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THE HERSCHELIAN 1997



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



MATRIC CLASS OF 1997

BACK ROW:

L. Siegers, J. Magnus, A. van Hoorn, M. Buchanan, S.A. Rose-Innes, L. George, S. Stephen, Z. Brown, I. Haupt, C. Townsend, C. Hugo, T. Harvie,
J. Lightbody, D. Prosser, K. de Wet, J. Garson, T. Hayden, H. Buley, C. Louw, C. Ovenstone, B. Tostee
K. Williams, L. Baxter, K. Huber, J. Louw, K. Todd, L. Bestor, H. Kohler, A.M. Martins, Z. Crombie, V. Pillay
B. Lipshitz, H. Blaauw, A. Ahmed, S. Amien, R. Hartley, J. Anderson, C. Rule, A.M. Norman, T. Fowler, L. Jeffery, S. Constan-Tatos, A. Bairnsfather-Cloete,
C. Lloyd, L. de Vries, C. Buchanan, E. Dippenaar, K. Naughton, I. Gangster, C. Cluver, S. Komani

3RD ROW:

2ND ROW:

FRONT ROW:

A. Wright, Mrs R. Hugo, P. Waller, Miss S. Gough, X. Steward, Mrs M. Keisaw, K. Bloch (Headgirl), Mrs D. van Zyl (Headmistress),
Mrs L. MacIntyre (Deputy Headmistress), M. Ramsay (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs D. Beames, P. Boers, Mrs I. Adley, V. Crawley, Mrs J. Lones, K. Sherwood

ABSENT:

P.D. Boettger, C. Burchell, L. Cowley

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STAFF

HEADMISTRESS

Mrs A D van Zyl, BSc(Hons), Grad C.E.(UCT)

DEPUTY HEADMISTRESS

Mrs L MacIntyre, BSc, UED(Natal)

SENIOR TEACHER

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

CHAPLAIN

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

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

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

Miss M L Barlow, BMus, HDE(UCT)

Miss D M Bawes, BA(Hons), HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs D E Beames, BA, HDE(UCT)

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

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

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

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Mrs F Clackstone, HDE(Wits)

Mrs A Golding, BA(Rhodes), HDE(UPE)

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Mrs A M Hugo, MA(Stell), HDE(Unisa), BEd(Natal)

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Mrs A V Nel, HDE(Phys and Chem)(Pitgwood)

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

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Mrs H Stanford, BA, HOD(Stell)

Mrs T Steyn, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

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

Mrs M C Venter, BA, HOD(Bloem)

Miss N L Wolgemael, BA(FA)(Unisa), HDE(Rhodes)

Mr D Wood, BA, BEd(UCT), PMACT

Mr J C Wreusch, BMus(UCT)

PART-TIME STAFF

Mrs A Brown, BA(Hons)(Durham), MA(York), PGCE

Mrs A Diedericks, BA, HDE(Tsa)

Mrs C Engelbrecht, BA(Phys Ed), HDE, BSc(Med)(Hons),
Sports Science(UCT)

Mrs B Erasmus, BA(Rhodes), UED(Durban)

Mrs N Gerhardt, BSc, HDE(Pietr)

Mrs S McPetric, BSc, HDE(UCT)

Mrs M J Peacock, BA, STD(Stell)

Mrs R Rosenbaum, NAID4(PE Tech)

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

Mrs R Taylor, BA, HDE(UCT), LTCL(Lon)

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mrs C Dehlen, BSc(UCT), Laboratory Technician

Mrs L Grobler, BA(Natal), Liaison Officer

Mrs C Martin, Library Assistant

Mrs M Newitt, Assistant Bookkeeper

Mr E Nicklous, Assistant Estate Manager

Mr P Oertel, CA(SA), Bursar

Mrs P Palmer, Administrative Assistant

Mr S Pawinski, Estate Manager

Mrs J Poilock, Reception/Secretary

Mrs M Posthumus, Senior Bookkeeper

Mrs B Roberts, Headmistress' Secretary

Mrs V Speedy, Fees Officer

BOARDING HOUSE STAFF

Mrs V Bester, Lady Warden

Mrs J Normanton, Matron

CATERING STAFF

Mrs J Rothwell, Caterer

Miss T Smith, Assistant Caterer

COUNCIL MEMBERS

VISITOR: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

CHAIRMAN: Mr D Loch Davis

Mr J B Gardener

Mr R Hendry

Prof C Johnson

Countess Labia

Mr G Louw

Mr W Marshall Smith

Mr J R Miller

Mr R H Peters

Mrs I Reid

Mrs A Sayders

Mr U Wallace



Kate Bloch, this year's Headgirl, with incoming Headgirl for 1998, Mary Haw



ACADEMIC STAFF

- BACK ROW: Mr Scott, Mrs Burnett, Mrs Banks, Mrs Golding, Mr Wensch, Mrs Diedricks, Miss Law, Miss Gough, Mrs Botha
- 3RD ROW: Mrs Rabbits, Mrs Cochran, Mrs Crutchley, Mrs Nel, Miss Scapola, Mrs Stays, Mrs Venter, Miss Barlow, Mrs McPercie, Miss Welgemoed
- 2ND ROW: Mrs Stephens, Mrs Gerhardt, Mrs Patrick, Mrs Gamenov, Ms Brown, Mrs Erasmus, Mrs James, Mrs Peacock, Mrs Stanger, Mrs Ryan, Mrs Engelbrecht
- FRONT ROW: Mr Chapman, Miss Baws, Mrs Adley, Mrs Vladutyc, Mrs van Zyl, Mrs Allen, Mrs Seames, Mr Wood, Mrs Hugo
- ABSENT: Mrs Kershaw, Mrs Rosenbaur, Mrs Taylor, Mrs van der Merwe



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

- BACK ROW: Mrs Smith, Mrs Rothwell, Mrs Spency, Mrs Bester, Mrs Grobler, Mrs Newitz, Mrs Norman, Mrs Posthumus, Mr Pawinski, Mrs Roberts, Mrs van Zyl, Mr Oertel, Mrs Pollock, Mr Nicklous

SPEECH DAY



The Four Heads: Mrs D. van Zyl (Headmistress), K. Bloch (Headgirl), M. Ramsay (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs L. MacIntyre (Deputy Headmistress)

MRS VAN ZYL'S SPEECH

Welcome Ms Davids - our distinguished guest speaker, Mr Loch Davis - Chairman of Council and Mrs Loch Davis, invited guests, members of Council, parents, colleagues, friends and girls.

It is especially meaningful for the school family and guests to be able to gather in this venue today.

During our Strategic Planning over the past three months we have, together, teased out those qualities which characterise Herschel. In the 75th year of the school's history, we reflect on a tradition of the best of education, where young women have been able to aspire to great heights and become what they were meant to be. All that happens at Herschel reinforces our commitment to perpetuating the uniqueness of an all-girl's school.

In our Strategic Planning we have formulated our vision for Herschel. We have talked about fostering that which imparts distinctiveness to the school. We see confident young women, leaving Herschel, nurtured in our traditions, grounded in spiritual values and equipped with the skills they will need to manage their lives successfully in this changing world. Clearly there can be no marking time, but rather a bold anticipation of what lies ahead.

Since my arrival at the school in April, I have been heartened by the traditions of Herschel and the friendliness and support of all: the Deputy Headmistress, Mrs MacIntyre; the Executive, Mrs Thompson, Head of the Preparatory School, and her staff (for their belief in the partnership which we envisage and support for the mutual pursuit of excellence at both schools); the Bursar, Mr Oetzel; the

staff; the parents - a memorable occasion for me remains the Matri-Mothers' Luncheon; the girls themselves; and the long-suffering administrative staff, particularly Mrs Roberts.

It is important at this point to acclaim all that Mrs Duff accomplished for Herschel throughout her tenure of eleven years. For it will be from this platform of excellence, so skilfully constructed under her inspiration and guidance, that we will be able to embark confidently on the next chapter. Her sustained interest, love of, and generosity towards all things Herschelian is unflagging and unparalleled.

THE PEOPLE OF HERSCHEL are, and will remain, our greatest assets.

I am indebted to Mr Desmond Loch Davis for his support, wisdom and determination to do the best for Herschel, as well as the Council for their courageous decision-making and far-sighted planning, particularly concerning the Strategic Plan for our school.

I am also indebted to the parents who support and serve the school in countless ways and to members of the Old Herschelian Association who maintain and foster the contact between past pupils and the school. It is lovely to have the Chairperson, Mrs Corinne Symons, with us today.

The teaching staff is our vital resource; a capable and enterprising team who will fashion their own initiatives, adopt new technology and methodology and take ownership of this ship of education and skilfully chart her untried passage.

Teachers have been described as 'those who use themselves as bridges, over which they invite their students to cross,

then, having facilitated their crossing, joyfully collapse, encouraging them to create bridges of their own'. I have no doubt that these will be bridges that will, in the future, amaze us.

I would also like to thank the administrative staff, who make an indispensable contribution to harmonious school functioning, as do the catering, boarding, estate, and cleaning staff.

A look at the HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR:

The results achieved in the 1996 Cape Senior Certificate by the 72 candidates were exemplary: the customary 100% pass rate and a staggering 91.7 % university exemption. There were 106 subject distinctions and 23 (31.9%) girls achieved 'A' aggregates.

We have high expectations, too, of our 1997 matriculants who have shown strong unity and have 'done it' their own way. As incoming Head, I have received encouraging support from the Head/Deputy Head Girl Team and from the group in general. Their contribution and commitment to the overall life of the school have been immense. There is not an area they have not influenced or shaped.

Kate Bloch has led strongly as Head Girl, ably assisted by the Deputy Head Girl, Marië Ramsay, with her staunch and principled support. Vicki Crawley has played an important role as Head of the Boarding House and Sacristan.

It is with anticipation that we say goodbye to our Matrics, who are equipped to embark on the next chapter of their lives and so move forward to construct their own bridges.

Outstanding individual contributions will be acknowledged during the awards ceremony.

It would be hard to do full justice to the diversity of activities in the life of Herschel and I invite Kerry Sherwood, Marië Ramsay and Cindy Lloyd to give some of their personal insights.

Kerry Sherwood

Last year as I watched two Matrics read their reports to you, little did I dream what fate awaited me - but I am proud of this honour.

It is hard to believe that our school days are coming to an end and, for me personally, thirteen very special years at Herschel. They have flown by because there is always so much to do here: clubs, societies, sport, outings, camps, Olympiads, plays, concerts and, of course, academic work!

Our annual cabaret was again bigger and better than it's ever been. With a cast of 150, superb direction by Mrs Tessa Steyn and Mr Simon Chapman and stage manager Jenni Magnus, after weeks of rehearsals we created a vibrant colourfilm production, entitled 'Celebrate' in honour of Herschel's 75th Birthday. The Matrics relished the opportunity to take part in this, their last school produc-

tion. It was truly a success and congratulations to all involved.

Music plays a very important part in the life of Herschel. Early mornings and lunch breaks are all part of a day's work for the choir, chorale, orchestra and flute ensemble. All groups have performed to their full potential and have reached a high pitch in the quality of their work. They have excelled in the Cape Town, Afrikaans and Western Cape Eisteddfods, and the Royal Schools' and UNISA examinations.

In August a most beautiful Choral Concert was held in the Auditorium, featuring two Preparatory School Choirs, the Senior School Choir and Chorale. We welcomed 'The Duke of Cornwall Singers' from St. Swithin's, who delighted us with their jovial performance.

On a lighter note was the fun-filled Inter House Singing where every single pupil added her voice. Well done to the winner - Jagger House. A new departure for the choir was their public performance at the Christian Community Centre where they once again showed their talents.

We are very proud of the achievements of Zoë Beyers. She was invited to CAPAB's Music Festival, she gained a silver medal in the string section of the ATKV Prelude Competition, and she was invited to perform with the Namibian Symphony Orchestra. She also won second prize in the Volkskas Bar's National Youth Competition.

Herschel's art has always had a fine reputation and the Matric Art Exhibition seen today and those held throughout the year are a testimony to that.

Herschel's cultural year began with an explosion of information about its clubs and societies. This production, held one Friday lunch-time, seemed to trigger an enthusiastic response. Each club has generally been very well supported throughout the year. One or two clubs began with a spurt of energy, then seemed to fade, while service clubs such as Interact and the F.A.C. have particularly flourished, involving us in community work and environmental activities. Herschel now owns a small section of the South American Rain Forest!

To expand our learning and our wastelands, the Historical Society has entertained members with a series of lunch-time banquets.

Many girls have channelled their love of talking through 'Talkshop', with enlightening entertainment being on the Tuesday lunch menu. The Debating Teams have also acquitted themselves exceptionally well. Both the Junior Team (Margie Gie, Alison Bradley and Kirsten van Rynveld) and Senior Team (Ranica Looshtz, Kate Bloch, Inge Haupt, Anisa Ahmed and I) entered the Inter-Schools' Rotary Debating Competition. This time it was the juniors that showed the seniors a thing or two, by beating fifty-four schools to the final and winning the whole Rotary

competition. Alwin Bradley also received the award for 'Best Speaker'.

The Drama Club has also gone from strength to strength this year. It has moulded a group of spirited girls into fine actresses.

The Music, Art and Drama Evening last term provided a collage of Herschel talent. The House Plays which followed the 'MAD Evening' took on a new and more challenging direction: each House had to perform one act of Michael Frayn's hilarious comedy, "Noises Off". The Houses rose brilliantly to this challenge.

Congratulations to Merriman, who won the competition and Allisa-Zee Hartman, who won 'Best Actress' Award for her outstanding performance.

I would like to extend a big thank-you to the Music, Drama and Art Departments for providing an environment that gives stimulus and freedom to enable girls to find their own individual potential, enjoying themselves and entertaining us in the process. I call on Marië to present her report on the spiritual life and community work at Herschel.

Marië Ramsay

How many of you arrived at Herschel in Standard Six, excited about joining clubs and societies, playing for a sports team, making new friends and having "proper" homework like older brothers, sisters and friends?

At the end of five years my own perspective has altered (my opinion on homework definitely has) and I realise that I have gained something additional and unanticipated during my time here. Namely, the role that the spiritual aspect of Herschel plays in the life of every girl. We become whole people here; our minds, our bodies and our souls are nurtured. Herschel took a bold step in appointing a full-time chaplain at the school. We were so fortunate that Mrs Paddy Allen, whom we already knew and loved, was licensed as Lay Chaplain on January 16th and available to take up the post. Mrs Allen has always been an approachable and supportive friend to the girls and she makes the perfect Chaplain.

This year Herschel has moved towards a more relaxed and informal approach to worship. Our Eucharists still take place twice a term but Thursday morning services have become simply praise services and we especially enjoy the singing. Divinity classes form a regular part of the school timetable for all standards, during which we have the opportunity to learn from each other about different religions. Under Mrs Allen's guidance the boarders' weekly Chapel Services on a Tuesday evening have been organised by the girls themselves. At both Boarders' Chapel and Christian Union Meetings on Wednesdays, guest speakers are invited and open discussion takes place. Christian Union has grown considerably in numbers; perhaps its new link with Bishops is a drawcard! Each year confirmation classes are available and this year fifteen confirmation candidates enjoyed a camp at Bain's Kloof with Mrs Allen and Miss Boy.

Herschel celebrated the main Christian festivals beginning with a voluntary Eucharist on Ash Wednesday, well attended and held in our own Chapel. Each Herschel girl will remember forever walking down to St Saviour's in the drizzle and, on this occasion, it was for the Easter Service, led by Rev. Dr Jim Harris. At our Ascension Day Service, Mrs van Zyl was inducted as Headmistress. She made her promise to exercise her authority over the school "as one who serves, upholding the values of Christ, so that love, truth and goodness may abound here". This service was conducted by Bishop Merwyn Castle and was a meaningful occasion for the whole school.

We have been honoured to have been visited twice by the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Njongonkulu Ndungane. He conducted our Founder's Day Service to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of our foundation; a service held on a blisteringly hot day on the hockey field on 14th February. In addition, an intimate service was held in our Chapel on Sunday 16th, the actual day of foundation. The second occasion on which the Archbishop came to Herschel was to conduct the service, recorded by the S.A.B.C. in St Saviour's. This is to be broadcast on Sunday, 26th October. We are fortunate to have shared the Archbishop's unique sense of humour.

Herschel is fortunate to have strong links with both Christ Church and St Saviour's and to be under the steady guidance of Father Garth Counsel, Father John Atkinson and Father Jim Harris. A special thank you must go to the choir and chorus for their commitment and dedication and for their special contribution to the Herschel and Bishops Evensong in August, when the two choirs combined their talents and Father Garth Counsel led the service.

At Herschel we have the opportunity to serve the wider community and both members of staff and girls commit their time in this way.

Interact is our largest club and this year was awarded, by the President of Rotary International, the Presidential Award for Service. Ongoing projects include: Arcadia Old Age Home, monthly street collections and visits to the Claremont Haven Night Shelter which is a favourite of Interact members. The big project that took place in our own Preparatory School Hall during September was the Christmas Pudding Mix when over 1000 puddings were mixed and wrapped. This forms part of the President's Award Programme.

"Outreach" forms part of the same programme and takes place every Wednesday. Fifty eight pupils from five secondary schools in Khayelitsha, Nyanga and Crossroads visit Herschel to learn computer skills, drama and catering. At present they are working towards the bronze level in the Award Scheme.

Every year each Standard Eight participates in ten hours of community service at a charity organisation of her choice. At the end of this course they are required to present a project relating their experiences. Favourite choices include



FORUM

- BACK ROW: E. Murray, X. Steward, K. van Ryneveld, L. Michelmann, A. Wright, I. Haupt, H. Bulcy, J. Groenstra, P. Waller
- 3RD ROW: G. Pharo, S. Stubbs, A. Ahmed, Z. Dladla, E. Dippenaar, S. Amier, T. Lindsay, F. Gain
- 2ND ROW: R. Hartley, S. Lee Pan, K. Tsoai, T. Haylen, S. Constan-Tatos, K. Sherwood, V. Crawley, C. Lloyd, V. Christie, T. Fowler
- FRONT ROW: M. Ramsay, Mrs C. Esterhuysen, K. Bloch, Mrs D. van Zyl, P. Boers, Mrs L. MacIntyre, L. Jeffery



PREFECTS

- BACK ROW: T. Fowler, V. Crawley, A. Wright, K. Sherwood, P. Waller, S. Constan-Tatos
- FRONT ROW: X. Steward, M. Ramsay (Deputy Headgirl), Mrs D. van Zyl, K. Bloch (Headgirl), Mrs L. MacIntyre, L. Jeffery, P. Boers
- ABSENT: A. Bairnsfather-Cloete

the nearby Lady Buxton Nursery School, Maitland Cottage Home and SANCCOB. Many girls continue to serve their community far beyond the demands of the project.

In addition, the Standard Nines presented a cheque, to Mrs Kahan of 'The Friends of the Red Cross'. The Red Cross Children's Hospital is in desperate need of funds and was grateful for the generosity of our Standard Nines.

How privileged we have been to have had the spiritual aspect of our lives carefully tended to. It would be so easy to neglect that, so my message to the Matrics is: Whatever your faith may be, it is important that you care for it, so that when you encounter difficulties in your life, you have a steadfast and sound foundation on which to rely. I invite Cindy to speak about Sport and other activities.

Cindy Lloyd

Being Head of Sport this year has really opened my eyes to the variety of activities available to us at Herschel.

Sport has always been an integral part of the school life with eighty percent of girls being involved in one sport or another. It seems appropriate, therefore, that our annual Sports Dinner is becoming an institution. This year our guest speaker was Charlotte Noble, an amazing woman, whose fifth position in the Comrades Marathon is just one of her many accomplishments. It was good to have the Preparatory School achievers join in our evening for the first time.

At the school level many of our teams have excelled this year. Our First Indoor Hockey Team did very well to win the Inter-Schools' Indoor Tournament after some really tough matches. We were thrilled when our First Squash

Team won the Inter-Schools' Tournament for the first time, as the girls have played exceptionally well throughout the season. Field hockey has also been very successful, with our First Team adding another trophy to our collection by winning the Inter-Schools' Hockey Tournament, drawing with Wynberg after a very close final. Five other hockey teams were unbeaten this season.

We are very proud of our thirty-five provincial representatives from seven different sports. A special mention must be made of our four girls who have made national sides: Tarryn Hayden, Ashleigh Serrislev, Hileen Soeters and Helen Wilson.

Earlier this year we enjoyed hosting the Independent Schools' Tennis Festival, when our First Team was narrowly beaten in a very close final by D.S.G. Herschel has also hosted and played against three different touring sides this year: D.S.G. from Grahamstown, Girls' College from Zimbabwe and Wakefield from the U.K. Sport is certainly not only competitive. For instance, the Herschel/Bishops Sports Festival involved two hundred-and-twenty people - I shan't bother saying why it was so popular! The annual Parents/Girls/Staff Hockey Festival was also enjoyed by all. Inter-House sporting events have mixed fun and sometimes fierce competition. I must just mention that Merriman won five out of the nine House events.

To move away from sport and on to other activities which Herschel offers, we can first move all the way to France, where Mr and Mrs Banks took nine girls during the June/July holiday. It was an exciting experience for the girls, who were stimulated and challenged by the cultural differences. I hope Mrs Banks has recovered by now!

Talking about cultural interchanges, I must just mention our exchange programme. This year, thanks to Mrs Erasmus, we have been able to offer exchanges to Canada, U.S.A., Lebowa, Australia, India and the United Kingdom. Mrs Hugo has added an exchange to Antwerp in Belgium to this list. Three of our girls are over there at present.

The Standard Nines have had an extremely busy year, which started with the preparation for *A Night of High Drama* - our Matric Dance. Thank you for an unforgettable and most amazing night. They also enjoyed greater contact with Mrs van Zyl and other members of staff on the annual enrichment course at Hermannus, which helped to unite them and prepare them for their Matric responsibilities. They have also benefited greatly from an invaluable Placement Programme.

Good luck to the Standard Nines as they start to lead the school next week. I hope you enjoy being in Matric as much as we have. Never wish the year away, it goes fast enough as it is.

Finally, I would like to thank all the coaches and staff members who have done so much to enrich our extra-curricular activities in the school.



SUB A TO MATRIC

BACK ROW: L. Bester, S. Anien, A. van Hoorn
FRONT ROW: J. Louw, V. Pillay, C. Ovenstone

Mrs van Zyl Continued... My Message - Concerning Education

The main challenge confronting us is in the transformation of the educational system within the profound social and economic change in the country. We are compelled to focus on our single most important obligation - the preparation of our young women for the society they will enter when they leave school.

Here the major task will centre on changes in the whole nature of employment when girls leave school. We need to equip them with the skills they will need to cope and excel. Many of the jobs they will need to perform do not even exist today. We can no longer prepare pupils for limited and unchanging jobs or professions, nor for the days of a career, trade or profession they will follow for the rest of their lives. Lifelong employment with a single organisation will be the exception rather than the norm. Opportunities for entrepreneurial, temporary, part time or contract work will increase. We can best prepare our girls by training them to be life-long learners in this information age. They must have the knowledge and initiative to take opportunities. They must be trained in the thinking skills necessary in this information society.

Technology forms part of the new learning model and pupils must be able to cope with new technology and be creative in applying existing skills in new applications. To assist our pupils we are placing growing emphasis on computer technology, design technology, and entrepreneurial skills. In our school, girls and staff are increasingly using the computer. Entering adult society is the same as tackling a two thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle with no picture to work from.

One most important function as educators is to ensure that we remain relevant. There must be imagined growth where the sharing of roles and tasks becomes essential. We have the ideal opportunity for this at Herschel. We need to foster high teacher morale so that we have confidence to pave our own way. The onus for developing alternatives has landed squarely on our shoulders - we must be the initiators. We must be positive and creative, devise positive initiatives and implement inspired solutions.

Education is not for the faint-hearted. We need to forge our way through the sea of acronyms - NQF, OBE, CASS - in order to articulate a clear and credible vision of the future of education. We at Herschel believe that collectively we are equal to the task and we look forward to the challenges ahead.

It is now time to bid farewell to some of our staff members as people move on to new situations. We thank them for the difference they have made to Herschel as they have enriched our lives. We have high hopes for their happiness and success as they leave. We have confidence that our teachers will make an impact wherever they go.

Earlier this year, we said farewell to Mrs Everduyse, the school's first Guidance Counsellor, we appreciate all she did

for Herschel during her eleven years: to Mr Bold, who was the Estate Manager for over seven years; to Mrs Speck, Biology Teacher for over six years, and to Mrs Bunn, who was Senior Bookkeeper for four years.

Sadly we say goodbye to the following teachers who will leave at the end of the year: Marianne Peacock, who leaves us after eleven years to pursue her other interests, Barbara Erasmus, who is due to translocate to the leafy suburb of Parkview in Johannesburg, as her husband has been promoted - we appreciate her management of the Exchange Programme, which has flourished; Claire Engelbrecht moves to Somerset College with her family and husband, who is to become a housemaster.

The Preparatory School bids farewell to Mrs Bray, who has spent twenty five years at the Preparatory School, where she has given exemplary service. She will be remembered with affection by generations of Herschellians and their families.

Mrs Bester leaves our Boarding House after seven and a half years' association with the boarders and their families. Our warm good wishes go with her for her retirement. Perry Oertel, the Bursar, has worked hard and with distinction to establish a firm financial base at Herschel since 1991 and we shall miss him greatly; we wish him fulfilment in his retirement.

Thank you. *Ad Dei Gloriam.*

Mrs D. van Zyl

GUEST SPEAKER - MS VIRGINIA DAVIDS

Ms Virginia Davids, the Guest Speaker at Speech Day, was born in Parow and studied under Nellie du Toit, who is still her coach and mentor. She is married with two children and lives in Elsie's River. She has carved an impressive career for herself as a soprano of notable talent. She is presently a freelance performing artist and fulltime lecturer in singing at the College of Music, Cape Town.

Ms Davids made her operatic debut in 1988 in Verdi's *Aida*. In 1990, she studied in Europe and performed in Vienna. She is a distinguished Verdi heroine; some of her roles include *Elisabeta* in *Don Carlos* and *Lionora* in *Il Trovatore*. Over the years she has appeared in concert and oratorio performances with all the major orchestras in the country.

Ms Davids has received many awards throughout her professional career and has been awarded South Africa's prestigious Nedderburg Opera Award three times.

Ms Davids gives generously of her talent in development programmes. She serves on the Caxex/Cape Argus Massed Choir Festival Committee. She is vocal coach with CAPAB, panel member for the Sytrets Chiappini Trust Fund and, in addition, is Musical Director of the St Matthew Chorus, Elsie's River.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1996

As the school has not yet received updated information from the Department of Education concerning remarks, the following list reflects the results as received at the end of 1996. Subject Distinctions are indicated in parentheses.

Distinction Matriculation

Ackermann, Katherine (Math SG, Bio, Geog, Art)
 Ballance, Catherine (Eng, Math, Sci, Bio, Lat)
 Blora, Claire (Eng)
 Brice, Justine (Hist, Art)
 Brice, Nicola (Eng, Math, Sci, Bio, Fre)
 Burdzik, Amy (Ling, Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Lat)
 Christian, Wendy (Eng, Math, Sci, Bio, Bus Ec)
 Clays, Amanda-Jo (Ling, Afr, Math, Sci, Fre, Art)
 Locke, Kirsten (Ling, Math SG, Lat, Geo, Drama)
 Luciani, Liza (Bio, Geo)
 Miller, Katie (Art)
 Mulford, Kathleen (Math, Sci, Bio, Geo)
 Nel, Jennifer (Bio, Fre)
 Newton, Sarah (Eng, Lat)
 Robertson, Elizabeth-Jane (Eng, Math, Fre, Hist)
 Serrinsley, Ingrid (Geo)
 Smit, Nicole (Hist, Drama)
 Taher, Raghana (Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Hist)
 Taylor, Pia (Afr, Lat)
 van Houten, Susanna (Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Fre, Music)
 von Witz, Caitlin (Math, Bio, Fre)
 Warr, Michelle (Sci, Bio, Xhosa)
 Yelland, Heather (Eng, Bio, Art)

Matriculation Grade 2

Alblas, Amanda (Math)
 Bicen, Alexandra
 Blomberg, Victoria (Drama)
 Campbell, Kathryn
 Caradoc-Davies, Paula (Math)
 Cattell, Sally-Anne
 Grubbs, Kathryn (Drama)
 Croy, Inge
 Daniel, Alison (Art)
 Doherty, Niamh (Music)
 Gray, Philippa (Drama)
 Hamata, Carolyn (Math SG, Xhosa, Geog)
 Hevstad, Silje (Fre)
 Jeltba, Daniël
 Keen, Karin (Geo)
 Learmonth, Kirsten
 Louw, Daniela (Math SG, Art)
 Louw, Michaela
 Maguire, Shannon (Xhosa)
 Martin, Carolyn
 Phillips, Amy
 Sanders, Julia (Math SG)
 Segers, Roxanne
 Sheppard, Victoria (Bio, Drama)
 Shulver, Emma (Typ)
 Siegers, Gita
 Simpson, Abigail
 Snyder, Jaclyn (Math SG)
 Stephen, Nicola (Math SG)
 Weixelhauser, Katrina (Art)
 Winhal, Janey (Bio, Art)

Matriculation Grade 3

Coomer, Samantha
 Dace, Gina
 Davies, Lynda
 Ferucci, Carla (Afr, Bus Ec)
 Fitter, Catherine
 Gaar, Katherine
 McKee, Tiffany
 Nixon, Caron
 Peter, Victoria
 Pilling, Suzanne
 Robb, Lauren
 Sheppardson, Kathryn
 Stableford-Smith, Sarah
 Vos, Brenda
 Weldon, Taryn
 Woodward, Jane

Matriculation Grade 4

Brins, Caroline
 Hannay, Tamlyn

PRIZE LIST - 1997

CLASS PRIZES

Standard 6

1. Beverley Rabbitts
2. Jennifer Miller
3. Fiona Mackay

Standard 8

1. Marguerite Gie
2. Caroline Robertson
3. Louise Schönborn

Standard 7

1. Zoë Beyers
2. Bridget Cochrane
3. Kathryn du Toit

Standard 9

1. Mary Ilaw
2. Marike Botha
3. Lisa Womensley

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Standard 6

Phillippa Braithwaite
 Kate Chambers
 Saffron Hall
 Melissa Loudon
 Angela Rawson

Katherine Clarke
 Candice Cox
 Joanne Kirkby
 Lauren Raubenheimer

Standard 7

Hoviyeh Afnan-Homes
 Caryn Buchanan
 Nathalie du Preez
 Kathryn Forrester
 Susannah Hacker
 Nicola Henkel
 Sarah Twycross

Paula Beviss-Challinor
 Jane Ruley
 Pualine Forrester
 Kathryn Grobler
 Lauren Heller
 Lauren Kohn

Standard 8

Vicki Anderson
 Monique Johnson
 Kirsten van Ryneveld

Amber Kisch
 Aty Smeek

Standard 9

Megan Aubin
 Fiona Bromfield
 Catherine Day
 Lynne Fu
 Emma Murray
 Carrie van der Hoven

Kim Brice
 Candice Cookson
 Hayley Dutton
 Ashleigh Gordon
 Erin Tuomi
 Amanda Wood

Standard 10

Anisa Ahmed
 Lisa Bester
 Helen Bulcy
 Janet Lightboxly
 Diana Prosser

Shireen Amien
 Megan Buchanan
 Victoria Crawley
 Vashini Pillay
 Laura Siegers

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Shireen Amien
 Juliette Louw
 Vashini Pillay

Lisa Bester
 Camilla Ovenstone
 Aty van Hoorn

SPECIAL AWARDS / MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship	<i>Beverly Rabbatts</i>
Fenella Douglas Scholarship	<i>Marake Botha</i>
Music - Middle School	<i>Jessica Miller</i>
Monique Zürich Trophy for Music	<i>Caryn Buchanan</i>
Art - Middle School	<i>Sarah Louw</i>
Archimedes Prize	<i>Louise Schönborn</i>
Eric Rosenthal General Knowledge Floating Trophy	<i>Nancy Graham</i>
The Frith Trophy for Public Speaking	<i>Marguerite Gie</i>
German Consulate Prizes:	
Std 7	<i>Lauren Heller</i>
Std 8	<i>Allisa-Zoe Hartman</i>
Std 9	<i>Frances Koop</i>
Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics	<i>Zayuan Crombie</i>
Fidel Hill Cup for Spoken English	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism (second language pupil)	<i>Elizabeth Dippenaar</i>
Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French	<i>Lucie Jeffery and Elizabeth Dippenaar</i>
Jennifer Sale Drama Trophy for Outstanding Performance	<i>Alexandra Boirnsfather-Cloete</i>
McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts	<i>Jennifer Magnus</i>
Mary Muller Picture of the Year	<i>Penny Waller</i>
Stobie Musicianship Prize	<i>Lucie Jeffery</i>
Choral Prizes awarded to the choir and chorale leaders	<i>Rosemarie Hartley and Lucie Jeffery</i>
Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Resource Centre	<i>Shireen Amien</i>
Dr Silberbauer Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences	<i>Pasla Hoers</i>
Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities	<i>Clara Louw</i>
Miss Gelaard's Prize for Courtesy	<i>Halima Gangrahar</i>
Rotary Prize	<i>Anne Wright</i>
Herschel Staff Honours Awards	<i>Lee Baxter, Megan Buchanan, Zayuan Crombie</i>
Prize for Good Sportsmanship	<i>Sonia Constan-Tatos</i>
	<i>Anne Wright</i>
Theresa Bridgman Trophy for Sportswoman of the Year	<i>Lucie Jeffery</i>
The Hannath Trophy for the most outstanding sporting achievement of the year	<i>Tarryn Hayden</i>
The Kirsten Locke Fellowship Award	<i>Tamara Fowler</i>
The Clegg Award for outstanding academic and sporting achievement by a girl in any standard	<i>Laura Middelmann</i>
Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-round Participation and Achievement	<i>Lucie Jeffery</i>
The Pamela Duti Award for an Enquiring Mind	<i>Clara Louw</i>
Proxime Accessit	<i>Clara Louw</i>
Dux of the School	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Service to the School	<i>Shireen Amien</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Leadership	<i>Marie Ramsay</i>
Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize	<i>Anne Wright</i>
The Old Herschel Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership	<i>Kate Bloch</i>

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (The Lady Woolley Prize)	<i>Clara Louw</i>
French	<i>Elizabeth Dippenaar</i>
Biology	<i>Anisa Ahmed</i>
Physical Science	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
Mathematics (The Liz Gibbons Prize)	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
Geography	<i>Julie Anderson</i>
Afrikaans 2nd Language	<i>Hayley Blaauw</i>
Xhosa	<i>Shireen Amien</i>
History	<i>Kerry Sherwood</i>
Art	<i>Clara Louw</i>
Art - Practical	<i>Victoria Crawley</i>
	<i>Penny Waller</i>
Home Economics	<i>Janet Lightbody</i>
Music	<i>Lucie Jeffery</i>
Speech and Drama	<i>Kerry Sherwood</i>
Business Economics	<i>Lisa Bester</i>
Typing	<i>Camilla Ovenstone</i>
German	<i>Hayley Blaauw</i>

ACHIEVEMENTS - 1997

Honours Awards

Academic	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
	<i>Lucie Jeffery</i>
Leadership	<i>Kate Bloch</i>
	<i>Marie Ramsay</i>
Music	<i>Zoe Beyers</i>
Service	<i>Shireen Amien</i>
Sport	<i>Tarryn Hayden</i>
	<i>Helen Wilson</i>

National Representation in Sport

SA Junior Showing Champion	<i>Asleigh Serritslev</i>
SA U/14 National Diving Champion	<i>Ueloen Soeters</i>
SA Junior Synchronised Swimming	<i>Tarryn Hayden</i>
SA Schools Waterpolo	<i>Helen Wilson</i>

Provincial Representation in Sport - A teams

WP Hockey U/18A	<i>Sonia Constan-Tatos</i>
WP Hockey U/16A	<i>Lucia Brain</i>
WP Hockey U/16A	<i>Laura Middelmann</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Julia Thomas</i>
WP Squash U/16A	<i>Dianne Gordon</i>
WP Squash U/16A	<i>Aeltje van Hoxten</i>
WP Squash U/14A	<i>Bronwyn Duffen</i>
WP Squash U/14A	<i>Debbie McDonald</i>
WP Squash U/14A	<i>Philippa Slingsby</i>
WP Squash U/14A	<i>Jessica Stubbs</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15A	<i>Sarah Berrisford</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15A	<i>Kate Chambers</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15A	<i>Lauren Elliot</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15A	<i>Georgina Simpson</i>
Boland Ladies' Surling Team	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
Boland Ladies' Surling Team	<i>Emma Murray</i>

Music

UNISA Examinations - Distinction

	<i>Joanne Kirkby - Grade 6</i>
	<i>Caroëne Erasmus - Grade 5</i>

Summary of Ms Davids's Speech

The theme of Ms Davids's speech was *Passions and Dreams*. She outlined the difficulties which she had encountered in achieving her goal of becoming an opera singer under the Apartheid regime. She finally attained that goal because she had the passion and determination to overcome all obstacles.



As a young girl growing up in Parow, she loved to sing and dreamt of one day becoming a famous singer. However, because doors were closed to her, she was unable to train with the best in the country, especially Nellie du Toit. She married and had children, but still the passion was there to perform one day on stage in a grand opera. Thus, she applied to Stellenbosch University, who initially refused her entry on the basis of the colour of her skin. Angry, but undaunted, she "harassed" the university authorities, who eventually allowed her entry to the hallowed portals of the Stellenbosch Conservatoire where she began to train under Nellie du Toit.

Ms Davids's message to the young women of Herschel, who, she felt, were fortunate to study in such an establishment, was to foster their dreams and nurture their passion. She told the girls to cherish ideas and principles which moved them emotionally and about which they felt passionate. She spoke of dreams and passion as the essence of the soul; the foundation of a meaningful existence; the wellspring of an inspiring human being.

Ms Davids reminded us that to persevere in spite of adversity was to obtain one's dreams and goals. She emphasised that it was not material wealth that made for happiness and success, but the nurturing of the creative life force within each individual. This, she felt, would lead to true success and spiritual contentment.

From her "ample bosom" she challenged each girl to seize the moment; to chase the rainbow and to live life with energy and passion.

It is, thus, fitting, that Ms Davids herself has done all these things and now serves as an inspiration to all young women, by the way in which she has pursued her goals and achieved them, often in difficult conditions.

HEADGIRL'S FAREWELL

Good morning. I can't believe that the time has already arrived in which I must give you my farewell address.

But before I begin, I am honoured to thank Ms Davids for giving up her time to come and speak to us. I am sure that this performance, as such, today, has been very different from what you are normally used to. Your profession is one which has taken a beating over the past few years, but it seems that where there is your will, there is a way. We are all privileged that someone as talented as you could be here with us today, and it is traditional that the youngest girl in our school present you with a bouquet. Thank you.

This year, for me, has been one of mixed emotions. I have experienced joy, surprise, anxiety, sorrow, anger and much more. But when I look back at my time at Herschel, the two words which best sum up my feelings are happiness and pride.

I came to Herschel at Standard 6, knowing only a few people and carrying the message from almost all of my junior school friends, "Kate, please don't become a snob!" So, bearing this in mind, I started my days here.

Standard 6 was a good year, especially if one enjoyed being called cute and being laughed at by the rest of the school when we sat on stage in assemblies and some poor soul forgot that we were wearing dresses which exposed our underwear if we didn't sit properly. In Standard 7, it was wonderful not being the babies of the school any more. I, as well as the Matrics, will never forget our Standard 7 camp, where tears seemed to be the norm, and we challenged, not



Ms Davids presenting a prize to Marike Botha (Std 9)

practised the idea of sex before marriage. In Standard 8, I was lucky to come back to this school, after surviving my decision to jump off a twenty-six metre cliff into the Hermanns reservoir. Since then, I have stuck to sports in which my feet remain on the ground. Standard 8 also marked the beginning of many study periods, which came to be known, especially in matrics, as "trees". I can't think what! In Std 9, I was lucky enough to go to Brooks School in the United States, where I had one of the best experiences of my life.

But it is my matric year that has meant, without doubt, the most to me. I have grown so much during this year - unfortunately, not physically upwards, as you can see - but mentally. It wasn't always an easy task being Headgirl, and I don't believe that I would have managed it as well, if I hadn't been part of such an amazing standard. To say that our standard is a special and close one is a complete understatement. To the Matrics, I would like to say that every single one of you has been the greatest friend to me. I will always remember the jokes we shared, our Matric Dance, and most of all, your support and incredible spirit and enthusiasm. Good luck for these exams and in your lives to come. I will also always remember the nicknames you gave me - Blotch and Smelly - although I still don't know whether the second is a term of endearment or indictment!

This year has been a particularly special one. Not only is it our 75th anniversary, but I have been privileged to work with two outstanding Headmistresses. Mrs Durr, you created what this school is today and made me proud to be a leader in it. It is lovely to have you here with us today, as we know you are particularly fond of Speech Day.

Then, the arrival of Mrs van Zyl! We all watched you like hawks in the beginning to see how you would be... and... well, we approve! It has been an honour for me to work with you. I have admired everything about you: your open-mindedness, your honesty, trust, supportiveness, and especially your sense of humour - even though I seemed to be the target of it on Monday mornings, when, usually exposed on the stage and I couldn't even comment back. Herschel is definitely in safe hands, and I look forward to seeing the results of all your strategic planning.

This year, I have also had the task of chairing our School Forum. It has been challenging, but taught me many life skills along the way. It truly represents the democratic life of Herschel.

Another quality of Herschel, which I really value, is its increasing exchange programme. Learning about different cultures and ways of life is what I feel education should be about.

One of Herschel's many attributes is the number of activities - cultural, sporting and academic - which it has to offer. Taking up these offers, I think that I caused my parents much distress when I opted to live by the motto "It is better to try and not succeed, than never to try at all," and ended up in the first term only coming home at about 9:00 every evening and being a walking zombie, incapable of speech, in the mornings.

To my family, I owe a large debt of my sanity. Dad, thank you for your quiet guidance, Mum, for quite the opposite

of quietness, especially on the hockey field, and Claire, thank you for just being you. Also, thank you to you, Sines, for your continued support.

I would like to thank all my teachers and sports' coaches for being so understanding and supportive of me this year. I must confess that my slightly frequent habit of being late was not always due to pressing duties, but rather due to too many social dates. Sorry!

I must also say a special thanks to Mrs MacIntyre, who always pointed me in the right direction, and especially for reminding me of punctuality when she caught me outside the common-room, chatting. To Mrs Pollock and Mrs Roberts, I owe a huge thank you. You acted as my post-women and answering service to say the least. Thank you for putting up with me, and you can send the telephone bill which I rang up to my parents!

Marie, my deputy, and I formed an unusual pair this year, both being left-handed and a blonde and brunette working together. Marie, I always valued and admired your wisdom. You may not know it, but I relied on you heavily this year and you never let me down. Thank you. To the prefects, and not mentioning any names, there were those of you rather largely endowed in some areas, and small in certain others, but in my eyes you were perfect! Your support of me gave me the confidence to represent you. I loved working with you.

But it is to the rest of the school that I owe my greatest thanks. Standard 6's, I feel privileged to have known you, and think that you will make this school dynamite! Standard 7's, you were a mysterious year. Standard 8's, you definitely earned the name, the *Space Girls*, and then the Standard 9's. I have many special friends in this year, and know that this standard will be wonderful Matrics and leaders next year. I wish you all luck, especially your new Headgirl and Prefects.

As my time at Herschel comes to an end, I took the letters of Herschel, and added a word to each one, of what I felt Herschel has taught and given me: H - happiness, E - education, R - respect, S - standards, C - companionship and compassion, H - honour and humility, F - energy and enthusiasm, and lastly, L - loyalty and love, and, most importantly, laughter and life.

If I am going to leave you with any advice, I quote from an old Irish prayer used by a previous Headgirl, "Take time to laugh - it is the music of the soul" and to that, I myself add, "Take time to live - it will satisfy your every dream!"

A friend of mine's brother once said that being Headgirl is like making love to the king. The honour of it is more than the pleasure. Yes, it is an honour to have been the Headgirl of Herschel, but the pleasure has been far greater. I have loved every second of it!

Thank you and not goodbye, but rather, 'Tot Siens!

Kate Bloch

ABRSM Examinations Distinction

..... Kirsten van Ryneveld - Grade 6	
..... Tessa Eadie - Grade 6	
..... Caryn Buchanan - Grade 6	
..... Lucie Jeffery - Grade 8	
Soloist with Namibian Symphony Orchestra	
..... Zoë Beyers	
Joint winner of the String Section in the A.T.K.V.	
Prelude Competition	Zoë Beyers
Participant in the CAPAB Youth Music Festival	
..... Zoë Beyers	

Rotary Inter-Schools' Debating

Winners of the Junior Section	Alison Bradley, Marguerite Gie and Kirsten van Ryneveld
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UCT Maths Competition

Gold Medal Winners	Jennifer Miller - Individual
..... Mikaela Burnett and Samantha See - Pairs	

Science Olympiad

2nd round Participation	Nadia Donnelly
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Science Expo

Winners of Junior Biology Group Section	
..... Ilham Crambe and Naseema Khanissa	

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
Michelle Aspinall	Piano	Merit (5)
Caryn Buchanan	Piano	Distinction (6)
Madalena da Camera	Flute	Merit (3)
Kathryn du Toit	Flute	Pass (3)
Tessa Eadie	Flute	Pass (4)
Tessa Eadie	Piano	Distinction (6)
Kira Ellis	Piano	Merit (4)
Candice Erasmus	Piano	Merit (5)
Lucie Jeffery	Piano	Distinction (8)
Sarah Gilbert	Piano	Merit (7)
Rosemarie Hartley	Singing	Merit (6)
Tarryn Hayden	Singing	Merit (4)
Tasneem Ismail	Flute	Merit (4)
Caroline Johnson	Singing	Merit (6)
Olivia Rumble	Piano	Pass (4)
Nadine Tsemach	Piano	Merit (6)
Carrie van der Hoven	Flute	Merit (7)
Kirsten van Ryneveld	Flute	Distinction (6)

UNISA RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
Nathalie du Preez	Violin	Merit (3)
Candice Erasmus	Violin	Distinction (5)
Nicole Pasham	Violin	Pass (3)
Qaqamba Gijubo	Violin	Merit (1)
Joanne Kirkby	Violin	Distinction (5)
Sarah Twycross	Violin	Merit (4)

TRINITY COLLEGE LONDON RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
Madalena da Camera	Piano	Merit (5)
Caroline Robertson	Viola	Merit (5)
Katy Thorpe	Piano	Pass (1)

AFRIKAANS EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Result
Michelle Aspinall	Piano	Loë + +
Caryn Buchanan	Piano	Hoogste Loë
	Piano	Loë + +
Catherine Dincham	Clarinet	Bervolte Vermelding
Kira Ellis	Piano	Loë + +
Candice Erasmus	Violin	Hoogste Loë
	Violin	Hoogste Loë
	Violin	Loë + +
Sarah Gilbert	Piano	Hoogste Loë
	Piano	Hoogste Loë
Rosemarie Hartley	Singing	Loë
Tarryn Hayden	Singing	Loë
Joanne Kirkby	Violin	Loë
	Violin	Loë
Nadine Tsemach	Piano	Hoogste Loë
	Piano	Loë + +
Carrie van der Hoven	Flute	Hoogste Loë
	Flute	Loë +
String Orchestra		Bervolte Vermelding + +
Windband		Bervolte Vermelding +

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Category	Result
Caryn Buchanan	Piano	Classical	Gold Diploma
	Piano	Baroque	Honours
	Piano	Romantic	Merit
	Piano	Duet	Merit
Candice Erasmus	Piano	Classical	Merit
Sarah Gilbert	Piano	Modern	Honours
	Piano	Baroque	Merit
	Piano	Concerto	Merit
	Piano	Classical	Merit
Joanne Kirkby	Piano	Modern	Gold Diploma
	Piano	Baroque	Honours
	Piano	Sight Read.	Merit
	Piano	Classical	Merit
Jessica Miller	Piano	Romantic	Merit
	Piano	Baroque	Merit
Nadine Tsemach	Piano	Sight Read.	Gold Diploma
	Piano	Romantic	Honours
	Piano	Classical	Honours
	Piano	Baroque	Honours
	Piano	Duet	Merit

75TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS



On 14 February, Founder's Day, Herschel celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday.

Founders' Day Service

14 February 1997

I am very happy to welcome nearly two thousand members of the Herschel family who have joined us today to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the founding of our school.

We are honoured by the presence of the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Njongonkulu Ndungane.

A special welcome to the Chairman of the Herschel Council, Mr Desmond Loch Davis and Mrs Loch Davis, and to all members of Council, present and past. And we are very pleased to have with us, former headmistress, Dr Barbara Silberbauer who was in office for the last major celebration in 1972 when Herschel reached her 50th year. I hope that I shall be here in 25 years' time for the centenary! Fittingly, today I also welcome incoming headmistress, Mrs Diana van Zyl: you are joining a wonderful school family.

We are also pleased to have with us members of the clergy, two of whom have nurtured Herschel in the role of chaplain to the school. I also welcome heads of the Independent Schools of the Western Cape: thank you for sharing Herschel's celebration.

A school would not exist without pupils, and I warmly welcome all former pupils, the Old Herschelians - from founder pupil Jean St. Leger Lawrence (née Searle) who had

so dearly hoped to be here today and who sends her greetings, to the most recent who matriculated last year. I include Corinne Symons, Chairlady; Di Burns, Secretary, and the committee members of the Old Herschelians Association.

I thank the representatives of the Western Cape Education Department, Mr Pieter Snyders and Mrs Jan Penninck for their presence. Welcome to all past parents, and present parents and their daughters - the new generation of Herschelians.

And, I cannot forget to acknowledge all members of the Herschel staff, past and present - academic, administrative, domestic and grounds and, in particular, Estate Manager, Mike Bold, who also celebrates his 75th birthday this year.

I have left the most important welcome to the last: we are proud to salute the descendants of our founder, John William Jagger - his grand-daughter Sheila Henderson, his great-grand-daughters Jean Bradshaw and Mosale Knox and his great-great-grand-daughters Jenny Bradshaw, Mary Henderson and present Maria Lee Baxter.

Thank you one and all, visitors, friends and family for being here to share this celebration of thanksgiving for our school Herschel.

The official opening of Herschel took place on Thursday 16 February 1922. Archbishop Carter of Cape Town had been invited to conduct the ceremony, but he was unable to attend. His place was taken by the Dean of Cape Town, the Very Reverend C.H. Roll.

The opening hymn, number 336 from the old hymnal, was: "Heavenly Father, send thy blessing On thy children gathered here".

This was followed by the Creed, Lesser Litany, The Lord's Prayer and the Collect for Trinity Sunday. After special prayers for the school, the house and grounds were dedicated as a "place set apart for Christian teaching and Godly training". The service ended with the singing of hymn 308 from the Ancient and Modern hymnal.

The Dean, in his opening address, told the gathering that the school had been established to meet an urgent need for "another first-class boarding school for girls, under private management." He explained that places at St. Cyprian's School in Oranienburg had become increasingly difficult to obtain, and parents whose homes were situated in the southern suburbs, were having to look further afield for boarding places. In fact, many felt obliged to educate their daughters in England. He emphasized that Herschel would be strongly based on a religious foundation and had been designated in the Memorandum of Association, as an English Church School. It constituted "the first property of the English Church Schools' Association, the object of which would be to establish, maintain, control and manage schools for boys or girls throughout South Africa."



One of the many beautiful Founder's Day floral arrangements.

He thanks the Hon. J.W. Jagger, M.P., for his great generosity to the school, without whose help, it would not have been possible to purchase the property and establish the Association. The Dean then invited the Hon. John X. Merriam, Minister of Education, to open the school.

His address was both entertaining and amusing. He stressed the fact that Herschel would not be "hicc-board by curriculum and examinations". Although important, these should not exclude new ideas, the building of character and the development of independent thought. He declared the school officially open and invited the dignitaries and parents to view the premises and partake of refreshments.

And this is what I shall invite you to do shortly after we cut our birthday cake. HAPPY BIRTHDAY HERSCHEL.

Mrs P. Duff

HAPPY 75TH!

Birthdays are always special occasions and Herschel's 75th Birthday celebrations were no exception. Our celebrations culminated on the 14th February in the Founder's Day festivities. Appropriately, the focus was on a thanksgiving service held on the Preparatory School hockey field. Our new Chaplain, Mrs Paddy Allen, led the service and we were very privileged to have with us the Most Rev. Njongonkulu Ndungane, who delivered the sermon. Many parents and visitors who were present were moved by the tribute to those people who have made Herschel the wonderful school it is today.

