

THE HERSCHELIAN



1998

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THE HERSCHELIAN 1998

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THE HERSCHELIAN 1998



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HERSCHEL SENIOR SCHOOL
21 HERSCHEL ROAD * CLAREMONT * 7708 * ☎ 64-4010



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Front Row:

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Absent:

J. Wison, L. Brain, J. Gibbens

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Miss T Smith, Assistant Caterer

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Visitor: The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town

Chairman: Mr D Loch Davis

Reverend Canon G Crougell

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Mrs A Gidding

Mr R Hendry

Counress Lahlia

Mr W Marshall Smith (deceased August)

Mr J Millar

Mr R Peters

Mr M Kreler

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Mr R Vernon

Mr D Wallace

Professor A Watson



Louise Schönborn, 1999 Head Girl with
Mary Haw, 1998 Head Girl



ACADEMIC STAFF

- Back Row: Mrs Golding, Mrs Steyn, Mr Wrensall, Mrs Diedericks, Mr Gouws, Mrs Banks, Mrs Crutchley, Mrs Tamm, Mrs Kurtz
- 3rd Row: Miss Wedgemond, Mrs McPetele, Mrs Scott, Mrs Taylor, Mrs Venter, Mrs Burnett, Mr Scott, Mrs Rabbitts, Mrs Cochran, Mrs Kershaw, Mrs van Staden
- 2nd Row: Miss Barlow, Mrs Gerhardt, Mrs Stephens, Mrs Ryan, Miss Burns, Mrs Patrick, Mrs Stanford, Ms Brown, Mrs Lones, Miss Scarola
- Front Row: Mrs van der Merwe, Mr Wood, Miss Bawa, Mrs Beames, Mrs MacIntyre, Mrs van Zyl, Mrs Adeley, Mrs Myers, Mrs Botha, Mr Chapman, Mrs Hugo
- Absent: Mr Gilhoon, Miss Law, Mrs Rosenbaum



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- Back Row: Miss Smith, Mrs Ritzquel, Mrs Pruthumals, Mrs Speedy, Mrs Palmer, Mrs Newitt, Mrs Noemantoni
- Front Row: Mr Nicklows, Mrs Grobler, Mrs Roberts, Mrs van Zyl, Mr Connolly, Mrs Pollock, Mr Pawinski



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 Front Row: Ms L. Kana, Ms E. Kocries, Ms J. Rothquel, Ms V. van der Meulen, Ms E. Marang



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 2nd Row: Ms C. Dywili, Mr M. Mesilane, Mr W. Cengani, Mr L. Nondula, Mr R. Mahontsi, Mr D. Moe, Mr M. Dyantzi, Ms S. Adams
 Front Row: Ms S. Mfazwe, Mr J. Grootboom, Ms R. Paillips, Ms F. Davids, Ms R. Mungul, Mr A. Abrahams, Ms S. Magafoz

SPEECH DAY



Mary Hlaw (Head Girl), Mrs van Zyl (Headmistress), Jeannie Bontford (Deputy Head Girl)

MRS VAN ZYL'S SPEECH

We are proud, Dr Ramphela, that you have given up your time to be here today as Guest Speaker and we value that distinction. We welcome Mr Doug Wallace, Vice Chairman of Council, and Mrs Wallace. Mr Wallace will introduce Dr Ramphela, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cape Town, later in the proceedings, and Members of Council.

We thank Mrs Duff, esteemed past Headmistress and generous counsellor for being here today. Mrs Corinne Symons, Chairwoman of the Old Herschelians' Association and welcome most warmly Kate Bloch, Head Girl of 1997 and Marië Ramsay, Deputy Head Girl 1997. Mrs Thompson, Headmistress of Preparatory, and Mr Thompson, Parents, Colleagues, Representatives of other schools, Mr Snyders and Mr Moon, representatives from the Western Cape Education Department, friends and girls.

Today we are living out yesterday's dreams. In 1997 Council, staff, parents and the girls drew up a map of their dreams which we called the Strategic Plan. It included Education Strategy, Human Resources, Information Technology, Facilities, Community Outreach, Religious Emphasis, Boarding and Council Composition. Over the past year, elements of the Strategic Plan have been implemented; all of which are geared towards fostering the type of education which we believe should and does characterise our school.

We look back on all the components of the school year and the standards attained with a justifiable sense of achievement. What has been accomplished to date has been really good in all respects and in the standards attained. A strong starting point was the Western Cape Senior Certificate Examination result in which the 1997 matriculants achieved 100% passes, 93,5% of them with matriculation exemption.

This has set a pattern which has been emulated in the breadth of academic, cultural and sporting activities which cater for all interests and abilities. Our Head Girl, Mary Hlaw, has been a respected leader. She and Jeannie Bontford, the Deputy Head Girl and Head of the Boarding House, have established a most competent leadership over the past few months; we have relied so much upon the common sense and hard work of the Prefect body. The Matrics are a capable year, who have set their goals and aimed to achieve them. Their contribution to school life has been considerable and we are confident of their ability to cope in the life they will enter after school.

Herschel is an educating community which has known what it is about for a long time. It has earned the respect, admiration, gratitude and affection, yours, mine, and that of many others. The solid foundation established over the past 76 years has endowed us with the wherewithal to do well; the facilities and resources are excellent and up to date. We have a strong cultural tradition with a genuine holistic approach in which the creative arts (which include music, art and drama) have been incorporated into all our learning. Non-negotiable for all of us are values such as integrity, loyalty and respect for difference and for others, compassion and spiritual centredness which become our anchor, our frame of reference.

Combined with all this is the reservoir of human endeavour and involvement which drives the Herschel turbine.

- the expertise and commitment of the Council who guide and refine decision making;
- my special gratitude to the Chairman and Counsellors who do so much for our school so generously and bear the ultimate responsibility

- the teachers, competent, inspired and who are in many ways the warm and constant nucleus of our educating community.



Mrs van Zyl with the guest speaker, Dr Ramphela

- the past pupils: the Old Herschelians: a precious asset who love Herschel and serve her faithfully,

- the girls: who amaze us with their resourcefulness and resilience and who, after all, are the centre of the school's purpose.

- the parents: who accept the school and in this way quietly approve what happens here, but whose constructive comments help to shape and steer us.

- the administrative staff: whose expertise is invaluable,

- the catering, boarding, estate and cleaning staff: who play a vital role in the school day.

The efforts of the teaching staff are spearheaded by our Deputy Headmistress, Mrs MacIntyre, who works tirelessly and devotedly for Herschel. Of immense encouragement too is the partnership with the Preparatory School; it is exciting to consult and work with Mrs Thompson and her staff. They are forging ahead with exciting initiatives and industry. It is as if our "new" Burner, Mr Connolly, has always belonged here; he is an important member of the team. I owe a personal debt of gratitude to Mrs Brenda Roberts, my secretary, for her capacity for work and knowledge of the school and its people.

All schools are changing communities - people come and go. Saying goodbye is never a pleasant task. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and gratitude to Ms Sue Gough, invaluable in her contribution to the Music and Mathematics departments after six years here; Mrs Ann Nel who has worked so hard for the past three years and who awaits the birth of her second child.

It is important to take in the realities of the South African situation, but not to allow this to immobilise us. We cannot isolate our lives from the worries which nag away at us; the level of violent crime, the lawlessness, concern surrounding future prospects, the state of education, decisions made by government and the financial situation, to name a few. If we allow it to happen, fear will stop our creativity from flourishing. We need to be made of sterner stuff.

One of the duties today of South African schools such as Herschel is their role in the Outreach programme. Clearly this includes the many projects of a social welfare nature in which we participate. These include:

- the Skills Training in computer usage for pupils from schools such as Thandokhulu

- participation in the President's Award Programme with courses in catering and drama; the majority of pupils coming from Masakhulu Children's Home

- teacher support with in-house Saturday workshops run for the staff at crèches in the townships

- workshops in biology for matric pupils

- development projects for our own staff.

Interact is another very strongly supported social welfare venture with wide-ranging involvement such as weekends for children from Marsh Memorial Homes and Heatherdale Home, which we suspect are made more pleasurable since they are joint ventures with Rondebosch Boys' High School, entertainment of the residents of old age homes, sponsorship of a guide dog, collection for Amelia's Children - a safe place for children in Khayelitsha, fund-raising for the cancer treatment machine at Grote Schuur and so on.

These activities benefit our own pupils every bit as much as those they meet outside. But deeply and radically our Outreach contribution must also have an inner effect on our value system. It must inculcate an ethic of service to others, an understanding of democracy and a respect for legitimately constituted authority and law.

We are living out yesterday's dreams, certainly, but what does that tell us about tomorrow's horizon? Our record is a good one indeed, but we have the option to do it even better. We need rather to assess the opportunity there is and see how we can improve upon our achievement. With this powerful base from which to operate - how much better can we become? This is where our challenge lies.

We must take stock now and optimise that which is already good. We must find and use opportunities from the present, tap into the creativity of our human resources and go at full speed. We need to look for other possibilities by "seeing with new eyes". We need to turbo-charge our engine, think inventively and look to ourselves and others for the questions - and for the answers. We must look at new ways of using to the full our resources and facilities, adapting our approaches in learning to the new demands.

I have spoken of the reservoir of human endeavour and involvement in the Herschel educating community. It is an immense source of energy, expertise and inspiration. We are, as you will be aware from our recent questionnaire, seeking to tap yet more deeply into these primary resources of ours.

The first of these is Information Technology, the impact of which has already profoundly affected our approach to learning. Although Information Technology must not become an end in itself, there is a metamorphosis underway, by which technology is becoming integrated into the

learning process in a natural and manageable way. Teaching is changing to facilitation at Herschel where we see the competence and confidence levels rise in both, what can now legitimately be called, "educators and learners". We recognise this as irrepressible and we will need to take it even further, not simply because it seems appropriate, but because it has application and is meaningful. It improves the skills learned and sharpens the enthusiasm for learning.

The prospects are exciting, but we will all need to stretch our thinking and our mind set in order to take the responsibility for becoming turbo charged. It will offer us the vehicle to engender new thinking skills, increase co-operative learning and provide scope for the questioning mind. Examples which come to mind are the change in approach to project work, the move away from simple retention and regurgitation of knowledge, greater time for analysis and manipulation of results and, most importantly, the expanding repertoire of teachers, who now present lessons using different and exciting media.

Above all we must ensure that the experience of Information Technology at Herschel expands and refines the openness of minds, the curiosity levels, the awareness of new horizons of those who are truly learners here. We must equip our girls so they can cope with the software and hardware they will encounter when they leave school. We will all have to be trained to get up to speed to be able to say with assurance that we are competently exploiting this medium in our school and meeting our obligation.

The second case in point is the field of entrepreneurship. Entrepreneurship is not just the basis of business success or tips on how to make money, especially in a world of

unemployment. Entrepreneurship is about thinking, problem-solving, facing facts. It is a mindset and a spirit. It is initiative, imagination and hard work. It is applied and industrious brain chemistry. It is dealing effectively with other people.

Entrepreneurs are individuals who can see opportunity and match it to an idea, and ultimately turn their dreams into reality. In more practical terms it means our pupils will need to undertake ventures and create something new. They will have to move away from the attitude of entitlement which imagines that whatever they wish for will fall into their deserving laps. They must get up and make things happen for themselves and for others.

If we are serious about being capable of best preparing our pupils, we must understand what entrepreneurship means and work out ways of integrating it meaningfully into the learning process. We must encourage, coach and create space for it and, if necessary, evaluate and trim curricula and rely on our own ingenuity rather than syllabus dictates to foster the skills we propound. It is encouraging to see this already happening in many situations in our school. Our task will be to take it further.

In fact there will be increasing role re definition for all of us, staff, pupils, parents, Council - all of us. We will all have to undertake new responsibilities as we devise new ways of doing things. There will be the usual fair amount of hard work, but there will be great rewards, provided we have the courage.

And it is not primarily going to be a question of increased facilities and cost, but rather of increased ingenuity and creativity. This need not cost anything; much of the infra-



PREFECTS

Back Row: T. Lindsay, G. Flint, L. Brzin, T. Rallemeyer, J. Wagon, M. Botha

Front Row: S-J. Merley, J. Gibbons, Mrs L. MacIntyre, M. How, Mrs D. van Zyl, J. Boniford, E. Wilson



SCHOOL FORUM

- Back Row: H. Wilson, J. Gibbens, Z. Durniny, L. Brain, M. van der Westhuizen, M. Berrangé, L. Elliot, H. Dutton, M. Wellens
- 3rd Row: G. Salmon, G. Reader, G. Elliot, M. Faries, A. Wood, F. Koep, M. Botha, N. du Preez
- 2nd Row: I. Johnson, S. Scribbs, M. Walwyn, J. de Villiers, T. Finlay, M. Gie
- Front Row: J. Watson, M. Haw, Mrs D. van Zyl, T. Rademeyer, Mrs L. MacIntyre, J. Romford, S-J. Morley

structure is already there. It demands that we re-examine our attitudes. There must be no excuse for not utilising fully all we have.

It is a restless and uncompromising time for all of us. We have to fashion change and fully exploit the treasure that resides in our school and move ahead in new ways. We can in fact take a big hand in determining our own horizons. Horizons are in the eye, the mind and the spirit of the beholder. It was Albert Szent-Gyorgi who best summed it up. We will need to "look at the same thing as everyone else and think something different". From this will burgeon our opportunity to go full steam ahead. From this we can ensure that tomorrow will stand on the really good horizons we dream of today. We have the option to do it better.

Ad dei Gloriam!

CATHERINE DAY'S ADDRESS

It has been said that "education is what remains behind when we have forgotten all that we have been taught."

After twelve years at school, "getting educated", is a sound rather incongruous. However, not at a school like Herschel. Our education has not been merely academic. Instead, it has been broadened by all the cultural and sport

ing activities that this fine school has to offer - indeed, a holistic education to take us into the millennium with confidence.

One of the most ambitious cultural events this year was "Draconis Spectacula", a joint production with Bishops directed by Mrs Tessa Steyn and Mrs Marian Bradley with musical direction by Mr Simon Chapman. Exuberant and energetic, the dynamic cast had even the more serious members of the audience tapping their feet to lively ensemble numbers. The cast (nearly six in all), from all sectors of the school, gave a large number of girls the opportunity to experience the excitement of participating in a dramatic production.

The Interhouse play festival, directed by the Grade 11 Drama pupils, was yet another indication of the superb quality of drama at Herschel. Congratulations must go to Jagger on winning this competition with an adaptation of the play "Curl Up and Dye" and to Patricia Angelucci, who was awarded Best Actress.

There is a strong interest in Art in the school as evidenced by the size of the class; twenty eight girls are taking the subject for matric this year. In the Fairheads Trust Art Competition organised by the Michaelis School of Fine Art at the University of Cape Town, Nawaal Hendricks won the matric section. In this competition and the school received a cheque too. The matrics also generously allowed

their individual studies on South African Artists to be bound into a compilation which will be given to schools. The Art Exhibition was a superb display organised in the Art room studio and underlined the quality of work achieved by the girls this year.

