES

Prêtes à tout faire, ces six vilaines filles vont conquérir le monde entier à mains armées. Quelques-unes sont assez pénétrantes au cœur mais tout indique qu'elles sont aussi même dangereuses. La police les recherche depuis presque vingt cinq années sans en avoir trouvé aucune trace. Mais ressaisissez vous! N'ayez crainte! Il y a de bonnes raisons pour penser qu'on les attrapera dans l'avenir assez proche. Les derniers renseignements tous chauds sortis de la presse sur les fugitives menaçantes sont ultra secrets: ne les répétez pas!

Dossier numéro 33: Liste des Suspects

Mot de passe: ~~00000000~~

1. Nom: Serritslev Prénom: Iaky

Il est inévitable que ce soit le chef de bande avec un prénom assez suspect. Chaque année elle prend part au tour cycliste du Cap en tricycle. Elle le fait sous le nom "Ingrid" et il est impossible de l'empêcher de participer car on ne peut pas voir la différence entre "Ingrid" et "Iaky" - les deux ont l'air identique. Elle est saxophoniste, mais on ne l'a entendue que jouer "Nellie the Elephant" pendant sa jeunesse. Quelques informations disent qu'elle était la première personne à marcher sur Jupiter mais celles-ci ne sont pas encore éclaircies.

2. Nom: Robertson Prénom: Lisl

Femme notaire de la célèbre vedette de cinéma, Brad Pitt, elle travaille comme fanatique pour le cirque itinérant de l'Asmatie. Son meilleur passe-temps soit le moment; chacun de ses sept enfants possède un pull-over tricoté par leur mère présumée.

3. Nom: Hovstad Prénom: Silje

Cette grande cambrioleuse de banque en Europe étudie la météorologie en Corée. Elle habite près de la plage où elle est sauveteuse - un peu immature, n'est-ce pas? Elle a récemment fini à faire des rixes réels sur la cause des morts à la Lune et maintenant elle affirme que les équations mènent d'homme: le visage de la Lune. C'est sa manière de résister à l'implantation de l'homme de Terre sur la Lune.

4. Nom: Weixelbaumer Prénom: Katrina

Il y a trois années, cette grande femme a établi un record pour le saut en hauteur aux Jeux Olympiques au Cap. On n'est pas sûr de sa profession en ce moment: elle pourrait être comptesse des crocodiles au Ni, ou magicienne que change des princes en grenouilles. C'est l'un ou l'autre; il faut que vous décidiez.

5. Nom: Miller Prénom: Katie

Cette photographe talentueuse est célèbre pour ses miniatures photos des insectes aux couleurs vives. Elle a découvert le plus petit insecte: le jitchubug. On la soupçonne d'être mêlée à l'augmentation du prix de l'essence aux États-Unis car ses revenus ont gagné quatre cents par dollar. Si vous pouvez trouver une autre solution, n'hésitez pas de nous la dire.

6. Nom: Taylor Prénom: Pia

Vous vous rappelez l'ancien Premier Ministre du Groenland qui est parti sans mot dire? C'est elle qui est coupable de ce geste. Quelqu'un l'a aperçue à Hawaï où elle est curieuse de jouer et danseuse de claquettes de nuit.

Si vous savez quelque chose sur ces personnes, téléphonez nous immédiatement. Tout renseignement sera très utile pour une grande somme d'argent en récompense.

C'est votre vie que nous protégeons. Toujours.

Caiflia von Will

TRYING TO COMMUNICATE

Boxed in my brain, colours oxidise and textures tangle
Decisions are boldly stamped in my mind, aromatic
memories swirl and emotions drown. My thoughts explode
in purple spray.

I am unafraid, I am bold, intelligent and decisive.
But when I try to speak -

"Er, um, I'm not quite sure..."

"I haven't quite decided, you see..."

"I just don't know..."

The body cranium walls are strong and solid. Not a splutter or a drop can escape beyond my head. I am seen as boringly normal, boringly grey.

"Try to communicate my innermost self, you say?"
"Oh no, to communicate is to betray."

My report card diligently reports every term that I am quiet, but hardworking and should hope for a very pleasing, but average, mark at the end of the year.

Someday I should receive an ordinary job, maybe marry and have two children and a dog and a cat. My parents smile, they were the same.

Orange, pinks, green, they quarrel, catapult and play inside.

I sing in the choir, but not the chorale. I play hockey, but only for the third team.

The canvas I prop on my easel frowns, then falls asleep. The colours and hues of my pantheon smile temptingly.

Oh no, to communicate is to betray.

I force myself to turn away, climb in a corner, curl up close. In the distance I can hear heavy machinery. I swear at it, but it won't go away. It drills continuously through my head.

A tear falls on the canvas. In it, I can see, hear, smell and touch the inside of my mind.

I stand up.
I don't want to be normal.
I don't want to be obscure.

Smearing purple on the page, I recreate the texture tingling and colours colliding. I recreate the aromatic manures and musical emotions. Purple fireworks.

To communicate is not to betray. It is to release, and to share.

Heather Velland

TRYING TO COMMUNICATE

"Wibble, wibble. Wobble wobble. Jelly on a plate!" She sloshed into the swimming pool like a huge hippopotamus and paddled away from me.

Her face shone with joy as she turned to watch the hilarious spectacle of me wiggling my buttum to and fro - trying to repeat her actions.

We communicate in the strangest of ways. Who knows what that silly little rhyme literally means. However, to me it symbolises joy, happiness, a way of communicating

with my sister - a common experience which brings us closer together.

Communication is not always that simple with Betty-Lou.

When we play cards together, Betty-Lou is at the height of concentration. Her tiny, yet clumsy, hands cling onto her few precious cards, her body taut, her mouth slightly open, slowly her uncontrollable tongue envelops her bottom lip.

If I place a card which results in her losing, the spell is broken. The hand of sweaty cards is dropped to the ground - lifeless. Her hands form a firmer barrier between us. All communication is cut.

If I touch her, she flinches away from me. If I talk to her, she doesn't hear me, if I look at her, she moves her hands closer to her face, enforcing the wall of fingers.

I am helpless.

Betty-Lou has incredible ideas about what she wants and what she does not want. Once her mind is made up she makes it perfectly clear. Her miniature hands cling with determined strength. There is no hope of her letting go. Little does she know that a bread knife can cause so much damage.

Her eyes radiate a blank stare. No hope of communication there. If I try to ease her hands from the deadly object, they clench even tighter.

Again, there is absolutely no way of getting through.

Sometimes communication with my sister can be the son of utter heavy. Quietly and peacefully we sit alone, her head in my lap, her warm hand gently resting on my knee. Slowly, she lifts her head, her squinting eyes stare adoringly into mine. She says in her blurred diction, but with the utter simplicity of her heart, "Katie, I love you."

Kate Müller

AND DARKNESS WAS

And darkness was tiredly saying goodbye as familiar birds singing welcomed lively warmth into their routine. The baking tar hosted a dam of lilac drops, while the now dirty black on the corner was nestled in dust. The Jacaranda tree and church both greeted me as I tested my new wheels.

Envious on-lookers of smiling chocolate-brown children pulled faces, while shouting something in broken English. With two sticks each, they could manipulate their own wheels; torn rubber from someone's useless car.

Religious tunes from a piano flew through the air and I met Zambians, on their way to the dirty block on the edge of our banana street, dressed to kill in black patent shoes,

which clicked on the road, and black suits with stiff collars. I wondered how, in their living conditions, importance could be placed on trivial matters such as clothes. Tomorrow, most of them would be back in unglamorous overalls, but today was Sunday, after all.

Up and down, up and down. My journey was quite monotonous and short, but I never tired of it. Our neighbours across the street had a funny family situation, but the closest form of contact I had was with their dog. A limping skeleton, a living corpse. Once, it started chasing me while I was on foot, but I was not afraid now. It had open raw sores around its mouth and it had been wounded on the leg. I didn't doubt that it was infected with rabies. I rode on.

Grice. They were hollow and loud. I parked myself on the edge to enable a cattle truck, loaded with women, to pass. Their destination was the other large block at the other end of the street. The passengers were swaddled in shawls as they chanted and cried, chanted and cried. This was what Joseph had to endure regularly, he said.

I heard another sound after a short, peaceful interlude. The army truck zoomed towards me. It was quick. My bike swerved. I fell. I cried! I was only small. The bloody gaze was decorated with mud and grass stains, and looked very impressive.

Instead of pollution in the air, I now smelled cooking vegetables and meat and, no doubt, a breast had been offered across the street, where ongoing crying had now ended.

Inside our gate, Joseph's wife was at our door. She didn't have any more charcoal and would we be so kind as to give her some? Her baby was hungry. And we knew how Joseph drank his payment in the bar. Of course, she could have some. And a bag of tomatoes, too. We felt sorry for her children.

At the start of the kink in the street, I could see the white shirts of the Chinese doctors from the army hospital from the other end of the crescent. It was a signal for me to return. Their daily walk went from the hospital, to the church and back again and they always passed our house.

I didn't want them to make a fuss over me and my appearance (which resembled their children left in China), so I sped into our driveway, opened the heavy gate, and smacked it shut, just before they approached our plot.

And darkness was again creeping back, teasing the sun for a few minutes and causing a misty and comfortable dusk, until bang!

Within seconds, it would alarmingly emerge completely, until the next day, when it would wish us farewell again.

Silje Hovstad

BARRIERS

You stayed awake for hours
and lay there in your bed;
night was just as hazy as
the pillow at your head.

You drew the blind and there
before you sprawled the moon.
Sick, you pressed your palm, now
wet with dew's perfume.

against the southern wall,
Mountainous and white,
Scoured by the glacier
of moon's unholy light,

it towered there above you,
window at your heart;
plans, opaque, pitiless,
it paused there to impart

its message to your fingers
that clung to nothing much:
nowhere can security
be found in what you touch

Caroline Bruuns



Victoria Peter

STANDARD 9

PARODY

(With apologies to William Shakespeare...)

O Charles, Charles, wherefore art thou Charles?

'Tis but thy poplart, that is mine enemy!
Then spendeth thy days conversing with this friend.
Knowest thou that it hath nor hand, nor foot, nor arm nor
face, nor any other part belonging to a woman?
Why chooseth thou this foliage?

What's in a name?
'That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.
Why dost thou then choose the name Camilla?
Is it sweeter than the rose?

'Then I am also forced to choose.
Then will I call thee small sweeter?
So mine wheel hath turned full circle,
From Spencer to Windsor, which is now denied, and back
to ____?

Shirzen Amen

THE CAGE

Watch the proud line of his neck as it curves and the
razor-sharp beak shreds the meal which he gulps down,
whole. This is nature's most perfect: the fine-boned wings,
the strong beak and yet all uncontradicted by the soft white
down covering his chest and legs. This is a killer whose
harrowing screeches bite deep into the flesh of the soul.

The gleaming eyes follow you. The blue membrane is
retracted, so that those eyes can probe and pierce your

innermost thoughts, as his claws do his prey. He is one who
would peck the hand that feeds or holds. He is wild and
yet we would have him tame.

The breeze ruffles his feathers, the sun silhouettes his deli-
cate frame and we see proud fragility. The eyes, that
appeared cold, calculating and empty, when we look more
deeply, are revealed to hold a strange emotion, rare and real.
It is fear.

Only now do we notice the menacing shadow that stretches
across his back and his wings, the wings he cannot spread.
Trapped.

Steel bars, iron words and a prison of broken vows sur-
round him. The gentle breeze becomes a gale; his perch a
weak grip on a crumbling hold over a pit of acrimony. Where
has the sun gone now?

The feathers that were tightly lifted, look settled now and
here are blood stains on his breast.

He who is proud and knows no fear will not be conquered,
yet the frame grows lean with hunger because of the dead
flesh they try to feed him. The beaded eye has lost its
healthy sheen, but still he watches you; his shoulders
hunched, his call silent and his feathers scattered round.

Again and again he batters himself against his keeper's
design. Again and again he falls, comfortless, to a modified
heap.

Each time he raises himself to the challenge and batters
himself once more, but as we watch his last attempt we see
how he fails, fluttering, without his wings even moving to
try to soften the blow. The fight is out of him now.

The image of the small broken warrior floundering, help-
lessly, no longer able to stand, his flapped wings cracked
and scorched, his curved beak shattered, his elegant feet
bloodied, haunts them. And then in an arch and spray of
blood his neck is broken. Their consciences clear. The pain
drips out of those wounded eyes. One more victim is
claimed by what has become known to us as the cage.

Clara Lewis

DESCRIBE A BOOK THAT HAS ALTERED YOUR OUTLOOK ON LIFE

I have always understood the basic facts and symptoms
about the AIDS virus - how it is transmitted and in which
ways it is harmful to us in our everyday lives, if at all. All
this knowledge has been gained from guidance classes,
posters in chemists' advertising safe sex and International
AIDS Day.



Kerry Todd

As a random holiday read, I purchased Bryce Courtenay's "April Fool's Day", having read "The Power of One" and rated it one of my best reads ever. Before I started reading, I did not have the faintest idea what a haemophilic was, but began to understand very quickly the hassles and difficulties that come with this condition.

The book is a true account of the struggle of Bryce Courtenay's son, Damon, with his haemophilic condition and subsequent AIDS virus. The book describes how from birth Damon relied greatly on his mind to control his pain. Try to imagine a young boy restricted from the typical falls and runnles of childhood, in case an internal bleed or bleed should occur and require a blood transfusion. Ironically, it was a blood transfusion containing the essential clotting Factor-VIII that infected him with AIDS. Right from the start, Damon thought big. He wanted to be a success-determined one day to own a red Ferrari in which he could cruise at phenomenal speeds. The simple act of accelerating would not affect his fragile body like other sports and games, but would provide him with the opportunity to release his energy and adrenalin.

In the early years, Brenda Courtenay would divulge tales of her great passion and spend hours educating her son with books and stories telling of European history. Bryce also contributed to Damon's only source of stimulation and entertainment by relating stories of Africa, replacing the physical games that his brothers enjoyed. Damon grew wise and mature, one to whom his brothers would come for advice.

The heartless medical establishment's approach to haemophilia and the carelessness with which the HIV virus was treated during the late 1980s is a definite focus in "April Fool's Day". The Courtenays struggled constantly with various doctors. They fought to be allowed to perform home blood transfusions. Another problem for Damon was the general assumption that he was gay because he had AIDS.

Once Damon had contracted AIDS, his life was a stream of strained, yet strengthened, relationships- the most poignant being that which he shared with his girlfriend, Celeste. She supported him through his various treatments- his night-sweats, mood-swings and manic emotions.

When I started reading, it took a while for me to relate to "April Fool's Day", because chronologically it was back on track- it began with Damon's death and flashed back to his birth and life story. Little did I know how real it would become and how it would affect me emotionally.

In another sphere of my life, at school one day, we did an English Comprehension which described a housewife whose live-in nanny was HIV positive. At the time, I gave much thought to this family's dilemma.

Six months ago, Alice Mahlangu arrived from Zimbabwe to work for my family as a nanny. She came with an eye

infection which we attributed to the long public transport ride. Later, our General Practitioner diagnosed her as having shingles and she underwent amputation for treatment. We dismissed it this time as a result of stress due to working in a different country and climate. From the start, she impressed us with her unselfishness and intelligence. I noticed an immense pride within her.

After the school holidays we learnt about viruses in Biology class. Each type of virus attacks a specific cell in the human body. Our immune system relies on the production of white blood cells or lymphocytes to produce antigens which fight corresponding foreign bodies or antibodies. The AIDS virus attacks these cells. Should an illness or infection occur, the lymphocytes are unable to combat it, and it is from this illness or infection that an AIDS patient dies.

At this stage, not only was I reading "April Fool's Day" and learning about viruses at school, but something else contributed to my depression over AIDS. After our school holiday, my family came home to find Alice covered in blisters and boils. Our GP took blood tests - the first set were negative due to the window period related to AIDS, and the second set were positive. The harsh reality and cruelty of AIDS now struck home.

Alice was momentarily shocked, absorbing the implications. For me, I was slowly reading and experiencing Damon Courtenay's developing AIDS with him. It was helpful for me to read "April Fool's Day" as I came to terms with Alice's affliction, but mostly I admired her remarkable courage. I put myself in her shoes - alone, in a foreign country, supporting a five-year-old daughter and mother still at home - and asked myself what would happen to Alice's family once she was gone.

I will not forget the evening I sat with her on her bed in her room. It was a few days after her blood test results and we were watching *Bafana Bafana* beat Ghana on TV. She explained that the majority of AIDS patients in her culture



Family Wandless

were alienated from their communities and, therefore committed suicide: AIDS is regarded as an evil curse. When I told her how brave I thought she was, she saw I was holding back tears. She said: "Marié, I am praying to God for Him to give me the courage to carry on. I have done my share of crying." I turned my face away from her, ashamed, and stared at the sweater through a blur of tears.

My parents have decided that were Alice to experience a Cape winter, she could contract PCP (Pneumocystis carinii), the AIDS-related pneumonia, and be unable to return home. So, at the end of this month, she is returning to Zimbabwe to face her family, who are still unaware and who will probably not understand. My parents will continue to contribute to her daily living costs.

Two nights ago, I could not sleep. I had nearly finished "April Fool's Day" and picked it up in the middle of the night, hoping to finish. It was the wrong thing to do. Unfortunately, I had reached the saddest chapter of the book. Damon Courtenay faced trauma after trauma, was in and out of a mental institution, developed severe thrush in his mouth, throat and stomach as well as chronic diarrhoea (Cyclospora parvum gastritis) ... this all apart from his haemophilic condition. I could not stand my own desperate sadness any longer. I cried out of compassion and empathy for Alice, and the uncertainties that she faces.

In such a way did I begin to understand Alice's problems - through Bryce Courtenay's tragic tale of his own son, I managed to come to terms with AIDS closer to home. Had I not read "April Fool's Day", I may have been indifferent or angry.

"AIDS is not a condition of which to be ashamed, it is caused by a deadly virus that we must be rid of, one which we must defeat. I am certain we will eventually conquer AIDS, just as we have conquered all those other diseases. But we will do so only when we begin to treat those who are brought down by it with love and compassion." Bryce Courtenay - "April Fool's Day".

Marié Ramsay

Megan Buchanan



NEPTUNE'S GRIEF

Retreat, gather, grow, crash,
Onto the sandy shore I smash.
Up, down, round and round,
Soothing melody, deafening sound.
Sing, Diana, from your moon -
Sea tides dance to her lovely tune
Stormy ocean, silent sea -
Mighty Neptune reigns over me.

Ripple, wave, trough, crest,
Cold sea bed, old ships' rest.
Sailor, pirate, buccaneer,
All in awe all have fear.
Terrible disaster a.s.s.
Many drowned: living less.
Stormy ocean, silent sea -
Mighty Neptune rules over me.

Pristine waters, crystal clear.
Ships, tankers, oily smear,
Toxic waste. What a fright!
Beautiful ocean-dumping site.
Look at poor old Neptune's heart -
Full of grief, torn apart.
Stormy ocean, silent sea -
Why do people poison me?

Hayley Blaauw

STANDARD 8

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

He stands before the electric fence and hears it buzzing with the anticipation of grazing the smallest fraction of his skin, and turning his blood cold. His wild, skyward, violet gaze is perplexed and deep furrows line his damp, white forehead. The heavens are black and stars have long since been phased out - along with V.C.R.'s and microwaves. One thing hasn't changed - humanity still must keep far away from the grass.

A lot can be revealed by people's reactions to that which is forbidden. Some are quick to leap the electric fence: one manages to land safely on the other side and others follow - some falling to the purple earth in a dazzling shower of sparks - their burnt flesh pervading the noses and conversations of the community - some successful and jubilant - ice-teeth melting in smiles, into the tar of night.

Some develop quiet, scientific ways of concealing their arrival in the kingdom of grass. These people aren't noticed until the effects of straying from the norm begin to appear in the freedom of their minds (and the dilation of their eyes).

The fat officials devour doughnuts in their watch-towers, as those claiming to be "maintaining the nutrition and

development of the grass" or injecting guinea-pigs with litres of green, creep through the bolted, padlocked, remote controlled gap in the fence - their shining armour concealing their hypocrisy and self-denial - for now they have joined those on the grass and cannot ever be the same.

Many dream of scaling the wall, and reclining on the chloroplast ground, a handful of grass smoking into the bright sun and wafting through their hot blood. They sometimes watch the success (or total downfall) for all who persist on the grass die young, of others in scaling the ominous silver-wired height - with a pang deep in their souls of envy and regret. They regret their cowardice and conformity to the law that has so little logic.

Others close their eyes and minds and open their books, in the hope of blocking out the decline of "normal" people like themselves - and the empty cement pavements and short lines at the hypermarket - and the image of the fence. They are dying within - is their soul's death really worth the agony of lack of knowledge?

A few write the books that the "normal" read and religiously worship. They criticise, shun and obstruct. Those on the grass cry out - some for help, some for recognition - but they are ignored and the "intellectual" ones are celebrated and asked to talk about what dangers lie beyond the fence to school children.

He blinks and rubs his eyes on his tattered bloodstained shirt. With mild unawareness his violet eyes observe the beckoning of the grass. He sees happy people - satisfied people - creative, ORIGINAL people. A young girl in a long white dress sees him - she looks round, undeniably skittishly, and with a derisive movement shakes her head. He sees the tears fly from her sunken cheeks, once pink and full, and her dilated eyes, beneath which the angry circles compete with the black sky for darkness, turn angry and cheated. She shows him away with her wasted, yellow fingers and collapses against the fence in a desperate attempt to escape the scratching, scurrying grass all round her. She tries again and again to destroy herself, her anorexic body hurling onto the wires. He realises the truth - come on the grass, you don't escape until your mind is eaten up and your body is not your possession. With horror he runs - not stopping - into the darkness - not of the night - but of his soul, for his eyes are wet and his mind overwhelmed with her tears.

Lucy Stehlik

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

My world was a world of many things. I lived next to an enormous park. My childhood memories were filled with joys, and sometimes even fear ...

The memory is still dear to me. It was on my sixth birthday and I was allowed to go to the park, all on my own. At that inquiring age I was always looking for things which might

be used in any way. To my absolute delight, I found a dirty, but still usable, koki pen. I drew funny faces all over the smooth bark of the tall, thin fir trees. Then I saw the sign, gleaming brightly in the morning sun, its clear white surface calling me nearer. Green koki in one hand, I advanced towards the doomed sign. Closer up it didn't look that great, but it would have to do. I stared at the red writing: "KEEP OFF THE GRASS". Well, of all things, I thought, telling people to keep off the grass, I would soon fix that.