Mrs Diana van Zyl, our new Headmistress, was with us for the celebrations, which were a fitting tribute to the retiring Headmistress, Mrs Pamela Duff.

After the service the birthday cake was cut and visitors enjoyed tea in a beautifully decorated marquee. They also had the opportunity to enjoy exquisite floral arrangements, which had been created with loving care by many of our mothers.

The day concluded with a cocktail party for recent Old Herschelians. Their successes are a source of great pride to us at Herschel. We are indeed educating many young ladies of the highest calibre.

Mrs L. MacIntyre

A PAGEANT OF THE PAST

An integral part of Herschel's 75th Birthday Celebrations was the School Pageant, written, enacted and thoroughly enjoyed by the Standard Six to Eight classes, whose enthusiastic involvement in the experience gave them both a direct involvement with the birthday week arrangements and an understanding of the school's past. It also provided valuable lessons in learning to work together; learning to meet deadlines and the satisfaction of a job well done.

From the initial entry of the Standard Sixes, led by Cléa Foden on the euphonium, and trained by Mr Scott, the scenes flowed from the 1830's to the initial Founder's Day Ceremony in 1922 which was authentically re-enacted. Highlights of the early period were provided by Ms Welgemoed as Miss Ralph, the first Headmistress; Mrs Allen, as Princess Beatrice, who presented the prizes in 1924; Mrs Rabbitts doubling as Dean Rolt and Archbishop Carter; and Miss Law as Miss Berstead, the attractive sports mistress.

Mrs Kershaw and Mrs Golding provided the Standard Sevens into competent actresses from the days of the Roaring Twenties until the second world war and the whole production was rounded off by Mrs Hugo's wonderful flag-wielding drummers, who ended with the arrival of Mrs Duff as Headmistress in 1986 and a rendition of the School Song. They were accompanied throughout by Mrs Rosie Taylor.

Mrs D. Broom

MEMORIES OF HERSCHEL'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

On Wednesday, the 12 February 1997, most of the Birthday preparations had already started for the school. The Standard Sixes had to design and make a 20 metre material banner. That was a tough task for all the talented ninety-five of us. We were quite successful with our banner, as we managed to paint the banner, the bricks and ourselves by big brush! After lunch Mr Scott tried to teach us to march, as we were to open the pageant. It took us a while, but after lunch we were marching like soldiers.

On Thursday we had more rehearsals for the pageant and after lunch break we were allowed to watch it. It was really good and all the actresses were funny and realistic. I liked the way they went through each change in the world and how it affected Herschel.

On Friday, the final preparations started early and we all walked down to the Preparatory School field for our service. The Archbishop of Cape Town was very entertaining and told us lots of funny stories. The weather was extremely hot and we all frizzled in the sun. When the service was over we walked up to the Sports Centre for our birthday party. We had cake and coke. The party was quite a disappointment, but we were to be entertained by the annual Valentine's Day receiving of roses in the theatre. For some, this was lots of fun and for others rather disappointing. My brother and I made a promise that we'd send each other roses every Valentine's Day.

You thought it was over, but not! On Tuesday, 18 February we had our aerial photograph. We sat in the sun until the helicopter came over and took the picture. The best part of the day was having doughnuts as our reward! That was our busy but memorable Birthday week.

Turnsin Ranger



The joie de vivre of the staff at the end of a long, but happy 75th Birthday.

HERSCHEL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Between the 6th and the 18th February, Herschel celebrated its 75th birthday. I think that an extra effort to make this birthday memorable was made by Mrs Duff, especially because she is retiring soon.

We started missing school work on Thursday the 6th with an aerial-photograph rehearsal. It was fun, even though we had to sit boiling in the sun. We did the "Mexican-wave", sang songs and had a good ol' chat. I saw a black cat prowling around that was so big, I first thought it was a dog. We then had normal school for the rest of that week and the following week until Wednesday. The Monday, however, was supposed to be our aerial photograph, but it was postponed due to a cloud on the mountain. We were all disappointed because we had to have classes, but luckily the teachers hadn't prepared full-on lessons.

On Wednesday the Std 6's painted a banner until lunch-break. The banner said: "75 Happy Birthday Herschel 75". Each class was given six letters, but 6L got the last seven. Each class then split up into further groups of two, three, four or five, each group getting a letter. My group designed the middle "H" in Herschel with sunflowers on. We all enjoyed splashing ourselves full of paint! We spent the rest of the day practising our song for the pageant with Mr Scott and Mrs Cretchley.

On Thursday we first made Union-Jacks and Herschel-emblems before we polished up our song. My favourite part of our song is when we shout, "Left; left; left; right; left!" We opened the pageant with our song and march and then watched the rest of the pageant that was put on by the Std 7 and 8's. The poor Std 9 and 10's had been doing work

solidly throughout our celebrations. Of the pageant I enjoyed the 60's and 70's the most because I liked the weird outfits the girls were wearing. We were all disappointed, however, when Mr Scott didn't kiss Miss Law! The impersonation of Mrs Duff was played very well by Georgie, and once again Mrs Duff was wearing her yellow dress!!

The next day we attended an awfully long church service at the prep school with the Archbishop, but we didn't mind because we had a party in the Sports Centre afterwards. The Sports Centre was looking great with balloons and ribbons everywhere. We were all treated to coke and cake, but the cake had really horrible icing on it. Then, being Valentine's Day, we went to the traditional handing-out-of-roses in the theatre. I think that if they are going to receive roses on Valentine's Day, they should obtain them from all the schools, because it is unfair when someone doesn't receive one even though they have admirers and/or boy-friends at far-away schools. After school we enjoyed looking at the flower arrangements, going to the art exhibition and visiting the archives museum.

On Tuesday we finally had the aerial photograph, after many long days with proper classes. Afterwards we all indulged in doughnuts. I think that the aerial photograph is really special. We should all receive a copy as a memento, possibly with "Herschel 75" printed on it in gold. That week we also had cabaret, where the theme was Herschel's birthday. The decorations for cabaret were splendid. There were balloons, ribbons, coloured serviettes with "H" printed on them in gold, coloured candles on wreathes with white table cloths on the tables, multicoloured stairs and even a "stained-glass window"! The show was very entertaining, *Lemon Tree* being my favourite song.

Beverley Rabbitts (Std 6)

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FOR HERSCHEL

Dear God

We are grateful for the most beautiful view of the mountain and for the teachers who provide us with a good education.

We are grateful for all the activities we can do on the tennis court and in the pool and on the squash court.

We are also so lucky that we can make friends.

Kelly Bok

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FOR HERSCHEL

Dear God

Thank you for letting me come to Herschel.
And for letting me have such good friends.
Thank you for making the mountain stand guard over Herschel

Thank you for making Herschel
And most of all
Thank you for making me.

Joliette Collins

OLD HERSCHELIAN'S ART EXHIBITION AND LUNCH

This year being such a special one we combined our annual fundraising event with Founder's Day and the 75th Birthday. The art exhibition was opened in the Mary Jagger Hall on Thursday 13 February and most of the people moving from the service on the hockey pitch and tea in the marquee visited the exhibition. We had some lovely works exhibited by the greater Herschel family and sold quite a few too. It was a lovely venue and to have so much passing trade was wonderful publicity. The exhibition was opened on Thursday night by Marilyn Martin, her speech was highly relevant to art and the artist today.

On the 12 November the annual lunch will take place. By popular demand it will again be held in the school dining room and Mrs Diana van Zyl will speak on the direction Herschel is intending to take in the 21st century.

We are very glad to have Barbara Vincent and Judy van Aswegen on the committee and to welcome back Christo and Justine Peters. Their new enthusiasm and energy will be enjoyed by us all. Next year's fundraiser could be totally different (maybe a dance!). At the Matric mother and daughter's lunch, it was wonderful to see so many old Herschelian mothers: Amanda Bester (Waring), Annabel Townsend (Barlow), Sally Brown (Brimble), Sue Garson (Abrahamse), Gina Kohler (Thorn), Jenny Siegers, Louise Stephen (Bailey) and myself.

Our bursary fund for the daughter of an old Herschelian is growing slowly and the funds are now being invested by experts in the field. We hope to award it within the next few years. We really need some generous donation to get it to fly.

Mrs Pru Crawley



Old Herschelian's Matrics and Mothers Lunch

BACK ROW: Lynne Train, Victoria Crawley, Pru Crawley, Chloë Townsend, Sally Brown, Zoë Brown, Annabel Townsend, Gie Kohler, Amanda Bester, Lisa Bester
FRONT ROW: Shelley Stephen, Hayley Kohler, Laura Siegers

MRS DUFF'S FAREWELL

MRS PAMELA DUFF - A TRIBUTE

Tucked under Table Mountain, a cluster of old, quiet, white buildings relaxed gracefully in beautiful gardens centred on a magnificent old Ilex tree, providing shelter and nurture for a (largely) gentled collection of blue and cream-clad schoolgirls - until in January 1986 a tornado hit them!

Mrs Pamela McDonald arrived from St John's in Natal to take up her post as Headmistress of Herschel.

One of the first things she did was to astound the school with the idea that headmistresses are human - they fall in love and marry, which she did after she had taken assembly on April 18, tying the knot with Dr John Duff, an ENT surgeon working for the University of Cape Town at Groote Schuur Hospital. From that time on, he became a familiar figure at the school, a tower of strength for her in the turbulent and exciting years that lay ahead. The only rival to her affections was Sam, the ginger cat, who could have told many stories.

Romance did not slow down Mrs Duff's whirlwind of change within the school as she bullied, inspired and cajoled the staff, council and parents to help her to mould the school into an environment that would prepare girls to play a leading role in the Twenty-first century. She always said that her priorities were girls first, then staff, then parents, and she found it vital to consider the physical, mental and spiritual dimensions in any development.



She began by distributing a questionnaire to pupils, parents and staff to identify needs; primary ones identified were a guidance counsellor, a theatre and the introduction of computers. The guidance counsellor happened the next term; the other two took a little longer.

The list of physical resources that have been developed during Mrs Duff's tenure is impressive. In the High School, we saw the Theatre, Moliere Lecture Theatre, Geography and Drama Rooms, then the Atrium and its six new classrooms and the state-of-the-art Resource Centre, which freed the old Duncan Baxter Library to be refurbished as a beautiful chapel, the Computer Room with its burgeoning technology, and the Sports Centre. The Preparatory School was not left out; they had three new classrooms, the Pre-Primary School building, a swimming pool, a magnificent Assembly Hall and a redesigned and expanded Resource Centre and Computer Room. Houses were built for the Headmistress and the Estate Manager. This could not have been done without the commitment of staff, parents and council, and one of Mrs Duff's strengths was the way that she managed to convince them that her visions were not extravagant pipe dreams.

The mind was not neglected with all this attention to physical resources. The timetable was adapted to allow girls to opt for a seven-subject matrix. Pupils from Standard Eight and above who did not do a seventh subject had a number of study periods in the week, which encouraged research and independent learning - a useful preparation for tertiary education and perhaps one of the reasons for the superb results they regularly attained, which gained for Herschel a reputation as a leading centre of academic excellence. The options of computers, design technology, first aid, entrepreneurial skills and German were added to the subjects available. Sport went from strength to strength as well, with recognition being given to the less traditional, more individual sports as diverse as horse-riding and rock-climbing. The formation of the School Forum, an important vehicle to allow the girls to play a responsible part in the running of the school themselves, has helped girls to grow in leadership skills. Many parents appreciated the detailed and lively newsletters that she supplied twice a term to keep them up to date with all the goings-on at the school, and the girls' many achievements. The very first *Herschel Observer* was born under her aegis.

The spiritual life in the school has also developed during Mrs Duff's tenure. The opportunity to see the growth of the very beautiful new chapel caught the imagination of the pupils, and many of them have loved the services held in its peace and simplicity. A brave jump forward was the decision to appoint a full-time chaplain last year, to ensure that there was a strongly founded spiritual centre to all the school's activities. She made sure that her role as Headmistress was underpinned by religious authority when she



Mrs Duff and Mrs Bluch at Mrs Duff's Farewell Cocktail Party

asked the Archbishop, the Most Reverend Philip Russell, to induct her into her position. This was the first time this had been done for a Headmistress of Herschel and we are certain that it is the start of what will become a tradition.

"Faith without works is dead", says St James, and Mrs Duff recognised this with her encouragement of a range of activities to benefit the community at large. She encouraged the formation of the Interact Club, which has become the school's largest society, a testimony to the spirit of care that she fostered at Herschel. Furthermore, she persuaded the Council to allow a member of staff to be seconded for six months to research the possibility of an Outreach programme, which resulted in, among other things, a programme of skills training for up to eighty participants of the President's Award Programme, on a weekly basis for three terms a year.

In all of this, her chief joy was the contact with the girls themselves. Those who saw only her sometimes severe assembly face might have doubted this, but the Standard Nine Camp, the lunches with the matrons and the visits by boarders to her house helped to change their minds, and many a girl left the school testifying to her warmth and support. She certainly loved teaching; she did not need to work, but found the challenges and the rewards irresistible, although she does not regret her decision to move on while she was at the height of her career.

Her determination to stay until the school's seventy fifth anniversary shows the paradox in her: her love for tradition as well as her thriving on change. She saw the school through a time of radical redirection, as a result of developments academically and politically. Perhaps her greatest challenge in all the innovations was to be careful not to

throw out the baby with the bath water; we have a feeling that she has handed on to Mrs van Zyl a robust baby, revelling in a very new tub.

Mrs P. Allen (Chaplain)

MRS DUFF'S FAREWELL

Mrs Duff, you said to me that the only thing I would be responsible for would be the Flower Roster! I suppose I have my daughter, Kate, to thank for being in this position this evening.

I heard you say in a recent speech you made - I think it was on the last night of cabaret that teenagers metamorphosised - and I thought what a wonderful word that is. Do you realise that in two days' time you'll also be doing that - changing from being a Headmistress into a retiree and housewife! John? Will you be able to cope?

This is a sad occasion and there are many people here tonight who have come to say Good-Bye to you. Some of us have known you for longer than others. I see out there Charlotte Siebert, here with her younger daughter still at the school. Do you realise Charlotte, if Mrs Duff had retired three years ago when Tandi was Head Girl, that you would then be up here tonight instead of me!

Mrs Duff, now I'm not going to talk about the big things you've done for Herschel; that has all been said before. It's the smaller things - knowing the names of all our children, a little about their lives, invariably the names of their parents as well, and that is no mean feat in a school such as Herschel. Thesa Ramsay will remember your office light on early in the morning and late at night. Gwen Magnus

reminds me that no matter how small a task anybody might have done for Herschel, they would always receive a personalised handwritten note from Mrs Duff. These things didn't go unnoticed, but I think it was best summed up in the words of Pepe Fowler when she said that we owe you a great deal; and so we do. You always say that the home is vital; and so it is, but so is the school. The tone of that is set by the Head, by you. Our girls have been privileged to be here under your leadership. I asked you the other night whether you thought you had achieved the goals that you had set for yourself. You said you thought you had. You had wanted to bring Herschel from being the semi-elite school that it was, to become one of the best. Well I think I can say on behalf of everyone that you have done just that: in fact you have made it the best.

We also appreciate your wisdom in allowing our teenagers and especially those who took on more responsible positions, to lead perfectly normal social lives without unnecessary restrictions. This was greatly appreciated by us and the girls. I'm sure that Standard Sevens and Eights found you at times somewhat severe, but we welcomed your concerned discipline. It was a relief to know that you were there helping to control our somewhat tricky teenagers!

I am sure that it has often been a very lonely place there at the top; but you once said to me that what you put in, you get back. We, the parents, feel that you have put your all into Herschel, so tonight we are here to give back to you, and to thank you for a job which has been magnificently well done.

Pamela Duff, we salute you.

Mrs Sue Birch

MRS DUFF'S FAREWELL SPEECH

"LEAVING" - what does this word mean?

It is a word that means SOMETHING to everyone here. We are continually leaving for some reason or to go somewhere. Boarders are leaving to go home for the holidays. Some of you are leaving to travel overseas. Matrics will be leaving Herschel at the end of the year, to go to varsity or to work, or perhaps to travel. Some of you may soon be leaving Cape Town or South Africa permanently, to meet new challenges in new countries and, as you cannot fail to know, I am leaving Herschel today.

When one leaves any where, there are always mixed feelings. Feelings of sadness at leaving familiar faces and saying goodbye to friends. Feelings of happiness at escaping from routine and hard work. Scared feelings at the thought of an unknown future. Feelings of excitement in anticipation of new experiences.

But one thing is true in all cases - when you leave anywhere, any time, a certain chapter of your life is over. You can NEVER have those months, weeks, days, hours or even minutes, over again.



The Changing of the Guard

I am sure that many of you are familiar with these words: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

I wonder if you have ever paused to think what those words actually mean. It is no good regretting things not done or not said, once you have left. The time for action is the PRESENT, and if you can look back on time well spent in STUDIES, in SPORT, in HELPING OTHERS, in putting into your HOME, or into your SCHOOL, or into LIFE as MUCH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN, then there can be no real regret when you leave, because moving from one environment to another - from home to school, from school to college, varsity or work, from one city to another or even from one country to another - is simply a STEP FORWARD IN YOUR LIFE. LIFE is a SERIES of STEPS, of CONTINUAL CHANGES, CHALLENGES and READJUSTMENTS.

Although the academic, cultural and sporting aspects of the school curriculum are important: perhaps even more important is the way in which you are being prepared to leave the sheltered school environment at Herschel, in order to face the challenges of life in the fast changing world around us. YOU are the citizens of the 21ST CENTURY.

I pray that you have gained spiritual strength, values and self-discipline; that you have learnt to question, to think, to be honest, independent, confident, yet caring. Perhaps what Herschel is trying to do for you, is best summed up in the words of Prof. RS Skinner:

"EDUCATION IS WHAT SURVIVES WHEN ALL THAT HAS BEEN LEARN'T AT SCHOOL HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN".

What does this really mean? Remember too, that you will never stop learning as long as you live: you can never feel that you "know it all."

To conclude, I cannot improve on the beautiful words in the scriptures. {ECCLESIASTICS: Chapter 3}

"A time for everything."

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity
under heaven:

a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to water stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain,
a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

And - may I add my own words:

There has been:

a time to teach and now a time to leave
a time to know you and a time to say goodbye
a time to work and now a time to retire
a time for colleagues and now a time for the men in my life
Say my cat and John my husband

a time for Herschel and now a time for Greyton
a time for you and now - a time for me

Herschel has been my whole life over the past eleven years. I have learnt so much from sharing your school with you. And, I feel incredibly enriched by the experience. I have wonderful memories that no one can ever take away from me. The Herschel staff - teachers, administration, estate and house staff - are a fine team, and I feel confident that together with all of you - my wonderful girls/young women - and under the new leadership of Mrs van Zyl, Herschel will go from strength to strength.

I shall always follow your progress with love and pride.

PHILIPPIANS: Chapter 4

Finally, whatever is
true, whatever is noble, whatever is
right, whatever is pure, whatever is
lovely, whatever is admirable - if any-
thing is excellent or praiseworthy -
think about such things. Whatever
you have learned or received or heard
from me, or seen in me - put it into
practice. And the God of peace will
be with you.

Please God, bless all my Herschellians.

Mrs P. Duff



HERSCHEL COUNCIL

BACK ROW: Mrs L. MacIntyre, Mr R. Peters, Mr P. Oertel
2ND ROW: Mr R. Hendry, Mrs A. Snyders, Mr J. Gardener, Countess Labia, Prof C. Johnson
FRONT ROW: Mrs J. Thompson, Mr W. Marshall Smith, Mrs P. Duff, Mr D. Loch Davis,
Mrs L. Reid, Mr J. Millar

WELCOME MRS VAN ZYL

ABOUT OUR NEW HEADMISTRESS ... MRS DIANA VAN ZYL

Mrs Diana van Zyl and her husband, Fred, have three grown-up children, Lynne (26), who is a dietician, 24-year-old David, a mechanical engineer, and Joanne (23), an electrical engineer. Other important members of the family are Dorrie, the Scottie, and Jocelyn, the "brak".

Mrs van Zyl has always led a very active life and counts walking, gym, birdwatching and reading among her interests.

Mrs van Zyl has clear ideas about education in general and the role of Herschel in particular. She feels that the school must provide an excellent education in all spheres. This means having the ability to adapt to the constant changes taking place around us and introducing new subjects such as Design and Technology, without losing the firm foundation of traditions and values upon which the school is built.

School should be a happy experience for girls and staff, when all the diverse talents and abilities of those who share this school are acknowledged, not just those of the academically talented or first-team players.

Since nowadays girls are unlikely to spend their lives in one career, they must leave school equipped with as broad a skills base as possible.

Mrs van Zyl believes strongly in teamwork to ensure that Herschel remains a leading educational institution, providing a wide range of opportunities for its pupils.



INTERVIEW WITH MRS VAN ZYL

Mary Haw: What were your impressions of Herschel before you arrived here?

Mrs van Zyl: I knew it was an Independent Girls' School and I knew the size of the school. I studied at the University of Cape Town so I knew a little about Herschel. I had interacted with girls who had been at Herschel and were at university with me. I knew it had high standards and that it had beautiful buildings, as I had driven through the grounds before.

Mary: Do you think that your impressions were correct?

Mrs van Zyl: Yes, I think so. I think that the preparatory school was an added dimension which I didn't anticipate. It certainly is a whole new enterprise and provides another dimension to the management of the school. There are things that crop up there that one wouldn't have anticipated, so, effectively, it is a school of over 800.

Mary: So often we separate the two schools when in fact they are joined in many ways.

Mrs van Zyl: Yes. In fact it is my intention that we do more and more with our Preparatory School and have more of an evolution of ideas and methodologies, curricula and planning flowing from the one school into the other. This is so that we know exactly where certain skills are taught and we can follow Mathematical and English development for example right through the school so that there is no repetition later on. There are all sorts of possibilities. We can also focus on the child and the whole evolution of "the end product". Generally, I think it's wonderful to be able to have this continuation going right the way through to Standard Ten.

Mary: Were your expectations of Herschel, a private girls' school in the Cape, met in comparison to schools in Johannesburg?

Mrs van Zyl: I think in some ways people might have underestimated a school like Parktown, a school that is seventy-four years old, with wonderful facilities, with a very, very high standard and a wonderful all-round education. I think it's difficult to appreciate what different schools are like and I think that people might have thought, not knowing enough about Parktown, which is a similar school with a very proud history, that Parktown may in some way be inferior. I wouldn't say that I've been disappointed in Herschel; I just think that there are different things to do here.

Mary: Your answer actually runs into my next question. In what way or ways is Herschel different or similar to



HERSCHEL COUNCIL

BACK ROW: Prof C. Johnson, Mr R. Hendry, Mr R. Peters, Mr J. Gardner, Mr D. Wallace
2ND ROW: Mr P. Oertel, Mrs J. Thompson, Mrs L. MacIntyre, Countess Lamm, Mrs A. Snyder, Mr J. Miller
FRONT ROW: Mr W. Marshall Smith, Mrs D. van Zyl, Mr D. Lorr Davies, Mrs L. Reid

Parktown Girls' High, in Johannesburg, which is a well-respected, quite large, public school.

Mrs van Zyl: There are 800 girls at Parktown. I think one of the strengths of Herschel is the involvement of the families. I have enjoyed working and interacting with the parents. I also think that the girls have met my expectations and I think that there is a lot of support from the girls and I think they can rise to meet challenges. I have every confidence in what they can do as they are very talented girls. So from that point of view there are very strong similarities. The ethos is the same: an ethos of service. It is a value-based and principle-based ethos. It is a school system that focuses on women's abilities and we focus all our energy on girls' only education. So in many ways there are similarities. I thought that the big difference would be the social scene. I thought that in Jo'burg there was a much more accelerated situation, but I see many of the same sort of problems here as well. There is drug abuse, there are social pressures on girls, there is tremendous peer-group pressure, so in many ways there are similarities in these sorts of problems.

Mary: I think a lot of people think that, in comparison to Johannesburg, Cape Town is excluded from such problems, but I think that many of these issues are similar in both areas.

Mrs van Zyl: Yes, absolutely. In fact it's been my impression that there are many things that need to be addressed at Herschel, just as there are in any society.

Mary: As we end off I'd like to know what your future plans are for Herschel with regards Strategic Planning, the Music Department etcetera?

Mrs van Zyl: I think the Strategic Planning will in many ways plot our course for the next three to five years. I think a lot of issues have been teased out through the Strategic Planning process and most of them centre around educational policies but there will also be a lot of focus on human resources as to my mind these are most important: the quality of the teachers, the administration staff, the general staff, the boarding staff, the catering staff. I think the human resources include the people who support Herschel such as the council, and the parents. I think it is very important that we focus on our human resources development. We have to grow, we have to attract and retain the best quality teachers.

I think we also, then, have to look at education, which is going to involve a lot of decision-making. We have got to decide which way we are going to go. We have to move very quickly with information technology, as we have a lot of ground to make up. We have got to move strongly in that direction because it will be the direction which most of you will follow and it will certainly be the field of work you enter when you leave school. Already we are seeing the impact of the "information age". I think a lot of work has to be done there and then I also think, with regard to facilities, we need to do quite a lot.

We have made some far-reaching decisions, one of which is that boarding will have to be phased out in 2002. That has been a very painful decision because boarding has been a part of the status of Herschel for so long. So it is very difficult for parents to understand why this has had to happen and it is necessary to look very closely at the findings, the historical research which has revealed the



INSTALLATION OF MRS VAN ZYL

The Rev. Dr. Jim Harris, Mrs Paddy Allen (Chaplain), Mrs Diana van Zyl, Bishop Merwyn Castle and the Rev. Garth Counsel.

direction in which we must go. So there are all sorts of challenges and I think education is probably one of the most exciting fields to be in, and we are also dealing with a whole lot of methodologies: Outcomes-Based Education, National Qualifications Framework, Continuous Evaluation. There are all sorts of possibilities.

Mary: Yes, right now, everything seems to be changing.

Mrs van Zyl: I think change has always been with us, but I think now we have, in the schools, to be able to respond to what is happening outside the schools. We have to translate that into changes which happen in time. I also think we have got to look into the future and safeguard the interest of Herschel so that Herschel remains a top class institution. That is going to involve some careful planning and some strategic organisation, because people are not just naturally going to come to Herschel. It probably will end up not being the only Independent School in this area even apart from schools like Springfield and St Cyprians and others, so we will need to make really sure that we're up to date in every respect and that we are offering the finest all-round education for girls.

Mary: I think that's very important. Do you have any specific ideas for the Music department, the Drama department, art, sports and academic programmes because they are all very highly commended at Herschel.

Mrs van Zyl: Yes, I think the music at this school has been wonderful for me. It is different compared to the school that I have come from which was a state school. At

Herschel we do offer music as a subject to Matric which makes a difference. We attract a lot of good musicians to the school and it has also been possible from that to have a flute ensemble, to have a wind band, to have an orchestra, to have a chorale and to have a very good choir.

I have great expectations of the Music Department and I also think that music is very important in the life of young women. It certainly is a unifier when it is used for religious services. I am very positive about the Music Department and I am sure that as with all things, we have lots of challenges ahead of us, but I'm sure that it will take place; the right people are there and we can only go from strength to strength.

The Drama Department is up and running and is flourishing. It is very exciting and the girls produce wonderful work. I've never been familiar with Drama in a school curriculum so it has been a delight for me.

Mary: Yes, I think that is a very special aspect of Herschel because there are very few schools, especially in the Cape, that offer Drama as a subject and I know a lot of girls really appreciate that.

Mrs van Zyl: I think the Drama is very exciting. I also think the Art Department has great prospects. We certainly have always been a very good school, renowned for its Art and I would like to see that go from strength to strength. Art would probably also include exploring different media and using programmes like Core Draw and going into graphic design a bit more as well as going into photog-

raphy. There are all sorts of media at our disposal; we just need to decide which way we are going to go. The recurring theme is the tremendous pressure that is going to be placed on educators in schools to provide this sort of opportunity, to keep up to date with all the research and the latest trends and, in fact, to create their own. We are at a time when teachers will have to create their own direction.

And then sport. I'm very happy with the way sport is looking. We are moving into a very positive era. We are playing hockey on Astro-Turf surfaces, we offer a wide range of activities, we have a lot of interest in sport and offer every sport that we can. I am very happy with that because it is a great developer of character and team spirit.

And the academic. I'm very pleased that we're introducing Accounting next year in Standard Six. I think that it's a subject that we must introduce into Standard Eight in a couple of years' time. I'm also very glad that we're looking into Computer Studies; I think even on the standard grade we should be offering that quite soon - next year if possible. And things such as Additional Mathematics must be a part of our curriculum. We have this wonderful facility of being able to offer seven subjects and I do think that we must move ahead with Computer Studies, Accounting and Mathematics in the future. I think we have abilities in our school and I do think, for girls who go into Engineering and such, they need the additional Mathematics. I think Computer Studies is an essential part of life and we need to equip all our girls with that skill. Of course, we're looking at computer education in our classrooms. We're looking at information technology through out the school. All of those subjects, although they are supported now, must be emphasised more, because I think they are part of the complete education.

Mary: Do you have any last comments?

Mrs van Zyl: No, just that I've enjoyed it very much and I've been very impressed by the support that I've received and I have great expectations and hold out great hopes for Herschel in the future.

Mary: Mrs van Zyl, thank you so much for giving up of your time to give us a little insight into your views on Herschel and where it is going from here.



INSTALLATION OF OUR NEW HEADMISTRESS

It was a meaningful moment for the Herschel community, when, on Ascension Day, 8 May, Mrs van Zyl made her promise to exercise her authority over the school "as one who serves, upholding the values of Christ, so that love, truth and goodness may abound here", at the service for her installation, where Bishop Merwyn presided. At this very happy service, the school community promised in its turn to give "loyal support and willing co-operation" to our new Headmistress, and so we have begun, under the guidance of God, what we hope will be a fruitful and happy relationship.

COUNCIL DINNER

On Tuesday 19 August the Senior and Preparatory Staff and School Council enjoyed their annual dinner. The catering staff provided superb cuisine, and the young ladies in Standard Six and Seven made efficient and enthusiastic waitresses. The tables were beautifully decorated in keeping with the elegant and gracious atmosphere of the evening. It was a most convivial and pleasant evening, appreciated by all who attended.



COUNCIL DINNER

ABOVE: Countess Labia at the Council Dinner
LEFT: Staff and Council Members enjoyed a wonderful evening together.

HOUSES

MERRIMAN

What a year! 1997 has been a year of great success and achievement for Merriman and my job as House Captain has been extremely rewarding. I leave with a great sense of pride in my house, although it is also sad to leave behind an amazingly spirited and enthusiastic bunch of Merri'men'.

The Merriman year kicked off with a very successful House Braai. We thank Mr and Mrs Roers for their hospitality and for putting up with a jelly-and-chocolate-covered lawn after the Standard Six initiation!

Summer sports seemed to be our forte this year and we won the Inter-House Basketball, Waterpolo, Tennis and Indoor Hockey tournaments. We also did well in the winter sports, winning the Inter-House Netball and faring well against strong opposition in the other events.

The biggest event this year was the Inter-House Singing. The set song was "You Got It" by Roy Orbison and we chose the song "We Go Together" from the musical, Grease. Starting out with preconceived ideas of long, frustrating hours with an unco-operative House, I was proved drastically wrong by the incredible enthusiasm and dedication witnessed at practices and I was extremely proud of Merriman on the night. We really did ourselves proud and stunned the audience with our performance.

In the third term, the actresses amongst us worked very hard under the outstanding direction of Geraldine Elliot and Cath Prew, and we were treated to a very professional performance of "Noises Off". Merriman had a difficult scene to act out, and it was handled with spot-on timing and utter brilliance. Congratulations to Allisa-Zee Hartman for winning the Best Actress Award.

I say goodbye after a year of hard work accompanied by fun and laughter, followed by a great sense of fulfilment. I am very proud to have been the head of such an amazing house and I wish you all luck next year, and remember, anything you want, Merriman, go out and get it. I will miss you all.

Lucie Jeffery



ROLT

This year has been an incredibly exciting and successful year for Rolt. It began with the annual House Braai. I think that the Standard Sixes are still trying to wash the egg out of their hair. A big thank you to the Sherwoods for hosting the braai.

We started off on the right flipper, beating the other two houses in a powerful victory in the Inter-House Gala. This was the first of many wins and a great start to a most productive year.

The Inter-House Squash was where our colours really shone. It did of course help having all the first team squash players in our team! Well done.

The Inter-House Hockey, Volleyball and Netball were also entered into very enthusiastically by all of our Roltarians.





The Inter-House Play Festival was also a major success due to our brilliant cast who were referred to as "stunning" by many a Mum or Dad. Congratulations to Merriman for winning that one!

Although Jagger captured the heart of the adjudicator in the Inter-House singing competition, Rolt still proceeded to enjoy the action and sing most enthusiastically. Thank you, matrices, Shireen, Kerry, Kelly, Ally and, most importantly, Ami, for your incredible teamwork and spirit. We are exceptionally proud of you.

Rolt has not given up the fight yet. Merriman and Jagger, we still owe that enthusiasm and determination, so keep an eye out for us next year!

Alex Bairnsfather-Cloete and Ann-Marie Martins

JAGGER

Jagger once again demonstrated how the best spirit, the best attitude and the best teamwork can work together to produce the results that Jagger attained this year.

If we had to spell out the name Jagger, each letter would symbolise a very special characteristic of the typical Jagger girl.

J stands for the "Jack of all trades". Everybody knows that a Jagger girl can do anything to which she sets her mind. Even the 50m butterfly at the Inter-House Gala. Ask Lee Baxter for details.

A stands for Ability. Whether it is running on a hockey field or acting in an Inter-House play, every Jagger girl has contributed in one way or another to the success of our House.

G stands for the "go get 'em attitude". We did get them, girls. Well done for winning Sports Day, Inter-House Hockey, Inter-House Volleyball and of course the Inter-House Singing.

E stands for enthusiasm. Thank you for your continuing enthusiasm and commitment throughout the year, especially the Inter House Singing which I so enjoyed producing.

R stands for repeat. May next year's House Captain lead you to repeat the successes that you have achieved this year so Jagger can continue to rule Herakel.

Thank you for being a great House!

Sonia Constant-Talos



BOARDING HOUSE



The Boarders' Sitting Room



BOARDING HOUSE

- BACK ROW: P. Carter, M. Aspinall, J. Burnford, S. Twycross, G. Simpson, N. Arnold, C. Abbot, M. Bridgman, K. Taylor
- 3RD ROW: A. Patison, T. Welsh, C. Henderson, E. Antonissen, J. Moudie, M. Honeyman, A-Z. Hartman, M. Snyman
- 2ND ROW: B. Lihelwana, M. Wallrugh, S. van Niekerk, V. Scott, C. Corder, M. le Roux, K. Butcher, N. Abrahams
- FRONT ROW: C. Ambler-Smith, K. Twycross, A. Bairnsfather-Cloete (Committee), Mrs J. Normanton, V. Crawley (Committee & Head), Mrs V. Bester, C. Townsend (Committee), E. Murray, B. Spence

A PLOT OF WASTE GROUND: A SHORT HISTORY OF HERSCHEL



Sir John Herschel

In 1660 the Dutch East India Company granted J. D de Beer a large estate between the farms Stellenberg and Boshof in what is now Claremont. He named it Velthuisen after his wife, Anna van Velthuisen. In 1710 the property was granted to the Vice-Governor of the Cape, William Helot, who was probably responsible for building the homestead early in the 18th Century. In 1779, Governor Van Plettenberg gave freehold title to the property to Jan Meindert Cruywagen, followed by Jan Frederick Kirsten in 1796.

In 1776 the Protestant Baron Valentin Alexis Schönberg von Brauenstein emigrated from Germany to the Cape because of religious persecution, renouncing his title at the same time, although he retained a large number of servants and a ship-load of possessions. He settled in the Clanwilliam district and married Anna Frederika Kenning, with whom he raised a large family. However, there is a story that his death was suspicious and his widow promptly married the Scottish overseer. This proved a serious miscalculation on her part, for he then sold off most of the family's assets and disappeared with the proceeds, leaving the Schönbergs destitute. The fourth son, Valentinus Alexis Schönberg, baptised in 1787, moved to Cape Town, where he obtained various minor Government Service posts and started his own Gingerbread Bakery at 31 Longmarket Street around 1815. In 1825 he married one of the Kirsten daughters from *Feldhausen* (he preferred the German form of the name) and the house was put into his name. Schönberg was no farmer, preferring to gamble on horses, until he had to mortgage the property, manufacture bricks and sell trees to pay his debts. *Feldhausen* (by now called *The Grove* by English speakers) was rented out to Major and Mrs Ross, and then, from 1 March 1834, to the remarkable Sir John Herschel, who had come out to Cape Town with his family to survey the Southern skies, in order to complete the work done by his illustrious father, Sir William Herschel, the

Royal Astronomer to King George III. By the end of that year, the Herschels wished to buy their new home and, on 19 November 1834, Schönberg signed the "Articles of agreement" by which he sold *Feldhausen* for £3000 to Herschel.

However, Schönberg asked permission to keep a part of the estate, about three or four morgen, on which to build a new house for his family, including his mother. Sir John wrote on Tuesday, 18 November 1834, "Offered Schönberg [sic] £3000 for *Feldhausen* estate out and out. Seems ready enough to jump at the offer but requires till 'tomorrow' to 'consult his old mother.' - Attends while he came & asked me to walk round the near Boundary which we did. During this walk he appeared to be still more ready to agree to the Sale. In the afternoon he came again & asked me to look at a plot of the waste ground near Cloete's Spring which he had stipulated for, had begged for himself to build & reside on - and enquired if three months would be too long for himself & family to remain on the premises while the house was being built.

"In short we may consider the bargain verbally agreed on..."

In fact, Schönberg did not sign the transfer until 27 February 1835. Herschel commenting, "...which I began to think would never happen."

This "plot of the waste ground" is the site of Herschel School. Schönberg named his new home after Herschel as a token of esteem, although it is obvious from Sir John's diary that this esteem was not returned in any great measure. The Herschels rather despised the previous owner of *Feldhausen* and commented several times on the dilapidated condition of the *Feldhausen* buildings, and on the infestation of fleas and rats left behind by the Schönbergs, especially in the annexe across the courtyard from the main house, which they had occupied until 26 March 1835, while *Herschel* was being built, rather trying Sir John's patience.

The *Herschel* plot was long but fairly narrow, and had wide views over the countryside from its slightly elevated position. The house was single-storeyed, and included a dining-room, a drawing-room (these two connected by Folding Doors), a breakfast room, five bedrooms, kitchen, pantry and other domestic offices. It was roofed with slate not thatch, a wise precaution given the danger posed by fire. There were stables and a coach-house, an inexhaustible well and spring of good water, a small orchard and vineyard and a garden sheltered from the violent Cape south-easters. Unfortunately, the Schönbergs did not have long to enjoy their home. Mr Schönberg died insolvent on 24 May 1839, leaving his wife as executor. She was unequal to the task, and their son, V.A. Schönberg, Junior (born about 1811), had to arrange his father's affairs. He decided to sell *Herschel* by auction, no doubt hoping to pay off the outstanding debts. (A few months later, his mother's jewellery had to be sold too, so clearly their financial difficulties were severe.)

In the *South African Commercial Advertiser* of 1 January 1840, the auctioneer, Mr Benningfield, announced that *Herschel* [sic], described in glowing terms, would be auctioned on 14 January. So would the "66 building plots and 2 acres of best black grounds", as well as all the household furniture and effects, such as leather beds, bedding, mahogany sofa, chairs, tables, pedestal sideboard, mirrors, Law books, two five-year-old carriage horses, two carts, milch cows, etc. Poor Mrs Schönberg must have found this a very sad day.

The property was bought by Captain Thomas Harris of the Bombay Service. His first wife had died in Stellenbosch in 1835 while the family was on long leave. It was here that the widower met Caroline Rose, whose mother had had a school at 8 Strand Street in Cape Town from about 1822, just before the death of her husband and soon after the tragic death of her son, Francis, who had been rescuing shipwrecked sailors on the night of 4 January 1821. He had swum his horse repeatedly into the raging seas, until he was swept off and drowned. His father never recovered and his business collapsed. Mrs Rose, therefore, took over the school, and ran it with the help of her daughter, Ellen Thwaits. After Ellen's husband, Thomas, went bankrupt in 1833, Mrs Rose decided that Ellen should take over sole control of this school, while she moved to Stellenbosch and opened a boarding school for young ladies. There may have been another reason for this move: Mrs Rose's last child, James (usually known as James), born just before her husband's death, was mentally defective and she may have preferred to bring him up in the quieter environs of Stellenbosch. Captain Harris married Caroline Rose in 1838 and brought her, her mother, James and his four children from his first marriage, Harriet, Eliza, Lionel and Gerald, to live at *Herschel*. Once again, the happiness was short-lived: Captain Harris died of a heart attack in August 1840, only seven months after buying the property. Mrs Harris and her mother, faced with the prospect of caring for five young people, decided that the only solution was to turn *Herschel* into a seminary for young ladies. As Mrs Rose wrote, "*Herschel*, from its healthful situation, its pleasant retirement, and the beauty of its surrounding scenery, was peculiarly fitted for this purpose... We had the satisfaction of seeing our pupils rapidly increase."

The windmill thrived, Caroline seems to have enjoyed some status as its owner and, when, during the 1846 war on the Eastern Frontier, Cape Town began to gather relief supplies for those left destitute, it was noted in the *Commercial Advertiser* that "Already 26 flannel petticoats, of different sizes, and 2 small flannel gowns, made up by the young ladies of Mrs Harris's Boarding School at *Herschel*, have been reserved."

But there was another tragedy in store for Caroline. In the mid-year holidays of 1848, the two small daughters of Mr Kelsey from Mauritius remained at the boarding house. A servant had left a candle with the children and six-year-old Mary, in jumping over the candle, set fire to her nightgown. Mrs Harris did all she could, but the child died before morning. Mr Kelsey, a wealthy widower, soon arrived and satisfied himself that the school was not to blame. In fact, he proposed to Mrs Harris before he returned to Mauritius. Mrs Harris sold the school to Mrs C.R. Migley, who had been running a successful school in Bruce Street, Cape Town. She took over *Herschel* on 15 January 1849, and Mrs Harris sailed for Mauritius in May with her mother and Mr Kelsey's remaining daughter and a son who had also been at school in Cape Town. (James had died by this time.) Caroline's second marriage was happy and she had three children of her own, but Fate had still not finished with her. Mrs Rose returned to Cape Town at the end of 1855 and six months later almost the entire Kelsey family died in a cholera epidemic. It cost Mrs Rose a great deal of effort before she was able to persuade the Mauritian authorities to let her have charge of her one remaining grandchild, Tom.

Mrs Migley ran *Herschel* successfully until her retirement in 1854. The new owner of the house turned it back into a private home. He was a prosperous merchant, the Honorable Howson Edward Rutherford, who was an elected member of the Legislative Council of the Cape Parliament, which met for the first time in June 1854. Mrs Harris had enlarged the house and Rutherford continued this, so that, when he left in 1860, the house was double-storeyed and had eleven rooms downstairs and five upstairs, although these were, strictly-speaking, attic rooms, reached by means of a ladder-like wooden staircase. Water had been laid on



Herschel in about 1896, showing the attic rooms.

and there were modern baths and sanitation. The property itself had been extended to about ten acres. There were stables large enough to hold two riding horses and two carriage horses, there were cowsheds and a hayloft, a well-established orchard and vineyard and an "oak avenue with a pretty rustic turnstile at the end." Mrs Rutherford had a keen interest in the garden and filled it with indigenous and exotic plants, as the Andernes were doing next door.

By early 1860, the three eldest Rutherford children had married and moved away, leaving only one daughter at home. Mr Rutherford's sight began to fail and so did his health. Soon it became clear that the house was too much for Mrs Rutherford to manage and it was sold in March 1860. The Rutherfords returned to England, where Mr Rutherford died in 1862.

The estate was to have several more owners before it was taken over by The English Church Schools Association (Incorporated) on 14 July 1921. C.E.Hadley bought it from the Rutherfords, then sold it to Ralph Henry Anderne on 30 March 1870. Anderne transferred it to Charles James Busk two months later on 31 May. Busk sold it to Henry Knight Tredgold on 5 November 1872. It remained in Tredgold's possession for 20 years, though he sold a portion of the grounds to Ralph Anderne. He then sold the estate to John William Wood on 4 August 1892. In 1897 the house was badly damaged by fire, but Wood's daughter, Violet Griffin, recalled that he rebuilt it exactly as it had been, using the original foundations.

She remembered, too, that the attic rooms were used only for storage and as a play area for the children in bad weather. On Wood's death, the estate was transferred (on 30 April 1908) to Mary Jane Messop, born Tredgold, who was married to Thomas Messop. She rented the property to tenants and in 1916 it was being used as a small private hotel. Gladys White (later Cornes) boarded there with her parents for four months in 1919. She was one of the school's founder pupils three years later. At the end of 1920 the English

Church Schools Association acquired the property from Mrs Messop, thanks to a generous loan from Mr J.W.Jagger. It is here that the history of Herschel's second incarnation, as a school for young ladies begins.

MISS MORLEY RALPH (1922 - 1933)



Miss Morley Armitage Ralph

Following World War I, Cape Town needed another private women for girls, since St Cyprian's and Good Hope Seminary were full and turning away girls, who then had to be sent to Grahamstown or even to England for their education. Such a new school should be in the Southern Suburbs. On 30 September 1920 "The English Church Schools' Association, Incorporated" was formed and the architect, C.H.Smith, began drawing up the plans for the new school. On 8 September 1921, Miss Morley Armitage Ralph, Acting Headmistress of the Diocesan School for Girls in Grahamstown, was formally appointed Headmistress of the new school at a salary of £600 per annum.



The Hon. John William Jagger, M.P., honoured as Founder of the school



Herschel as it looked at the beginning of 1922. The balcony is the one Miss Benstead had to climb.

Miss G.T. Edwards, a member of the first Herschel Council, remembered Miss Ralph after her death as, "Like a boy. A round head, wide blue eyes, short brown hair, easily ruffled, capable hands. It was her nature to be frank, direct, generous..."

Soon, the builders, Messrs Bakker & Sons, were hard at work turning a family home into a school. They removed the roof and the old attic rooms and constructed a proper second storey reached by a more appropriate staircase. Gable ends and a high-pitched roof were added, which gave another attic reached by a wooden ladder. Here the boarders dried their personal laundry. On the ground floor were two entrances. The front door led into a passage ending at the staircase. The rooms to the left were the Head's study and private accommodation. On the right two large rooms connected by folding doors were classrooms. The side entrance led into a reception room and then into the main foyer near the staircase. To the right of the foyer was the dining-room, later the boarders' sitting-room. To the left of the foyer was the kitchen, with its pantry and storerooms. Above the front rooms was accommodation for staff and a small dormitory. Beyond the kitchen were servants' quarters.



*The General Purpose Room in 1922, now the Head's office and sitting room. The picture above the fireplace is the *Sainte Madone* described in Miss Ralph's diary as one of Herschel's first gifts.*

The new school was to open on 2 February 1922, although the official opening would take place two weeks later on 16 February.

On Wednesday, 1 February 1922, the first seven boarders arrived at Herschel: Gladys and Alma Ronaldson, Ina Davidson, Molly Rowland, Molly Thorne, Patricia and Rosamund Wood. They were met by Miss Ralph, Miss Seabridge, the music teacher, Miss Van Heijst, who was to teach English, and a trained nurse, Miss Stafford, who was Housemistress Matron. She had come to South Africa from England to nurse lepers on Robben Island, before joining the staff of St Cyprian's and later of the D.S.G. in Grahamstown.

On Thursday, two more boarders were enrolled, together with fifteen daygirls. The headgirl was Enid Marsant. At 10 am on that day, Archbishop Carter led prayers in the Dining Room (now the Boarders' Sit). Classes were formed, lessons started and plans were made for the official opening.



The first Herschel girls, photographed on the first school day in 1922.

On Thursday, 16 February, the ceremony began with Dean Rolt conducting a brief service (on the steps of the present administrative building), the archbishop being unable to attend, because of a slight accident.



The Very Reverend C.H. Rolt, Dean of Cape Town

The Mayor of Cape Town, Mr Gardner, and the Archbishop's Chaplain, the Rev. R. White, were also present. The actual opening was performed by John Xavier Merriman, then Minister of Education at the Cape, because the self-effacing Jagger refused this honour, although he delivered the vote of thanks. Merriman was a rather odd choice for this occasion, since he was known to be an opponent of Women's Suffrage, a burning issue at this time, although white women did not get the vote in South Africa until 1930.

However, Miss Ralph's priorities coincided somewhat with his - she did not feel any need to educate women for careers, but rather to be wives and mothers. She, herself, did not have any tertiary qualification and this was to become a contentious issue later on. The world had changed greatly as a result of the First World War and would change further



*The Hon. John Xaver Merriman,
Minister of Education*

because of the Great Depression. Miss Ralph belonged to the pre-war generation and was not really equipped to guide a new school. Nonetheless, her opening speech contained much that sounds surprisingly modern, if somewhat idealistic, "There was to be a time for the cultivation of a sense of beauty in Nature, Art, Literature and Music, and the foundations for this I believe we are steadily laying. Examinations are not an integral or essential part of this scheme for a liberal education, but they are necessary for entrance to many later courses of work, and they are sometimes a helpful stimulus to endeavour, or a means of testing progress. Competition in the sense of merely trying to beat someone else is no more part of our scheme than cramming for examinations. The ideal to be aimed at is that every child should do what has to be done just as well as she is capable of doing it, and so pull up the general standard." Then she went on to quote Kipling, "No one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of working..."

It was too much to expect the girls to settle down to work the following day, so they and the staff were invited by Mrs Spillhaus, Patricia's mother, to spend the day on her private beach at Miller's Point. Patricia was the very first pupil entered for Herschel, and her mother had tried to persuade those in charge to appoint a graduate headmistress. She was told that this was quite unnecessary as "our girls won't have to work for their living." "Mine will!" said Mrs Spillhaus firmly. "They will have careers." But the school was seen as a place where young ladies could acquire a basic education and a veneer of culture, their careers would be Marriage. And so Miss Ralph was appointed. Girls were taken to concerts, plays, art exhibitions, etc., but other subjects were somewhat neglected. Marian Robertson reveals that, in her first year at Herschel, 1931, the class worked through the history textbook, only to be told by Miss Ralph the following year that they would have to do it all over again as the next book in the series had not been ordered. The history teacher, Miss Goobold, told of this in front of her class.

made no effort to hide her displeasure, "which, somehow, made it all easier to bear." By this time Afrikaans had supplanted Dutch as second language in all government schools, but Miss Ralph refused to have Afrikaans taught as a full subject, believing that French was the language a cultivated woman should learn. There was a part-time Afrikaans teacher for girls whose parents insisted on it, but few pupils exercised this option. One who did was Jean St Leger Seale, whose father felt it would become important, and Sheila van der Horst was another. Jean has a memory of the French teacher which makes one wonder about the cultivated side. Her name was *Mlle du Chêne de Vere* and she would frequently borrow Jean's pencil and slowly and methodically clean the wax from her ears with it as she taught the class, before returning the pencil! Jean points out that it certainly cured her of sucking the end of her pencil.



The Mary Elizabeth Jagger Hall in 1926. The balcony with the blinds have been enclosed and now serve as the Sad Six rooms. The lower veranda has been incorporated into the hall and the central grass square is now a paved courtyard.



Mary Elizabeth Jagger

A new hall was added in 1926, largely yet another gift from the benevolent Jagger. Until it was built, the old dining-room was used as hall and gym, and Mary Baxter, Jagger's granddaughter, said that her most vivid memory of Herschel's early days was moving chairs! Jagger opened the new hall officially on 9 February 1926 and named it after his recently deceased wife, Mary Elizabeth Jagger. Jagger himself died in London in June 1930, and his memory is honoured on Founder's Day.

In the late 1920s and early 30s, it became fashionable to sleep in the open air on a special sleeping balcony for the sake of one's health. Most of Cape Town's double-storeyed houses of this period had such balconies, and so, when further extensions were made around the new hall in 1930, a sleeping balcony was provided above it for the juniors and above the old dining room for the seniors. This is the one feature that A.L.L. returning old girls comment on, for Herschel continued with this tradition long after the vogue had passed, and until 1971 generations of schoolgirls shivered themselves to sleep in the cold Cape winters or lay awake fighting off mosquitoes in summer! Miss Ralph also made the juniors rest in the afternoons on the lawn in front of the school, with the ants crawling everywhere. That, too, continued for many years after her departure. The additional extensions were officially opened by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in March 1932.