The music department, not to be outdone, has had a year of exceptional achievement! This year the string ensemble has been joined by the Windband and the formation of this new enlarged orchestra has added yet another exciting dimension to music at Herschel.

Participants have excelled in the Cape Town, Kaapse Afrikaanse and Western Cape Festsifods. Mention must be made of the Choir and the Chorus, who under the spirited leadership of Miss Barlow, won both trophies in their respective sections. We are very proud of the achievements of Zoë Beyers, who competed in the Huguenot Society Concert for Orchestral Instruments. Not only was she the youngest competitor, but she also went on to win the competition.

We are very privileged to be members of an Anglican Church School and 1998 has been a year of great spiritual growth under the guidance of our new Chaplain, Mrs Jo Tyers. In March, the chapel was completed with the installation of its own organ and in September, it was put to good use when twenty-seven girls were confirmed in our own Chapel (a first for Herschel). This, along with Praise Services, Class Eucharists and Services at St Saviour's have formed a very special part of worship at Herschel. The Christian Union has shown significant growth and it is encouraging to note the enthusiasm, especially of the junior grades towards the various aspects of Christian life in the school.

Clubs and Societies have increased in number over the last year. The singing club is a new addition, whilst other clubs like Environmental Awareness, Historical Society, Interact (still the largest club in the school) and Drama Club have flourished. Herschel girls are never short of something to say and this has been evident, not only in the excellent participation in the Debating Society, Talkshop, but also in the Rotary Interschools Debating Competition. Herschel fielded a junior and a senior team. The juniors did very well to make it to the quarter finals while the seniors (Tasneem Ismail, Carrie van der Hoven and I) won this competition.

With so much going on, one might think that there has been little time for academic work. This is far from the truth! In the English Olympiad, Zoë Beyers was placed thirteenth, Geraldine Blint came in the top twenty and Mary Hare and Kate Stigman were placed in the top one hundred. The Afrikaanse department het egter niet tweede vierde geespeel nie and was placed second in the Gebruiksaanvaars Olympiade. On the Mathematics front, we were delighted with the success of our participants in the UCT Mathematics Competition. Jennifer Miller (Grade 9) came in the top ten in her age group and Haniyeh Altan-Holmes and Nathalie du Preez (Grade 10) were in the top three in the pairs competition.

We, Matrics, have only one more day left at Herwin' and then we will leave all that is familiar to take that step into the outside world. We may not remember all those Science formulae or those History dates, but what will remain with us long after these have been forgotten, is the Herschel legacy - a love of learning, an appreciation of culture and the pursuit of excellence in all things.



SUB A TO MATRIC

Back Row:	A. Labus, A. Wood, L. Bruin, A. Durrant, L. Hemmes, N. Donnelly
Front Row:	C. Cooke, H. Christie, R. Farrell, K. Atkinson, H. Mütcher
Absent:	D. Gagliano, N. Hemmes, M. Hendricks

TIFFANY RADEMEYER'S ADDRESS

I once heard somebody say that a speech is much like a dress, it should always be long enough to cover the important bits, yet short enough to keep it interesting ... so I hope that you will find both to be of a satisfactory length.

I was asked to speak briefly ... no such luck, I might add ... on the highlights of this year, and one of the most obvious choices for the Grade 12s was the Matru Dance. After weeks of worrying about partners, dresses and make-up, our night "Parallel to Reality" finally arrived. A big thank you must go out to the very dedicated and enthusiastic group of Grade 11s, who put so much effort into a night that we and our partners will never forget.

We Herschel girls, however, do not shine only in the social scene, but as usual our girls have excelled in the sporting arena. It is interesting to note that, although extra mural sport is not compulsory, over 85% of our girls take part in a physical activity, be it swimming, yoga, self-defence or hockey.

Special mention must be made of our 1998 Sportswoman of the Year, Helen Wilson. Helen has been chosen for the South African Schools Waterpolo Team for the second year running, as well as the South African Under Twenty team, and was recently voted captain of the Western Province "A" Schools Waterpolo side, not to mention being a member of the Western Province Under Eighteen "B" Hockey side. She also won the very prestigious Willard Sports Star of the Week. Saor, Helen!

Although the brightest, Helen isn't our only shining star ... in total we have 67 provincial representatives, and 7 national reps. In fact, Herschel could field an entire hockey and waterpolo side out of its provincial players. An achievement that drives our arch rivals, Westertford, out of their minds.

Speaking of Westertford, after 13 years of being comprehensively crushed by them, with scores ranging from 5-0 to 22-1, I am proud to boast that, for the first time ever, we were able to return the favour twice this year.

This year we also had two touring hockey sides from England, and one Australian waterpolo side, and you will be pleased to know that we absolutely thrashed most of them. In addition, our own under sixteen hockey team went on tour to Johannesburg and walked away with three out of four matches. Our netball girls also did us proud by winning the Interschools league for the first time ever.

Another growing development in our school is the ever popular exchange programme. It has increased again this year, with girls travelling to America, to England, to Australia and to India. Having been an exchange student myself, I can virtually guarantee you that these girls will be having the times of their lives, and this will be one of their most valuable and memorable experiences ever.

Oscar Wilde once said,
"The old believe everything,
The middle aged suspect everything
and the young know everything."

It is for this reason that Herschel has a school forum, so that the pupils can let the teachers know how they feel the school should be run ... even if our suggestions occasionally fall on deaf ears! Seriously, this year we have dealt with important issues such as conflicting exam timetables, the pupil directory, and, of course, the notorious sticky gum tree.

It's very easy to be light-hearted about school, but jokes aside, I have loved my time at Herschel. The interaction among the students makes for a genuinely happy atmosphere.

I asked my friends what they would remember most fondly about Herschel, and the two things that came up most frequently were the friends they made, and the relationships they developed with their teachers. The Herschel staff are always available, and sincerely care about their students. Whether taking camps, giving extra lessons or just being there to talk to, our teachers are a special group of people, and although we might not have been the most grateful students in class all the time, we would like to say thank you and now we have to say good-bye.

As Mark Twain said of his school days,
"I'm glad that I've done it, mostly because it was worth it,
and partly because I'll never have to do it again."

GUEST SPEAKER - DR MAMPHELE RAMPHELE

Mr Wallare - Deputy Chairman of the Herschel Council, Mrs van Zyl, parents, students, and all the invited guests, thank you for asking me to share this very special moment with you.

I see my presence here at Herschel as a visit to a sibling. For those of you who may not be aware, there are historical links and several ties that bind UCT and Herschel together. Some of you will know that both Herschel and UCT were, to a very significant extent, shaped by the philanthropic gestures of two very remarkable men.

The founder of this magnificent school, the Hon. John William Jagger, also donated generously to the founding of the aptly named UCT Jagger Library.

Herschel and UCT were both beneficiaries of the generosity of Jagger's son-in-law, Mr Duncan Baxter, whose name is commemorated in the Baxter Theatre at UCT and the Baxter Resource Centre at Herschel.

A quick glance at the school's staff profile shows a preponderance of UCT alumnae. These include the incumbent Headmistress, Mrs van Zyl, and her predecessor, Mrs Duff.

UCT and Herschel share a lot more. They also share a common vision and are both committed to the pursuit of

excellence in all their activities. For seventy-six years, Herschel, in a tradition of excellence and consistent with a good school, has been outstanding in discharging its responsibilities. The school has been an excellent feeder for UCT for many years and continues to be. The students who come from Herschel to study at UCT are of an exceptional quality and it is not surprising that upon completion of their studies they are among our best graduates. The transition from high school to university is usually a very difficult one. But the UCT experience with students from Herschel, and others in its league, has been that they adjust smoothly. They handle the pressures which come with the new turf remarkably well, with maturity and almost arrogant ease. These girls are a credit to themselves, their teachers and to Herschel.

Herschel's vision: to provide excellence in all facets of education through outstanding teaching, innovation and professionalism, aiming to enable the growth of individuals who are well-prepared for life in the wider community, must be commended. It is never too early to inculcate a sense of responsible citizenship into pupils.

Let me get to the reason I am here. I have come with a special message of encouragement for all of you as young women on the threshold of adulthood. I have come here to assure you that it is perfectly all right for young women like yourselves to have dreams. One W.H. Murray had this to say about dreams: "Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."

I have come here to tell you that it is all right to dream and imagine yourselves in the highest echelons of power, and to tell you that as young women, you also have the right to imagine yourselves as leaders of large corporations, as leaders of your country, and as leaders in everything you choose to do.

Given the strategies employed to deal with the inequities created by apartheid policies, it is easy for young white men and women to despair and see their education as a waste of time "because employment equity policies are skewed in favour of the previously disadvantaged". UCT's experience over the last decade has shown how promoting greater equity enhances excellence. Employment Equity may, in the short term, seem to disadvantage the previously advantaged. Taken over all, I believe it is bound to enhance excellence and promote greater equity and transparency in recruitment, selection and promotion of staff. The imperatives of equity also promote more progressive institutional cultural attitudes which, in the short term, should benefit white women in particular, who have been held back from personal development by sexism. In the long term the entire society will benefit from developing the talent pool, which is randomly distributed in any population, but neglected by apartheid and sexist practices. Our skills base needs to be broadened beyond the over-reliance on white males.

The real challenge facing all of you is to make good your dreams, making them come true. To do that you will need



Dr Ramphela presenting a prize to Helen Wilson

to have the right attitudes: integrity - knowing right from wrong, honesty, a willingness to learn, flexibility and initiative. These are all important qualities to have. But, most of all, you need to have courage.

There are several outstanding examples of courage for ambitious young women to emulate: Sirimavo Bandaranaike of Sri Lanka, Eugenia Charles of Dominica, Corason Aquino of the Philippines, Mary Robinson of Ireland, Hanna Suchocka of Poland, among others. These women must rank among some of the greatest world leaders of past and present. Their stories of courage and determination should inspire every young woman and spur them to greater achievements.

But what does it mean to have these women as your role models? If you are going to draw inspiration from their stories of courage and emulate them, then you need to know the source of their resolve and the qualities that saw them through treacherous conditions, conquering the demons they conquered. Their successes were attained at heavy personal costs. Several of them fought their way through personal or political crises. Many had to deal with cases of trust betrayal.

However, the important thing to note about these women is that they had the ability and resolve to rise above their crises and tragedies: Corason Aquino's husband was shot on the tarmac in Manila and Sukmon Bandaranaike was brought down by the opposition. Their widows have one thing in common: they all overcame their tragedies and got over their losses to become leaders of their countries in what were very unforgiving environments. They defied all odds and rose to power in the most difficult of circumstances, and, as they say, to be accepted and acknowledged as good leaders, women must be twice as good as their male counterparts. These women were accepted and acknowledged as good leaders.

While it is important to dream, it is also equally important to be aware of the forces attendant on the environment in which you will be striving towards your goals. Success will

not be presented to you on silver platters. You will have to earn it through blood, sweat and tears. These days a degree certificate does not guarantee one a job. However, there is need for a cautionary voice that says that single-mindedness of purpose - the preoccupation with getting to the top in difficult conditions - does not have to make you resort to strategies that will make you less respectable human beings. The end does not always justify the means. Yes, today life is tough, school is tough, getting a job is tough, and increasingly there is a pervasive attitude: get to the front at all costs, cut, thrust, go over dead bodies if you have to. Well, many people who have achieved great success in very difficult conditions see things differently.

'They see it as becoming a whole person, knowing yourself, contributing to society and giving of your best.'

Berry Gordly, former president and Chairman of Motown Industries, is well-known for his writings on being an entrepreneur. In 1995 the New York Times quoted him as saying something that I think is particularly relevant:

"Many people in their rise to success are so busy running to the top, stepping on their competitors, stepping on their enemies, and saddest of all, stepping on their friends and loved ones, that when they get to the top they look around and discover they are lonely and unhappy, and then they ask me, "Where did I go wrong?" My answer has always been, "Probably at the beginning."

You may be nearing the end of your school career and, yes, it is a milestone in your lives. But it is important to know that this is only the beginning of the rest of your productive life. To avoid looking back with regret later in life, now is the time to think seriously about the future. You will need more than the uncritical foundation of good education that Herschel has given you to become a fulfilled person and a responsible citizen contributing to society.

The world is in a continuous state of flux, and is fast becoming a global village. While it is important to achieve success in your own terms, you also need to be equipped to withstand the effects of global competition and to hold your own in a competitive global environment. In this regard, it is our role as educationalists to give you a quality education.

A marketable education is what you need. Herschel, being the excellent school it is, has given you that crucial first step. But, as many of you go on to further your education, it is important to identify the right spread of subjects. In this regard we at UCT have been thinking seriously about what it is that makes a degree worth having. We have been thinking beyond the obvious answers of "better career prospects and increased earning potential". We have had to think about working in a rapidly changing world of the 21st century, when we will depend on our ability to keep learning and to apply our knowledge to new challenges.

Apart from a strong foundation in your chosen discipline or profession, you will need to be a good analyst, a problem-solver and a good communicator. You will need to be information literate and numerate at a graduate level. You

will have to be versatile enough to work across professional boundaries and innovative enough to recognise new opportunities in a changing environment.

At UCT we have spent the past year re-designing the curriculum of each degree we offer to ensure that every student can become a graduate of this calibre. From 1999 our new degree programmes will offer students sound educational and relevant professional skills. Each degree programme will have a coherent curriculum, with course combinations that make sense, and enough flexibility to let students pursue areas of interest. Our students will graduate with degrees which are internationally recognised for excellence. They will have the best possible grounding for further study.

There are, however, other challenges for you as young women. One obvious one is to conquer all the demons of punitive and inhibitive traditions and practices which have been responsible for the marginalisation and blatant exclusion of women from many aspects of life. There are many turbulent rivers to be crossed before you can realise your dreams. This is why it is not enough to tell you of the opportunities which beckon without stressing the importance of being aware of the nature of the challenge confronting you. That challenge is great, but by no means insurmountable, after all, Herschelians thrive on challenges.

Women, despite the fact that they constitute more than half the world population, are the single largest under-utilised group, and therefore the single largest pool of untapped leadership potential. As young women, you must brace yourselves for the challenges ahead. We have in place a constitution that puts gender equity and women's issues on the agenda, a government that is more receptive and sensitive to the needs and aspirations of women, and a generally enabling environment for women who seek to scale various ladders: educational, corporate, political, etc. You must also begin to see yourselves as agents of change. You have as much an obligation to bring about positive change in this country as your male counterparts.

Fortunately, sanity is finally prevailing and governments the world over have come to realise that failing to invest adequately in the education of women negates the benefits of educating men. But for South Africa the challenge is doubly daunting. South Africa must still grapple with the issues of equity in education. The challenges are first, to correct the legacy of a racially configured educational system that was fundamentally and deliberately flawed, and, second, to close the gender gap inherent in education. Schools such as Herschel, which provide girls with an environment conducive to learning with minimum distractions, are ideal interventions for the promotion of girls' education.