I found that if I stretched with all my might, I could just reach the words. I crossed out the intimidating 'off', and replaced it with the more friendly 'on'. My childish scrawl stood out, but I did not care, I felt like a saviour: "Frit, the saviour of the park, protector of children." I climbed onto the grass and strutted around like a peacock. I needed a bigger quest. Looking around I saw no one, except a fat, old gentleman bending over the roses on the far side of the field. He was obviously in need of a helping hand and I pretended to fly my pegasus horse, the newest member of the Protect the Park Gang, over towards him. I tapped him politely on the shoulder and enquired how I could be of service. He turned around, his fat puggy nose twitching angrily, his small, black eyes looked me up and down. He was so close, I could feel him breathing.

"Who are you?" he hissed angrily and, "What do you want?"

My mood suddenly changed. I was no longer Princess of Power, just a small kid who wanted to go home.

"What do you want?" he bellowed once more.

The tears began pouring down my face, as he dragged me back across the field towards the sign, the dreaded sign. When we reached it, he put me in front of it and told me to read.

"It says k-ee-p o f f the g g rass," I stammered.

"Yes," he said and dropped me to get a better look. His mood suddenly changed once more, his whole fat body trembled with rage, but I was off as fast as my imaginary horse would fly.

I hid in the stream behind the water-lilies and cried and cried. The hot tears streamed down my face. What if they found me, would they put me in jail ...?

I was my older brother who found me. He cradled me in his arms, I was safe there.

"You know what?" he said. "Somebody finally had the courage to do something against the park keeper."

"What?" I squeaked.

"You know his new sign? Well, somebody drew on it. If I met them, I would congratulate them."

"Well ...," I began, but stopped. The Princess of Power had returned, but all superheroes have secret identities.

Erin Turner

WORD POEM

examined, stared, skittish, silver
swishing tail, ocean, song
slimy, shiny, shimmering, quiver
flash, quicksilver, gone

Anna Steynor

TODAY WITH I

Would angels dream
if spring-may was snow?
Would pine cones cry
if oranges were green?
Would you pray
if God was blood?
Would serpents play
if clouds were mushrooms?

I would dream if
angels bled,
cry if pumpkins sang,
if bullets flew, I
would remember, but
a certain one stole my
soul, ate my brain
and blinded my voice.
Now I ride my tri-cycle
round a black candle
singing to voices in my head.

Dominique Haeckl

SIGHT

Dark, desolate
splotchy red, before sunrise
powerful and hot.

Sara McCullough

Andrea Thomas



SNOW CAUCASIAN AND THE SEVEN VERTICALLY CHALLENGED PEOPLE

Once upon a time, not very long ago, in a democratic, politically correct Monarchdom there lived a rather wicked female monarch. She only had one problem in life - her step-person, Snow Caucasian. Every day she would sit before her mirror and ask it who was the most well-featured person in the land. The mirror would reply that Snow Caucasian's features surpassed those of her maternal step-person. The monarch grew greatly enraged and called for her huntsperson. She ordered him to do away with Snow Caucasian and, to prove that he had done the deed, he was to bring back her heart.

Snow Caucasian was reluctant to go with the huntsperson, as she didn't like to be pushed about by a man. Eventually he managed to persuade her to take a stroll with him in the nature reserve. Snow Caucasian soon took the lead and left the huntsperson far behind. He soon got lost and so he decided that he wouldn't kill Snow Caucasian. When he eventually found his way back to the monarch's residence, he remembered the heart! He ran into the nearest convenience store and bought the first heart he could find (without checking to see if it was one hundred percent bovine).

Meanwhile, Snow Caucasian had come across a small dwelling in the forests and knocked on the door. No-one replied and so she went inside. Judging by the size and number of everything, she decided that she had come across the home of seven vertically challenged people. The house was in a state, but Snow Caucasian was not about to lower herself to clean a kitchen. When the people arrived home from work, they saw the strange female inside and asked her who she was. She told them and proceeded to order them about and make them clean their home. When she was satisfied, she collapsed on the couch.

The monarch was satisfied that she had got rid of Snow Caucasian and, because her mirror had quit, and was now working as an adviser to the president, she never learnt of Snow Caucasian's new life in the nature reserve with the seven vertically challenged people. They all lived happily ever after, except for the poor hen-packed seven.

Geraldine Flier

TO BE ME OR NOT TO BE ME

I have you ever had to choose
between a boy and the ones you love?
Excitement or stability?
Pain, fleeting joy or continuous, total safety?
She cries at me -
be different, an individual.
But can't they see what I can see?
Individuality as the norm.

To jump off a tower, to scream out loud
all that, just to be different,
What if my difference is that I don't
want to be different?
Just acceptance is my aim.
If everyone I know and love is trying so
hard to be different,
'Then surely if I stop trying,
I'll be the one who's different!
Either way I just can't win,
that's it you follow my drift -
to ache to be normal, I'd be like you
and to ache to be normal, I'd be quite odd!
So here's to you - I no longer care -
'cause, normal or different, what does it matter?
Quite frankly,
I'd much prefer
to be me.

Helen Mitchell

HOSPITAL VISIT

You know I don't like them, because of what happened
before. I still remember everything exactly how it was that
afternoon. I remember the rush and the shrieking sirens,
the people continuously shouting disconcerting orders
over one another. Everything was that solitary white, so
cold that I can't feel it in my bones. And that smell, there
is only one place on earth that has that distinct disinfectant
smell to the still air ... the hospital.

We waited for over two hours in that lonely waiting room,
that you could see had been thoughtfully decorated to try
to look more encouraging. We watched those doors with
a dispirited intensity in our hearts. No-one said a word.
The dullness turned into a reclusive silence, that every now
and then was pierced by the echoing intercom, or by the
well-linged flap doors, that would swing open when the
front end of a stretcher, carrying yet another sick and
injured person, was pushed in by a group of hardworking,
busy orderlies.

I felt so lonely and faithless on the outside of my heart,
especially in those daunting surroundings. They really do
prepare a person for the impossible possibility that the
person in that room could, just maybe, not make it. But
somewhere, deep, deep down inside me, I had the straggles
bit of distant hope that she would be fine. We just had to
wait and see. But hang on, those supernatural doctors could
help her. Sure, why not, miracles happen every day ...
right?

I wasn't, thinking about anything else, I had totally cleared
my confused mind of the many negative facts about the
accident, all except for the chance that maybe, just maybe,
she would be alright. I was beginning to get so hopeful,
despite the cold white passages and the disinfectant-smelling
air, despite the reclusive silence.

Just when I was sure that she was going to make it and be
just fine, the news came. The news that I had just cleared
my bewildered head of. The worst possible news that you
could ever hear about a loved one, the kind of news that
you are only supposed to hear about in movies. She hadn't
made it, she had died.

Now do you see? Do you understand why I don't want to
go? I'll see the baby when he gets out of there. I don't ever
go in there again, not me ... no ... never.

Kirsty Shephardson

THE BEACH

It is dusk, the beach is dark and deserted.
The small silver of sun beyond the mountain
is a dark red, which spreads through the sky
to a deep black. The sand is a cold, icy grey
and the dark dunes beyond the sunset's reach
look ominous, like men in dark suits waiting
to pounce at any given time. The dark sea,
with shimmers of light, seems alive, waiting
to give an unforgiving embrace to unwanted
visitors. Everything alive, welcoming?
Yes, cold, icy and unforgiving. Who knows?

Kate Taylor

Nicky Hemmes



DESCRIPTION

(This is based on the form of the poem 'Be Specific' by Maureen Applegate)

Don't say you saw a lovely tree;
Say that it had leaves of emerald and gold,
Gnarled bark
In the centre of an exotic park
Say it stood looking courageous and bold.

Don't tell me that the moon's light was bright;
Tell me how it danced like a jester and sang like a nightingale;
Enchanting, but alone,
In an overpowering, navy-blue dome
and how it shines like a white canvas sail.

Don't say how the white horses ran;
Tell me how the power surged in their muscles
and their coats were like milk;
How their exquisite bodies gleamed,
How magical they seemed,
As if they were about to fly with wings of satin and silk.

Don't tell me about the snow-covered trees.
Tell me about the feathers of down
Falling, whirling, curling,
Tall trees that were catching the snow that was twirling
and rested on the soft green branches that carried the flakes,
as if they were crystals on a crown.

Alexia Koudylis

STANDARD 7

SMELL

I inhale deeply of the dark grains, and the rich, heady scent
of the coffee claims like a drug my mind. Not all in a
moment, but like a warm rain falling; soft yet powerful,
irresistible. The scent is as dark and whole as the black loam
in a forest. The aroma, heavy and full, calls in a deep voice
of things ancient and magical. When the smell of freshly
ground coffee grows slowly through a room, it is like a
promise, not a scent.

Then the curry powder. So different, so surprising, an
aroma that pounces joyously, and lurches. It is like the
crack of a whip, [ack leaping from his bright box with a
manic cackle, like an exploding cracker. Sharp and fiery, a
dancing, exuberant smell, full of the east and its spices. It is
a loud and demanding smell; a bang, a laugh, an exclamation
in a foreign language. Sharp and hot perhaps, but not
unfriendly.

Coffee is a dark pure; curry is a bright shout.

Julia Smuts-Louw

NUGGET

A nugget of gold comes
bounding across
the yard.
Basking with delight,
His smile sparkles in
the sun. His golden fur is
flawless as he melts into your arms.

Abby Loebeberg and Kate Louw

SILICON VALLEY

Isn't it fantastic
that Pam Anderson is plastic?
Though it may seem rather drastic,
it's the style.
And Cher and Michael Jackson
receive worldwide reaction
'cause they're changing just a fraction
all the while.

They iron out the glitches
and they fill in all the ditches,
then they sew it up with stitches
nice 'n slow.
Yes, doctors get high wages
for slowing down the stages
that a person normally ages
with time's flow.

Julia Smuts-Louw

HOMELESS

He had no expression on his face
And no shoes upon his feet.
People took no notice,
As they walked along the street.
He was wrapped in a weather-beaten blanket
And dressed in torn, old rags.
He carried his only possessions
Around in plastic bags.
His eyes were bleak and empty,
His lips were ice-cold blue.
I looked from the car window -
'There was nothing I could do.

Sara Neilson

PUPILS

Slaves to their masters,
codenamed teachers, whose secret
weapon is homework.

Shahra Sattar

BUTTERFLY

Painted glowing honey hues
A dancing smile, a kiss, a wink
A floating pair of ballet shoes
against a sky
of ballet pink.

Julia Smuts-Lowe

PART MUSCOVY, PART MAJESTY

She slaps her paddled, wart-covered feet
across the dusty enclosure that she dwells in,
which stains her colours brown.
The long-ago down which softened her features and her
warped beak has now adapted, and is instead thick hair,
grey with age,
For she has been around for as long as I can remember,
And is as old as I am,
maybe younger,
but nowhere near my equal.
She shakes her faded plumage under a rainbow of water
from the green snake which lies,
coiled in the yard,
And her metallic eyes watch my every move,
and scorn my attempts at warding her off by throwing
out a handful of milletmeal at a misjudged distance -
She will not eat off the ground.
She looks down that warped beak of hers at the pathetic
chickens which giggle foolishly and run into one another
at their attempts to steal the food in the sand which is not
there.
She waits instead,
impatiently,
for me to lower the bowl for her,
And she attacks it with gusto - reminding me of a machine
gun,
while the hens stand and watch in admiration,
and do not dare invade the ugly duck's space.
One must either love her or hate her,
but I respect her,
For if I take one step wrong,
She goes for my toes.

Lauren Morley

PHONE CALL

Waiting by the phone,
The seconds tick past.
I feel my elastic body grow tense with anxiety,
"Will the reply be yes?"
My heart begins to beat faster
And the purple walls of the room seem to be closing in on me.
"I know, I'll let it ring 3 times then I'll answer it".
Oh, Lord, please let it be yes.

The sweat runs down my round face
Stinging my flushed cheek
Ring-Ring, I take a deep breath
Ring-Ring, I clear my throat and reach for the receiver
Ring-Ring, "Hello".

Nada Vasiljevic

DEDICATED FOLLOWERS OF FASHION

My Granny and Gramps are the most dedicated followers
of fashion ever. It started when they were seven...

Gramps was playing on the swing in his garden when
Granny came along. They had known each other from
birth.

"Let's play dressing up, Bill."
"Alright, we'll go into Murrer's wardrobe and find some
cloves."
"Can it be a wedding?"
"I s'pose so." Ethel followed Bill up the stairs into his
mother's bedroom.
"I like this dress, Bill, can I wear it?"
"I s'pose so."

The dress Ethel had chosen was the most up-to-date dress
in the whole cupboard, as it had been bought only the day
before.

Then the wedding began, and Shadow (the dog) was the
vicar.

"That meant - do you wanna marry me?"
"I s'pose so," and that was it. They were in love for the rest
of their lives.

Granny and Gramps were married (properly) in 1943.
When knee-length skirts came out, Granny had seven.
When bowler hats became fashionable, Gramps bought
three.

Their children were born in 1946, 1948 and 1952. They
were teenagers in the 60's, and Granny loved it. She took
my mum out practically every day to look for clothes (my
mum was the only girl). They came home laden with bags
and boxes and long till-slips.

Platforms soon became trendy. Granny bought a pair a day
and, piled on top of one another, they were about the height
of the Eiffel Tower! She bought purple ones, cork ones,
flowery ones, spotty ones. You name it, she had it. She
still has a few of them now, propping up tables, or acting
as flower pots.

Gramps told Granny what to buy for him and my uncles.
She went out, spent and brought the orders back. Flared

trousers, pointed collars on shirts and garish ties were the order of the day.

When psychedelic coloured clothes came out in the 70's, Granny got them. This could be quite embarrassing sometimes as they were in their 60's then. Luckily, I was too young to remember.

Nowadays, they are also embarrassing. While most old Grannies and Grampys dress in cardigans and woolly hats, my grandparents wear shorts, tee shirts, platforms, trainers, Levis and too-tight tops.

When it was my birthday, I had a disco, and guess who offered to come and help? That's right: Granny and Gramps. They turned up on the night in their most trendy gear. Granny had on black platforms, tartan (how could she do that to me - tartan!) wrap skirt, a green body suit and had a "thing" in her hair. Gramps wore Levis, black boots and a tee shirt with a very rude slogan on it that I'm not allowed to repeat.

I was the laughing stock of the school. But there is a good side: they buy nice presents...

Vanessa Christie

STANDARD 6

IMAGINE

It was waiting, lurking round the corner. I could feel it breathing, not hear it, mind you, feel it. I could feel malice and malice radiating from it like heat from the sun. It wanted to destroy me, annihilate me, GET me ... The minute I turned the corner it would attack me. I could feel the black thoughts in its mind, about how best to devour me. It was certainly a beast from the spirit world, not alive at all. It had risen from its rotten grave to come and haunt me. I was terrified, as I had always been, from the time that I heard my first ghost story of the undead. This THING would destroy my soul as well as my body. I could feel it rustling expectantly, waiting for the moment when it would feed its everlasting hunger on living prey.

I could see the pictures in my mind of a nightmare beast, the kind that ate humans and didn't leave a trace behind. The kind that skulked out from its hole at night to terrify people, walking alone and in the dark. People like me. This kind of creature was a creature of the dark, definitely. I wondered what it looked like. It probably resembled a skeleton with rotting flesh clinging to it in shreds, and a cavernous face with prominent cheekbones and shadowed eyes which glinted unearthly evil. Or a dreadful combination of a vampire and a ghost. Suddenly, I had an idea which put all these previous pictures straight out of my mind. I knew what it was. It was nothing, a black nothing. It was an all-consuming darkness which haunted the few chosen

prey. It wouldn't devour me. Rather, it would leave me like itself, an empty pit, a void.

The new thought filled me so with terror that I was paralysed. I stood dead still, as though I had suddenly become a marble statue. I heard the Darkness rustling like the skeletons of dead leaves. It was getting impatient. Just now it would come and get me, instead of waiting any longer. I heard a creaking behind me. I couldn't look around. "Not two," a part of me cried. "It isn't fair!" I could perhaps get past one of them, but not two. I could hear the creaking and clanking behind me, getting louder and louder. "The ghost is coming, rattling its chains, my mind said. I was petrified.

I-decision tore me in two, because part of me said, "Go forward, face the Darkness," and another part said, "Come on, turn around and run." I felt like a deer between two human hunters, both with rifles, coming to shoot me. Eventually, my animal instincts took over and I ran in the direction that led to my home. I ran around the corner and confronted the Darkness.

My eyes were screwed tightly shut. As I ran, I could hear my heart hanging in my throat and the blood hammering in my brain. In my mind's eye, I could see the Darkness and the ghost pursuing me with deadly purpose and gaining on me metre by metre. I heard the rustling of their movement and I could imagine their evil, glinting eyes, all that was probably visible of them in the night, getting closer and closer. Then, gradually, the clanking grew softer. I only noticed this after a while, because I had been convinced that they would catch me and do untamable things to me. I gathered up the courage to peep over my shoulder. What I saw surpassed even what my vivid imagination could have conjured up.

I saw nothing. Nothing. Except leaves stirred by the wind in a dark lane, making a rustling sound. The sound of clanking faded away, and abruptly stopped. I heard voices, shouting, "Oh, wonderful! The swing is fixed now!" I was glad no-one saw my relief and embarrassment at that moment. And now I know what it is like to be the victim of an over-active imagination.

Zoe Beyers

MOM, DAD AND CLIFF RICHARD

"How can anyone that old make music?" I asked my Mom when I saw the poster.

"I really don't know, but what I do know is that the music he does make is really good!" she replied.

We were in the car, waiting for the traffic light to change from red to green. I was looking out of the car window, because I had spotted a boy about my age, who was quite good-looking, but then he went round the corner of the next road. I carried on staring out of the window and the

Cliff Richard poster caught my eye. I couldn't believe a man that old was wearing skin-tight leggings.

"Men like that shouldn't be allowed to put sick pictures up," I said to my Mom. I must admit that I was quite shocked. "What are you talking about, darling?" my Mom asked me.

I didn't think she was listening, because she had put her Cliff Richard tape into the radio.

"That Cliff Richard poster," I replied.

"Who?"

"Mum! Cliff Richard!" She turned her head and looked at the poster.

"That's Cliff Richard!" she said excitedly.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"Please can you quickly jump out of the car and get it for me," she begged.

"Mum!"

"Please?"

"Hang on," I said. I got out, grabbed it and got back in as quickly as I could.

A few minutes later we were at home and Mum was phoning the number on the poster to book tickets for the concert for her and Dad.

"I would like 2 tickets please," I heard her say.

"What? They can't be! Oh, well, thanks for trying."

"What's wrong, Mum?" I asked.

"The tickets are sold out," she replied.

Much as I disliked Cliff Richard, I still felt sorry for Mum and Dad. I suddenly had an idea. I was going to write to him and ask him please to see my parents. I wrote my address on it, just in case.

Three days later, I still hadn't had a reply. I was sitting in the lounge, reading a book, when my Mom and Dad were discussing the Cliff Richard concert, again! The doorbell rang and I jumped up to go and answer it. I opened the door and there he was. Cliff Richard!

"Mum, Dad!" I yelled.

Sarah Wesson

THE UNEXPECTED

Squeals, squeal went the wheels. The grass was flattened under the weight of the baby-pram. A young mother, with blonde, wavy hair, styled in the latest fashion, was humming a sweet, made up song, trying to lull her baby to sleep. She was wearing a dress that danced in the wind. It seemed as though the very flowers on her dress were dancing to the rhythm of the breeze.

The pram and the happy, contented mother got farther from the glassy house. All the windows were shimmering in the mid-morning light, reflecting the sun's rays. It was a modern house, that Dulwich Close, with a garden of roses and daffodils and bluebells, all pretending to be famous ballerinas - graceful and magic.

Just opposite the flowers was a huge stretch of green, healthy grass, each strand trying to be taller than the others to get the most sunlight! When the lawn came to an end, a wood of lusty pine trees, fir trees and oak trees began. They captured your breath and, since it was slightly windy that day, the leaves were all playing their parts in the orchestra of the trees! It was a soothing place to be and a good one to put a little one to sleep in.

When the mother had apparently found just the right spot to set the pram, she leant down and kissed the small, quiet bundle sleeping in the pram. She listened to its soft breathing, just to make sure that her previous one was alright. Once she had reassured herself that her little one was okay, she turned to leave, still humming an unknown tune and left the babe to sleep.

Whilst the small bundle slept, the unexpected waited in the trees above. They knew that this small child would be an easy victim. When the mother was out of sight, these unexpected things started to stretch their long, hairy legs, since they had been patiently waiting for a long time. I'm sure that these horrid, scary things felt quite excited at the thought of tantalizing, maybe even hurting, an innocent babe.

Long strings started to appear out of their mouths. The strings grew longer, carrying their bodies down with the utmost of ease. The first unexpected creature, about as big as a father's hand, landed on the pram. It once again stretched its legs and started to lick its lips at the thought of biting into the child's flesh. It then began to move one leg at a time. When all eight legs had taken a step it began again, one step at a time. The baby, feeling a weight upon its body, opened its eyes, saw a huge creature on its stomach, got frightened and started to scream.

Meanwhile, inside the house, the mother was drinking a cup of tea, and knitting booties for her beloved one. Suddenly she sensed danger! "What is it?" she thought. She must get to her baby! Her baby! She dropped the cup of tea that she had held in her hand. The knitting fell to the floor and began to unravel, but the mother cared for only one thing - her child.

She ran faster than she had ever run before. Through the flower bed, squashing the flowers, over the lawn and into the wood. She was almost there! Her baby was in sight, but, wait, there was a huge, black, hairy thing on her child's neck. The terrible screams of both the mother and her child were at their peak. The mother sprinted over to her baby, swooped up the shivering bundle and ran out of the wood and back into the house, leaving the terrifying creatures behind.

Even though I don't remember those spiders that crawled on me and scared my mother half to death, mom can. She still has vivid memories, and, believe me, she doesn't ever want to go back to that house again! She also hates spiders.

Biddy Cudmore

A VISIT TO THE WATERFRONT

The summer holidays had just begun, and the weather was eventually warming up. It had been a long, cold winter for Shelley and her family, who had moved down to Cape Town from Cairo, in Egypt. Shelley, who is 9, was used to the hot desert climate and not to the warm, Mediterranean climate.

Shelley rose early on Saturday. Her father, Ben, had gone out for his usual morning jog, and her mother, Jill, was in the kitchen, cooking breakfast. Shelley isn't an only child, she has a brother, John, but he is 21 and at university in England. She misses him. When Ben arrived home after his jog, he was feeling fresh and crisp. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and he decided that a family outing would be a nice treat. They all got dressed and, around the breakfast table, decided that the Waterfront was the place to hel

The Waterfront was buzzing with sound when they arrived. Shelley loved the loud noise the boats made as they left the harbour. She had never been out to sea, but had always wanted to. There was so much to do, they didn't know where to begin! The decision was that they'd start at one end, and make their way round to the other side, but, of course, they wouldn't be able to do everything!