The 1929/1930 Extensions: the new Dining Room on the right has an open sleeping balcony above it, while the wing on the left comprises new classrooms. The narrow open sleeping balconies had some sliding windows, but with the passage of years, they mostly became immovable as they warped and stuck fast.

Meanwhile, a Netball team had been formed in August 1922, while cricket was coached by the Reverend Basil Peachey and captained by Jean St Leger Searle. The first Tennis Court was ready by 5 December 1922, with a second in use by February 1924, when the school team played the Western Province Preparatory boys and lost! The girls also took part in Gymnastics and Swimming was popular, but the girls had to travel by train to St James, where the school had acquired a bathing box. Girl Guides were active and Lady Baden-Powell herself visited the school in 1927. The Mountain Club, led by Miss Ralph, went to Constantia Nek, Signal Hill and up Table Mountain, via Skeleton Gorge.



A picnic at Muizenberg about 1934, school dresses tucked into knickers.

Speech Days were very formal occasions which coincided with Founder's Day, and there is a wonderful photograph of the 1924 Speech Day, showing Miss Ralph in her white gloves delivering her report, watched by Archbishop Carter, complete with buttoned garters, and the guest of honour, Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, looking rather disapproving, despite her impressive hat. Her visit had been quite disruptive as special holes had to be cut in the hedge to allow ease of access for such an important visitor.



Speech Day 1924. William Marlborough Carter was Archbishop from 1909 to 1931.

In 1931, the House system was introduced, honoring the three men who had officiated at the opening of the School: Jagger, Merriman and Rolt, and the first House Plays were held. Rolt's colour was orange until late in the thirties, when it became yellow.

In April 1933 the *Cape Argus* carried an interview with Miss Ralph which had some interesting comments on various aspects of life at Herschel at the time. About the dining-room, it enthused, "Here the children are served at meals as they would be in their own homes, all harsh boarding-school, mass-meal effect being banished by the decorative and dainty china and linen table mats to match, and the

blend of table flowers, all set on handsome refectory tables. Even the chairs are designed to encourage stooping, school-girl shoulders to hold themselves in graceful deportment at meals."



The Dining Room, which also served as Hall and Gymnasium. This is now the Boarders' Vic.

Miss Ralph then discussed the uniform, "I determined that that most impractical of material for clothes in South Africa - navy serge - should not be used for our uniforms. I derived the famous 'Herschel blue' from the fact that Herschel takes its name from a famous astronomer, and from the blue of the skies as the first stars come out we evolved our school colour." The Herschel uniform was based on the 'athletic dress', which eventually became the regular school uniform, and has remained almost unchanged. However, there were no blazers nor was there a Herschel badge until later. The material for the uniforms was standard (variations were frowned upon) and bought at Pearce's in Claremont, but the uniforms themselves were either homemade or made by one's own or the school's dressmaker (for a long time Mrs Bruyns, who could fit even the most awkwardly shaped girls, until she had to move away because of the Group Areas Act). Marian Robinson remembers interminable fittings in her family's dressmaker's thatched cottage in Bishopscourt, not yet a fashionable suburb, - "I distend *still*, Marian, while your hem's being done or it won't be straight." Blue cotton was worn in summer, but in winter a dreary blue serge replaced this, while one also needed a blue tussore silk dress, costing 30 shillings, for special occasions. This had to have a Peter Pan collar to buff, but the dressmakers did not follow a standard pattern and these dresses varied enormously. In primary classes, short brown socks were worn with brown shoes, but senior girls wore brown hile (cotton) stockings held up by suspenders on a suspender belt, which dug into one's anatomy. Over these, knickers were worn. These were formidable garments which had elastic threaded into a broad double seam round the waist and round each leg, and were made of blue cotton. Handkerchiefs were kept tucked into the legs of these knickers and were not always readily obtainable in emergencies! Blue cardigans took the place of blazers and were made to order by the Kely-Or Knitting Company in Cape Town. Long hair had to be plaited and tied with a brown ribbon bow. Then there were *three* different hats: the

'garms hat' of off-white linen, the panama hat for summer and the black velvet hat for winter, both with Herschel handkerchiefs.

It cannot have been easy being a young teacher in those days under the eagle eye of Miss Ralph, who locked the doors at Herschel each night. Late passes were issued to teachers wishing to be out beyond this time, but even these expired too early for the more lively. The Gyrr Mistress was attractive and in demand socially, and, on one memorable occasion, had been to a Ball and returned later than her pass allowed to find herself locked out. The girls, who used to enjoy watching her wish her beans a fond farewell, were wide awake and sympathetic, and agreed to open the door from the balcony above the main entrance. Assisted by her escort, Miss Benstead scaled the porch, opened the door, and found Miss Ralph waiting for her. She was severely reprimanded and told she would have to appear before Council to explain her behaviour. However, the meeting proved more embarrassing for the Council than for Miss Benstead, as, when pressed for the name of her partner-in-crime, she reluctantly revealed that he was the son of one of the Council members!

Unfortunately, by this time there was a great deal of criticism of the school's lack of academic progress, and by 1926 numbers were dropping alarmingly, as girls were withdrawn and sent to Rustenburg or Wynberg. For a while there was some improvement, but the Depression meant that, by 1932, numbers were again at a low ebb and Miss Ralph reluctantly resigned. She was also over 50 and it was felt that a younger person was needed. The girls saw her as a rather pathetic figure in her last few months at Herschel and she herself was bitter about her treatment, as she showed in these extracts from the 29 April 1933 *Cape Argus* interview with her shortly before her departure for England:

"I am definitely disappointed," she admitted, "and yet not disappointed...."

"I am proud of building one lovely, gracious character than of turning out a dozen examination successes."

"But I am driven to confess the result of the experiment has been somewhat disappointing."

Miss Ralph was succeeded by Miss Robinson and died in Cornwall on 28 March 1953.

MISS HARRIET ROBINSON (1933 - 1944)

Miss Robinson was a very different person from Miss Ralph. She had a University degree, a teaching diploma and was a Fellow of the Dianna Society. She came from a family which placed a high value on education and the creative arts. She had been Headmistress of Durban Girls' College from 1924, and came to Herschel on the assurance that further extensions would be undertaken as soon as funds permitted. Since there were only 55 girls on the roll and the Depression was still making itself felt, so that there was some doubt whether the school could survive at all, it is surprising that the Council agreed to extend the dining-room towards the Park, and to provide a proper room for the kindergarten with its own toilet facilities.



Miss Harriet Robinson looks on as General Smuts presents a prize in 1936.

The school after the completion of the new classrooms in 1936. The ground floor room is the kindergarten.



This new kindergarten, under the guidance of Miss Sayard, admitted boys and girls and some illustrious names are amongst the Herschel "Old Boys", such as Raymond Ackerman, Dr R.C. Sandell and Nigel Murphy. The kindergarten pupils had to leave their shoes outside the door, and, inevitably, the Sub Bs seized the opportunity to mix them up.



The kindergarten, showing boys and girls. This is now the staffroom.

In addition, a new staff-room with adjacent cloakroom was built, as well as a large classroom and Domestic Science room (this subject was taught by Miss McDonald, who was



Domestic Science in 1936.

also General Housekeeper in the Boarding House) linked to the Hall, together with upstairs, two new classrooms, an extended sleeping balcony above the dining room, a properly equipped sick bay, an Art room and a Science laboratory. These buildings were completed by early 1936 and opened by the Countess of Clarendon, wife of the Governor General. J.H. Hofmeyr then addressed the gathering and this was followed by the blessing by Archbishop Phelps and Canon Le Mesurier of St Saviour's, who tried rather ineffectually to teach the girls Divinity once a week. 'The opening was "a garden-partyish occasion when beautiful gowns, fashionable hats and long gloves were very much in evidence!"



Conascentes from Sick Bay being given a ride in Clarendon Park (1930s).

Miss Robinson needed all her drive and vision to deal with the difficult task of improving the academic performance of Herschel without losing the cultural enrichment it offered. She was a tall, rather plain woman, with faded blonde hair, but was highly respected by the girls, who were stimulated by the changes she introduced. She herself was a superb teacher of science, whose pupils never forgot the grounding they had been given - in Botany especially. She arrived at Herschel with her lifelong friend, Miss Lilian Willis, who taught singing. Miss Willis was even plainer and had thin, stringy, rather greasy black hair tied back in a scrappy bun.

She wore no bra and her drooping flat bosom could be discerned through her lacy-woven silk-knit suits (also made by Rely-On), which usually had an uneven neckline because of her thin, angular hips. When she taught singing, she had a habit of flapping her hands upwards under her chest, saying, "Up, up, up, girls! Keep it up!", which reduced the girls to helpless giggles. She had a passion for madrigals, which the girls largely did not share, and irritated them by her constant tapping of time during piano lessons, but, nonetheless, she was the first to establish a choir at Herschel (in June 1933) and also started a music ensemble, the 'Banboo Pipe Players' (with pipes made by the girls), and the Herschel/Bishops Choral Society.

The Duncan Baxters had given Miss Robinson and Miss Willis a Great Dane puppy, unoriginally named Hamlet. Unlike Miss Ralph's obedient little Sealyham, Moonlight, Hamlet could not be confined to Miss Robinson's study and took her for rather wild walks. He also provided much amusement by seeking out his mistress at St Saviour's in the middle of a service. On another occasion, two girls in Miss Willis's singing class locked him under the stage. He woke up as soon as the singing started and began to howl. Miss Willis stopped playing. "What girl is making that noise?" she asked. The girls denied any wrongdoing. She started again. Again Hamlet howled. Miss Willis became very angry, but tried once more. Again Hamlet joined in. Then Miss Willis gave the girls an inquisition, during which Hamlet howled again and she realised where the noise was coming from and who was making it. Eventually, Hamlet had to find a new home, as he was too disruptive and began to bite visitors.

In 1934 Cape Town commemorated the centenary of Sir John Herschel's arrival, and it occurred to Miss Robinson that a badge which in some way established the rather tenuous link between the great astronomer and the school named after him would be a good idea. She, therefore, obtained permission from the family to incorporate part of the Herschel coat-of-arms, the symbol of the planet Uranus, in the badge being designed for the school by Mr Groves of the Michaelis Art School. When the badge was ready, blazers of thin blue serge were introduced – an innovation approved of by the girls! "Founder's Day", which was spelt firmly with the apostrophe before the s, because we honoured only Jagger, was also Miss Robinson's idea. The school motto "Ad Dei Gloriam" is her adaptation of the Jesuit one "Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam".

Despite the Second World War, further buildings were added in 1939/40. Mr William Duncan Baxter, son-in-law of Jagger, formally opened the new swimming pool on Founder's Day 1939, ending years of travelling down to St James. Miss Robinson and Miss Willis disappointed the girls by not diving into the pool as had been rumoured. The wing added in 1935 was extended, with two new classrooms and a small cloakroom on the ground floor and two more classrooms and the Duncan Baxter Library above, while a new Art-room, Music room and cloakrooms were also added. Finally, a handsome new entrance was added to the

Hall and a bronze bust of Jagger was presented by Mrs Ethel Duncan Baxter, Jagger's daughter. (The vestibule was only completed after Mrs Duncan Baxter died in 1945. Her eldest daughter, Mary Duncan-Green, also planted a yellow-wood tree on the lawn in her memory.)



The Baxter Library, added in 1939/40.

In addition, the school purchased No 16 Herschel Road (known as *The Cottage*, though its actual name was *Seafield*) for the use of resident staff, such as Lillian Harsant, who came to Herschel as a pupil from Milburn House, a rival school in Claremont, in 1935, and went on to train under Miss Sayard as a Kindergarten teacher. She remembers that resident staff had to do duty from 5pm to 9pm and that there was always chaos at 9pm as young staff members rushed to get ready for parties and dances.

The War brought some interesting pupils to Herschel. The Greek shipping family, Namicos, sent their daughters, Miss Adzemovic arrived from Yugoslavia and Virginia McKenna came from England, while her mother, Anne Denise, sang in Cabaret in Cape Town. Otherwise, the War had little effect on the day-to-day life of the school, though food shortages meant small helpings of meat and vegetables at lunch (the main meal) and meagre suppers of soup, bread and one portion of fruit. There was also a detested white hindmange served with red sauce and "brother where art thou" pudding, named thus by Miss Witney, because no one could find a second current in any helping! Tuck was not allowed.

In 1943 Miss Robinson persuaded the Council to approach Captain Jerold Willis, who owned The Hill, a large property next door to Herschel, with a view to buying it should he ever wish to sell, as Herschel was bursting at the seams. She felt it would make a good boarding house and that its large grounds would provide much-needed space for playing fields. (It seems Herschel has always been short of space.) Captain Willis agreed to give the school first option, but it was to be several more years before this vision became reality.

Then, suddenly, in 1944, Miss Robinson resigned and returned to England, where she became Head of St Mary's Hall in Brighton. After her retirement, she came back to

South Africa and taught at the Girls' Collegiate School in Pietermaritzburg until she was 73. She then went back to her home in Bewdley, Worcestershire, England, where she died less than a year later, aged 74. Coincidentally, Miss Willis, who had resigned at the same time as Miss Robinson and joined her at St Mary's, died in Pietermaritzburg three days after Miss Robinson.

The school had grown from 52 girls in Miss Robinson's first term to 215 in 1944. In her 11 years as Head, she had rebuilt the school – both physically and academically. Yet she is remembered with respect rather than affection. She was a reserved woman who did not invite confidences, though, looking back, her pupils felt she probably would have welcomed them. In a speech she once gave at the Mary Rolt Hostel for Unmarried European mothers, she said "Sex has constituted the greatest unsolved problem of civilization." It was an attitude which must have isolated her from teenage girls.

MISS BARBARA ELCOME (1945 - 1947)



Miss Barbara Elcome on her wedding day.

Miss Elcome, born 25 August 1910, came from Exeter, where she had been Senior Mistress at Maynard School. She had an Honours degree in Science and an Education diploma and she was young and attractive, which ensured that her reign was brief.

She left for South Africa on a 'Liberty Ship' which had never been to sea before, at the end of 1944, when sea travel was still very dangerous. They left the port of Methil in fog and spent Christmas Day in fog off the Northumberland coast. Passing the Thames estuary, they were only too

aware of the 'doodle-bugs' rattling overhead on their way to explode over London. They joined a convoy to proceed down the Channel and out to sea, but the ship ahead of them was torpedoed and their own condensers failed, so that they were left sitting ducks and spent the night at action stations. The next morning Coastal Command found them and escorted them back to Milford Haven, where they spent a week being refitted, but were not allowed to communicate with the shore at all. They then sailed alone, zig-zagging back and forth to avoid enemy submarines. By the time they got to Cape Town six weeks later on 1 February, Miss Elcome felt it looked like a "Hollywood set." Meanwhile, no-one at Herschel, where the term had started on 25 January, knew what had happened to their new Head and were astonished when she stepped out of the taxi.



The Chapel established by Miss Elcome in 1946.

Her first priority was to find a suitable place for a Chapel. Apart from new quarters for the female domestic staff and the conversion of the old dining-room into the boarders' sitting room, the Council was reluctant to approve any further alterations or extensions. However, Miss Elcome persuaded them to accept the conversion of the large basement under the 1935 additions and the new chapel was dedicated by Archbishop Derbysire and the School Chaplain, the Reverend Gibbs, on 13 August 1946, the first year of peace. She made several other changes which increased the comfort of the school's inhabitants, such as giving the prefects their own study. She also insisted on the appointment of a proper House-Mistress and of a part-time Secretary, with the purchase of a good type-writer and filing cabinet. Amazingly, until this time, the Headmistress had performed the duties now undertaken by her Secretary and some felt this had contributed to Miss Robinson's decision to leave. She was responsible for encouraging the girls to take more interest in the plight of less-privileged people. This led to the foundation of the Sociological Club on 24 May 1946. Meals were improved, but one thing even Miss Elcome failed to achieve – the enclosure of the sleeping balconies, though the old mattresses were renovated.

Early in 1947, Miss Elcome informed the Council that she wished to resign from the end of the second term, as she

was engaged to be married to C.P.14.(Peter) Payne. The wedding took place on 31 July in England, where they made their home, after an extensive tour of the United States. Later on, the family, now including a son, John, aged 10 in February 1963, lived for some time in Victoria, Canada. In a letter to the Old Herschellians, Mrs Payne wrote ruefully, "I think you would enjoy John's picture of his Mother, when asked to describe her - 'My Mother is an old school-mistress with spectacles. Her hair is grey and she is a jolly good cook.'" Eventually, they returned to England to Tarnham in Surrey, so that John could go to his father's old school, the Leys in Cambridge, but she missed Canadian central heating!

Mrs Payne came out to officiate at Herschel's Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 1982. She was amazed at the size of the Hlex tree, probably planted around 1915, which had not been "all that noticeable" in 1947. She was warmly greeted by Donnie Peiston, the gardener who had been appointed by Miss Robinson and who remembered Miss Florence as one of the Heads he served so well.

Mrs Payne died on 10 April 1995, aged 84, in Guernsey, Channel Islands, alert and positive to the end and retaining her sense of humour. Her son mentioned that she had been given a Xhosa nickname at Herschel, "She who comes quickly with a noise", which explained why she never arrived to a noisy class.

Her successor, Miss Caroline McLean, could not take up her post until October 1947, so Miss Joan Lansdale was Acting Head for one term.

MISS HILDA CAROLINE McLEAN (October 1947 - March 1962)

Miss McLean was to be Herschel's longest-serving Headmistress to date. She came from St Anne's Diocesan College in Pietermaritzburg, where she had been Vice Principal.

She was known to be a strict disciplinarian who emphasised the importance of academic work. Two months after her



Miss Hilda McLean

arrival she wrote (in a letter to the school) that she was impressed by the academic standards, but felt bothered by the fact that pupils were notified of test dates in advance! She took steps to put this right at once - each subject was to be tested once in each three week period - without prior warning.

Soon, Herschel had acquired its first film projector and began to show educational films; the first all-weather tennis courts had been built with money given by the Justice Family Trust; the front drive and circle had been asphalted; cricket had been re-introduced to replace Rounders as the second sport and it had been decided that Afrikaans would become the second compulsory language at the school. From 1949, enrolment increased steadily, until there was such demand for places in the boarding house that one of



The Hill at the time the school was negotiating its purchase in 1955.

the mothers, Mrs Stobie, offered to take 15 juniors into her home in Kenilworth. She brought them all to school in the morning and collected them again in the afternoons. When this became impractical, the school rented two flats in the block opposite the present Head's House, where they were cared for by Miss Tulloch and Miss Harsant. This was no easy matter for they had to be at breakfast at the school by 7.30, "complete with riding-clothes, ballet clothes, books, raincoats and gumboots."

At the beginning of 1950 the school at last gained a full-time secretary, Mrs Withers, who was to be a member of the staff for more than 20 years, until her death in 1971.

Soon after her arrival, Miss McLean had launched an Extension Fund, aimed mainly at acquiring *The Hill*, but used for other projects, such as the Change-Rooms at the swimming pool, added in 1950. Miss McLean felt strongly that *The Hill* should be used for a separate Preparatory School, not for a boarding house. Finally, in 1954, after considerable negotiation, the Council decided to purchase the property.

The original house built by the Arden family had been demolished soon after World War 1 and the Wilks family had replaced it with a house designed by Sir Herbert Baker. In 1927 the property was threatened with being carved up into building lots, but fortunately the Cape Town City Council bought about 11 acres from Captain Wilks to form the basis of the Ardenne Gardens. The cost comprised 13 acres and was offered to Herschel for £70 000. This was out of reach, so Captain Wilks agreed to sell the house and 4½ acres for £28 000. The alterations needed would come to a further £12 000. Less than a quarter of the sum needed was available, so fund-raising began in earnest. By February 1955, *The Hill* had been transferred to the school and alterations began.

On 18 November 1955 the Prep School moved into the new building, though the Kindergarten remained at the High School. It was an exciting day, as described by Mrs Pamela Duff (then Bates), who was doing her practice teaching at Herschel at the time. "I forgot to tell you," she wrote to her family in Zimbabwe, "about the excitement at school here last Friday. Up till now the whole school - from Kindergarten to Matru have been in this one building. Just recently a huge house nearby has been bought and turned into a Junior School to cater for Std 1 to Std 5. The school was opened last Friday with great ceremony. The Seniors lined the drive to the new school and the Juniors walked up to the front door, each class accompanied by the respective mistress, the Std 5s leading and the kindergarten bringing up the rear. As each class reached the new school, the Headmistress took them to their new classrooms amid much clapping and cheering from the Seniors. The Kindergarten mistress was busy, so I looked after the tiny tots - about 15 of them. They all walked in twos - the baby ones holding hands of course, and there was one little girl left out, so she had to hold my hand, and we brought up the rear of the school! Of course the Seniors took this as a reason for great celebrations and cheered us madly... Of course, it was very hard to set the children to ordinary lessons after this."

B. Barrett of the Upper II was one of the small girls entering her new school and she wrote about the experience for the magazine. "The 18th November 1955 was a day I shall never forget. It was the day we moved into the new school. I am quite sure that every single child at Herschel was as thrilled as possible, for I know I was.

"I had no idea at all about moving in when I arrived on Friday; but everybody who had arrived earlier was rushing round, telling everyone the great news in breathless voices! I hung my hat on my peg and got to the classroom as quickly as I could. There were no desks at all, and the books were in piles on the floor. We got our hats and satchel bags together and set off at 10 o'clock. We walked there as it is very near to the old school.

"All the senior school and the Mistresses thronged the entrance and half-way down the drive as we entered the school in a long line, they all cheered as loudly as they could. My heart was thumping loudly as we entered the front door.

"First there was a big dome, a type of gathering place, and just beyond it came the stairs. Leading away from them, came a long passage with our cloakrooms at the end. Upstairs our classroom was gorgeous, and everything was spotless.

"After lunch it took two loads before all the books were gone, and Miss Porter's car could not have taken another thing, for both front and back were piled to the roof with books!

"Our first lessons the next day were enjoyed by one and all and every single one of us was grateful."

"This is what the Upper II wrote on their brand new blackboard:

The Hill 18th of November
Three cheers for Miss Porter

"I am quite certain that, although many nice and exciting things may happen to me in my life, none will ever take the place of that happy day!"

And, at last, the school got a hockey field, with the conversion of the gravelled area in front of *The Hill* to grass.

Miss Ruby Porter became the head of the Prep, a position roughly equivalent to that of the Deputy Head of the High School, as the Council felt that there should be only one Headmistress. Miss M.H. Tulloch was her assistant and took over after Miss Porter retired from full-time teaching in 1958, although she acted as Head for six months in 1960, while Miss Tulloch was overseas. It was Miss Porter who had the two large plane trees planted below the Prep School and named them Daisy and Ruby, after herself and her sister! It was also Miss Porter and Joel who led the procession into the new school. Joel Milandri had been General Factorum since 1921, having worked for the contractors altering the school buildings at that time.

The junior boarders got a new boarding house by the end of 1958, with four dormitories (Blue, Pink, Green and Yellow) and a commonroom, joined to the main building by a covered walkway. The Prep also had its own kitchen and dining room where the pupils all got a hot lunch.

By 1960, it was necessary for the Prep to have a separate Prize-Giving as it had grown too large to be combined with the Senior School. As in the Senior School, it was held on Founder's Day and Upper III girls who had won prizes had to trek up to the Prep school to receive them.

From 1960 Miss McLean began to use the House system more extensively to manage the Senior school. The three Heads of Houses were the effective Heads of the School and there was no Headgirl. Each House ran the school for a week at a time, later extended to three weeks. It was felt that this would spread some of the burden normally resting on the single Headgirl.

The early Sixties brought some sad partings. Mr Duncan Baxter died, aged 91, in January 1960, ending his long and generous association with the school. The following year saw the deaths of two more people closely associated with the school's formative years: the first Headgirl, Enid Finch (Jarsant), and Miss Stafford, who had left the school when Miss Ralph died in 1932, and shared her cottage in St Newlyn, East Cornwall, and who lived on after Miss Ralph's death in 1950 for another eleven lonely years until Sunday, 9 July 1961. Then Joe retired after 40 years of service, during which he had worked for four Headmistresses. Politically, South Africa broke with Britain to become a Republic in 1961. Finally, came the shock of Miss McLean's resignation, to take effect from the end of the first term in 1962. She wished to return to England to become Secretary of the London Y.W.C.A.

Miss McLean, usually known as Ma or Judy, despite her rather awe-inspiring, unsmiling presence, was an outstanding hockey player and made sure that every girl could swim and dive, demanding the highest standards in this as in all things: reports and mark-lists had to be perfect, uniforms spotless, classrooms tidy and orderly. She had an invariable formula for staff at public functions with the girls: "In the event of a child fainting, remove her SILENTLY. Should she show any inclination to be sick, pull her hat down!" Girls were expected to sit in a lady-like way - knees together and feet firmly on the floor. Good table manners were mandatory - all girls had to eat lunch in the dining room, where they had to sit at a different table each week, in a different place each day. Staff members presided and, at one table, only French could be spoken. In those more gracious days, the front door would be opened by a maid, wearing a black dress with a starched white apron and cap, who would usher the visitors into the blue carpeted passage. Mrs Withers would then emerge from her office, second door on the left, and present the visitor to Miss McLean in the first office on the left. Miss McLean also continued the tradition that girls had to rest on groundsheets spread on the lawns after lunch. Of course, it merely gave the girls a good chance to catch up on the latest gossip. It was regarded by the unfor-

tunate staff on duty as the most unpleasant time of the day. Finally, their heartfelt complaints persuaded Miss McLean to bow to the inevitable and curtail this rite.

On another occasion, the fact that she was a stickler for fire-drill led her into a trap set by some rowally Bishops Boys, who, in the middle of the night, reproduced the bell-ringing and whistle-blowing which were the signals to evacuate the building and assemble on the lawn, and who were able to get some interesting photographs of Herschel in its night apparel and outlets!

Mrs Silberbauer was on the staff by then and was especially sad to bid Miss McLean farewell, for Mac had been her own mathematics teacher at St Anne's College in Natal in 1935-36. They had, therefore, known each other for many years - and Miss McLean once confided that she had never wanted to teach and would have liked to join the Metropolitan police force in London, but had not been accepted as she was too short!

Miss McLean sailed for England on the *City of York* on 25 April 1962. Amongst her farewell gifts was a cheque, which she put towards buying an Austin 850, in which she travelled 3 600 miles, visiting old friends, including Archdeacon Wade, whose Old Herschelian youngest daughter, Virginia, was beginning to impress the tennis world. Miss McLean formed an active branch of Old Herschelians in London, and finally settled in a cottage at Colemill, Buckinghamshire. But in December 1982 she suffered a cruel stroke and needed constant nursing until her death in 1991.

MRS MAVIS KITTOW (April 1962 - March 1970)

Mrs Kittow (BA, HTD) had taught English at Rustenburg and then at the Cape Town Teachers' Training College. She felt that the emphasis placed on the Sciences by Miss McLean should be balanced by an equal emphasis on the Arts and on spiritual and moral education, for Science needed to be tempered by the sensitivity and humanity of the Arts. Her love of English apparently led her into the irritating habit of correcting people's language and their letters!

Nonetheless, the first findings of her tenure were for the Science department: two new Laboratories, although, in pursuit of her aims, she decided that the ground floor laboratory would be used for Geography lessons. Mrs Kittow's involvement with the South African Council for English Education and with the English Association meant greater prominence for the Arts and Drama (under the able direction of Margaret Saffery, who had joined the staff in 1960) and Debating became regular items on the school calendar, with "constant visits to Bishops, Wynberg Boys', Wynberg Girls' and St George's for debating evenings".

Mrs Kittow was also very musical and had hoped to become a singer, but tragic family events forced her into a teaching career to help support her younger siblings. However, she founded a Music and Drama Club and the Choir, led by



Mrs Marcus Kittow in 1963.

Miss Sweet from the fourth term, 1961, reached new heights with her enthusiastic support. She also really enjoyed the Matric dances, which Miss McLean had merely tolerated. She was described at the 1962 Dance as being "resplendent in gold lamé, accompanied by Sue Hacking, Head of Meritman, ...receiving their guests at the door." However, she did not think much of Sixties culture, dismissing it in a 1962 letter to the school in the following terms: "...a film like *Virgin Spring* (Ingmar Bergman), or the cults of the beatniks, the dead-end kids, the angry young men, are so much poppycock."

Other changes in 1962 included ending Cricket as a sport, as other sports had attracted attention away from it, although Fencing, taught by Professor Jackson of UCT, remained on the sports curriculum, despite involving very few girls. *The Herschelian* was published in December, rather than to coincide with Founder's Day as it had been since 1950, which had meant it covered the events of the previous year and made things difficult for the Matrics.

In 1962, Miss Tulloch resigned from the Prep to return to Scotland to nurse her seriously ill sister. Mrs Kittow then appointed Irma Roth, whom she had taught at the Training College, where Mrs Roth had been Head-Student. Her background was in Art, both Fine and Commercial. When Miss Tulloch left the Prep, Miss Porter decided that the time had come for her, too, to leave Herschel, ending an association of nearly 50 years. She had started in February 1913 as a class teacher for Std 3, after having run her own private school in Kenilworth during World War I, and having been a Springbok hockey player, who had started the Atlanta

Club in Newlands for which both Miss McLean and Barbara Silberbauer (then Miss Birchell) played. She retired in June 1963, but died on 9 October 1964. However, she was not forgotten, for Herschel started the Ruby Porter League (from October 1964) in her honour, and supported two children from St Michael's Home. The League continued its efforts for various charities well into the seventies.

In 1963 the first American Field Scholar to come to South Africa, Sue Holmes, was received by Herschel for her six-month stay. Several Herschel girls had been among the Scholars visiting America and Mrs Kittow felt that such post-Matric visits were very useful as preparation for University. She was very much in favour of a Post-Matric year to ensure that pupils developed the maturity to cope with independent study. She felt that there was still too large a gap between the protected atmosphere of a school and the demands of University life.

Shakespeare's Quatercentenary was marked in 1964 by lectures from Mrs Kittow and Professor Rosalie van der Gucht on aspects of his work and by the choice of extracts from three of his plays for the House Plays afternoon. The Matric gift that year was a bronze bust of Shakespeare - now in the Library.

At that time, the Matric dance took place during the fourth term in the dining room and the Matrics did all the decoration themselves. The girls arrived at 8 o'clock and danced to a live band until midnight. The dance was moved in 1964 from the fourth to the third term, then to April in 1973. It took place in the Hall from 1972.

During 1964 the new Kindergarten block at the Prep was built, with three classrooms. The move took place at the beginning of 1965 and Miss Barsant was appointed Head of this section, with Mrs Himing helping her. These ladies were rather disconcerted to find that the builders had left the premises in a filthy condition, so that they had to spend several hours on hands and knees with scrubbing brushes, before anyone could move in. They were further disappointed to find that there were no toilets for the little ones, nor a staff room. As a result, toilet visits to the Prep in Cape winter gales were something of an ordeal. Space was in short supply at the Prep itself and the dining-room doubled as Art-room after lunch, so that tables had to be carefully wiped down and the smell of cabbage lingered along with the smell of paint. There was a Prep dog at this time. She was a Golden Labrador which belonged to Clare and Caroline Stern, whom she accompanied to school each day. Her name was Chai's, because she had arrived in a wire box. Occasionally, she wished to be let out and would stand at the classroom door to indicate this. Once, a teacher ignored her appeal, saying she was too disruptive, at which she promptly vomited on the floor. Fortunately, the teacher's subsequent comments are not required!! She also drank some water from paint tins left by the builders and got lead poisoning, but luckily survived.

Innovations in 1965 were the Holiday Reading set for the June holidays and examined on the first day of the third



The new Science Laboratories built in 1967

term, and the Inter-House Public Speaking Competition. Another first were two outdoor productions - scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Prep and *As You Like It* in the courtyard outside the Mary Jagger Hall at the Senior School. From 1968, Mrs Kirtow sensibly decided to move Speech Day from Founder's Day to December, so that Matrics would not have to return to school several months after they had left to receive their prizes. It led to a rather odd year, in which there were two Speech Days, one for 1967 on Founder's Day and the one for 1968 on 9 December. Poor Mrs Kirtow had to write two Headmistress's Reports and find two speakers.

The senior School got another Science Laboratory in 1967, while the Prep got a new Hall, Art-room and Science Laboratory, opened on 20 August by Archbishop Selby-

Taylor. The driveway was altered at the same time to become a circular drive around the old oak tree. The lovely rose-garden at *The Hill* was maintained, until his sudden death, by a man who had worked there from the time of the Wilks family, Mr Jack Mafu. He was himself a Xhosa Headman, with a deed of Land Ownership which, signed and sealed by Queen Victoria, had been granted to his great-grandfather. When his tribal chief came from Ciskei to install the Ciskei representative in Parliament, Mr Mafu asked Mrs Kirtow's permission to entertain him at the school. The Chief and his sister arrived in a chauffeur-driven car and joined Mr Mafu, Mrs Kirtow and the Prep School staff for tea. Mr Mafu also had the job of protecting Miss Harsant's legs from the attacks of the two blue crabs left behind by Mr Wilks because they refused to be moved.



Miss Street with her Award-winning Choir in 1970.

On Monday, 31 July 1967, the School was shocked by the news that the previous day, 30 July, the day after the Matric Dance, the Senior Biology teacher, Mrs Frieda Andurek, M.Sc., had been killed in a fall on the mountain at Matzenberg. Her 14-year-old son, Michael, and old Herschelian Dr Sandell were amongst the group with her when she slipped and fell 80 feet to her death.

At the end of 1969 Mrs Kittow informed the school that she would be retiring from the end of the first term of 1970. It was not a surprise - she had been troubled by an unfortunate illness caused by the many strains she had endured, both in her private life and as Headmistress.

Two things must have given her satisfaction in her last term at Herschel: the choir won the SABC Schools' Choir Competition for English Medium Schools and was invited to participate in an international competition. And her farewell recital was a triumph - for two hours she held the girls spell-bound with excerpts from the Anglo-Saxon poem "Seafarer", Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Eliot and Hopkins. At the end, a Sid 8 was overheard saying in an awed voice, "Gee, we've really wasted her, haven't we?"

Mrs Kittow became Lady Warden of Tugwell Hall, UCT, before (in January 1971) starting an entirely new career as English Editor of the South African Biographical Dictionary, which began its work in the South African Public Library in Cape Town, but moved to Pretoria in January 1972, where she worked until she was 79. She then returned to Cape Town, where she died in July 1987. One of the biographies she worked on was that of Sir Malcolm Searle, Jean St Leger Searle's father. Curiously enough, Mrs Kittow had been on the same 5.02 pm train on which Sir Malcolm had been killed in the terrible accident at Salt River in June 1926.

Following Mrs Kittow's departure, the Deputy Head, Mrs Helen Brownell, became Acting Head until October 1970, while the Council negotiated with Dr Barbara Silberbauer, whom they had invited to become Headmistress. It was not an easy time for the school, as Mrs Roth had resigned from the end of 1969 and the Prep also had a new Head, Zimbabwean Miss Sheila Turner.

DR BARBARA SILBERBAUER (October 1970 - December 1978)

Dr Silberbauer was a Natal University Science graduate, who lectured at Cedars Agricultural College while completing her Master's Degree. She then became a Junior lecturer and demonstrator in UCT's Zoology Department, before joining the Herschel staff as a Biology teacher in 1958 to replace Barbara Newman (later Marais). She and Miss Newman worked for a short time together, alternating classes in the ill-equipped single science laboratory. When Barbara Newman left to get married, an interim teacher was appointed, who caused much consternation among some parents by explaining the facts of life to the girls and showing them a video of the birth of her first child - the girls loved her!

It was at this time that the new Biology laboratory was built with the Geography laboratory beneath it. Mrs Silberbauer was given *carte blanche* by the Council to acquire up-to-date equipment and charts and Leslie (soon to be called Dr Leslie by the girls - because of his white coat) became the laboratory assistant.

Mrs Silberbauer was appointed vice principal at the senior school in 1964. This was an arduous task made more difficult by the fact that the responsibilities of the Headship were beginning to take their toll on Mrs Kittow. But there was a loyal staff whose support and good teaching at this time were invaluable. Edna Withers as secretary and Hal her husband as groundsman and general factotum were wonderful props and the school soldiered on! Mrs Silberbauer had a serious motor accident in October 1964 and was away until January 1965. By this time, she was finding that four children and her husband's medical practice, combined with the demands of her career made her burden very heavy. In 1966, after two years as Vice-Principal, Mrs Silberbauer remembers sitting in the Biology lab during a free period gazing out at the beautiful Claremont Park trees and wondering, "Dear God! How can I go on?" That very morning Dr Naomi Millard of the Zoology Department, University of Cape Town, telephoned to ask whether Mrs Silberbauer would take her lectureship while she was on Sabbatical for six months and that of Dr Gerry Brockhuysen (also Zoo.Dept) for the six months after that. Without hesitation she accepted, handed in her resignation from the end of the first term, 1966, and returned to her first love, Zoology. She was able to renew her research on the Cape Crayfish (*Decapoda latrodia*), for which she was later awarded a Ph.D.

In 1970 she was invited by some of the Council members to apply for the post of Head of Herschel. After much deliberation and consultation with her family she accepted, feeling that the school she loved, and in which her daughter, Ann, had thrived, needed a great deal of change.

Her first year as head was helped by the fact that many of the staff were old friends and colleagues. She appreciated the support of the three Heads of Houses. However, she preferred the idea of one Headgirl, and eventually the school returned to this in 1972, with the choice of Ling Weseman.

By now, the school buildings badly needed attention. The boarders' accommodation was dismal. In fact, when Dr Dulcie Howes (a Council member) was shown the boarding house, her comment was, "Worse than a broken-down dentist's consulting rooms." As a result, it was decided to make separate cubicles for each senior boarder, at long last doing away with the hated sleeping balconies, and to re-vamp the male quarters and upgrade all the disgraceful old bedrooms.

At *The Hill* two Sub A and two Sub B classrooms were built, as well as six new classrooms above an Assembly hall, and the whole complex linked by walkways to circumvent the severe Cape winters. The junior boarding house was re-vamped and two pre-preparatory classes were established to



Archbishop Robert Selby Taylor with some of the 84 pupils of The Hill Nursery School, which was opened on 7 March 1972

include both boys and girls, thus acting as a feeder to Western Province Boys' and the Herschel Preparatory. This Nursery School was opened in March 1972. Meanwhile, Miss Turner's resignation at the end of 1971 meant another new Head for the Prep. Mrs Pat Brown was appointed to this post, one she would occupy until 1987.

In the third term of 1971 the school was saddened by the deaths of both Mr and Mrs Withers. The former had been forced to retire in 1970 by ill health. Mrs Withers had been a key figure on the Herschel staff for 22 years, organising both administration and catering. Soon after her husband's death, she went to stay with her son in Cradock, but died in her sleep just a few days later. When the sadly neglected kitchens were renovated in March 1974, they were named (by Miss McLean, who was visiting the school at the time) the Edna Withers Kitchens.



The blessing of the Edna Withers kitchen in 1974: Stewart Qabeka, Miss Mary Muller, Miss McLean (visiting from England), Mrs Joy Way, Dr Silberbauer (headmistress, not identified), Maureen Mrs Nellie Johnson, The Reverend Eric

The School's first 50 years were celebrated by a 'Son et Lumière' production in 1972, written and produced by one of Herschel's early pupils, Marian Robertson (née Spillhaus), helped by many staff members. This proved a resounding success and brought many hitherto lost Old Girls back to the fold.



Five "Originals" at the Golden Jubilee Tea party with Marian Robertson, who wrote the script for the Pageant: Miss Vera Herud, Mrs Joy Groves (Scottsford), Miss Fenella Douglas, Mrs Dencie Cromwright (Howes), Mrs Marian Robertson (Spillhaus), Mrs Mary Piddian-Green (Baxter).

But not everyone was awed by the solemnity of the occasion - there was a scene depicting the acquisition of *The Hill* from the Wilks family, which included a procession of little ones carrying a banner "The Hill" in front of the audience - unbeknown to the producers, some casual changed the "H" to "P", so it read, "The Pill".

In March 1973 one of the school's longest-serving staff members decided it was time to retire. Miss Hilary Harcourt



The narration group at the Pageant: Barbara Clordon-Hag-nall, Pamela King, Fiona Macpherson, Vanessa Hefner, Mary Ann Chantler.

had served the school for 37½ years. A lesser change came in the shape of the Prep School uniform - the girls were allowed to wear "fashionable slack suits which are drip-dry". These did not last - in 1990, the skirt was restored to favour, although tracksuits were introduced for casual wear.

In 1974 there was an important change in educational policy. Girls would have to make subject choices in Std 7 which would define and limit their future options. They would also have to select Higher or Standard Grade, although this could be changed up to the middle of their matriculation year. Subject combinations had to be carefully considered as this, too, would determine whether they got Matriculation Exemption or School Leaving Certificates.



The Arts Centre

The new Arts Block, completed in 1977.

Meanwhile, the school was growing and the number of pupils (always studied first by Council members at meetings) grew to 503, 250 in the Senior School and 350 at the Prep (this included the Pre-Prep and Kindergarten.) Thanks to the success of the Herschel Appeal launched in 1976, essential further developments could take place. A new Arts Block comprising a large Art Department, and, downstairs, Drama and Music rooms, was added in 1977 for the school's thriving Arts: the school choir under Cynthia Sweet was becoming increasingly well-known and the drama students under Margaret Saffery were doing so well that Drama became a matriculation subject. The Art department was flourishing under Mary Muller, Heather Montgomery and Caroline D'Unicville. Pottery was started as a craft. Plays were produced, musical evenings and the first Art exhibition were held.

Domestic Science became Home Economics in a modernised classroom. Academic classrooms were also desperately needed and a new block of six rooms was opened in 1978, replacing one of the tennis courts and the tennis wall.

An attempt had been made to buy some land from the Ardenne Gardens, but this had failed. At this time, the staffroom was situated over what used to be the chapel - it was far too small, with hardly room for books (marked or unmarked) in the lockers. Now, it was moved to the old kindergarten rooms and the old staffroom was equipped for typewriting, which was introduced as a subject. A tunnel was built under the refurbished dining room, to link the upgraded main Hall to the classroom block, and to provide a second entrance to the redecorated little chapel, with its beautiful new tapestry kneelers, made under the supervision of Mrs Janet Meynell. The area under the Olea tree was paved in the hope that it would provide an outdoor theatre. Unfortunately, the acoustics proved impossible and it has only rarely been used for performances.

At this time, events in South Africa impinged upon the school. In 1976, the Cape Townships, like Soweto and others, exploded in anger against the government. White schools felt themselves to be threatened and Herschel decided to call a vigilante group of parents to guard the school buildings at night. Dr Silberbauer vividly remembers the all-night patrols of willing fathers, who were based in her quarters. Commander Meynell (ex-Navy) and his helpers erected a chain of tins filled with stones which would rattle should the school be attacked along the wire fence adjoining the Claremont Park. It all sounds far-fetched now, but not in those sad times. Mr Tony Mallet, Head of Bishops, and Herschel had worked hard for permission from the Education Department to allow pupils of all races to attend these schools and, despite much opposition, this permission had been granted by 1976. Black pupils could be admitted, provided they passed the Entrance exam - only a few entered at this time, but it was felt to be a beginning.

There were two tragic deaths in 1976. A Std 6 girl, Sandra Wingfield, had had a history of heart disease and had been given a pace-maker. It was hoped that she might be a candidate for a transplant. But it was not to be. On the day



The new classroom block, completed in 1978.

of the Matric farewell, her pace-maker failed, and Sandra died in the staffroom. So as not to spoil the day, the school was told only after lunch by an anguished Dr Silberbauer. The cup for Good Fellowship was donated by Sandra's mother in her memory. Only a few weeks later, after the matriculation exams had been written, a Matric girl, Jenny Torr, the Head Library Prefect, went home to Clere to rest before Speech Day, and was drowned.

These two events influenced Dr Silberbauer's decision to retire. By the end of 1978, she felt that, with a husband who was considering retirement, nine grandchildren, and with the standards at the school established, she could hand over the reins to someone else to continue the improvement. After her retirement, Dr Silberbauer did some part-time teaching, then helped with research work at Groote Schuur, before moving to Brecklands, where she is able to devote more time to her painting.

Her successor was Miss Pamela Geldard.

MISS PAMELA GELDARD (January 1979 - December 1985)

Miss Geldard holds an MA from the University of Cape Town and a Masters in the English Tripos from Cambridge, as well as education qualifications. She came to Herschel from Sans Souci. Her time at Herschel was to be one of relatively peaceful consolidation.

Because the builders were still busy enlarging the Hall, assemblies had to be held out of doors for the first term of 1979, with the girls under the Ilex tree, Miss Geldard and the prefects on the veranda and the piano on the walkway

between the administration section and the staffroom. It was pleasant on good days, but not so easy when the south-easter was howling through the tree above them.

Sadly, the alterations to the Hall jeopardised the future of Herschel's dramatic and musical productions. The old dressing-room had been incorporated as part of the stage and the choir loft had been removed and the result was that one could only be heard from the stage if one stood right on the edge of it. As a result, the 1979 play, *Back to Methuselah*, had to be staged at the Prep. Nonetheless, Dawn McClurg and Margaret Saffery managed somehow to produce a series of excellent plays between 1980 and 1985. The first Matrus to write Drama did so in 1979.

Other extra-mural activities were encouraged for the orchestra was re-established and performed often for the school, while the Choir performed with the Philharmonia Choir and appeared on television. New clubs and societies were formed and Herschel did well in inter-schools' events.

In 1982 Mrs Barbara Payne, the fourth Headmistress, officiated at the 60th birthday celebrations, and was delighted to see that the windows in 'her' chapel had been painted to their own designs by the Sul 7 Art Class. At the end of 1982 a special presentation was



Miss Pamela Geldard and Freya.

made to Mr Donnie Pelston, who had been on the grounds staff for 46 years, starting during Miss Robinson's time.

Also at this time, it was decided that *The Hill* Nursery School should be closed and the buildings were converted to a boarding house for the Prep, giving the school room to expand. A new Science Laboratory was added in 1983 and excited an awed response from one pupil, "Now I know I'm in the Space Age!"

As always, there was the sadness of departures and deaths. After 26 years Mrs Barbara McCormick left a strong French Department when she left in 1982; Miss Joyce Way, who had been caterer at the Prep for so many years, died in 1982, and Mrs Liz Gibbon, Maths teacher at the high school, died in 1984 after a brave battle with cancer. But there were also happy events: Mrs Sheila Gillham, the Vice-Principal, married the Astronomer Royal, Sir Richard Woolley, in 1985, and Sandra Steytler took the first of many tours to France in 1984.

Miss Geldard tried to make girls aware of the importance of personal involvement in the community, so that charity work was not just the giving of money, important though this is. As a result, in 1980 Herschel started a Fun Run round Koudelensch Common, in which all girls could participate. She was an approachable and caring Headmistress with a strong sense of fair play, who was usually sympathetic to reasonable requests. She made sure that the staff gained a properly structured salary scale, based on qualifications and experience. Her home in Fish Hoek, known as Petal's Place, because Petal was her nickname, was the scene of many convivial evenings with Matrics, prefects and sports teams. As one recalled, "It was always such fun! There was no need to mind one's p's and q's - just a lovely comfortable feeling of friends enjoying themselves together."

Another who loved Miss Geldard was Freda, the Bassett Hound, who belonged to a family near Herschel, but who decided to adopt Miss Geldard. Each time she was taken home, she would re-appear, until her owners gave up and Freda became Herschel's dog. One morning, during Assembly, she escaped and marched up the steps onto the stage and sat next to Miss Geldard's table, awaiting a response. When she got none, since Miss Geldard was attempting to read the notices, she placed her front paws on the table and levered herself up, so that she could look directly at her beloved mistress. That was the end of the formal assembly!

Miss Geldard left the school at the end of 1985.

MRS PAMELA DUFF (January 1986 - April 1997)

In January 1986 Mrs Pamela Macdonald became the eighth Headmistress of Herschel. A Zimbabwean by birth, she had obtained a B.Sc. and UED from UCT, and, as already noted, had done some of her teaching practice at Herschel, in 1955. She had been Headmistress of St John's Girls' School in Pietermaritzburg, before accepting the Herschel appointment. She was installed as Headmistress by Archbishop



Mrs Pamela Duff at her Installation by Archbishop Philip Russell in 1986.

Philip Russell in St Saviour's Church, Claremont, on Founder's Day, 1986, the first time this ceremony was held.

When Mrs Duff took over, she moved the Headmistress's Office from the front office on the left across the passage to its present position, which used to be the Head's dining room. She also had a new house built where the old tennis wall had been (on the site of the old cabbage patch, hence the name of the house) and moved into it with a new husband, having married Dr John Duff in the second term. Other early changes were the appointment of the first Guidance Counsellor, Mrs Cindy Esterhuysen, and the introduction of a long-sleeved shirt for cold winter days. Matrics were allowed to wear ties with the shirt. For the rest of the school, blue ties were introduced from 1989 with the winter uniform. An entrance examination was introduced at all levels of entry to Herschel. It is interesting to read now the results of a Priorities Survey carried out in 1986 by Mrs Duff. Seventeen items appear on this list and nearly all have been carried out, together with several other major projects not thought of in 1986. Her priority was to prepare Herschel for the twenty-first century by upgrading the school's facilities and by putting it in the forefront of developments in all fields, including technological aspects.

An important issue in 1986 was whether to switch from the JMB examination to the Cape Senior Certificate. In the end, it was decided to write the JMB for the last time in 1987 and switch from 1988. This was also the year in which the Government stopped linking the financial grant to private schools to the racial composition of the school, so Herschel was able to draw up its own entrance policy.

Several other events marked 1986. Mr Anonius (Donnie) Pelston, head groundsman for 50 years, decided to retire, broadening a real link with Herschel's early days. Seventeen girls were interviewed for the first exchange with Brooks School, North Andover, Massachusetts, USA, to take place in 1987. The two girls chosen were Fiona Sass and Azize Magida. The magazine appeared in a new format for the first time, with a bright cover photograph replacing the traditional plain royal blue with its picture of the pine trees, drawn by Betty Martino (Van der Byl) many years before.

A School Forum, chaired by the Headgirl and comprising staff representatives, prefects and all form captains, was introduced to discuss matters of concern to the girls. From 1993 the ten prefects were joined by four other girls: Head Librarian, Head of Theatre, Head of Environmental Awareness and School Archivist. Each class sent a class representative who was elected for two terms.

Tenella Douglas, a founder pupil, died in 1986, and left a bequest to establish an annual scholarship. The first recipient of this scholarship was Catherine Girard, who was in Matric in 1987 and gained six distinctions in the Matric exams that year as well as earning ninth place in the top 20 in South Africa.



The new Theatre being built in 1988. Mrs Chris Brathwaite (in charge of fundraising) and Headgirl Keshya Maseti check the progress.

At the beginning of 1987 an appeal was launched to raise the substantial funds needed to build a new Theatre complex. So successful was the appeal that this lovely Theatre could be opened in October 1988, by the Mayor of Cape Town, Alderman Peter Muller, just in time for Speech Day. In view of the problems with the acoustics in the Mary Jagger Hall, the Theatre was essential in a school which prided itself on its tradition of nurturing drama. The first production was *The Wizard of Oz*.

Each new Head introduces innovations. In addition to those already mentioned, the first Standard 9 Camp (then called the Leadership and Extension Course) at Hermannus was held from 22-24 July 1987. The Interact Club was founded on Tuesday, 2 June 1987, when Mr Clive Overmeyer of the Claremont Rotary Club handed over the Charter Certificate to the first President, Michelle Bontu. The Placement Programme which enables Std 9s to gain firsthand experience of the workplace was held for the first time during the second last week of the second term. This



The first production in the new theatre, 'The Wizard of Oz'. The Scarecrow was Keshya Maseti, Tinman was Clive Maseti, Lion was Kate O'Neal, and Dorothy was Amanda Gersh.

was an experimental programme, but has proved so worthwhile that many other schools have copied the idea.

At the end of 1987, the Head of the Preparatory School retired. Mrs Pat Brown had been at Herschel for 20 years, 15 as the Prep's Head. She was replaced by Mrs Margaret Chambers, a Canadian with some exciting new ideas.

At this time (1988), the Matrics were given the area outside the library (now the Chapel) as their Commonroom. The Matric Commonroom has enjoyed a peripatetic existence at Herschel, later moving to what is now the locker room near the staff room, then to Room 7, then to the old Chapel off the main (in 1996), where they are at present. Another change involving the Matrics was the organisation of the Matric dance. Until 1988, the Matrics themselves had raised the money needed for the dance, and done their own decorations, but now the Std 9s took over this function, so that the Matrics could relax and simply enjoy the evening.