Your success in whatever you will choose to do in life will depend significantly on your vision of the future and what you envisage that future to be. You must realise that the sky is the limit to what you can achieve. You must set goals for yourselves and go all out to achieve them. You need to have a "go-getter" mentality. You have already demonstrated



The Sports Centre transformed for the Speech Day Ceremony

that you have the potential to succeed; all that is left is for you to convert that potential to tangible success.

At a time when the Higher Education system is still struggling to transform, the most successful schools are those that have sound partnerships with parents, those that value the contributions of each and every one who is concerned with excellence. There is no doubt that this has been the secret of Herschel's success. Issues of discipline which are part of every school are best dealt with when parents and teachers present a united front for the good of their children.

Those of you who are matriculating this year are very fortunate to have enjoyed the benefits of a well-balanced curriculum. Herschel is a fine school, with state-of-the-art facilities. This school has provided for you the perfect start, and stable background you need to succeed in life. Your teachers have consistently over the years acquitted themselves admirably. The impressive number of students who graduate from this school and go on to do remarkably well at UCT is testimony to the teachers' dedication. It behoves all of you to one day climb down the same ladder you are scaling and help others who are less fortunate than you.

On this historical occasion for all matric candidates, I would like to end by wishing all of you well. Go well and good luck. May you find fulfilment and happiness.

Thank you.

HEADGIRL'S FAREWELL

Good morning, staff, guests, council members and girls. It is an honour and a great pleasure to thank Dr Ramphale for coming to speak to us today. Her insight and achievements are an inspiration to us all. Hopefully many of us from Herschel will have the privilege of your leadership at the

University of Cape Town. Thank you so much for your thought-provoking words.

A popular excursion that is organised by Herschel is the Grade 11 Orange River trip. Besides the fact that Mr Scott organises it, it is a fun-filled adventure. It is exhilarating, yet hard, tiring, and even scary, and when you reach the end, and sadly put down your paddles, you come out feeling as though you have accomplished something and had a really good time too. As I look back over my years at Herschel, I think they can be likened to a trip down the River of Life.

At the beginning of Grade 8 we nervously had to put our rats on to the great river of High School and test the water. With our life jackets (and our blazers) tightly buttoned up, we set off down the river.

Having come from Muckfield and not the Preparatory School, I was worried that I would be inundated with "snobs", but much to my relief I realised the complete opposite; that everyone at Herschel was kind and ready to help in whatever circumstances.

Grade 9 had its fair share of rapids, but with the start of Grade 10 the course became slightly easier and we managed to get our paddling in time. In Grade 11 I was lucky enough to go on exchange to Canada and realise that in many ways we are all paddling down the same river. The exchange programme at Herschel has really taken off and I think that this is a wonderful opportunity for girls to experience life in another country and learn about cultures so different from our own.

Then came Matric... and the common room... and what a year it has been. There have been major rapids and also gentle eddies; we have had to paddle pretty hard to keep up the pace, but we have made it and the take out point is just past the next major rapid. However, we could not have

got this far on our own and we have many people to thank for our success in having survived this far. As Sara Henderson, a writer from the Outback of Australia said: "You never achieve anything completely alone. If you look at any one of your achievements, you will see that there was always someone or something there helping you to achieve your goal."

In my time at Herschel I have been lucky enough to work with two very able and competent Headmistresses. Mrs Duff, you started us down this river and it is wonderful to see you here as we come to the end of this most exciting trip. Last year the steering of our raft was taken over by Mrs van Zyl, who has done a very good job in keeping us on course. I know that it cannot be easy, but your hard work and compassion towards us all have kept us in the current. It has been a privilege and also an honour to work so closely with you. I thank you for your continued support and will always remember the moments we shared ... such as our singing the hymns in assembly ... where we take turns in singing the harmony!

Mrs MacIntyre, a big thank-you to you too, because being the first mate of a boat such as this is no easy task. You have always been there with a smile to lift us up and have been so supportive of our ideas and visions for the future. Thank you to both of you for, not only your support and guidance, but also your patience with us rather rowdy bunch of prefects.

Mrs Collock and Mrs Roberts, thank you for being my post-women and for helping with a million other little tasks that keep the raft afloat.

A very important part of our whole High School expedition has been the learning to paddle and for this we have to thank the staff. They put so much time and effort into our lessons that it is only now that we realise what the teachers do for us. They are always so willing to help and re-explain something that we may not have understood. Their patience is also highly commendable, especially with pupils who insist on asking too many questions.

Other staff members that must be included are the cleaning staff, caterers and especially the grounds staff and gardeners. It is thanks to you that I originally came to Herschel. When my flower-loving mother first entered the beautiful gardens of Herschel, the decision as to which High School I would go to was made!

To the great group of Prefects who have worked so well together and have been so supportive over the past year, I cannot thank you enough for your love and commitment. Salute you for a job well done and would like to honour you with the words of Helen Keller:

"We live by each other,
For each other.
Alone we can do so little,
Together we can do so much."

Jeannie, my deputy ... you are simply the best and I think we made a brilliant team. I thank you for your efficiency, reliability and your contagious enthusiasm.

The Matrics - the Power behind this boat - without every single one of you, we would be going nowhere. It has been all of you who have kept me on the boat. When I have slipped, and I cannot deny that I have, it has been you all who have helped me back aboard this rocking boat of ours. And for that gracious support, I thank you.

To every girl in the school - you make Herschel the special, warm place that it is. Your smiles have kept me going throughout this year. It has been an honour, but more than that, it has been a real pleasure to represent you this year as your Head Girl.

To my family: Mom and Anna, to me "Pearl", and then my larger family, you have cheered me on from the banks of the river. I love you all very much and thank you for being my critics, fan-club and psychiatrists throughout the year. I could not have done without you. Pearl, I think you deserve a medal for putting up with being "the head girl's sister" and I treasure your friendship.

I know it gets said every year, but it is only once you get to matric that you will understand what is meant when we say that the year has flashed past us like a bolt of lightning. As I look at the Matrics, it is difficult to comprehend that it is now time to change our course and each go our separate ways into the Future.

Herschel has stood us in good stead for whatever the future may hold. We have not only been given an education that cannot be equalled, but we have also been given the tools to overcome any obstacles. Here at Herschel we are taught that "You cannot adjust the current, but you can adjust the oars."

We are so lucky to be given such a multi-faceted education that not only ensures that we are academically sound, but also teaches us the skills needed for the sports field; music accomplishment and appreciation; artistic creativity and then, my passion, dramatic expression. Herschel provides us with fantastic facilities and every opportunity that we could wish for; it is just up to us to take the initiative. We, however, cannot forget how privileged we are because, just when we think everything is going well, we may be thrown from our raft into the icy cold water. It is important that we retain our humility and I think that Herschel teaches us this through its highly successful Outreach Programme and Interact Club. It is through programmes such as these that we can teach others to take responsibility for their own lives and learn to row their own boats.

As we move on, it will not be the facts and figures that we learnt at school that will be remembered, but it will be the friendships that we have moulded, and the magic moments that we have shared, that will remain with us forever. Sitting under the stars of generations of Herschelianians who have gone before us, we create a fire of camaraderie around which we gather to conjure up dreams by which to live.



The 1998, 1997 and 1999 Headgirls and Deputy Headgirls at the Matric Luncheon - M. Hlaw (11G 1998), J. Bomford (1D HG 1998), K. Bloch (11G 1997), M. Rantsay (D HG 1997), M. Gie (D 11G 1999), L. Schönborn (HG 1999)

A magic moment of mine that will forever remain in my memory was when the Chorale went on camp to Greyton. And on the Saturday night the seniors went off to see what the Greyton Coffee House had to offer. We met a group of Stellenbosch University students who finally persuaded us to sing. After we had performed our modified rendition of "The Rose", one of the young men sighed and said: "Surely this is what it sounds like in Heaven."

And so to all the girls who have precious time left at Herschel, especially the incoming matrics and new protectors: Cherish your time here and make the most of every opportunity. To the matrics who are about to brave the cold water of yet another river - good luck with this last rapid that we have to pass through ... we have been looking at it from the shore for long enough now ... it is time to take to the paddles. Best wishes for all that the future holds and treasure the friends and memories that you have made at Herschel ... they are priceless.

I would like to end with a quotation that means a great deal to my mother. She has used it throughout her life as a credo and it has therefore made a great impact on my life too. She used it in her final speech as Head Girl at Roosevelt High School in Zimbabwe. It is from Alfred, Lord Tennyson's *Ulysses*:

"Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margins fade
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life."

Go well, Herschel!
AD DEI GLORIAM

Mary Haw

The Herschel Valedictory Service for 1998 was held on Thursday 15th October, following a Matric breakfast and Eucharist. The following address is that made to the matrics at the Valedictory Service by Mrs Daphne Beames, Head of Grade 12.

MATRIC VALEDICTORY SERVICE : THE HERSCHEL WAY

What is the single most important discovery you can make in the next three minutes? Listen carefully, as you'll find out something that I like to call: *The Herschel Way*.

About fifty seven months ago today's Matrics entered high school, wide-eyed, questioning, eager for education. You listened to what we said. You gave us roses on Teachers' Day. You had heard the story of Peter Pan and wondered why you didn't have wings. You were curious. Curious about the world, curious about life. And then you met, head on, THE EDUCATION SYSTEM. Bells, conditioned responses, ruling, learning programmes - a system that fascinates the masses. You adapted well. You grew up. Common sense came down like a curtain, making your views more realistic. You were ready to be put into moulds and began to feel that the questions of your childhood were foolish questions.

And then something perfectly wonderful happened. It happened so naturally that you may not even be aware of it. It was - *The Herschel Way*, woven invisibly into your lessons here. You were prompted to recover that first untrammelled curiosity about things ... Encouraged to stray from the beaten track of thought, as such a thinker demands a rethink of old ways, stands at a new centre and is more likely to reach the goal.

What is intuitive and spontaneous should always be our guide, for under the conscious mind, in its quiet, mysterious depths, dwells what vital force is in us. Here, if anything is to be created, must the work go on. Creativity is great and cannot be understood, but it can be nurtured. *The Herschel Way* is open-ended, constructive, formative and it brings a taste of the joy of intellectual effort.

And now, after passing this way, your only limit to the realization of tomorrow will be your dream of tomorrow. There are a few very important days in life. The day you were born. The day you will marry. And today Herschel has given you wings and today - you fly alone.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE - 1997

The results displayed here are those received by Herschel from the Western Cape Education Department, including re-marks where these have been received, and are correct at the date of print. Subject Distinctions are indicated in parentheses.

Distinction Matriculation

Ahmed, Anisa (Eng, Afr, Math, Bio)
 Amien, Shireen (Bio, Xho)
 Bloch, Kate (Eng, Adv. Math, His, Bio)
 Bocrs, Paula (Eng, Bio)
 Buchanan, Megan (Bio)
 Buley, Helen (Math, Bio)
 Claver, Catherine (Math, Sci, Bio)
 Conrad-Tatos, Sonia (Bio, His)
 Cronhuc, Zayuan (Afr, Math, Xho)
 Dippenaar, Elizabeth (Eng, Afr, Pre)
 Haupt, Inge (Eng, Afr, Fre, Dra)
 Huber, Kelly (Eng, Afr, Math, Pre)
 Hugo, Catherine (Eng, Bio)
 Jeffery, Lucie (Eng, Pre, Mus)
 Koller, Hayley (Afr, Xho)
 Lightbody, Janet (Xho, Art)
 Lloyd, Cindy (Math, Geo)
 Louw, Clara (Eng, Math, His, Art)
 Martins, Anne-Marie (Math, Pre)
 Pillay, Vashini (Afr, Bio, Xho)
 Ramsay, Marie (Afr, Bio, Xho)
 Sherwood, Kerry (His, Dra)
 Siegers, Laura (Math SG, Xho, Art)
 Waller, Penny (Math SG)
 Wright, Anne (Geo)

Matriculation Band 2

Anderson, Julie (Eng, Bio)
 Baiensfarth-de-Cloute, Alex (Dra)
 Baxter, Lee (Math SG)
 Bestor, Lisa (Xho, Bus Ed)
 Blaauw, Hayley (Eng, Adv. Ger)
 Brown, Zoe
 Crawley, Victoria
 de Vries, Liesje
 de Wer, Kirsty
 Fowler, Tamaru (Dra)
 George, Tara (Math SG)
 Lipshitz, Bianca (Eng)
 Louw, Julienne (Xho, His)
 Magous, Jennifer
 Naughton, Kate (Eng, Math SG)
 Prouser, Diana (Bio)
 Rose-Jones, Sarah-Anne (Math SG, Fre)
 Stephen, Shelley (Math SG, His)
 Todd, Kerry (Math SG)
 Townsend, Chloe (Afr)
 van Hoorn, Aahje (Afr)
 Williams, Kirsten

Matriculation Band 4

Cowley, Lisa

Matriculation Band 3

Boemgen, Paula-Dee
 Buchanan, Claire (Pre)
 Burchell, Cindy
 Gaugraker, Hildina
 Gausson, Joanna
 Hartley, Rosemarie
 Harvey, Tamarin
 Haydon, Tarryn
 Komeni, Sylvia (Xho)
 Norriana, Anne-Marie (Math SG)
 Overstout, Camilla
 Rule, Clare
 Seward, Xanthe
 Testee, Brodwyn

PRIZE LIST - 1998

CLASS PRIZES

Grade 8

1. Alison Doreman
2. Jennifer de Beyer
3. Anna Haw

Grade 10

1. Zoë Beyers
2. Jane Buley
3. Kathryn du Toit

Grade 9

1. Jennifer Miller
2. Pinna Mackay
3. Beverley Rahitius

Grade 11

1. Aubus Kisch
2. Louise Schlabhoru
3. Parusha Pillay

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

Grade 8

Roxanne de Silva
 Jennifer de Villiers
 Sarah Kirkland
 Kreshanti Munier
 Natalie Reed
 Stacey van den Aardweg
 Mary Waller
 Gail Womersley

Grade 9

Phillippa Brinkwaite
 Katherine Carkeek
 Candice Cox
 Zecune Durniny
 Saltron Hall
 Helen Hill
 Lisa Johnson
 Roxanne Martin
 Lauren Raubenheimer
 Joana Ryan

Grade 10

Ashleigh Battle
 Caryn Buchanan
 Madalena da Camara
 Nathalie du Preez
 Paul de Forrester
 Susannah Hacker
 Lauren Koon
 Karen van Wyk

Grade 11

Tarryn Golding
 Juliette Moodie
 Caroline Robertson
 Louise Spence
 Kirsten van Ryneveld