They started at the Aquarium. Shelley had never been so close to sharks in her life, and never before had she seen a sunfish, it was so cute. She also liked the seals, but preferred the ones in the harbour, as they were free! They moved on to the flea market and then on to a merry-go-round. Shelley enjoyed that! Then her dad bought her an ice-cream, as it was so hot, and asked her if she wanted to go out to sea on

Nicole Struik

a yacht. Perfect, just what Shelley had always dreamed of doing, a boat ride out to sea!

It was so exciting as the big horn made a loud "BOOP!" She had to jump with excitement. The seals were playing in the waves and then there was a sudden cheer. Shelley turned around to see ... a dolphin! This was the best day of her life! The Aquarium, the boat ride on sea, the dolphin, what next?

As Shelley was looking out at the horizon, she saw a great sport of water, or wait, was it, or was she just dreaming? She shook her head, no, it wasn't her usual day dreaming! There, out there on the horizon, she saw the biggest tail she'd ever seen. And then the biggest hoot. A shiver ran down her back. It was a whale, her day was definitely complete! Never before had she known that there was so much action in the sea.

It was one of the best days of her life. All her dreams about the sea and its creatures had come true.

They stayed at the Waterfront until late that night, but nothing was as exciting as her boat ride. It had been a rather jiring day, and Shelley slept well that night with all her thoughts of the sea!

Samantha See

LONDON TOWN

Smog, royalty, bridges, hustle.
Thames, pigeons, taxis.
Underground, museums, Harrolds, hustle.
Commotion, bobbies, Hamleys.

Blanketed with fog,
Lighs, thrill and animation,
Pomp, ceremony,

Grey skies
and rainy days,
Horse and carriages,
Beet-eaters guard the castle gates.
Bells toll!

Lauren Kohn

HOW A GOOD BAT IS SHAPED

Face like a cat
Body like a rat
Claws like jaws
Legs like straws
Eyes like slits
comes like a blitz

Dani Tong



HYMN PRACTICE: One day everyone will decide to
make an noise!

SPORT

TENNIS

The tennis season was highly successful this year, with the highlight being the Bloemfontein tour. For the past three years Herschel has competed in the Independent Schools' Tennis Festival and each year improved its result. This year we survived airport delays, rain and a nail-biting semi final - Mr Scott couldn't bear to watch - to beat Kingswood 7-0 in the final and win an enormous trophy. The spirit of the team and Mr Scott's enthusiasm enabled us to fight back in the semi-finals against D.S.G. after being one point away from defeat. Unfortunately, our Action Cricket, during the rain delays, was rather less successful! The festival will be held in Cape Town next year during Herschel's 75th Anniversary.

The Inter-schools Tennis, held at Wynberg, was also won by Herschel, rounding off a very successful season. It is the first time for many years that Herschel has won this event. The Sed 6 teams played competently, too. In the league all the teams did well and were a credit to the school.

I would like to thank Mrs Kershaw for all her hard work in organising teams and matches, and Mr Scott for his enthusiastic support and dedication.

I wish the tennis teams all the best for next year. Keep up the good work!

Catherine Ballance

SWIMMING

The 1995/96 swimming season has been a successful one. With the early morning training taken off the calendar, we seemed to have a lot more enthusiastic swimmers! Our weekly galas still continued with the new system, proving to be a lot of fun. Everyone swam her hardest, enjoying each race. We had a smaller team this year, but they still continued to give of their best, showing true commitment.

Our main inter-schools event was the annual gala held at Newlands Pool. Each age group swam well and the spirit from the school cheered us on, resulting in Herschel's gaining third place, only just beaten by Wynberg and Rustenburg. The open team, proving to be very strong this year, did very well in the relay and individual events.

Another very important event was our annual inter-house gala, which once again proved to be the most exciting and entertaining of all the inter-house events. The hot water heater



TENNIS TOUR TO PORT ELIZABETH

BACK ROW: L. Middelmann, C. Ballance, C. Lloyd, Mr A. Scott, C. Sylvester
FRONT ROW: G. Sutcliffe, K. Ballance, J. Gibbons, L. Jeffery



SWIMMING TEAM

BACK ROW: K-A. Deeger, S. Stubbs, C. Munns, J. Bomford, S. Louw, G. Simpson, C. Stanley, H. Wilson, C. Howard, J. Moodie
FRONT ROW: T. Hayden, A. Clegg, K. Crabbe, Mrs H. Botha, C. Hannath (Captain), J. Woodard, K. Locke

contributed to a wonderful day of cheering, spirit and, of course, good swimming. Thank you to the grounds staff and kitchen staff for giving up your time to help make the day the great success it was. Merriman once again took the cup, with Rob and Jagger providing strong competition. The final race added to the spirit of the day when, for the fifth year running, the Matric class won the Inter-standard race! Well done!

At provincial level our girls once again excelled themselves. Amanda Clegg got her full W.P. colours and went at S.A. Nationals and then was chosen to represent S.A. to tour Germany.

Kirsty Locke and Georgie Simpson both achieved their W.P. High School colours and Jane Woodard got her W.P. full colours for diving and was chosen to represent S.A. in a competition in America. In addition, Amanda Allas got her colours and represented W.P. at a competition in Johannesburg. Well done to all of you and keep it up!

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs Botha for her continuous support and encouragement. Her dedication has kept the team going. To the 1996/97 swimming team, I wish you all the best of luck and keep up the wonderful spirit you have shown this year. It has been great to be part of such an enthusiastic team.

Candlyn Hannath

THE GALA - A 7 FLEX VIEW

The Gala brought the whole school together (pupils, teachers and parents) in a hubbub of laughter, excitement and spirit.

The day started off extremely hot and you could see some of the swimmers praying for rain! Unfortunately, only one team could win and, unfortunately, it wasn't my house.

I found the gala very exciting but at times tiring, as I was assigned to be a 'rope holder'. It was fun for the first few lengths, but after that my arm almost fell off! The inter-standard race was by far the most exciting, with all the school girls squashed around the pool's edge shouting and screaming for their standard.

Jane Woodard had to swim for someone and, when the house captain asked her to swim, she didn't even complain; she just got to the edge of the pool, asked which stroke it was and dived in when the gun went off.

The panadas were amazing, but they should have had lemon juice. Your ears are blocked, your throat is sore from all the cheering, your eyes are stinging from the chlorine, your clothes are wet, your muscles are sore and your face is sunburnt beyond belief.... it was a magnificent day!

We swam rather disappointingly, but Jagger definitely deserves the spirit cup. (I was hoarse after the gala).

SOUTH AFRICAN SWIMMING TOUR TO GERMANY

In April this year, just after the South African Swimming Championships, I was selected to be a member of the South African Swimming Team that was to attend a gala in Germany in July. After the initial excitement of receiving the news, I soon settled down to some serious training and preparation for the tour.

Three months later and hours of long and hard training further, the July holidays finally arrived and I was whisked away to a foreign country with 10 other swimmers from all over South Africa. The gala took place in Darmstadt, just south of Frankfurt, and lasted 3 days over a weekend. We had 1 day to recover from the long 12-hour flight. The nerves and tension were apparent as the 33rd Speedo International Swimfest began. There were 25 countries represented there, as well as 61 individual clubs, resulting in an attendance of over 1000 swimmers. The gala ran from 9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. and the days were very long and extremely hot. Among the French, Australians, Irish, English, Czechoslovakians, Germans and others, the South Africans fared very well, returning with a haul of 13 gold medals and numerous silvers and bronzes. Individually, I won all 3 of my races, and the South African women's relay team just pipped Australia and Germany to the finish line

in the only 2 relays. The Germans, known for being efficient and hard working people, ran the gala very smoothly and we all found that they were also generally friendly and generous people, who were most interested in South Africa. As is common at international galas, the swimmers swapped T-shirts and costumes with other swimmers from different countries, and the South African kit was by far the most popular.

After the gala finished, our tour took us to Munich in south-east Germany, where we spent four days sight-seeing. The city is very old and rich in Gothic architecture and beautifully decorated buildings. As the Olympics were only a day away, we felt it appropriate to visit the site of the 1972 Olympic Games, the Munich Olympic Park and Stadium. Being swimmers, we were quietly inspired as we sat gazing across the Olympic swimming pool - Mark Spitz's playground. (He won the most golds ever in one Olympic Games, a legendary tally of seven.)

Through swimming, I have been fortunate enough to have seen new places, met interesting people and learnt about foreign cultures. The tour proved to be an invaluable experience in international competition. With the success of our Olympic swimmers in Atlanta, it seems that swimming has taken South Africa by storm!

Aranda Clegg



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

- BACK ROW: A-M. Norman (Sc), J. Bonford (W'pole), A. Vasiljevic (Hoc'), M. Berrangi (W'pole), C. Nixon (Fock), D. Prosser (Sc), M. Matthews (Sq), H. Wilson (W'pole & Hoc'), R. Ferguson (Riding)
- 2ND ROW: D. Gordon (Sq), T. Imabay (Fock), K. Ballantyne (Ter), C. Ballantyne (Sq), G. Sampson (Swim), L. Middelman (Ter), K. Campbell (Sq), H. Christie (Synchro), L. Milne (Sc)
- FRONT ROW: K. Crabbie (Riding), K. Louke (W'pole), A. Clegg (Swim), J. Woodard (Diving), V. Sheppard (Riding), C. Ferrari (P'crosse), A. Abbas (B'athlon)

WATERPOLO

Waterpolo at Herschel this year has gone from strength to strength and a record eight teams were entered in the league. Many of us started playing women's league and this contributed a great deal to our improved standard of play. Our results, on the whole, have been excellent with some very exciting matches being played against Camps Bay and good old Westerford. Early morning practices were well attended - as usual, the yummy breakfasts proved too hard to resist - even though some of us often needed a seasonal wake-up call (nudge, nudge, wink, wink, Tiffany!).

The spirit among the waterpolo girls is really great and many laughs have been shared this season ... Justine Brink falling into the swimming pool with her uniform on and school case on her back; the first team being coached by a gorgeous hunk who thought he was way above teaching girls anything, let alone waterpolo; and our 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' ...

I represented Western Province at the SA Schools' Champs in Pretoria and was later selected, along with Helen Wilson, for the WP Schools Girls' Team, to play in the South African National Aquatic Championships in Durban. Both tours were extremely successful and a great deal of fun.

The first and second teams and the U/15's all entered the Inter-schools Competition. The standard was high and we can be very proud of our results. The first team played outstanding waterpolo and came a well-deserved third (out of eighteen teams). The second team also played extremely well, as did our U/15's, who came second in their section. Well done, guys! Helen Wilson and I were reselected for the WP A side and Michelle Berrange and Jeannie Bonford

were chosen to play for the B side. We will all be travelling to East London in December to take part in the SA Schools' Championships.

The highlight of the season was definitely the 1st and 2nd teams' tour to Port Elizabeth. We stayed on the beachfront at the City Lodge, along with the Westerford girls. A highly entertaining initiation ceremony was held for the 2nd team and new 1st team members and much fun was had by all, despite numerous moans and protests!

The tournament we were to play in, held at Alexander Road High School, has grown in size every year and, for the first time, had to be split into two pools (not literally!). Both teams played good constructive waterpolo and learned many new tactics and patterns of play.

The enthusiasm among the waterpolo girls is quite amazing and many, especially our coach, Peter Morcelli, believe that we live up to the slogan on our sweatshirts - "We're No Angels"!

Many, many thanks to Mr Moretti for all his support and dedication - his time and effort are greatly appreciated. Thank you also to Theresa Bridgman and Mrs Botha for all their encouragement and hard work throughout the year.

Waterpolo has been one of the most special and memorable parts of my school career and I will miss all the fun we had very much. Best wishes for the next season (you had better thrash Westerford!) and don't ever stop smiling.

Kirsten Locke



1ST WATERPOLO TEAM

BACK ROW:	J. Bonford, H. Wilson, T. Rademeyer, M. Bridgman
FRONT ROW:	A. Vasiljevic, C. Nixon, K. Locke (Captain), Mr P. Morcelli, P. Caradous-Davies, A. Wright, M. Aubin



1ST TEAM SQUASH

BACK ROW: A-M. Norman, K. Ballantyne
FRONT ROW: K. Campbell (Captain), Mr A. Scott, D. Gordon

SQUASH

We have had a fantastic squash season this year. The Herschel teams were definitely a force to be reckoned with. The first team came second in the A league (we were only just beaten!) and our second and third teams also came second in the B and C leagues respectively.

Herschel had a record number of W.P. representatives this year. There were seven girls from the senior school and three girls from the prep school. Congratulations to Dianne Gordon, Louise Milne, Diana Prosser, Anne-Marie Norman, Kelly Ballantyne, Michelle Matthews and Kathryn Campbell. We were by far the best represented of all schools at the W.P. prizegiving ceremony. Every Saturday, the province girls had intensive squad training and their squash games have improved remarkably. Everyone enjoyed their June/July tours to the various provinces and felt the squash experience gained was invaluable.

In the knock-outs, all our teams made it to the semi-finals. Unfortunately, both the first and third teams were eliminated at that stage by the narrowest of margins. Well done to the second team on winning their division. The year culminated in the Inter schools Tournament in which we came second.

A big thank you to our parents, who have been acting as taxi drivers - your support was much appreciated. An extra special thanks to Mr Scott for his dedication, support and great coaching, which have resulted in the improved performances of all the squash teams this year.

Keep up the team spirit and good luck for next season.

Kathryn Campbell

VOLLEYBALL

1996 saw Herschel enter a volleyball team in the league for the first time. Although the results were not as good as we would have liked, we gained invaluable experience in learning how to play as a team.

I think the most memorable time for us all was the tournament held at Wynberg Boys'. I'm still trying to figure out why everyone was so keen to attend this particular tournament... However, once we arrived there, some girls simply refused to play, all as a result of not wanting to embarrass themselves in front of the boys' teams also participating!

The highlight of the season was our win against Bergvliet High. We were very proud of ourselves, as was our coach, Marek Sirotsky, and our reward was frozen yoghurt. That definitely gave us the incentive to win more matches! My last few matches as Captain of Herschel's volleyball team were played here at Herschel in our very own Spring Cup Tournament, held on 12 October 1996. Many thanks to Mrs Botha for allowing the team this opportunity and to the volleyball committee for organising the event.

To the team: thank you for your cooperation and enthusiasm, which have made my year unforgettable. Continue in that spirit and you will find that volleyball will reach new heights at Herschel. Good luck for 1997!

Jack Snyders



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: L. Womersley, F. Thuma, M. McDonald, O. Minhell
MID ROW: A. Lorbenaug, V. Pillay, A. Ahmed
2ND ROW: R. Tshup
FRONT ROW: E. Shriver, Mr Sirotsky, J. Snyders

HOCKEY

Herschel's hockey has gone from strength to strength this year. We managed to field a remarkable total of 13 teams, all of whom have matured and developed considerably throughout the season.

The high-spirited U/14's and U/16's have both enjoyed mixed fortunes this season. They have played with phenomenal enthusiasm and have shown great potential which augurs well for Herschel's hockey in the future.

For the First Team Squad, the season began with pre-season training in Port Elizabeth, where the squad took part in the

UPL Sports School. This Sports School is attended annually by many schools throughout South Africa. It consisted of morning training sessions, when the squad was divided up into different groups, which then received specialised individual coaching from various top provincial players. This was followed by team coaching, which concentrated on tactical play.

The afternoons were taken up by inter schools matches. The schools were divided into two pools and, in order to get into the finals, Herschel had to come first in their pool and then win the cross pool play-off. Herschel rose to the challenge by first gaining a place in the finals and then beating Swartkops (4-0) to become the overall winners.



UNDER 16A HOCKEY

BACK ROW: C. Sylvester, E. Basson, N. Vasiljevic, M. Barrange, M. Bridgman, R. Farrell, P. Carter

FRONT ROW: E. McAulan, M. Haw, Miss C. Wemyss, L. Spence, P. Pletzer



1ST TEAM HOCKEY

BACK ROW: T. Lindsay, C. Ambler-Smith, L. Middelman, P. Waller, S. Taras, H. Gangraker

FRONT ROW: C. Bloch, A. Vasiljevic, C. Nixon (Captain), Mrs M. Kershaw, C. Hlanathi, H. Willem, J. Bomford

Herschel rounded off the season by coming fifth out of the 14 school teams in the Premier Schools' Hockey League. This was a substantial improvement on last year, when we only managed 13th position.

The Herschel team also enjoyed many individual successes, with Tammy Lindsay and Helen Wilson both representing the Western Province U/16B team, and Angela Vasiljevic representing Western Province Nerinas in the inter-provincial tournaments. This year the annual inter-schools Hockey Tournament was held at the Hartleyvale Asportif. Herschel did exceptionally well, taking second place overall out of the six schools who took part. The U/16 A's and U/14 A's also took part in inter-schools tournaments, in which the Herschel teams both came third in their respective tournaments.

The season ended with 'Derby Day' at the Maries Hockey Club at Stellenbosch, which was hosted by Rheinish. Herschel fielded thirteen teams and ended the day with 7 wins, 4 draws and 2 losses. This was a wonderful way to end the season, with a fine venue and perfect weather. Everyone enjoyed herself thoroughly, whether it was eating the cakes provided or watching the games.

Our sincere thanks and appreciation go to our dedicated coaches, Mrs Kershaw, Mrs Engelbrecht, Miss McNamara

and Mrs Stanford, for everything that they have done for Herschel Hockey this year. Also to the players, who have been fully committed to their teams throughout the season and have played with great dedication, as well as enthusiasm on the field. Lastly, a special word of thanks to Herschel's avid supporters who, through rain and shine, have always been there to encourage our Herschel teams.

Carrie Nixon

INDOOR-HOCKEY

Indoor-Hockey at Herschel has grown into a popular and skilled sport. The five senior teams walked away with many victories and the enthusiastic, talented juniors ensure that Herschel's teams will continue to do so.

The first ever Inter-schools Indoor-Hockey Tournament was held at Herschel. Our spectacular sports centre was the perfect venue and was admired by all our guests. There was much support and our first team played exceptionally well and made it to the final.

We are very fortunate to have a professional and supportive coach, Mrs Kershaw, who has made every player love and excel in this enthralling game.

Ah Duden



1ST TEAM INDOOR-HOCKEY

BACK ROW: S. Taro, C. Blach, A. Vasiljevic, C. Hammar, F. Waller, T. Lindsay
FRONT ROW: A. Bédar (Captain), Mrs M. Kershaw, C. Nixon

NETBALL

During the April holidays, the netball and hockey teams went on tour to U.P.E. The netball girls found this tour very beneficial and, even though we didn't win any of our games, it was a most successful tour. We learnt many skills which have been put into practice. All the coaches that were there to train us took great interest in us, helping us in every aspect...

The teams played on tour were of a high standard and some played netball as one would play rugby. I am not saying we didn't take the games seriously, but some of the teams were very determined to make their mark and be remembered.

Our season in Cape Town was not as successful as I had hoped. As many of the players took part in hockey, it was difficult to practise with two full teams, as players were rushing off to get to their next practice. This was a problem for both hockey and netball. Another problem was the fact that the players were not committed to practices and it is very difficult to practise as a team if half your players are missing. The under-fourteens had a good season, winning most of their games. In the inter-schools tournament, they came fourth against some tough competition.

The under-sixteens had a challenging season, but played very well and managed to win three out of seven games. Two of their other games were very close. Unfortunately, at the closing moments of the matches, they lost.

The Opens had a disappointing season, not managing to fulfil their hopes. We started off by having two teams but, by the third term, it had tided to one. We were unfortunate not to win our games.

Inter schools netball took place on 24 August 1996. The first team won four out of seven matches and came fourth in the overall competition. The under-sixteens were not as fortunate, but they all played very well. Sibu Dlova collapsed on the court, complaining of a knee injury. Once off the court, she fainted. Sylvia Komani felt very faint and dizzy during our final game against Rustenburg and Jeannie Bomford was poked in the eye in one of the other matches. Her eye swelled up and went blue.

I wish the best of luck to next year's teams and hope you all play brilliantly and fulfil all your dreams.

Suzanne Pullinger



1ST TEAM NETBALL

BACK ROW:	C. Bruins, K. Weixelbaumer, C. Thomas, L. Brain, J. Bomford
FRONT ROW:	S. Pullinger (Captain), Mrs R. Riley, C. Lloyd
ABSENT:	I Haupt



UNDER 16A NETBALL

BACK ROW: Z. Dladla, A. Seymour, H. Terpenid, C. van Hensbergen, M. Wellens, M. Snyman
 FRONT ROW: M. Anker, Mrs R. Schmidt, S. Tuft

SPORTS DINNER

On the 10th of October, Mrs Kershaw welcomed a very good turn out to the third annual Sports Dinner, held in the Boarding House dining hall. The tables were all beautifully set for this special occasion and a really "sporty menu" had been prepared, including chicken hockey sticks with tennis mushrooms as our main course. It was with great pride that Amanda Clegg introduced our guest speakers: Olympic bronze medallist, Marianne Kriel, and her coach, Clara Azzik. Ms Azzik told us about Marianne's hard work and dedication to realise her dream and simultaneously realise her own dream to train an Olympic medallist. Marianne entertained us with anecdotes of her stay in Atlanta, including the build up to, and the tension before, her final swim. She expressed to us her belief in sports being the key to unlock many doors in life. Another point was that perseverance and consistent effort are essential for dream and goal fulfilment.

As well as two very inspiring speeches, we enjoyed a delicious meal that had been superbly prepared by the kitchen staff. Another highlight was the welcoming of the Herschel volleyball team to their first sports dinner. Awards are always a part of our sports dinner and many girls received certificates for achieving colours or sporting excellence. Trophies were also awarded to those girls who had achieved outstanding results in sport, including our Head Girl, Kirsten Locke (Sportswoman of the Year) and the Vicky Shepard (Hannath Trophy for Sporting Excellence).

All amounted to an extremely enjoyable evening during which sportswomen could get together and congratulate their fellows, who had brought honour to themselves and

their school. Our school song was a most appropriate ending to our highly successful dinner, incorporating the inspiring words from our speakers and the school spirit which had been ever present throughout the evening.

Anne Wright

Netball against St Cyprian's



BASKETBALL

The basketball teams have progressed rapidly over these past 2 years. Basketball was first introduced to Herschel at the beginning of 1995 and has proved to be very popular.