Alan Paton died soon after Easter 1988. He was the step-father of a Herschel teacher, Mrs Athene Hall, and had given a talk to the Matrics in the school library during a visit to Cape Town in 1987. Matric girls attended his Memorial service in St. George's Cathedral and also had a short service for him at school.

Early in 1988, the tutor system was introduced from Std 8 to 10, with each gr. being allocated to a specific teacher to monitor her schoolwork and academic progress. Computer Science was introduced in 1989 and ceramics could be offered as a Matric Art option instead of painting.

On 3 May 1989 the Mediaeval Pageant was held over two days. Some of the Miracle Plays were presented, while other girls produced mediaeval food, banners, etc. The day was a great success and girls learned much about this time quite painlessly. In the following year, 1990, an Liseddiod became part of the Herschel scene, including sections for literature, dancing, music, speech and drama and art. Also in 1990, the first Matric sweatshirt was approved, a clever design by Fiona Jack.

Numbers were increasing dramatically - from 480 in 1986 to 718 in 1991. Therefore, a new Pre Preparatory school was built at the end of 1989, while it was decided that a new classroom block for the senior school would be started from October 1991. This would include a covered atrium and resource centre and library. At the Prep three new classrooms and a large activity room were also to be built. As a result, mud and noise and boarded-up classrooms made life difficult for several months at both schools. However, the new buildings proved worth the discomfort. The Prep buildings were in use by February 1992, but the Senior School additions were not ready until August. The new Resource Centre was officially opened on 26th August 1992 by the Chairman of the Herschel Council, Desmond Loch Davis, and the ribbon at the entrance to the library was cut by Sadie Henderson, grand-daughter of our founder, John William Jagger, and daughter of Mr Duncan Baxter, whose name continues to be remembered in this new building. Six present pupils who are members of the Baxter family witnessed the ceremony, as did an American benefactor, Raymond Danowski, son-in-law of the sculptor Henry Moore. His splendid gifts of books have made a great difference to the quality of our library.



The opening of the magnificent Resource Centre in 1992.

Physical needs were considered when the Boarders were finally insulated from the rain by a properly waterproofed roof, the Home Economics Room got a much-needed modernisation, a First-Aid Course was introduced by Mrs Margaret Robinson and Sunbats became compulsory for the Prep from January 1992, while from January 1993 Herschel became a no-smoking zone.

Herschel turned 70 in 1992, and after Councillor Clive Kregan had addressed the assembled school, one of the founder pupils, Dr Dulcie Howes, said a few words before cutting the huge birthday cake. The first Cabaret was held under the Ilex tree, depicting Herschel through seven decades. A time capsule, containing such items as a gank, a Herschel summer dress and a Std 7 scrapbook showing the life of a Cape Town teenager in 1992, was put away to be opened in 2062. This was the inspiration of Yasmeen Amien.

Another important anniversary occurred on Saturday, 7th March 1992 - the 200th anniversary of Sir John Herschel's



Dulcie Howes cuts the 70th Birthday Cake in 1992, watched by Headgirl Barbara Vincent and Councillor Clive Kregan.

birth. The Royal Society of South Africa held a symposium at Herschel to mark the occasion, which fell on the same day, Saturday, as it had 200 years before.

By 1993 the school had a new computer room which proved very popular. During 1994, the computer room was moved to its present position in the Resource Centre and the equipment was upgraded. By August 1994 we were linked to the Internet.

However, the artistic Muses were not neglected: Georgie and Olivia Sutcliffe, helped by their mother, Liza Sutcliffe, published a poem about the plight of the Black Rhino. Then Headgirl Thandé Sichert presented the school with a new school song. In July 1993, the Std 6, 7 and 8 girls enjoyed a Shakespearean experience, involving all departments, from Science's alchemists to Phys.Ed.'s maypole dancing to English's Elizabethan drama.

As national elections approached, and after one or two unpleasant incidents, it became necessary to reconsider security arrangements and electronic security gates were installed and guards patrolled the grounds at all times. On Thursday, 2nd September 1993, Herschel united with the rest of South Africa in prayers for peace, in a ceremony under the Ilex tree. Even some of the men from the road-works outside the gate came to join in.

Carin Dippenaar was the first Herschelians to take part in the radio programme, Microphone-In, with Nigel Murphy, who is also an Old Herschelians! She was part of a panel discussing "Teenagers - who has the tougher deal, boys or girls?" In 1996, Justine Brice continued the tradition by participating twice in Microphone-In.

In August 1993 Old Herschelians were saddened by the death of Margaret Saffery, who started Drama at Herschel and who continued to be involved in school life until she became blind. In October, another remarkable lady died - Dulcie Howes, who had been a founder pupil of Herschel in 1922. The third generation of her family, Alexandra, is

now in the School. On a happier note, a special visitor was Sue McGregor, O.B.E., who attended Herschel from 1949 to 1957. She hosts the BBC's magazine programme, "Today" and was in South Africa to record a programme on South African education.

Mrs Chambers announced the closure of the Prep boarding house from the end of 1993 because of declining numbers. The few remaining Prep Boarders would be accommodated in the Senior School Hostel. The space released provided multi-levelled classrooms. By November 1993, the Prep also had a new computer room.

1994 was Election Year for South Africa. Herschel started the year with the news that 1993 Headgirl, Nicola Clegg, had gained 7 A's and been placed 18th in the Cape, a superb achievement. Work began on the Indoor Sports Centre and the biggest ever Matric class (82 girls) entered its final year.

The elections dominated the second term and the school was closed for three days, from 27th-29th April. As a result, examinations had to be postponed by a week and Maths and Standard Nines had extra classes in the afternoons. These were stirring times and all South Africans felt the euphoria of President Mandela's Inauguration.

Stewart Qabaka died in April 1994, signalling the end of an era. He had been on the Herschel staff for 33 years and was much loved. At the end of 1994, more goodbyes had to be said - to the two Margarets - Margaret Robinson, Deputy Head of the Senior School, and Margaret Chambers, Head of the Prep School. In their places came Mrs Lesley MacIntyre and Mrs Jennifer Thompson.

From 1990, the Prep developed a special relationship with the John Pama School, which continues to benefit both schools, and it was felt that Herschel needed to make more effort to help less privileged pupils. Mrs Allen was given the task of getting an Outreach programme operational, and spent the last two terms of 1994 investigating the whole subject. Some results of this were that the Prep School welcomed teachers to a Mathematics support programme, with the aid of Mrs Lynn Rossouw of the University of the Western Cape, while as part of the President's Award Programme, the High School took pupil groups for computer literacy training and a Toastmasters Course. The Science Department also arranged practical workshops for 8 pupils from Thandokhulu School and for Science teachers from disadvantaged schools. Sewing and cookery classes were held to develop skills which could generate income. Drama classes were intended to improve social skills and confidence. Interact girls helped with these classes and about 40 pupils came to Herschel once a week. Closer to home, in 1996 three of Herschel's domestic workers completed a literacy course and showed off their new skills in a moving presentation to the school.

Meanwhile, the Chapel moved up to the old library in the second term of 1993. Work continued for several months, as mothers stitched kneelers, new pews were delivered, the chalice and paten were resilvered and the choir presented

a chorium. Some of the furnishings fittingly commemorated Patience Notini, a pupil who died at the beginning of 1993. Finally complete, the new Chapel came into use from September 1994, beautifully suited to its new incarnation. A Musical Soirée was held to inaugurate it and the first wedding took place on 30 September 1994, that of Assistant Caterer, Kathy Parkinson. The actual consecration of this chapelry of St Saviour's by Bishop Merwyn Castle took place on Thursday, 1st December. The first Old Herschelian wedding took place on 7 January 1995, when Bridget Chapman married Mark Benn.



The Sports Centre, opened in 1993.

Another opening was that of the well-equipped new Sports Centre by Prof. Tim Noakes of UCT's Sports Medicine Department. Another fest was the Sportsgirls' Dinner in October. Prof. Noakes was kept busy by being asked to address this gathering, too, as well as to present the awards. Two new sports, basketball and indoor hockey, were introduced from January 1995.

There were more sad farewells in 1995. At the end of the first term two very long-serving teachers retired: Mrs Bernice Lunn had taught Afrikaans to several generations of Herschel girls for 18 years, while Mrs Marguerite Davies had been Head of the Junior Preparatory Department for many of the 20 years she had spent at Herschel. Then at the end of the year, a real Herschel institution decided to retire - Mrs Cynthia Sweet had been at the school since 1953 with one short break, giving her nearly 40 years of raising cultural standards at the school through her music. In April 1995, those who had known her were saddened by the death of Mrs Barbara Payne, Herschel's third Headmistress.

On 3 May 1995, Dr Jean Bradshaw, granddaughter of Duncan Baxter and great-granddaughter of William Jagger, performed the official opening of the upgraded Science Laboratories. In 1996 another dream materialised when the Std 6 and 7 girls started a Design Technology pilot programme. From 1997 the subject gained a permanent home in the old Drama room, which had been occupied by

Ceramics and Music. Ceramics was moved to a new studio at the Prep School. The Prep also gained a new pool, opened by Anne Snyders on Friday, 8th March 1996, and a new Hall, opened by Mrs Duff on Tuesday, 6th August.

From 1st April 1995 the new political dispensation began to be felt, when all the education departments were amalgamated into the Western Cape Education Department. From 1996 there were concerns about the Cape Senior Certificate examination, and the school began to consider the possibility of switching to another examination system. In August 1997 Bishops, St Cyprian's, St Joseph's and Herschel wrote a joint examination. The matter will be reviewed again in 1998.



Founder's Day, 1996, the School's 75th Birthday. Three Headmistresses represent Past, Present and Future: Dr Silberbauer, Mrs Duff and Mrs Diana van Zyl.

The end of 1996 brought a shock in the form of Mrs Duff's resignation with effect from the end of the first term of 1997. But first, she would officiate at the 75th Birthday celebrations, highlights of which were the Founder's Day service held on the Hockey field and addressed by the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Njongonkulu Ndungane; the Pageant bringing to life the history of the school; the Cabaret and the aerial photograph of the whole school, forming a huge "H" on the Hockey field.

Mrs Duff handed over the reins to the school's ninth Headmistress, Mrs Diana Van Zyl, who came from Parktown Girls' High School in Johannesburg, to lead Herschel into the next Century. She inherited a school firmly placed amongst the country's best, through both its physical facilities and its academic performance. The 1996 Matric results were extraordinary, with three quarters of the girls obtaining an A or B aggregate.

So, from a plot of waste ground, Herschel has been built up step by step by all those who have taught there, learned there, been parents, Council members, friends, into a school to be proud of, offering so much more to the girls lucky enough to be part of it than its founders ever dreamed. Sir John Herschel, with his deep interest in education, would surely be glad to be associated with this school that bears his name.

by June Kurtz

My main source has been the material collected by Elizabeth Stockwell, History teacher and archivist at Herschel for many years.

The Script for *The Stars Looked Down*, written by Marian Robertson in 1972, and her reminiscences, were also exceptionally useful.



The original Herschel house - circa 1865

ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL CHOIR

The Choir, which has grown to fifty-five, has had a most active and fulfilling year.

It began when the Choir, together with the Chorale, led the Service in celebration of Herschel's 75th Birthday and in spite of the intense heat, the beautiful singing lent a most poignant atmosphere to the proceedings.

The Third Term was a busy one with the Choir singing at our concert held in the Atrium; the Choir performed well and was enthusiastically received. The platform that evening was shared with a visiting Choir from St Sithian's in Johannesburg.

This was followed by the Choir's performance at a joint Evensong with the Diocesan College Choir at St Saviour's. It was a special evensong made even more memorable by the inspiring singing of the two Choirs, as well as the Chorale.

The rest of that term was spent preparing for the recorded SAFM Service which was to be held at the beginning of the Fourth Term. The Choir concludes its busy schedule by performing at the Annual Prize Giving Ceremony and at

the Carol Service in December, a fitting way to end a most successful year.

As a result of the timing of the mid-year examinations, we were not able to participate in any Ekstedtods this year, but hopefully next year will afford us the opportunity to do so once again.

My thanks to Rosie Hartley and Laurie Jeffery for their able leadership of the Choir and we wish them all the best for the future.

Miss M. Barlow

CALTEX CHOIR FESTIVAL

On 18 May the annual Caltex Massed Choir Festival was held in the Good Hope Centre. A choir of some 3000 voices from around Cape Town performed with the Cape Town Philharmonic Orchestra, which was augmented by young musicians from the Beau Soleil Symphony Orchestra. Jessica Miller (cello) and Johanna Kirkby (violin) were privileged to be part of the orchestra. Their conductors included Richard Cook, Prof. Khumalo and Barry Smith. This concert was broadcast on television later in the month.



CHOIR

BACK ROW:	A. Chen, C. van der Hoven, S.A. Rose-Innes, P. Waller, C. Crush, K. van Ryneveld, C. Giovannini, A. van Hoor, L. Kohn, J. Steyn, J. Miller
2ND ROW:	R. Hartley (Leader), T. Hayden, N. Graham, N. Tormach, S. Lee Pan, T. Eadie, N. Fasham, S. Gilbert, D. McDonald, Z. Beyers, T. Ranger, T. Ismail, C. Reader, C. Davidson, C. Chuter, L. Jeffery (Leader)
FRONT ROW:	Q. Gqasho, P. Gogela, M. Suyman, C. Erasmus, K. Round, A. Cawood, J. Miller, N. du Preez, S. Dlova, P. Bevis Challinor, K. Ellis, S. Wesson, L. Day, L. Heller, J. Kirkby, A. Trengrove Jones, P. Rainier, T. Boyd, Miss Barlow
ABSENT:	M. Haw, G. Flint, C. Johnson, Z. Reynolds, R. Ross, L. Raubenheimer



CHORALE

BACK ROW: G. Reader, T. Ismail, Z. Beyers, J. Miller, T. Hayden, K. van Ryneveld, A. van Hooen, C. van der Hoven, D. McDonald, S. Lee Pan, N. Tseirach
FRONT ROW: P. Rainier, C. Cluver, N. Graham, L. Jeffery (Leader), R. Hartley (Leader), C. Davidson, L. Day, P. Gogela, Miss Barlow
ABSENT: M. Haw, G. Eliot, C. Johnson

CHORALE

This year saw the first performance of a full-scale concert given by the Chorale which was not held at Herschel itself. We were invited to give a concert in the series promoted by the Christian Community Congregation. The girls memorised a programme of seventeen songs which they performed to a very high standard. Many of the audience remarked on their professionalism, as well as on their musicality. We hope this will be the beginning of a concert career for the chorale.

Once again my thanks go to Rosie Hartley and Lucie Jeffery for their leadership, and to Ary van Hooen and her family for hosting our workshop day at their home in June.

Miss M. Barlow

EVENING ENDS ON A HIGH NOTE

The 1997 Inter House Singing provided a lively evening's entertainment for the capacity audience. Jagger's lovely harmonies in the sea piece, *You Got It*, gave them an immediate lead, which they consolidated in the beautifully performed *It's a Hard Knock Life* from *Annie*, to win the John Mudge Trophy.

Rob's excellent instrumentalists and singers gave a very creditable arrangement of Albin's *Wacaron*, and we enjoyed

Merriman's rhythmic rendition of *We'll be Together* from *Grease*, complete with a real car, which almost asphyxiated the audience!

The enthusiasm of the performers was infectious and the audience gave them an equally enthusiastic reception. The standard of Inter-House Singing improves year by year, and the girls are to be congratulated on the results of their many hours of hard work. It smiles measure the success of a performance, your audience gave you ten out of ten!

WINDBAND

The first half of the year was relatively quiet for the windband as we had nine new members. It is always encouraging to know that there are so many people who want to take part in a music ensemble, but unfortunately, it takes time, dedication and a lot of practice to play in tune and rhythm. We meet once a week on a Wednesday at lunch break for half an hour.

We have played in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod where we gained a merit plus which was a great achievement. We played in the School Eucharist and much to our embarrassment we also played in a Windband Assembly.

Our excellent and dedicated instrumentalists in the windband are: flautists - Carrie van der Hoven, Kirsten van Ryneveld, Fiona MacKay, Katie Carlsbeck, Tessa Fadie and Anne-Marie Norman; clarinetists - Michelle Berrangé, Kate



WINDBAND

BACK ROW: F. Mackay, C. van der Horst, L. Middelman, K. van Rynsveld, M. Berrangé, M. McDonald, C. Poden, K. Louw
 FRONT ROW: A. Mahim, K. Clarke, A-M. Norman (leader), Mr S. Chapman, T. Ranger, L. Woolley, K. Mann
 ABSENT: A. Luxenberg, Z. Reynolds



STRING ORCHESTRA

BACK ROW: N. Tsemach, A. van Hoorn, S. Twygrass, A. Durrant, J. Miller, C. Robertson, J. Miller
 FRONT ROW: C. Erasmus, C. Buchanan, J. Kirkby, R. Hartley (leader), D. McDonald, L. Jeffery, A. Trengrove Jones
 ABSENT: V. Madden, S. Wesson, N. de Preter, C. Day

Mami, Zoë Reynolds and Catherine Ditcham; bass clarinet - Megan McDonald; saxophone - Laura Middelman and Kate Louw; drums - Abby Loebenberg and our most amazing instrumentalist is Chloë Foden on the euphonium.

Little Joey who is our most dedicated and friendly mascot, deserves a special mention.

On behalf of the Windband, I would like to say a BIG thank you to Mr Chapman for all the time and dedication he gives us, but I must not forget to mention the patience he has for us, especially when we arrive without our music or instruments. I have so enjoyed heading the windband this year and I am sure that the enjoyment that we share will definitely carry on into the future.

Anne-Marie Norman

NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA COURSE

Three Herschel violinists, Aty van Hoorn, Nadine Tsemach and Candice Erasmus, took part in the National Youth Orchestra Course, which was held in Cape Town this year on 2 July. Young musicians (aged from thirteen to twenty-four) gathered at the UCT College of Music for auditions, on the results of which the musicians/instrumentalists were placed in various ensemble groups and orchestras.

Nadine Tsemach and Candice Erasmus were placed in the Concert Orchestra, 2nd violin section, of which Nadine was also the co-leader.

This orchestra, conducted by Johan Zietsman (of Durban), included in its repertoire large-scale orchestral works such as the *Cappriccio Italiano* (Tchaikovsky), *Les Préludes* (Liszt) and *Le Cid* (Massenet).

Aty van Hoorn was placed in the first violins of the String Orchestra, which was conducted by Louis van der Walt (Cape Town). Their repertoire included the famous *Adagio for Strings* (Barber), *Zwei Waltzer* (Dvorak) and *Plunk, Plunk, Plunk*, a light-hearted piece by Leroy Anderson.



Zoë Beyers

ZOË BEYERS - A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Standard 7D's Zoe Beyers was recently honoured by being invited to be a soloist with the Chamber Ensemble of the Namibia Symphony Orchestra, together with the German oboe player, Stefan Gleitsmann. She flew to Windhoek on 11 February, and was met by Austrian conductor, Eduard Gert Felin.

After a rigorous rehearsal schedule, the first concert took place on Friday, 14 February, in the Lutheran Church, Windhoek. Zoë played the Mozart A Major Concerto, K219, while pieces by Stamitz, Handel, Bellini and Respighi also featured on the programme. A capacity audience gave the performers an appreciative reception.

On Saturday, the whole group flew to Swakopmund for the equally successful second concert in the Aula der Grunshule. Zoë loved every minute of the trip and found the Namibians extremely friendly and helpful, the NNSO conductor excellent, and the experience of playing with the NNSO wonderfully enriching.

CABARET '97 : CELEBRATE

Herschel's 75th Birthday was celebrated in an energetic expression of creativity in our Cabaret '97. This production was entitled CELEBRATE as we wished to capture in movement and song all that we at Herschel have to enjoy. The theme was that of a birthday party, and was also a celebration of the life of each individual who contributed to this show. The rehearsal process was fun and, in terms of value to the pupils, this was perhaps even more important than the product itself. This fun was the energy which fuelled the cast of 150 Herschel pupils, 125 from the Senior School and 25 from the Preparatory. The spirit was as great offstage as on, and it was a privilege to share this occasion.

The programme was varied, from Bobby McFerrin's a capella style in *Mockingbird* and *Stars*, to the gentle strains of *Close to You* and the 'alternative' arrangement of Sting's *Mad About You* and Fool's Garden's *Lemon Tree*. This gave the girls the opportunity to explore a range of music and performance styles. The cast had the opportunity to work with Huel Arts Collective, a group of dynamic and talented young choreographers whose contribution to the success of the production was invaluable. The show was a collaborative effort and many members of the Herschel family were thanked for their input.

The performances played to full houses every night, with demands for encores. A memorable highlight was the sideshow, "A Tribute to Mrs Duff", sung to the Beatles' song *In My Life*, which came with love from the Herschel family. We celebrated this occasion with the lighting of 150 birthday candles during the singing of our very beautiful School Song. Our opening number, and title tune, "Celebrate!", expresses the desire to "have a good time tonight". And, certainly, a good time was had by all.

INTER-HOUSE PLAY FESTIVAL

This year the Standard Nine Drama class undertook to stage Michael Frayn's farce, *Noises Off*. Each House performed an act of this full length play. There was tremendous fun and collaboration among the Houses, especially back-stage, to create this hilarious comedy.

The evening was adjudicated by Mrs Annette Woolley and Mr David Benny. Merriman won the House trophy for their farcical and energetic rendition of Act 2. The trophy for Best Actress was awarded to Allisa-Zoe Hartmann, also of Merriman House.

CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS

In keeping with the celebratory nature of Herschel's 75th Birthday Year, the Music, Art and Drama Departments presented an evening celebrating the creative life of Herschel's pupils.

This began in the Mary Jagger Hall with a Cheese and Wine, flavoured with the Standard Eight Art Exhibition, huskers, games and theatre sports. The audience then moved to the theatre for a collage of music and drama performed by the pupils studying these subjects for matriculation.

Highlights of this evening were a collaboration of physical theatre and phase music entitled "Stillness"; a monologue entitled "Value for Money" and the *a cappella* "Anthem for Arts".

The evening ended on a memorable and poignant note with the Standard Nine Drama class singing the School Song.



Mary Haw signing her monologue



Standard 8 Drama girls at the Art Exhibition

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 1996/1997 term of the Historical Society began successfully at the end of 1996 with a "Crumbling Cakes" meeting. As the name suggests, this was a competition to see who could exhibit the best sculptured cake together with a short presentation relating to any historical theme.

The Historical Society attempts to incorporate Historical virtues at all meetings in order to combine creativity and learning (and often a great deal of eating).

Thus began a fun and activity-filled year.

We had a banquet, graced with ancient cuisine, a display of dated headwear in "Historical Hats", a quiz, a class of human-sized chess pieces and masterpieces were created in two rounds of Historic Pictionary.

Many of these meetings involved various foreign exchange students who, in bringing a new approach, created a fresh atmosphere and often served to teach us a little of their own history.

I would like to thank them for their enthusiasm. I would also like to thank many of the members of staff who became very involved as judges, especially Mrs Seames who was the teacher-in-charge.

Thank you to Shelley, the deputy-head and to everyone who participated. All the best to the new head of the Historical Society, Helen Mitchell.

Clara Louw

CHAPEL

This has been a busy and exciting year in the spiritual life of the school, a year full of new beginnings.

Mrs Allen was licensed by Bishop Merwyn as the first, full-time, lay chaplain at Herschel on January 16 this year. Our new Archbishop, the Most Reverend Njongonkulu Ndungane, preached at the service celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of our foundation on Friday, 14 February, where he delighted the congregation of nearly two thousand gathered on the hockey field with his warmth and wit. Our new headmistress was inducted to her position by Bishop Merwyn in Saint Saviour's Church on Ascension Day, Thursday, 8 May. We have enjoyed our links with Christ Church, Kenilworth, and Rev. Dr Jim Harris, who has presided at many of our Eucharists, helped by Rev. Duncan McLean and Rev. John Atkinson. St Saviour's has continued to allow us to use the lovely church for our whole-school gatherings, and Father Garth Connell has assisted at several of the services there, in particular a very beautiful Song Evensong with the Herschel and Bishops' Choirs, and a rather nerve-wracking service designed for broadcast on Sunday, 26 October, where once again we were privileged to have the presence of Archbishop Njongonkulu.

What has been very special has been the increasing involvement of the girls. Vicky Crawley and Chloe Townsend led a very supportive Chapel Committee, who helped prepare

for services, presented their own services during the Boarders' Chapel times on Tuesday evenings, and kept up the tradition of cuttings - sunset and pizzas at Camps Bay, pizzas at Racine... boarders seem to need pizzas!

Then the Christian Union has been growing apace. We've had a number of varied meetings, at school, at people's homes, combined with Bishops, to encourage each other as we develop.

Perhaps the highlight was the Camp at Bains Kloof for Christian Growth, where Christian Union members combined with confirmation candidates in July for much fun, immersion in GOMD mountain streams on a sunny afternoon (Christianity is rugged!), and serious thought about our relationship with God.

We wish for every blessing on Alex Bainstather-Cloete, Kirsten van Ryneveld, Caroline Davidson, Trish Pletzer, Ilana and Monique Johnson, as they are confirmed this year.

Thanks go to Masike Botha, who has gradually taken over the leadership of the Christian Union this year, enthusiastically assisted by Nancy Graham, Sarah Jane Witter and Rezy Martin, and a growing collection of faithful at meetings. They have laid a good foundation for great development next year, under the guidance and joy of God.

Mrs P. Allen (Chaplain)



CHAPEL COMMITTEE

BACK ROW:	S. Teyecross, G. Simpson, S. van Nickerk
FRONT ROW:	M. Snyman, C. Townsend, Mrs P. Allen, V. Crawley, P. Carter
ABSENT:	F. Kopp, A. Ford

EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

Since the 1994 elections, South Africa's international isolation has lessened, enabling Herschel girls to take part in a programme of exchanges with schools on all five continents. This has proved to be an enriching experience for the whole school; we have learned about a variety of different education systems from the articulate reports delivered by the girls on their return and have interacted with the incoming students who visited Herschel. Nine girls from various corners of the globe have stayed either in the Boarding House or with Herschel families and participated in all aspects of school life. Sadly, foreign parents are cautious about sending their daughters to our crime-plagued country which will limit next year's programme.

In 1997, four Standard Nine pupils spent a term in Canada; Mary Haw and Tasneem Ismail at Bishops College School in Quebec, Helen Wilson at Appleby College and Jeannie Bomford at Bethany Hills, both in Ontario. At these multinational schools, they met pupils from all over the world and learned skills ranging from rugby and soccer to French, skiing and igloo building!

Five girls studied in the U.S.A.: Joni Watson and Sarah-Jane Morley visited Norfolk Academy in Virginia during the spring term and Laura Middelhuis and Margie Gle are currently enjoying the changing colours of autumn. Fleur Beemish spent six months at Hotchkiss Academy in Massachusetts. Both of these schools are among the top academic schools in the United States, providing our girls with a challenging, stimulating environment.

Back in Africa, one of the most enriching experiences was enjoyed by Marike Botha, who studied at St Mark's College in Lebowa. This is the most sought-after school in the area, yet conditions were vastly different from those we tend to

take for granted at Herschel. All facilities, from books and desks to teachers and extra curricular activities, were in short supply and through Marike's absorbing report back, we learned much about the lives of millions of our fellow South Africans. Mr Anderson, the headmaster, wrote of Marike's visit: "She made something ordinary of something that had never been ordinary before - the impact of one white girl on a school of black boys and girls. South Africa should be proud of her."

Kate-Louise McCay was also exposed to great cultural differences during her visit to the Lawrence School in the foothills of the Himalayas. She was dazzled by the plethora of sights, sounds and smells of India and by the rigid discipline of the Indian school day starting with physical education for all at 6:00 a.m. and featuring a twice-weekly bath!

Shaira Sattar and Zosia Nowinski are our first ambassadors to Australia and will be rotating between St Phillips in Alice Springs and Mowbray College in Melbourne and will thus experience both the outback and urban Australia. Both will also join a group of international students from Ivanhoe School as crew on a tall ship which should be a wonderful experience for them.

Europe was the destination for five of our pupils. Tiffany Rademeyer spent a term at Benenden in Kent, while Caroline Robertson is currently studying at Woodbridge in Suffolk. Both are traditional English schools with beautiful old buildings set in extensive wooded grounds, offering their pupils all the most modern technology.

Mrs Hugo, head of our Afrikaans department, has set up an exchange with Regina Pacis in Belgium based on the linguistic links between Flemish and Afrikaans. Aty Snoek, Alisha Zee Hartmann and Monique Johnson have been



Wanderers return from their Exchange Visits

BACK ROW: Helen Wilson, Tiffany Rademeyer

FRONT ROW: Mary Haw, Joni Watson, Sarah-Jane Morley, Fleur Beemish



given a wonderful opportunity to extend their talent for languages in a foreign setting.

All of these girls have excelled in a new environment and have taken full advantage of every opportunity offered by the exchange programme. They have gained confidence and independence, broadening their horizons and making friends all over the world. They have learned that school-girls everywhere are more similar than different and the hardest part of the programme has been to get them to come home!

Mrs B. Erasmus (Exchange Programme Co-ordinator)

A TOUR OF THE TOWNSHIPS

Our two exchange students, Marion Elrich from Australia and Ruth Saunders from England, recently went with Mrs Erasmus on a tour of the townships of Cape Town. They found it very interesting and were struck by the marked contrast between the affluent Bishopscourt area where they started, and the stark realities of life in the townships where the tour ended.

ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS CLUB / PRESIDENT'S AWARD

TRIP TO THE CEDERBERG - A SEEDY WEEKEND!

On Friday, 28 February, a rainbow team of twenty school-girls went to the Cederberg to help Cape Nature Conservation collect seeds from isolated communities of the endangered Cedar tree. The weekend was organised by Mrs Sandra Steytler of the Cederberg Interest Group, under the auspices of the Botanical Society's Flora Conservation Committee. The Herschel E.A.C. was invited to put together a group, and they invited nine President's Award

students from Guguletu and two exchange students, from Canada and Germany, to join them.

Four adults accompanied the group: Mrs Steytler, Mrs Diedericks, Mrs Patrick and Dr Siraky. Accommodation and excellent food were provided by René and Fennie Spinner on the farm *Driesbosk* in the Southern Cederberg. Suppers were served under the stars by René's children, and all the farm dogs and cats received much affectionate attention.

The girls shared one cottage, the Patrick family the other, while Mrs Diedericks, Mrs Steytler and Dr Siraky slept in their own tents pitched in front of the cottage ("guarding the girls!").

On Saturday morning at 7.00 a.m. we were picked up by Forestry Department members in their 4x4's. We went off in three groups to collect Cedar seeds high up in the mountains. This involved some hair-raising rides and climbing and scrambling, but it was worthwhile, as enough seeds were collected for two years.

The evening culminated in a super braai and the highlight of the weekend: a cross-cultural delight of singing, dancing and games taught in Xhosa, English and German, with a smattering of Afrikaans! Then, spontaneously, the Gug-girls started singing our two National Anthems and the rest of the girls joined in.

Before bed, we switched off lights and lay on the lawn, watching a Milky Way that very few people ever see in Cape Town - magic!

The next morning was spent climbing to the waterfall, swimming in the mountain pool and lazing about.

The weekend was a great success and our girls behaved impeccably.

Mrs A. Diedericks



ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS CLUB COMMITTEE

BACK ROW: A. Wright, M. Buchanan
FRONT ROW: K. Toot, Mrs A. Diedericks,
A. Ahmed



ARBOR DAY: Kate Bloch, helped by Xanthe Stewart and Anne Wright, plants an indigenous *Rhus* tree.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Throughout the year, our Junior and Senior debating teams have taken part in the Rotary Inter Schools' Debating Competition in which fifty-four schools participated. This year, for the first time in Herschel's history, we had a team that won not only the overall competition, but overall Best Speaker as well - congratulations, Alison and the entire Junior team for your hard work, perseverance and, naturally, excellent debating skills!

The "debating year" started with our Junior team debating the very topical subject of "Cape Town should withdraw its bid for the 2004 Olympics" against Table View. Marguerite Gie, Alison Bradley and Kirsten van Rynveld opposed the motion and won. They went on to debate issues such as "Sport would be better without sponsors" and "Money brings you happiness" - debates which were stepping stones to the final competition.

The Senior team, Inge Haupt, Kate Bloch, Kerry Sherwood, Anisa Ahmed and I, also had a very successful year. We debated issues such as "The end of the Cold War has made the world more stable", "The exploration of space is a futile and dangerous dream" and "Economic development matters more than the environment". Although some of the topics were very challenging, I am proud of the way we pulled together as a team and had as much fun as possible doing so!

I would like to thank not only Kate, Anisa, Kerry, Inge, Marguerite, Alison and Kirsten, but also Mrs Golding, for giving up her breaks to help us and for pulling us together when we were sure we would fall apart.

I am proud to have been able to start in the victory for the Debating Society this year and wish all the teams, as well as next year's, a successful year. Good luck!

Bianca Lipshitz

HERSCHEL GIRLS TALK THEIR WAY TO THE TOP

The Herschel Junior Debating Team, whose members include Margie Gie, Alison Bradley and Kirsten van Rynveld, won the 1997 Rotary Inter-Schools' Debating Competition in the Junior Section against stiff competition.

All in all fifty-four schools took part in the competition and the girls have had to debate such topics as, "Parents do not understand children"; "Cape Town should withdraw its bid for the Olympics 2004"; "Sport would be better without sponsors"; and, in the Final, "Ambition is the enemy of Happiness".

In every debate in which this team took part (there were nine in total), one of the girls won the "Best Speaker" award: Margie Gie won a magnificent seven times and Kirsten van

Ryneveld and Alison Bradley once again, with Alison winning her award in the final debate against Herzlia.

Warm congratulations to these girls, who have spent many of their lunch breaks and hours over their weekends preparing interesting and well researched speeches and who delivered them with such poise and aplomb to delighted audiences.

Mrs A. Gidding



Junior Debating Team Winners

Kirsten van Ryneveld, Alison Bradley, Marguerite Gie



DEBATING TEAM

BACK ROW: A. Ahmed, L. Haupt,
K. van Ryneveld, M. Bradley, M. Gie
FRONT ROW: K. Shurwood, Mrs A. Gidding,
K. Bloch

TALKSHOP

This has been a very busy and successful year for Talkshop, not to mention a lot of fun! All the standards have had a chance to participate, whether in Inter-Standard, Inter-House or Inter-Class debates or in just a minute and parachute competitions.

On 25 February, a parachute debate was held with the Standard 6's. Each chose a character and had to try to convince the audience why she should get the only parachute on an aeroplane that was about to crash. There were such diverse characters, ranging from President Mandela to President Bush and from the Queen to a nun! The undercover agent won after telling us that there was a bomb that only he knew about and he had to get down to the ground in order to defuse it.

On 11 March, 7D and 7E held the first round of their debate. Their topic was "Children Today Have Too Much Freedom". After the audience voted, the proposing team (7E) won! The second round was held on 15 April when 7E opposed the topic of "The Death Penalty", but it was the proposing team (7D) which won this round and, therefore, the overall Standard 7 Interclass debate. Well done 7D!

But what would Talkshop be without the traditional matric versus Standard 9 "just-a-minute" competition? This was a very lively debate, which the Standard 9's won. The matrics, however, refused to be defeated and demanded a second round which, needless to say, they won!

This is just a taste of what Talkshop has done this year and what it has to offer. Good luck to the Head next year. May your year be as much fun as mine has been this year.

Bianca Lipsitz

OUTREACH

PRESIDENT'S AWARD PROGRAMME

The Outreach Programme at Herschel has been very successful this year. It has come a long way since it began five years ago. This programme is extremely important as it enables disadvantaged students who come from schools in the townships to come to Herschel to participate in various activities such as computers, drama and catering. Through these learning experiences, they are able to learn new and valuable skills which will help them in a future career.

I am pleased to have had the opportunity to teach the computer literacy classes. These proved to be enriching for us as well. We learnt valuable lessons that can only be learnt through the interaction with people: people of different cultures, language and background. And the drastic improvement in our conversational Xhosa was an added bonus, much to Mr Scott's delight.

I would like to thank all the Herschel staff and pupils who sacrificed their Wednesday afternoons to help the Outreach

Programme: Mrs Diedericks (co-ordinator), Mr Wreensch, Miss Smith, Zayaan Crombie, Hayley Kohler, Hayley Blaauw, Hallma Gangraeker, Vashini Pillay, Anisa Ahmed, Johanna Jacobs, Beekie Harvey, Jade Eccles and Parusha Pillay.

I am sure they will all agree that they have learnt just as much as those they taught and it is this exchange of knowledge that I hope will continue.

Shameen Amien

OUTREACH: PRESIDENT'S AWARD

It was a proud moment for the President's Award participants as they completed their courses in catering and computers, as part of their progress towards the bronze level in the President's Award Scheme.

It has also been an excellent learning experience for the dedicated team of Herschel girls who help to run the course. Special congratulations to Shameen Amien, who actually taught and ran the computer course this last term, relying only on moral support from Mr Wreensch.

Thanks to Mrs Diedericks, who has shown real persistence in running the programme this year.

Well done to Pippa Carter and Juliette Moodie, who have been working steadily towards their Silver Award.

LIBRARY

Mrs Ryan went on a well-deserved term's leave this year. She was greatly missed, but thankfully we knew that she would be returning. A huge thank you to Mrs Margaret Grodiner who kindly came and helped Mrs Martin and the rest of the librarians in Mrs Ryan's absence.

The library mothers have been outstanding this year with completing the task of sticking magnetic strips into the books, processing the books onto the computer and bar coding the books. Our fantastic library mothers are Carol Norman, Merle Brice, Caroline van Zyl, Biddy Miller, Dorothy Giovannini, Ruth Welken, Lorraine Shepherdson, Suzanne Mulford, Gail Rainier, Julie Grobbelaar, Jane Whitley and Sharon Hall. Thank you, library mothers, for all your help! Mrs Ryan and Mrs Martin could not run the library so effectively without you.

On behalf of the librarians I would like to say thank you to Mrs Ryan and Mrs Martin for all the work they do for us and for giving up their spare time. Thank's you.

Last, but definitely not least, to the wonderful team of librarians, who are always willing to fill in during thick and thin and even to just sit and help a fellow librarian, whilst keeping them company at a break time. To this great bunch, I say thank you - Catherine Day, Lynne Fu, Tasneem Ismail, Alex Durrant, Carrie van der Hoeven, Kate Louw, Abby Loebenberg and to Susan Boothe who has, unfortunately, emigrated. Good luck to you all in 1998.

Anne-Marie Norman



OUTREACH COMMITTEE

BACK ROW: H. Blaauw, H. Gangraeker, J. Jacobs, J. Eccles, V. Pillay, A. Ahmed
FRONT ROW: A. Bairnsfather-Cloete, Z. Crombie, Mrs A. Diedericks, S. Amien, H. Kohler

COMPUTER ROOM

The Computer Room has been one of the most popular places in the school, especially to the Standard Sixes and Sevens! Pegasus Mail and the Internet have rated high on everyone's list. Many pupils have friends all over the world as a result and we are very excited about our own webpage which is currently in the making. The earlier the people of South Africa are introduced to computers, the harder it will be to find those who are afraid of the new technology. We cannot afford to be left behind and at Herschel we are incredibly privileged to have wide access to such technology. It is quite clear that computers are a vital part of day-to-day living and will become increasingly so through the new millennium. I wish to thank Mr Wrensch and Mrs Gersbach for instilling this importance in us, as well as all the Computer Monitors for their dedication and service in the Computer Room.

Suzreen Amien

TUCKSHOP

Things have continued to go well in the tuckshop. Thank you to the Standard Nine Business Economics girls for their commitment, enthusiasm and time. Special thanks to Thyra and Mrs Lones for their help, patience and for putting up with us.

We have continued to supply a variety of "goodies", with greater emphasis on healthier food (there is still room for improvement here). The pre-order system, which started at the end of 1996, has become more and more popular and

has been a great success. Thank you to the Monks who help with the heavy load of administration for this each term.

The "earnings" made by the girls during the course of the year helped to swell the funds for the Matric Dance, as well as contributing towards charity.

Congratulations to Andrea and Destiny on their election as leaders of the new tuckshop team and good luck for next year!

Camilla Owenstone and Paula-Dee Boettger

INTERACT

Our year got off to a great start! The Barn Dance was the first project. All the Interactors dressed up as cowgirls which was part of the fun. The dance was held in aid of the Bosnian children.

The one-to-one day that was held in the Good Hope Centre on 25 August ran smoothly. It was a wonderful opportunity to interact with the physically and mentally handicapped children. Each Interactor was paired off with a child, and together they participated in a variety of games. This day always proves to be a highly worthwhile experience.

Our fourth term comprised many more fun filled activities. The main project, as it is nearing Christmas, was the annual Christmas Pudding Mix. The puddings were mixed in batches at Herschel. It was a great success and a fair amount of money was raised for the needy children of the Cape Peninsula.



TUCKSHOP COMMITTEE

BACK ROW: T. Lindsay, B. Silberbauer, M. Bridgman, C. Gloyne, A. Wood, K. Brice, A. Thomas
FRONT ROW: C. Twaysrost, D. Gagliolo, P-D. Boettger, Miss T. Smith, C. Owenstone, J. Gibbens, C. Prew

One of my favourite projects was ushering at the Nico Giala evening for Solid Gold (Like Box). We all had to dress up in sixties outfits and help entertain the Nico audience with some sixties dancing. We had some very capable young men from Bishops to help us. It was a tremendous amount of fun, enjoyed by all who attended.

Our first term was without a doubt the busiest. Not only did we continue with our weekly projects of visiting the elderly at Arcadia and our Saturday Street collections, but we also managed successfully to participate in a variety of very worthwhile projects.

Our visits to the Haven Nightshelter for Boys is a favourite amongst the Interactors. Over the past year we have formed friendships with this energetic bunch and in the first term decided to spoil them by giving the shelter a radio and cassette player along with some tapes donated by our Interactors, and prepared a delicious meal for them. They were touched by our kindness.

The Lady Buxton Play school approached us early in the first term for assistance in their annual fundraising fête and parade. Twenty Herschel Interactors acted as marshals for the Parade - bringing Claremont's traffic to a complete halt. The children were accompanied by dainty majorettes, fire engines, the police band and flowers as they walked up to Lady Buxton. A very enjoyable and entertaining morning was had by all.

Our most exciting project this year has been the initiation of our fundraising for the training of a guide dog for the blind. We have already contributed R4000 to this cause in our term of office and are leaving the incoming committee with a further R2000 to raise to complete the dog's training.

During the April holidays, two Interactors and I participated in a New Generations Conference which was held at

Herschel. We had a very enriching three days, filled with interesting guest speakers and debates about the future of today's youth. It was wonderful to meet Interactors from all over the Cape Peninsula and share our individual experiences with one another.

Between exams and our Fisteddied in the second term, we managed to fit in some very important projects, one of them being Red Nose Day. On 31 May about thirty Herschel Interactors helped with the selling of Red noses in Claremont. It was a great success and a generous sum was raised for South Africa's underprivileged children.

My term of office has ended on an extremely positive and encouraging note. Our club received a Presidential Recognition for our achievements over the 1996/1997 period from Rotary International. This is a wonderful award for all the hard work Interact has done. This award is a true reflection of the outstanding efforts of all the Interactors. Well done, girls, and keep it up.

I have been privileged this year to have filled the role of President of such an enthusiastic and dynamic club. I have had an extremely supportive committee: vice-president Alex, Kate, Xanthi, Paula, Sara Jane and Mary have all made wonderful contributions to Interact this year. Thank you Mrs Speck, who left us this year, and Mrs Burnett have been a constant support system and have given me much encouragement and assistance over the year. Thank you, too, to Mr Lee for his dedication to our club. Finally, I have had the pleasure of working with a wonderful Interact group, who have always been so willing to participate and help. You were all great! I wish Mary Haw and her new committee every success for their year ahead. Good luck and enjoy yourselves.

Anne Wright



Matric Dance 1997 - A Night of High Drama



Valentine's Day

ILEX

When I took on the role of editor of the 'Ilex' at the beginning of this year I had no idea what I was letting myself in for. Collecting articles, decorating, typing and meeting deadlines are all part of the job. I would have pulled out my hair without the help of my committee and all my contributors, typists and decorators.

I think this year's 'Ilex' has been most successful, because everyone has been so enthusiastic and dedicated. Although my involvement with the magazine has been filled with fun and excitement, the challenge has been to maintain the standards already set up over the five years since its inception and, of course, improve on them.

I hope the 'Ilex' will take its place as an on-going tradition at Herschel, one that will continue to grow, change and improve like all great things. I wish Monique Walbrugh the best of luck as the editor of next year's 'Ilex'. May you have as much fun as I did. So, as I hand over to you, take a deep breath... this needs to be typed, where are those articles, get me the editor, have you run a "spelling check"?

Suzanne Arniel

SCIENCE EXPO WINNERS

Herschel was well represented amongst the winners at the recent Science Expo, organised by UCT.

Naseema Khatunsa and Ilham Crombie won first prize in the Junior Biology Group section, for their project on "The Snail Problem". Snails are a problem in everyone's garden. But there are so many different types of snail bait, the prices of which vary considerably. They decided to test the various brands to see which was most effective. They also did a cost versus effectiveness survey, and it turned out that the cheapest bait is, in fact, the most effective.

Second prize was awarded (jointly with Bishops) to Bridget Chidzame, Madalena da Carrara and Kathryn Grobler for a project entitled "Rubbish Improves Soil".

In the Junior Technology Group Section, "Water Wasting Down the Drain" won second place for Lauren Heller, Sarah Weston and Lianne Kilde. In the same section, Sibulele Dlova, Zoe Reynolds and Ashleigh Serratslev were awarded third place for "The Bagler".



Science Expo Winners



Le Mont-S-Michel

Musée
d'Orsay

LE MUSÉE
RODIN



PLAN DE PARIS

*French
Tour
1997*

ECOLE NATIONALE D'EQUITATION
Le Cadre Noir de Saumur



PRINTEMPS

COINTREAU



PROMENADES SUR LA LOIRE



ANGERS





Moments from 1997





Mrs van Zyl and Mrs Adley with some of the Std 9s on the beach in Hermanus

STANDARD NINE CAMP

While embarking upon our camp, many of us were apprehensive as to what three days spent with our fellow Standard Nines and a select number of teachers would be like. Contrary to popular belief, we were not subjected to the torment that many teachers seem to thrive on. We were given many of the comforts of home in our apartments and the food was even quite tasty.

The main objective of the Enrichment Camp in Hermanus was to interact with each other and the teachers and to learn a little more about our new Headmistress, Mrs van Zyl. This was achieved through many challenging debates about school related issues, stimulating activities and team games. These activities explored not only our logistic side, but also

allowed us to exercise our artistic and athletic abilities. The camp appeared to have brought the standard closer and allowed us to learn to work together. All in all, it was a great success.

Nailia Donnelly

WINDSWEPT IN HERMANUS

In the first week of this term, six staff members (including Mrs van Zyl) took 77 Standard Nines to Hermanus on an enrichment camp. At the end of the camp, Mrs van Zyl complimented the girls on their enthusiasm and their willingness to join in all the activities with their classmates.

I, too, was thrilled by the attitude shown by all girls and the united spirit that underlay each activity. It was wonderful to get rid of any groups and cliques that are evident at school, and laugh and work together, not only as fellow pupils, but as friends. All the activities were very worthwhile, not one was a waste of time. The teachers were wonderful and the time and effort that they put in was evident and greatly appreciated. Especially the two "Mrs Foods". Thank You.

I really had a good time. I learnt a lot about my fellow Standard Nines, about the teachers that accompanied us and about team work, group dynamics, art appreciation, the running of Herschel (thanks to Mrs MacIntyre), My Self, War cries, Team Spirit, Duster Hockey and the art of mingling and group migration.

I feel that it was an excellent experience and achieved all the aims that were set out at the beginning. The organisation



Std 9s building pyramids on the beach in Hermanus

was superb and, as a result of this, the camp ran smoothly and everyone had a fantastic time.

We were touched by Mrs van Zyl's presents and I am sure we will try to remember and follow the thought and meaning behind each little bee.

Antonia Lubin

STANDARD 8 BIOLOGY CAMP

Louise Schönborn

The Standard Eight weekend away at De Hoop and Periberg Nature Reserve was drawing near and, much to everyone's surprise, our apprehension was turning into a buzz of excitement! After a somewhat long, but entertaining bus trip of girls showing off their singing abilities, we arrived at the farmhouse and the usual stampede of finding the best bunkbeds began.

Our investigations of the Rocky Shore on Saturday were rather "laid-back", and with the heavy weight of having to fill in endless worksheets off our shoulders, everyone quite enjoyed the discoveries of the mollusc and algae worlds! The highlight of the day at Koppie Aileen was definitely the traditional duac jumping, which to the onlooker was a mass of sand-covered bodies jumping off the endless duac ridges.

Our evenings were filled with night walks (some of our navigation skills still need a little work), and endless hours of charades! We will never forget Mrs Cochran's falling raindrop from heaven! Each of the groups had a turn to show their cooking skills in the kitchen and we somehow managed to whip up a storm every meal, well, maybe the braising could have been worked on, but thanks to Mrs

MacIntyre's magical frying, the boerewors didn't go to waste and our stomachs were filled.

Our two evenings there always ended with the traditional camp-fire, where everyone sat around sharing stories and toasting marshmallows under a dome of stars. We shared so much at De Hoop - fun, laughter, confusion, the making of new friends and last, but not least, greater understanding of the ROCKY SHORE!



Std 8 Biology Camp to De Hoop Nature Reserve



Mrs Scarola and Mrs MacIntyre helping Std 8s hand over the saucepans

SPORT

HOCKEY

Herschel hockey this year has continued to reach tremendous heights with all teams experiencing success. We managed to field a remarkable thirteen teams, all of whom have developed and matured considerably throughout the season. Special mention must be made of the Under 16C and Under 16D teams who have won every single one of their matches. The Second Team was also unbeaten in the League.

The outdoor season kicked into gear with a tour to Huguenot High School in Wellington. On this tour the tremendous team spirit which was exhibited laid the foundation for a really successful and spirited season. Nada Vasiljevic and Sonia Constan-Tatos were selected as team members of the top eleven players at the tournament.

Probably the highlight of the season was the morning that all teams played Rhenish School at the Mafes Club in Stellenbosch. Hopefully, this Derby Day will become a tradition as it was enjoyed by both teams and spectators.

This year, the annual Inter-Schools' Hockey Tournament was held at the Hartleyvale Astro turf. The First XI showed excellent tactical play and team-work. Their skill and ability to vary team formation allowed the Firsts to tie for first position with our arch-rivals, Wynberg. Our only

problem, which seemed to be the problem with most teams, was that we were not able to convert good team formation into winning goals. The Under 16A's and Under 14A's also took part in their respective Inter Schools' Tournaments. The Under 16's came fourth, while the Under 14's were narrowly beaten into second place.

This year was the first year that Herschel has seen so many girls represent Western Province in hockey. Well done to the following girls who were selected: Tamsin Lindsay - Western Province Under 18B, Jeannie Bornford - Western Province Under 18C, Lusia Brain and Laura Middelmann - Western Province Under 16A, and Julia Thomas - Western Province Under 14A.

On behalf of all the hockey players, I would like to extend our sincerest thanks to all the coaches: Mrs Kershaw (Coach Maggie), Mrs Botha, Ms Scarula, Mrs Engelbrecht and Mrs Stanford for their continuous and dedicated support. Thank you to all the players for showing such commitment and genuine enthusiasm. A special and deserved thanks to all the supporters who have been there to encourage and support our teams throughout the season.

All the teams have shown great depth and talent. Herschel hockey can only go from strength to strength. Go on, lads!

Sonia Constan-Tatos



1ST HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: C. Ambler-Smith, K. Bloch, N. Vasiljevic, M. Berrangé, S-A. Rose-Innes, L. Jeffery

FRONT ROW: L. Brain, L. Middelmann, Mrs M. Kershaw, S. Constan Tatos (Captain), T. Lindsay, P. Waller, J. Bornford



Hockey Festival, with success for Herschel

1ST TEAM HOCKEY PLAYER-PROFILES

TAMMY - GOALKEEPER

One of the most improved players in the team. Her worth as the last line of defence proved to be a great confidence booster.

Technically she has improved enormously this season, but must dominate the circle, impressing upon the defence the need to perform their own function at all times.

SARAH - SWEEPER

As a junior Sarah showed the signs of a super-star in the making. She rose to these expectations this season, her last a school.

The contribution she has made to the team is of a high calibre. Often lacking in self belief, she has shown sound technical skills which proved to be the backbone of the team's success this season.