Grade 12

Fiona Bromfield
 Caroline Cooke
 Alexandra Durrant
 Louise Lumberg
 Anna Stuyven

Jessica du Toit
 Alice-Azania Jarvis
 Victoria Madden
 Marisa Pape
 Gillian Salmon
 Ma'ayan van der Westhuizen
 Megan Walwyn
 Vanessa Wind

Kate Lynn Bonellie
 Kate Chambers
 Louise Day
 Julie Grobbelaar
 Melissa Harries
 Louise Jenner Clarke
 Melissa London
 Jane Miller
 Philippa Rainier
 Lauren Uguinart

Paula Bevis-Challinor
 Bridget Coccarate
 Benita de Silva
 Lauren Elliot
 Kathryn Grobler
 Nicola Henkel
 Sarah Twyross
 Nicola Vernon

Sharon Lee Pau
 Patricia Platzer
 Ary Sazek
 Leigh van Heerden
 Michelle Wallens

Kim Brice
 Nadia Donnelly
 Hayley Dutton
 Claire McClarty

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Kate Atkinson
 Holly Christie
 Robyn Farrell
 Lauren Hennies
 Marisa Hendricks
 Helen Mitchell

Lucia Brain
 Alexandra Durrant
 Devriny Gagliano
 Nicola Hennies
 Antonia Labia
 Amanda Wood

SPECIAL AWARDS / MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship	<i>Alison Bateman</i>
Fenella Douglas Scholarship	<i>Lucien Schönborn</i>
Music - Middle School	<i>Zoe Rogers</i>
Monique Zurich Trophy for Music	<i>Justica Miller</i>
Art - Middle School	<i>Lauren Kohr</i>
Archimedes Prize	<i>Susannah Harker</i>
Boarding House Staff Fellowship Award	<i>Sonja van Niekenk</i>
Elin Rosenthal General Knowledge Floating Trophy	<i>Nancy Graham</i>
German Consulate Prizes:	
Grade 9	<i>Tamryn Combrink</i>
Grade 10	<i>Allison Gibbets</i>
Grade 11	<i>Allist Zee Houtmann</i>
Miss McLean's Prize for Neatness and Accuracy in Mathematics	<i>Candice Cookson</i>
Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English	<i>Mary Haw</i>
The Frish Trophy for Public Speaking	<i>Catherine Day</i>
Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism awarded to a second language pupil	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French	<i>Candice Cookson</i>
Jennifer Sale Drama Trophy for Outstanding Performance	<i>Lucy Stehlik</i>
McClurg Trophy for the Theatre Arts	<i>Ashley Ford</i>
Mary Muller Picture of the Year	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Stobie Musicianship Prize	<i>Carrie van der Horst</i>
Chorale Prize awarded to the choir and chorale leaders	<i>Geraldine Elliot and Carrie van der Horst</i>
Jenny Torr Prize for Service to the Library	<i>Catherine Day</i>
Dr Silberbauer Prize for Interest in the Natural Sciences	<i>Mary Haw</i>
Janet Steyn Prize for Interest in the Humanities	<i>Catherine Barwell</i>
Miss Geldard's Prize for Courtesy	<i>Catherine Day</i>
Rotary Prize	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
Herschel Staff Honours Awards	<i>Marika Botha</i>
Hayley Dutton, Catherine Preen, Tiffany Rademeyer Prize for Good Sportsmanship	<i>Jeannie Boniford</i>
Theresa Bridgman Trophy for Sportswoman of the Year	<i>Helen Wilson</i>
The Hannah Trophy for the most outstanding sporting achievement of the year	<i>Helen Wilson</i>
The Kirsten Locke Fellowship Award	<i>Andrea Thomas</i>
The Clegg Award for outstanding academic and sporting achievement by a girl in any grade	<i>Laure Middelmann</i>
Mrs Stockwell's Prize for All-round Participation and Achievement	<i>Carrie van der Horst</i>
The Pamela Duff Award for an enquiring mind	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Proxima Accessit	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Dux of the School	<i>Mary Haw</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Service to the School	<i>Mary Haw</i>
The Headmistress's Prize for Supporting Leadership	<i>Jeannie Boniford</i>
Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
The Old Herschelian Award for Service, Loyalty and Leadership	<i>Mary Haw</i>

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (The Lady Woolley Prize)	<i>Lucy Stehlik</i>
French	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Biology	<i>Erin Tuomi</i>
Physical Science	<i>Erin Tuomi</i>
Mathematics (The Liz Gibbons Prize)	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Geography	<i>Erin Tuomi</i>
Afrikaans 2nd Language	<i>Marika Botha</i>
Xhosa	<i>Megan Aubin</i>
History	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
Art	<i>Ashleigh Gordon</i>
Art Practical	<i>Dominique Hazell</i>
The Lapping Selars Trophy for Ceramics	<i>Alexandra Durrant</i>
Home Economics	<i>Kirsty Maw</i>
Music	<i>Lise Kieck and Carrie van der Horst</i>
Speech and Drama	<i>Mary Haw</i>
Business Economics	<i>Amanda Ford</i>
German	<i>Mnandi Riddle</i>

ACHIEVEMENTS - 1998

Honours Awards

Academic	<i>Erin Tuomi</i>
	<i>Nadia Donnelly</i>
	<i>Mary Haw</i>
	<i>Sarah-Jane Morley</i>
	<i>Marika Botha</i>
	<i>Lisa Womersley</i>
Leadership	<i>Mary Haw</i>
	<i>Jeannie Boniford</i>
Cultural	<i>Catherine Day</i>
Sport	<i>Megan Aubin</i>
	<i>Ashley Serritslev</i>

National Representation in Sport

SA 11/16 Basketball	<i>Nicola Vernon</i>
SA Children's Showjumping	<i>Phillippa Braithwaite</i>
SA Junior Showing Champion	<i>Ashleigh Serritslev</i>
SA Junior Sailing	<i>Mary Waller</i>
SA Schools & SA U/20 Waterpolo	<i>Megan Aubin</i>
SA Schools & SA U/20 Waterpolo	<i>Helen Wilson</i>

Provincial Representation in Sport - A Teams

WP Hockey U/18A	<i>Tammy Lindsay</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Julia Thomas</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Kate-Lyn Bonellie</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Tammy Farrell</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Joanne Haw</i>
WP Hockey U/14A	<i>Mary Waller</i>
WP Squash U/19A	<i>Diane Gordon</i>
WP Squash U/16A	<i>Michelle Matthews</i>
WP Squash U/16A	<i>Leanne Milne</i>
WP Tennis U/18	<i>Jacqueline Gibbets</i>
WP Tennis U/14	<i>Saffron Hall</i>
WP Waterpolo U/19A	<i>Helen Wilson</i>
WP Waterpolo U/19A	<i>Megan Aubin</i>
WP Waterpolo U/19A	<i>Michelle Bridgman</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15	<i>Lauren Elliot</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15	<i>Kate Chambers</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15	<i>Georgina Simpson</i>
WP Waterpolo U/15	<i>Sarah Berrisford</i>

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
Phillippa Braithwaite	Flute	Distinction (1)
Tessa Eadie	Flute	Merit (1)
Qaqamba Gqobo	Piano	Merit (2)
Victoria Butwell	Flute	Pass (3)
Sarah Keavy	Flute	Merit (3)
Katherine Mann	Piano	Merit (3)
Claire McClure	Flute	Pass (3)
Kristina Miller	Flute	Distinction (3)
Marina Pape	Flute	Distinction (3)
Marina Pape	Piano	Distinction (3)
Phillippa van Ryneveld	Cello	Merit (3)
Nicole Aspinall	Piano	Merit (4)
Madeira da Camara	Flute	Merit (4)
Kathryn du Toit	Flute	Merit (4)
Sarah Keavy	Piano	Merit (4)
Fiona MacKay	Flute	Merit (4)
Roxanne de Silva	Piano	Merit (5)
Kim Ellis	Piano	Merit (5)
Lee Gelderblom	Piano	Merit (5)
Amy Hudson	Piano	Merit (5)
Deborah McDonald	Violin	Merit (5)
Jane Miller	Violin	Distinction (5)
Jennifer Miller	Piano	Pass (5)
Phillippa Rainier	Piano	Distinction (5)
Olivia Rumble	Piano	Pass (5)
Shahra Sartar	Piano	Pass (5)
Stacy van den Aardweg	Piano	Merit (5)
Mirhelle Aspinall	Piano	Merit (6)
Caryn Buchanan	Piano	Distinction (7)
Joanne Kirkby	Violin	Distinction (7)
Jessica Miller	Piano	Distinction (7)
Caroline Robertson	Viola	Merit (7)
Nadine Tsemach	Piano	Merit (7)
Kirsten van Ryneveld	Flute	Distinction (7)

UNISA RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
K. & P. van Ryneveld	Piano Duo	Distinction (1)
Qaqamba Gqobo	Violin	Merit (2)

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD PRIZE WINNERS

Tessa Eadie

* Cape Town Eisteddfod cash award for Junior Piano

* Francisca Wirt Memorial Trophy for U/14 Piano

Concerto

* Denise Blumenfeld Mason Trophy for U/14 J.S. Bach

Piano Section

Caryn Buchanan

* Cape Town Eisteddfod cash award for Piano

* Nine Club cash award for Piano

Jessica Miller

* Sonia Whiteman Memorial Trophy for U/16 Piano
Concerto

Caroline Johnson

* Cape Town Eisteddfod award for the most promising
U/16 in the Vocal Section

Herschel Chorale

* Doverlax Memorial Trophy

Herschel Choir

* Silver Cup Trophy

AFRIKAANS EISTEDDFOD PRIZE WINNERS

Nadine Tsemach - Medal in U/15 Piano Concerto

Amy Hudson - Medal in U/15 Solo Viola

Herschel Chorale - Winners of the Open Ladies Choir
Section

Herschel Choir - Joint Winners of the Girls Choir Section

Herschel School - Winner of the Trophy for the school
with the Highest Participation in the Afrikaans Eisteddfod

WESTERN CAPE EISTEDDFOD PARTICIPANTS

Linda Ntshinga - Highest Honours in Piano Solo, 15 years
and under (trophy)

Nadine Tsemach - Honours in Piano Solo, 15 years and
under

Sarah Gilbert - Participation in Piano Solo

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC THEORY EXAMINATIONS

Kim Ellis	Grade 5	Pass
Candice Erasmus	Grade 5	Pass
Joanne Kirkby	Grade 5	Distinction
Deborah McDonald	Grade 5	Pass
Jane Miller	Grade 5	Pass
Yvette Pelser	Grade 5	Pass
Phillippa Rainier	Grade 5	Distinction
Olivia Rumble	Grade 5	Pass
Robyn Salo	Grade 5	Pass

UNISA THEORY EXAMINATIONS

Nicole Pasham	Grade 2	Pass
Deborah McDonald	Grade 2	Distinction
Alexandra Trengove Jones	Grade 2	Distinction
Catherine Day	Grade 3	Distinction
Sarah-Leigh Paul	Grade 3	Distinction
Nathalie du Preez	Grade 3	Distinction
Sarah Twerker	Grade 3	Distinction

ACTIVITIES

BOARDING HOUSE

In 1960, Harold Macmillan said that the winds of change were blowing through the continent of Africa. In 1998, Mr and Mrs Crutchley arrived in the Boarding House, and this "wind of change" found new direction.

Some of this change was popular; boarders have had greater use of the school's Baxter Resource and Sports Centres, and the Health and Racquet Club at Cavendish has been made more freely accessible. The girls have also been encouraged to pursue a wide range of extra-mural activities, from dancing classes and horse-riding to Alpha courses and theatre outings.

The advent of a Lady Warden who is also a member of the Academic Staff has, however, meant a greater focus on quality learning, especially during examination times. The new rule structure imposed for the mid-year testing period was not to everyone's liking, but it did benefit those who used it to best advantage.

It must be said that life in the House is never boring. The new Grade Eights have injected energy and enthusiasm into

our lives as they answered telephones, ran errands and entertained us with their youthful, and often very dramatic, accounts of life as the lowliest members of the school.

The Grade Nines provided their own challenges to the day-to-day running of the House, reminding those in authority, on a daily basis, of the unfairness of establishment living.

The Grade Tens have worked and played hard, achieving excellent standards academically, and involving themselves fully in the life of the school. Ballroom Dancing was a popular leisure-time activity, in between all the sporting and cultural events which this group packed into their days. It is no wonder then that "fitting in" Reception Duty often became problematic.

The Grade Elevens have played a good supporting role this year. They have supervised prep, assisted with various organisational structures and assumed greater authority, so telephone times have had to be reduced, especially as work loads increased.

The Grade Twelves have had more time for academic work this year, with greater emphasis on independent study.



BOARDING HOUSE

Back Row:	V. Scott, N. Arnold, A. Ford, E. Murray, K. Twycross, G. Simpson, S. Twycross, J. Kerr, T. de Villiers, M. Aspinall, C. Corder
4th Row:	K. Taylor, S. Keavy, M. Le Roux, C. Abbott, M. Bridgman, P. Knop
3rd Row:	S-J. Witter, J. Moxde, T. Welsh, K. Burcher, P. Carter, J-L. McGregor, M. Hameyman, A-Z. Hartmann, A. Pattison, J. van Niekerk, F. Koup
2nd Row:	B. Lubelwana, P. Gail, L. Luscombe, M. Wengé
Front Row	J. Thorpe, N. Abrahams, M. Wabugh, Mrs J. Normanston, B. Spence, J. Bomioé, Mrs L. Crutchley, M. Sayman, A. Purchase, N. Aspinall



They have been a close-knit group, ably led by Jeannie Bamford and Bridgette Spencer, and their lovely membership of "the last full house" will be missed.

Hotel Boarding has remained a popular service, and the boarding population has benefited from a number of pupils who have come into the House for a variety of periods.

The Boarding House would like to thank the Estate Staff, especially Mr Sylwester Pawinski and Mr Lerel Nindoes, and the Catering Staff, especially Mrs Julia Rothapel and Miss Thyra Smith, for providing for so many needs, in so many ways, on so many days.

A report of this nature would not be complete without mention of four special people: Mrs Feliana Davids, our laundress; Mrs Sylvia Magooza and Mrs Sweetness Mafawe, two ladies who care for the cleaning and general appearance of the house in a meticulous and marvellous manner; and finally, but not least of all, Mrs Jill Normanston, matron extraordinaire, without whom we would not function.

Mrs L. Crutchley

INTERVIEW WITH MRS JO TYERS, THE NEW CHAPLAIN

Why the change from a boys' Prep School to the Chaplain of Herschel?

For some time I have been an ordination candidate in the Diocese of Cape Town. This means that the Church has recognised a calling to full time ordained ministry. When the position of Chaplain became available at Herschel, the Regional Bishop asked me to consider coming to the school. This meant not so much changing the type of teaching I was doing, but rather changing direction and going into full-time ministry. Obviously teenage girls are very different from small boys.

Have you had to change your approach in dealing with this change?