1995 was especially exciting as we had many new-joiners and lots of Standard Sixes taking a great interest in the sport. All the players were very enthusiastic and full of energy. The Monday practices with the Standard Sixes could easily have been misconstrued as rugby matches, but provided lots and lots of fun and laughter.

The Standard Sevens also took a keen interest in the game and steadily improved during each practice. The under-sixteens really showed their determination and winning ambition and did very well during the season. Starting off the season with a knee hang, they won their match against CTHS 22-0. Then they proceeded to beat Muzenbergs 20-18, Hout Bay Dolphins 15-0; Langa 30-0; Rhodes High School 48-17 and Pinelands 28-14. The new-comer, Jacqui Gibbens, made a really good impression on the team and helped the under-sixteens on their way to glory.

The under-nineteens tried really hard to prove themselves and did every now and then. We lost the first match of the season against CTHS 22-2, but we came back fighting the

following week by beating Muzenbergs 24-8. Our fighting spirit continued, but we unfortunately lost to the Hout Bay Dolphins 30-8; Langa 30-8 and Pinelands 40-10.

We did manage to break the losing streak when we beat Rhodes 26-14. Overall, the girls played really hard and fought like Vikings. Well played, guys, I am so proud to be your captain.

Caroline Bruins

RIDING

Wow, what a year. So much has happened and time has just flown by.

To start off, our much loved and looked-forward-to Cape Show (or 'Gardwood-nightmare' as it is commonly known by parents and teachers) was not held. As it is usually over a period of two weeks, we riders threw in it, while everyone else suffered from sun stroke, boredom and flies. Instead, the Volvo World Cup was held for the first time in South Africa, in Hout Bay. Kathy Craabe and I had the opportunity to participate and brought home a few prizes.

At the annual inter-schools show-jumping, we were in good form. We all managed this year to arrive on time AND



1ST TEAM BASKETBALL.

BACK ROW: P. Taylor, K. Weisselhammer, H. Bulcy

FRONT ROW: T. Lannay, C. Bruins (Captain), Mrs R. Riley, S. Maguire, K. Campbell



UNDER 16A BASKETBALL

BACK ROW: C. Gloyne, L. Hummer, C. Thomas, N. Herremus, S. Wilson
FRONT ROW: R. Farrell, J. Gibbons (Captain), Mrs R. Riley, S. Lee-Pan, D. Gordon

with our horses. Our junior school team did Herschel proud by coming first and giving us the trophy to take home. Our senior teams, however, were, well, what can I say, an improvement on last year? Many of us were suffering from Saturday morning syndrome (it was a good excuse!). However, we managed to pull off a super 2nd and 3rd to Springfield Conservatory, with Morgan Adams winning the individual event. It was a fun-filled day for everyone.

Alex Barnstaple-Cloete, Kathy Crabbe and I were chosen to represent WP at the S.A. National Championships in Pietermaritzburg last December in the showing, equitation, show jumping and eventing teams, respectively. It paid off being Capetonians, as Pietermaritzburg was knee-deep in water. As a result, we claimed gold in the equitation and eventing teams for the first time ever. I was fortunate enough to win the S.A. Championship title and further to captain the Springbok Show-jumping team in April.

All in all, we've had a successful year. It's great to have so many talented Herschel riders, of whom we are very proud. Keep it up and try to stay on top (preferably). You guys are great!

Vicky Saggaul

POLOCROSSE

I have been horse-riding since I was three years old, and I am now seventeen. I have been playing polocrosse for 5 years, and I have never enjoyed anything more than this. Polocrosse is all about good tactical skills, and it is necessary to think for oneself, making very quick decisions and reacting quickly to the unexpected. Commitment, courage and perseverance are three absolutely crucial requirements.

A Polocrosse team consists of 5 players, in 2 sections - 3 players in each. Each section plays 4 chukkas of 6 minutes each. At the end of the game, the number of goals scored by each section is counted up and the final score is achieved. Each player needs one horse only, unlike polo, in which about four horses are needed. We also don't use polo mallets, but a racket which is simply a long thin stick, with a plastic head and a net at the end of it. The ball we use is soft foam, so it causes no harm. Our playing field is smaller than a polo field, so it is approximately the size of a rugby field.

My playing season this year (February - October) has been, comparatively speaking, a good one. I have participated in all sorts of different tournaments, e.g. local club tournaments, provincial tournaments, provincial club



Carla Ferucci playing in the LPT Polocrosse Championship

tournaments, and we have also been privileged enough to host 2 touring teams: one from Papua New Guinea and another from the United Kingdom.

Next year I will be going to the University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg, hopefully to study horse physiotherapy. I will mainly be playing polocrosse though, so, if I don't study next year, polocrosse will be my "job". It is a really wonderful sport, dangerous, but full of excitement and pleasure. It keeps me fit, happy and busy all the time. After all, it is "King of the one-horse sports".

Carla Ferucci

Western Province Championships held in March. We continue to strive towards our goals.

Lynda Davies

Jane Woulard, member of the South African Diving Team which competed in Mexico and Canada



ROWING

It is said, "Rowing is a sport for dreamers. As long as you put in the work, you can own the dream. When the work stops, the dream disappears." (Jim Deitz (JSCG coach))

Those of us who have taken up rowing have found it overwhelming and exciting and have enjoyed it thoroughly. It has been worth owning the dream, even with our blistered hands, over-worked muscles, nicks, cuts and bruises. Hopefully, with time, rowing will become a more popular sport in the Western Province, as it is really rewarding.

The Herschel crew: Olivia Satchell, Lynda Davies (captain), Taryn Weldon, and Pia Taylor, gained a second place in the Novice IV's and a first in the Novice VIII at the

SPORT-CLIMBING

Right now you're probably thinking, Climbing? ... Why would anybody want to take up a sport like climbing? ... There's nothing special about it, is there? Well, that is actually not true. Climbing is really a very physically active and enjoyable sport. It can also be extremely entertaining.

Many people climb for pleasure, but others climb quite competitively. It is a sport which is, in fact, far safer than you probably think. That is, provided you take the right precautions and follow the rules of basic safety, which you can quickly pick up through the proper training.

One of the little known features of the sport is that it tests both your physical and mental abilities. In many ways, it is like vertical chess, as you plot a route to the top which causes you to burn up as little of your precious energy as possible.

Over the past few years Sport-Climbing has grown rapidly in popularity in Europe and North America. So much so, that it is set to become a recognised Olympic Sport at the next Games in 2000.

Since we at the Cape Peninsula have such a wide choice of both indoor and outdoor places to practise this fabulous sport, I really hope that more of my peers at Herschel will be encouraged to sample the joys and satisfaction which it provides.

Alex Trengrove-Jones



Alex Trengrove-Jones - Sport-Climbing



Rowing at Seekoeveld

Left to Right

Pia Taylor, Liza Lucas (reserve for Jaryn Wrenn), Lynda Davies, Olivia Stuchliffe

STAFF NEWS

SANDRA STEYTLER

Stretched out in a tiny mountain tent perched on some forgotten peak, red pen poised: this is how most of Sandra Steytler's marking is done. Nothing must stand between her and the heady freedom of her weekend mountain refuges.

Organised, thoroughly committed to her work – and her play – Sandra has a zest for life and an ability to achieve her goals, apparently with a minimum of effort. Her pioneering skills and stickability were typified in recent expeditions to Patagonia and to the Atlas Mountains in Morocco.

She is a leader in the area of conservation and in eradicating alien vegetation in vast sections of the Cape mountains. This passion in her life has had spin-offs at Herschel, with the staffroom and classrooms being swept clear periodically with characteristic dedication.

French has climbed its way to a prominent position since her arrival at Herschel over fifteen years ago; it was she who initiated and ran for many years the still successful and popular tours to France with her pupils. Will the French Department ever be the same happy team without her wise input and wry sense of humour?

"But she's surely not old enough to retire yet?" is a typical comment overheard.

No, Sandra Steytler will never be old. She will simply mellow, like a good Burgundy, and we will miss her.

RAY SUTTLE

Mr Ray Suttle is retiring after forty six years in the teaching profession. A keen sportsman and a dedicated teacher, Ray will be sorely missed by both his Latin pupils and his colleagues.

His insistence on high standards and all-round enrichment of each pupil has resulted in their outstanding academic achievements. His wry sense of humour often encouraged lateral thinking in a listener.

Ray's philosophy is best summed up in his own words: "When I started teaching my philosophy embraced the requirements of boys only; my aim was to turn out all-rounders, fulfilling the ideal of the Renaissance Man. How ironic that I should end my days thoroughly happy teaching academic girls, happy because of their greater comparative maturity and propensity for hard work!"

Go well, Ray.

JUNE KURTZ

June Kurtz joined the English Department in 1989 and has headed the Department for three of the eight years she has been at the school. Amongst the highlights of her time at Herschel, she counts the Literary/Drama Tour of the United Kingdom in 1994, accompanying girls to the Grahamstown Festival, on the Swellendam Trail, to the Wolfberg Cracks in the Cedarberg, and to Sutherland to see the Observatory.

She has also edited the School Magazine for the last two years. She has been fortunate to have been able to travel extensively with her astronomer husband and looks forward to further journeys next year.



Mrs Sandra Steytler on her Atlas Mountain Expedition - 1994



Above: Helen Burnett married Wayne on 30 March 1996
Below: Craig Botha was born on 11 April 1996



Above: Sebastian Herbig was born on 12 June 1996
Below: Meg Speck was born on 22 January 1996



PREPARATORY SCHOOL

FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

Time does fly, believe me! With my service at Herschel approaching the two year mark, my New Year's resolution is already in place, temper the freshness of a newcomer with the wisdom of experience!

In an enlightened educational environment, a holistic education is increasingly called for by parents. For me, the excitement in education is to be found in guiding each pupil to achieve her full potential, be it sporting, academic or something quite different. In this way, a girl leaving the Prep School would have the best chance of having fun throughout her school career.

This year eight of our Std 5 pupils were invited to sit the Senior School Scholarship Examination. Melissa London, achieved the highest results together with Jennifer Miller from Stutterheim. We are all very proud of Melissa.

An exciting development this year has been the introduction of the Integrated Thematic Approach to our teaching.

Everyone in the school was given the opportunity to perform in front of an audience. As a result of these extra items, girls practised more intently and the standard improved.

On the sports field our girls once again proved themselves to be competitive. A number of our girls represented Western Province Squash and Angela Rawson was chosen to represent South Africa in the Under-13 squash section. Our Std 5's enjoyed a successful netball and hockey tour of Pietermaritzburg. The girls continue to participate in the weekly matches and galas against other local schools. Our Under-13 team won both the Interschools' Hockey and Netball tournaments this year. We strive to involve as many girls as possible.

This has been an important year for the Prep with the development of new facilities. Our swimming pool and multi-purpose hall have added a new dimension to our educational and sporting programme. Our little ones feel safe in the pool because of the correct depth and this gives them more confidence. It has been most rewarding to host



Mrs Anne Snyders, Council Member, opening the new Prep School Pool.

Pupils are learning to work independently, to solve problems and to acquire skills. Concepts are important as well as the development of attitudes. These skills will equip our pupils to cope with life today and to prepare them for the changes in the future.

We encourage our girls to participate in music, drama, crafts and dance. This year we held our first Prep Fisteddod which was most successful. We also had an Evening of Music and Drama for girls from Subs 3 to 5, a Theme Evening for Subs 1 and 2 and a Theme Day for Sub A and B.

our own galas, and to have been able to increase the size of our swimming teams and aquatic squads.

The opening of the hall by Mrs Duff has been a highlight this year. The hall blends in well with the surrounding area and it is wonderful for us to be able to meet as a school together. The hall has enabled us to host many more Prep activities at our School.

It is by now common knowledge that demand for places in independent schools generally has increased tremendously.

STAFF

HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs J. Thompson, PTD(UCT)

DEPUTY HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs M.E. Bray, TC(Birmingham)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs V. Cowling, TC(Hertford)

PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M. Bonellie, NTSD(Park)

Miss W. Boy, HDE(GKTC)

Mrs N. Rowley, HDE(CTC)

Miss M.S. Gibbings, NTSD, HDE(Park), MA(S. Carolina)

Mrs P. Haneekom, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs J. Henderson, BPTD(EdUCT)

Mrs C. Hirston, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs I. Knoetze, B.A., HDE(Std)

Mrs R. Joyce, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs B. Lawrence, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs I. Little, HDE(PhysEd)(Edgewood)

Mrs C. Meihuizen, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mrs L. Pullen, TTID(ICE)

Mrs A. Tyson, NTD(Natal), LRSM

Miss J. Ware, BMus, LRSM, HDL

Mrs A. Woolley, NTSD, J.TCL, DipSoEd(RemEd)

Mrs M. Soole, BSc(UCT), HDE(Wins)

KINDERGARTEN STAFF

Mrs H. Bailey, HDE(Park)

Mrs G. Balcker, BPTD(Ed)(Wins)

Mrs M. Butler, PTD(UCT), DE(Natal)

Mrs A. Mace, PTD(Pre-Primary)

PRE-PRIMARY STAFF

Mrs C. Blencowe, HDE(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

Mrs J. Munro, NTD(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

Mrs G. Young, HDE(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mrs M. Nixon, School Secretary

Mrs M. Sleight, Assistant School Secretary



STAFF

BACK ROW:	Mrs C. Blencowe, Mrs J. Henderson, Mrs A. Woolley, Mrs I. Little, Mrs A. Tyson, Miss J. Ware, Mrs H. Bailey, Mrs R. Joyce, Miss W. Boy
2ND ROW:	Mrs I. Knoetze, Mrs M. Bonellie, Mrs P. Haneekom, Mrs A. Soole, Miss S. Gibbings, Mrs L. Pullen, Mrs B. Lawrence, Mrs N. Rowley, Mrs A. Mace, Mrs G. Balcker
FRONT ROW:	Miss G. Young, Mrs M. Nixon, Mrs J. Munro, Mrs M. Butler, Mrs J. Thompson, Mrs E. Bray, Mrs V. Cowling, Mrs M. Sleight, Mrs S. Boss
ABSENT:	Mrs C. Meihuizen, Mrs C. Hirston

We believe that a key element of the education programme that we offer is the comparatively small numbers in our classes. Working with limited numbers we are able to meet the educational requirements of parents as well as our pupils. We have no plans to expand our present numbers. This important issue is, however, mentioned continually.

Responding to the needs of parents, we have organised a number of events designed to integrate parents more fully into the life of the school. Parents, staff and pupils have enjoyed a number of events: our Auction of Dreams, BOE Golf Day, Breakfast Club Meetings and Spring Day have been well supported. We are fortunate to have the support of such a strong parent body.

Our School is privileged to have a fine and dedicated staff, who enthusiastically involve themselves in all aspects of school life. Our pupils also deserve credit for making their own unique contributions to Herschel, for criticising and evaluating our programmes and objectives and letting us have their opinions in their special way. I believe that the interests of pupils have been advanced by the introduction of our Student Council, which replaced the prefect system. Councillors are democratically elected by Std 4 and 5 girls and staff. Councillors have already made a valuable contribution to Herschel as a whole and the system provides for input from all the pupils in the school.

I would like to thank all those who make our school experience so rich and rewarding: our staff, parents, girls and the many friends of Herschel.

Mrs J. Thompson

OPENING OF THE NEW HALL

On Tuesday 5 August the Prep School hall was officially opened by our guest of honour, Mrs Duff. The opening was attended by many school council members, parents, staff and pupils.



Mrs Duff, Guest of Honour, at the opening of the new Prep School Hall, with Mrs Thompson

The programme opened with a Bible reading followed by our school prayer. The plaque was unveiled by Mrs Duff after a hymn sung by the Sub A's.

The second section of the programme consisted of items presented by the pupils. This included a gym and a dance display choreographed by the participants, items by the orchestra, the choir, a Std 5 choral verse group and songs by the Sub A's and B's. We concluded the ceremony with our school song.

The girls enjoyed being part of this important event. Their presentation and behaviour were exemplary. I would like to thank Mrs Tyson, Mrs Woolley and Miss Ward for training the girls, as all the items were of a high standard. The display of art was greatly admired. Credit must go to Mrs Ruesenbaum for her hard work.

Tea was enjoyed by the parents and the children each received a doughnut as a treat.

Mrs J. Thompson

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the Prep School has introduced a new form of prefects, called the Student Council. Instead of being chosen by the teachers, we were voted for by the Standard 4's, 5's and staff, after we made a speech.

10 out of 30 Standard 5's who applied were chosen. 2 Standard 4's and 2 Standard 3's were voted for by their classmates.

Every month the Student Council has a meeting and discusses suggestions made by the rest of the school. This has been very successful. We have sold Hot Drinks in Winter and Coolerdrinks in Summer. We have organised a typing course and a cake sale. We are busy negotiating for peaked caps for sport and we have put forward a plan for a shelter at the main gate. The Student Council members are:

Standard 5's	Standard 4's	Teachers
Angela Rawson	Mary Waller	Mrs Thompson
Philippa Slingsby	Marina Pape	Mrs Bray
Phillippa Braithwaite		Mrs Lillie
Olivia Rumble	Standard 3's	Mrs Hirshon
Julia Durrant	Joanna Croise	Mrs Pullen
Tegan Bayle	Katherine Dickard	
Melissa Harries		
Alex Cawood		
Katie Clarke		
Tamara Ranger		

This year the Student Council has been a great success.

A. Rawson, P. Slingsby and P. Braithwaite



STUDENT COUNCIL

BACK ROW: T. Boyd, P. Slingsby, P. Braithwaite, M. Pope, O. Rumble
 MID ROW: J. Chase, M. Waller, K. Scott, A. Cawood, J. Durrant, K. Pickard
 FRONT ROW: E. McKay, Mrs E. Bray, M. Harries, Mrs J. Thompson, A. Rawson

BOE PRIVATE BANK GOLF DAY

On Sunday 13 October we held our second Prep School Golf Day at the Devon Vale Country Club. The day was a great success, not only did the parents play golf, but the children were also entertained. The day ended with a meal and prize-giving.

B.O.E. Private Bank were our main sponsors and donated R5000.00 to the school. The day was organised by two of our parents - Mr Rolf van der Linde and Dr Joan Hendriks, together with staff members Mrs Jacqui Henderson. Other committees made up of enthusiastic parents organised the prizes, sponsorships and entertainment.

Mrs J. Thompson

It was a perfect day for golfing and much fun was had by adults and children. Everyone enjoyed the raffle and all the money raised will be used to help provide shade at the Prep School Pool. (Lyndall Laft, Std 4) The golf day was brilliant. I also liked the putt-putt. (Tiona Mallett, Std 1) I loved the golf carts the best. I hope we will have another Golf Day every year. (Loren du Preez, Std 1) I enjoyed the golf day very much. I went with my friend. We played in a mudpool, and our feet got very dirty. (Jocelyn Richter and Lucy Arnot, Std 1) The jumping castle was great fun and the food was delicious. I think it went really well and I liked the pony rides. I'm sure all the parents enjoyed the

golf. (Sarah Cledwood, Std 2) The jumping castle was great fun, especially when you slid under, and fell in the mud. I had a wonderful time. (Katie Gull, Std 2) There was a lot of entertainment for children and adults. It was much better than last year. (Shane Hodges, Std 3) I think we had the most fun at the betting hole. We made almost twice as much as last year. (Genia Nowicki, Std 4)



Mrs Thompson receives a cheque of R5000 from Brian Bechet, managing director of B.O.E. Private Bank

MUSIC REPORT

Music at Herschel has been of a high standard this year. The Evening of Music and Drama, which had an array of talented musicians such as the jazz trio, the recorder, flute, clarinet ensemble, guitar group as well as the orchestra and the African Music group who played with much enthusiasm, was a great success. We also were honoured to host the Cape Town Eisteddfod at our Herschel Theatre. Special congratulations to the many girls who participated in this event. Mention must be made of Victoria Madden, Juliana Arrighi, Sarah Grieve and Tadinika Vasiljevic, who all received diplomas, Olivia Rumble - two honours and one honour plus, and Chloë Murrington - three honours. A large number of girls entered the Royal Schools and Trinity College Practical and Theory exams and we are all eagerly awaiting these results. Big thanks to the Music Staff, without whom all this would not have been possible.

Olivia Rumble

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra this year has largely consisted of recorders, guitars and percussion, also 3 violinists and sometimes a cello. Debbie McDonald, a violinist, is the leader of the

orchestra. Sometimes the role of the orchestra has been to accompany the school singing, such as at Founders Day and Easter. However, at the Opening of the New Hall, the Evening of Music and Drama and the Cym Display, the orchestra performed solo pieces. These included fun and easy arrangements of 'Greensleeves', 'Yellow Bird' and 'Oh, When the Saints'. At the end of the year, the orchestra will once again be preparing to accompany the singing at the Carol Service.

Miss J. Ward

RECORDER ENSEMBLE

The recorder ensemble has included mainly ascending players, with one alto and one or two tenors. The early part of the year was spent practising hard for the Cape Town Eisteddfod. The group prepared 3 pieces: 'Theme from the "Four Seasons"' (Vivaldi), 'Cuckoo Song' and 'Leaving Home'. They were very pleased to receive an Honours award. The group then prepared for the Opening of the New Hall and the Evening of Music and Drama and performed two new pieces: 'Puppet on a String' and 'Bella Bomba'. In the final term, the group will probably contribute something to the Carol Service.

Miss J. Ward



ORCHESTRA

STANDING-	K. Meyer, K. Gull, Miss J. Ward, A. Thompson, C. Pickup, Q. Gqobo, D. McDonald, J. Rauch, K. Wenxelhammer, C. Carson, P. Bant, M. Pape, L. Dell
2ND ROW:	L. Tuf, T. Farrell, A-M. da Camara, J. Hendriks, M. Harries, M. Waller
FRONT ROW:	S. Afzan-Ekomas, C. Stuart, V. Gull, P. Iverson, J. Pickup, M. Lloyd-Roberts

AFRICAN MUSIC

The African music group has been a lively and fond part of the Music Department for nearly two years. Gavin Copenhall is their tutor and he also made the instruments. He comes in once a week to train the group who, this year, have all consisted of Standard 2's. The girls have learnt how to play various African instruments: the amadinda, two marimbas, African drums, shakers and Tshelema pipes. They have also learned dances, including the favourite Gumboot dance. They have had opportunities to perform at the Evening of Music and Drama and at the Gym Display. No doubt there will be other opportunities for them to perform before the end of the school year.

Miss J Ward

CHOIR

This has been an interesting year for the choir and we particularly enjoyed singing in the Auditorium with the Senior School Choir and Chorus.

The Choir sang at the Easter Service, the opening of the new hall and at the Evening of Drama and Music. We were

fortunate at this concert to have Leigh Thompson accompanying us on the trumpet.