NADA - RIGHT HALF

One of the younger members of the team, well suited to the artificial surfaces. Nada has worked hard at improving her basic skills. A player with an excellent attitude, calm in defence but sometimes guilty of ball-watching! She has to learn to be stronger in the close quarters and vary the speed at which she carries the ball. This season has laid the foundation for greater status in the future, when she will be able to fill any defensive role.

SONIA - LEFT HALF

A player who boasts provincial colours in one of the most difficult positions. Sonia has made enormous strides this year. Her mature leadership style, excellent defence and ability to set up the links and forwards with good passing has on numerous occasions been the start of a great move or goal. Any team who has a player of this calibre is blessed.

KATE - RIGHT MIDFIELD

A player who has slaved away supplying good service to the front runners. Sometimes guilty of carrying the ball too far, losing possession, then finding the distances too vast to cover. A player with the capacity to formulate the complete picture of the game plan, which enhances the number of options. An asset to the team.

LUCIA - LEFT MIDFIELD

One of the most improved players. Extremely mobile, but sometimes lacks the ability to combine excellent pace with technical skill. Lucia has learnt a great deal from her provincial experience and as soon as she dispels the feelings of self doubt and realises that she does possess the necessary skills to cope with any given situation, her game will become more complete and consistent. A player with a bright future.

PENNY - CENTRAL DEFENCE

A calm, talented player who, unfortunately, through injury has not realised her full potential this season. Penny has delivered good service, she has the ability to defend with pin-point accuracy but lacks the ability to transform defence into the platform required for a good attack. Best suited to the artificial surfaces.

LUCIE - RIGHT WING

A player endowed with great speed. This has been utilised with good effect in the midfield, but the close quarter segments of her game have been characterised by loss of possession when most required. A very committed player, who drives those around her to greater heights.

LAURA - STRIKER

A hard worker who richly deserves provincial colours. Laura has worked extremely well at entrenching the necessary skills she requires to ply her task. A natural ball player with a high fitness level. Sometimes she is guilty of doing unnecessary running, which results in poor finishing skill. Much is expected of this committed and likeable team member in the future.



Indoor Hockey Team winning the Inter-Schools' Indoor Hockey Competition

JEANNIE - LEFT WING

The most improved player in the team. Jeannie has mastered the difficult position of left wing with consummate ease. A natural athlete, with good mobility, she has worked at the technical weaknesses of her game. A reward of provincial colours was richly deserved after missing an Indoor hockey season in the first term making this success even more noteworthy. A player who, given the correct platform, should realise national status in the future.

HELEN - STRIKER

With only half a season to her credit, Helen has made a huge impact. She is a player with enormous talent. Much is expected of her in the future.

MICHELLE - UTILITY

A player with enormous potential, who has developed her basic skills to a good level this season. The youngest in the team, she has brought a new dimension, displaying tremendous courage and determination. Additional improvement of her skills and running of the ball will further enhance her future achievements.

CANDICE

A late entry into the first team fold, through injury. Candice has shown that not only does she have the temperament for pressure situations, but also the ability and potential to do well in the future. Given the correct coaching and climate in which to develop, she can through personal commitment, become a key player.

INDOOR HOCKEY

Indoor hockey at Herschel is fast developing into a popular and successful sport.

This year, six teams were entered into the league and all teams played brilliantly to finish the season in the top part of their respective leagues.

The standard sevens also played in their own league and they, too, enjoyed it and did very well.

The highlight of the indoor season was definitely the Inter Schools' Indoor Tournament which was held at Herschel.

The spirited team were Tamsin Lindsay, Penny Waller, Sonia Constan-Tatos, Kate Bloch, Lucie Jeffery, Helen Wilson, Caroline Ambler-Smith, Lucia Brain and Louisa Fernandes.

The tournament was based on a pool system, so we managed to play all the other teams. Strong as they all were, Herschel came out top, proving that Herschel's team-work and spirit are unbeatable.

Thank you to all the coaches and especially to Mrs Kershaw for a really enjoyable season.

Sonia Constan-Tatos



1ST INDOOR HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: C. Ambler-Smith, L. Brain, L. Jeffery, L. Fernandes

FRONT ROW: K. Bloch, Mrs M. Kershaw, S. Constan-Tatos, P. Waller, T. Lindsay

SQUASH

This year has by far been the most successful with regard to Squash. All three teams, placed in the A, B and C leagues respectively, won their respective leagues and were all promoted. The First Team was for the first time promoted into the Boys' only B league, which turned out to be quite a challenge as we came up against an entirely different sort of game. Playing the men definitely improved our games and we were thrilled to beat a very embarrassed Rondebosch Boys' Second Team. Both the Second and Third teams came second in their respective leagues.

We came second to Wynberg Girls' First Team in the knock-out competition, but beat them when it counted in the Inter Schools', which Herschel won for the very first time by just four games. This was the greatest achievement of the year and shows that Herschel has become a force with which to be reckoned.

We had a record of ten girls representing Western Province this year. Congratulations to Dianne Gordon, Diana Prosser, Aaltje van Hoorn, Anne-Marie Norman, Louise Milne, Michelle Matthews, Bronlyn Duffett, Debbie MacDonald, Jessica Stubbs and Philippa Slingsby.

Also congratulations to Diana Prosser and Aaltje van Hoorn for their awards of half-colours and especially to Dianne Gordon, who was awarded her full colours.

A huge thank you to Mr Scott for his great coaching, enthusiastic support and dedication. We have a wonderful

team spirit and I wish the teams good luck for next year. Let's keep that Inter-Schools' trophy at Herschel!

Diana Prosser



FIRST SQUASH TEAM

BACK ROW: A. van Hoorn, A.M. Norman
FRONT ROW: D. Prosser (Captain), Mr A. Scott, D. Gordon



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

BACK ROW: D. Prosser, L. Bram, M. Berrangé, S. Berrisford, L. Elliot, M. Matthews, G. Simpson, L. Wiedemann, J. Eccles, J. Gibbons, C. Stanley
2ND ROW: L. Bechet, K. Mann, H. Soeters, T. Lindsay, J. Stubbs, M. Bridgman, D. Gordon, B. Daffar, M. Aubin, L. Milne, P. Slingsby
FRONT ROW: A. Serritslev, J. Berrisford, D. McDonald, A.M. Norman, T. Hayden, S. Christen-Teros, S. Hall, A. van Hoorn, K. Chambers
ABSENT: H. Willem, S-J. Morley, F. Murray

TENNIS

The 1996/97 tennis season has once again been extremely successful for Herschel.

In the senior Inter-Schools' Tournament, Herschel came a very close second to Wynberg and the Std 6's tried hard too.

However, the highlight of the season must have been when Herschel hosted the Independent Schools' Tennis Festival in March. All the schools participating (Herschel, St Anne's, St Mary's, Roodepan, St Michael's, Kingswood, DSG and Epworth) stayed in the Herschel boarding house - which was classified as a '5 star hotel'.

The tennis was played on the Wynberg courts and was of an extremely high standard and it equalled the spirit and enthusiasm displayed by the Herschel girls. Sadly Herschel lost to DSG in a nail-biting final, but we played very well to get there; so congratulations to everyone.

A big thank you to Mrs Botha, without whom the tournament would never have taken place. Thank you also to Mrs Kershaw for all her work in the organisation of the teams and matches throughout the season. And now for Mr Scott... (Amiegi biego), thank you to him for his never-ending enthusiasm, support and for all the time he devoted to us.

Congratulations to Laura Middelmann on being selected to represent W.P. U16, Saffron Hall on being selected to represent W.P. U14 and Jacqui Gibbens on being selected to represent W.P. Senior Schools' team.

I wish the tennis teams the best of luck for next season - you guys are the best - keep up the great spirit!

Cindy Lloyd



STD 6 TENNIS TEAM

BACK ROW: J. Combrink, B. Duffett, T. Eadie,
J. Kirkby
FRONT ROW: R. Martin, Mrs M. Kershaw, J. Stubbs



OPEN TENNIS INTER-SCHOOLS' TEAM

BACK ROW: K. du Toit, S. Hall, L. Middelmann, M. Berrangé
FRONT ROW: J. Gibbens, L. Jeffery, Mr A. Scott, C. Lloyd (Captain), C. Sylvester

SWIMMING

Our year started off very well this season, as our team almost doubled in size. There were the long-time dedicated swimmers, those looking for some fitness and then many keen Standard Sixes.

This year's galas were organised to be fun, yet competitive. Some of them were co-ed (a few girls liked this, but most were a little embarrassed!) and many of them were sports galas. But our aim this year was not to focus on our placings at galas, but more to enjoy being part of a team.

The season culminated with our annual Inter-Schools' Gala, in which we came fifth out of six schools. We had enthusiastic support from the school and we really appreciated the waterpolo.

Kate Bloch

SYNCHRONISED SWIMMING - TARRYN HAYDEN IN MOSCOW

The team chosen to compete in the 5th Junior World Synchronised Swimming Championships, in Moscow, consisted of fourteen athletes, ten of whom competed. I was

placed 19th in the team after selection. The swimmers, aged between fourteen and seventeen, comprised girls from all over the country.

We had a very long flight to Moscow via Johannesburg and Switzerland. We were all very excited when we touched down and were looking forward to an amazing experience. We weren't quite prepared though for the poverty and backwardness of Russia. The people there are still living in the 80's and our guides could not speak English. They also really seemed to have absolutely no dress sense!

At first we were all disappointed by what we saw and most people were counting the days until we could leave. But we decided to make the best of our situation. We settled into our hotel and, by the end of the trip, were used to eating the same food at every meal. We felt so privileged when we got to MacDonalds... it was a real treat!

We managed to fit in a great deal of sight-seeing. Russia actually has an enormously interesting history and some of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen. St Basil's took my breath away.

I learnt a lot about Russia and its history and how people live their day-to-day lives in such a Third World country. Everything was so very dusty and many of the buildings were falling down and in desperate need of restoration. We



SWIMMING TEAM

BACK ROW:	L. Brasin, K. Chambers, S. Berrisford, M. Berrangé, C. Townsend, G. Simpson, C. Stanley, C. Hugo-Hamman
2ND ROW:	K-L. Bonello, M. Aulin, N. Oakley, M. Bridgman, C. Howard, S. Stuhls, A. Larson
FRONT ROW:	T. Ranger, V. Scott, T. Hayden, Mrs H. Botha, K. Bloch (Captain), S-A. Rose-Innes, K. Atkinson
ABSENT:	I. Wilson

also had an outing to the circus in St Petersburg. I didn't enjoy it though, as I could see that the animals were treated badly and did not enjoy what they were doing.

As far as the competition went, I participated in the figures and was eventually placed 210. Unfortunately, through nerves, I earned a 2 point penalty in my first figure by doing an extra 180 degree turn.

I was very frustrated, but it made me try harder with the other three, and I got some of my highest marks ever - and it was international judging. If I hadn't received the penalty, I would have been placed 203. Even with the penalty, my rating in South Africa improved to 6th in the country.

Although South Africa did not reach the finals in any events, we swam very well in the prelims. We are definitely improving, especially considering that the swimmers of other countries, once the team is chosen, relocate for six months before the competition.

I gained a great deal of invaluable experience from my Russian tour. It was an amazing trip and I brought back many great memories to treasure forever.

Tarryn Hayden



UNDER 16A NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: M. Snyman, S. Dlova, P. Pleiser,
S. Tufi.
FRONT ROW: L. Fernandes, Mrs R. Schmidt,
S Dluela
ABSENT: K. Weixelbaumer

NETBALL

Team spirit was the essence of this year's netball teams. There were two U14 teams, two U16 teams and one U19 team, coached by Mrs Riley and Mrs Schmidt.

The U19 team had great team spirit throughout the season. Their determination and optimism shone through and great fun was always had on the netball court.

The U16 teams played an excellent season. There are some very promising players within these teams and they have played with incredible determination.

Our U14's were the stars of this season. The U14A's gave their all to their matches. This hard work certainly paid off when they were placed first in their league. We are very proud of them.

As usual, our Inter-House Netball was a great success. Girls throughout the school took part. The girls played with all their hearts, achieving wonderful results. In the U16 section, Merriman was placed first, Rolt second and Jagger third. In the U19 section, Merriman was first, Jagger second and Rolt third. Overall, Merriman was first, Jagger second and Rolt third.

Well done to all our netball players and good luck for next season.

Clare Thomas



Tarryn Hayden in Moscow



1ST NETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: C. Gloyne, J. Gibbens, L. Middelmann
 FRONT ROW: L. Brain, C. Thomas, Mrs R. Riley, M. Aubin, J. Bomford



1ST WATERPOLO TEAM

BACK ROW: F. Berrisford, J. Eccles, M. Berrangé, T. Rutenmeyer, L. Brain, M. Bridgman
 FRONT ROW: A. Wood, A. Wright (Captain), Mr P. Morelli, H. Wilson, M. Aubin

WATERPOLO

The 1996/97 waterpolo season was an extremely successful and enjoyable one. All teams played exceptionally well, achieving excellent results. A special mention must be made of this year's very talented and enthusiastic bunch of Standard Sixes who have shown great dedication and perseverance. The 1st Team, after many long hours of practice and team-work, was runner-up in this year's Waller Cup. We lost to Westerford in the final after some tough and challenging matches. This is an outstanding achievement which I feel was well deserved by a very determined team.

This year's Inter-House Waterpolo went very well and was an exciting event. There was tremendous house spirit in all the teams and a super afternoon was had by all. The overall winner was Merrimart, who won both the Junior and Senior Sections.

We were very sad to lose our long-standing coach, Peter Morelli, this year. He has truly made waterpolo at Herschel the thriving sport it is today. His dedication and endless coaching hours will be greatly missed and we wish him well in his new life in Australia.

On a provincial level, we are proud to have so many Western Province Representatives in the Junior and Senior Teams this year. Achieving provincial colours takes lots of talent and hard work, so congratulations and good luck to you all. Helen Wilson, on an even higher level, was selected for the South African Under 19 Squad. This is a well-deserved and outstanding achievement for her. Well done, Helen!

Waterpolo at Herschel has gone from strength to strength. Thank you to all teams for your time and dedication this

season; your enthusiasm and perseverance can only lead to greater things. I wish you all luck for the coming season and look forward to hearing more excellent results. Enjoy yourselves and grow those nails!

Anne Wright

HORSE RIDING NEWS

It has been an equestrian year jam-packed with success at Herschel with many of our pupils achieving in many aspects of riding.

From the junior school, Theri van der Linden received her Western Province colours for dressage, Genia Nowicki for equitation, Tarryn Corne for dressage, showing and show jumping. Teeri Poggendorf not only received her Western Province colours for show jumping, but also represented South Africa in Johannesburg earlier this year.

In the senior school, Lara Bechet joined the others in representing Western Province in show jumping at the children's festival of South Africa. In the junior age group (14-18), we are very proud of Ashleigh Serritslev who won the South African championships in the showing discipline, as this is a great achievement, while Kate Stegeman won the Western Province show jumping championships.

Western Province colours have not yet been awarded for 1997, but we wish the best of luck to those participating at the South African junior festival in Kimberley at the end of the year.

At the Inter Schools' held in Noordhoek earlier this year, we competed against teams from Springfield, Clamps Bay,



The Herschel senior Horse Riding Team

Fish Hoek, Waldorf, Wynberg, Llandudno and Kronendal. The weather was foul, but I would like to thank those few who came to watch, we're always grateful for your support. In the final result Herschel won the junior section and came second and third to Fish Hoek in the senior event. Thanks, girls, for your great enthusiasm and spirit and well done.

Kate Stegeman

BASKETBALL

The basketball season got off to a shaky start with very few participants, but those who were there were armed with enthusiasm, perseverance and determination.

The U19 Team struggled through the first few matches of the Super League, narrowly losing to talented teams littered with NBA hopefuls.

Kendra Roberts, from Norfolk Academy proved to be our saving grace and she assisted us in achieving fourth position in the League.

The U16 team also had a very successful season. Many players displayed potential for this sport.

Great fun was had, new skills were learnt and many thanks go to our fantastic coaches, Mrs Riley and Mrs Schmidt, for a wonderful season of first-class basketball.

Jacqueline Gibbens

SPORTS DINNER

A very special Sports Dinner was held this year in our Mary Jagger Hall. It was lovely to welcome Mrs van Zyl to her first Sports Dinner and also to have Preparatory School girls joining us. The hall was wonderfully decorated with colourful posters made by sporting girls and the tables were beautifully set. (All the Matrics felt they were back at their Matric Dance!)

We were all welcomed by Mrs Kershaw and then grace was led by Fran Benner who is a Life-Saving Nipper from the Preparatory School. A super meal had been prepared for us. We began with a Mediterranean Platter, which was followed by a delicious main course of chicken served with a mélange of vegetables.

When all dinner plates had been cleared by the extremely efficient Standard Six waitresses, our honoured guest, Dr Charlotte Noble, addressed us. She spoke about her goals and how to go about setting and realising one's goals. After speaking to us, she showed us some fascinating slides, taken in Antarctica. Dr Noble is a true role-model to all aspiring sportswomen, as her determination and achievements are truly remarkable.

Assisted by Mrs Bonelli, Dr Noble handed out the prizes. Certificates were awarded to House Captains, Sports Captains, Western Province Representatives and International Representatives for contribution and dedication to their sport. Trophies were awarded for commitment to and



1ST BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW:	C. Gloyne, C. Thomas, L. Middelman
FRONT ROW:	J. Gibbens, Mrs Riley, R. Farrell



UNDER 19 VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: S. Satar, S. Gilbert, L. Siswana, N. Donnelly, O. Mitchell
 FRONT ROW: D. Gordon, M. McDonald, Dr Siroky, E. Tuomi, S. Amies
 ABSENT: L. Womersley

participation in varying sports. The 'Sportswoman of the Year' Trophy was awarded to Lucie Jeffery and the Award for the Most Outstanding Achievement of the Year was presented to Tarryn Hayden for her international achievements in Synchronised Swimming.

Once all the presentations had been made, a delicious dessert of cassata was served. The evening was a tremendous success and a wonderful time was had by all who

attended. The singing of the School Song was a fitting end to a most enjoyable dinner.

I must thank all who worked so hard to put the evening together, especially Mrs Kershaw, who so efficiently co-ordinated everything, and to the musicians who entertained us throughout the dinner. Thank you to you all,

Anne Wright



Anne Wright, Sonia Constan-Tatos, Dr C. Noble, Tarryn Hayden and Lucie Jeffery at the Sports Dinner.

CREATIVE WORK

THE UNINVITED GUEST

It was a warm winter's night; thick clouds hung in the sky, blanketing the earth's surface like a duvet. I walked slowly into the bathroom and picked up my toothbrush. I glanced down at my wrist watch. It was half past ten. I squeezed a glob of toothpaste onto my toothbrush, wet it under the tap and brushed my teeth. I had just finished a heap of homework and was hoping for a good, peaceful sleep.

Ten minutes later I climbed into bed and decided to read for a while before dropping off to sleep. The book was about fantasy with mystical creatures like dragons and giant eagle-like birds with lions' tails and sharp claws. I closed the book, placed it on the bedside table and switched the light off. I lay back in my bed and shut my eyes.

Suddenly there was a high-pitched hum. "Not a mosquito!" I thought. "Anything but a mosquito!" I opened my eyes and sat up. The room was pitch black. I screwed up my eyes and scanned the ceiling for a sight of the intruder. It was hopeless, my room was too dark and if I turned on my light, the mosquito would disappear into a crack or a dark corner. I lay back again and shut my eyes. I listened to the noise carefully. It got louder and louder, the mosquito was approaching me. When the noise was at its loudest, it stopped. It had landed! I shook myself and the noise started again. I could tell the mosquito was hovering around my pillow. I reached for the light switch. The noise stopped

again. I switched on the light and caught a glimpse of the mosquito.

I arched my back to keep the mosquito in sight. It flew up to the ceiling. I hopped on my bed and tried frantically to swat it with my hand. I kept on missing, so I looked down to pick up my pillow. When I looked up again the mosquito was gone. My eyes raced along the ceiling, trying to catch sight of it again. It was no use, it had vanished like a leprechaun. I sat on my bed for a while, feeling picked on and wondering why the irritating little mosquito hadn't chosen one of my 'brothers' bedrooms instead. I lay down again and switched off the light. A few seconds later I heard the sound again.

This time the mosquito wasn't going to live. I crept out of bed and felt my way out of my room and up the passage to the pantry. I switched on the light and rummaged around the cans. Yes! I had found the solution. I switched off the light and with more spirit I crept back to my bedroom. I listened for the sound and when I was quite sure where about in my room it was coming from, I switched on the light. There it was, hovering under the ceiling, making its dreadful noise. I flipped the cap off the can which was in my hand and aimed it at the mosquito. I pushed the nozzle down and the deadly poison sprayed out. The mosquito fell to the ground. I was victorious! I looked at the can of Duxon and nodded my head contentedly, like the proud general of a winning army.

I opened my window as wide as it could go to let out the poisonous fumes and climbed back into bed, feeling proud of myself and very relieved. It was almost eleven o'clock. I switched my light off and shut my eyes. A few minutes later I heard the bothersome high-pitched hum of another mosquito. I buried my head in my pillow and pulled my duvet over my face. I took a deep breath, reached for the Doom and switched on the light.

Paula Beviss-Challinor (Std 7)

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! I'M SO SICK OF WORDS!

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess in a faraway kingdom called ..."

"I don't care."

"I really think you should try!"

"I don't care!" I said. "I hate reading, I hate how the words fit together, I hate what the letters look like. I don't care!" "... but Sarah!" my teacher said. "It never hurt anyone to try!"

"Well, it hurts me! Every time I try to read my head gets sore!"

"But words are wonderful things! If you read them properly they all go together and make wonderful stories!"



Peta-Lynn Morris • Std 8

"I hate stories."

"No, you don't Sarah, just try to read a little tonight when you get home. I'm not forcing you to, I just think it would help you."

"No!" I said, as I stood up and ran out of the classroom.

"BUTTERFLY, what does that spell?" my mother asked me later that day.

"I don't know." Why should I know, I can't even read!

"Here, Sarah..."

"What?"

"Could you try to read it if I write it down on paper?"

There was pleading in my mom's voice.

"Oh, all right!" I said, as I snatched the paper from her and ran into my room. I sat down at my desk and looked at the paper. The words "Butterflies are pretty" were written on it. I reached down under my desk and turned on the hand crive of my talking computer.

"Beep beep: Good afternoon, Sarah!" it said.

I twiddled the mouse around for a while, until the computer was fully booted. All of the icons appeared on the screen and I clicked on the one that had a big ABC written on it.

"BUTTERFLIES ARE PRETTY" I typed, carefully, matching the letters that my mom had written with the ones on the keys.

"Butterflies are pretty," my computer said in a monotonous voice.

"Mum!" I yelled. "The paper says 'Butterflies are pretty' on it."

"How about this one?" she shouted up the stairs. "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR DINNER!" she spelt.

I typed it into my computer as she said it and I shouted the answer back to her.

"Good!" she said and I heard her walking back into the kitchen.

Now that I know I'm having macaroni cheese for dinner, I can relax. It's my favourite food in the whole world. Learning to read might not be such a bad idea after all!

The next day at school wasn't that bad as my teacher asked me to spell three easy words and I got them all right!

It isn't that I don't want to be able to read, it's just that I think that reading is a waste of time with my computer there waiting to be asked questions. My logic is that if there's something that can do it for you, why should you do it?

IT'S NOW MORE THAN A YEAR LATER AND MY YOUNGER SISTER IS TRYING TO LEARN TO READ. She's a hopeless case. Seriously, every time I tell her to write down something, she runs into my room and tries to get into my computer. Being six, I know a lot more about computers than she does. I have now programmed the ABC reading programme to listen to words and write them on the screen and not the other way round. She doesn't know that, so if she goes about trying to learn to read in the same way I did, she has a BIG PROBLEM!

Learning to read wasn't that hard. I just had to put my mind to it. After a while of being illiterate I decided that if I went shopping with my mom, I needed to be able to read to know what I was throwing into the trolley. Macaroni cheese isn't that hard to spell after all!

Lauren Heller (Std 7)

DIE MAN LANGS DIE PAD

Dit was 'n warm, helder nag. Op Swartsweg kom ek die sterre sien wat hoog in die hemel gaskyn het. Alles was perfek vir die projek. "Die Mens Langs Die Pad", 'n splinternuwe televisiereeks gaskop deur my!

My eerste slagoffer in vron was diep ingedagte staan. Haar bloedonihoëmakskoppe, swart kousantertjies en die grootste Afro wat ek het nog ooit in my lewe gesien het, was betowerend, maar haar skitterende blinkertjies het my in vervoering gebring.

Ek weet nie hoe lank my mond oopgehang het van verbasing nie, maar toe het ek beseft as ek nader gaan, sonder beter sien of sy 'n psigotiese of vicende mal mens was (ek was al gevare vermy, dit was my eerste keer in die stad.)

Haar eksotiese haarsproei het op my afgedevt en ek kon die litten op haar neus skaars bemerk. Skielik het sy uitgeroep: "Steven, hulle wag vir ons, kom vinnig, Skat." Maar die stemmetjie was nie die piepgelui wat ek ver wag het nie. Dié stem was 'n diep, hariton stem. 'n Man! Dit was 'n man in vroueklere, en met vrougrimering! 'n Transvestiet!

Ek, 'n meisie van Schreiber-Rinke af, wat so onskuldig en onbewus van die "Nag Gevaar" was. Ek het 'n transvestiet gesien! Dit was te versliklik, te onbehoorlik!

'n Tansid het skielik my energie getreiner. Dié verrassing was genoeg vir een nag. Dié was tyd om huis toe te gaan.

Die volgende dag het ek met 'n oëdentlike pawe mar, met glad, gekende hare gesaai en praat. Praat van 'n verskil! Ek het die onthoud begin.

"Ja, met plesier. Ek is 'n advokaat, maar deesdae is daar min werk vir 'n eerlike ou seos ek..."



Lisa Womersley - Std 9

Maar toe het iets my aanskag getrek. Ek het letterlik snuf in die neus gekry! Was dit laatsprui wat ek geruik het?

...Toe het ek besef hier's die soort werk wat ek wil doen...

Dis was die transvestiet! Ek kon die lirtelken op haar/sy neus sien en sy/hy het gepraat met dieselfde bariton, dieselfde stem! Ek het flou en naer gevoel. Ek kon niks hoor of sien nie en alles het voor my verdwyn.

"...daarom is ek nou 'n akteur. Snags werk ek in 'n klein huisie op Swarteweg. 'n Soort "Priscilla, Queen vannie Desert" produksie, miskien het jy my al gesien?"

Lisa Womersley (Std 9)

THE OAK TREE

There is an old man who stands at the end of our garden.
His gnarled knuckles reach to the sky.
The wind plays with his rousled hair
And his wrinkled frown gets deeper as the years pass.
Little squirrels live in his pockets.
When the wind blows strongly you can hear his old bones creak.
His long toes have dug deep into the soil
And his strong torso stands firm against the fiercest of storms.
There is an old man who stands at the end of our garden.
And he will do until the end of time.

Charlotte Wintley (Std 6)



Amber Kisch - Std 8



Kim Bellamy - Std 7

FINDING GOD IN NATURE

If I could,
I would capture a ray of sunshine.
Its warmth, its magnificence, its splendour
so seductively soothing
so luxuriously lazy.
I would put it in a glass jar and keep it forever.

I would then pick a leaf
light
softly serrated sides
a fairy's ballgown
perfect as a whole
and wholly perfect
and I would put it in the same jar and keep it forever.

I would capture a butterfly
I would not threaten it,
but offer it a threatless world
of peace and harmony
in my jar.
I would open my jar,
Carefully so I do not lose any dancing rays,
And it would gently flutter,
float,
slide,
glide,
right into my jar which I would keep forever.

I would take this precious, perfect jar,
tie a string around it
and tie it around my heart.
So that my memories and thoughts of God
are never far away.

Marguerite Gie (Std 8)

5A Abbotsleigh Road
RONDEBOSCH
7702
Cape Town

21 February 1997

Dear Themba

Hope is what you live on. Your name means "hope", and all your life you have hoped that your children will have the chances that you never did. Every parent says this, but in your case it means whether they get a job or even whether they will be able to support themselves. Has this thing, which the politicians call the "New South Africa", made any difference to your life? Have you been given a house? Running water? Electricity? You do not have to carry a pass any more or be restricted by a curfew in your own township, that is true, but has the quality of your life improved at all?

Yes, we are children of the "Rainbow Nation". But the difference lies in that I am lucky enough to sit in that part



ABOVE: MARY MULLER PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Penny Waller - Std 10



ABOVE: Vicki Crawley - Std 10

BELOW: Janet Lightbody - Std 10



BELOW: Kate Atkinson - Std 9





ABOVE: Joanna Carson - Std 10



ABOVE: Vicki Crawley - Std 10

BELOW: Anna Burton - Std 8



BELOW: Caroline Boyes - Std 8



of the rainbow nearer the pot of gold. Although my family is not rich, we are lucky enough that we own a large house, my sister and I can go to private schools, and we are met by our mother when we come home, and do not have to come home to an empty house.

You, on the other hand, live on the other side of the rainbow. Five pieces of corrugated iron constitute your "house". Your youngest daughter is dying of tuberculosis because of the paraffin lamps you have to use, and you suspect that your eldest son is "hanging out" with the wrong people after school, but are never there to check it. You get up at four, before waking up your six children at five, so you can drop them at school, and not be late for work.

You walk the ten kilometres to your "ma'am's" house to save the R2.50 bus fare for your daughter's medication, and begin another day of cleaning, cooking, washing, caring for children and so on. Your skills are endless, yet you barely earn enough to buy enough food for your family of six with an unemployed and drunken husband into the bargain.

And yet you are optimistic. You smile at everyone and say what a lovely day it is. You never complain, you just accept. I know, for one, that if I were in your position, I would put up a fuss, complain, and demand to be given a house IMMEDIATELY. But that is because I have not learnt life's lesson yet. You know that you have a family and friends, and that is far more important than things. Things can be bought and replaced, if need be, but a family and friends are too precious to be replaced. They are the most valuable "things" in the world, yet they are not "things", because they cannot be replaced.

And you promise me that things are improving

"I'm getting electricity in my shack next week!" You smile at me before going on to tell me how your youngest daughter is getting better. Here I am now, with the washing machine going on downstairs and my sister watching television - these things which I take so much for granted, which your son has never even seen before.

You are not just one person, but are all those who are so courageous, who, living in the most beautiful country in the world, which, for all its failings, I shall never leave, live among the poorest and wait, or so patiently, for the time when you too will have a house, your children can go to private schools, and you are able to meet your children after school, and not make them come home, and I mean HOME, to an empty house. I admire you for that. You may not be "Mandiba" or Bill Clinton, but you are the ordinary person, who should be even more highly acclaimed than any of us already living in comfort. You have taught me an important lesson which I shall never forget. Themba.

Yours sincerely

Kirsten van Ryneveld (Std 8)



Roxanne Martin - Std 6

9 Lytton Road
Claremont
Cape Town
South Africa
7700

14 March 1997

Dear Mr President

I am honoured to be able to write to you. Admiration is a very strong feeling of respect, honour and love for a person and, Mr President, you are greatly admired by me. For many reasons the saying "Viva Mandela" is so meaningful and so true to me. I believe you have worked absolute wonders for South Africa and I don't know where we would be without you. The nation of South Africa is like a seed and you have watered and cared for it, turning it into a luscious bush. I realise South Africa has problems, for example, crime, but I think, with such a great leader and with hard work, we can flourish.

When you started to protest and stand up for what you believed was right, you probably felt proud and then when you were told you had to go to prison because of what you had done and said, you must have felt very angry and abandoned, but you went to prison and I admire you for this. You were prepared to go to prison - something you had been ordered by the oppressor to do. So much courage and hope must have gone with you. Did you have a feeling one day something great would happen?

Twenty-seven years, alone, helpless, afraid... What were you thinking each night when you looked out of your cell window on Robben Island, across the roaring ocean with the stars twinkling in the heavens above? Was it hope, was it a dream, was it courage, was it God's presence that carried you through all those years? So much of my respect is with you. To think of even spending a week in prison is too frightening for me, let alone a year, let alone twenty-seven years! You must have felt so much anger. Twenty-seven years taken away from you and your family. Words cannot even begin to express my admiration for all your courage, Mr President.

When you were finally released from prison, what was the day like? To see the sun properly? To breathe in fresh air? To see your family and all your fellow people and supporters? What were you feeling? Did you open a new chapter in your book of life, because you came out with no bitterness and ready for reconciliation? Your forgiveness was something so admirable, something so wonderful and needed by South Africa, in order to grow.

I respect, admire and love you in so many ways. Where should I begin? Let my eyes, you are a very balanced leader. You are very efficient and successful but you also have a wonderful sense of humour. I think your smiles and your jokes are also part of what makes you a well-respected and loved leader, you are very popular and are loved by all the people of South Africa and the world! You are considered the people's president. Your successful ideas on education, housing and medical issues have pleased the people. Thank-you for your efforts, in unison with F.W. de Klerk, to bring peace to South Africa and for winning the Nobel Peace Prize. Strength must have been needed. I admire you because, I believe you have saved South Africa. In your name, let us flourish together.

Kindness, is a very important value that I look for in people, and, Mr President, I think you have an abundance of it. Your way with people and especially, your love for children shows what a kind heart you have. I think your way of caring for children will make the younger generation more secure people. Your President's Award Scheme is a good example of caring for underprivileged children. I admire your generosity towards children.

I think you are also a very strong man and I look up to you for that. Strength is an inevitable part of you. You dealt with your imprisonment, you dealt with apartheid, you had sadly to deal with your divorce and now you are leading a nation. I think each experience in your life has made you stronger and I look up to you.

Your dress style shows your humour, relaxation and individuality. I really respect you for this. A connotation of the name "Mandela", for me, is colourful shirts and it is really special to me that, even though you go to a black tie dinner, you wear a symbolic shirt. I really admired you, when we won the Rugby World Cup, and you put on a Springbok jersey. This shows your patriotism for South Africa in every way. You were also the one who decided not to change the South African Rugby team's name. You kept it as the well-loved "Springboks." This shows your maturity, because "Springboks" was a name given to the rugby team by the white government.

Charm is another one of your wonderful qualities. You always have something of praise to say and you are known to make people feel good. Mr Mandela, I admire you from the bottom of my heart. I believe you are one of the greatest men to ever live. You have saved the country I live in and love. Words cannot express my gratitude, admiration and respect for you. Thank you from a thirteen-year-old girl in the "rainbow nation" - your nation.

For me what you said in your book, *Long Walk To Freedom*, epitomises the essence of you, Mr Mandela. I quote:

"I have walked that long road to freedom. But I have discovered 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."

Yours most sincerely

Kathryn Grobler (Sid 7)

47 Murton Road
Rylands
7764

22 Agasti 1997

Carley othamlekayo

Enkosi kakhulu ngeleta emnandi undibhalele Kubemnandi ukuva iindaba zakho.

Kaloku kweli lizwe lethu, sinorhulumente omtsha. Umongameli-imbuso omtsha unguMnuzana Mandela. Kanjalo sinosekela-prezidanti ababini, bangochhaho Mbezi noF.W. de Klerk. Phantsi kwabo kukho inkulum-buso nabaphathi-wa. Inkulum-buso yeNtshona-koloni nguHermus Kriel.

Urhulumente omtsha ulumkele ukuba kubekho mikqubela, ukhuseleko, noxolo, kungabeki imbambano.

Kucacile ukuba urhulumente unomsebenzi onzima. Okokugala ulumkele ukuba iintlanga ngeentlanga bahlalisane basebenze kunye.

Okwesibini, kufuneka kukhuselwe amalungelo abantu ukuze kungabeki ubundlobongela. Okwesithathu, urhulumente makapiniselise ukuba kuho izindlu kubo bonke abantu kunye nobutywa nemisebenzi.

Urhulumente unomsebenzi emithathu: umso-mthetho eKapa; imithetho imiswa yaparlamente apha. Ulawulo usePinoli; apha kukho izindlu zolawulo. Ebiqomfontein lugwebor; le ndawo ibaleleke kakhulu kuba lunceda ilizwe lethu ukunganda ubudibongela.

Ndingwenela urhulumente omusha impumelelo ekaweni. Ndithemba ukuba sizakuba ngumanyano kweli lizwe lethu kwiminyaka ezayo.

Bulisa kubo bonke abantu ekhaya. Uncede undibhalele xa unethuba.

Owakho kanene

Shireen Amien (Sid 10)

HUMBLLED

Now I understand why he left "home" for this. Only by being here, could I begin to understand it. None of the books I had read, or stories I had heard could have prepared me for this overwhelming beauty.

"Why leave city life for semi-desert bushveld?" So many of them had asked they would never understand. Too caught up in their own lives. Constantly swept along by the tide of revolution and of society ...

"I'll open new horizons ...," they all said. What a cliché it had all become: their entire lives, just one continuous charade.

I must have known. I must have had a gut feeling of what was to be expected, out there, otherwise I would never have committed myself to such a move. Such majestic surroundings. Mopani hills rolling to infinity.

I admit that I'm not quite in place here. Not yet, anyhow. I'll take time, yet I appreciate every Hornbill and Lilac-breasted Roller, every Barbary and Marula. Until now, I had prided myself on being African. But what is Cape Town to this? I have never been African. It is obvious to me now.

Faced with the grandeur of Zim, I'm humbled. Everything that I held dear to me in the past seems futile to me now. How blind I have been.

He had aged. Not the young dad I remembered him to be. He looks ... better. Healthier. Now unshaven, his silver stubble catches the light sent out by the solitary candle, highlighting his jaw. He seems to glow with an inner peace. A radiance generated from self identity and understanding. Would it do society good, to relocate cities to such inland hills? Perhaps a universal understanding would be achieved?

Africanised, yet still that touch of "pomp" evident. I note the tea rituals haven't changed. A perfect compromise between his two cultures has been reached. He is living his own life out here. The way he wants to. Living by his own better judgment, finding no need to conform in society's eyes.

My arrival was a little unexpected; our silence, the result. The song of crickets and a nightjar, perching in the Weeping Baboon for the night, are sonnas so different from those of our previous "night lives". Both of us, so involved in thoughts, that no conversation is exchanged. Both consumed by the night.

Although facing the darkness, beyond, I know his thoughts are on me. Contemplating; summing me up. A passage of time has passed. I have changed, we both have ... He left me as a little girl, now I am a young woman, of seventeen.

It will take time for us to relate the way we used to. Memories which make me all the more determined to recapture what it is we have lost.

Sitting, with summer's mosquitoes humming, I grasp the true sense of the word: living. Really living. A concept I hope to carry out. Being reduced to one's proper size, puts one's most valuable morals into perspective.

Watching the still weak sun lift the season's mists from the valleys below, he pours me a cup of tea, an act of reconciliation, and a gesture of acceptance.

Penny Waller (Std 12)



Penny Waller - Std 12

MY MA

In my hart is daar 'n plek
waar my ma altyd kan bly
dit is die warmste plek
wat bly in my gesin en my.

Ek dink aan haar elke dag
ek kan altyd met haar lag
na al die dinge wat gebeur
en al die dinge wat ek leu.

Ek sien haar mooi glimlag op haar gesig
dan voel my hart so vol van lig
en in my geestes so sagges,
weet ek, ek sal nooit 'n ander ma kies.

Pippa O'Donoghue (Std 7)



Fiona MacKay - Std 6

8 Goldbourne Road
Kenilworth
7700
Cape Town

22 February 1997

Dear Mum

This is just a letter to thank you and to tell you how much I admire everything that you have accomplished and everything that you do. With each new day, I am awounded by what you have to put up with and how amazingly calm and optimistic you remain. My dearest mum, this is a letter to show you how much I admire and appreciate you.

The thought of having children scares me, if they behave anything like my siblings and I do. You are the one who controls our volcanic tempers when our fights become a bit too violent. The endless screaming and storming through the house would not be controlled unless you "put out the fires" and mend the damage.

We never fail to leave the house in a state which suggests that several hurricanes have passed through after every weekend, but it is always restored to calm and order by you. Every day after school, even though you have also spent the day working and are just as tired as we are, you put up with our intolerance of everything and everyone.

The key word here is "cope". The amount that you have to cope with is one of the main things that I admire about you. Not only do you cope with all the housework and children, but you have to deal with financial details which normally crush one's spirit tremendously. Yet, you remain cheerful in everything that you do. Your happy outlook on life is refreshing and admirable.

We have moved house eight times since I was born. Three of those moves were between different provinces in South Africa. Each time, you were the one who had to pack up the house into four hundred odd boxes and pull up the "roots" that you had just put down. You had to leave your friends and family and the place where you spent most of

your life and start a whole new life, as well as coping with housework and family matters.

One thing I realise is that you have always tried to be scrupulously fair to each of us and encouraged us to do our very best to reach our full potential in every sphere, without putting pressure on us.

I know that your business has not been as prosperous as you thought that it was going to be, but I admire you for your persistence and dedication.

It may sound strange, but I admire you for your unconditional love for us. One may argue that all mothers have this same love for their children, but I have never experienced any so warm and comforting as yours. Your love radiates affection and joy. It fills every room in the house and warms us wherever we go.

I admire you for your ability to handle difficult situations and for your courage in everything that you take on. You are organised and in charge of your life. The joy that I have experienced being your child will last me for a very long time. I would just like to finish by saying how much I appreciate everything that you do. Not only do I admire you for your talents and qualities, but I love you and thank you for being such a wonderful mum always.

Lots of love,

Amber Kisch (Std 8)

MY MA

Daar is 'n persoon in my lewe,
wat my gesin bymekaar hou.
Sy het altyd 'n glimlag op haar gesig,
en sê vir my, "Skat, ek is lief vir jou."

Hierdie persoon maak my gelukkig
wanneer ek sit en huil.
Sy is die pragtige see,
waaron ek, 'n bootjie, seil.

Hierdie persoon is die son,
wat my lekker warm maak.
Sy is die goue lig,
met 'n baie belangrike taak.

Haar taak, as my ma,
is om die gesin te lei.
Met haar arms oop,
en haar liefde ... vry!

Wie is hierdie persoon,
wat so baie vir ons doen?
Sy is my ma, my lewe,
en my vriendin, deur God gegee.

Lauren Kohn: (Std 7)

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

The dragon-fly's body was surrounded by a halo of shimmering blue, bluer even than the sky reflected in water, as its fairy-frail wings guided it over hollows and rises in the grass and in between tall flowers. The flowers bent their heads to it as it passed, making as little wind as a dream, a memory. It threaded its way through the bowing stems of dandelions and poppies, like a queen through brightly coloured courtiers: a blue, gossamer-shrouded queen of the air. It was so blue, so impossibly blue, against the summer warmth of yellow and red. So blue and so cool, like a whisper of fresh air off a still lake, mirroring the sky.

A silver strand stretched like a thread of silk, linking two blades of grass; a whole delicate net of shining threads slung like tight-ropes, walkways for their tiny creator, the master of weaving. The web glistened as though the early-morning dew, already a long-forgotten dream of exultance, still hung on it. It shone with its own cold light, the last remnant of the moon in the summer midday.

A white butterfly hovered, its glowing wings moving with perfectly controlled beats. It fluttered from flower to flower, preferring to alight on their upturned, sun-worshipping faces than anywhere else. It was whiter than the clouds, whiter than the white roses upon which it sat, fanning its wings for a few seconds. Sitting in the light, it was so bright that it looked for a moment like the child of the sun. Suddenly, it flew off again elsewhere to display its glory, so sure in its perfection and beauty, its wings like those of a tiny angel.

Far up above, soundless on its outstretched wings, an eagle glided. Its haughty golden eyes scrutinised everything as it rode the unseen currents of the sky. It was the only animal that saw all. It flew out over the green ocean. "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls..." It was so proud, so majestic. From the tip of one powerful russet wing to the tip of the other, it was every inch the monarch of the sky, ruler of the air, vying with the clouds, riding on the wind.

The girl lying in the grass saw all these things and wondered at them, but for her the wonder was tinged with sadness. For even though she knew there would be other Sundays, none would be exactly like this one.

Zoe Boyers (Std 7)



Kelly May - Std 8

THE PLEASURE OF BEING MISERABLE

It has been said that the Irish are never really happy unless they are miserable. This paradox may sound ridiculous, but there is a certain amount of truth in this seemingly absurd statement. Melancholy, passed on from generation to generation, has become the Irish way of life. Indeed they are famous for it! To obtain pleasure from misery is an "art" that the Irish have perfected over the centuries and we too can learn this skill.

All of us experience waves of emotion. It is only human. Some of these waves are build, energetic and cheerful, but others are flat and miserable, and it is these miserable waves that we need to harness into waves of pleasure.

Misery, like many things needs to be planned in order that we may receive the maximum from this sometimes brief event. It is no good sinking into the depths of despair and muttering things such as "Nobody loves me," or "The whole world is against me" and of course the favourite, "There is no point in living".

Misery is a waste of time if others do not take part in it. It is therefore better to surround oneself with sympathetic family and friends, who can bring one endless cups of tea and say comforting things like "There, there, it will all look better in the morning". This is misery at its best as it gives others the opportunity to take the credit for cheering up the unhappy soul.

There are those people who are not so lavish with their misery. They go for long, secluded walks, they sit alone in dark corners and ponder over their personal misfortunes or they talk to their animals.

The almost secret language between an animal and its owner does help in the misery process. Animals are sensitive to their owners' every mood. A miserable owner almost always results in a miserable animal and the two can find pleasure in wallowing in mutual despair together.

One of the greatest politicians and speakers of this century, Winston Churchill, called misery "the black dog". He is an example of a man who did not despair when misery struck, but harnessed its negative powers to spur him on to further greatness. Yes, Winston Churchill knew despair and because he knew despair he was able to empathise with a war-weary population and eventually show them the way to hope and a peace that seemed so distant. What a man! What an example!

The waves of misery are constantly moving with the tides of time. They are a part of our lives and therefore we must use them to the best of our ability, with the realisation that the pleasure of misery, like all "good" things, does not last forever and that it will inevitably be followed by bouts of genuine elation.

Catherine Day (Std 9)

GROWING UP WITH BOOKS

The first book that I ever read completely independently was, as far as I can recall, *The Tale of Mrs Tildemouse* by Beatrix Potter. I decided to display my new skills in Snow and Tell the following day. I still remember the bemused, slightly far-away expressions on the faces of my six-year old audience as I worked my way through the delicate print, wishing they would show a more suitable reaction to my achievement.

This was my introduction to books. I cannot imagine how infinitely different my childhood would have been without books. For ten years we had a nightly ritual: at bedtime my brother and I would climb into the big double bed with my mother, who would read aloud (and, if necessary, explain) a couple of chapters of Roald Dahl or Dick King-Smith. It was in this double bed that we first embarked on C.S. Lewis's Narnia books, and with them the real magic began.

I fell in love with Aslan, the great golden lion who was lord of Narnia. I fell in love with the whole story. Narnia was a very real place to me, and at a stage when my world was smaller, it was a whole aspect of my life.

It was only much later that I came to understand that Aslan represented Jesus. The metaphor appears throughout the series, but is most pronounced in the second book, in which he is sacrificed by the evil White Witch, having given his life in place of that of a human boy, one of the four children who entered Narnia from our world through the doors of a magic wardrobe. The next day Aslan rises from the dead, fully restored, and leads his people (which include fauns, cryaxes, dwarves, centaurs and all manner of talking beasts) to a glorious victory.

I cherish these memories. I am a great re-reader, and having read this series many times over the years, writing about it inspires me to do so again. From a very young age, I have had one great passion in life: animals. I had an ever-growing collection of soft furry toys, two or three of which were "alive" or "real" and my constant companions. On one occasion when my mother attempted to give me a doll, and placed it amongst my "children" as a surprise, I threw it upon the hall floor with a cry of outrage (or so I am told). These were the first manifestations of a love for the beasts of the field which I think will last forever.



Amber Kisch - Sed 8

Naturally, therefore, once I became a more practised reader, I gravitated towards animal books. My first favourite was my big, beautifully illustrated children's version of Anna Sewall's *Black Beauty*. A little later I discovered the wolves and huskies of Jack London's snow-blanketed, Alaska. *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang* inspired a separate love for that particular brand of harsh wilderness, and for wolves. After I had re-read them to death, I moved on to *Watership Down*, Richard Adams's classic tale of survival, courage and friendship amongst the unlikely heroes made by rabbits. I know I have read this book at least six times.

At that stage whereafter each year one is a completely different person, having done so much mental growing, each time I read these books I understand them more deeply and get more out of them, and love them more. Paul Gallico also featured strongly during this period, as did the wonderful Rudyard Kipling. The only non animal books that figure significantly in my memory are the delightful *Indian in the Cupboard* series by Lynne Reid Banks, about a small plastic American Indian who surprisingly comes to life.

By Standard Five, when everyone else would touch nothing but *Sweet Valley High* (including such titles as *The Great Boy Friend Switch* and others, similarly nauseating, which I cannot recall), I was still deeply immersed in the animal world, to my teacher's increasing disapproval. I think she eventually resigned herself to letting me move at my own pace.

I'm not quite sure when it was that I stumbled upon *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* series by Douglas Adams, but there are few books I have enjoyed as much, or in quite the same way. The astoundingly original epic begins with the destruction of Earth by aliens to make space for a new intergalactic bypass. And the fun never stops. This is another series I have continued to enjoy over and over. It has come close to cult status and coming across a fellow zealot is like finding a long lost friend.

This more or less brings us up to date, except for one more book which I must mention, the bestseller which exploded onto the scene when I was in Standard Seven: *The Horse Whisperer* by Nicholas Evans. It is an amazing story and not at all a "horse-lovers only" book - I recommend it to anyone looking for something to read. *Like Water for Chocolate* by Laura Esquivel is another wonderful story.

I'm not sure if I can find anything to say about how books have affected my life or the way I think; I suppose I have nothing to compare it to, having never been without them. I know that I am infinitely grateful for the ability to read, and for the multitude of wonderful books that are there for me to read. Having grown up with books has opened up doors I would otherwise probably never have known were there, and, to whomever contributed to that, I would like to say thank you.

Julia Smith-Louw (Sed 8)

THE GRASS, THE PENGUIN AND THE LONG, LONG TAIL

Long ago when the plains of Africa had short grass and the penguin ruled the land, fear was deep in all animals' hearts.

It was the penguin who instilled this fear, for he was ruthless and took everything the animals worked for and preyed on the smaller animals with his sharp teeth. One late African evening, Staxu, the turtle, called a meeting of all of the animals. He had something very important to say and it was mandatory for all of the animals to be there.

"I have excellent news!" Staxu exclaimed when everyone, or ... almost everyone, was there.

Staxu had just started speaking, when a clatter of paws was heard. All the animals turned to glare at Markuku, the mouse, scurried into the meeting area.

"Sorry!" he squeaked.

"As I was saying," continued Staxu, "I was chomping on some berries by Evil Penguin's hut, when I heard a funny noise, so I followed it to the entrance of that awful penguin's cave when ..."

"What? What?" cried the animals.

"I looked into his cave," Staxu continued in a low voice, "and he was asleep. I sneaked in and took a quick look around and do you know what I saw? His teeth. On the floor. This means his scary teeth come out and he takes them out while he naps!"

This news made the animals shout and murmur questions: "What are we to do? How does this news help?"

The lion roared over the commotion, "And what are we to do with this information, Staxu?" Staxu smiled, "One of us simply sneaks into his cave tomorrow during nap time and steals his teeth. Then he can't scare anyone again with his teeth and we can live peaceful lives. But there is a slight problem. Who will go?"

This was a problem. Staxu with his hard protective shell would be their best bet, but he was slow and, if Penguin woke up, he would catch Staxu. Then he would sleep with his teeth in and they would never have a chance for freedom.

In the middle of all the questions a tiny voice shouted, "I'll go! Let me go!" Everyone laughed. "You? Markuku?" screamed the worms. "You are lazy and never do what people tell you to do!"

"Yes," agreed Markuku, "but I am very small and very fast." So, after much debate, it was decided that the next afternoon Markuku would put the plan into action.

Late the following afternoon the only sound to be heard was the "Choo-choo" of Markuku's stubby little tail swiping the ground as he ran towards Penguin's hut. Markuku cautiously entered the cave. Penguin lay asleep on a stone slab, with his teeth curled under one arm. Markuku knew he had to be quick, for all the other animals were waiting in the bushes for him to come out. And, boy, would he show them that he was more than a lazy mouse, yes, he would.

Quickly he jumped onto the stone slab and began carefully pulling the teeth out of the blanket Penguin's wing made. But Markuku was a little too nervous so he pulled a little too hard and, to his horror, Penguin slowly opened his eyes.