It has been a very pleasant change. I haven't been aware of having to change my approach. I feel at ease with girls and enjoy their openness and creativity. Although I do not have a daughter of my own, with four sons there have always been girls around the home and I have had close relationships and friendships with a number of them. I am enjoying the change of working in a 'girls' environment'.

What were some of your first impressions of Herschel? How did you have been here for a term, were these impressions correct?

My first impressions were of a very well-maintained plant - the buildings all in pristine condition and newly painted, and a smoothly running, efficient organisation. I was also struck by the friendliness of the staff and girls. I loved the Chapel, wing from the first time I saw it and enjoy the peace and serenity of the Chapel. These first impressions haven't changed.

Are there any changes you would like to see? If so, what are they? What is your vision for the future?

I have not come into the school with the view of making a lot of changes, but rather of building on what is already here. I would like the school to be a worshipping, serving and caring Christian community.

We believe that you are pursuing further studies. What are they?

I am studying towards a Diploma in Theology which I hope to complete at the end of 1999. This is a requirement of the Anglican Church for those who are to be ordained. I am studying by correspondence, but have monthly tutorials as well. If you want to know what I do when I am not at school, I am usually sitting in front of my computer completing assignments!

How do you see your role as Chaplain of the school?

I see myself primarily as being available to people, and walking with them in their journey of faith. Pastorally, I am available to girls, parents and staff. I believe that it is



Mrs van Zyl and The Right Reverend Castle after the installation of our new Chaplain, Mrs Jo Tyers



CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Back Row: M. Snyman, S. van Niekerk, G. Simpson, S. Twycross, M. Honeyman, P. Cain
 Front Row: P. Carter, A. Ford, Mrs J. Tyers, F. Koep, A-Z. Hartmann



CHAPEL FORUM

Back Row: J. Miller, K. Beers, S. Twycross, K. van Ryneveld, G. Simpson, M. van der Westhuizen, P. van Ryneveld, K. Smalgraw, L. Steyn
 3rd Row: N. Graham, S. van Niekerk, R. Martin, P. Carter, S. Winter, M. Harries, K. May, F. Cain
 2nd Row: Q. Gqobo, M. Lloyd-Roberts, K. Butcher, H. Mitchell, M. Honeyman, C. Davidson, M. Snyman, J. Kirkby
 Front Row: L. Lomborg, A. Ford, C. Day, Mrs J. Tyers, M. Botha, A. Labia, F. Koep





important that I should be praying for the school. I would like the Chapel wing to be welcoming, and a place of peace and quiet in a busy school. I see myself as being a teacher of the Christian faith, and a resource person for prayer, worship, liturgy, etcetera.

The Outreach Programme has really become established this year. What are your views on such a programme? Perhaps you can tell us a little about your role in this programme.

From a Christian perspective, I believe it is vital to have some sort of programme which fulfils Jesus' injunction to "Love your neighbour." The Outreach Programme provides us with a means of expressing our faith practically. The Letter from James, in chapter 2, verse 14 says this, "What good is it for someone to say that he has faith if his actions do not prove it?" My role in this programme is not yet clearly defined, but I am open to helping in any way I can. I hope particularly to become involved in areas that deal with people. Given time, I'm sure my role in the Outreach Programme will evolve.

Interview by Marike Botha and Catherine Day - Grade 12

OUR FIRST CONFIRMATION SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL

Twenty eight girls were prepared for Confirmation this year and the culmination was the Confirmation Service held in our own Chapel at Herschel, with the newly elected Bishop of Table Bay, the Right Rev. Christopher Gregorowski, officiating. Twenty six girls were confirmed. One girl was later confirmed in her own parish and another went down with mumps a couple of days before the service and will be confirmed on her return from exchange early next year.

It was a wonderful service with a packed Chapel - we just managed to squeeze everyone in. The girls found the service very meaningful, and at the end of the service presented the school with a beautiful silver chalice which we have already put to good use.

The girls have written down some of their impressions of Confirmation and of the Confirmation Camp. I hope you will enjoy them. Please continue to pray for them as they continue in their Christian walk.

Mrs J. Tyers (Chaplain)

There comes a time ...
to choose your spirituality,
to begin afresh,
to start anew,
to choose your destiny,
to open up your heart,
to love the One who is everything,
to the One who knows you
and no matter what you do
He is the One who will never abandon you.

Kirsty Snodgrass - Grade 11



CHRISTIAN UNION COMMITTEE

Back Row: Z. Reynolds, R. Martin, C. Buchanan
Front Row: C. Day, Mrs J. Tyers, M. Botha

Confirmation? What's that?
I was cynical, unsure
Could I change, did I have to?
The decision was made
I'd find out soon, I hoped

Faces like mine, questioning,
Questioning everything we'd been told -
The whys and the where's and the hows
constantly trying to prove them wrong,
so sure of ourselves, we thought.

We were wrong; they were right
Science and a willingness to learn
So much accomplished
a sense of success and togetherness -
a quiet understanding of who we were.

Then, a release of our pent-up energies,
a back-to-the-basics camp -
cold, if any, water, unflinching loos
a sense of jubilation, awakening -
we had beaten all that we needed.

Prepared? I thought so -
We were psyched, the time had come.
All the preparation, the time,
the Snagles missed.
Was it worth it? Yes!

A connection
deeper than we thought possible.
The weight of whom we had become was lifted,
taken away forever.
Now, at last, we are ready to live.

Michelle Chaplin - Grade 11

I think that confirmation is an experience and helps you a lot to find yourself and come to terms with how you feel about religion and God. In the end it's your decision whether you agree about all that is said in confirmation. So it's all up to you, what you make of it. It was a magnificent time for me.

Nadine Abrahams - Grade 11



Father Rod Walsh teaching the confirmation candidates about the sacraments in the Chapel.

COMMENTS FROM THE CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES

I feel that as each day goes by I do become more spiritually aware, even if it's just from noticing simple things that God has made around me and being thankful for them. I feel happy to place my life in God's hands.

I have found myself.

Confirmation is a new opening to a different side of the Christian life. I have really enjoyed learning about God and we had a great class to do it with. The confirmation camp to Greyton was great because we got to go and watch the rugby. The Confirmation Service was really special, because it was the first Confirmation service in the Chapel.

Confirmation is the start of a path that never ends. The camp was an opportunity for me to meet new friends and develop present ones, especially with God. Many valuable questions were answered and it was a time of self-discovery.

I thank Mrs Tyers for all the time that she gave up for us and I congratulate her on her many outstanding achievements in only one year. Thank you. This Confirmation was an experience that remains one of my fondest memories.

The Confirmation courses were great and they helped a lot with my relationship with God. The camp was very nice and I especially appreciated the meditation periods. Mrs

Tyers did a lot to make this camp fun and she certainly succeeded. Thank you, Mrs Tyers, for all you have done.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Confirmation camp. I have many wonderful memories and the one I cherish most is of the lighting of the candles.

I think this weekend has helped people to become close to one another and to God. I feel that in coming closer to God, we have come closer to everyone here. It has given us all a common bond. Time goes by so quickly when you have too much to do at school and this weekend we've had time to stop and look around us.

I feel that I have grown and learnt a lot about myself on this camp. I feel that I have got close to God and therefore I am much more confident about my feelings towards Confirmation and my future.

It really touched me when we prayed for one another in our groups. It made me feel loved and we got to say the things to people which you normally only say when it is too late.

The candle prayer last night was very special to me.

I feel that this was an extremely worthwhile camp as I think that we all got to know one another and God much better. I found the meditation and the lighting of the candles to be the most meaningful moments. I think that it was a really good idea to have it in Greyton as here we are surrounded by such beautiful scenery. When I see such beauty, I feel ever closer to God.



Bishop Christopher Gregorowski with the confirmation candidates after the service on 20 September

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day - Herschel's 76th Birthday - was celebrated on Friday, 13th February. After the traditional handing out of roses from the surrounding boys' schools for Valentine's Day, the whole school took part in a service at St Saviour's, led by Rev. Allen with an entertaining sermon by the Ven. Keith Griffiths. This year was especially memorable because of the beautiful singing of the Herschel Choir and Chorale, led by Miss Barlow, and because of the attendance of nearly all the members of the 1948 Matric Class, who were here to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their matric year.

Back in the school grounds, the pupils formed a tunnel through which the Grade 6s and new girls ran. Even Mrs van Zyl could not get out of it!

After singing the School Song around the glass circle, the pupils were free to leave, while the special guests remained for a luncheon with the staff and Mrs van Zyl. It was also a great pleasure to welcome the Class of 1998, many of whom had travelled great distances in order to be at Founder's Day. When taken round the school, they were amazed at the new facilities and the achievements of the last 50 years. Altogether, Founder's Day was a happy and memorable occasion.

Catherine Day - Grade 12

OPEN DAY

On Friday the eighth of May, we had our annual Open day at Herschel. But this wasn't just an ordinary display of work. Our Open Day was unique: the girls attended normal lessons while the parents were invited to join us. The motto for the day was 'Creative Excellence', which is what Herschel is all about.

The school day started, as usual, with an assembly conducted by Mrs van Zyl. We got a briefing on courtesy, correct uniform and appropriate behaviour for the occasion. That was followed by two normal lessons.

At ten o'clock, we all had a tea-break during which we prepared ourselves for the coming activities and met with our parents. For the rest of the day, each pupil had a personal schedule, consisting of three lessons, one 'walk-about' (free) lesson, and an activity at the end of the day. Parents received a booklet with a schedule for the day and

a map to help find their way around the Herschel warren. During the lessons, the girls were supposed to be doing work that was part of the syllabus, but the teachers prepared special lessons for us that would be interesting and entertaining for the parents to watch. The parents were allowed to wander in and out of classes, participating in them if they liked. It was so funny when the teachers asked the parents questions which they could not answer, staring blankly at the teachers! We were allowed to watch other classes during our walk-about lesson.

We (Grade 9!) had Afrikaans for the first lesson. We had been preparing a special show for that day. Each group of three to six people had translated a popular song into Afrikaans (it was quite hard, as the words had to go with the music) and work out a dance to go with it. After much practising before the date, we presented our colourful, musical items enthusiastically to the parents. My favourite was the 'Spice Girls' (Pia Minchener, Clare Emslie, Banyisa Mavi and Bannie Lushwana), who sang 'Wil Wers', commonly known as, 'Wannabe'. I think that the parents enjoyed the presentation almost as much as we did! This was certainly an Afrikaans lesson to remember.

We then had Mathematics. We were working on our 'Tessellation' projects, although we spent a great deal of time explaining to inquisitive Moms and Dads what 'tessellations' are, and not much on the actual work. My design was a unique picture of a parrot, which tessellated in an intriguing spiral way, to fill the whole page.

In Science, our third lesson, we did exciting experiments. We were put into groups, each group having a different experiment to do. Our group had the best experiment, hydrogen explosions! First, we put some zinc into a round-



The Afrikaans Department making traditional Afrikaans food in the Atrium during Open Day

bottomed-flask. Onto a plug that fits the mouth of the flask, we put a balloon. We added some hydrochloric acid to the zinc and quickly put the plug on. Hydrogen gas was given off, filling the balloon. Then the balloon's neck had to be tied - I had to do it, as the others were too scared. A match, tied to the end of a metre-rule (for safety), was lit. It was brought towards the hydrogen-filled balloon, which exploded into a suspended ball of fire and a characteristic squeaky pop could be heard. The moms who came to watch got a big fright and probably went home wondering just how safe their daughters were at this school!

We had our walk-about lesson last. We were then able to watch other lessons and activities in progress, including some mimes walking around the school and, best of all, indulge in gorgeous pancakes that the sweet Standard Sixes (or should I say, Grade Eights) were making in the Atrium. They were absolutely divine! At quarter to one, the Grade Tens, Elevens and Twelvers and the parents went to the theatre for what I understand was a spectacular collage of Music, Art and Drama. The Grade Eights and Nines were entertained by a play that one of the Drama module classes performed. It was a pity that we missed the collage, but we know that there was a shortage of seats in the theatre. We went home, along with the parents, at one-thirty.

I think that the Open day was very successful, and I am sure that all the pupils and the parents who came will agree with me. Even though it wasn't rehearsed as much as the seventy-fifth celebrations last year, it ran smoothly and was delightful for everyone. The parents did not see only selected examples of work that we had completed, but they also saw us learning in action, and they seemed to enjoy participating in the activities. I think that Open Days should be done in this way in the future.

Beverley Rablhus - Grade 9

THE SUNDAY TIMES TOP SCHOOLS PROJECT

This year's Top Schools project celebrated excellence in schools in the following four categories:

National
Provincial
Mathematics
Outreach

Herschel was featured in all four categories and will receive a certificate in recognition of this accomplishment. According to Ms Penny Vinjerold, Project Co-ordinator, Herschel was one of the few schools to do so.

Our Mathematics and Outreach achievements were recognised when both were placed in the top thirty.

The following article appeared in the *Sunday Times* newspaper.

'With its airy, modern facilities and its unique atmosphere of academic freedom, Herschel resembles a university more than a school in some respects.

'But for all its whitewashed buildings and lush green lawns, not to mention exorbitant fees, this private girls' school is by no means an ivory tower.

'There is a sense of connection to the world around it, a willingness to change and an awareness of its privileged status often lacking in similarly well-off schools. In fact, in terms of outreach, Herschel is well ahead of most others. With many of its programmes still in the pipeline, headmistress Diana van Zyl is reluctant for her school to be singled out as the "outreach champion". But it is clear that much is already being done.



Matric Dance - "Parallel to Reality"



Joanna Haw in the Arderne Gardens

"I'm passionate about outreach," says Van Zyl. "We have to do it. I'm very concerned about the gaps in education. But it must be done in a meaningful way and one cannot be patronising about it either. It's not just about offering one's resources and facilities, it's about training teachers."

"One of the first things this dynamic principal did when she came to Herschel a year ago was appoint an outreach director. Maseo van Staden, who speaks Xhosa, English and Afrikaans and has an honours degree in African languages, is equally fired up about the need to reach out effectively.

"There is a growing realisation now that if you are privileged you should share what you have," says Van Staden. "I'm not interested in window-dressing. We have to have viable programmes from which people can really gain. And a great part of it is also to meet our own goals of cross-cultural involvement."

"Herschel is involved in the President's Award Youth Empowerment Programme, which sees young people from poor communities coming to the school for the training of new skills like typing, catering, art and drama, with school pupils often acting as facilitators."

GREEN ENCOUNTERS

The teachers and Grade 8s launched into spring in the Arderne Gardens to see how we could pursue Outcomes Based Education (O.B.E.). For our pilot project at Herschel, we used the Gardens as a vehicle. The teachers went through a learning process themselves, while they planned worksheets which would have specific and critical outcomes necessary for an O.B.E. programme to be successful. Mr Ralph Henry Arderne had a vision for his garden from as early as 1845. His premise was that one planted trees for life. His beautiful trees have been growing next to Herschel in an informal garden since then.