We are now preparing for the Carol Service and we wish to thank the many girls who are involved in the choir for their continued support.

Thank you also to Mrs Tyson for all her hard work and to Miss Ward, our accompanist.

This has been a very successful year and we are sad to leave. Best of luck for next year.

Yvette Pelzer and Tegan Boyd

DRAMA

This has been a very busy year. We began with "Frankenstein" (the musical) in March. This was a joint venture with Western Province, involving 19 children from each school. Mike Rees and I co-produced it, with musical direction by Barbara Lyall. It was an unusual production - the script was workshopped by the actors over 8 weeks, all props were out on trestle tables on the stage and all the actors played more than one role. It was a very successful, highly ac-



CHOIR

BACK ROW:	R. Vietri, A. Cawood, L. Dorman, L. Steyn, A. Rawson, Y. Pelzer, J. Hendrikse, B. Vos, E. MacKay, T. Soole, L. Woolley, M. Lukas, T. Combrink, B. van Selin, K. Clark
3RD ROW:	Mrs A. Tyson, Q. Gqobo, S. Lehr, L. Park Rous, N. Mitchell, T. de Nobrega, A. Churns, T. Ranger, D. McDonald, C. Louw, K. du Preez, K. Whitaker, T. Vasiljevic, A. de Camara, F. Ram
2ND ROW:	M. Lloyd-Roberts, K. Pickard, L. Bechet, T. Slingsby, S. A'nan Holmes, A. Koon, P. Minschenen, L. Clifford Holmes, S. Whitehead, N. Desai, M. Houten, H. Raine, C. Fergusson, K. Weldon, B. Housden
FRONT ROW:	J. Schipoor, T. Boyd, C. Merrington, M. Snock, T. Parrell, J. Atkinson, V. Madden, M. Papa, M. Waller, P. Braithwaite, K-L. Bonalhe, V. Gull, J. Haw, A. Mulloord, C. de Nobrega, J. Phillips, J. Liddell, J. Watkins, O. Sambla, K. Davel, K. Gull

claimed production. Keith Merrington, George Lloyd, Peter Gillett and Debbie Dumsday provided the music.

We have had two presentations in our new hall: the evening of Music and Drama on 14 August, involving the choir, musicians, choral verse and theatre sports, and a Sub 1 and 2 Theme presentation of music and drama class work on 7 October. Both occasions were thoroughly enjoyed by girls and parents alike.

On 16 September, the first Prep School Festival was held. Girls from Sts 2-5 entered in four sections, Drama, Music, Dance and Art. The response was overwhelming. Onsite adjudicators judged all the items, which the girls produced themselves, and found the standard to be very high. We had a real festival atmosphere prevailing, as the girls and parents moved from venue to venue. A prize winners' concert was held in the afternoon, with Merriman taking home the cup. An amount of R700 was donated from the proceeds to the Red Cross Children's hospital.

Mrs A. Woolley

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The 1996 General Knowledge team, consisting of Claire Bierman-Simons, Katie Clarkeek, Melissa Loudon and Kathy Scott, ably coached by Mrs Pullen, thoroughly enjoyed participating in this year's competition.

The first round was hosted by Kirstenhof, where we competed against Kirstenhof, Pinchurst, Roodbosch and St Anne's. Pinchurst won the competition with 113 points and we were placed second with 111 points.

The second round was hosted by Grove. The schools participating were Grove, Herschel, Rosbank, Rustenburg and S.A.C.S. We came third in this competition and fifth

overall in the Western Cape, just missing going into the final round by 2 points.

Our thanks go to Mrs Pullen and all the supporters.

Melissa Loudon

Mrs Pullen reports:

The team showed a great deal of commitment, and were always ready to offer up their small breaks in order to be cross-questioned about many different topics covering all sorts of subjects. We are very proud of them for being such great ambassadors for their school.

ECO KIDS CLUB

COMMITTEE: Mrs Pullen, Miss Ward, Candice Rivine, Melissa Loudon and Andrea Larsen.

During the first term we collected ideas for outings and money-raising and tried to make Eco Kids as interesting as possible.

In the second term we concentrated on mids. This included a movie, a bird-spotting expedition in the Ardenne Gardens (we returned here from this, and I'm not sure whether many of the teachers believed our "we got caught behind the sprinkler" excuse). We topped off this term with a trip to SANCCOB. We enjoyed this outing and were able to make a donation of R100.

We started the third term with a treasure hunt, which Andrea, Melissa and I organised. To get people interested, I spent my break showing people the prizes and expected about 50 children to show up the next day. I didn't expect what we got - over 100 children - it was a nightmare. When they were all on their way, the committee (excluding Mrs Pullen) rushed to the finish and waited. Of course, there were not enough prizes and many of the people had to have their money back. After this, Melissa, Andrea and I were exhausted and decided not to do anything big for a while.

Arbor Day crept up on me by surprise, but not Mrs Pullen, she had a whole Arbor Day assembly organised. The assembly went very well and, after it finished, we planted the tree of the year, the Wild Peach Tree.

We plan to go to the Two Oceans Aquarium, take the Sub A's on a scavenger hunt. AND, if our nerves can take it, have another treasure hunt.

At the end of the year we plan to go to Rooi-Els for a sleep-over.

Eco Kids has been an interesting experience for us and I hope that next year's committee will learn from our triumphs and mistakes.

Miss Ward and Mrs Pullen would like to thank the Eco Kids for their time, interest and commitment to our environ-



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

K. Clarkeek, M. Loudon, Mrs J. Pullen, K. Scott,
C. Bierman-Simons

ment. As members, their contributions to the environment and to the club have been very valuable. We hope that what they have learnt will always remain with them.

REMEMBER: In the wilderness
"Leave nothing but footprints,
Take nothing but pictures, and
kill nothing but time."

Candice Etzine

Melissa London



ICE-CREAM

Being on the ice-cream committee this year has been a wonderful learning experience. The first time we sold ice-creams, we were running around like chickens with our heads, but we soon settled down.

After Mrs Bray had pointed out the importance of having the correct bank deposit, we were quite nervous when we went to the bank, not wanting to look foolish. But as the year progressed, we became more confident.

We would like to thank the Std 5 pupils who sold ice-creams every Friday without complaint. We would also like to thank Mrs Bray. We couldn't have managed without you. Lastly, we'd like to thank the customers. Your money will be greatly appreciated by the underprivileged. Good luck to next year's Std 5's.

Claire Biesman-Simons, Gabby Pham, Angela Rawson and
Joanna Ryan

LIVING MATHS

For the first time, Herschel has had "Living Maths" in the mornings from 7:30 to 8:30. All those who participated

found it most enriching and enjoyable. We started the year doing photography, and made pinhole cameras. In the second term we studied light and had a paper airplane competition. This term we are preparing for AMESA exams in October. On Saturday the 7th of September, we had the opportunity to learn about and use the internet at U.C.I. It was really fascinating.

SCRIPTURE UNION

At Scripture Union this year, we have had a lot of fun playing games and doing activities!

In our lessons, we usually start off with a few songs. We then play games. The favourite for all of us is "SWORD DRILL!" This game is great fun, as we race to find the verses in our bibles. We also played a game in which we learnt about the Old and the New Testament. After we've had all our fun, Miss Boy or Mrs Melhuizer reads us a scripture. To end off, we have a squeeze prayer!

In the 2nd term, we had a Scripture Union Camp in Noordhoek. Three schools attended: Herschel, Rustenberg and Oakhurst. We had a lot of fun! The theme of the camp was "THE OLYMPICS". For the opening ceremony, we had the Olympic flame, with one of the group members had to carry. We did the normal events like discus, but used a paper plate, javelin, but used sticks, and had the usual running races. There was a trampoline, swimming pool, and a wonderful tack shop!! We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and learnt how important it is to be in constant training for the race of life!

Jayne Hendrikse

DESIGN TECHNOLOGY

Std 5's introduction to Design Technology this year was a great success. We had to go up to Western Province every Thursday, as we do not have the facilities. We were taught by Mr Andre Goosen for an hour each week for the duration of the term.

We have learnt how to use many tools, and have learnt the correct way to saw wood and apply glue to card or wood. We have made small versatile boxes, picture slides and wooden pencil boxes. We have learnt important and invaluable lessons like planning and thinking for ourselves. It was a lot of fun, with many laughs as people made mistakes and tried to correct them without complaint. It was a great learning experience.

Tamsin Ranger and Julia Durrant

SWIMMING

Captain: Kate Chambers
Vice: Fiona MacKay

This year has been an enjoyable one for the Herschel swimming team. The highlight of the swimming year was the official opening of our very own swimming pool. This

took place at our Inter-house Gala, when everyone from Std 1 to 5 took part in both fun and serious events. There was a great atmosphere as Mrs Snyders cut the ribbon and blue and white balloons were fired. Rolt won, with Meriman 2nd and Jaggen 3rd.

After school Mrs Lillie has not only been taking her Herschel squad, but has also offered extra training sessions. This has improved the overall standard of swimming at Herschel and for this we must say a big thank you to Mrs Lillie. Congratulations to Andrew Larsen, Francis Gaim and Melissa London for being chosen to be Western Province lifesavers.

Our Inter-schools Gala, which took place at Newlands swimming pool to end the season, was very exciting. Everyone pushed herself to the limit. Congratulations to Kate-Lyn Bonellie, who was the only Herschel swimmer to win the 50m breaststroke event. The final result was, 1st Wynberg, 2nd Springfield, 3rd Herschel, 4th Rustenberg, 5th Oakhurst and 6th St Cyprians.

Finally, on behalf of the swimming team, I would like to take this opportunity of saying a very big thank you to Mrs Lillie for all her support and her contribution to Herschel swimming over the past few years.

Kate Chambers and Fiona MacKay



SWIMMING TEAM

BACK ROW:	J. Hunsdon, C. de Nobrega, A. Larsen, K-L. Bonellie, J. Farrell, L. Coates, T. Harries, J. Pickup, V. Gull, J. Kennedy
3RD ROW:	J. Haw, D. Bennett, F. Mallett, B. Wall, R. Vietri, J. Stuhls, K. Clarke, N. Grobler, J. Vos, C. van As
2ND ROW:	F. Nesen, B. Vos, K. Chambers, Mrs L. Lillie, F. MacKay, T. Ranger, M. Harries
FRONT ROW:	S. Kelly, J. Collins, C. D'Arcy, A. Round, A. Pollock, J. Collins

DRUMMIES

The Herschel Drummies are a squad of 53 girls. The leaders are K. Carkeek, R. Vietri, A. Rawson, D. McDonald, M. Page and S. Whitehead.

The main leader is Sophia Lehr. Anne Lehr has been coaching us for the past 2 years, and has done very well. All of us have thoroughly enjoyed working with her.

Our first performance of the year was at Western Province's Fun Day, where, to everyone's dismay, our main leader dropped her stick!

We are going to be marching at the Gym Display on 17 September and then at the Min Olympics at St. Cyprian's in October.

We'd like to give a special thanks to Mrs Joyce who made all the costumes and for organising the boots.

Another thanks to Mrs Tyson for motivating us and giving us support during the year.

Romy Vietri and Sophia Lehr

TENNIS

Captain: Jessica Stubbs
Vice: Angela Rawson

There were many enthusiastic girls who played in our Round Robin Selections Tournament. Unfortunately, only four teams had been entered in the Peninsula Co-ed League. The "A" team had a very good season. They, however, only played 2 league matches. Their results were as follows:

Herschel beat Springfield 5 sets to 1
Herschel beat Wynberg 6 sets to 0

The "B" team results were as follows: drew with Rustenburg 3-3; beat the German School, 6-0; beat Springfield Convent, 4-2; beat Wynberg, 5-1 and lost to Rustenburg B, 1-5.

The "C" team results were as follows: drew with Pinelust, 3-3; drew with Springfield Convent, 3-3; and beat Edgemead, 5-1.

The "D" team results were as follows: beat Greenfield, 5-1; beat Springfield Convent, 5-1; beat Wynberg E, 6-0; and beat Rustenburg E, 4-2.

The Inter-schools doubles Tournament was held at Sans Souci. Victoria Gull and Mary Waller - U/12; Angela Rawson and Jessica Stubbs - Open.

Jessica and Angela finished 3rd in the open section, whilst Victoria and Mary were runners-up to Wynberg in the finals. Well done!

The Inter-house tennis was very exciting. Meerimar came 3rd, Jagger came 2nd and Rolt won the Trophy.

The girls have worked very hard, as did their coach, Mrs Bonellie, and we thank them.

A special thank you to the mums who always support us and transport the teams to their various matches.

Jessica Stubbs and Angela Rawson



"A" TENNIS TEAM

M. Waller, A. Rawson, Mrs M. Bonellie, J. Stubbs, V. Gull



HOUSE CAPTAINS

BACK ROW: K. Chambers (Jagger), F. McKay (Meerimar), M. Harries (Meerimar), K. Carkeek's (Rolt)
FRONT ROW: J. Ryan (Jagger), Mrs J. Thompson, J. Stubbs (Rolt)

HOCKEY

Captain: Lara Becher
Vice: Philippa Slingsby

The 1996 season was one of fun, excitement and success for all the teams.

After losing their first game of the season, the U/10 side went on to win far more than they lost. The highlight of the U/10's season was winning their section at the Constantia Hockey Festival.

Although the U/11 teams did not have the opportunity to play in many league games, they showed just how good they were in the games they did play and should have a very successful season next year.

The U/12 teams were positively brilliant and were feared by all the opponents. They ended the season coming a close 3rd in the Inter-schools Tournament and are going to be a great side next season.

It was an honour for me to captain the U/13 "A" side. The skills and positive attitude of the players led us to an unbeaten season. We started the year with an unforgettable tour of the Natal Midlands, which improved the standard of hockey throughout the squad. On tour we won 2 and drew 3 games against the best of the Pietermaritzburg school teams. Our team won its section in the Bellville Festival and ended the season by WINNING the OPEN TROPHY at the OPEN INTER-SCHOOLS TOURNAMENT. The "B" and "C" teams were also successful at the Bellville Festival and these players are to be commended on their improvement and continuous support to the whole Under 13 squad.

The players all thank Mrs Bonellie, Mrs Lillie, Miss Young and Mrs Meihuizen for all their hard work and encouragement during the season. We thoroughly enjoyed the year and wish all the 1997 teams the best of luck.

Lara Becher and Philippa Slingsby



UNDER 13 HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: J. Stubbs, Mrs M. Bonellie, J. Thomas, J. Ryan
FRONT ROW: K L. Bonellie, P. Braithwaite, A. Rawson, L. Burnett, B. van Selm



UNDER 12 HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: A.M. da Camera, C. Pickup, Mrs M. Bonellie, M. Waller
 FRONT ROW: V. Gull, V. Wood, J. Hendrick, T. Parsons, J. Hare



UNDER 10 HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: S. Afrim-Holmes, S. Law, Miss G. Young, T. Vos, K. Davel
 FRONT ROW: K. Gull, J. Collins, M. Chamberlain, M. Ross, C. Watt

NETBALL

Captain: Kate-Lyn Bonellie
Vice: Julia Thomas

Netball is a popular sport at the prep school, and, as always, lots of girls tried out for the Netball squad. Unfortunately, only 20 girls could be picked for each age group. We played in the Southern Suburbs League and did very well. The hardest matches were against Rustenberg. The league results are: U/10A came 3rd, U/11A came 3rd, the U/12A 2nd and the U/13A 2nd.

Age Group	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	Goals Scored
U/10A	9	5	1	0	47
U/11A	9	3	4	2	44
U/12A	9	5	4	0	82
U/13A	9	6	3	0	114

We played in the annual Inter-schools Tournament, and we did exceptionally well. The U/10's came 3rd and the U/11's 3rd and the U/12's came 2nd and the U/13's 1st. Well done to everyone, especially the U/13's - you did your school proud. Red won the Inter-house Netball, Merriman came 2nd and Jagger 3rd. This year some of the Std 5's were privileged to go on a tour to Natal, to play Netball and Hockey. The Netball girls won 4 out of 7 matches. Thank you to Mrs Lillie and Mrs Bonellie for the wonderful tour,

we really enjoyed it. Also a big thanks to all the coaches: Mrs Lillie, Mrs Bonellie, Mrs Joyce and Mrs Bowley - you did a very good job. Last, but not least, thank you to all the mums for lifting to all the different venues and to the girls for playing this sport so well. I hope you continue to play Netball.

Kate-Lyn Bonellie and Julia Thomas

SQUASH

Captain: Angela Rawson
Vice: Debbie McDonald

The squash team has had a great season this year. The whole team has participated in many competitions and tournaments and has done very well. The Herschel team was so strong this year that we were placed in the 'boys' league, where the competition was much better. All our games have been lots of fun and everyone enjoyed them, including our coaches and parents. The results have been very good, with Herschel winning 10 of the 15 games played this season.

Miss Boy, who took charge of our matches, gave us all the support we needed. We came to rely on her supporting smile during our games. I would like to thank her for always being there for us and for driving us to our matches.



UNDER 13 NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: J. Stahls, T. Soole, A. Rawson, J. Ryan
FRONT ROW: T. Cowan, J. Thomas, Mrs L. Lillie, K.L. Bonellie, K. Clummers

UNDER 12 NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: M. Waller, K. Weisellhammer,
Mrs M. Boniface, V. Wood, L. Tuft
FRONT ROW: T. Farrell, C. Pickup, J. Ilaw



UNDER 11 NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: D. Loebe, F. Bain, M.K. Versveld,
K. van den Hoven
FRONT ROW: J. Pickup, E. Komeni, M. Page

UNDER 12 NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: T. Piesman Simons, R. Honeysett
S. Botha, S. Afnar Holmes,
J. Phillips
FRONT ROW: T. Vos, Mrs N. Bowley, N. Dasai



The whole squash team participated in the Western Province Ranking Tournament. They all did very well.

Angela Rawson won the tournament and was ranked 1st, Debbie McDonald was ranked 7th, Philippa Slingsby was ranked 9th, Jessica Stubbs was ranked 10th, and Qagamba Gqobo was ranked 14th. They played in the Interprovincial and did very well.

Angela Rawson was ranked 9th in South Africa and was chosen to play for the South African Team. We are very proud of this outstanding achievement.

Well done to the Herschel Prep Squash Team.

Angela Rawson and Debbie McDonald



SQUASH TEAM

BACK ROW: Q. Gqobo, J. Stubbs, P. Slingsby
FRONT ROW: A. Rawson, Miss W. Boy,
D. McDonald

Country is a great sport because we go on great runs in the mountains. (Jessica Schipper, Std 3)

I love running and I am so glad that Mrs Henderson has dogs (Max and Tessa) because they are nice to run with. (Maja Snock, Std 4) The races are exciting! (Mary Waller, Std 4) We look forward to cross-country next year! (Tammy Farrell and Jo Haw, Std 4)

CROSS-COUNTRY

The thing I like about cross country is that we get to run around the country-side. (Caoile D'arcy, Sub B)

Cross-Country is the best thing in the world. It is fun and exciting. (Kate McLeod, Std 1) My favourite place to run is the Greenbelt because there is something to look forward to - it is the swing! But best of all, I love to run and I have won two races! (Tiona Mallett, Std 1)

I like running because I get fit. My next run is when we go to the Greenbelt. It is flat and we found a swing. We swing out over the river and cliffs. (Saane Hodges, Std 3) Cross-



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

BACK ROW: Q. Gqobo (Squash), J. Stubbs (Squash), T. Corrie (Riding), P. Braithwaite (Squash)
FRONT ROW: J. Meintjies (Squash), D. McDonald (Squash), Mrs J. Thorapson,
A. Rawson (Squash), T. Fergusson (Riding)

PREPARATORY SCHOOL STAFF NEWS

JANYS MUNRO

Janys Munro leaves us at the end of this year after 14 years as head of the Pre-Preparatory Department. Under her quiet, efficient leadership, this department has developed into a happy, stimulating unit, providing a firm foundation to the school.

We are delighted that she will not be entirely lost to us as she has agreed to operate the day boarding facility.

LYNN LILLIE (NÉE JEFFERSON)

Lynn joined the staff of Herschel in 1993. She started off as a Standard 4 teacher and then took over the physical education post in 1994, where she has been for the past three years.

She has also been very active and hard-working as a sports coach, spending many long hours at the swimming pool and coaching various other sports. Congratulations go to Lynn on coaching the U/13A netball team to victory. They won the PGSCU Interscholar Netball Tournament. This was the highlight of the 1996 netball season.

We thank Lynn for all she has done for Herschel, and say farewell. We wish her every success for the future (in her early retirement?).



Lynn Lillie married Graeme on 9 December 1995

STD 5 CREATIVE WORK

WHY PEOPLE MOVE - THE DIARY OF THANDIWE ZODWA

(This essay was entered in a nation-wide competition sponsored by "Planned Parenthood Association". The subject was "Why do people move?" Melissa won this competition in her age group.)

16 November 1996

Summer has come at last to the valley where I live, bringing with it hunger, thirst and the constant threat of disease. Mama is pregnant yet again, and I must help her all I can by looking after Uxolo. The water is muddy and stagnant, and he has a strange sickness from it. I see Tata hardly at all now, and he seems listless and preoccupied. I think it is because of the drought which has ravaged this land for so long. Just yesterday six of our cattle died of starvation, and the milches are almost all gone. These days are strange days, when the air is thick with the buzz of the sleeping fly, and all is very still, as if we are waiting for something to crack.

17 November 1996

My life is in turmoil. Feelings seem numbed and dull, and the family has been going about in a daze all day. It is in this place, in this very hut, that I have lived all my life. And now Tata says we must move. We must move to a place he calls Egoli, the place of gold. There we will be able to get treatment for Uxolo, and my sisters and I can go to school. I do not need to go to school. I can't read and write. I can cook and I can clean. What more do I need to know? Tata showed us pictures of the big city, and it seems so glamorous and clean, with many, many people all around. Maybe going to school will be a new opportunity, but it seems so different and, in a way, scary. How will I manage to go? Where will I find the strength to cope?

25 November 1996

Tata has been working at the mine all week, and now he has just enough money for our train ticket. I do not know how we will manage for food, but selling off the cattle should pay for new clothes for me and Uxolo at least, if not for Tata's other wife's children.

As I sit on the stump of the old Baobab to write, and look out over this place, a strange feeling comes over me. I now feel calm, cool, and ready to face whatever challenges the morrow sends my way. For this is my home, my place, my kingdom. This is where I belong, and no-one can take that from me. I know now how Gogo must feel, and how she manages to accept so calmly why she must stay. There is no place for one so old in the city, and it is better that she stays here. This is her place, too.