"Why, you little rodent!" wrenched the deadly bird. Markuku, waiting for no further signal from the enraged penguin, started running for his life, and the lives of all other field mice to come. But running was made very difficult by the huge set of jaws he clutched in his tiny paws. Penguin was a fast flyer and, just as Markuku ran out of the cave, he caught the mouse's stubby little tail in his claws.

The lion leapt from behind a bush and grabbed the tiny body of Markuku, while Penguin held on to the stubby tail. In everyone's amazement, Markuku's tail got longer and longer, as they pulled the mouse in opposite directions.

"Don't just stand there," screamed Staxu at the worms. Suddenly, all around the tug-of-war over Markuku, the grass began to grow taller and taller. The worms were very busy underground pushing up the short African grass by the roots. It was so tall that it now covered the lion completely.

"Ahhhh!" screamed Penguin as the grass grew over his low flying form. In his surprise, he let go of Markuku and the mouse and the lion went running through the tall grass...

Markuku was delighted by this wonderful new tail. He also realised to his delight that he still held the penguin's jaws firmly in his little paws.

Penguin realised what he had done and went low-flying through the grass after his teeth. Penguin flew low to the ground for he could see only a few feet ahead of him because of this new tall, thick grass. And it was also because of this grass that he did not see the big, old tree right in front of him. With a loud "clunk", Penguin's head connected with the hard bark.

All of the animals started laughing at the sight of the "Evil Penguin" sitting at the bottom of a tree, a huge bump forming on his head and huge tears forming in his eyes. "STOP IT!" he screamed at the animals as tears of embarrassment spilled down his face. The sight of the most feared animal in the land crying like a baby brought all of the animals to the ground in gales of laughter.

Penguin knew he could not stay a moment longer, not even to get his sharp teeth. He got up and began to run. He ran, and he ran, and he kept on running until he reached the edge of Africa. But that still wasn't far enough for him, so, taking a deep breath, he jumped off Africa and into the ocean.

By flapping his wings, Penguin learned to swim. He swam, and swam, and swam. Finally he reached Antarctica. This was far enough away from Africa for him. He vowed he would never go back and he would certainly never fly again. And it was so. He never flew and the succeeding generations of penguins never learned to fly. Although Penguin's



Paula Bevis-Challinor - Std 7

KINDERS RESPEKTEER NIE HUL ONDERWYSERS NIE

Geagte Dames en Here, dit is ten volle waar dat kinders op skool nie meer onderwysers soos vroeër respekteer nie. Kinders se nuwe houding teenoor die skoolpersoneel is opvallend op elke gebied van die skoollewe. Of dit nou in die klaskamer, in die gange, of op die sportveld is, dit is dualiteit dat respek vir onderwysers iets van die verlede is.

U is, byvoorbeeld, nog onder die indruk dat leerlinge opstaan wanneer 'n onderwyser die klas binnestap. Moenie glo me! Hul se doodluiters en wag vir die onderwyser om hul eers te groet. Belandheilte teenoor onderwysers is lank vergete, kán 'n mens agterwantees 'n leerling openlik gryp sonder om eers sy hand voor sy mond te hou. Maar as u dit as onbeskof beskou, behoort u die kinders te sien wat somkeer hul koppe op hul arms rus en daar en dan aan die slaap raak. Ek sal nie verbas wees as ons kort voor lank probleme ondervind met die snorkers in die klas nie! Die kinders wat verkies om nie te slaap nie vermask hulself op 'n linnigtyge wyse. Daar word oor en weer gekuier en briefies word in al rigtings rondgestuur. Wat het van die ou tyd geword dat kinders meerselfderryd as groot-mense mag praat nie? Een ding is seker, die ou onderwyser en sy swartbord is vergete.

As u dink dat omstandighede buite die klaskamer verbeter, het u die kat aan die stert heel. Nee, daar is selfs minder respek vir onderwysers buite die klaskamer. Vir 'n onderwyser om in 'n skoolgang af te stap is komplot soos om die slagveld te betree. Hul se word omring van links, regs, voor en agter deur gevaarlike kinders gewapen met yslike boekeusse. Daar bestaan nie meer so iets soos opvrystaan vir 'n onderwyser nie. Ons arme onderwysers word deesdae letterlik vasgekeer.

Ek hoop u is nou meer op hoogte van skoolkinders se onaanvaarbare gedrag in die skole. Dit is noodsaaklik dat u besef dat vandag se onderwysers nie die respek ontvang wat hulle toekom toe and dat kinders met 'n ferm hand hanteer moet word.

Marise Botha (Std 9)

BUILDING BRIDGES THROUGH SPORT

It's the 24th June 1995, at Ellis Park. South Africa is playing New Zealand in the Rugby World Cup Final and the score is 12 all. South Africa wins the scrum and Van der Westhuizen gets the ball. He passes it to Stransky. Stransky kicks a drop-goal.

Is it over?
Is it over?

Yes! The flags are up, the crowd is going wild. The winning points have been scored. The South Africans have triumphed. They are the new World Champions!

The atmosphere was electric and during the days, weeks and months as the elation soared, racial boundaries crumbled. A "new" South Africa had begun to form and the foundations of South Africa's "bridge" had finally been laid, its ultimate destination the 2004 Olympic Games.

In order to build a bridge, however, one needs teamwork and expertise and what better place to start than with the youth of South Africa.

Anyone who has played a team sport at school will understand the feelings of pride and unity of being part of a team. There are also the friendships made on those frosty morning practices or those long, thirsty matches. Friendships that can be found nowhere else.

South Africa has a vast amount of unharnessed talent. Over the last few years steady progress has been made across the whole spectrum of South African sport. Organisations like SARFU (South African Rugby Football Union), Street-sport sponsored by Coca-Cola, Reebok, Willards and Anglo-Albana, as well as the South African United Cricket Board have helped to establish sports facilities in many disadvantaged communities. Indeed some of our sports stars like Chester Williams and Paul Adams have helped with the coaching of youngsters, giving them the opportunity to learn various sports skills.

Our "bridge" has grown steadily as we watched our National Soccer Squad 'Bafana Bafana' triumph in the African Cup of Nations and our cricket team display its mastery in international competitions.

Last year in the Atlanta Olympics, we watched with pride as South Africa walked away with three gold, one silver and one bronze medal.

Cape Town's bid for the 2004 Olympic Games has been a heated topic of conversation for some time. Whatever the disputes over finance, venues and facilities, and no doubt these disputes will intensify now that Cape Town has been short-listed, there still remains the undeniable fact - an event of this magnitude could do more to complete the unification of our nation than anything else.



A ROYAL HANDSHAKE FOR CATHERINE

Catherine Day reached the top twenty in the National Essay Competition entitled: Building Bridges through Sport. She attended a function at the Mount Nelson, where she was introduced to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. On the Duke's right is Mr Steve Ishwari, Minister of Sport and Recreation.

We have seen how, over the last few years, sport has brought people together and the greatest sports challenge in the world will be no exception. One people, one nation working together for one cause - the 2004 Olympic Games.

As Deputy President, Thabo Mbeki said on the eve of the announcement that sent Cape Town into a frenzy: "Holding the Olympic Games in Cape Town in 2004 would herald a second transformation miracle for South Africa." And indeed I agree with him.

At the moment "our bridge" has reached the halfway mark. It still has many miles to cover. Some will be difficult and slow but when the last section is played, we will be able to look back and realise that the long journey has been worthwhile.

As Grantland Rice said: "For when the One Great Sinner comes to write against your name, he marks not that you won or lost - but how you played the game."

Indeed, it is the game, the game of sport that is important, because, by playing and supporting sport we learn how to share across racial and social boundaries. So let sport be the victor.

LET THE GAMES BEGIN"

Catherine Day (Std 9)

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

It happened so suddenly that only now can I look back on the incident and try to decipher how it all happened and how it felt. That dark Tuesday night was like the beginning of a downward spiral into loss and, inevitably sadness. The evening began like any other, with my family and I going about our usual routine, but it ended in despair. The cacophonous sound of the telephone, that specific telephone call, that changed my life as I knew it. My mother, by answering the telephone, was the first to hear the news. The look on her face as she approached me in my bedroom could only signify bad news. Her attempt at telling me the news was halted by her tears which rolled freely down her face. Eventually I heard the shocking news that my father had had a heart attack that morning.

By Wednesday evening, my mother was safely on a South African Airlines aeroplane to Houston, via Miami, and I was in my cubicle in Herschel's boarding house reading my book, *Teach Me* by Pat Conroy. I had been given a warm welcome by both the boarders, who greeted me with welcomes, and the matrons, who assured me that everything would work out.

Sleep and I had never been close, but now she visited me less often, and when she did, she did not stay very long. Instead, insomniac became my best friend, settling in with me regularly each evening and lingering deep into the night. Lights were extinguished at ten o'clock every night and I

descendants left Antarctica and moved to other places, none of them ever returned to the plains of Africa.

But in the tall grass of the African plains, a fair and kind king was appointed. The Great Lion's descendants still rule today. All became peaceful in the lives of the animals. There is still fear today, but none as strong as was felt at the time of Pengo.

For years after the event that changed the plains, a certain mouse was still always late. But now it wasn't that he was lazy; it was that everywhere he went he kept the souvenir of his moment of bravery wrapped tightly in his long, long tail.

Claire Crush (Std 6)

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

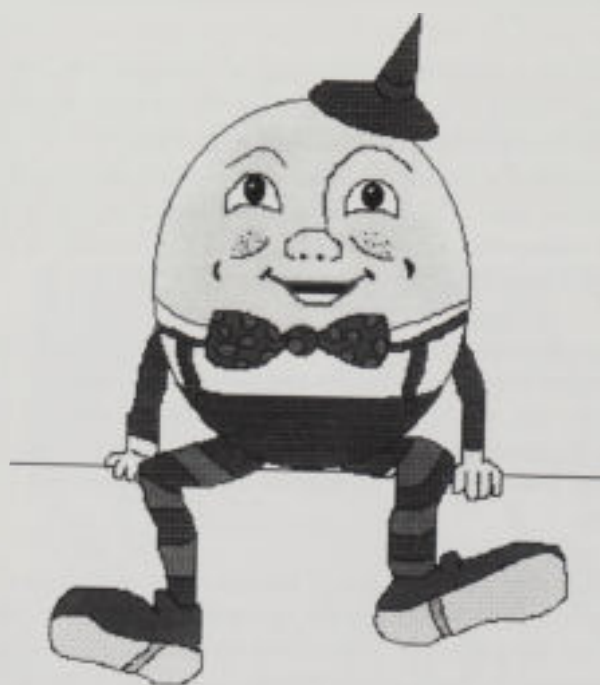
Lilliputian damsel Muffet
Perched on a small mound,
Eating a substance formed from the coagulation of milk and
a watery liquor;
There appeared an immense arachnid,
That perched in a position adjacent to her,
And terrified Lilliputian damsel Muffet out of her premises.

Hoviyeh Afnan Holmes and Jane Bulcy (Std 7)

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty perched upon a fortification,
Humpty Dumpty had a colossal plummet.
The total of the crowned head's Perdue Elopae,
And the entire of the sovereign's Homo sapiens,
Couldn't position Humpty's fragments collectively anew.

Mikaela Burnett (Std 7)



Mikaela Burnett - Std 7

HOW THE RABBIT CHANGED THE WORLD

Long ago, before man had entered the circle of life and the earth was ruled by animals, there was a snake who loved eating eggs. Every night he would crawl out of his hole and search for some succulent eggs to satisfy his hunger. One night he spotted Rabbit's prize hen. "Rabbit won't mind if I only have a few", said Snake as he silently glided towards the nest. The chicken, who had been dozing, woke, alarmed by the rustling of leaves on such a silent night. She flew into a nearby tree seeking safety, as she watched the snake devour her brood.

Next morning Rabbit was angry with Chicken for laying no eggs, but she explained about the eggs and how snake had eaten them.

That night Rabbit set guarding his chicken and her precious eggs. Rabbit watched the huge silver moon rise in the sky (in those times when animals ruled the earth, the moon was always full and never lessened as the month progressed).

Rabbit heard a slight rustling and saw what looked like a thin silver river glide across the ground.

"I see you noticed my intrusion yesssterday, Rabbit. Stand aside so I can satisfy my hunger," hissed the snake, its steady eyes fixed on Rabbit.

"Go away, Snake, you will not get fat on my eggs tonight" replied Rabbit.

"If I can't eat your eggs, I'll have to settle for you, Rabbit," threatened Snake with his fangs bared.

"Why not eat that giant egg that rests in the sky?" said Rabbit, pointing toward the full moon.

Snake's empty stomach rumbled at the idea and he set off at once to find a way to the moon. After days and days of searching he found himself at the foot of a huge mountain that was so high its top was hidden by clouds. Snake started climbing. When he reached the top he rested and watched the giant sun-bird fly slowly across the sky, its golden feathers washing away darkness, then it disappeared under the horizon where it could rest. The moon came up bathing everything in silver light. The snake saw it and its mouth watered. He started climbing the stars to get to the moon's place in the sky. When he got there he realized the moon was so big that he could only eat a small bit of it at a time, and that's what he did.

The animals were frightened at first at this strange disappearance of the moon but they soon got used to it. The snake was never hungry again; every time he finished eating the moon, the giant sun-bird would lay another. This is how it has been since the sly rabbit suggested to a hungry snake he should eat the moon.

Kirsten Beets (Std 6)

FINDING GOD IN NATURE

Here by the pond
In this cool world of water
and greenness and shadows
and murmuring breezes
Here it is quiet
and simple and still
as it should be

Spring gilded trees
sweep low to regard
the quivering ripples of darkness below
with marbled skin
endlessly swallow
Assent as though

Soft, bride-white ducks
training sleek liquid vees
parade like royalty through their
fern-fringed domain
and dip hunter yellow beaks
to salute the bamboo
slugging shuddering diamonds
off their oil-slick backs



Wrapped in this harmony
where life is in unity
It's easy enough to forget
for a while
that people like us
take plates like this
and tear them
and crush them
and fill them with death
when what we have ruined so far
can no longer contain us.

Lord, by the skill of your hand
you created the Earth
and for this I praise your holy name
Lord, in your infinite wisdom
you made Man master over it
and in this I will never understand your reasoning.

Julia Smiles Lowry (Sed 8)

Artwork: Laura Siegers - Std 10



found myself forming images of mystical creatures with the shadows dancing on the walls and ceiling. The wind, whose soothing whistle lulled the rest of my dormitory to sleep, had no effect on me and I would lie in my bed, trying to convince myself that nothing bad was going to happen to my father, but instead I found myself crying softly, as I thought of what could happen to him. I waited eagerly for dawn so that I might have some light to read, giving me something to do in the absence of sleep. Each day I emerged from my cubicle with puffy eyes surrounded by dark rings, reminding me of a night full of crying.

Every day I hoped that I would hear good news about my father, but when news came it was never good. Each time my mother telephoned me something else had happened to my father to make him even more ill. The situation was a bit like the snail who moved two metres up the tree, only to slide one metre down the tree during the night while it rested. Apparently, the heart-attack had shrunk his immune system to the state of being almost non-existent.

He died exactly two weeks after the initial heart-attack and exactly two months after another incident, which is another essay entirely. They say that his death was due to liver failure, but they say lots of things.

Each day I ask myself why it was my father who died. Why could it not have been the drunk on the corner, or a murderer or even the postman? Who will be there to walk me down the aisle on my wedding day? Who will be the grandfather to my children? Why did someone so close to me, someone I loved so much, someone I depended on for so many things get taken away from me? I then have to tell myself that he has not been taken away from me. He is with me all the time, guiding and protecting me in everything I do. I suppose that I have given up on God, for the moment anyway. I would rather speak to someone I know well and am sure existed. All I know about God is what the Bible tells me, and I disagree with many notions in the Bible. Some people build shrines to remember the dead, but I think that it is far better to remember the good times, and even a few of the bad times, one shared with the deceased and guard them within one's soul like a rare treasure so that the memory of the deceased will be kept alive forever within oneself.

Nadia Donnelly (Std 9)

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Claremont
7700

22 February 1997

Dear President Mandela

We were told by our teacher that we had to write a letter to the person that we most admire. Grandmother, Grandfather, Mother, Father, Brad Pitt and Scott Wolf came into my mind, but then I thought, "Tara Madiba" ... is the person I admire.

The reason I admire you so much is because all through the years of apartheid, you never gave up hope or determination. You always kept on fighting, even through times of trouble, in order to give the black and coloured people equal rights with the whites. You have succeeded in so many ways. Even though you have had some draw-backs in life, you have never given up hope or lost your wonderful smile.

Other reasons why I admire you are because of your hard work, your dedication, your forgiveness, your care for children, your cheerful manner, your friendly face and your sense of humour. I really do not know any other people who possess all these qualities.

The way you work so hard is one of the skills that I must admire. Being the President of a country which has been through apartheid for so many years must be difficult. You have to handle all the problems that lie ahead, such as housing, jobs, education, crime, etcetera.

Many people do not think that the country has improved, but what they have got to remember is that South Africa has only been a democracy for nearly three years, and that all the problems from the apartheid years will not disappear over-night. However, some important changes have occurred such as, children under the age of six now get free health care, and education is free for the first seven years of a child's life. I admire your hard work in trying to improve and reconstruct our Nation, so that one day it will be the best Rainbow nation in the world.

I also admire your care for children, I do not know of many Presidents who take time out of their busy schedule to hold Christmas parties for underprivileged children. It must be a nice feeling to know that you have made some children's Christmas very special and memorable.

Your forgiveness is something that I, and everyone else in our nation, should admire the most. You have no bitter feelings towards the white race and you have forgiven all the people who hurt, tortured and abused you. This makes you one of the best Christians in the world and this is one thing that every South African, whether black or white, should respect.

Last, but not least, is your smile and cheerfulness. I do not know very many people who can always look so cheerful and always have a big, bright smile, even when they have so many worries on their mind.

Thank you for being a cheerful, hard working, forgiving and caring President of our Rainbow Nation ... South Africa. "Nkosi Sikelela!"

Yours sincerely

June Buley (Std 7)

1 Rose Way
Constantia
7833

23 February 1997

Dearest Granna

This morning I was sitting in our beautiful garden, under the grape vine, watching nature do what it does best - be full of life! I was pondering a whole lot of things that my little mind came up with to ponder about until it tickered upon the last piece of information that Miss Baws had told us on Thursday in English class. I hadn't given it a thought until that moment whilst I was sitting under the grapevine, pondering. She had told us that we must come up with a person that we admire the most and must write about that particular person. I know how much you like hearing about people and the things they do, especially ones that do good, so I'm going to write to you and tell you about the person that I admire most in the whole world. I want you to guess who she is!

I have known her all my life. She held me in her arms when I was just a day or so old. I've been told that I was a very troublesome baby, having croup and therefore never sleeping. I also know that it was she who cared enough to take me out of the arms of my weary and utterly irritated mother and comfort me and reassure my mother that everything would be okay.

I remember growing up in Harare, Zimbabwe. She was, and is and will always be, a part of my memories. I remember going to her house all the time. The memories of the Sunday lunches are still bright, as though I ate that lunch just yesterday. I adored those Sunday lunches! Then I remember the blue bedroom that was mine and mine only, I think!

The worst memory I have of that span of years was when I went to stay the night with her. I cried and said that I wanted to go home. I admire her sensitivity and understanding - she took me home. Then came the move to England. Her husband really wanted to go to university in England. She cared so much for her husband that she moved there with him and left behind her lifetime friends and a home that she had lived in for years, her children even, all because she knew that her husband's dream was to get to England.

She then moved to South Africa with her husband. We joined them in Cape Town a few years down the line. The thing was, was Cape Town going to be called the Cape of Good Hope or the Cape of Storms? Thanks to her, I don't think one negative feeling was felt when we moved. She was always doing things to help us to settle, such as having my brother and me for the night, or helping with the washing or buying us the stuff we really wanted. All that has not changed - except for the fact that she now does even more for us! I think that, as I've grown up, I've really begun

to appreciate her more. I think I used to be just like my brother and take her absolutely for granted!

I know that when I have a headache or a sore throat, I will make it loud and clear that I am in pain and make everyone worry, but she does not complain one bit. She once had a problem with her knee, because her bones were rubbing one another, but did she ever complain? Never. She also has a terrible problem with her eyes, meaning that she can't see clearly any more. I would be furious and say that it was so unfair, instead she never conveys even the slightest of irritations about the eye. She realises that she is so much luckier than a lot of the other people in the world.

Another thing about this incredible woman is how she likes to talk. I find communicating with her so easy, be it on a people topic or a more personal one. Amazingly enough, even though she talks a lot, she never says a mean word against anyone. I really want to be like that, but that must either take a lot of will power or it's just in a person to be so sensitive of other's feelings. I think that it's just in her!

I also can't believe how much she cares. She is always willing to do things for me even if they are inconvenient. She also cares about the less fortunate and helps with soup kitchens. When she was living in Zimbabwe and the war was on, she even thought it her duty to learn to drive a truck so that she could take goods out to the soldiers! Now, think about how many people would bother to do that. One in a million!

The other day I asked her that if she had one wish, what would she wish for. She told me that it would be for her family's happiness. And that's what she is like with most things - happy! I don't ever remember seeing her get cross or frown for that matter.

Then, lastly, the thing I admire the best about her is her home and how neat and orderly it is. If I feel like baking a cake, even at mid night (to exaggerate it a bit!), she will be only too happy to get out all the ingredients, and she always has everything needed, and gives me handy tips on baking! I love the smell of her washing and the way she folds her socks and makes beds. I try to do those things exactly the same way she does them.

Now, Gran, I'm sure you know about whom I am talking, and yes, you are all those things whether you say so or not! I love you Gran and someday, when I'm all grown up I, hope to be just like you!

With love

Hids

P.S. Thank you for looking after us last week end whilst Mum and Dad were away. The food was great, especially the Italian Delight!

Bridget Cochrane (Std 7)

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Constatia
7800

21 Agasti 1997

Eta othandekayo

Fikosi kakhulu ngeleta emnandi nondibhaleleyi. Nciya-
vuya xa izinto zihamba kasulile ehhaya. Bekummandi
ukuva ngemndaba zakho.

Ndikubhalela nje kuba ndicela ukuba wongeze imali
yengxowa yam. Mina sendineminyaka eli 18, ngocho ke
ndizimele apha, esikolwini kweli xesha ndamkela amax-
hulu amahini agunyanga, kachwa andinamali eyaneleyo.

Kufuneka ndihenge iintfuneko njengeencwadi, iimpahla
nesinxibo sesikolo. Ukuba ugqiba ukongeza imali yam,
mna ndiza kulonakelwa imali esalayo. Okukrqa ndiza
kufaka is msh elugrinweni lwam ukuze yongeze ngenxa
yenzala. Ndiyona ukulondoloza imali yam ee ndityele.

Kanjalo ndidinga imali ukuthengela umakhuji isipho.
Kaleku ngumhla wokuza wa kwakhe kule veki izayo.

Ndinethemba lokuba uza kalinga ngale nto.

Khawubulise banke ekhaya! Uncede undibhalele xa
unethuba.

Umntwana wakho

Janet Lightbody (Std 10)

RAIN

Rain is silver nails
Racing down from the sky
To see who can hit it first
Hitting it hard
Hammering into the ground.

Julia Wolfe (Std 6)



Jade Forles - Std 8

THE CORN FLOWER

The lady stood in the garden,
Beneath the spread of an oak.
She was tall and regal, but silent
Or I was never there if she spoke.

Her elegant sapphire bonnet
And her delicate emerald gown
Are rustled gently by the wind,
Though she kept her petticoats down.

And on a lovely sunny day,
Although there are so few,
I see her turn her smiling face,
Up to the sky.

My precious, gentle lady
Lays down her bonnet at night
And sleeps until the break of dawn,
Or till she's touched by light.

Now that winter's almost here
My lady's looking grey
And with a gust and a swirl of leaves
Her bonnet's snatched, up, and far away.

Julia Durrant (Std 6)

AN EMPTY ROOM

Its mouth is open
The last of its victims devoured
Waiting for the next of its visitors
to stumble in unexpectedly
All is quiet, besides the rumbling
of its empty stomach
Every thing is in darkness
Then suddenly his jaws widen
with a flood of light
A lonely child wanders in
Then suddenly his jaws close
with a crash!

Jessica Stubbs (Std 6)

THE TRIPLE SEVEN MYSTERIES

CHAPTER 1

Chuck stared at the body hanging limply from the coat
rack, his eyes fixed and wider than Stacey had ever seen
them. Colour slowly drained from Chuck's face. The
whole of the music group gathered round to find Miss
Thegman's swaying feet. Her scrawny neck was bound by
a tightly wound cello string. Bulging, bloodshot eyes, a
swollen tongue and a terrified gaze seemed to be cemented
in her face. As a massive gasp collected from the class,
Chuck opened the right-hand side of the cupboard and,
finding the cello he had meant to play during Miss Theg-
man's lesson, he noticed the third string was missing - the
very string that had brought Miss Thegman to her death.

Miss Thegman's grey, lifeless body swung and, as the cello string began to uncoil, Stacey noticed those very piercing and powerful numbers branded on the back of her neck. The same mysterious numbers burnt into the necks of every single victim at Middleborough High and the same terrifying numbers that had been imprinted on her brain and left her haunted and with a scar of that horrifying vision she had witnessed. These flesh-filled numbers, arranged in a triangle, once again read those measurable figures - 7.7.7.

Ever since Stacey had come in her first year at Middleborough, teachers had been brutally murdered according to their subjects taught, each time the 7.7.7 figures imprinted on their necks. Only one year had passed by peacefully and smoothly without a hiccup and just when Stacey thought it was all over, in her last year, look what had happened to Miss Thegman.

Mesmerised by the sight of her, Stacey tried to think back to the first teacher ever murdered. Hmmm. Who was it?...Oh yes! Mrs Christie. She was the Home Economics teacher - a jolly, good-hearted, round, rosy-cheeked soul. As much as Stacey would have liked to, she had never actually been taught by her, although she remembered it was, for everyone, a shock to the system when Mrs Christie was found chained constrictively to her chair having undergone a slow, painful death by being gassed.

And then there was Mr Maynard, Stacey's Maths teacher, who was found locked in the "Maths Department Room", with about fifty punctures in his chest and the bloody compass protruding from his gaping heart. Not forgetting Mrs Stevens, an English teacher, battered and bruised to a pulp with the beatings from a Giant Oxford Dictionary, and Stacey's least favourite teacher, Mr. Bilchard. He was her History teacher and was killed - Jack the Ripper style - butchered, mutilated and generally slashed and shredded.

As sad as Stacey had been to see these poor teachers die, she didn't feel the least bit of sympathy for the death of Old Miss Thegman. Stacey had never much cared for her and, quite frankly, was somewhat pleased to see the old bat get what she deserved.

Miss Thegman was certainly a sight to behold what with her indented blue cloudy eyes, her long curvy nose finishing off with an enormous wart, drawn cheeks and stern, tight, pinched lips to hide those rotting teeth of hers. Her hair was at that stage where it was slowly beginning to fall out, although what was left of the thin strands was slicked back tightly into a bun, situated at the top of her puny head. The lady must have smoked at least fifty cigars a day, and it showed. Whenever, wherever, she was always seen with a cigar bobbing up and down from the corner of her mouth, puffing like a chimney. In music lessons she had a nasty habit of strutting around the room in her long skirts, purposely removing the half-used cigar by using two shaky fingers and, whenever she had the chance, breathing out the cloud of smoke through her mouth and nose directly in front of the students, particularly in front of Stacey Spied.



Sarah Louw - Std 8

Stacey hated fourth period music class and not because she hated the subject. In fact, Stacey was the top music scholarship student, but the fact that she was taught by Thegman made the lesson a living hell. Miss Thegman hated scholarship students and since Stacey was one she had tormented her from the first day she had stepped into the classroom. The old lady had drawn up a list of seats, assigning everyone to their current places and spitefully put Stacey in middle front row, so she could humiliate her as easily as she wanted. Stacey would never forget how angry she felt towards Miss Thegman the day she photocopied twenty-five sheets of Stacey's not-her-best music theory tests and displayed it as a truly bad result for a scholarship student. Miss Thegman had succeeded that time in humiliating Stacey.

Catching herself in a sly smile, Stacey reluctantly put aside the idea of a "Thegman's Dead Celebration" and was brought back to reality by the sound of the ringing bell - off to fifth period!

Anna Burton (Std 8)

THE PLEASURE OF BEING MISERABLE

How does one average feelings of misery? Indulgence. When overwhelming, miserable feelings are the result of insensitivity on the part of your boyfriend or the new outbreak of pimples on your forehead or a newly discovered roll of flab that has suddenly appears on your hips, what better way to hold these feelings at bay than to indulge in a giant slab of whole-nut chocolate while you're soaking in a bath with bubbles up to your nose listening to your favourite CD. Feeling miserable never felt so good.

It seems as if one uses pleasure (i.e. satisfaction of emotional or physical feelings of insecurity) to alleviate misery. Perhaps this is why we feel miserable in the first place - to give us an excuse to indulge in those things that we do not think about enjoying when we're happy with life.

One is able to enjoy vicariously the misery of others. I write this with my father in mind. His favourite palliative to misery is to nily up. In his maelstrom of a study it is impossible to find any of my 'borrowed' CDs or art pencils

he has used for his latest design. Only when he is wrong by the tentacles of gray, slinky misery, does he revert to tidying up his study. The surprisingly precise corners of stacked paper, the neatly arranged writing equipment and the concertina-like appearance of the files on the shelves cut the horns of misery. The beneficial result for me is having forgotten belongings returned, as well as an occasional birthday card from relatives with a few English pounds, appearing. Oh, the pleasure of Father's misery.

But let us not become confused between misery and sadness. There is no pleasure in sadness. When someone close to you dies, you are sad and not even the solace of chocolate can make you feel better. When you are not invited to the Bishop's Marie Darce, you feel miserable. This is the perfect opportunity to let others cheer you up. Mother will buy you a new dress. Father will give you tickets to go with a friend to see 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' at Maynardville (perhaps with even a picnic thrown in) and younger brother will stay out of your hair for a while. Your only problem is extending the period of misery for as long as you can.

Does misery extend beyond an individual to a nation? It would appear so, when one considers the voluble outpourings in front of the Truth and Reconciliation Committee made by confessors to atrocities committed in the past. Perhaps they are secretly finding pleasure in the fact that they are evading jail sentences. If they appear to be miserable enough, will they escape punishment?

The tar, smiling face of Laurent Kabila (the self-appointed president of what was Zaire) is the perfect picture of pleasure. The abject poverty and pain of this ravaged country is a tragic epitome of misery. There is, existing side by side, pleasure and misery, but in this situation one person is enjoying the former and millions are wallowing in the latter.

It is a sad indictment of human nature that we find pleasure in misery. It seems the greatest pleasure we find in misery is spending money on indulgences in an effort to cheer us up. As the saying goes, "While money can't buy happiness, it certainly lets you choose your own form of misery".

Lisa Womersley (Std 9)



Vicki Anderson - Std 8

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS

I am an optimist. I have always liked to try and find the better side of things - if you are not going to enjoy life, what is the point? There are so many things which we go past everyday, and yet still do not realise their existence - and yes, some blame it on stress and the hectic pace at which we live, but I blame it on their frame of mind. I am an optimist and I do not believe in stress.

My favourite thing in the entire existence of our surroundings (that is, if one can call it a "thing") is laughing. Well, first, it's just fun - my pity does not lie mainly with those without food or shelter, but those without laughter. Secondly, for those who do believe in the terrible come stress, it is surely the best reliever of the symptoms, and thirdly, it's exercise! Isn't it brilliant to now know that laughing will burn calories and tone stomach muscles? Perhaps that is a shallow thought, but it is one which I love!

Then, next on my list, are friends and family. Everybody has heard a mouthful of clichés from everyone, concerning the loyalty and faithfulness of friends, so I will spare you of more of them (even though I've heard them so many times that I could whip several out of my pocket this very moment). I do, though, love them ("them" being my friends and family, not the clichés - they irritate me dreadfully) - it is impossible for me to feel happier than when I am laughing with my friends. I found a quotation once: "And the sacred moments of silliness are where I find my heaven" - that's just about how I feel.

I love music - I wouldn't be able to live without it. It's funny how our generation seems to be first to embrace the musical creations of the decades before us - Sixties, Seventies, even a bit of Eighties (although for the most part I cringe and shiver when face to face with that decade's signature voluminous perms, gaudy, baggy, polka-dotted outfits, bright pink lipstick and saucer-sized plastic earrings. Being surrounded by that sort of culture would have left me surrounded by white, padded walls for a good ten years). I'm not a good dancer - I wouldn't even try to pretend that I am, because if my friends found out they'd laugh in my face for the next few weeks - I just jump up and down, either until the music stops or I pass out.

It's only after I've thought long and hard about the laughter, family, friends and music, that my mind is clear enough to see my simple loves - the large hand-painted cushions in my room, newly opened sunflowers - bright and attention-seeking, fingers smeared with warm melted chocolate, people's eyes - I have never seen a pair of eyes which were not beautiful to me, stuffed toys, "The Simpsons", "Scars" clips, my "Counting Crows" album, sunsets, Cape Town and huge, open meadows - my list goes on for a very long time. In fact, it's probably pretty similar to the original "raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens, brown paper packages tied up with string" from "The Sound of Music" - not that

I've just been relocated from a convent to look after a huge Austrian family, but anyway...

I don't really think that there is that much to write on this topic which could be intellectually stimulating to others, it's just enjoyment - if you don't see that, perhaps there's something you're not looking for, and besides, as the cartoonist, Charles Schultz said, "Keep on smiling, it makes people wonder what you've been up to!"

Lauren Morley (Std 8)

THE RIVER OF ETERNITY

It was just before dawn and the world was still cold and dark. A black figure stood watching and waiting upon the cliff. Slowly, the silhouette was outlined by a faint light as the sun began to rise. Rays filtered through the clouds, like warm fingers prizing loose a gleaming coin from an infant's hand.

Below the cliff, shafts of sunlight reflected off the sparkling water, dancing to and fro, like a sea of diamonds. Gentle waves stirred the river, playing over silver pebbles, rubbed smooth by the endless passage of time. The river swirled and swelled, softly nudging between the rocks. It lapped to the side of the cliff as if it had no strength and held on, only to be dragged reluctantly away again on its relentless course.

The young, black stallion lifted his head. He had watched the sunrise with mild interest, dozing slightly. Now, he was alert, with nostrils quivering and eyes open wide, the whites clearly visible. His ears were pricked and he let out a shrill whinny, that reverberated around the valley below. His sleek, black body remained still as a statue as he strained to hear a reply. The silence was broken once again, as a nervous whinny responded. A few moments later, a beautiful elegant mare came into view and stopped. She nickered softly to him and pawed the ground.

At once, the black stallion knew something was wrong and he caught the scent of another horse. Realisation dawned quickly; his herd had been stolen by another stallion. A challenging cry erupted from behind some rocks and the black torso wheeled in anger. He faced a bay much bigger than he, and he could tell by the scars and knowing eye that his opponent was an experienced fighter.

The black stallion shivered in anticipation as the two horses glared at each other, eyeball to eyeball. He snorted as he charged straight at the interloper. His neck arched and he reared up on powerful hind legs, crashing down on the bay. His opponent side-stepped gracefully and only caught a glancing blow to his shoulder. It was like a methodical, deadly dance: rear up, paw the air, lunge and retreat. The black stallion received a heavy blow to the head, just above the eye and the older stallion pressed home his advantage. The bay lunged again and again, at breathtaking speed, towering over the unfortunate stallion.

They both knew what the outcome would be: there was no sadness, guilt, shame or fear. It was a matter of honour, it was simply inevitable. A time honoured ritual brought to its logical conclusion. The bay descended for a final time, his muscles rippling and sweat pouring from his flanks. With a snap, the young, black stallion's neck broke and he fell backwards over the cliff top. He gave a last devastated look towards the mare and screamed his farewell, before crashing into the river, already dead.

Above, the victorious stallion gazed down onto the water. The sun's rays still danced and played, the waves still splashed and the river still swirled on its relentless course. He remembered how the black stallion had met his doom. After all, life ebbed and flowed like a river with all its untammy ways, hidden depths and unexpected twists and turns. The black stallion's life had been a river; it was a fitting grave for the young warrior's final journey.

The black stallion was dead, but life was eternal and would go on - and so would the river...

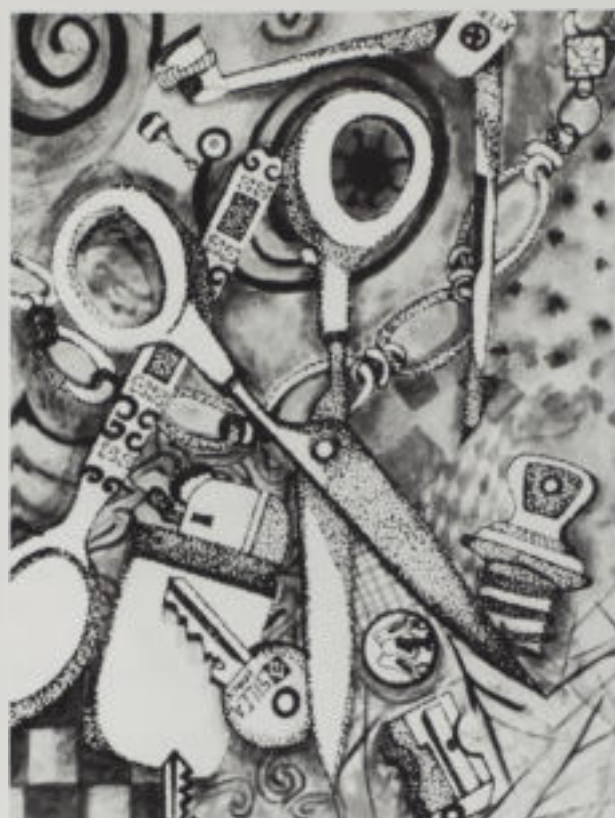
Saffron Hall (Std 8)

*"When the only tool you have is a hammer,
you tend to treat everything as if it were a nail"*
(Abraham Maslow)

A few years ago, my parents, as so many others have done in the past, ended their marriage. My father had moved out of the house, months, years before. My brother and sister were both old enough to leave home, and quickly disappeared to their respective universities, leaving me, a young teenage girl, to live with my mother, in our "family" house, a house which for me, represented so many happy memories. A "family home" with only one problem: there wasn't a family any more.

I hated my parents. Somehow, they had managed to end my family. They had ended it so easily it seemed, without hesitation or regret. Just finished. Not having my brother and sister around didn't seem to help matters. I had been left, alone, to sort out my life, to deal with my mother's grief and anger towards my father, as well as my own as well as my own? Did I ever do that? Did I ever come to terms with myself and my feelings? I was angry with life. Angry with what I had had to experience. Angry, when my friends knew nothing of what I was experiencing. But I carried on, we, my mother and I carried on living an existence.

A while later, I began to blame my mother for everything. Of course it was her fault, and hers only that my parents had got divorced. Why else would my father have left me? From then on, everything that she said was hit back with a stinging painful comment. Any chance I could get. I would retaliate. If it was all her fault, as I believed at that time, then why should I be the one that was suffering. Why should I have to be dragged into it all? My brother and sister had left. They were so mildly affected by the whole situation, that everything seemed to be normal. Everything and everyone, except maybe me.



Chantal Nelson - Std 8

Next I blamed my father for the divorce, then my brother, ... then my sister, ... then myself. Surely it could only have been me? I was the reason for all the troubles. I was the reason for the break-up. Surely that was it - I was the only one, who still could not deal with everything. I had to be the reason. I locked myself away from everyone, trying to deal with the fact that I had ruined our family forever.

I was cruel towards my parents, my family and my friends. Any time someone tried to help me in some way I would retaliate against them and hurt them. Rather they understood what I was about right from the beginning, than think that I was a friendly, kind, loving person.

After a while, a few years of maturing and time for my subconscious to work everything out, I began to realise what had actually happened. I began to come to terms with whom I had been, with whom I was. I didn't like myself, but I realised what had caused me to become as I was, and started to try to change.

I had been given a "hammer". Everything that I had not understood, about what was happening around me, everything which had not been explained to me properly, everything that had been said out of hurt and anger, had built itself into a "hammer". A "hammer" over which I had been given full control. I had control. I had the hammer, if I had the hammer, then everyone else had become the nails.

Kerry Toold (Std 10)

STARS

Street lamps millions of miles away,
That only appear at the end of the day
Switched on at the fall of night,
Amidst the darkness pin pricks of light.

Shining strongly, bright and clear,
Without them people journey in fear,
Forming patterns in the dark sky,
That travellers follow to guide them by.

And as the sun begins to rise,
So the light of the lamps slowly dies
But no need to worry, don't shed a tear,
For when darkness descends they'll reappear.

Fiona MacKay (Std 6)

FINDING GOD IN NATURE

Sitting beneath the canopy of the giant, red pine above me,
I hear the sound of a distant woodpecker.

I watch the quiet waters that flow past me.

As I sit a small duckling floats past, dead, its tiny body rotten
and decaying.

The echo of traffic mingles with the birds, but everything
ceases with a scream.

At the sight of a woman running from a bush, the worm
crawls back to its earth, only to be dug up by the gardener's
malicious sword of spade.

But as I sit and see these calamities of nature, I think:
Is this not what we are to God?

Caroline Johanson (Std 8)



Ciara Louw - Std 10

HOW THERE CAME TO BE A MOON

Long ago, shortly after the Creator had finished off his work, he held a meeting. The lion, the zebra, the mouse, the heron, the grasshopper and the dragonfly came. So too did the cheetah, the hyena, the ant, the hare, the monkey, and the elephant.

"All my animals," the Great Shadow said, "I have created a world with water and land, sky and earth, rainforest and desert. A world with puddle and lake, pebble and boulder, and I have made the mighty sun which warms the snake's belly and makes the plants stretch for the sky. Is there anything I have forgotten?"

The animals thought.

"We have waterholes to drink from, plants to eat, lairs, burrows and nests to sleep in," said the wise old elephant. "We have trees to provide shade, and rivers to cool us, and mud to roll in. We have everything."

"Yes," said giraffe, "we have the tall trees to pick leaves from."

"Yes, we have deep pools to wallow in," said the hippopotamus.

"We have branches to sit on and sing," said the sprightly kingfisher.

"And we have grass and meadows to nibble," said the mouse.

"And the hills, and mountains, and valleys to gallop through," said his cousin, the zebra. "It seems you have thought of everything, Great Shadow."

The Creator nodded, "Indeed. Now leave, and make good use of these gifts which I have given you!"

Soon, the night sun began to set, and the Creator sprinkled a handful of stars into the sky. As the last pale pink sunbeams faded away, a purple dusk crept on over the land. Shortly, all the world was in darkness. Not even the twinkling stars shed light onto the earth. The next morning, as the sunbeams returned again, fish-eagle, who everyone knows is the most graceful and intelligent of all the great birds, made his way to the Place of the Great Shadow. He found the Creator there, feasting on fresh berries and fruit. The eagle perched on a branch nearby and bowed his head.

"Oh, Great Shadow, forgive me for disturbing your morning..."

Oh, good-morning, fish-eagle. How did your night fare?"

"Well, Great Shadow, that is what I have come to discuss with you."

"Yes?"



Clara Louw - Sci 10

"Yes, you see, I was talking with cow and wolf last evening, and they find it rather galling not being able to see anything during the dark hours. You see, owl has been blessed with nocturnal sight, and cat has night vision, and all the other animals find it, well... inconvenient not being able to see at all during the dark hours."

"I see what you mean."

"They do not ask for special signs, just that you please provide us with a little light during the dark hours."

"Certainly, I will consider it seriously. Please gather up cow and wolf and tortoise and elephant for a meeting at the time of the high sun."

"Of course, Great Shadow."

"Thank-you, fish-eagle. Now, leave me to my breakfast."

"Of course," said fish eagle, and he flew slowly away.

The next day, the Creator gathered all the animals up again for another meeting.

"My animals, it has come to my attention that there is some unhappiness about the lack of brightness during the dark hours."

A murmur of whispers erupted.

"Quiet! Since, this obviously is true, I shall try to rectify the situation immediately. I now proclaim that any animal

an insect of the land, the sky or the sea and the rivers, of the trees or the underground shall receive endless bounty if they can do one thing - find a suitable object to touch the darkness with light. Spread the message to every animal in every crevice and every cave!"

A great cheer arose from the crowd. They all at once scurried off in search of the perfect object. Fox, who thought himself very clever, found a beautiful square yellow stone and took it to the Creator.

"No, fox, it is too heavy and it would tear a big hole in the sky."

To every animal that brought something, he shook his head. It was too big, it was too bright, it was too small or it was too irregular. "It seems that there is nothing that can light up our darkness," said the tortoise to the Creator. At that moment, tortoise heard a faint shuffling. Turning round he saw a tightly shut shell approaching. It was scuffling through the grass on its belly like a snake, but it was the shape of a heart.

"Ah, my friend, it is the oyster, here all the way from the sea."

Now, the sun was setting, and Oyster, who had been travelling for days through the dirt and the grass, was exhausted.

"Mmm...mm...mmm...umphmm!"

"Pardon me?" said the Creator, for oyster was mumbling through his tightly shut shell.

"For goodness' sake, Oyster, open up your shell!" said Tortoise. The oyster opened it ever so slightly, just so that a snip of his pink velvety insides showed through.

"Mister Creator, sir, please."

"Yes, Oyster?"

"I...I, well I think I have something that will brighten the dark hours."

"You do?"

The oyster opened his shell fully now, and there, on the soft bed of pink, lay the most beautiful, round shining pearl. Tortoise and the Great Shadow gasped in unison. Oyster flushed a deep shade of rose.

"Oyster, it is perfect!" said the Creator happily.

"Really? My cousin, Glim, said that it was lovely and that I should bring it to you."

"Well done to your cousin," said Tortoise. "It is lovely. Sir, I think it is what we have been looking for."

"Quite right, Tortoise. We shall set it tonight! Gather everyone, quickly, Tortoise. Oh, and get the birds to gather up a feast and decorations for a smashing banquet in honour of our friend, Oyster."

Soon, all the animals were seated at a long table made of a fallen tree trunk, and fireflies vibrated cheerfully in the centre.

"Friends, animals. You know why you are here," the Creator started as the animals hushed. "You and I are here to revere our friend, the oyster, who has provided us with a great gift - his beautiful pearl."

The crowd sent up a raucous cheer. Next to the Creator stood a large shell-case which held the pearl. As the Great Shadow unhooked the leaf latch, a single beam of silver shot up towards the heavens. As the case was fully opened, the full splendour of the pearl was revealed. Now shined to absolute perfection, its surface produced a luminescent glow. Not a single blemish touched its smooth, shimmering face.

"And now, I shall hang it in the sky." The Creator stretched up until his fingers brushed the fabric of the night sky, and there, where his fingers touched, he fastened the pearl to the sky.

A loud cheer arose from the silent crowd, which lasted for many movements of the sea, and the celebrations began.

Now, as you have realised, this is the tale of how the moon came to be. As you may have noticed through many nocturnal moon-studying sessions, the moon now is full of dirty marks. This, in fact, is from the Creator forgetting to wash his hands before hanging the Darklight (the old name for moon when the Creator used to roam the earth with the animals) up each night. He sends his greatest apologies and has made it part of his future plans to wipe the moon clean of his grubby finger-marks.

Julia Durrant (Std 6)



Catherine Hugo - Std 10

STAFF NEWS

MRS CINDY ESTERHUYSE

Two items topped the list of priorities when Mrs Duff arrived at Herschel - more toilets for pupils and a guidance counsellor. They got the guidance counsellor first!

Mrs Cindy Esterhuysen started work during the first term of 1986, sharing her time with Ilcealia. In the second term, she settled down as a full-time member of the staff, and during the next eleven years she has shaped this post into an integral part of the school.

Probably the main aim of Guidance teaching, as Mrs Esterhuysen says, is to help pupils to grow into whole people, to know themselves, and to like what they discover. The pursuit of this leads the counsellor into several areas, all of which she very competently developed here.

In the academic sphere, she started programmes for improving study methods, and helped the Standard Sevens to discover their main aptitudes and to choose the subjects for matric that would lead them into the career that would best suit them. For Standard Nines and Tens, she developed a full system of career guidance, with aptitude tests, detailed interviews and a written assessment for each pupil. They were helped by access to speakers from tertiary institutions and the professions, and (a first in the Cape) opportunities to spend several days working in the career that they thought they might enter after leaving school.

Perhaps, though, when we look back at her presence in the school, pupils and staff will remember most the sympathetic, supportive presence - the good supply of tissues! - as she walked alongside many people when they faced pain

and difficulty in their academic or personal lives, the safe space she provided to explore deep issues; the cushions, the coffee mugs, the plants, and the growing collection of useful books.

She values Harry Emerson Foxdick's definition of a successful life:

To laugh often and much,
To appreciate beauty,
To find the best in others,
To know even one life has breathed easier because we have lived.

and for many of us, she lived out these values in the staffroom and the classroom.

MRS BARBARA ERASMUS

Mrs Barbara Erasmus leaves Herschel after seven and a half years during which she has brought her own inimitable style and flair both to the Geography Department and to the Exchange Student Programme which has grown immeasurably during her stewardship. We will miss her wit, enthusiasm and creative artistry.

She and her husband will be settling in Johannesburg and we wish them happiness and success in their new life.



Mrs Barbara Erasmus



Mrs Claire Engelbrecht

MRS CLAIRE ENGELBRECHT

Mrs Engelbrecht has been a member of the Herschel staff since January 1993 and has taught both Geography and Physical Education.

A talented sportswoman, she has coached the girls in a wide variety of sports, ranging from hockey to netball and swimming, taking only a few terms off in order to produce two beautiful little girls, Kerry and Meg. Her cheerful disposition and enthusiasm will be missed by all when she leaves Herschel to join her husband Mark in his new post at Somerset College.



STAFF

HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs J Thompson, PTID(CTTC)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs M E Bray, TC(Birmingham)

SENIOR TEACHER - SENIOR PHASE

Mrs M Cowling, TC(Hertford)

SENIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M Bonellie, N'TSD(Pmb)

Miss B Bout, HDE(CTCE)

Miss W L Boy, HDE(GRTC)

Mrs N Bowley, HDE(CTCE)

Miss I. Cowie, HDE(Phys Ed)(Edgewood),

Dip.Ed Management(RAU)

Miss M S Gibbings, NTSD, HDE(Pmb),

MA(South Carolina)

Mrs P Hanekom, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs C Hirshon, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs R L Joyce, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs I Knoetze, BA, HDE(Stel)

Mrs B Lawrence, HDE(GRTC)

Mrs L Lillie, HDE(Phys Ed)(Edgewood)

Mrs R Loggie, DE/P

Mrs C Melhuizen, BA, HDE

Mrs L Pullen, TTHD(UCE)

Mrs R Rosenbaum, (NATD4 in Art)

Mrs R Scott, BA(Phys Ed)(Stel), HDE(UCT)

Mrs M Soole, BSc(UCT), Hons(Wits)

Mrs A Tyson, N'TD(Natal), LRSM

Miss J Ward, BMus, LRSM(Clarmet), HDE

Mrs A L Woolley, NTSD, LTCL, DipSpEd(Renn Ed)

HEAD OF JUNIOR PREPARATORY

Mrs M Butler, PTC(CTTC), DE(Natal)

JUNIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs H J Bailey, HDE(Paul)

Mrs A Mace, TTD(Junior Primary)

Ms G Southwood, BPrimEd(Wits)

HEAD OF PRE-PREPARATORY

Mrs C Summer, NTD(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

PRE-PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs C Blencowe, HDE(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

Mrs G van der Vyver, HDE(Pre-Primary)(Barkly House)

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mrs S Bossr, Assistant

Mr E Nickles, Assistant Estate Manager

Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory School Secretary

Mrs M Sleigh, Assistant Preparatory School Secretary



PREPARATORY SCHOOL STAFF

BACK ROW: Mrs Boser, Mrs Blencowe, Ms Southwood, Mrs Knoetze, Mrs Lawrence, Mrs Pullen, Mrs Mace, Mrs van der Vyver, Mrs Bonellie, Mrs Scott, Ms Cowie

2ND ROW: Mrs Bowley, Mrs Loggie, Ms Ward, Mrs Soole, Mrs Bailey, Mrs Henderson, Mrs Melhuizen, Ms Boy, Mrs Joyce, Mrs Tyson, Mrs Woolley, Ms Bout

FRONT ROW: Mrs Sleigh, Mrs Summer, Mrs Butler, Mrs Bray, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Cowling, Mrs Nixon, Mrs Hirshon, Mrs Hanekom

PREPARATORY REPORT MRS JENNY THOMPSON

1997 has been a year of major events for Herschel as a whole; the retirement of Mrs Pamela Dutt, who guided Herschel through many challenges to the success which we experience today; the appointment of her successor, Mrs Diana van Zyl, who has shown the leadership required to achieve new heights and the 75th Birthday of our School which was celebrated in various ways during the year. This important year in our history will also be marked by the retirement of Mrs Elaine Bray, our senior teacher, who has devoted twenty-five years of her life to Herschel and its pupils. Our School has been enriched by her most valuable contribution.