Grade 8s attired for the Historical Tea

Our two weeks had many highlights: the Victorian picnics on the lawns, quiet moments to meditate, mapping the gardens, practising *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in shady groves and water-colour painting next to the duck ponds. We will not forget the planting of four trees in the gardens on Arbor Day with Mr de Wet, the District Manager, assisted by two descendants of the Arderne family, who are at Herschel in Grade 8, Sarah Kevy and Gillian Saliman.

Mrs S. Ryan

ARDERNE GARDENS

I'm really enjoying this! Afrikaans was the best, we began acting out a piece from the book. The tree that we are going to pretend to cut down is enormous! This stately old tree makes me want to be one, but what if I were cut down?

Down he looks, and softly sighs
Shakes his sleepy head
Old and majestic, monarch, king
Ruler of the forest.

All his subjects are easily seen
From his lofty perch
And his ancient gaze reaches down
Upon all on the ground.

A shuddering pain goes up his back
His spinal cord, his life.
Out flows his blood, it gently trickles
Onto the murderers' hands.

One last shudder, one last glance
And he crashes down
The forest becomes silent as a grave
As the old tree dies.

Jennifer de Beyer - Grade 8

ROLT



MERRIMAN

JAGGER



CHOIR AND CHORALE

This year has been a particularly successful one for both the Choir and the Chorale.

The Choir competed successfully in the Cape Town Eisteddfod and were awarded a High Honours. In August they took part in the Kaapse Afrikaanse Eisteddfod where they once again excelled and won a High Honours, sharing the trophy with the Bergvliet High Singers.

The Chorale's very active year began with a wonderful weekend in Greyton when much new repertoire was learnt and fun was had by all. In May they participated in the annual Nassau Koortees to much acclaim. In the Cape Town Eisteddfod they won the cup for Unison Ensemble singing and were praised for their excellent intonation, legato singing and sensitive phrasing. They were also awarded a Diploma in this Eisteddfod in the Senior Choir section, and were highly praised for their excellent singing of Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" and a stylistic performance of "Summertime". Competing in the Ope Klas, Dames, in the Kaapse Afrikaanse Eisteddfod, the Chorale won their section, taking the medal. Again the group was praised for its discipline and fine musicianship.

Congratulations to everybody involved in both the Choir and Chorale in such a successful music year! On behalf of

the Choir and Chorale, I would like to thank Miss Barlow for her dedication and commitment throughout the year to her singing groups. The Chorale would like to thank Miss Gough especially for her unending enthusiasm and support during her final year at Herschel.

Carrie van der Hoven - Grade 12

FASHION SHOW

Filled with anticipation and expectation, my friends and I walked through the Herschel gates to witness a very important event in Herschel's History (well, our history anyway!) The Grade Elevens of 1998 were about to hold the first Fashion Show that Herschel had had since 1994.

After hastily finding seats amongst our other friends, we sat down just as Caroline Johnson and Lauren Morley were announcing the beginning of the 1998 Fashion Show. Then Johanna Jacobs, one of the organisers, came on stage and drew out of a hat the lucky winners of various prizes, ranging from beauty treatments to dinners at Planet Hollywood. Congratulations to Mary Haw on winning the dinner and to a certain gentleman in the back row who won the beauty products!

Eventually, after all the business had been taken care of, the lights dimmed and the dancers entered to a dance called



CHOIR

Back Row:	T. Ranger, Z. Beyers, K. van Wyk, D. McDonald, L. Ntshinga, C. Hugo-Lanzum, K. van Ryneveld, M. van der Westhuizen, C. Kloutz, P. van Ryneveld, G. Givazuma, L. Koon, J. Miller, S. Gilbert, N. Faslam
4th Row	A. Cawood, T. de Nurega, A. Inglis, T. Escher, C. Johnson, S. Lee-Park, S.J. Witter, V. Butwell, D. van der Hoven, A. Hudson
3rd Row:	N. Graham, N. du Preez, C. Ditcham, L. Day, N. Hopkins, S. Wesum, J. Miller, C. Davidson, M. Waller, M. Honeyman, N. Tsemann, G. Reader, K. Ellis
2nd Row:	A. Haw, E. Dodd, M. Lloyd-Roberts, M. Snyman, K. Rana, R. Ross, K. Miller, K. Round, A. Price, J. Kirby, K. Mann, L. Ismail, A. Teengove Jones
Front Row:	T. Boyd, Q. Gqobes, C. McClarty, T. Juma, Miss S. Gough, G. Ehor, C. van der Hoven, Miss M. Barlow, M. Haw, L. Mitchell, P. Rainier, L. Gelderblom



CHORALE

- Back Row: L. Day, I. Ntshinga, K. van Wyk, J. Miller, K. van Ryneveld, P. van Ryneveld, D. McDonald, Z. Beyers, C. Johnson
- 2nd Row: Miss M. Barlow, M. Lloyd-Roberts, C. Davidson, S. Lee Pan, G. Reader, N. Graham, N. Tsemach, Miss S. Gough
- Front Row: Q. Gqobo, M. Haw, C. van der Hoven, G. Elliot, T. Ismail, P. Rainer



ORCHESTRA AND WINDBAND

- Back Row: N. Basham, T. Ismail, C. Day, A. Durrant, M. Berrangé, L. Middelmann, S. Twycross, C. van der Hoven, C. Foden
- 3rd Row: N. de Preez, T. Eadie, F. Mackay, S-L. Pan, J. Miller, D. McDonald, C. Buchanan, A. Hudson
- 2nd Row: A. Trengrove Jones, K. Matun, P. Barn, C. Erasmus, S. Wesson, C. Ditcham, Z. Reynolds, J. Kirkby, V. Madden, J. Haw
- Front Row: Q. Gqobo, P. Rainer, M. McDonald, Mr S. Chapman, N. Tsemach, N. Aspinall, R. de Silva

Welcome to Broadway. Dressed in short blue skirts, high heeled shoes and waving straw hats, they were indeed an impressive sight (given the impressive cheers from the male part of the audience!).

From this moment on, there was no looking back. Girls from all grades sauntered onto the stage wearing outfits from Edgars, L.A., Jeans, Calvin Klein and many more. Girls whom I had known since pre-school were transformed into nothing short of super-models and many a time I had to consult my programme, only to find that that pretty girl with the green shirt or blue shoes was in fact a girl I had played sport with as recently as last year! Herschel indeed has a bevy of beauties of which to be proud. Congratulations to all of you, you did a wonderful job.

Caroline and Lauren had been announcing with a continuous repertoire of compliments and exclamations which filled the audience with anticipation for a glimpse of the next scene. All too soon they were announcing the closing act in which the dancers returned to the stage to dance to the music of "Stomp". Here the audience joined in, in some rowdy cheering and clapping. It was indeed a wonderful way to end a wonderful evening.

All in all, the Herschel Fashion Show was an incredible success and every girl who had a hand in it, both on stage and off, deserves to be congratulated on a wonderful effort and time well spent.

Helen Mitchell - Grade 12

DRACULA SPECTACULA

The first term of 1998 had many exciting events, one of the most significant being Herschel and Bishops co-production of *Dracula Spectacula*. The cast was made up of thirty boys and forty-seven girls making it a very large and difficult task



Niall Griffin, James Pike and Jacy Stehlik in *Dracula*

to undertake. Miss Nadia Ranne, played by Mary Haw, took herself and her pupils off to Transylvania on an education holiday which resulted in a lot less fun than expected. Dracula, played by James Pike, took the innocent teacher and the children hostage and prepared to kill them. All went smoothly for the evil vampire and his delicious mother until Dr Nick Neerupilliac saved the day and claimed the distraught teacher for his wife.

Under the direction of Mrs Tessa Steyn and Miss Martin Bradley and with the excellent choreography of Dadi Moses, the production was a super, scary and entertaining success. Much time and effort went into the rehearsals for the show and all involved came away with many fond memories and friends that will last for ever. As Stage Manager, I felt it difficult to control the exciting and boisterous crowds, yet thoroughly enjoyed my role in the play. The play came together superbly and all performances were bright, entertaining and full of energy which was much appreciated by the audience.

I would like to thank all involved for a marvellous and entertaining few weeks.

Alison Bradley (Stage Manager) - Grade 11



Dominic Adelbert and Geraldine Elliot in *Dracula*

INTER-HOUSE PLAY FESTIVAL

The excitement began back-stage as weeks of rehearsing, hard work and dedication came together to produce a highly energetic and spectacular 1998 Inter-house Play Festival.

First on stage was Merriam with their comedy *The Farnside Avenue Theatre Women's Guild Housing Estates Dramatic Society's* production of *MacBeth* - need we say more?



Chloë Abbott in Jagger's *Curl Up and Dye*

Next on stage was Jagger with a South African comedy entitled *Curl Up and Dye*. Set in a hair salon on Green Point Main Road, this performance managed to incorporate successfully both the elements of comedy and drama and proved to be a highly amusing production.

Rolt rounded off the evening, plunging the audience into total darkness, with their impressive performance of *Black Comedy* – a comical situation which arises as the result of a power failure.

Special mention must be made of Monique Welbrugh for her impressive lighting abilities.

Finally, Alan Committie, the adjudicator for the evening, gave a thorough run-through of each play, highlighting the positive aspects of each performance and offering constructive criticism to the Grade 11 directors.

The best performance of the evening went to Jagger and Patricia Angelucci, also of Jagger, was awarded Best Actress for her wonderful characterisation of Mrs Dybois.

An enjoyable evening was had by all.

Catherine Donley - Grade 11

THE EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

There may still be those who consider the Exchange Programme as an opportunity for girls to get out of school and have an extended holiday in a distant and exotic location. I must own that I once harboured such thoughts myself, but not any more. This year I have witnessed the effect the Exchange Programme has on those who take part. I have come to appreciate the enormous resources and inner strengths of those girls who can cope well with and benefit from this demanding programme.

Several of our girls and their families have been called on to show hospitality to and support for the visiting exchange students who have been to Herschel this year. In the first term, Sixtine Valdelièvre and Mia Noffsinger came from Norfolk Academy in the United States of America. Sixtine's time was spent at the homes of Sarah-Jane Morley and Laura Middelmann. Mia divided her brief visit between Joeli Watson's home and Margie Gie's home. At school, Sixtine and Mia settled with quiet confidence into the Matru common room, distinguishable from the other inhabitants only by the gentle twang of their accents.

To counterbalance their Herschel experience, both girls visited Nansindela School, a primary school in rural Kwa-Zulu Natal. The girls assisted in lessons and were much moved by the enthusiasm of the teachers and pupils in the face of the limited facilities and an uncertain financial situation. The charismatic young headmaster, Leon Glanville, who is also an experienced bush and wildlife guide, accompanied the girls and other exchange students to the Tembe Elephant Reserve and the Itala Game Reserve and other places of interest. The combination of such contrasting aspects of South Africa made this a memorable trip.

The third term saw an influx of exchange students from Australia, Belgium, England and India. Leon Deboiserie and Isabelle de Raeymaeker came from Regina Paes in Antwerp. They made a lively addition to the boarding house and, at weekends, stayed with the families of Ary Snook and Allisa-Zee Hartmann. Stefanie Swann and Michelle Fisher came from Mowbray College, Melbourne, to stay with the families of Nicola Vernon and Lauren Kohn. Claire Moore, from Banenden, Kent, stayed with Jane Bailey's family, and Anna Wallis from Woodbridge, Suffolk, joined the boarding house and spent weekends with Sarah Twycross's family. Neha Desai and Komal Dhillon came from the Lawrence School in Sarawar, India. They, too, joined the boarding house. Neha joined Nathalie du Preez's family at weekends, while Komal spent her weekends with Hovi Afram-Holmes's family.

All these girls were warmly welcomed, not only by their host families, but by the entire school community. Their contributions to Herschel were fresh and invigorating, a breeze from the outside world blowing through our corridors. They provided fascinating glimpses of their countries and schools in the Thursday Talk slot. In class, they were happy to discuss the differences and similarities between their schools and ours. Stefanie, Anna and Isabelle also visited Nansindela School and spent three unforgettable days in the Kruger National Park.

In the fourth term, it was the turn of the Herschel exchange students to venture overseas. Nathalie du Preez and Hovi Afram-Holmes were the first to leave. They travelled with Neha and Komal to the Lawrence School in India. Four girls went to Australia, Lauren Kohn and Nicola Vernon have gone to Mowbray College, Melbourne, and St Philip's School in Alice Springs. Lauren Elliot and Caryn Buchanan have gone to Norfolk Academy in the United States. Finally, two girls went to England. Sarah Twycross has

gone to Woodbridge School in Suffolk and Jane Buley has gone to Benenden School in Kent.

At the time of writing, the girls have been overseas for two short weeks, but already they are beginning to understand that the Exchange Programme is no holiday. They have traded their familiar school environment, their friends and their social lives for the unknown, where they themselves are unknown. It is up to them to introduce themselves, forge new friendships, get involved. They have temporarily halted their sound academic progress at Herschel and taken up new subjects, where others have greater expertise than they. Most significantly, they have moved away from the comforting cocoon of their families, to face the world on their own. The girls' reflections, at this early stage of their exchange experience, are as follows:

"So far the Exchange Programme has proved to be a trying but enjoyable experience for me. I feel that the more I try to get involved in various aspects of the school life and make the effort to make friends with a wide range of people, the more I am enjoying my time in England. I have been forced to become more independent and I am learning a great deal, not only about Woodbridge school, but also about interaction with all sorts of people."

Sarah Payeras, Woodbridge School, England

"It has been difficult settling down. It has also been far from what I imagined it would be like to be away from my home, family and friends. However, I have settled in well now and realised that, as time will be my home for only a very short time, I must make the most of it and take all the opportunities that come my way. I have enjoyed meeting different people and experiencing life in my new world. I've also enjoyed learning how to play a great sport, at Benenden: 'lacrosse'."

Jane Buley, Benenden School, England

"The only word to describe my exchange so far is awesome. Since I stepped away from my family and friends at Cape Town Airport, I have learned so much about life and what part I play in it. I go to sleep at night looking forward to the next day and all the unique experiences that lie ahead of me."

Caryn Buchanan, Norfolk Academy, USA

"It was an overwhelming feeling arriving at St Philip's. Everyone was so friendly, helpful and eager to get to know me. It's quite a change to be in a cruel situation. Alice Springs isn't completely cut off from civilisation: it has a McDonald's!"

Mikaela Burnett, St Philip's School, Australia

"Kowbray College is very different from Herschel. It has different teaching methods and offers a selection of sports that is new to me. I am enjoying myself thoroughly. My exchange so far has been wonderful. I am doing as much as possible, so my stay here is going to fly by."

Nicola Vernon, Kowbray College, Australia

"I'm having the time of my life. Every day is a new adventure, with more friends to meet, places to see and

things to learn - for example, not all Americans are fat!"