27 November 1996

All my hopes for the city are fast fading into oblivion. The train was smelly and dirty, and the trip took almost a day.

Now that we are here, we live in a tiny one roomed shack. It is so close to other people that we cannot talk too loudly for fear of being overheard. Tata used the last of the money he got for the cattle to buy a plastic necklace for Mama in the hope of cheering us up. I think it did, and now we all feel ready to face the new day. I will start school, Mama and Uxolo will go to the clinic and Tata will look for a job. Life may look up after all.

28 November 1996

Today is the worst day of my life. We sat outside the school right through the day, but we were not accepted. We have been told that we must travel by train to a school far away in the city, but that worry can be left for tomorrow. Mama and Uxolo are still waiting at the clinic, but he has bilharzia and is getting steadily worse, as there is no-one to treat him. Father arrived home, exhausted and jobless, only to find that someone had been and stolen Mama's necklace and all our blankets.

As I sit and look up at the hazy night sky, I remember all the things we had at home: good food, a comfortable home, and, above all, hope. Hope for a better life, hope for a better place, and it kept us alive. Here we have no hope, and everything, like the night sky, is hazy, not clear as it was at home. At the place where I belong.

Melissa London

MELKBOS CAMP

Melkbos is on the west coast, so we had easy access to the beach. The bungalows were partitioned well, so we could easily see friends in other dorms and it wasn't too far from the working hall. The food, though served late, was delicious, unlike other camp food.

The activities were exciting and educational. The highlight was the night hike. This taught us navigational skills and team work in the dark of the night. All we were given was a torch, compass and confusing directions! The maps were 5 years old, so most of us went Rambo Bashing but, nevertheless, we all enjoyed it.

We learnt a lot about the sea life and produced colourful posters. But it wasn't all work. We played a great game of cricket, while a few daring people went for an icy swim.

All in all, this camp was educational, yet fun and we all enjoyed it!

Frances Gair and Alex Clawood

BUBBI E BATH

White gleaming bubbles
Making rainbows in the sun.
Warm bursting clusters

Kathy Scott





TOP LEFT: Mary-Kate Versfeld (Std 3)
 TOP RIGHT: Kathy Scott (Std 5)
 BOTTOM LEFT: Vicky Raine (Std 2)
 BOTTOM RIGHT: Catherine McClarty (Std 1)



TUCK EVERLASTING

(The Standard Five network is 'Tuck Everlasting'. In it, there is magic water which, if taken, gives everlasting life.)

If I could give a cup of magic water that would make the person who drank it live forever, I think I would give it to Nelson Mandela, because I think he can make a difference in the world. Even though he is already quite old, he is able to do serious business and make people laugh at the same time and I believe that he could improve the situation in this country. He has a good personality, does a lot of fundraising and he is well thought of internationally.

He spent 27 years of his life locked up in prison, and was, therefore, deprived of a normal home life. It would be so nice for him to have years of involvement with his grandchildren to make up for all those years he missed with his own children. I think that is a unique quality that, if shared and passed on, would make a difference in the world.

Lara Beech

If I had to choose one person, I would probably choose President Nelson Mandela. The reason I would choose him is that he has done a lot of things for our country. He has made South Africa a better country to live in, and he is recognized in almost every part of the world. Another reason why I would choose him is that he has spent most of his life in prison and I admire him because he has fought for everything he believed in. He hasn't got a very long time to live and he is going to retire soon and what will South Africa do then? Everybody is wondering what will happen to South Africa when Nelson Mandela dies.

Alia Sallar

If I could give the water to anyone in the world, I'd give it to Mr. Mandela. I think that he is a powerful, respected pillar of society and everyone in the world admires him for his courage and his determination during the struggle against apartheid. When people think of South Africa, they think "Mandela". He is South Africa. I think that it would be wonderful if he lived forever.

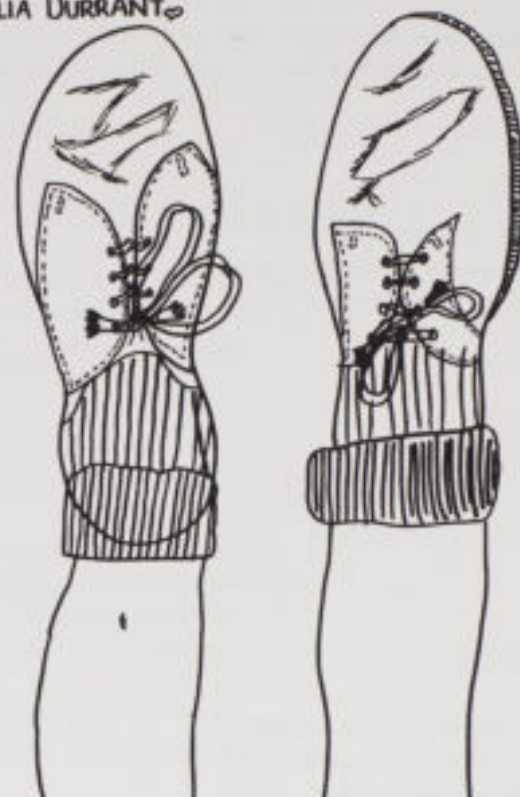
Julia Durrant

MY TREASURES!

If there was a fire and my house were burning down, and I could choose three things to take with me, I would have great difficulty choosing. I don't have many things that are sentimental, but if I sit down and think about it, there are a few special things.

One of these things would be my big blue pillow. About two years ago we had a maid called Sophie, but she was more than a maid to me, she was like a second mother. She was there when I was born and was there for me through my whole life. She had a room right next door to mine, and I

JULIA DURRANT



would often lie on her big blue pillow. About two years ago Sophie left us to get married and, while choking back her tears, she gave me her big blue pillow. Ever since then, whenever I lie on my pillow, I think of Sophie comforting me.

The second thing I would most probably take with me would be my glow-in-the-dark Jesus on the Cross. I received my cross on my First Holy Communion day, which was in 1992. Some nights, before I go to sleep, I light the candles next to the cross, and I pray. I normally light them on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve and the night before my birthday. My cross with Jesus on it is so special because, if in the night I am scared or worried, I look up at my Jesus glowing in the dark and pray, and I feel safe again.

The third thing would probably be my toy monkey called Big Blue. Big Blue is a big, fluffy, blue monkey. I was given Big Blue on my fifth birthday by my parents. Then it was huge and bright blue, but now he is pale blue and looks rather small. He is also missing an eye. Through the years that I have been growing up since my fifth birthday, I have spent my life with Big Blue, playing games, having picnics and parties with him. He has been a part of my life and he also reminds me of Sophie and the good old days.

Angela Rawson

TRAMP

Stabby and dirty
In dark, gloomy alleyways
No comforting home

Jessica Stubbs

SLUG

It slowly slithers
Making its fine, silky trail
Over dew-damp leaves

Lammy Cornbrink

DAWN

Pearled, pink morning sky,
Sun creeps round the dark mountain,
Gleams over the land.

Bianca Vos

CANDY FLOSS

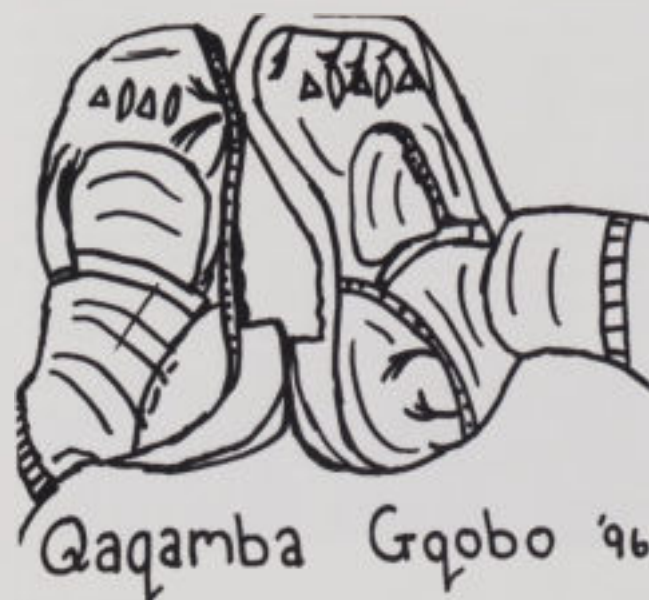
Pink melted sugar
tightly wound around a stick
dissolves in your mouth.

Sophia Leht

LENTIE

Ek kan teken hae mooi prente
Van die helder, gekleurde leentie
Ek hou ook van die warm somer
Want daar is vrugte in die bome
Deur die plase en die klooisels
Kan ons sien 'n paar bruesels
Dzan is hae beba diere
Van die olifant tot die miers
Ons sien al die geel bye
Wanneer hulle by die bloemse kuier
Lentie beteken nuwe lewe
En al ons sondes word vergeve

Joanna Ryan



THE SEA

I climb the last peak of the dune
And stand alone.
Below me,
Set out like a patchwork quilt,
The rocks
Stretch on the silent sea.
Calm now,
Deceptive,
It lies at rest,
Crystal clear,
Reflecting the azure blue sky.
And yet,
Across the bay
A row of white crosses
Huddle together
Stark reminders of the sea's power.

Meissa Loudon

THE SEA

The sky is made of steel this morning,
Flawless, faultless.
A solitary gull is flitting with the sky,
Accompanied by the harsh sound of waves,
Breaking, battering.

A thin finger of sunlight
Breaks through the clouds
It lights up the dull bleak sky,
A flash of lightning, a crash of thunder.
And rain defeats the soft old sun.

Elegant white horses come galloping to shore,
And silver rain drowns the sound,
Of a single solitary gull.
The waves batter and bear
Relentless in their task.

The sea throws a tantrum,
Violent, vicious.
A discarded bottle is swept from the rocks.
It's tossed and tumbled,
And ripped beneath the shameless surface.

A pinkness starts to fill the sky,
Triumphantly, the storm abates,
Leaving debris on the beach.
A strand of seaweed, a broken shell,
And a wet, limp bird.

The sun slowly sets, and a white moon rises,
The stars twinkle a silent dance,
And as I walk back into reality,
The last thing I hear
Is the sorrowful cry of a single, solitary gull.

Julia Durant

STD 4 CREATIVE WORK

BETTY'S BAY CAMP

It was nice sleeping in our own bungalows and we had a lot of privacy. The evening entertainment was fun and there was no hard sport about who won the "hat parade" or "campfire song". (Gail Womersley) The bungalows were cosy, but the only thing was that we were never in them! (Lexi Lamond) The food was delicious. Our bungalow had a stoep. We always ate there and enjoyed the view of the sea. (Anni-Marie Da Camara)

The Palmiet Pumped Storage Scheme was interesting. I especially liked looking at the big magnet. (Maja Snoek) The Palmiet river was enjoyable. The best thing was jumping off the big rock. (Cheryl Pinkup) It was exciting sliding down the rapids. (Alex Mulford) The area around the river mouth was polluted so we went and cleaned the river up. (Kim du Preez) Our swim in Bass Lake was quite an experience. Everybody was scared of the water snakes! (Kim Whitaker)

We went to the beach to look in the rockpools, which I thought was great fun. (Mary-Anne Currie) I have looked in rockpools before, but it is much more interesting when you can name everything. (Marina Pape) We went to the beach to find a piece of kelp with character. (Oheia Garwin) When we had found some dried seaweed we made an orchestra. (Kate Burcher) The sand dunes were one of the best things we did on the camp, although my hair got full of sand. (Cecilia Nowicki) The sand stung your legs in the wind. (Jenni van der Linde)

Leopard's Kloof was lovely. I liked climbing up the ladders and seeing the waterfall. (Jammy Farrell) We went to the Harold Porter Gardens and grew some pictures of the plants. It was lovely and peaceful. (Ben Hunsdon)

I was sad to leave, but happy to go back home. (Victoria Gull)

THE BOLD AND BEAUTIFUL

Ella, the weight-lifting Olympic Elly, definitely the one with the summer belly, The first lady weight-lifting elephant cow, she must be supernatural, or else, how?

The crowds thought she was mad, they called, "Beat Eric the bad!" She's Ella, a lady with an Olympic weight, how on earth could she be golden great?

The finals began with the little ants' band, then the elves came on, it was all very grand. Ella lifted the weight that Eric could not with her face hardly red and her ears hardly hot.

Ella's gold went down in elephant history, but how she did it is still quite a mystery. Good old Eric looked wrong with silver on his trunk, and the smile he came with seemed to have sunk.

Julia Thayne

THE JUNGLE OLYMPICS

The elephants came from the savanna,
The birds flew from their nest.
All came to show the jungle,
Who truly was the best.

The cheetah kept his running record of old
And in the high jump the kangaroo won gold.

The electric eel was disqualified
For having the dolphin electrified.
For in the medley relay race
The eel had come in second place.

The balloon won the tennis,
Although he was a menace.

At this Jungle Olympics we even saw
The peacock, rooster and macaw.

Lyndell Tuft



Lexi Lamond

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

From my vantage spot in the top branch of the Wicker tree, I could see jungle animals warming up for the first day's events. The Jungle Olympic Opening ceremony the previous day had been a colourful spectacle with lions, tigers, springhobs, snakes and plenty more animals waving their different flags. The frogs, crocodiles, otters, and eels were warming up in the dam for the swimming events. The cheetahs, hares, lions, tortoises and ants were warming up for the sprints. The springhobs and the kangaroos were getting ready for hurdles and high jumps. They also entered the long jumps... The 80 metre sprint went off. Cheetah in the lead, and bringing up the rear as usual were the ants. Cheetahs won a gold. Springhobs won the hurdles by an inch, and the otters won the 400 metre backstroke. In the pole vault, the ants went flying over and won. Unfortunately, elephant broke his pole.

On the tenth day the cheetahs won overall. It was an exciting year for the Olympics and the animals can't wait for the turn of the century and the next Olympics.

by Arutan Eagle (Mary Waller)

OUR ADVANTAGES

Walking the streets, looking through someone else's eyes,
a different view, a different perspective of life, or perhaps
none at all.

Hearing through words on pages, or not at all.
Living your life relying on someone else.

Megan Lloyd-Roberts

THE BLIND MAN

Look at that man! He's wearing dark glasses
You'll see him right now, when he passes.
Oh, look at his dog. It's a Labrador!
There they go now, through that door.
The sign says "No Dogs" but I hope they don't mind,
Because I'm sure they can see that the man there is blind.

Lexi Lamond

NATURE

Animals run wild at Africa's heart
and I was there right at the start,
I watched the forests start to grow
and I saw the rivers begin to flow.
Where animals obey the jungle law
and humans could learn a whole lot more,
Day and night, night and day
the endless cycle never gives way,
Nature works for us all to see
and this is where I want to be.

Georgina Cartwright

WAAR KRY 'N BERG SY NAAM

5 miljoen jaar gelede toe dinosaurusse nog die aarde be-
woon het, was daar 'n baie hoë berg met die naam van
Spitsberg wat oor die Kaapse Skiereiland getoerig het. Een
moringe dag was daar 'n gekreun, 'n gelreun en gekraak en
toe 'n geweldige gedonder. Spitsberg het ontplof! Kokende
warm lawa het via die berg gespoel en as en rook het die lug
gevol. As en lawa het die dinosaurusse bedek. Toe die
uitbarsting verby was, het alles heel anders gelyk. Spitsberg
was nie meer spits nie. Van daardie dag af was die dinosau-
russe dood en die berg was plat. Vandaar die naam
'latelberg.

Tanya de Nobrega

SNAKE

The slimy snake slithered slowly through the sludge
Suddenly a swallow swooped
Snatch! The snake seized it and silently slipped away
Seeking something else.

Genia Nowicki

MY COLLIE DOG

It is hard being blind,
and as my collie dog guides me through the night,
I fear, oh, I fear, I shall slip, slide and die.
But I shouldn't fear, when my dog is near,
For we are a pair, my guide dog and I.

He guides me well and every day,
I feel he's stronger in every way.
I'm becoming more confident,
and as I walk,
my step becomes brasher,
his like a whisper.

Bea Housdon



STD 3 CREATIVE WORK

CAMP TO CALEDON

Highlights of our camp were: riding the horse, Sonny, and grooming them (Marie Schelfer); trotting by myself on Mademoiselle. I felt so happy (Kristin van der Haven); playing with Chance, the most adorable sheepdog puppy (Jessica Schioper); taking the dogs for a walk. I hope Tammy gets a home (Lunice Komeni); seeing a baby calf that has just been born (Ali Ferguson); feeding the calves. It was ridiculous when they sucked our fingers (Tarryn Kennedy); learning a lot about animals and that they also think like humans! (Jade Watkins); swimming in the hot springs. Ooh! I can still feel how relaxing it was! (Morgan Jenkins); going to the waterfall and getting full of mud at the dam (Emma Corder); going on the mountain bike and swimming in the COLD waterfall. It was a wonderful thing to have done (Joanna Cruse); the food which was delicious and wonderfully yummy (Megan Hutton); at night when people started to sleep talk. (Lee-Ann Dell)

I felt terrified when Beverly SCREAMED at us at the dairy! (Lexi Bechet); frightened when "Rain", a rain, hurtled me off my feet. It was sore and I was stung by a bee. Those times were not so great (Liffany Vos); unhappy when we were not allowed to eat sweets when we wanted to. That was horrible (Tessa Biesman-Simons); sad when I left camp (Kristin van der Haven)

It was the best camp I have ever been on. (Kayleigh Welker)
If only we could have stayed longer! (Mandy Comberick)

OLYMPIC GAMES IN ATLANTA

The Opening Ceremony was wonderful. There were fireworks and Celine Dion sang the Olympic song. World famous boxer, Muhammad Ali, in the Olympic Game (Joanna Cruse) is one of the highlights of the Olympic Games (Morgan Jenkins); sees all the countries coming together (Lee-Ann Dell); 170000 tickets were sold for this event. (Emma-Kate Finkelstein)

The Olympic Games were first held in Greece in 1896 (Sheenagh Bruce); celebrated its 100th birthday! (Amanda Overmeyer); is a time when all the countries in the world reunited after four years to accept the challenges of sport (Cassie Win); are so nice because of all the spirit which is involved. (Tessa Biesman-Simons)

It was exciting when Penny Heyns won two gold medals. This was the most exciting part of the 1996 Olympic Games. WELL DONE, PENNY! (Morgan Jenkins); Mari- anne Kriel won a bronze medal in swimming (Sheenagh Bruce); Herakiel Sepeng won a silver medal in the 800 m (Katie Bally); Josia Thugwane won a gold medal for the marathon, because it was the last event in the Olympic Games and it was so unexpected (Joanna Cruse); Kerry String won the gold medal for the USA. She had courage to

do the vault with a sprained ankle (Tessa Biesman-Simons); Cuba won the baseball. I'm sure the USA were disappointed that they didn't win. (Nissa Desai)

CLOUDS

Puffy grey and white
Big and fat ready to burst
Rolling angrily.

Kayleigh Davel

SNOW

Soft snowflakes falling.
Soft snowballs coming my way.
Rolling cold snowmen.

Kayleigh Davel

SNOW

Snowflakes dance in air.
It's white, soft, wet, cold and fun.
And melts in the sun.

Emma Corder

THE HALL

The hall has a wonderful view of Table Mountain.
Hearing the noise when it was made was terrible!
Everything is new and attractive.

Having assembly in our new hall is fun. Mrs Thompson stands on a stage.

All of us fit onto it and there is lots of space to spare.
Lovely, big and clean are the stage, classrooms and storage rooms.

Let us enjoy using our brand new school hall!!!

Tessa Biesman-Simons



"A GOD" by Vicky Sherwell



Joanna Cruse

MONSTERS

Spooky and slim,
dark shadows,
Vanishing from sight.

Joanna Cruse

RAIN

Rushing from the sky
Glittering as it falls down,
Darkening the clouds.

Lilien Raine



Anac Dooley

WHY HYENAS LAUGH

I haven't you often wondered why a hyena laughs? Well, I know the answer. I'll tell it to you.

Once, in the deepest part of the Serengeti, there lived Lisa and Leo Lion and, further down, lived Harry and Harriet Hyena. As you know, lions and hyenas are the best of enemies. Now, one hot afternoon, Zig Zag Zebra wandered down to the plain, in the deepest part of the Serengeti, because there was no food in the higher parts.

It just so happened that Leo had become hungry and had wandered down to the plain to see if a stray zebra had wandered down too. He was in luck. Zig Zag was down there right then. Before he had a chance to hide, Zig saw him. Now keep this in mind, Zig was a big, strong zebra and as soon as Leo got closer, and as he was ready to pounce, Zig started kicking and Leo was getting the worst of it.

Just at that time, Harry Hyena was walking down to the waterhole, which was near the plain. As Harry was walking



Std 3 Camp to Caledon

down, he thought about the big fight he had had with Leo, early that morning, about who was better at catching zebras. When he saw Leo getting kicked by Zig Zag, he started giggling, then laughing and he had to hold his stomach from laughing so much. By this time his laughter had scared Zig Zag Zebra away. Leo was all bruised and sore and went back to his wife. Still laughing, Harry went and told his wife all that had happened. To his surprise, his wife had some news for him. She had had six pups.

Two years later,

"Dad, please tell us the story of Leo and Zig Zag Zebra." So every night Harry told the story to his children, and every night two old hyenas and six young hyenas burst out laughing.

For generations young hyenas begged the older ones, every night, to tell them the story.

So, if you're ever camping and you're just about to go to sleep and all cosy, and then you hear hyenas laughing, do not get into a fuss and call Mom or Dad. Just stay in bed and say to yourself, "It's just old hyenas telling young hyenas the story of Leo and Zig Zag."

Sarah Whitehead

MOVEMENTS

The agile movement of the highly strung buck as it bounds along the moist plains with grace.

The movement of the tired runner who ran swiftly to win first place.

The movement of the restless horse that galloped freely through fields that were forever green.

The quick movement of the frightened kangaroo who leapt high in the air for the hunter she had seen.

The awkward movement of the seal who waddled slowly across the cold snow.

The fast movement of the cheetah's sharp eyes darted from the blazing sun as it began to glow.

The movement of the small Seahorse was quick as a swim.

The worried movement of the frantic sheep as she searched for her little lamb.

The flowing movement of the fast river that rose as rain poured down.

The clumsy movement of the brainless vulture as it passed the carcass and soared.

Heien Raine

WHY CAN'T HIPPO JUMP?

Down, down in the Limpopo River where all the rapids radically ran, the Grasshopper said to Hippo, "I can jump. Why can't you?"

"I will get hot and bothered," said Hippo.

"I can jump. Why can't you?" said Mandrill.

"Because I might squash my friends," said Hippo.

"I can jump. Why can't you?" said Lion.