On the educational front, public debate continues, particularly in the State School milieu. An issue which deserves the support of the larger and financially stable Independent Schools is the opposition to the proposed reduction of State subsidies which will have an extremely negative effect on the smaller, largely rural Independent Schools.

While we have been fortunate in being able to continue our educational programme largely without disruption, we are very much aware of the challenges facing education in our country. We have, however, not avoided these challenges at Herschel. Our educational programme addresses such contemporary issues as Outcome Based Education, Entrepreneurship and Information Technology at an advanced level.

Our Strategic Planning initiative was enthusiastically taken up by Mrs van Zyl. It has been pleasing to note that all the Preparatory Staff have been involved in one or other task team, helping to plan Herschel's future.

This was a most exciting and stimulating venture that everyone can call their own. We look forward to the even more exciting implementation phase!

There are interesting developments in the field of computer studies and information technology at Herschel. In keeping with recent trends, the use of computers and information technology generally in our schools has become classroom centred rather than "computer room" centred. While the study and development of computing in a dedicated centre remains important, computers are increasingly being employed on an interactive basis in the classroom and focused on particular themes being studied.

This year we introduced our Entrepreneurial Skills Programme from Sids Two to Five. This programme includes a basic understanding of financial planning, economics and small business and is linked to our Integrated Thematic Approach.

As a practical application of this programme, we introduced a "Market Day" when girls from Sids Two to Five sold goods made by themselves to the rest of the school. They had to rent their space, set up their stalls, advertise and



decorate them. Pupils had to evaluate whether they had made a profit or a loss and analyse their finds. They paid over their "V.A.T." to the school; this money was then sent to charities of their choice. Many valuable lessons were learned.

During the year we have celebrated Herschel's 75th birthday with great gusto. The Founders' Day Service was held on our hockey field. Our Preparatory mothers worked extremely hard arranging flowers in prominent positions throughout the school. The school looked lovely. The Service was well attended and enjoyed by all. A most memorable day. We were also proud of the Preparatory girls who participated in the Cabaret at the Senior School. They enchanted the audience as they sang and danced their way through their acts.

I think that the highlight for the Preparatory this year has been the Carnival. I was most impressed by the manner in which the Moms set about their business and how Moms, Dads and girls worked together to organise a highly successful evening.

During the third term the Class Representatives organised a most enjoyable "Spring Ball" which was attended by both Preparatory and Senior School parents, who danced well into the night.

Sport in general was well supported by the girls during 1997. Many Herschel Preparatory girls represented Western Province teams in Squash, Hockey, Tennis, Horse-Riding and Sailing.

Jayne Henrikse was a member of Western Province teams in both Squash and Hockey. Mary Waller was selected to represent South Africa at the European Sailing Regatta in July. Teleri Ferguson received her national Horse-Riding colours and was chosen to ride for South Africa against an



MRS MARIANNE PEACOCK

Marianne Peacock joined the Herschel staff from St Cyprian's in July 1986 as Afrikaans teacher. During her stay with the school she has taught many classes and has achieved excellent results. Marianne has a compassion for the Afrikaans language which she believes deserves an equal exposure in the new multi-cultural South Africa.

Marianne has successfully published a number of Afrikaans text books which are widely prescribed throughout the country. In fact her text books are being used by all our classes.

Marianne cannot imagine life without travel and has therefore completed a course in Tourism and Travel. It is her intention to devote her time to these areas.

Marianne has a daughter, Libby, who has acquired some of her mother's literary skills and is currently a journalist with *Fair Lady* as a features' writer. Her son is an excellent 400m athlete who has a B-Comm Honours Degree. He spent the past year in London. Her husband, Mike, is the chief executive officer of Maskew Miller-Longman.

The school will miss "Meerou Pea's" exceptional talents and style and wish her all the best in her new ventures.

OPGEDRA AAN HERSCHEL

SKOOL LANGS DIE PARK

(A poem written by Mrs Peacock in honour of Sir John Herschel and Herschel School.)

Sir John Herschel, astronoom,
Ek wonder tog of jy
oor gesit en droom het, so, soos ek en jy
nou wat gaan wees
en wat daarvan
dat Uranus ook so sonder plan
net maar in die Heelal hang.

Sou hy kon dink dat
lange Ardenne Gardens hier
in Claremont, smidse voorstad,
'n skool sou staan
met die Herschel naam?

Vul-en-sewentig jaar van jong dames dinamiek
Eers naaldwerk en reading, writing
en arithmetic.
Nou heeldag besig met modelbou, rekenars,
Wiskunde: die ideaal: ambisieuse makelaars.
Maar tog ook die kunste:
Sprak en Drama, koeke bak...
O, waar vind ons tyd vir elke vak?
Die ure is te min in elke dag,
te veel dinge wat wag!

Maar in die skool langs die park,
tussen klokke, klasse en koerantherigte
van werkers wat boikot en bloed
by 'n vlooiemark,
dink ons aan die toekoms en die tye wat
vol liefde, vrede, vriendskap is, sodat
ons vrolik volgende jaar, die jaar daarop
corree kan gaan, 'n kursus nooit gaan dop.

So bly ons dus almal in teater
klaskamers, sportaal en goel toegeruste hemesentrum
optimisties hier vergader.
En droom ons vind ons eie planeet
waarvan die hele wêreld oor 100 jaar sal weet.

Marianne Peacock

PERRY OERTEL

Mr Perry Oertel is retiring after six years as Bursar. He came to Herschel with a wealth of experience in the corporate world, combined with involvement in the school. Councils of three private schools in Johannesburg, as well as many years of civic service on the Sandton Council, including a term of office as Mayor. Perry was also the founder and chairman of the Alpha Conference Centre at Broederstroom and was especially pleased when his two interests were combined as the Herschel Choral Society stayed at the centre when they performed at the Roodepoort Eisteddfod.

Perry is strongly in favour of the information technology initiative at Herschel and finds the continuing development very satisfying. Insistence on financial discipline to ensure that Herschel is on a sound financial footing has earned Perry the confidence and support of the Herschel Council. His many contacts also enabled him to secure substantial and very useful donations to the school bursary fund.

Perry's expertise was recognised by his colleagues when he was elected chairman of the Western Cape region of the Bursars' Association and for the past year he has been national chairman of the I.S.C. Bursars' Association.

Moving to a virtually all-female environment at Herschel posed no problems, for Perry has three married daughters - they have however equalised the gender balance of the family for he now has four grandsons! Shortly after joining Herschel, Perry met his wife-to-be at a Bursars' Conference; Tilly is Bursar at the Deutsche Schule. In addition to financial matters, they share a love for their two dogs - German Schnauzers, Lisa and Theo.

Perry says that his only regret is that he did not move to Cape Town before 1981. He feels that his present position is the realisation of a dream - to work in a boardroom with a garden and the added unexpected pleasure of a mountain throwa in as well!

When asked to recall a highlight of his time at Herschel he immediately remembered feeling somewhat shattered to find that he was expected to be Father Christmas at the Boarders' Christmas Party (with a resounding "Ho-ho-ho!") and was happy to be relieved of the duty after two years. He also enjoyed helping to select the 75th celebration wine and its label.

After forty-six years at an office desk, Perry is looking forward to well-deserved time for himself. He will be missed at Herschel, and we all wish him well.



MR MIKE BOLD

Mike joined the Herschel staff in September 1990. Immediately prior to Herschel he had been Estate Manager for the Heredia schools, so the move was a slight change of name, but a big change of religion.

To be a school Estate Manager one has to be a "jack of all trades"; have numerous pairs of hands; all-seeing eyes; be a fine strategic planner on a daily basis; have immense tact and be able to take "orders" from about eighty "bosses" (chiefly female, in this instance) in numerous Departments. So in addition to being a major tactician, an Estate Manager also has to be extremely tactful, charming, obliging and efficient. Mike met all these requirements and more.



He is the epitome of a real gentleman; gentle and understanding in nature, courteous and helpful at all times. He has never been known to lose his temper (in public) and was never overwhelmed by a multitude of requests or problems retaining calm in all situations. His energy put every one to shame.

He is a devoted family man, always going home for lunch with his beloved wife, Melita. Mike celebrated his 75th birthday on 11 July this year, sharing this momentous anniversary with Herschel. The girls gave him a wonderful celebration on Founder's Day.

After seven years at Herschel the "7 Year Itch" was at work. Mike retired to join his daughter Lesley in Greyton. He will be sorely missed for he is truly loved and admired by all Herscheliens.

MRS VAL BESTER

At the end of this year we are sad to say goodbye to Mrs Val Bester, our Lady Warden at the Boarding House, who will be retiring.

Mrs Bester has served as the Lady Warden for the past seven and a-half years and has worked long and hard for the upliftment and refurbishing of the Boarding House so that her "Herschel daughters" could feel that they really are in a home from home.

Over the years many of Val's Old Girls have kept contact with her through visits, letters and telephone calls as they have acknowledged Val's love and support of them during their adolescent years and they, in turn, have shown their great love and respect for their "very special Mrs Bester".

Her care and concern for the girls has eased the heartache of those who have been homesick and she has given comfort to those who were ill or had problems that needed to be resolved. Val has been a constant source of inspiration and strength to all within the Herschel family of boarders.

Leave taking is always an emotional time, but we can only wish her joy and happiness in the future.

Val, we will miss you.



MRS CLAIRE SPECK

Claire arrived at Herschel in 1993 and during her time here established herself as one of the most popular and successful members of staff. Her main teaching discipline was Biology, but she also taught junior Mathematics and assisted with Guidance Counselling.

It was under her guidance that the Interact Club grew to become the largest club in the school. She was a dedicated worker on behalf of the less privileged and there is no doubt that her enthusiasm and compassion in this area had a profound influence on the girls in the club. One of the club's main objectives was to assist in raising funds to sponsor the training of a guide dog. Before she departed for Namibia, R4000 had been raised. In the words of one of Claire's colleagues, "She had an incredible relationship with the girls". Her genuine care for the girls under her guidance was evident in everything that she did, from teaching Biology to the many Orange River Outings which she undertook with the girls.

She will be sorely missed by the Herschel community and our best wishes go with her and her family as they embark on a new life in Namibia.

MRS DENNY BUNN

Denny joined the Herschel staff on 1 August 1993 and retired in April this year.

The most outstanding quality Denny, "the whirlwind", exhibited was her approachability and anyone walking into her office knew that she would always find time for that person. Gentle and dignified, charming and efficient, she is in every sense a great lady. Denny's firm belief in family values gave a special dimension to the way in which she conducted her professional life.

We wish her health and happiness in her new position at Christ Church, Kenilworth.





A Rare Breed: One of the first male Herschelians, Dr R.C. Sandell, with his granddaughters, Jessica Sandell (left) and Sarah Coppin (right) at the Open Morning.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL



Spectacular Sauces: Tarryn Möller, Nabilah Couvadia, Jade Liddell, Melissa McKey and Ashleigh Tyrrell.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

BACK ROW: T. Farrell, Mrs Thompson, M. Pape, N. Kohler
 FRONT ROW: J. Haw, M. Waller, A-M. da Camara

overseas invitation team. She also represented South Africa in Zimbabwe. Congratulations to our special achievers who have excelled in their diverse fields. Our aim at the Preparatory School is to involve as many girls as possible in sport.

The Preparatory School has kept abreast of new trends in education, and in many areas we are leaders. The staff are dedicated and give of their best at all times. Your daughters are indeed fortunate to be taught by such enthusiastic teachers.

After the celebrations and milestones reached during 1997, we look forward to a challenging and enjoyable 76th year in our school's history during 1998.

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the Student Council organised two competitions to raise money for the S.P.C.A. sterilisation project. One of these was a colouring-in competition for the Junior Primary. In the other, the staff brought photographs of themselves as babies for the Senior Primary to guess who was who! These contests were very successful and from them we made R300! We also sold hot and cold drinks to other pupils. The profits made from all Student Council projects will be divided between various less well-known charities.

V. Madden, N. Kohler, A. Da Camara, N. Mitchell



STUDENT COUNCIL

BACK ROW: J. Haw, T. Farrell, M. Waller, T. Biesman-Simons, M. Smeek
 2ND ROW: N. Kohler, L. Tutt, M. Pape, V. Madden, A. M. da Camara, N. Mitchell, M. Versveld
 FRONT ROW: A. Tyrrell, Mrs Bezy, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Hirschorn, Mrs Pullen, K. Meyer

MUSIC

Much has been achieved this year by everyone involved with music at Herschel Preparatory. We hosted the Cape Town Music Eisteddfod in our theatre at the Senior School and many pupils took part. Calad Merrington, Tanya de Nobrega and Victoria Madden received honours on this occasion. Victoria Madden received a distinction for her Grade 4 Trinity College piano examination. Many girls entered the later Trinity College and Royal School's Practical and Theory examinations, but we have not yet obtained these results.

Many thanks to all the Music Staff. These wonderful successes would not have been obtainable without all of your efforts and complete dedication.

Victoria Madden

ORCHESTRA

The year began with enthusiasm. With memories still fresh of the large orchestra which had accompanied the 1996 Christmas Carol Service, many wanted to sign up for term one, 1997! This early enthusiasm soon waned and numbers dropped as it was realised that the orchestra had a different profile.

Victoria Gill was chosen to be Leader of the Orchestra; her most invaluable task has been to organise the chairs and

stands before and after each practice! She has also been the spokesperson for any suggestion or complaint.

Instruments have included recorders, descants, a couple of trebles, and a tenor (enthusiastically played by Victoria). There was also flute, a clarinet, several guitarists and various tuned percussion instruments.

Repertoire has been chosen to suit the nature of the group, particularly the guitarists, and practice time constraints: a limited 30 minutes once a week.

Term one pieces included: *Bye Bye Love*, *Cha Cha Cha/Charleston* and others. These pieces were performed to the school at the beginning of term two. During term two, the orchestra went into recess because of the production of *The Haunting of Herschel*.

Term three has been relatively quiet, ending with an informal performance of three pieces to the school: *Amazing Grace*, *English Country Gardens* and a jazzy number: *Clog Dance*.

Term four still approaches. Undoubtedly it will be a busy, exciting term and once again, many will want to join the orchestra as it prepares to accompany the 1997 Christmas Carol Service.

Miss J. Ward



ORCHESTRA

BACK ROW: K. Gull, S. Giribwood, L. Lamond, Miss J. Ward, N. Girdler, K. Pickard, M. Pope
FRONT ROW: F. Bain, T. Farrell, M. Waller, A-M. de Camara, J. Hendrikse, V. Gill (leader)
SEATED: T. de Nobrega, C. Stewart



SENIOR CHOIR

- BACK ROW: J. Thorpe, J. Watkins, L. Toft, J. Pickup, M. Jenkins, F. Bain, L. Clifford-Holmes, K. Pickard, A. Kohn, C. Weir
- 3RD ROW: K. David, V. Sherwell, M. Pape, V. Madden, V. Gull, M. Waller, A-M. da Camara, A. Donley, S. Whitehead, N. Kohler, T. Farrell, K. Weldon, J. L. Raine
- 2ND ROW: T. Kennedy, A. Beech, M-K. Versfeld, K. Whitaker, N. Dasai, T. Vasiljevic, T. Woods, E. Whitehead, M. Hutton, H. Atkinson, S. Aftan Holmes, D. Louwer, B. Housdon
- FRONT ROW: M. Snook, N. Mitchell, T. Hutton, J. Hendrikse, M. Lloyd-Roberts, Mrs Tyson, T. de Nobrega, K. Weixelbaumer, L. Park Ross, K. du Preez, J. Haw, D. See, L-A. Dell, J. Schipper



JUNIOR CHOIR

- BACK ROW: K. Mallett, J. Arrighi, D. Johnson, S. Bruce, L. Dyer, S. Girdwood, K. Gull
- 3RD ROW: L. Mitchell, J. Lobel, T. Bridgman, P. Viglietti, P. McLaughlin, C. Steward, C. Merrington, K. Golding, J. Collins, N. Reid, K. McLeod
- 2ND ROW: J. Housdon, F. Mallett, C. Rose-Innes, J. Liddell, K. Lamond, S. Botha, C. de Nobrega, P. Iversen, K. McClay, L. Brownelli
- FRONT ROW: Z. McClary, M. McKey, K. Meyer, M. Lloyd Roberts, Mrs Tyson, T. de Nobrega, L. du Preez, A. Tyrrell, J. Collins

CHOIR

This has been an interesting and fun-filled year for the choir. When auditions took place, we discovered that Herschel has a lot of hidden talent. So many girls sang their way into the choir, that for the first time, the choir was divided into two sections: the Junior Choir consisting of Std's 2 and 3 and the Senior Choir consisting of Std's 4 and 5.

32 girls from the two choirs merged to perform the amazingly successful Cabaret '97, which we performed in the Atrium. The choirs led the school at our annual Easter Service.

Also performed in the Atrium was an evening of music, at which the Preparatory School's Junior and Senior choirs, the Senior School Choir and Chorale and the St Swithun's Boys' Choir sang. They gave a marvellous performance and it was well received by all.

In the second term we had the Preparatory School production - *The Haunting of Herschel*. The Senior Choir sang many songs which were composed by Keith Merrington, a Herschel dad, who was assisted by Mrs Tyson.

Congratulations to Mrs Wendley for putting on such a wonderful show.

The choir is extremely grateful to have a conductor of Mrs Tyson's calibre. Without her the Choir would not exist. Thank you sincerely. Good luck to next year's captains.

Megan Lloyd Roberts and Tanya de Nohrega

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE TEAM

The general knowledge team has been very successful this year and has been able to go through to the third round which will take place in the fourth term. [NEWS FLASH: Herschel was placed fourth out of twenty schools in the final round. Congratulations girls!] They also participated in the Saniam Olympiad which was run on a National basis.

We have spent many breaks leedling on general information and news items. We have enjoyed the valuable input from the parents. Thanks to all the girls. You really showed what team work is all about.

Mrs L. Pullen

SCRIPTURE UNION

We started off a very successful year with a "watermelon feast" and many fun games organised by some Std 5's.

The Std 5 Scripture Union members also did a play and organised some enjoyable meetings.

We have learnt a lot about Jesus and, throughout the year, the number of people in Scripture Union has increased steadily.

We hope to have even more members next year.

Victoria Madden and Victoria Cull



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

BACK ROW: K. Healy, J. Hendrikse, Mrs Bray, Mrs Hirston, E. Whitehead, N. Mitchell
2ND ROW: J. Watson, Mrs Pullen, V. Gull
FRONT ROW: G. Wommersley

SCRIPTURE UNION CAMP

This year our annual Scripture Union camp was held at Camp Paraway in Noordhoek. After half an hour in the hot car, we finally reached the campsite. We met our leaders and new friends from Wynberg. On the camp we learnt a lot about God and the Bible. We also played lots of games and even managed some early morning aerobics! The food was really wonderful and on the last night we had a banquet where we were served by our leaders. The worst part was leaving, but we will always have the memories.

Robyn Foster

ECO KIDS CLUB

The Eco Kids have been involved in a number of environmental projects this year. They have spent time in cleaning up litter in the Ardenne Gardens, making posters for Arbor Day, planting the tree of the year namely "The Cape Beech" tree and learning the basics of going on a trail, with Miss Ward offering a demonstration on the appropriate equipment required for such a venture.

Their major project for 1997 is helping to collect tins of pet food for "Pet Week".

Our aim is always to be aware of our precious environment and to remember that everyone can make a difference.

We were able to offer them a slide show on sea pollution and its effects on marine life. We also sold stickers and badges for the *Dolphins Action and Protection Group*.

We thank the girls for their keen interest and loyal support throughout the year.

Miss J. Ward and Mrs L. Pullen



ECO-KIDS planting the 1997 tree of the year - the Cape Beech

MARKET DAY - THOUGHTS FROM THE STD 4'S

Market Day was a new experience and I enjoyed the day. (Nisha Desai)

It was fun being able to be independent in what we were doing. (Morgan Jenkins)

We learnt to be prepared for more people than expected and also that business is not a game. (Kayleigh Davel)

I learnt that if your price was too low you made no profit. (Sarah Louw)

I learnt about how to be a shopkeeper and all about selling things. (Sara Day)

I learnt how to run a stall and how hard it is. I shall never become a shopkeeper! (Jacqui Pickup)

We were weak at selling our sandwiches and making a profit. (Amy Slingsby)

I never knew that just selling a sandwich took so much effort and money! (Lexi Beech)

I thought our product was successful and worked well. (Selena Afman-Hahnes)

I think we were in a bad place and we borrowed too much money from our parents. (Ali Ferguson)

It was fun. I think we lost money because we gave a free ice-cream with every purchase and that cost quite a bit! (Cath Ferguson)

It was exciting finding out how much money we had until we realised how much of it wasn't for us, but for the bank or our Moms! (Tarryn Kennedy)

It is always easier to learn something when it revolves around a fun topic. (Kath Pickard)

The most exciting thing was when we sold our first sandwich. The least exciting was when we had to pay our parents back. (Ti'fany Harries)

The vibe was wonderful and everyone was having fun, even if the stalls were a bit squashed. (Emma Corder)

MARKET DAY - THIS IS WHAT WE THOUGHT - STANDARD 3

Market Day ...

... was a fantastic learning experience, especially learning to be great entrepreneurs. I enjoyed keeping the profit. (Juliette Arrighi)

... helped us to know what the real world really is about. It taught us about finance and how to work together. (Perdita Iveson)



STANDARD TWO ACTIVITIES



... was a wonderful way to learn how to make your goods, sell them and add up your expenses and profit. (Jacqui Lobel)

... was COOL! It teaches you to be responsible for yourself, e.g. getting your stall together, providing your own float as well as making your goods on your own. (Nikki Lee)

... gave us a head start in understanding the exciting world of business. (Claire Rose-Innes)

... taught us many important skills. (Karrina Bridgman)

... taught us how hard it is to make money. Some of us made a loss because we priced our goods too low. Also, if you put your prices too high, then no-one would buy your things. (Emma Siebert)

... was a great success. Next year, I would like to sell jam. (Laura Dyer)

... was fun and eventful. Near the end of the day, children were lowering their prices with the hope of selling their last few goods. We learnt that being entrepreneurs was not easy. (Charlotte Nohrrege)

... was fun. I think Market Day should happen each term. (Diana Johnson)

... taught me to make fewer goods for next year. (Karen Meyer)



... was a big success because most people sold all their goods. I can't believe we made such big profits! (Sarah Girdwood)

... taught me that playdough sells well, so if I make it again, I will make more. I would love to do it again next year. (Katie Gull)

... was wonderful. If we have it next year, I will make more goods. (Zoe McCarty)

STD 2 IDEAS ON MARKET DAY

What did you enjoy about Market Day?

It was our first one, and we did not have to wear school clothes and it was fun. (Emma Carey)

Because we were just so busy having fun!!! (Kate Wallert)

I enjoyed it because you had to give change, and everybody was wanting to have their change NOW!!! (Loren du Preez)

I enjoyed selling our product - we were SO busy. (Taryn Thorne)

I didn't enjoy Market Day because people were waiting for their change, but we ran out, and so did the BANK. (Candice Vietri)

I liked Market Day because all of my class made a profit and I liked it because we all got a turn to shop and a turn to sell the food. (Robyn Hobson)

If you could change the type of product you sold, what would you change it to, and why?

I would sell pancakes, because I wanted to do something right there and then. (Francesca Bennett)

Strengths and weaknesses of Market Day

I think it should have been longer and all the money we made should have gone to charity. (Jocelyn Richter)



I think it was a great idea, because it let you have fun and learn at the same time. (Natasha Hardcastle)

There weren't really weaknesses for us. We seemed to manage with the bank. We had millions of customers, but the change was dreadful. (Kelly Berald)

I think the standards should have only talked on the mike twice, otherwise there is too much noise. (Tessa Behrens)

What was the most exciting/least exciting thing you experienced on Market Day, and why?

The least exciting thing was waiting for customers. (Natasha Hardcastle)

I sold a lot, and that was very new to me. I learnt how to work with money. (Keeo Lim)

I think I learnt how stressful keeping shops is, and how tiring it is for mothers always having to go shopping. (Kelly Bok)

Business ain't easy. (Tessa Behrens)

I was selling at my first store. (Ihabia Naser)

I thought we learnt something new, like learning to deal with money. (Megan Counsell)

When we found out how much money we had made. (Alexandra Smuts)

I learnt that you mustn't feel sad if you don't sell anything. (Candice Vietri)

How to make popcorn. (Taryn Thorne)

It was exciting making profit and helping out and giving money to charities. (Chloe Morris)

I learnt that we should price things rightly - if you don't, you will get a loss. (Amanda Pita)

BLISTERS FOR BREAD

For many years, the girls at the Preparatory have been participating in a "Big Walk" to raise funds for the Peninsula School Feeding Association. Children from Pre-Preparatory to Standard 5 and their parents have been tireless in raising money for this worthy cause and they have reached out to the community in order to make the greatest contribution possible. Last year they raised a record total of R38 149.24 which was acknowledged with deep gratitude by the School Feeding Association.

Our *Big Walk* day is a popular annual event on the school calendar and the long circuit walk from Constantia Nek, through the forest to Kirstenbosch and back is physically challenging, but always enjoyable. Our Junior and Pre-Primary girls have a shorter circuit planned for them through Cecelia Forest, but all involved are dedicated to helping those children in the Cape Peninsula who are in great need of support.

DRAMA

The Haunting of Herschel

Written especially for the 75th celebrations, this was a most exciting production, involving all the girls from Std 4 and 5 and six teachers. The action was divided into scenes for the girls and for the teachers, and their interaction with the Herschel ghost.

The girls devised their scenes using a workshop format - a very worthwhile experience. The music was written by Keith Merrington, a Herschel dad, with words by Ailsa Smith, assisted by Alison Tyson and Annette Woolley. All the business side of the production was managed by teams of girls - all in all a memorable experience.

The Preparatory 1997 Eisteddfod

The Inter-House Eisteddfod was a tie this year with the honours shared between Roit and Merriman. The girls set a high standard, particularly in Music. Many parents joined us during the day and for the prize-winners' concert, and the day was judged a great success.

Mrs A. Woolley

DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY

The Standard 4's and Standard 5's have both attended Design and Technology classes with Mr Andre Goosen at Western Province Prep School. The classes are held in a fully-equipped centre and the children have completed a variety of tasks: pencil boxes using struts, paper and paper triangles; perspex photo frames; health bars which incorporated both design and food technology and various other activities.

The children have thoroughly enjoyed their weekly trip up the hill and we are very lucky to have been initiated into the field of Design and Technology by a teacher of the calibre of Mr Goosen.

ICE-CREAM COMMITTEE

Being on the ice-cream committee has been a great learning experience from which we will benefit. We not only sold ice-creams, but we ordered them too.

Every Monday, we counted the money and, when we had sufficient, Mrs Bray took us to the bank to deposit it. At the bank we were very nervous, but our calculations were correct, so everything was fine.

All the money we make goes to the Children's Night Shelter, and we are glad that we have had the opportunity to help make a difference to some children's lives.

Jayne Hendrikse, Georgina Cartwright and Lyndall Toff

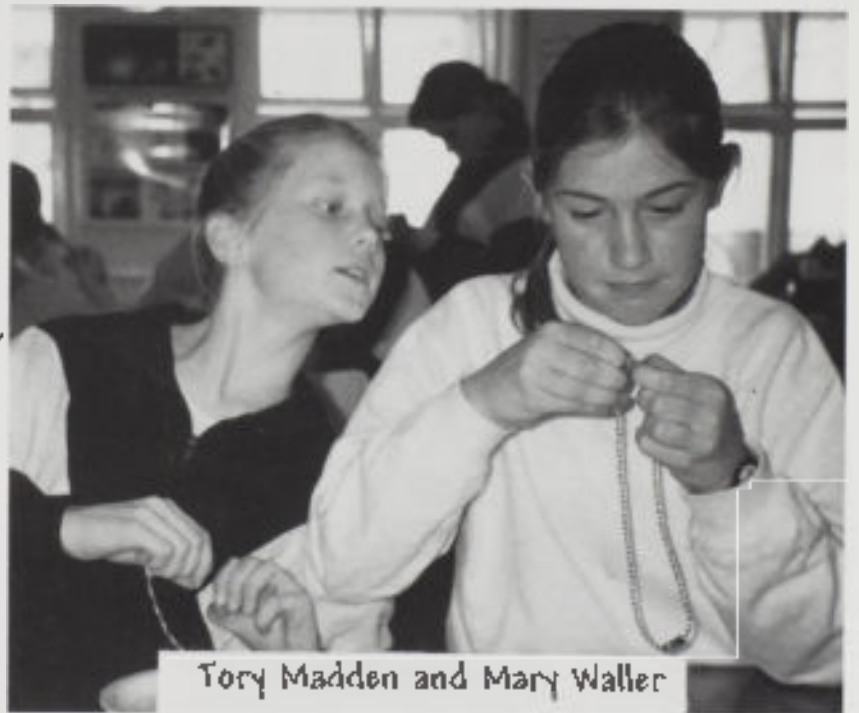


Terri van der Linden and Tarryn Gorre



Kelly Boers and Kathy Loughton

Std Fives busy making items for their Christmas fair. This has formed part of their Entrepreneurial Skills Programme, involving them in producing articles, as well as costing and working out a selling price in order to show a profit.



Tory Madden and Mary Waller



Cheryl Pickup and Vicky Gull



STD 4 CAMP AT BETTY'S BAY



THE EGYPTIAN BANQUET



SPRING BALL

Scenes from the Preparatory School Spring Ball which was held at the Mount Nelson Hotel on 12 September 1997.



SPORT

BOE PRIVATE BANK / HERSCHEL PREPARATORY GOLF DAY

Our annual Herschel Preparatory School Golf Day took place at Devonvale Country Club outside Stellenbosch on Sunday 19 October 1997. Our day was proudly sponsored by BOE Private Bank. One hundred and twelve mums and dads teed off on a very hot sunny day. The day was enjoyed by parents and children. (Marie Sheller)

We would like to thank Mr Brian Béchet and his company, BOE Private Bank, for being our main sponsor, and for his sponsorship of R 5 000. I enjoyed being able to play, together with other children who have started playing golf. Perhaps we should have a mini-golf day for children who are interested in playing golf. (Jayna Hendriks)

There were many things to do. We raced on four wheelers, rode ponies or simply sat under the shade of the trees and had a picnic while our parents played golf. At the end of the day prize-giving was held and many people received wonderful prizes. (Clara de Nobrega and Emma Siebert)

My mom worked at the cocktails and gambling hole. You could double your money if you hit the ball onto the green in one shot. The golf day was fun and exciting. (Kirstey van der Linden)

I enjoyed jumping on the hot jumping castle and listening to who won prizes. (Katie Gull)

The golf day was great fun, even though it was very hot this year. Our parents enjoyed the golf and the braai afterwards. I hope there is a golf day next year. (Sarah Giedwoud and Jessica Collins)



Scorers Rolff van der Linden and Jacqui Henderson discuss the prizes with sponsor, Brian Béchet.



Our main sponsor, Mr Brian Béchet of BOE, hands over a R 5 000 cheque to Mrs Thompson



Children enjoying the BOE golf day



Our helpers from BOE

TENNIS

This year we have really enjoyed our tennis. Our Under 12 and 13 teams both played in the Inter-Schools tennis. They both came second in their sections. We have had a lot of fun in our practices and especially enjoyed playing "donkey" and "around the world". Congratulations to

Victoria Gull and Jessica Collins for getting into the Western Province Under 13 Schools' team. We wish them good luck for their matches.

Thank you to Mrs Bonellie for making the practices so much fun for the team.

Victoria Gull and Mary Waller



TENNIS

BACK ROW:	M. Waller, Mrs Bonellie, K. Gull
2ND ROW:	V. Gull
FRONT ROW:	J. Collins



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

BACK ROW: T. Bennett, V. Gull, M. Waller, T. van der Linden, J. Hendrikse, T. Fergusson,
K. Pickard, G. Nowicki, N. Silberbauer
FRONT ROW: J. Haw, E. Reid, Mrs R. Scott, Mrs J. Thompson, J. Collins, D. See
SEATED: J. Farrell, S. Hedges

NETBALL

This season we were very fortunate in being able to play all our matches owing to the good weather. On the first day of Spring, the Inter-Schools netball was held at Oakhurst. We did our best and our teams finished as follows:

U10 4th U11 4th
U12 3rd U13 3rd

We've had a great year, with great teams. Let's hope we'll see each other on the netball court in the senior school in 1998.

Good luck to all preparatory school netball players for next season!

Vanessa Wood



UNDER 13 NETBALL

BACK ROW: J. Haw, L. Tutu, T. Farrell
FRONT ROW: K. Weixellhauser,
V. Wood (Captain),
Mrs R. Scott, C. Pickup,
M. Waller



UNDER 12 NETBALL

BACK ROW: S. Hedges, T. Vasiljevic,
T. Woods, V. Sherwell
FRONT ROW: S. Whitehead, E. Korneni,
Mrs R. Scott, J. Pickup,
A. Kohn

UNDER 11 NETBALL

BACK ROW: S. Botha, R. Honneysett,
E. Gassen
FRONT ROW: T. Biesman-Simons,
N. Dazzi, Mrs M. Boullée,
T. Vos, S. Afnan, Holmes



UNDER 15 NETBALL

BACK ROW: K. Bels, M. Ross, E. Mallett,
K. Mallett
FRONT ROW: L. du Preez, N. Read,
Mrs N. Bowley, J. Collins,
V. Tilders

HOCKEY

This year's hockey season was a great success and was enjoyed by all.

Tammy Farrell, Joanne Ilaw and Jayne Hendrikse played for the Under 13 Western Province side in a tournament at Hartleyvale, earning their side a well-deserved fourth position.

We hosted the Under 13 hockey tournament and, after a hard match against Rustenburg, we won. The Under 12's played very well in their Inter-Schools tournament and came fourth.

Thank you very much to all the coaches for devoting their time and energy to us. Good luck to next year's teams.

Victoria Madden and Joanne Ilaw



UNDER 13 HOCKEY

BACK ROW: M. Waller, C. Pickup, J. Hendrikse, V. Woods, A-M. da Camara
FRONT ROW: T. Farrell, J. Ilaw (Captain), Miss L. Cowie, V. Madden, V. Guli



UNDER 12 HOCKEY

BACK ROW: K. Pickard, T. Wood, T. Vasiljevic, A. Andjel
FRONT ROW: J. Pickup, A. Kohn, Miss L. Cowie, K. Ferguson, L. Coates



UNDER 12 HOCKEY

BACK ROW:	K. McLeod, C. van As, J. Housden, T. Thorne, K. Mallett
3RD ROW:	T. Behrens, M. Ross, N. Read, I. Arnot, N. Kisch
2ND ROW:	P. McLoughlin, D. Velmeyer, D. Hampshire, P. Bennett, F. Mallett, L. Dyer
FRONT ROW:	R. Thompson, L. du Preez, Z. McClarty, Mrs G. van der Vyver, L. Mitchell, J. Collins, N. Monameli

SWIMMING

Swimming has been very well supported this year. We have had many enthusiastic girls taking part in training and in galas each week.

At the annual Inter-Schools gala at Newlands pool, Herschel was placed fourth, behind Wynberg, Springfield and Rustenberg who took first, second and third places respectively.

Much fun was had at our Inter-House gala. Ref took the honours, once again, with Murruman second and Jagger third.

A very big thank you to Miss Clowie for all her input. She is always there to encourage us and support us. She has inspired us and taught us that good sportsmanship is always the winner in the end.

Tammy Farvell



SWIMMING

BACK ROW:	A. Round, N. Albrecht, K. McClarty, S. Dixon, A. Pollock
3RD ROW:	T. Thorne, F. Mallett, L. Dyer, C. Robinson, F. Naser, C. van As, T. Kennedy, K. Moore
2ND ROW:	K. Davey, L. Coates, T. Vos, T. Vasiljevic, F. Bain, M. Heeger, T. Harries, C. de Nobrega, M. Hau
FRONT ROW:	C. D'Arcy, S. Golding, J. Fowler, N. Grobler, Miss L. Clowie, T. Farrell (Captain), J. Haw, V. Gull, S. Brown



SQUASH

BACK ROW: J. Watkins, J. Hendrikse, C. Weir
 2ND ROW: T. Vos, N. Sillserbauer, Miss L. Cowie, K. Steward (Captain), K. van der Horst
 FRONT ROW: A. Slingsby

CROSS-COUNTRY

It has been fantastic to see so many more girls taking part in cross country this year.

Our girls have done really well in the league, in particular Sarah Shonfeld and Fiona Mallett who were selected for Western Province. We have won the team events on a fairly regular basis.

The highlight of the season was our tour to Villiersdorp. We ran with Bishops, Micklefield and the local children. After spending the night at *High Noon*, we went on to *The Overberg* for breakfast and a swim in the hot springs.

A very big thank you to Mrs Scott for all her time and effort. She has encouraged us all and we have been lucky to have someone with so much knowledge and experience in this sport.

Tammy Farrell



CROSS-COUNTRY

BACK ROW: K. Moore, L. du Preez, R. Hobson, T. Powrie, T. Whitaker, K. McLeod, D. Watling
 3RD ROW: A. Boucne, S. Golding, D. Hampshire, J. Fierne, T. Behrens, C. van As, K. Davel, J. Housdon
 2ND ROW: J. Liddell, S. Afran-Holmes, K. Welton, T. Vasiljevich, S. Hodges, A. Douley, T. Harries, L. Coates, S. Desmarais
 FRONT ROW: C. D'Aray, S. Shonfeld, M. Pape, T. Farrell (Captain), Mrs R. Scott, M. Snoek, J. Collins, F. Mallett
 SEATED: I-A. Seiderer, N. Mohamed

CREATIVE WORK

A SPRING STORY

In a small Dutch cottage, struggled between two valleys, singing flowed out the windows and in the kitchen a basket rocked, for during the Winter a family of kittens was born. A naughty kitten, with large green eyes, padded swiftly towards the door, squeezed through the gap and walked down the stairs and let the dew sink into his paws.

He skipped after big blue butterflies and lay in the grass watching the white clouds making shapes.

Suddenly a little green frog landed on his tummy, he leaped up and chased it towards the brook. **SPLASH!** Silvery, sparkling water sloshed over his sooty coat. "Meow, meow, meowww!"

Just then a kind hand picked him up and rubbed him with a towel. "Don't go near the brook's again, little cat. Rather play in the grass and flowers, okay."

"Meow, meow, maybe, maybe."

Fiorenza Mallet (Std 2)

THE WHISPERING RAIN

The rain is like a purring cat,
as it drizzles so softly down,
it's as gentle and soothing as a lullaby,
as it beats merrily on the ground.

I love to watch through a rain splattered window,
like see-through paint on a wall,
as light as fairies dancing in a ring,
so gentle, so cold, so small.

Sarah Louw (Std 4)

WAVES

Crashing, Tumbling Down!
White Horses Dance On The Sea
Rising And Curling
They Splash!

Zoe McClarry (Std 3)

MY EARLIEST MEMORY

When I was about three, I always had a pink castle cake for my birthday. I was wearing a red top and a full T-shirt underneath and ants went on my cake. I was very sad but we managed to get the ants off. The cake had cones and pink icing all over. It was pretty. And that day I had a white necklace on. And I hated wearing the veil.

Pia Vehmeyer (Std 2)



Taryn Möller - Std 3

STORMS

Water falling from the sky
like big sheets of white
See the little droplets fly
like the eagles whizzing by.

See the rain lifting up

and in the sky a special sight,
a magical streak of coloured light
creeps past the greys with no fight
shining in the grey grim sky
the rainbow with its radiant glow.

Amanila Overmeyer (Std 4)

DIARY OF DIANA

03:00 My gosh, what a difference, it's so cooped up in here. Just a moment ago it was so empty and now there's hardly enough room to breathe! I know, I will swing my head back and surely this sharp thing at the tip of my nose will break the shell.

Well, here goes.

Whoosh-Bang! Oo my, I think I will take a nap.



Sarah Gordon • Grade 1

03:10 Now, that was refreshing, I think I will try twice this time. I feel full of confidence and energy.

One, two, three-Whoosh-Bang, Whoosh-Bang! I need to build up more energy, and hit much harder - here I go.

Whoosh-BANG!!! Crrack!! Wow! Look at that, all those eggs and those three crucks are out! Look at the sky and look at that green lawn! Shame, that poor egg, she hasn't even got a head out of the shell. This hole is really big. Now I'll have a quick sleep.

03:20 I have to get out now, I just can't bear to see anything outside without being outside! Six more chicks are out and there are two that are almost out. Take your marks, get set, go! Whoosh-BOOM!! Crack, crack, crack-crrack- chip, chip. Oh my word! I'm free! I'm the last one out- and I'm hungry, where's mum? There she is- Ma! Ma! How do I find food? By scratching? Okay- hey, here's some mealie seeds, yum!

04:20 I have spent a whole hour in the farmyard and I've met a number of animals. Every sheep's name is either Baaanbaas or Ma. There are two cows called Daisy and Belinda. They are very, very friendly. I went to the big pond and met Mrs and Mr Quackers and Mrs and Mr Crackers. Mrs Crackers had two little ducklings called Zinko and Zenkey. Mrs Quacker's eleven children weren't nice to me so I left them alone.

Donna, the collie, and Arthur, the great dane, had Mink, Silver, March, Brindle and Jewel, the cross-bred champion puppies.

Sinka, the beautiful Balinese cat, and Slinky, the handsome Siamese, had Chilly, Tooty and Snickers, the kittens. I

walked around the farm a bit and then went back to the nest, meeting Milky and Chocolate, the horses.

05:00 Linda, the farmer, came and threw some seeds on the ground for us. She is really very kind to us and picked us up and kissed us to say goodnight. Now, I will say good night - good night!

Taryn Möller (Std 3)

MOVEMENTS

The tearing movement of the sea as the typhoon hits the water.

The rearing movement of the young colt playing with his friends.

The proud movement of the dominant tom-cat walking past his defeated enemies.

The floating movement of the autumn leaf softly falling from the maple tree.

The rolling movement of the three puppies throwing themselves upon their litter mates.

The swirling movement of the dust in a wind eddy.

The darting movement of the hummingbird looking for fresh flowers.

The thundering movement of the boulders crashing down the mountainside.

The striking movement of the beautiful spotted cheetah in pursuit of his prey.

The flickering movement of the candle gradually burning itself out.

The tumbling movement of the waterfall roaring as it splashes into the river.

The rambling movement of the stream babbling along.

The leaping movement of the mountain goat jumping from rock to rock over the snow covered ground.

The wobbling movement of the young impala as it tries to stand for the first time.

The jolting movement of the old coach driving down the bumpy road.

The struggling movement of the dying bushbuck as the leopard sinks its teeth into him.

The paddling movement of the Golden Retriever swimming to the dead bird.

Kiera Healy (Std 3)

DAY-DREAMS

I am in a field full of horses

I am flying in the sky with my dog

I am running on Saturn's rings

I am lying in bed with hot chocolate

I am swimming with the dolphins

I am eating pizza in winter

I am playing with my friends.

Robyn Hobson (Std 2)

THE COMPUTER

The mouse whizzes along the pad,
While the arrow runs away.

The computer is my best friend,
I play games with him,
Usually chess,
But of course he's cleverer than me,
And so he wins.

When I go away for a break,
Pictures appear to keep him cheerful
When I am writing a story,
I click on his face.
A blank screen appears until ...
I press the keyboard,
Which runs through his brain
And appears obediently.

He is a very quiet friend,
But that doesn't matter.
He's very close to me.

Jenny Steyn (Std 4)

LIMERICKS

A man on a length of elastic,
Decided to do something drastic.
He jumped in the air,
With incredible flair
And the view of the sky was fantastic

Francesca Bennett (Std 2)

There once was a cat called Cherry
who was so very merry
She spoke on the phone
And ordered an ice-cream
With her large cheesy, pizza delivery.

Kelly Berold (Std 2)

THE BUS SHELTER

Dorothy sat in the bus shelter thinking back to the events of the day with a smile on her wrinkled face. It was pension day today, so it was one of those few times a year when she could treat herself. She looked at her surroundings on that cold dark street. The street lamp across the road had a faint pool of milky light which only shone a few metres out, then was swallowed by the murky darkness. The shelter in which she sat was covered in tattered advertisements advertising food and long-forgotten magazines. The inside was covered with graffiti and peeling paint, but this shelter, through trial, was her only protector against the howling wind and rain which pattered steadily like ping pong balls on the shelter.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of footsteps on the pavement outside. A few seconds later, out stepped a tall, menacing looking youth. He was wearing tattered blue jeans and a faded black t-shirt with some logo on it. He wore heavy construction boots and a leather jacket. His hair was a dark, dirty blond and a cigarette dangled carelessly from his dry, chapped lips.

"G...G...Good evening, sir," said Dorothy. The young man answered confidently. His good manners and polite tone of voice came as a bit of a shock to Dorothy.

"A little late to be out, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, I think the bus is running a bit late," she answered.

They sat in an uncomfortable silence for a few minutes, Dorothy's nerves stretched, unsure of what he might do. Then the silence was suddenly disturbed by the noise of voices from across the street. Dorothy peered into the gloom to see what all the fuss was about and saw three big men. The young man sitting next to her suddenly tensed up and reached for something in his pocket.

"Oh my!" said Dorothy astounded. "Is that a gun?"

"Yes, it is, ma'am," he answered quickly. He then got up just as one of the men punched another one. He ran across to them and pulled out some handcuffs.

"You're under arrest, gentlemen," he said.

"For what?" asked one of the men in a rough, scratchy voice.



Selena Afnan-Holmes - Std 4

"For causing a public disturbance, and I'll let you off this time, but next time you won't be so lucky," the young man answered.

He must be an undercover policeman, thought Dorothy extremely relieved. The next minute the bus arrived.

Lyndal Tait (Std 5)

ROGER RAINDROP

My name is Roger and I am a little drop of water. Yes, water, that you drink every day. You might find this hard to believe, but every word is the absolute truth...

I was born inside a tap in a bathroom. This is a common breeding area for raindrops such as myself. I was moderately happy in the tap until, one day...

WHAM! Someone had turned the tap on! It was like a wild raindrop roller-coaster. I seriously doubt that you have ever dripped straight down, ninety degrees, like I did.

Next thing I knew I was whirling down the drain. If the drop earlier had been a roller coaster, this was a crazy merry-go-round turned up full blast.

Have you every heard the horrible gurgling sound of water falling down a drain? I heard it up close, full blast, and it is not nice. Definitely not.

Then I was shooting wildly down a pipe. While water racing for raindrops, I thought. I did not fall asleep even briefly during that long journey to the rolling sea.

I became part of a massive wave that crashed onto the golden shore. While the other drops flowed back into the Atlantic Ocean, I remained, trapped in a seashell.

Suddenly I heard a booming noise far above my head. "Look, Bill, there's a pretty shell for your collection."

My shell was scooped off the wet sand and held in the palm of a human boy.

"Throw the water back," the man standing next to him said.

I was poured back into the sea and carried deep and far. A mild breeze blew over my head and the burning sun shone down.

The other raindrops and I were turning into water vapour! We were now steamy substances, prisoners of the wind that lifted us ever higher.

We started to grow colder and we bundled tightly together for warmth. We were a cloud!

It was then that I realised that I could fall any number of times, but I would always be swept up to become a cloud again.

Kiera Healy (Std 3)



Sammy Aldum - Grade 2

THUNDER

Booming, shuddering
Frightened dogs and
startled cats
Deafening, stumbling
Scary.

Katie Gull (Std 3)

THUNDER

Crash, Clash, Boom and Bash
Banging, Rumbling, what a NOISE!
Far, Near, Loud and Clear...
I'm Scared!

Karen Meyer (Std 3)

SNOW

Crisp flakes descending,
Swirling softly in a heap
Melting, shapeless sludge
Water.

Katie Lamond (Std 3)

COFFIN

A dead man's castle
made to house the departed
while they decompose

Emma Whitehead (Std 5)



ABOVE: Natalie Waker - Grade 1

BELOW: Jessica Barclay - Std 3



ABOVE: Nicola Sherman - Grade 2

BELOW: Karen Meyer - Std 3





TOP: Trith Carlisle - Std 1 BOTTOM: Maja Snoek - Std 5



TOP: Nicola Sherman - Grade 2 BOTTOM: Marina Pape - Std 5

MY VERJAARSDAG PARTYTJIE

Vandag is my verjaarsdag partytjie. Ek is baie gelukkig. Ek het baie lekkers op die tafel, en koeldranke op die tafel. Ek het 'n groot verjaarsdagkake. Al my vriende kom en ek het baie geskenke. Ons speel in die tuin. Ons speel wegkruipertjie. Sarah het 'n prys gewen. Dan eet ons al die lekkers en ons drink die koeldranke. Ek het my present oopgemaak. Ek is baie gelukkig. My vriende sing gelukkige verjaarsdage en ek blaas my kerse uit. Dan speel ons vir een uur. Al my vriende het huis toe gegaan. Ek en my ma het al die gemors skoongemaak. Daar was gemors oral. Ek het al die papierlinte van die muur afgetrek. Ek het my verjaarsdag partytjie baie geniet. Ek was so moeg dat ek bed toe gegaan.

Debby Goldschmidt (Std 3)



Ashleigh Commins - Grade 1

MY VERJAARSDAG PARTYTJIE

Vandag is my verjaarsdag. Ek gaan na die winkel toe vir my verjaarsdag partytjie ballonne, klappers, papierlinte en my versierings. My ma het baie kerse in ons kas en ons sal die kerse soop tie. O, ek het vergeet om vir jou te vertel dat ek is tien vandag. My suster het vir my gehelp om my huis te versier. Ek het vroeg bed toe gegaan omdat my vriende vroeg die volgende dag kom. My ma het laat in haar bed geklim omdat sy net 'n pragtige koes gemaak. Sy het dit versier. Die kook het baie lekker gelyk.

My vriende het om 11:00 van. aangekom. Ons het weg kruipertjie en baie spelletjies gespeel. Al my vriende het pryse gewen. Ons het ook in my swembad geswem en ons het 'n lekker dag gehad. Ons het musiek gespeel en almal het gelag. My vriende het by my huis geslaap. Al my vriende het huis toe gegaan om 12:00 van. Wanneer my vriende het gegaan het ek my present oopgemaak. Ek het lekker present gekry. My ma en pa het vir my 'n fiets gegee. Die fiets was groen, blou en grys. Dit was 'n duur fiets. My fiets het agtien ratte. My fiets is 'n seun se fiets maar ek hou daarvan. Ek ry dit elke Saterdag rond my huis en op en af my weg.

Wanneer al die mense het gegaan, was die huis leem. Papierkoppie, pap ballonne, papierlinte, papierhorde en

versierings lê op die vloer. Ek het 'n groot swart sak volgemaak. My kamer was ook deurmekaar. Daar was lekkers, lekkerpapiere en papier op my mat. Dit het 'n idee uit gevat om my kamer skoon te maak. Dit het 'n halwe dag gevat vir die huis skoon te maak. Dit was 'n vermoeiende dag.

Tasneem Hamekar (Std 3)



Ashleigh Commins - Grade 1

A PERFECT PLACE

I would like to be in a place where everything is white but never gets dirty. Everything is peaceful. There are no earthy joys in this place. No fast foods, no shopping centres, no businesses.

The joy in this place comes from within each individual. You cannot be worried, because worries do not exist. You find contentment within yourself.

In this soft, magical white, you don't think, but your mind is always working. In this pure, clear atmosphere, there is nothing to do, but you are always busy. In this floating dream, there is nothing to hear, but the intriguing sound of silence.

This place appears in the sky, behind any cloud with a silver lining. It is there to bring us back to sanity.

Megan Lloyd Roberts (Std 5)

SADNESS

Sadness is homework when I want to play
Sadness is rain when I'm in Peterberg Bay,
Sadness is losing my rubber when needing it most,
Sadness is eating burnt toast.

But happiness is riding my bike,
Happiness is reading a book,
Happiness is helping my mum cook,
Happiness is being the class star,
But sadness is travelling far.

Kate Mulend (Std 2)

SADNESS

Sadness is when you hurt yourself
Sadness is hunting
Sadness is leopard, tiger and lion rugs
Sadness is death
Sadness is drugs
Sadness is sick-minded people
Sadness is homeless people
Sadness is stray animals
Sadness is extinction
Sadness is killing animals for meat
Sadness is destroying the rain-forest
Sadness is when you fail a test
But happiness is my pet.