Lauren Elliot, Norfolk Academy, USA

"Before the exchange, I was worried about fitting in with teenagers from the other side of the world, but now that I'm here, I have to keep reminding myself that in two months' time I'm never going to see these great people again. As much as I love my home, family and friends, I'm really sad about leaving here. I am also realising that the overall success of my exchange is up to me. I have to do the school work for Ivanhoe and for Herschel, keep a diary, keep in touch with everyone at home and make the most of my stay here. All this takes time, and no one is going to do it for me."

Michelle Aspinall, Ivanhoe School, Australia

"The whole experience gives me an amazing sense of independence. I'm learning to accept things the way they are here and don't allow myself to become distressed when they don't go my way. I've learnt to make it and have fun anyway. It's simply great being able to meet new people from a different culture. There are times when I miss the security and comfort of my home and family. The exchange has taught me to appreciate not only my family and friends, but Herschel too!"

Lauren Kaba, Kowbray College, Australia

(Ilovi and Nathalie were not easy to reach, so the following is an extract from their first e-mail message.)

"The girls here are extremely friendly - so are the boys! The grounds are beautiful and there are monkeys roaming around everywhere. We are able to send e-mail messages once a week, but can always receive letters, which are the highlights of our days. We're having a great time, but missing Herschel a lot."

Hovi Afshar-Holmes and Nathalie du Preez, The Lawrence School, India

There can be little doubt that the girls' personal development is greatly enhanced by the Exchange Programme, but the demands are considerable. An exchange student's primary motivation must be to contribute fully to the community of her exchange school and to make her experience accessible and beneficial to the wider Herschel community on her return. The Exchange Programme does provide girls with an opportunity to broaden their horizons. I feel sure that this year's exchange students will return with new insights, confidence and many precious



Eight of this year's foreign Exchange Students

memories. The souvenirs in their bulging suitcases will be less important than their increased self-reliance, sensitivity and tolerance. Those who have gained the most from the programme will understand this, and will share their experiences with humility and generosity.

Ms A. Brown (Exchange Co-ordinator)

COMMENTS FROM OUR EXCHANGE STUDENTS

From Lawrence School, India

Neha Desai: When I go back, I'm never going to stop talking about my stay here. I hope that during my stay at Herschel, I made a difference in people's lives in the same way as they have made in mine.

Kunal Dhillon: When I first found out that I would be coming to South Africa, I was really excited as everyone told me that South Africa was very pretty and that it would be a different place to go to. It has definitely turned out to be pretty, as well as different, from India.

From Belgium

Isabella de Raeymaeker: I had no idea what to expect. I knew I wouldn't see elephants crossing the road, but I was very excited to get to know this new culture.

Leen Deboise: I enjoyed every minute.

From England

Anna Wallis: I had heard so many good things about (South Africa) and it has certainly lived up to my expectations. Cape Town is such a beautiful city.

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT PROGRAMME

As has been the custom for the past few years, several of our girls have been fortunate enough to be chosen to attend the Junior Achievement Programme. This year Jo Jacobs, Kate Thompson, Jade Eccles, Abo Gugusho, Zoshi Nowicki, Chloe Abbott, Chantal Delson, Patricia Angelucci, Shelley Wellens, Sally Wilson and Joanna Lewis were the lucky ones.

The Programme provides a realistic view of the world of business, and demonstrates practically how wealth creation occurs and how this benefits society. Each pupil forms part of a real-life company which operates through sponsorship by companies from commerce and industry.

Over a period of ten weeks the participants are introduced to the raising of finance, the election of directors, market research, planning and control, payment for work done, company decision making, sharing of profits and company reports, learning many skills and team-work, developing confidence and leadership skills in a strange environment - the list could go on forever!

This year Herschel has produced, amongst others, several managing directors, production managers, human resource managers and financial managers - and each company made some kind of profit!

All in all a worthwhile experience and Grade 13s are encouraged to apply for the course which takes place in their Grade 11 year.

Andrea Thomas is congratulated on entering (and passing with credit) the Oxford University Enterprise Education examination, which is offered to those who have completed the Junior Achievement course in full throughout the world. The examination takes the form of a case study of an actual mini-company and highlights the problems they encounter. Students are required to apply their knowledge from their own experiences in their Junior Achievement company in order to solve these problems. Well done, Andrea, a commendable achievement!

Mrs J. Lones

NAWAAL HENDRICKS - ART COMPETITION WINNER

The Michael's School of Art Fairheads Trust Art Competition was established in 1994 with the aim of encouraging an interest in visual art in schools. It is open to all Grade 10, 11 and 12 pupils in the Western Cape.

Selected works are then exhibited at The Gallery at the Art School. Twenty-one Herschel girls had their work displayed. At the prize-giving, held on Thursday, 3 September, Nawaal Hendricks won the Maric Category with R2500 as prize-money and, in addition, Herschel received R2000.



Nawaal Hendricks with the painting which won the Fairheads Trust Art Competition in the Maric Category



Joni Watson, Lucia Brain, Mary Haw, Catherine Day and Tiffany Rademeyer (in front) taking part in the Liberty Life Learning Channel Programme

HERSCHEL'S LIBERTY LIFE LEARNING CURVE

At 10:00 a.m. on Monday, 20 April, a group of nervous Matrics, together with an equally nervous Mrs Crutchley, gathered in the Resource Centre to host a Liberty Life Learning Channel Programme. These programmes are broadcast daily on SABC Three, and are an attempt by the producers to spread the finest education across the country. Most schools use telephones to communicate with the studio in Johannesburg, and are required to have access to a television in order to follow the teaching. Part of the challenge faced by our girls was the delay between telephone conversations and actual screening! The topic for Herschel's programme was "Othello", and the Learning Channel teacher, Janet Linterslak, had nothing but praise for the quality of the discussion. Afterwards, she said how much she had appreciated the articulate and thoughtful responses. Herschel can be proud of Mary Haw, Tiffany Rademeyer, Catherine Day, Joni Watson and Lucia Brain, who have ensured the school's future involvement in this educational series.

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY WEEK

ENGEN/DIE BURGER SCIENCE QUIZ IN AFRIKAANS

On Monday, 23 February, all the Afrikaans pupils discovered in *Die Burger* that there was an essay competition entitled: "Hoe ek Wetenskap in my skool 'n prettige vak kan maak". The Grade 8Ds and 8Is set to work; first with the vocabulary and then constructing sentences, because this tied in with their "nuwe skool" theme. The following Monday all the essays were sent by E-mail and fax to get to the Medical Research Council in time for the 12 o'clock deadline. On Wednesday, we received a fax: "You have reached the finals! Be at the Telkom Exploratorium at 16:00 on 12 March!" Excitement reigned. Not all fifty girls

could attend, as seating was limited, but seventeen girls were able to support the thirty-three contestants - Holly Atkinson, Alison Bateman and Jennifer de Villiers.

After eliminating the primary school contenders, they had to do battle with two marie groups. In the David and Goliath style, they defeated one of these, but eventually came second to the formidable matrices of Bredasdorp Hoërskool. The Herschelians performed very, very well, and won R3000, which will be used to pay for an educational trip for these girls. We all need to remember and live by the motto of this competition: "Creativity knows no boundaries."

DIE AFRIKAANSE GEBRUIKSOLIMPIADE

On 13th May a hundred and thirteen Herschel girls from Grade 10 to Grade 12 wrote the Afrikaans Gebruiksolimpiade. They joined 7420 pupils from 180 schools across South Africa and Namibia and managed to beat all but one, when the results were published. The average mark our girls achieved was 76,7% and their excellent achievement was awarded a prize of a thousand rand. Besides this, the Grade 11s who achieved above 80% in the examination have been invited to Pretoria by ATKV in July 1999.

Final results:

- 7th ALisa-Zoe Hartmann, Lisa Kieck
- 9th Emma Murray, Rabia Gauri, Marguerite Gie
- 10th Zoë Beyers, Lauren Motley, Marika Botha
- 11th Michelle Aspinall, Kirsten van Ryneveld, Louise Schönborn

ENGLISH OLYMPIAD

Herschel is very proud to have had four girls in the top 100 of the English Olympiad. Zoë Beyers was placed 13th; Geraldine Elliot came in the top 20; Mary Haw and Kate Stegeman were placed in the top 100. As a result of being in the top 15, Zoë Beyers was invited to attend the Standard Bank National Schools' Festival in Grahamstown, described in the following article by Zoë.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL

From the 12th to the 16th of July every year, Grahamstown is transformed. Hundreds of school pupils flock from all over the country to the National Schools' Festival, which is held exactly after the Grahamstown Festival. The atmosphere is friendly, vibrant and alive. The entire town, from the Settlers' Monument to the Anglican cathedral, is involved in this celebration of the arts. Each day that one spends at the Festival is a memorable one. In the morning, workshops are held; in the afternoon, lectures or productions; in the evening, performances by fringe theatre companies.

There is something to suit everyone's taste at the Festival. There are drama, music, art, language and media workshops, to name but a few. I attended an Art Spouting workshop which was one of the most memorable experiences of the festival. However, it was the productions - the plays and the cabarets - that were the most entertaining and thought-provoking. We saw an average of two plays every day. Most of the productions were done by Fringe Theatre companies. We saw the outstanding *Loverspread* with Revan Cullinan, a young Capetonian actor, and the poignant *Elephant Man* which nearly reduced everyone to tears. Other exceptional productions were *The Waterwatcher*, a cabaret called *Cadence*, and *Ipi Zombie* which was mesmerising and spine-chilling.

The Festival encouraged one to express one's own views and the pursuit of originality is of great importance. I thoroughly enjoyed being exposed to such interesting theatre, and found the experience rewarding and fascinating.

Zoe Beyers - Grade 10



Nancy Graham, Grade 10, was placed 10th in the nationwide Sanlam Unit Trusts' World Knowledge Olympiad for Secondary Schools. She won unit trusts for herself and also for Herschel.

MATHLETIC CLUB

It has been a very busy, yet rewarding, year for the Mathematics Department as far as competitions are concerned.

In March this year, a hundred and two girls participated in the South African Mathematics Olympiad. Sixty three girls went on to qualify for the second round which took place in June. In this round, fourteen of our girls were placed in the first category, which is the top twenty percent of participants.

In April, sixty five girls took part in the UCT Mathematics competition. We are very proud of our three gold award winners in this competition, namely Jennifer Miller, who came in the top ten in Grade 9 and the pair of Nathalie du Preez and Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes who came in the top

three of the Grade 10 pairs competition. We are also very proud of the thirty-three girls who received merit awards for their excellent performance in this competition.

The fact that the competitions are always over-subscribed indicates that the girls enjoy the challenge.

Mrs A-M. Rabbitts



UCT Mathematics Competition Gold Award Winners, Hoviyeh Afnan-Holmes, Nathalie du Preez and Jennifer Miller with Mrs Rabbitts

DEBATING AND TALKSHOP

Talk, Talk, 'Talk! Indeed, the sound of girls doing what they do best, talking and debating issues from the school uniform to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, has all happened this year!

The year started off with the traditional "Valentine's Day Debate". As usual, the staff proposed the motion and the girls opposed it, making for a very lively debate. The staff team - Mervon Hugo, Mervon Stanford and Miss Law - battled it out against the Matric team - Catherine, Yasneem and Carrie - and in the end it was the staff who were victorious.

The next activity was a Grade 8 parachute debate, which introduced the new girls, many of whom had not attempted public speaking before, to the art of debating. As usual, these Juniors astounded us with their wit and confidence. Congratulations to 8D who won the inter-class debates. With this group of girls, Herschel debating is sure to go far.

Working our way up the school, it was the Grade 9s who showed us what they could do next. The four classes held a mini debating competition and debated topics such as "School uniform is necessary", "Teenagers have too much freedom" and "Schools should be co-ed". After some excellent debating, 9D was declared the winner.

There have, of course, been numerous Rotary Inter-schools Debates this year. The Junior Team, which changed each week due to the vast number of enthusiastic girls all wanting to try formal debating at competition level, won the first round, but was defeated in the second round. The Senior



DEBATING TEAMS (JUNIOR AND SENIOR)

Back Row: M. Burnett, K. van Wyk, S. Harker, L. Ellice, A. Bantle, M. Aspirall, K. Grobler, L. Kuhn
Front Row: L. Tusumbe, N. du Preez, C. Day, Mrs A. Golding, T. Ismail, C. van der Hoven, K. Mann

Team, Catherine Day, Carrie van der Hoven and Tasneem Ismail, won all their debates and the senior part of the competition! In the finals they debated extremely well against strong opposition from Settlers to win the Cup for the first time ever. The topic, "Freedom is not a right, but a privilege to be cherished", was not an easy one to oppose, so we are very proud of our team and special congratulations to Catherine Day, who won the Best Speaker's Cup too.

Indeed, talk, talk, talk, has been the result this year and Herschel's debating has gone from strength to strength. Good luck to next year's head and remember to keep on talking!

Catherine Day and Tasneem Ismail - Grade 12

G K CLUB

The G K Club, short for General Knowledge Club, was initiated by Mrs Diedericks eighteen months ago. In this short time, the membership has grown, and a very enthusiastic and competitive group of girls - from Grades 8 to 12 - meet every Monday during lunch break in the German room. Seven members of this club took part in the Sanlam General Knowledge World Olympiad in May, and have performed well, especially Nancy who reached the national top ten in her age group.

The aim of this club is to make members aware of the wide and wonderful world we all share, and, although every member obviously has her particular lie of interest (which she shares with the rest), issues like current affairs, entertainment, astronomy, mythology, travel, geography, the environment, politics, sport, etcetera are discussed.

Every Monday a short quiz is held to sharpen the wits. The winner of all these quizzes will receive the latest 'Trivia' Pursuit game at the end of the year. New members are most welcome - you don't have to be a bottin to be a G.K. member!

Mrs A. Diedericks

INTERACT

The 1997/98 Interact year has been busy and successful. Cooking supper for the boys at the Haven Night Shelter was our first project. The boys wolfed down the hotdogs, baked beans and ice creams that Interactors prepared for them. Owing to the success of our first visit, Interactors again prepared supper for boys at the Haven Night Shelter in the fourth term.

The Herschel committee attended the Rondebosch Boys' High School Interact Induction. We worked closely with their committee throughout the year in organising collections and fundraising for the camp.

The last cold days of winter aided the success of our Cup for Cancer. Hot chocolate was sold in the atrium in aid of the Cancer Association.

September holidays arrived, but Interactors did not rest. We were involved (literally) in the annual Christmas Pudding Mix, buried up to our elbows in bath tubs of the mixture.

The Big Walk was held in the fourth term and Interactors assisted at watering tables and some even put on their walking shoes.



INTERACT COMMITTEE

Back Row: L. Schönborn, Mrs H. Burnett, L. Middelmann;
Front Row: H. Wilson, C. Prew, S.J. Morley, M. Haw,
J. Bonford.

Elegant girls worked as ushers at the Naxi Gala evening and were fortunate enough to view a production of *Orpheus in the Underworld*. This was held in aid of Lifeline. We held a Crazy Leg Wear and Headgear day to raise funds for our guide dog. The summer uniform disappeared under brightly coloured hats and stockings.