"Because I don't have to catch my food," said Hippo.

"I can jump. Why can't you?" said Zebra.

"Because nobody chases me," said Hippo.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! We can jump. Why can't you?" said a pack of Hyenas.

"Because my mother never taught me," said Hippo.

"I can jump. Why can't you?" said Frog.

"Because I am big and strong and I don't have to jump for anybody," said Hippo.

"Even fleas can jump, so you can't be very strong at all."

Hippo decided that he would show Frog that a Hippo can jump if he really wants to. So all night he practised. GRUMP! BUMP! MMVP! HEIGHTS MAKE ME SICK! He made a great deal of noise and disturbed all his neighbours. In the morning he was ready for Frog. Frog said, "Come on, Hippo. JUMP!" Hippo bent his knees once and got ready. Then Hippo bent his knees twice and got

ready again. Then he jumped. All four feet left the ground. He had proved that he was as strong as a flea. Down he came SPLAT! "I have jumped!" cried Hippo. "What do you think of that?"

But there was no reply from Frog. He was squashed by Hippo. He had not jumped quickly enough. Luckily, the mud was soft. When Frog finally crawled home, he promised himself that he would never, never, ever ask Hippo to jump again.

Nicky Silberbauer

MOVEMENTS

The jerky movement of the giraffe as she gallops over the green ground.

The lumbering movement of the lion as he finds a place to lie down.

The swift movement of the eagle as she swoops on her prey.

The movement of the waves as they thunder on the shore.

The graceful movement of a springbok springing across the Kalahari.

The smooth movement of a swan swimming silently down the river.

The crawling movement of a baby as he tries to chase the cat.

The slithering movement of the snake as it slides into the dam.

The movement of a crab as it scuttles along the rock.

The movement of your mouth when you talk to your friend.

Sarah Whitehead

THUNDER!

Crash boom bang, what's that?

It pounded down on the ground

It's a big loud sound.

Seena Athan-Holmes

THUNDER

Crashes out the sky

Makes a terrible loud noise

Sounds like drums of WAR!

Jenny Steyn

LIGHTNING

Splashes of bright streaks
cracking open the dark sky
emiling in a flash.

Amanda Overmeyer

STD 2 CREATIVE WORK

LOOK UP TO THE SKY

Look up to the sky, what do you see? Clouds and birds of course, but what else?

What are those long towering things?
The ones with the rough brown coats
and the soft speckled fluffy roof
that changes colour every season?

These beauties are trees, trees that are
being cut down every moment.

We must save these trees or else the world will be nothing,
nothing at all, except a never ending desert...

Taryn Moller

HORSES

He's soft, he's smooth.
He eats his food.
His hooves are black, his name is Jack.
He's kind, he's cute, he loves to salute.
He's white, he's bright, he's always in sight.
His nose is cold, he's not very old.
He loves to jump and land with a thump.

Emma Garson

SILK

Soft, smooth, shiny like jelly, on a plate.
Cold, black, like a winter's day.
Icy, slippery, shiny like ice on a lake.
Soft water like a snake

Nicole Lee

WHAT IS SILVER?

Silver is the silent moon,
The silver mist over an unlit lagoon.
The silver angel that comes out at night
That guides us when we are in fright
The silver whispers going around
The silver rain-drops falling with no sound.

Justine Botha

WATER

Save water, it is life
for Brother, Sister,
Husband, Wife.

Ask your dad,
or mum too,
how to help
and what you can do.

Do not waste it,
not a drop,
or else the world
will surely stop.

Karen Meyer

WHAT IS WHITE?

White are the sand dunes that stretch along beaches.
White is the paper we use for our teachers.
White is the triangular stripe that comes in our flag.
White is the feather that comes from the dove.
Snow is the white blanket that covers our earth.
White are the swans that play with their friends.

Katie Lamond



Std 2's at the Maritime Museum

WHAT IS BLUE?

Blue is a bird that flies in the sky
Blue is a lake flooding quite high
Blue is the sea that twinkles in the light
Blue are the violets just as bright
Blue is the uniform I wear to school
Blue are the tiles I see in the pool

Katrina Bridgman

A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

A Handsome young man name of Stan
Took a trip on a ship to Japan
He took along a nun
And she was great fun
So he was most pleased with his plan.

Tamara Young

WHAT IS GREEN?

Some slippery seaweed on the beach,
A nice green towel drying in the breeze,
Green leaves that are caught in the trees,
A dark green file with thousands of things,
A thundering waterfall noisy and steaming,
A nice green tracksuit when the rain is falling,
Green seeds waiting for the summer sun,
Green snakes waiting in the jungle leaves,
A soft moss to read your books on!

Jessica Collins

I LOVE TO TOUCH SNAILS

I love to touch my snails,
As they crawl along my hand.
Just to look at their homely shells,
Makes me feel grand.

Most people think they're yucky,
But they really are quite clean.
They crawl quite fast along my hand,
and eat things, leafy and green.

Just think about what they feel like,
To leave their cool, safe home,
And enter quite a weird world,
unsure and strange, alone.

The snail is quiet and friendly,
Not pretty, kind of cute,
They tickle as they crawl over you.
They make no noise: are mute.

Kiera Healy



Sarah Girdwood

TREES

TREES are special and everyone knows that.
They make homes for birds and cover for a hiding cat.
People cut them down:
Then the plantations start to brown.
That's why we must look after our trees
Because they make homes for squirrels, birds and even bees.
They make paper for us I know
But if we cut them down they will all go!
There are many different kinds of trees
Like pine trees and yellow woods, so...
If you gave me a chance, I'd plant as many trees as I could.
If I were you I'd get some seeds
And plant them in your garden and pull out the weeds.
Don't cut down trees, they're really nice.
Go and buy some and plant them even if they're a high price.

Kate McLeod

A FELLOW NAMED FRED

There once was a fellow named Fred
Who only had two hairs on his head
They fell off one day
On the street in May
And now his head is bright red

Litania Siebert

WATER

Save the water
Look around
See what we have done
And found
We just see pollution
In the water,
In the sea
It's done by everyone
Including you and me
So give it a chance
And give it a break
Let's have clean water
For the world's sake!

Camilla Steward

SILK

I love to touch silk on a hot summer's day, its cool, damp,
feeling is wonderful to touch.
It looks very milky, but it's really very silky.
It droops and it sticks on a hanger all night,
With any colour it's pretty and bright.

Claire Rose-Innes

RIGHT: Camilla Steward



Std 2's at the Adventure Farm

STD 1 CREATIVE WORK

COLOUR RHYMES

Mrs Brown had a crown which was stolen by a clown.
(Stephanie Scutlesse)

Mrs Brown had a town and all the people hashed it down.
(Amanda Pira)

Mrs Red had a bed full of fleas and bumble bees. (Emma Chippendale)

Mrs Green was quite clean, but best of all she was the queen.
(Ruqoy Ebrahim)

Mrs Red fell out of bed and went to the shed and thought she was dead. (Dominique Hampshire)

Mrs Yellow was meadow and slept with a yellow pillow and played the cello in the meadow. (Lindi Brownell)

Mrs Green had a bean in her ice cream. (Juliette Collins)

Mrs Brown had a frown because they dressed her like a clown. (Victoria Powrie)

Mrs Yellow had a pillow made of marshmallow. (Kimberley Haar)

Mrs Blue went to the zoo and lost her shoe and then decided to sue the zoo. (Natasha Hardcastle)

Mrs Black got a whack because she gave the cat a track.
(Kelly Bok)

Mrs Green works for the queen and tried to clean the walls with cream. (Margot Ennis)

Mrs Black got a smack and never came running back.
(Francis Ims)

ICE CREAMS FOR SALE!

The new Fuchs ice-cream is fantastic, scrumptious, smooth and rich, and with a real strawberry taste that melts in the mouth! (Romy Fuchs)

Try my Toffee Twister ice-cream. It's smooth, sweet, rich and frozen. It makes you dribble! (Keo Lim)

It tastes creamy, puffy, rich, smooth, thick and it will make your taste buds tremble. It's cold and wonderful and lovely. It's soft and creamy and smells like chocolate and magic.
(Natasha Hardcastle)

This ice-cream is the most chocolatey ice-cream in the world. It has chocolate ice cream with vanilla mixed and extra thick chocolate on the top. It feels so soft it feels like petals on a rose. (Natalie Lobel)

HOLIDAYS

Holidays are boring when your father is still snoring.
Holidays are tiring when you can't find something flying.
Holidays are happy when you don't have to change a nappy.
Holidays are lovely when you have a bath that's bubbly.
Holidays are fun when you're eating a cream bun.

Lucy Arnold

HOW TO GET PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH

When I get peanut butter on the roof of my mouth, my tongue gets all excited. So my tongue rolls around trying to get it off. It is very hard for my tongue to try and stop the peanut butter running down my throat. It is so smooth that my tongue likes to take for ever licking it off. It is hard, for my tongue likes to be real slow when eating it. That is why I love peanut butter on the roof of my mouth.

Lindi Mitchell

MOODS

Sometimes I'm in an energetic mood

I feel like running a race.

Sometimes I'm in a cheeky mood

I feel like pulling a face.

Sometimes I'm in a quiet mood

I feel like playing games.

Sometimes I'm in a cozy mood

I feel like watching the flames.

Sometimes I'm in a climbing mood

I feel like climbing a mountain.

Sometimes I'm in a peaceful mood

I feel like putting my hand through a dribbling fountain.

Sometimes I'm in a sad mood

I feel like it's time to say good bye.

Loren da Preoz

HOW MUCH TREES MEAN TO ME

Trees are extremely important to me because if we had no trees we would die. The whole world would be finished. Every time we breathe we are breathing in oxygen from a tree which keeps us alive. Lots of things are made from trees like paper, furniture, houses and lots of other stuff. A tree can be a friend. You can climb in it and you can hang a swing and swing. Trees can give you food like fruit, seed pods and berries. Elephants can kill trees by stripping the bark. Trees are important to animals as well like giraffes. Giraffes eat the leaves off the very top branches where they are juicy that's why trees are so important.

Francesca Bennett

MY FAVOURITE COLOUR IS BLUE

I like this colour because it is silent and beautiful. I like this colour because it's got a sort of movement in it. I like this colour because it's joyful. This colour reminds me of the cool water and the silent sky. This colour reminds me of night, rain and the wind, and it makes me feel in a different world!

Kate Mallett



Std 1 A (above) and Std 1 Alpha (below) ready for the Big Walk



THE CITY DUCK

Gertie got more and more scared. One Duckling got pushed in the lake. Gertie put the ducklings safely tucked in the nest. Gertie flew down and got her duckling but it was too late, the duckling died. Gertie liked him and the duckling's eye slowly opened. Gertie was very happy. As Gertie tried to fly, Gertie forgot about the ducklings until all

of them got pushed in the lake by the wind. One Duckling, the oldest one, tried to fly and he just made it. Gertie picked up the ducks one by one, but one second later all the little ducklings flew down and up so Gertie led them to where a large tree was. Gertie made a huge nest and there it was very very hot. Just imagine that you were in a storm like Gertie, brer it was cold and scary.

Candice Vietri

HOW I GOT PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE ROOF OF MY MOUTH

The peanut butter stuck to the roof of my mouth. It was so sticky my tongue got in an awful state. I tried and I tried, but it was too difficult so eventually my tongue was stuck half way down my throat! So my dad got his pliers and pulled my tongue out. It was so, so ticklish I started to laugh and laugh. My mom was in the garden and so I asked her if I could use the spade and she said I could, so I pushed it under the peanut butter and pushed! It worked, I was so relieved!

Catherine McClarty

THE KING'S PAINTER

Soon the Wise man came back with a painter who was jumping, hopping and skipping at the same time. When the Wise man had brought the painter to the king's room the king was very amazed because the painter was still jumping, hopping and skipping. Then he told him to stop acting like a clown and do his work. The painter said what must I paint? You must start by painting the gardens said the king. So the painter began to paint the gardens. The king was watching him from his window and was very pleased.

Nadia Read

TEN LITTLE HERSCHEL GIRLS

Ten little Herschel girls
Learning facts and quizzes
One started to fizzle
And then there were nine.

Nine little Herschel girls
Writing a little poem
One began to fail
And then there were eight.

Eight little Herschel girls
Drawing a spooky picture
One died of fright
And then there were seven

Seven little Herschel girls
Swimming in a lake
One couldn't find her underwear
And then there were six.

Six little Herschel girls
Playing the Olympic games
One won a gold medal
And then there were five.

Five little Herschel girls
Watching Francois Pienaar
One fell in love
And then there were four.

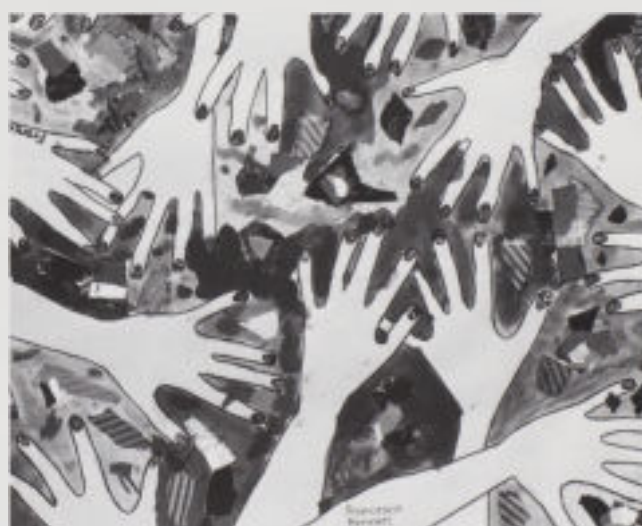
Four little Herschel girls
Saw the South African flag
One decided it was not nice
And then there were three.

Three little Herschel girls
Loving English coffee
One got her teeth stuck
And then there were two

Two little Herschel girls
Riding a little horse
One got her ankle kicked
And then there was one

One little Herschel girl
Got a wonderful watch
But she couldn't tell the time
And then there were none.

Loren du Preez and Nina Kersch



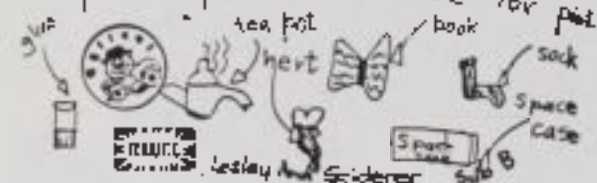
Francesca Bennett



Natasha Hardcastle



a sack is a house for a cat
 a heart is a house for love
 a hot is a house for a bager.
 a den is a house for a fox.
 a hive is a house for a bee.
 a space case is a house for thing
 a pen is a house for ink.
 a bottle is a house for counts
 a book is a house for a story
 a tea pot is a house for some
 a school is a house for learning
 a pencil is a house for led
 a glass is a house for liquid
 a point pan is a house for pot

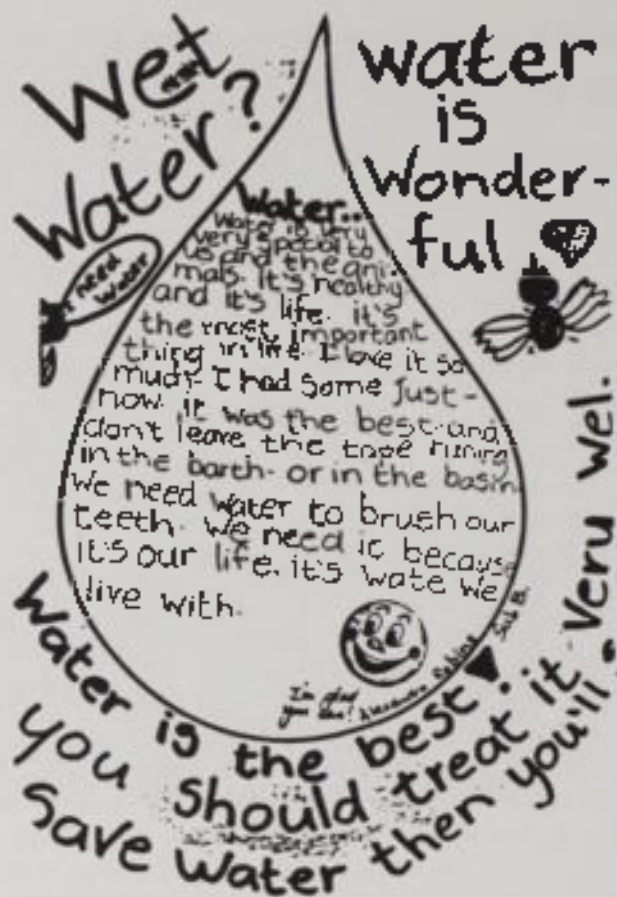


10 July 1996 Carin Robinson

On Friday my mom and dad took me to Toy Story it was very funny. The next day my mom took me to see The Princess it was very good. My mom even cried. Then my mom and dad had to go to work every day. And while they were to work I went to my Gran's every day. And when my mom and I went shopping we took as far as his friends and our dogs friends name is Mango.

Watering to eat.
 Amazing to eat.
 Terrific to look at.
 Extremely Yummy.
 Really good to eat.
 Munching to eat.
 Extraordinary to eat.
 Lovely to stare at.
 Easy to eat.
 Turn to chew.

More...
 Sub B

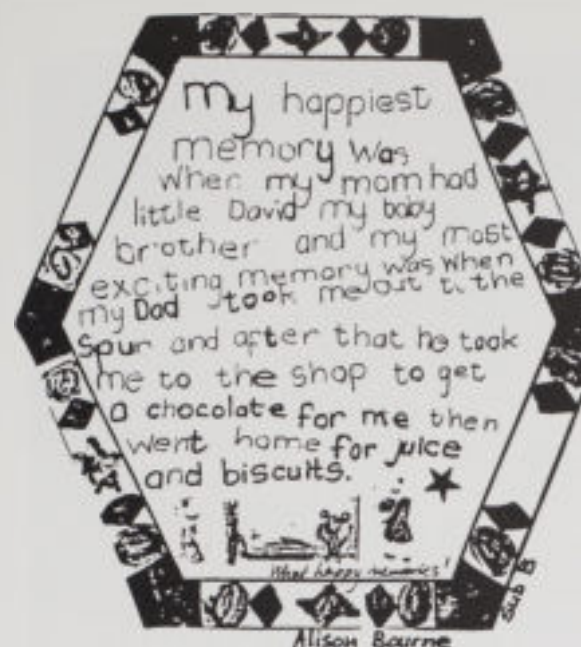


Sub B Creative Writing

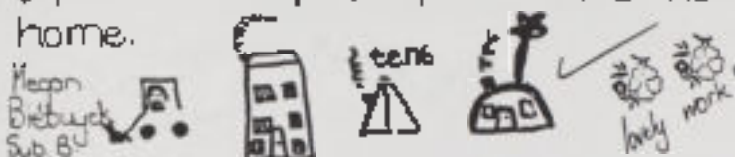
10 October 1996 Emma Ackerman

On the 10th of October 1996, Candy + Steve came to our school and did a show for the Year 3 and 4 Standard 1's. It was very funny. Steve + Candy told us that we are in danger we must screen show and even do a waffle!





Some people live in squatter camps. I love houseboats. I have been on a houseboat. I bought a book about houses it is such a nice book. my teacher told us about Raman. people and my Granny lives in an old age home. it is very sad because the squatter camp people have no home.



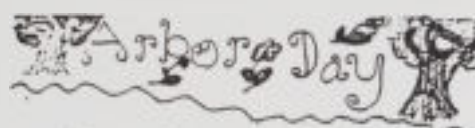
10 October 1996 Kate Bailey

On Thursday Candy and Steve came to our school and they told us their story when they were young. Candy's hobby was being a model of her friend. Candy said to her she was too fat. Candy said hid your food and do not eat your food as well so she did. she got sick and she landed up in hospital 10 times. then Steve landed up in hospital 11 times. Becos he drank too much alcohol. But they are ok now.

Lovey
Katie - Well done!

call 800 555 555
Toll Free

big



Arbor day is a very special day. Arbor day is on the 1 September. Trees take in carbon dioxide. we can make paper out of trees and when we're messy up the paper we can recycle the paper. Paper can make us Creative. We must keep on caring for trees because we love the trees around us.

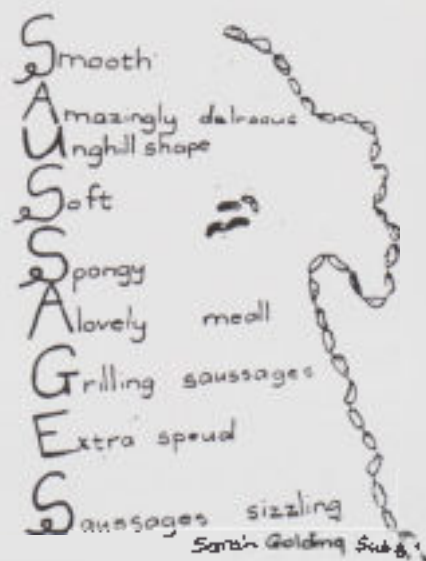
Carin Weaver Sub B

Casey's magical potion ingredients

1. Frogs slimy slippery legs
2. Eggs with the shells popped straight
3. Squashed banana peel
4. Melted worm shrivelled up
5. Squashy-squashy spaghetti

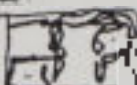
you stir it all up
and it makes your teeth
sparkle and the magic worm
is bring-a-banana

Casey Law - Sub B

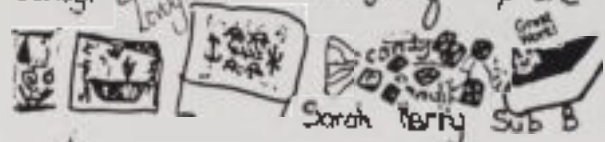




Theme Day



On Tuesday it was Theme day our parents came to watch we did a poem two songs and a Xhosa song we did some thing from the Olympics We did it all in the new hall. And then the mum and dads came to look at the class room we made sweets and we stuffed it with news paper and Mrs. Bailey made a piece of paper on the door that said: Welcome to the most wonderful class in the universe over the sweets there was a piece of paper that said: Honey I blew up the candy!



Sarah Terry Sub B

Melon is juicy
Exquisite
Lovely
Oh yellowey
Nothing beats it



The three mice
that wanted
to find a
home



Lauren Rossler
Sub B

once upon a time there were three mice, that had only one wish from a dream. They were so poor, that they decided to go in the woods to find a nice little house for themselves. one said it mustn't be too cold. The second one said it mustn't be too hot. the last one said it has to be the right size.

It was getting dark. The rain was pouring from the clouds. They were so frightened that they had no place to hide. Under. They closed their eyes and went to sleep in the cold night. The first morning they wake up, they opened their little eyes, and there was a little home and they went inside.