Chloe Morris (Std 2)



Vicky Sherwell - Std 4

THE CAT

Innocently she crawls away
back to where her cubs lay
Soundly they sleep
While again she creeps
noiselessly after her prey.

With a quick glance
she took her chance
And hurtled herself at her prey
Down it went and she carried it away
Back to where her hungry cubs play.

Sarah Girdwood (Std 1)

GRANNY'S ATTIC

I find it quite amazing that a lifetime can be stored up in one tiny room. A lifetime of memories and events that could never be restored. As I sat on the hard wooden floor of the attic, with my grandmother's whole life surrounding me, I felt an overwhelming sense of loss. What use are all these photographs, letters, clothes and ornaments when Granny isn't around any more? None really.

I've never been a very sentimental person, but for some reason I just couldn't bring myself to throw anything away. I think it was because if I threw everything away it would be like saying goodbye to her, forever. A small leather box caught my eye. It was round and the leather was worn, but the little gold buckle that fastened it still shone proudly. I unfastened it and opened the lid. A piece of cardboard, curled from age, popped out. Underneath was not jewelry as I had expected but a pile of letters written on matching, wrinkly paper. I read the bottom one first because I knew that that would have been the first one written. It was a love letter from a Mr Michael de Neville Rice. I had heard that name before. It was my grandfather's. Although I had never met him I knew all about how he was in the navy and had gone on an expedition to sea and never returned. I don't know quite how he died because when I was a little girl and asked about him, Granny would make up some story about how he was captured by pirates. In the love letter my grandfather had told Granny that she must meet him under the willow tree in the daisy field at 1:30. It was signed by her secret admirer. It then dawned on me that if this letter had not been written then I would not have been born. I didn't go on and read any more because I did not want to intrude. Granny was there, in the attic, with me.

Alice Thompson (Std 5)



Gabriella Barclay - Std 1

THE DOLPHINS

Remembering the summer that's now faded away,
my mind's eye sees them again,
Swiftly swimming,
slicing the waves,
graceful leaps into the glistening sunlight,

like delicate dancers,
their sleek, smooth skin
sweeps through the water.

Silver-grey bellies, swift and graceful
Rolling joyfully in the
sparkling sea.
Summer will bring them dancing back
like beautiful boomerangs
off the sea
Elegant and jubilant,
Brightening up the clear shores.

Julia Thorpe (Std 5)

A RIVER LIKE A FAIRY

A river like a fairy
Dancing to different streams
Chattering at sunset
Catching pink sunbeams.

Like an agile fairy,
Tripping over stones
Playing magical music,
Playing on different tones.

Flowing strong and swift
Movement, a fairy's gift.
Gently whispering with glee
Twisting where the eye can't see.

Fairy crystals start to shoot,
There's magic in the air.
Fairies glide along the banks,
Without worry, without care.

Fairies reach the mighty ocean,
The river becomes a sea,
Fairies fall into the surf, quiet and content,
The mystery has weakened,
The magic has been tamed.

Helen Raine (Std 4)



Ashleigh Williams - Grade 1

THE GOALPOST

Ow! Otf!
That hurts!
Please stop!
They batter and abuse me,
Every single Tuesday,
hockey balls keep flying,
although I keep denying,
and it never stops all day.

Every Monday is my day off,
but I can't walk away,
I have no friends, no family,
no-one to talk to except for me.
I simply look across the field
at my one true love,
a shining goalpost standing there
in a stunning bright blue,
my love, all this I suffer, I suffer just for you.

Jade Watkins (Std 4)

MY LIFE AS A SLAVE

My name is Prakesh and I will tell you now of my life as a slave.

I was only twelve when I was just walking with a few of my friends going back to my village when someone chased us from behind. Suddenly I found myself trapped in a net with five of my friends. I saw only one of my friends after that because then we were all tied to the same rope with lots of other people and pushed into a ship. It was dark and cold and it stank. We hardly got any food and when we did it was terrible. We were squashed, damp and very sick and we couldn't see anything in the dark. We stayed there for two months before we got out.

When we did get out I was nearly blinded by the light. They took me and some others and put me on a barrel. By then I was frost after almost dying on the boat and then being pushed onto a barrel, but I was another slave being whipped, so I kept my mouth shut and my body still.

After a long time of waiting and listening to shouts I was pushed off the barrel and given to a farmer who led me away from all the noise to his house where I was to work on this farm. He called me "Pieter" and I called him "Master". I didn't like the arrangement one bit! Firstly my name was NOT "Pieter", it was Prakesh and secondly, there was no use in shouting at me in a language I didn't understand. It just made me feel like I was the only proper person in the world and made me very upset. Then of course I also had to work every day for no pay and watch happy families laughing and playing together when I knew I had none.

I was so angry that the fire inside me burnt my chest, so that I had to take it out on someone. One evening I went to the lemon trees and started hitting them with my stick



Mary-Kate Versfeld - Std 4

and screaming and crying. Luckily I was too weak to hurt myself, but I did damage the trees. Then I had to hide because the master was coming so I hid under an undamaged tree, where I was found the next morning by another slave who took me to the master who made me stay in bed for half the day to get stronger, then he whipped me.

When I was twenty two, I was freed by the British Government and my master was given money for me. I started working on a boat to earn enough money to go home. When I arrived back home I found my little brother (he was two when I left) and one of my friends and had a happy life with no strain after that.

Katrina Beidgman (Std 3)

POVERTY

I sit in my shack
and look over
big houses.
People eating meals
at restaurants
I eat scraps that
I find in the bins
People drive fancy cars
I ride an old bicycle
that I found at the dumps
I look through people's windows
and get a glimpse of the
television
I have nothing
but myself.

Mary-Anne Cunie (Std 5)

MOST OF ALL

When I day dream, this is where I really want to be:

I want to be in the book "Charley and the Chocolate Factory". My favourite part is when that huge fat boy bends down to drink some of the chocolate river, but he falls in and gets sucked up a machine then he pops out and gets a big fright.

I wish that there would be a real chocolate factory. And I could eat and eat and eat, and get fatter and fatter and fatter.

Emma Carey (Std 2)



Katherine Thompson - Grade 1

BOOKS IN A LIBRARY

A Herschel girl walks in,
Looks from one spine to another,
Everyone's waiting, with anticipation in their hearts.
Slowly it lessens,
Then becomes quicker,
As a hand pulls at a spine,
Hard, hurting it,
Then flips through its body,
Takes it to the counter
And sends a pain through it
With a hard punch.

Tessa Biesman-Simons (Std 4)

LONELINESS

Loneliness is like a blade,
stabbing you in your heart.
It grips you,
it's all around you.
Loneliness catches you,
with its cold eerie hands.
It isolates you
from all the happiness you know.

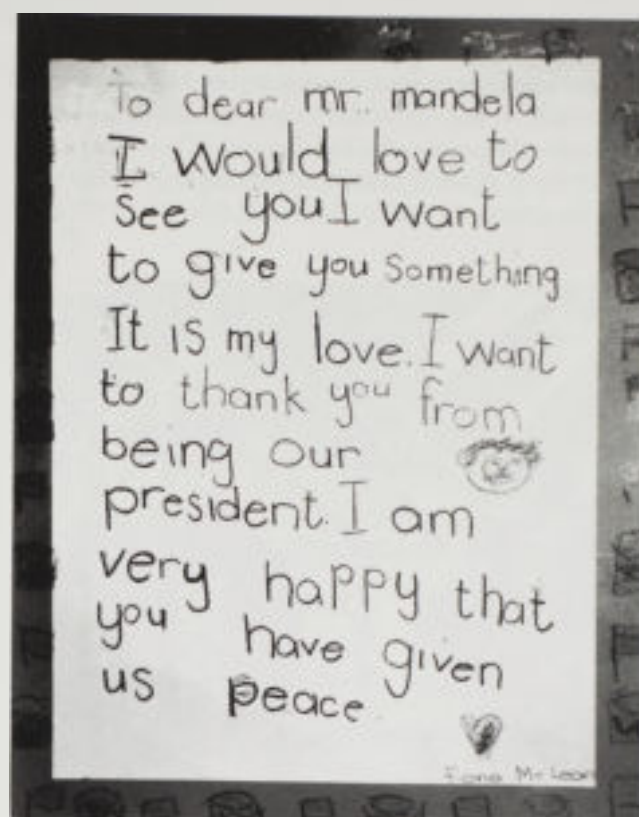
Maja Sniek (Std 5)

INSPIRED BY A VISIT TO THE DISTRICT SIX MUSEUM

I lived at 59 Francis Street at the time. Luckily, not one of the places that was demolished. I was twelve years old, and lived with my parents and six brothers and sisters, four of whom were older than me. I went to Chapel Primary School, and had many friends who lived around the area. My best friend's name was Lindy, and she lived just down the road from us in Dorset Street. Every Sunday, Lindy's mother would bake us an apple spice cake for tea and, in exchange, my mother would make some lemon syrup for both families. On Thursdays, our mothers would each give us three pence to go down to the corner café, which was next door to Westminster restaurant, to buy a little packet of pink sweets. On the way Annie Gloria, who lived three houses down from me, would give us each a small custard tart which she had made herself. Just as we neared the café, about four boys at about fifteen, with black leather jackets and pierced ears (the gang) would tease and jeer at us. These were people my father told me never to mix with. We would just ignore them, and carry on walking down the street briskly, pretending not to notice. After we had purchased our sweets, we would go and sit on the swings in the park which was right opposite our school. It seemed to make our sweets all the more delicious.

In the cold winter evenings, my father would come home at about seven o'clock, after being at the Hammer Street pub after work. I huddled around a warmly lit stove, the family would listen and sing along while he played the banjo. Occasionally, we would invite another family for supper and a drink. After supper there would be singing and dancing until about midnight, when the family would merrily dance down the road disappearing into the darkness towards their home.

One night my father came home from the pub later than usual. All the children were in bed, supposed to be sleeping. I was just dropping off, when I heard the door slam and my father walk in. I could hear the soft murmur of my mother's and father's voices from behind my closed bedroom door. The voices got closer and closer, and I heard them walk past my room, into their room, the one next to mine. I heard the words "rumour" and "move". It suddenly dawned on me what they were talking about. That



Fiona McLean - Grade 1

day at school, the children had been talking about some thing like that. I hadn't paid any attention to what was going on. I jumped out of bed, and shivered as my feet touched the cold floorboards. I ran across the floor as quietly as I could, trying not to wake my two sisters up. I pressed my ear against the wall, straining to hear my parents' conversation. They were talking about what I had thought they were talking about. I ran back to my bed almost in tears, not caring about my sisters now. From what I had heard there, the whole of District Six was going to be demolished, and all residents were to move to the Flats.

I was heartbroken. I didn't want to live anywhere else but 59 Francis Street, where I had lived my whole life. I sobbed silently into my pillow. What about all my friends, Annie Gloria and the old man down the road - where would they all go? And what about Sammy, my oldest brother, who was in the army? How would he know where to find us when he eventually came home? I closed myself to sleep that night.

The next few days flew past, with much talk about the unbelievable rumour. Both my parents were tense and wary, waiting for more news about having to move. Then one summer's evening, just as the sun was tucking itself behind the mountain, the word came from our next-door neighbour, Mrs Eaton, that they had started bulldozing near the top of District Six. My mother burst into tears, crying that it would be us soon, and where would we go, what would we do and where would all our belongings go? I carry the picture so clearly in my mind now - of me comforting my mother, waiting for my father to get home, closing back my own tears.

The house belonging to one of my closest friends, Cilla, had been knocked down, and in the process, her grandmother, who had lived there since she was a tiny baby, had had a heart attack, at the age of sixty-two. I wanted to leap up and murder the people who had thought of knocking down District Six in the first place, and making it a "white area" where no coloureds were permitted to live.



Alison Bolton - Grade 2

When my mother was doing the washing the next day in our back garden, she began talking to our neighbour, Mr Shapiro, the best-known barber in town. He lived on the right hand side of us. I was in my room entertaining my youngest sister, Maggie, and could see my mother chatting.

Mr Shapiro said that he refused to move to where there were no places of worship, no good schools and where he would have to walk miles to and from work every day. My mother was saying that she wished that she was as strong as that, but she just couldn't face up to all those official people with their little pieces of paper, and if she didn't have my father there, she didn't quite know what she would do.

During the June school holidays, as I was walking down the street to buy some bread and milk for my mother, Lindy came rushing up to me. She looked terrible. Her face was tear stained, and her eyes were red and swollen. She told me tearfully of how her family had received their "love letter", and how, within one hour they had to be packed and out of their house. The whole of her street was supposed to be flattened by next Friday. I was so unprepared for this piece of news, that I burst into tears myself, realising that I would probably never see my best friend again. We stood in the middle of the street, sobbing and hugging each other as the sun went down.

Without Lindy around, it felt like something was missing from me. Lindy's whole street was diminished now and I couldn't sleep at night wondering where Lindy was and if she and her family were safe.

The days seemed to drag along at an amazingly slow pace, with nothing to do and no one to play with. I was a miserable wreck, moping around the house like an old man. My mother was desperate, she didn't know what to do with me, and set me tasks around the house to keep me busy.

One afternoon as I was tidying my bedroom, I heard Mr Shapiro telling my mother that it was probably going to be Francis Street next, and that we must be prepared for the officials to come knocking on our door. I was terrified.

The same fears came rushing over me - where would we go? How would we live? What about all our friends?

5 Years on...

Grass has grown on the vacant plots in Dorset Street, and the sound of the rumbling bulldozers is now only a distant memory. We're still here, along with Mr Shapiro, Auntie Gloria and all the people who lived in Francis Street.

The church on the corner of Eaton Street is still a meeting place for our people, who travel less frequently now from the Cape Flats and Mitchell's Plain. We meet after church at our house for the traditional glass of lemonade and apple spice cake. The bonds between the people in District Six area so strong that not even a bulldozer can break them.

Beth Housden (Std 5)

MY BEDROOM

Soft toys every where,
My porcelain doll sits on my chair.
Big ones,
Small ones,
And rather tall ones.

On my bed lies my teddy bear,
With big brown eyes and fuzzy hair.
He watches over me whilst I sleep,
And keeps me company when I weep.

There is a picture on my wall,
Which is of me when I was small.
It has a frame that's gold and wide,
With silver flowers on either side.

I love my bedroom,
I don't know why.
I think it's just because,
It's mine.

Ashleigh Kohn (Std 4)

THE HIPPOPOTAMOUSE

The Hippopotamouse is a very abnormal thing.
He entered into the world he was born to be named king
He has the body of a hippo and the head of a mouse,
he's very out of proportion for he's as big as a house.

He's like a very grand building that's gone awfully wrong
He would always look out of place even to King Kong
He lives in a zoo just north of Mount Grace
As you can imagine he takes up a lot of space.

Juliet Urquhart (Std 4)



Katie Bailie - Std 1

LOOK BEFORE YOU CROSS!

Walking on the pavement, coming to a road
Saw a spotty frog, well, actually a toad.

Never mind the cars I had to get that creature,
The danger that was coming was not right then a feature.

I never looked before I crossed
and that was my mistake.
My leg was broken, my claws grazed, my arms and body ached.

A row of cars with flashing lights
appeared, for heaven's sake!
I should have looked before I crossed and that was my
mistake.

Anne Dooley (Std 4)

A FARMER

A farmer is scruffy brown
He is the autumn
In a mucky towshed
He is a blustery wind
A farmer is a muddy pair of boots
A three-legged milking stool
He is an advert for dairy products
A delicious leg of lamb.

Beth Housdon (Std 5)

REFLECTIONS ON BETTY'S BAY

We were the first people to arrive so we had quite a bit of
rock! (Tarryn Kennedy)

I found the Palmier Pumped Storage System very interest-
ing, particularly the way they re-use the water. (Robyn
Foster)

When we arrived in Betty's Bay it was raining. I was glad
because it meant we could stay in our bungalows and settle
in. (Sarah Desmarais)

There was a big baboon spider in our bungalow. (Tarryn
Woods)

We went to the beach and collected some things to make
instruments. We then had to compose an original song.
(Nisha Doozi)

My bungalow had great fun singing and playing our bearn
instruments to our wai wry. (Jessica Schipper)

I never thought that food on a school camp could be so
good. (Emma Corcor)

The chocolate game was fun but it would be better if we
could be in smaller groups then I would have had a better
chance of having more chocolate. (Vicky Sherwell)

The lake and Harold Porter gardens were too beautiful for
words. (Juliet Urquhart)

We went to the Palmier River and had great fun jumping
off all sorts of rocks. (Megar Hutton)



Eunice Komeni - Std 4

Swimming and jumping off rocks was my best thing!
(Selena Alnan-Holmes)

Everyone thought the bus had broken down but then it started up again. (Cara Day)

Before we swam we had to pick up litter. (Kristin van der Horst)

All the little animals on the beach were very irritating. (Lisa Coates)

I thought the octopus was amazing! (Sarah Louw)

The stars were absolutely lovely. I've never seen them so clearly. (Tessa Biesman-Simons)

The other bungalows were fighting but my bungalow was great. (Kayleigh Weirani)

The camp gave us a taste of independence and helped us get on with people that we did not know. (Helen Raine)

The sand dunes were nice but when I got home I had to scrub the sand out. (Cara McGee)

I must admit I really thought that this was the best camp ever! (Jacqui Pickup)

I really enjoyed laughing and playing with my friends. (Aoigail Andie)

I wish I could go back! (Sarah Whitehead)

R.I.P.

**IN MEMORY OF PRINCESS DI
1961 - 1997**

You were once a smile with a large heart,
Shining with all your might,
making children's eyes bright,
fighting for your rights
you were so young
you didn't deserve to die
princess of fashion
queen of hearts
loved by most
stalked by some
I hope you rest in peace
your body deep in the earth
your spirit high in heaven
living in glory for ever and ever.

Fiona Mallett (Std 2)

R.I.P.

**IN MEMORY OF MOTHER
TERESA**

Mother Teresa was always giving.
She wanted to help everyone she could.
It was like she gave her life away to poor people
and people in need.
She was the kind of person God wanted us all to be.
No one can finish what she did.
She always had a happy face which made other people
happy.

Nabecha Mohammed (Std 2)



Clare Morris - Grade 1

Standard I

WATCH YOUR ENGLISH



When Mum broke her favourite plate.

While eating in a terrible place.

They went up like flying train
gorgeous place. I won't tell you what they
were saying but it was not fancy that.

When dad was watching the rugby England
began to score.

He began to shout and when he shouted.

I won't tell you what he said but it
was not funny and that was that.

When I got a dirty dress,

he told me to re-form in 30 a mins.
I won't tell you what I said but it was
not fancy that.

Alexandra Robins, Catherine
Sandell, Paigh Dos Santos
and Sarah Merry.

Things I found under my bed:-

1. mouldy piece of bread

2. an apple

3. bowl of pour milk

4. box of 1/2 Hoagies breakfast

5. box of flexa cake

6. one of the puppies squeaky toy

7. one of Mas lipply Blankets

8. 1/2 Hoagies and Zipron

9. cereal canister

10. 1/2 of cod paring

by Babe



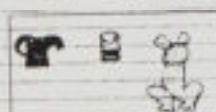
Emma Chippendale.

MAKE YOUR TEACHER SHOUT!

by Lesley Ann

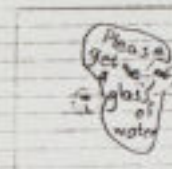
You will need

A jug of water
A glass
A frog
A bottle (to put the frog in)
Mud and pond weed
And sand.



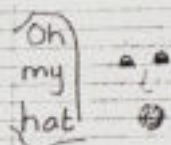
Method

Your teacher asks you
for a jug of water.
go into the garden (with the
glass)
then you find a frog
and put him in the bottle
with pond weed, sand
and mud.
take it to the kitchen
(best when there is no-
one's there) put frog in
jug and take it to
the teacher.



then

listen to her
scream!!!



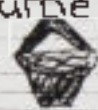
TO MAKE YOUR BROTHER MAD & & &

you need a... By Alison Fournie.

CD player

alarm clock

CD player basket of water



Method:

hide the CD player under his bed

plug the CD player in

put the CD in

hide the alarm clock in his draw

Hide under his bed

wait until he wakes up

then put the alarm clock on

and stroke away switch on the power full Blast
to the basket of water to some string
hang in over the open cupboard. then cut the
string and let it go.



he hit it



Then

get out from under the bed and shout I didn't
do it he will jump up and chase you you must
run as fast as you can and hide from him then
shout don't do it oh and make
sure that your dad is awake It's

Cool MAKING Your Brother Mad
ISNT IT?





Standard 1 at work

Grade 2

11 of May is Mother's

Day Sarah Ellis-Brown Gr 2

My mum is very pretty. I love her very very much. She gives me a lot of things, when it's my birthday she makes a cake for me, and I help her. It is fun. My mum is the best. Mum has blond hair, and sometimes she takes me for a walk. It is very very fun. She has a good sense of humour. It is fun when she tells me a story now she is telling me about Malinda I love it.

When I am sick, she gives me some books to read. When something is difficult she comes and helps me. When I do my riding she helps me. I love my mum very very much. When I am swimming she watches me, and when I want to play a game she helps me. I love playing games, and when I am doing art she helps me. I love doing art, and when I am doing tennis and I love my mum is very nice. I love her very very much.

I am going to give her some flowers and the Hall family is going some where I don't know where we are going, and I am going to give her some tea and breakfast. I love my mum very much.

Sarah Ellis-Brown Gr 2

Why I like Grade two!! because I've got a lovely teacher and she always says holly hocks in my socks! I love doing Art because it is just so lovely. I am so lucky to go to Herschell and the head mistress Mrs Duff is living and Mrs von Zyl will be the new one. I Love my school very very much. It is the best school I've had.

Alexandra Contreras Gr 2

If the house is a real story the family is not to do him a dub story.

Hailey Möller Gr 2



In the middle of the night it was so dark that you could not see anything. A mother was putting her child to bed. She had put her eyes and her mother's eyes were going down the stairs. When she jumped up and saw smoke came from the door. She went closer. She saw a man to get the children but forgot about the dog. It was too late. and the fire.

Then came. The children were friends. scared, confused. They didn't know what was going on. They sent the dog to help. and the family was very happy and their dog was doing a dog fight but they said to the mother we can't have no house. Our house got burned in the fire. Don't worry and the father you can build a better house and I have to use the place. There's a piece of land. You can move in there. It's part of my property. Very soon the family had started again. They were very happy in their new house and who knows what happened to their old house. The family lived happily ever after.

Tamlyn Shaw Gr 2.

My News.

Before, a man is going around with a sword and a sword. He is trying to catch little kids. I do not like him. He has got a maroon car. and if you see him you must please call the police and if I see him my eyeballs will fall out.

When I ride my pony it goes like a flash. but when I drop my basket of smoke. it goes on. When I clean my hamster cage it takes for ever. but when I go to the surgery it goes like a flash.

Brennyn Grace Gr 2



Lesley McKenzie Gr 2

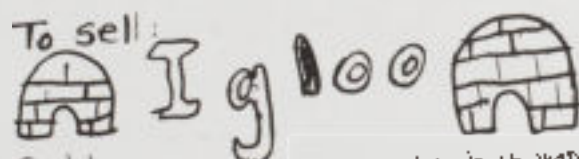


My News

James Andrew



To sell



Warm beds made of animal skin

12700

Estate Agent

Liby super Gr 2.

My News:

Over the weekend, my mother and I
watched Father's Day funeral and Father
Terence's funeral as well. My dear Father
did not have a proper heart attack. His heart
flowers were beautiful and so were
Mother Teresa, Elton John, my
candles in the wind and he changed
the words for the funeral.

Tammy Burton-Moore.
Gr 2

★

Shabbat

★

Jewish families celebrate the Sabbath - **EVERY** week. **Every** Friday they celebrate the mother's birthday. She sits at the head of the table and she puts the silver cups on the table and she calls the children to help her and she also puts the candles on the table too.  Then they sit down. Father sits at the head of the table and mother sits next to father. Father says a prayer over the bread and wine. Father breaks the bread with his hands and also passes the bread around the table and every one has a sip of the wine. They keep the candles on the table  until night.

The Grand Mother and grand Father
also come to have Supper with
them. After they have shared
the bread and the wine
they have supper. The next
day is a very special day for
the Jewish people to say
their prayers in the synagogue

Nicki Austin Gr 2

 $\pi^*_{H^2}$

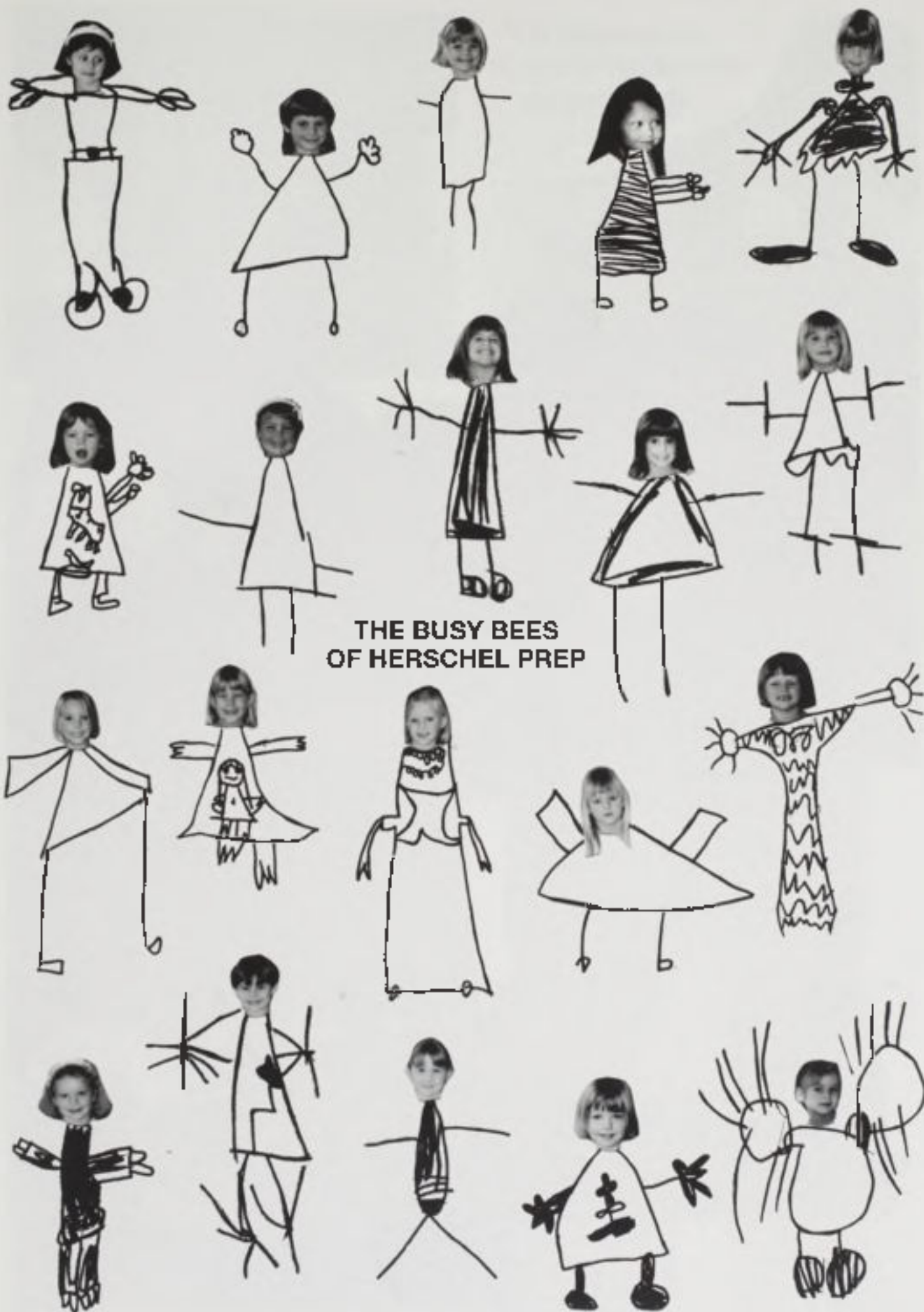
On Sunday morning at
4 o'clock Princess Diana died in
a car crash in Paris. The
driver died and Princess
Diana's partner died as well.
But the body guard survived.
it was tragic. I was 50 so
sad when I had seen it on
tv.  it was my tragic!



Shona Campbell Gr 2

The Grade 0 Graduates of 1997





A lodge is a house for...

A nest is a house for a bird
A snuggly is a house for a chick
A yard is a house for a gardener
A yard is a house for a frog
The gully is a house for a grasshopper
A hive is a house for a woodpecker
A kennel is a house for a dog
A bee is a house for a beebug
A cat is a house for a pet
The sea is a house for a fish
A clerk in the wood is a house for a
European war
A car is a house for a rabbit
A Columbus ship is a house for a
foreman
A computer is a house for information
A cat is a house for milk
A milk carton is a house for milk
A cow is a house for a story
A knuckle is a house for a book
A...

But a house is a house
for me.

Sarah Chippendale

12: f May - Mothers day I love
my mom loves going to the beach
especially camps bay beach. she also
likes to spend alot of time with me
and my brother. she also very pretty
my mom also loves me very much. my
mom also has very pretty brown eyes my
mom likes going for walks.

my mom reads me stories before I go to bed. she lets me do lots of activities she works to get me to be a person grow big and strong. she tells me all the things.

today I me and my brother are going
to our har a bottles that says love
me and where we get some we go to
Duke's beach house and get some.

Liesl Potgieter Gr 2

✓ Diary of my week

Answer: 11.5

Flower - Michelle

Где Нас а.

$$i_{\alpha, \beta} = \frac{1}{2} \log \frac{\alpha + \beta}{\alpha - \beta} \quad \text{if } \alpha \neq \beta, \quad i_{\alpha, \alpha} = 0.$$

Dr. T. M. Jones

... tried to make a killing getting
grossed out.

Suppose that

Mr. Childs and I were in deck for
the outside of my house

600 1.200 1.400

$\frac{1}{\text{selection}} \left(\frac{1}{k} + \frac{1}{m} \right) = \frac{1}{k} + \frac{1}{m}$

$$\frac{Dn}{Dx} = F_{x, Dn},$$

1. Investment in technology in the past few years

Michelle van Ryneveld
Gr 2

A PATCHWORK

GUILT of
MEMORIES

my most embarrassing memory was when I did a Christmas show

my happy
memory was
when I went
skiing in
Australia

my saddest
memory was
grandpa died

Lily Kuiper
Gr 2

OUR Schools
Birthday

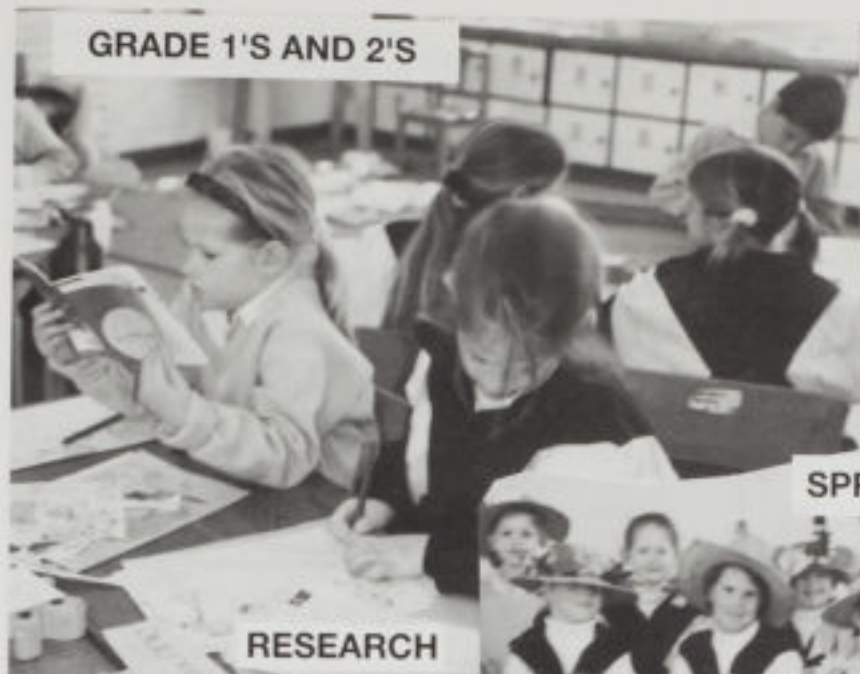
on Valentines day
it was the schools

Birthday and we had lots of fun we had cake and coke. Mrs Duff is leaving the school. Mrs Van Zyl is the New headmistress and today we had the aerial photo. I Love my School very much it is the Best. The school turned 75 we had to wear white T-shirt at the photo and my Birthday is the 22 of the February and I will never change my School. Nikki Flanagan

They lived in a small house in the city. She was a very young girl, her name was Mary. She was very scared and she didn't know the car and her mom put her in a car. She thought that she would never see her house again. She would go to the hospital. She didn't want her mom to be a baby. She was very happy and they lived very well.

Nikki Sherman Gr 2

GRADE 1'S AND 2'S



RESEARCH



SPRING PLANTING



HOLDING A PYTHON



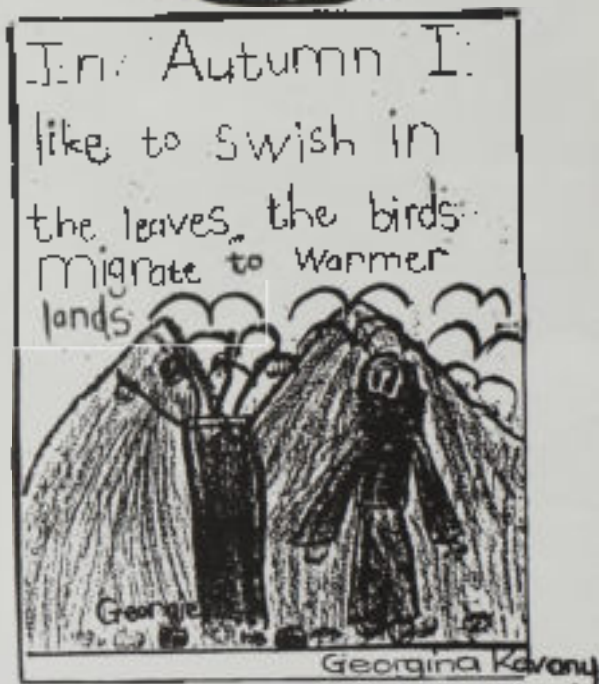
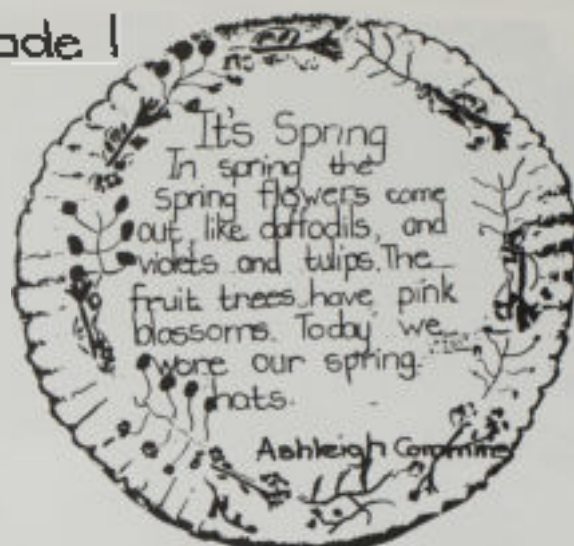
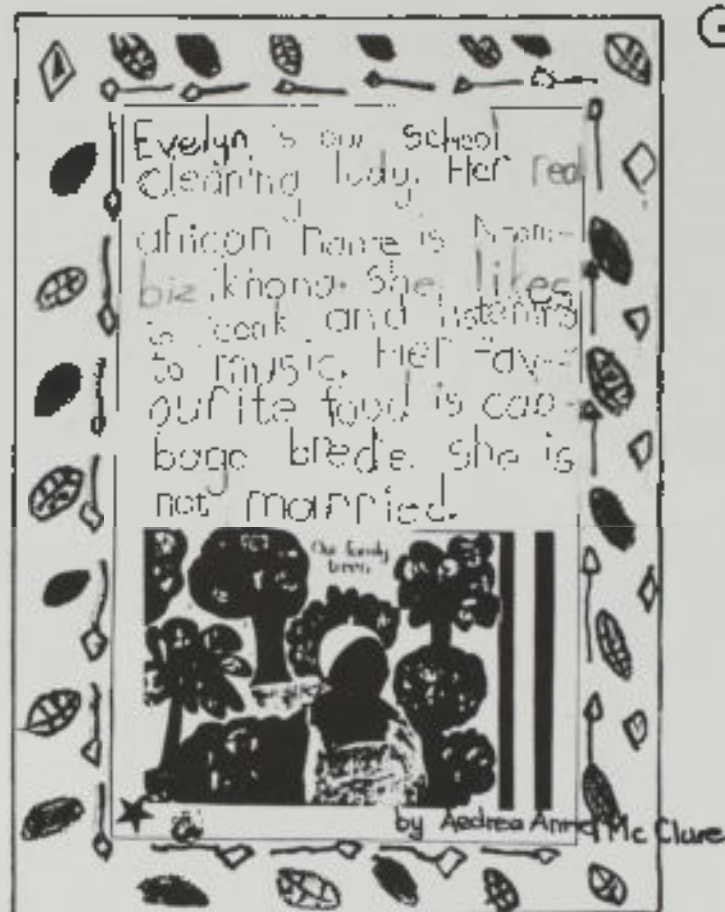
SPRING HATS



THEME DAY DISPLAY



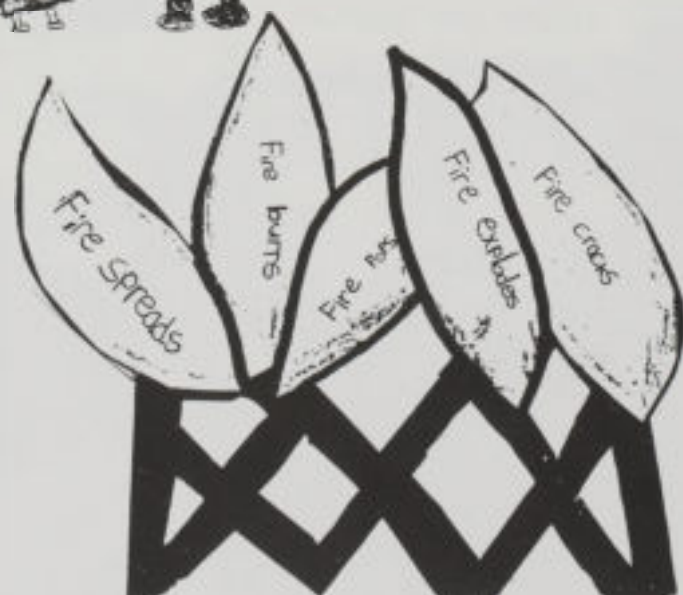
Grade 1



Dear Mr. Mandela I want to thank you for everything. I would love to meet you and shake your hand and I am happy that you gave us peace.



from
Olivia V. A.



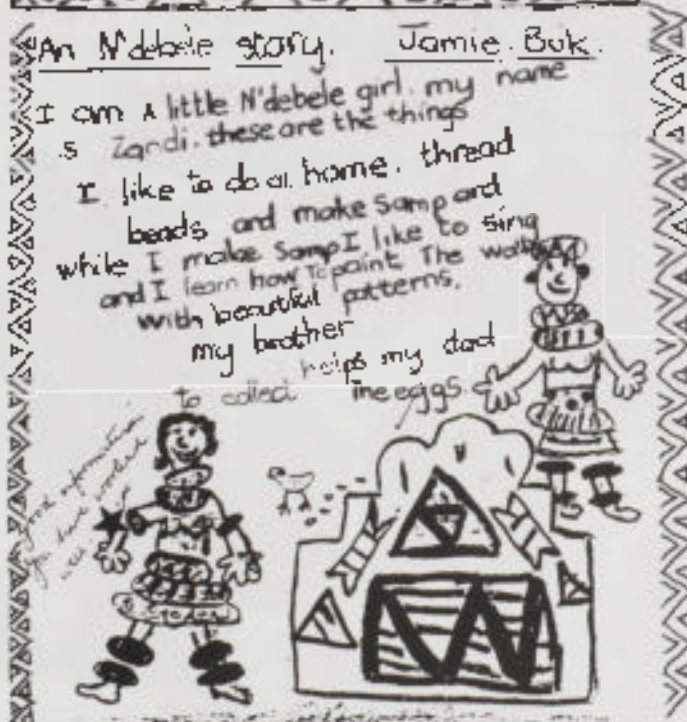
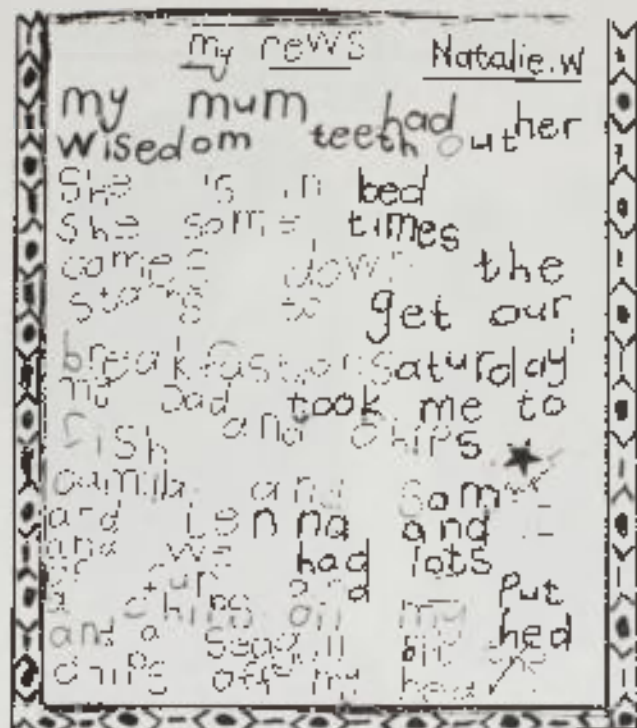
Adriano Glisic

My Dad

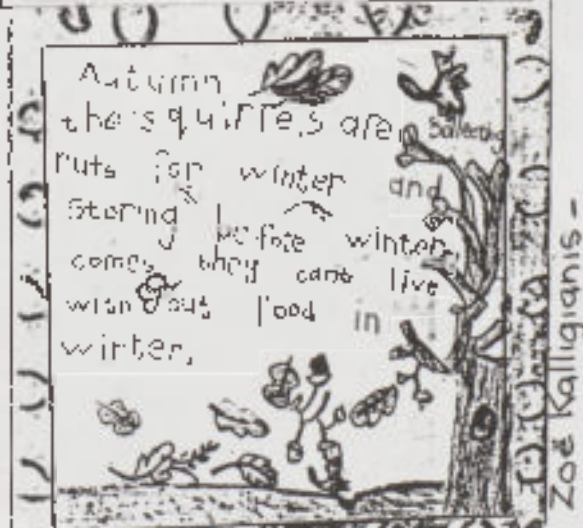
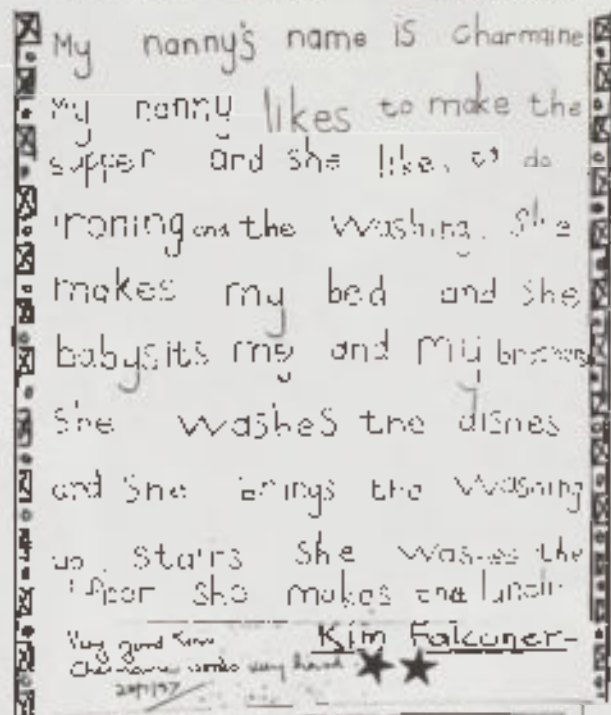


My Dad is the best Dad in the world because he helps me. I Love him very very much.

he likes the Movies the return of the Jedi is his favourite film and he works very very hard.
Katjia Bucalina



GRADE ONE



DIARY OF SPECIAL EVENTS
PRE-PREP

Miss Young
practising
for her big
day



A visit to the Honeybee foundation



Planting flowers on
Spring Day

Mrs Summer dressed
up for international
week.



A visit to Beau Soleil



Christopher Blencowe
having his bath to end
off the family theme



Magical movement
at Herschel



Our Space
theme



Dads at work on
Father's Day

Grandparent's Day



Mothers were
treated to breakfast
after a morning
of activities.



Shadow, the cheetah

The Grade 0 Graduates of 1997

I love my teacher and working with paper mache

My very best game is Blazing Dragons

I love the paper mache work

I love my school. The work is so nice!

I do not like to get up early! I have got a nice teacher

I have lots of friends at school.

I love my teacher she is so kind.

I love my special friends.

I enjoy playing in the corner

I love going on the computer

I love drawing at school.

I have fun when I am at school.

I love doing puzzles. It makes me happy.

I love the children because when I am sad they are nice to me!

I love playing in the corner.

I like the teachers they put out nice activities.

I liked it when my teacher's chair broke!

I like doing the artwork.

I dream about my teacher every night.

Herschel is a very nice school its so exciting.

Visitor with a
difference: Shadow
the Cheetah



PREPARATORY STAFF NEWS

ELAINE BRAY

An era comes to an end at the Preparatory as one of the best-loved, longest-serving teachers takes her leave of us. Technically her departure marks the customary milestone of "retirement", but no one who really knows Elaine could begin to imagine her sitting back and taking her ease! There will surely be another whole community of people out there who will enjoy her warmth, and vitality and benefit from the many talents that she has so generously shared during her twenty-five years at Herschel.

She leaves a great legacy to that particular part of the school that has always been of prime importance to her - the girls. She has touched the lives of hundreds associated with the school as pupils, parents or colleagues, but the girls whom she has taught will know that they were undoubtedly the focus of her dedicated attention.

Elaine, we salute you! We are saddened by your departure but you take with you our deep affection and gratitude, for you have enriched us all by that which you have so steadfastly upheld at Herschel.



MRS CAROLINE MEIHUIZEN

Caroline has been associated with Herschel for a long time for she was a pupil in both the Preparatory and the Senior Schools herself, before returning as a teacher.

Over the past four years she has shown care and dedication to her Standard 4 pupils and amongst her other commitments were the leadership of our Scripture Union group, hockey coaching and assisting with the production of the very magazine. Thus her contribution to the spiritual, physical and cultural development of our girls has been considerable.

Caroline, as colleagues, we already miss your warmth and friendliness, but we feel sure that the Herschel links will remain strong. We wish both you and Rob much joy in your role as parents and look forward to your visits to us with your baby - who is, after all, the reason for your leaving us!



Above: Gaye Young married Lawrence van der Vyver on 5 July 1997, at St Oswald's Church.

Below Left: Christopher Mark Blencowe, born 24 November 1996.

Below Right: Andrew James Henderson, born 15 March 1997.



OLD HERSCHELLIAN NEWS

ENGAGEMENTS

BIRD - HANSFORD Lynne Bird to David Hanstord
BOARDMAN - HEINAMANN Sarah Boardman to Jonathan Heinemann
BUTLER - FREMOND Rosalind Butler to Craig Fremond
FIELD - FLORENCE Chris Field to Michael Florence
FOULKES - SCHNEIDER Tracey Foulkes to Doug Schneider
KANTOR - NANKIN Joel Kantor to David Nankin
LOEW - VAN DOORN Sethali Loew to Corne van Doorn
MACLEAN - DUNN Grace Maclean to Nicholas Dunn
MALHERBE - GIBB Marge Malherbe to Donald Gibb
MARAS - McLACHLAN Maryanne Maras to Grant McLachlan
McGHEE - THERON Carolynne McGhie to Jacques Theron
STAMPER - BYRNE Susan Stamper to Jewellyn Byrne
TRIPP - DEBENHAM Kathy Tripp to Robin Debenham

MARRIAGES

ACKERMAN - BERMAN Suzanne Ackerman and Paul Berman, December 1996
BIRD - PEARCE Leigh-Ann Bird and Chris Pearce, February 1997
DOWER - LESLIE Kathy Dower and Warrick Leslie, March 1997
HOFFMAN - STIMPEL Brenda Lynn Hoffman (née TYLERS) and Ernest Stimpe, June 1997, in Southampton, Bermuda
MAYER - PAINE Sascha Mayer and Dominic Paine, December 1996
MILLAR - THOMPSON Lesley Millar and Andrew Thompson, May 1997
MUKHERJEE - DILLINGHAM Leigh Mukherjee and Justin Dillingham, November 1997
MURRAY - BALLS Shirley Murray and Tony Balls, March 1997
MYBURGH - HOLLAND Kelly Myburgh and David Holland, March 1997
RAMSAY - MOFFETT Eliza Ramsay and Robert Moffett, February 1997
SEDGWICK - VAN VERN Alison Sedgwick and Marc van Veen, March 1997
STEVEN - BENNIE Jacques Steven and James Bennie, December 1996
WHEELER - PALMER Mary-Ann Wheeler and Bradley Palmer, March 1997

BIRTHS

AITCHISON To Lilay Aitchison and Gavin Douglas, a son, 11 May 1997, in Norwich

BAILEY To Kate (Saunders) and Gary, a son, February 1997
BAKER To Susan (Eve) and Sean, a daughter, 12 January 1997
BONHAM-CARTER To Vivien (Hart) and Charles, a son, 5 February 1997, in British Columbia
BRINK To Liz (Meynell) and Monty, a son, 14 February 1997
DALY To Samantha (Mackay-Davidson) and Sean, a daughter, 10 October 1997
DAS To Susan (Meyer) and Chris, a son, 22 November 1996, in Canada
DE OLIVEIRA To Stephanie (de Keyser) and David, a daughter, 14 January 1997
GEBERS To Georgie (Hart) and Chris, twin daughters, Isabella and Sophie, 27 September 1997
KINGHORN To Leanne (Carlyle) and Andrew, a daughter, 3 March 1997
LABLA To Clynis (Underhill) and Charles, a son, 30 June 1997
MAKEPEACE To Hillary (Jooste) and Mark, a son, 18 September 1997
MELTZER To Jo-Anne (Sedgwick) and Mel, a daughter, 13 April 1997
MERTON To Jenni (Pentz) and Peter, a daughter, 14 May 1997, in Manila
NEUMANN To Susan (Cowie) and Brian, a son, April 1996
OELZ To Kerry (Holiman) and Manfred, a daughter, 13 December 1996
ORDEN To Diane (Stringer) and Tim, a son, 28 January 1997
PANFILI To Larissa (Peter) and Eugenio, a daughter, 1 August 1997
PELMAN To Diane (Flanagan) and Norman, a son, 3 February 1997
PUNZUL To Alison (Bareiter) and Robert, a daughter, August 1997
SAVAGE To Linda (Lashbrooke) and Wayne, a son, 27 November 1996
STEENKAMP To Sally (Seymour) and Andre, a son, 31 March 1997
STEFANO To Nick (Danford) and Chris, a daughter, 8 January 1997
VENTER To Robyn (Becher) and Philip, a daughter, Chloe
WATLING To Louise (Gottgens) and Colin, a daughter, Jessica, 30 September 1997
WESTON To Linda (Merrington) and Neil, a son, 11 January 1997, in Sydney

DEATHS

BALY Barbara (Staff), 21 November 1996, aged 93
THOMPSON Ann (Staff), 19 May 1997

**WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE
THE SPONSORSHIP OF
HALF A PAGE OF**

THE HERSCHELIAN 1997

Ambler Smith Family
Bevan Group
Bevise-Chapman Family
Mr and Mrs BJ Bodin
Crowley Family
Dead Boat Clothing
Dunmy Family
Du Toit Family
Graham Family
Herdman Family
Kohler Family
Moodie Family
Price Family
Prince Tool and Smoker
Ramsey Family
Robertson Family
Robinson Family
Rose-Lutes Family
Scott Family
Taylor Family
van Zyl Family
Watson Family

**WE ALSO ACKNOWLEDGE THE
CONTRIBUTION OF THE FOLLOWING**

Ball Family
Bamberger Family
Bester Family
Cordson Family
Mr and Mrs DL Foll
Smith Family