The first one said: it isn't cold, the second one said: it isn't hot, and the last one said: it is just the right size. They were so happy that it was the happiest day of their lives. And they happily in the not so cold, not so hot, just the right size house.

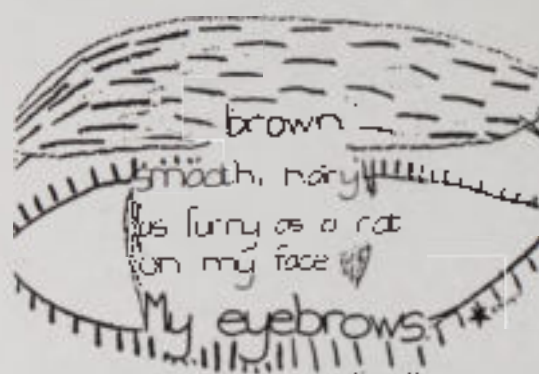
Zoeffa Saigi Sub B.

Dream Homes



Spacious home 4 rooms A living room. A fishing hole outside. And lots of seeds. A very nice view of a beautiful snow mountain outside. lots and lots and lots and lots of fish. Cold but cozy living. Tel: no 642898

Estates Agent: Alexandra Robins (Sub B)



Kyran Kears Sub B

Arbor Day

Arbor Day is a special day when we talk about trees. Today we went to the assembly with our Creative Spryng hats. We lended that the tree of the year is the wild Peach tree. if we do not have trees it would be a never ending desert.



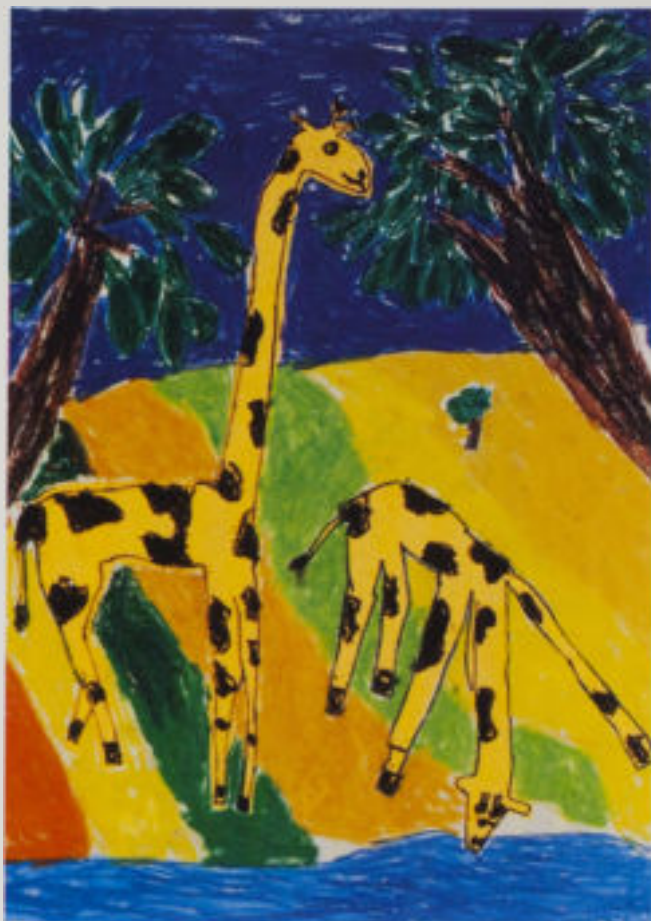


ABOVE: Imogen Arton (Sub B)
BELOW: Yusra Sahabodien (Sub B)



ABOVE: Alison Bruce (Sub B)
BELOW: Paigh Dos Santos (Sub B)





ABOVE: Sarah Corder (Sub A)
BELOW: Shameema Harnekar (Sub A)



ABOVE: Tamlyn Slaw (Sub A)
BELOW: Sarah Armstrong (Sub A)



My week-end

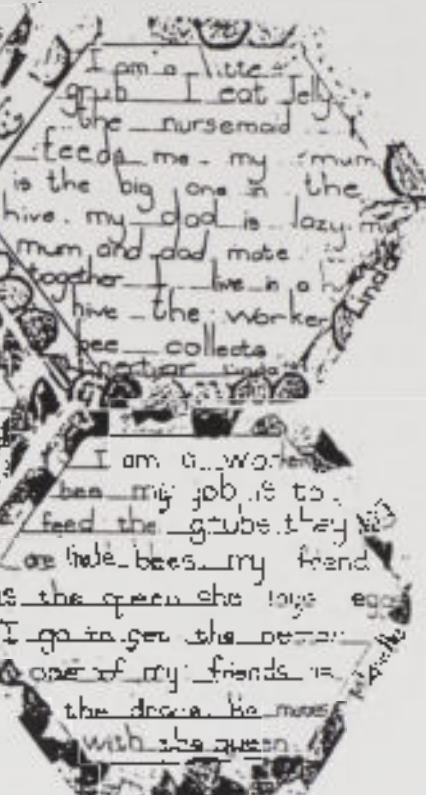
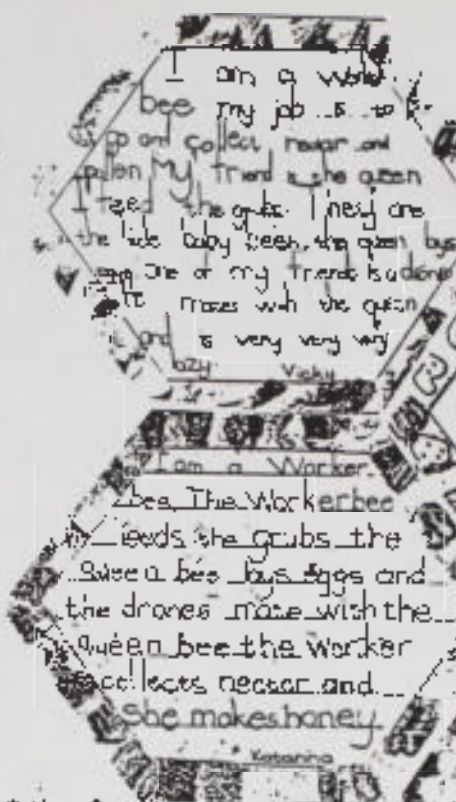
I went to the movies
with Laetitia then we went
to Hermanus and we went
to the beach and we found
shells then we had to
fetch the ball then we
went back home and then
my dog came with us
to take Laetitia home then
Laetitia's mom gave me a

Video

Lily Kuiper



Sub A
Creative
Writing



I went to the shops and I saw Sam
puppies and there was one puppie
there chaser LESLEY and then we went
away and we went to pick and pay and
we had Sam bubble gum.



My pets
Liesl

I have two dogs and two
cats my one cat has had lots
of attacks first he was attacked
by my dogs the second time
the rap washed
we going to sell my cat away
because she is very grumpy and she
my friend

My pet

Michelle

I have a dog his name
is Tashie. He is a sheep
dog. He is very clever
dog. I play raga nga razas
he loves my cat he sleeps
in the garage then in the
morning we give him a bit of
dog food. he gets very excited
when we go to my
Grannu and Grandpa my
Grandpa takes him for a walk
sheep dogs need a lot
of exercise. I can just clap
and he will put his paws in
my hands.



CATS



by Stephanie

On Springday we wore
Spring hats with flowers
and we paraded into the
hall and everybody saw
us with our hats on
and when we went
back to the classroom
and then Mrs Butler
took a photo of us with
our hats on. She took
two photos with the
camera and it was a
Nice day and I loved
it and everybody
Loved it too.

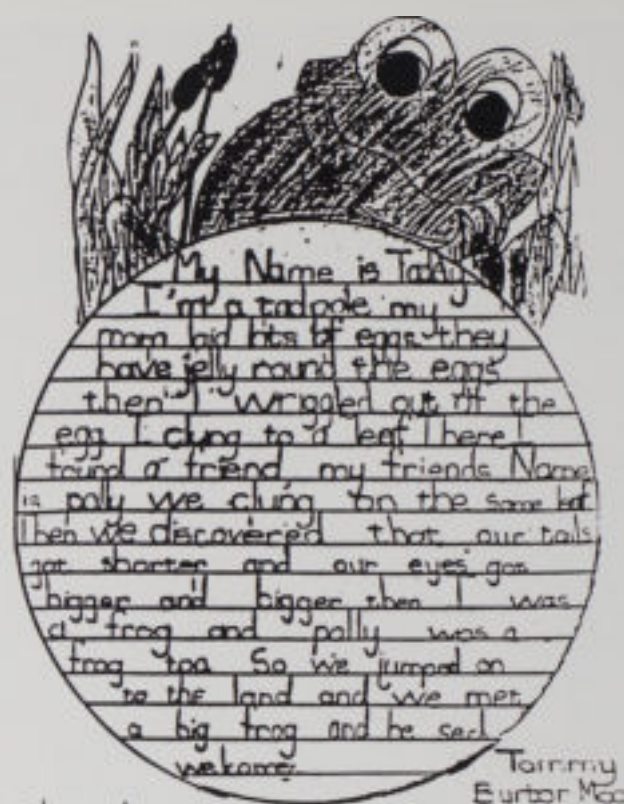


by Nikki Flanagan

I went to Arncliffe and I
went to a farm and I rode
on a horse. The horse
took me to his home
and I let him go and
then we had some tea.



I have a best friend and her name is
Nikki. She is nice to me. We go to the
school. She lives in Rondebosch. She can
play with me. She is seven years old.
We play with two dogs. We like to
play in the garden.
We play hide and seek with
my brother. We hide from him.



My Name is Taddy
I'm a tadpole my
mum laid lots of eggs they
have jelly round the eggs
then I wriggled out of the
egg I clung to it leaf there
found a friend my friends Name
is pally we clung on the same leaf
then we discovered that our tails
got shorter and our eyes got
bigger and bigger then I was
a frog and pally was a
frog too So we jumped on
to the land and we met
a big frog and he said
welcome

Tammy
Burton Mac

The best Dad in the
World



My Dad is the best. I love
my Dad. My Dad loves me too
When it is lunchtime my Dad gives
me a hamburger - that is good
my Dad loves my mum
that is good too. I Love my
Dad. my Dad turns me upside down.
Paige Richards

my dogs name is Tina ... she went to
the vet she had a lump. she went to the
vet today for an operation ...
She is better now ...

by Alex Owen



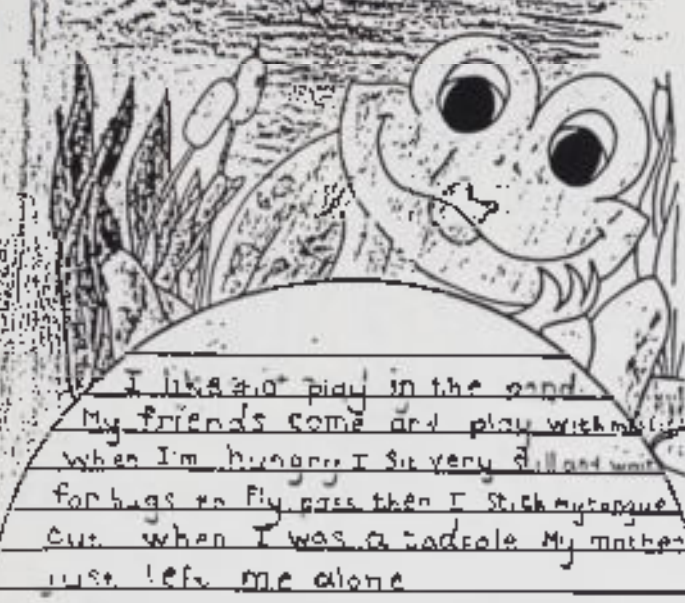
My Mum
 Come to help
 us planted p...
 and different
 plants and then
 we went to the
 hall the big girls
 look as us girls
 Brurwyn got then
 sung in her
 ear then by a Bee
 break then we had
 then Maths and
 we had planned
 I planned p...




Butterflies
 this is my butterfly
 I keep my butterfly
 in a box and the
 butterfly has three
 parts his body first
 the head did then
 the thorax did then
 the bottom



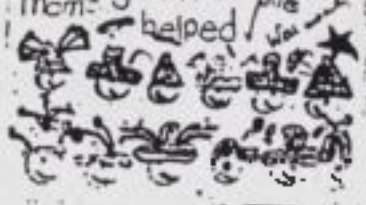
My name is Freddy



Shameema

Shameema Hamkar Sub A

At Spring we
 went to the pool
 and the pool
 looked at our trees
 all then we
 planted plants
 then Brurwyn and
 sung by a Bee
 in the ear and
 Brurwyn and
 Morris helped



Honey Bees

The worker bees collect
 The pollen then come back and do a
 dance The guard looks after the
 hive The Bees have hairy bodies
 to keep the pollen on.
 The Bees feed the queen
 royal jelly then makes her big
 The names look after
 The babies.



Arbor Day
 it was Arbor Day on
 Friday
 the wild peach is the
 tree of the year.
 the tree's give us pups
 to draw on
 give us oxygen tree
 they give us
 pleasure.



PRE - PREP EVENTS

Valentine's Day



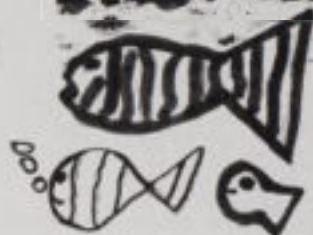
Valentine's Day was greeted with lots of colour, smiles and love.

The girls arrived wearing red and white and exchanged flowers with their friends.



An outing to the beach

During the first term, the two pre-prep classes together with their teachers and mothers went to St James by train. We spent an enjoyable day swimming, building sandcastles, looking at rock pools and going for a walk.



Teddy Bear's Picnic

Picnic time for teddy bears and Busy Bees. It was an exciting and fun filled day with lots of laughs, dancing and games to play.



Sports Day

All the Pre-preps and parents participated in a fun day which ended with a picnic.

Easter Breakfast

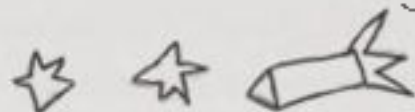
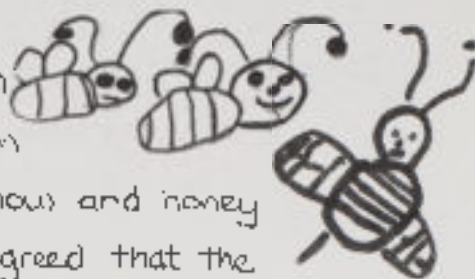
We ended the first term with an Easter Breakfast. The children thoroughly enjoyed scrambling their eggs and buttering their own toast. To our surprise, the Easter Bunny arrived with a basket filled with chocolate eggs.





Bee Foundation

At the Bee Foundation we were treated to an informative puppet show and honey tasting. The Busy Bee group agreed that the costume wardrobe was the best part of the outing.



Planetarium and Space Day

The two Pre-prep classes visited the Planetarium and enjoyed a journey into outer space. We had a Space Day to conclude this theme and the children dressed up in suitable costumes. A hunt around the school for a lost alien and his space ship caused much excitement.

The Baker

Janine Henderson and Chef Lisa van der Nest gave the children a demonstration on how to make a croquembouche, which was devoured by all. This

was followed by the children bringing their own baking to school

for sampling after which we compiled a recipe book.



Dental Care



The Pre-prep department was entertained with a puppet show by Tuffy Tooth and his enemies. Later in the term the Pre-preps went to the Tygerberg Dental Clinic where the oral hygiene students familiarised them with dental procedures.

The Traffic Officer

On a rather dull Tuesday, a Traffic Officer brightened our morning with an unexpected visit after tickating one of our mums. He spoke about road safety and showed us his motorbike.



PRE - PREP HOWLERS



I've got three songs to sing and they are in tune



Bracelets will make my teeth grow straight.

Autumn leaves fall because they are tired of holding on.



She's just sharing it with herself, no one else.



My favourite tooth is loose.

My mom likes double decker houses.



The toilet isn't swallowing the paper properly



I've brought chocolate for jail-boarding (day-boarding)



Mrs Blencowe's got a baby in her tummy - I hope it comes out.

Claire's feet are green and they are all over the bathroom.

(Overheard at a show)...

I'm tired of being bored



(Overheard in the house corner) I'm the teacher: "Blah, blah, blah..."



You can't come and play today, I'm having riding lessons from a horse.

My new brother is nice, but his hair spoils him.



OLD HERSCHELIAN NEWS

ENGAGEMENTS

ACKERMAN - BERMAN Suzanne Ackerman to Paul Berman
CHALLIS - NAGEL Lindsay Challis to Ryn Nagel
DOWER - LESLIE Kathy Dower to Warrick Leslie
FLETCHER - METCALF Anthea Fletcher to Kenneth Metcalf
HIGGO - MAYHEW Lisa Higo to Stephen Mayhew
JAMESON - HENRY Kim Jameson to Philip Henry
RAMSAY - MOFFETT Elize Ramsay to Robert John Moffett
SEDGWICK - VAN VEEN Alison Sedgwick to Marc van Veen
STEVEN - BENNIE Jacqui Steven to James Bennie
TERRILL - THOMPSON Dairbre Terrill to Ian Thompson
WILSON - JOLBERT Polly Wilson to Johan Jonbert
WRAY YOUNG - WANLESS Janet Wray-Young to Ross Wanless
WYNNE - VAN TUBBERGHI Lisa Wynne to Joël van Tubbergh

MARRIAGES

CARLYLE - KINGHORN Leanne Carlyle and Andrew Kinghorn, March 1996
DRUMMONDHAY - ACKERMAN Samantha Drummond Hay and Jonathan Ackerman, March 1996
ELVIN-JENSEN - LAGAAY Tanya Elvin-Jensen and Wim Lagaay, September 1995
FLANAGAN - PELMAN Diane Flanagan and Norman Pelman, October 1995
FRYF - KURZFELD Louise Fryf and Joachim Kurzfeld, May 1996
GRAY - REGO Jenny Gray and Buddy Rego, September 1995
GWYNNE EVANS - FRANZ Sally Gwynne-Evans and Cedric Franz, January 1996
HOFFMAN - OELZ Kerry Hoffman and Manfred Oelz, December 1995
LASHBROOKE - SAVAGE Linda Lashbrooke and Wayne Savage, June 1996
MERRINGTON - WESTON Linda Merrington and Neil Weston, July 1996
OVENSTONE - BECKENSTRATER Anthea Ovenstone and Marc Beckenstrater, March 1996
PETER - PANIERO Larissa Peter and Eugenio Paniero, January 1996
SHUB - SACKS Nicola Shub and Gary Sacks, December 1995
SYMONS - HAMILTON-RUSSELL Caroline Symons and Patrick Hamilton Russell, December 1995

BIRTHS

ALFRED To Lisa (Jyhne) and Luke, a son, 1 May 1996
ANDREAS To Shona (Commins) and Ralph, a son, 18 March 1996
ASIMORE To Mandi (Scott) and David, a daughter, 20 November 1995
BENN To Bridget (Chapman) and Mark, a son, 23 January 1996
BLEEKERS To Judy (Sedgwick) and Lance, a son, 11 October 1996
CHISHOLM To Nicola (Lickstein) and Guy, a daughter, 28 May 1996
DAVY To Pagi (Littleford) and Neil, a son, 1 August 1996
DIEM To Belinda (Pentz) and Armin, a daughter, 18 October 1995
DU PLESSIS To Marie Louise (de Toir) and John, a daughter, 14 May 1996
HABLUITZEL To Kathryn (Smit) and Neil, a son, 24 November 1995
HARRISS To Catherine (Fletcher) and Alexander, a son, 17 August 1996
HENDERSON To Fiona (MacSymon) and Geoff, a daughter, 25 August 1996
HOLMES To Susan (Abernethy) and Christopher, a son, 25 January 1996
KIRKALDY To Tessa (van Ryneveld) and Alan, a son, 23 October 1995
KOEKEMOER To Faith (Knight) and Trevor, a daughter, 19 May 1996
LANE To Georgia (Deal) and Anthony, a daughter, 4 April 1996
LESLIE To Pam (Boyes) and Graham, a daughter, March 1996
LUSTED To Fran (de Klerk), a daughter, 8 August 1996
MAKEPEACE To Hillary (Jooste) and Mark, a daughter, March 1996
NICHOLAS To Terry (Lloyd-Roberts) and Brennan, a son, 3 August 1996
PRICH To Vanessa (Clark) and Grant, a daughter, 23 July 1996
PROWSE To Geriöwen (Coyne), a daughter, April 1996
RAVENSCROFT To Helen (Diccy) and Billy, a son, 4 April 1996
SANDELL To Shelley (Mills) and Tony, a son, 11 June 1996
TAYLOR To Dominique (de Keyser) and Chris, a son, 23 November 1995
THERON To Lindsay (Loggie) and Philip, a son, 21 February 1996
WHITEFIELD To Jill (Franch) and Larry, a daughter, 5 December 1995

DEATHS

BARRON Jennifer (Barry, 1951) 6 January 1996
GRIFFITHS Ann (Staff) 24 October 1995
HEINZ Angela (Jordan, 1956) 19 January 1996
KOCH Myfanwy (Jenkins, Staff) 28 July 1996, aged 92
McCORMICK Barbara (Staff) 5 July 1996
MUDD Jean (Cross, Head Girl 1935) 29 August 1996
STEWART Vera (Guyse Hill, Staff) 22 November 1995
VAN ZYL Karolyn (Wood, 1963) 3 December 1995

OBITUARY - MRS BARBARA McCORMICK

Mrs Barbara McCormick was born in London in 1915, educated at Bedford College, University of London, and came to South Africa in the mid 1930's.

She first taught at Kingmead, then, when she moved to Cape Town, at Midsenfield. She met her husband, David, and they moved to Fish Hoek, where they had five children. In spite of a very committed and busy home life, she taught at Langa Night School, took an active interest in community affairs, and published numerous articles and short stories. She was also a broadcaster, and her voice could be heard on *Women's World* and *Book Review*, hosted by Dewar McCormick.

Mrs McCormick joined the staff of Herschel in the late 1950's to teach English and French. Apart from a three-year period when she returned to the Transvaal to be headmistress of Kingmead, she taught at Herschel for over 20 years, retiring in 1981. French was her great love, and

the French Department flourished in her hands. She also created and ran the Sociology Club, a valuable weekly programme of outside speakers for the whole school.

She was a dignified, gracious and impressive lady, who will be remembered with affection and respect by her former colleagues and by very many Old Herschelians.

Sandra Steynler



Heather Yelland - Std 10



Members of the Class of 1956 at their 40-year reunion

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THE SPONSORSHIP OF
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Ruth and Terry Weldon

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