As Christmas neared we wrapped and sold the Christmas puddings. We also collected items for a Christmas hamper and sold the tickets to raise money for The Children's Christmas. Interactors made appearances as Noddy, Big Ears and Mr Poot at Somerset Hospital during November to entertain the children. Uncle Willy's Christmas Parties took place in the December holidays. This is a fun and well supported project.

We returned to school in January and an active term awaited us. Mrs Burnett supervised a Baking Day in the Home Economics Room with sixteen amateur bakers. The biscuits were for the St Luke's Tea Garden at Maynardville Carnival. We assisted St Luke's Hospice later in the term by providing many pairs of hands to do the washing up at their annual fete.

Our first term Cake Sale was a great success, enabling us to raise the final funds for our guide dog. We have contributed R7500 towards this cause and received a photograph of our dog. About thirty girls sold red noses at various shopping centres in early March on annual Red Nose Day.

Herschelian's earliest morning each year has to be that of the Argus Cycle Tour. We arrived in the city before 5:00 a.m. to help with the registration of thousands of anxious cyclists. Another annual project is One-to-One day. Each Interactor was matched to a child from Lebalekiem Home. Together, they participated in various activities.

We assisted Rondebosch Interact in hosting a Valentine's Dance to raise the necessary funds for our Interact Camp. This was without a doubt, the highlight of the Interact year. Rondebosch and Herschel again joined forces in managing the Asus water station at The Two Oceans Fun Run. A camp reunion was held early in the second term and it was wonderful to see the children again, although we needed name tags to remember all the names. We provided supper and played various games.

The Windband accompanied Interact on our visit to Arcadia. They entertained the residents and we served hot cross buns in a late Easter celebration. As temperatures dropped, we challenged the school to bring tins of food to build a pyramid in the atrium. We also held a Mad Beanie Day where Herschel girls were provided with another day to dress up for a good cause.

It has been an exciting year with many innovative projects. Mary was president for the first half of the year and I would like to thank her for the fantastic job she did, as did Cath, the vice-president and treasurer. The organisation of numerous Saturdays of street collecting throughout the year was managed by Laura and Louise. Jeannie and Helen were our efficient secretaries.

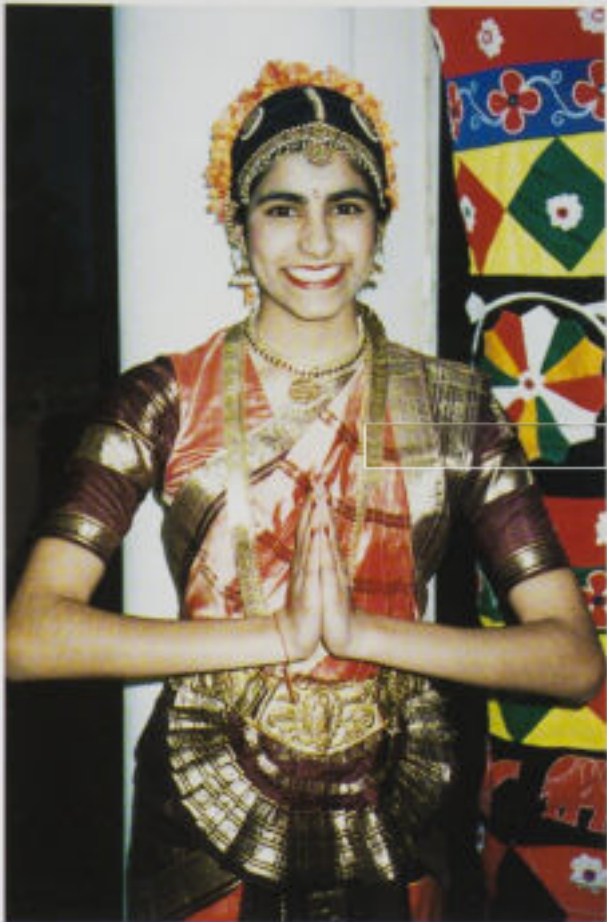
A great thank-you to Mrs Burnett for her continuous support, without which none of this would have been possible. I would also like to thank Mr Lee, our Rotary representative and most dedicated member - the only one who never misses a meeting! I wish the new committee the best of luck. Remember Emerson's words, "The task ahead of us is never as great as the power behind us."

Enjoy the rewards of Interact.



Interact raised the R7500 needed to train a guide dog. This year we met the recipient, Morné Visser. He has named his dog Whitney.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA - INDIAN EVENING





INTERACT CAMP

On Friday, 20 February, the Interact Committee saw the result of months of fundraising and planning when we embarked on a camp to Glencairn. We were accompanied by thirty-two children, the Rondebosch Boys' High School Interact team, our two co-ordinators and a trailer full of food. The children ranged between 6 and 14 years of age and were from Heatherdale and Marsh Memorial Homes.

The first night we attempted to familiarise ourselves with the children through structured games. The game of duster hockey failed miserably as thirty-two children rushed at us on each call and ignored the ball, preferring to hit one another on the head. We introduced a system whereby each leader grabbed three children and held on to them tightly, until it was their turn to play. This succeeded in tiring the leaders considerably. Bedtime arrived and twelve exhausted leaders tried to persuade the hyperactive bunch that it was time to settle down.

Saturday morning saw us rising with the sun as the first inquisitive faces peered through our window. A flicker of recognition was all they needed to storm the room and fill our sleeping bags. Their enthusiasm had not waned and a full day awaited. Breakfast was served and beach gear donned. In almost orderly lines we set out for a morning at the beach. The groups competed in a sand castle competition where everybody was rewarded with an ice-cream and we finished with a swim in the tidal pool.

The endless energy faded as the long walk back to the camp site loomed ahead. Promises of lunch and a visit to the Scratch Patch kept the pairs of tiny legs marching up the hill. The Scratch Patch fulfilled all dreams as precious stones were selected with much deliberation and jammed into the tiny bags provided.

We returned to the camp site in buses filled with cheerful singing for an afternoon swim. This was followed by preparation for our concert which was to follow supper. Apart from the group performances, many children volunteered to perform additional items which added to the evening's fun.

We were certain that Saturday night's sleep would be forthcoming, but were proved wrong. Mrs Burnett's wonderful catering had provided substantial energy and the antics continued.

We were surprised when Sunday morning brought another early start. Breakfast was hastily prepared and followed by a final swim. The treasure hunt's sweet rewards were soon collected and the process of tidying up and collecting lost items began. We ate our final lunch indoors surrounded by an art gallery of drawings.

After many hugs and goodbyes, the children boarded their buses to return to the Homes, but not without extracting promises of a reunion. We were as eager as they were (and



Interact raised R6000, through a Bridge Drive, which was donated to *The Argus Cancer Fund*.

held our first reunion in April - an afternoon of fun and games).

Originally we found some of the children difficult to handle, but we came to realise that they are all seeking the love and attention which we are fortunate enough to find in our own homes.

It was a fantastic weekend which would not have been possible without the dedication and support we receive from our Interact Co-ordinator, Mrs Burnett, and the teamwork with Rondebosch Interact and their Convenor, Mr Robertson. I would like to thank the committee too: Mary Haw, Helen Wilson, Catherine Prew, Jeannie Bornford, Louise Schiffhorn and Laura Mielelmann; your input made this possible.

Sarah Jane Morley (Interact President) - Grade 12

OUTREACH

SKILLS TRAINING

Computers

The computer literacy course offered to pupils of Thandokulu High School in Mowbray and to children of domestic and grounds staff at Herschel was the first Outreach project for 1998. On Friday afternoons participants were taught basic word-processing skills by Mrs Soole, using MS Word and AmiPro. They were shown how to compile a C.V., write letters, draw up a time-table, edit documents, etcetera. They were also introduced to the Internet and shown how to access information. Herschel girls acted as facilitators. The course ran from the beginning of March and ended two weeks into the fourth term.

Of the twenty-seven pupils who initially enrolled, twenty-three were awarded certificates at an awards presentation ceremony on Friday, 16 October.

Herschel employees who have made use of the offer of computer training for their children or relatives are: Elizabeth Marang, Shirley Ndlovu, Wellington Mawane,



OUTREACH

Back Row:	F. Koep, S. Satian, C. Moore, J. Earles, L. Schönborn, K. Snodgrass, L. Siswana
3rd Row:	C. Sylvester, J. Jacobs, Z. Dluca, S. Dlova, K. May, L. Spence
2nd Row:	A. Logan, M. Johnson, M. Walbrugh, P. Pillay, P. Gogela
Front Row:	R. Farrell, C. Cooke, F. Bromfield, Mrs M. van Staden, O. Mitchell, C. Prew, C. Cookson

Davie Mile, Rose Mungul, Elisabeth Kuenes, Luisa Kana, Sylvia Qabaka and Angeline Wilschut. The assistance of Herschel girls has been invaluable during this course, as it ensures that each participant receives the necessary individual attention.

Catering

During the second term a catering course was offered to eight pupils who took part in the President's Award Youth Empowerment Programme: two from Stembale Matiso High School in New Crossroads, and six from Masikhule Children's Home in Guguletu. The course comprised basic baking and cooking and the presentation of meals. Ms Thyra Smith, assisted by Elisabeth Kwaiman and a number of Herschel girls, was in charge of the course.

Drama

The Drama course ran concurrently with the catering lessons and was attended by thirteen pupils (four from Stembale Matiso and nine from Masikhule). Sessions focused on interaction, role play and movement. Herschel girls could use their own initiative in planning these sessions, under the guidance of Mrs Tessa Steyn and Catherine Prew.

Catering Course for Thandokhulu Pupils

At the beginning of the third term, twelve Grade 12 pupils were recruited at Thandokhulu High School for a catering course. It was presented by Ms Smith, assisted by M. Kwaiman and Herschel girls. The course comprised six one and a half hour sessions. From the first lesson it was

apparent that participants were very enthusiastic about what they were doing and all of them have a keen interest in catering. They were eager to learn anything new and, according to Ms Smith, a pleasure to teach. Everyone, including our girls, had great fun.

Award Presentation

On Friday 16 October an award presentation ceremony was held in the theatre. Certificates were awarded to 57 participants in the Computer, Catering and Drama courses. The occasion was attended by Mrs van Zyl, the Headmistress of Thandokhulu, Mrs Diane Moleko, Mr Moni and Mr Prince from Stembale Matiso; the presenters of the courses; as well as Herschel employees whose children received certificates. A number of Herschel girls who had taken part in the Outreach programme were also present. The certificates were presented by Mrs van Staden. After the ceremony, refreshments were served in the Atrium.

Feedback from participants in these courses was very positive. It was especially encouraging to see participants gain confidence as the courses progressed. Herschel girls have found their involvement to be an enriching experience. They made new friends, learnt new skills and gained valuable insights from the interaction with young people from different cultural and social backgrounds.

Visit to Townships

On Monday 14 September a group of regular "Outreachers" visited Stembale Matiso High School in New Crossroads.

They were accompanied by visiting exchange girls, as well as Herschel girls going on an exchange in the fourth term. Mrs van Staden and Ms Brown were in charge of the group.

We attended afternoon assembly (at the start of the second session of the day), where we were warmly welcomed and entertained. Afterwards we were shown around the school and served refreshments. We then visited a day-care centre in Phillipi, where the children performed for us. It did not take our girls long to get into a party mood and join in the fun! For many of our girls (and certainly for the visiting girls) this was their first visit to the townships and definitely a day to remember. They were especially thrilled with the warmth and friendliness with which they were received.

Herschel girls involved in Outreach during 1998 numbered approximately thirty. It is expected that this number will increase next year.



K.A.T. Enterprises Workshop at the Pre-Preparatory

Pre-Preparatory School

A link was established with K.A.T. Enterprises, an organisation striving to improve conditions in day-care centres and crèches in the township areas. So far, ninety-three centres have affiliated to K.A.T.

Our aim is to improve the quality of care these children receive by training teachers and childminders, most of whom are barely literate themselves.

On Saturday 29 August seven ladies attended a workshop at the Pre-preparatory School. They made puppets, collages, and musical instruments from "waste" materials. Mrs Summer and her capable staff demonstrated games and songs and gave valuable advice on how to plan one's day and keep little hands and minds occupied.

Toys, paper and "waste material" were collected by the staff and children at the Preparatory School and distributed to centres via K.A.T.

We are investigating the possibility of becoming involved at the crèche in the Westlake informal settlement near Tokai. Mrs Cowling and Mrs van Staden will visit the crèche towards the end of October. Mrs Horrester, who has a daughter in the Senior School, is the contact person.

Biology Workshop - Senior School

Twenty Grade 12 pupils of Thandokhulu High School, accompanied by their teacher, Mr van Niekerk, visited our school on 2 September. Mrs van der Merwe and Ms Scarola demonstrated Grade 12 practical work. They were collected at Thandokhulu at 14:15 and returned at 17:00.

Both teachers have indicated that this was a meaningful exercise and have volunteered to repeat it in the near future.

Visit to Thandokhulu

Early in the third term, Mr Scott's Grade 10 Xhosa class attended a lesson at Thandokhulu. They were accompanied by five of the visiting exchange girls. The Headmistress, Mrs Maleku, told them a few interesting facts about the school and its past.

Staff Development

Five members of the grounds staff are studying for learner drivers' licences and are assisted by Mrs van Staden on Fridays during their lunch hour.

Mrs Ryan has agreed to start an English conversation class for domestic staff on Tuesdays during lunch time. Books have been purchased and they have had their first lesson.

Members of the grounds and domestic staff have mentioned that they are thrilled to have the Outreach Programme extended to them and their children.

Other Projects - The Children's Christmas

The Children's Christmas pudding mix took place in the Preparatory School Hall during the September holidays.

Mrs van Staden recruited pupils at neighbouring schools to assist with mixing and the Interact club supplied a large number of girls. The chairperson, Mrs Lee, reported that everything went according to plan and the mixing was completed in two days instead of three, as initially planned.

Herschel will also be involved in selling the puddings. Proceeds go to various children's charities.

Mrs M. van Staden (Outreach Co-ordinator)



Outreach and Exchange girls at Bavumeleni Crèche

LIBRARY

"A good book is the best of friends, the same today and for ever". Martin Tupper, British Poet and Inventor (1810 - 1889)

The Herschel Library has seen some progressive changes this year, with the full computerisation enabling information to be literally "at one's fingertips".

Our Library, however, despite the benefits of information technology, cannot run itself and there are some very special people to be thanked.

Firstly, a very big thank-you to the Library Mums who worked so tirelessly behind the scenes: Lorraine Shepherdson, Ruth Weldon, Jane Whitley, Merle Brice, Gail Rainier, Jenny Grobbelaar, Sharon Hall, Caroline van Zyl and Suzanne Mullord. We certainly would not have been able to do without you!

And last, but not least, my thanks to a very special group of people, the Librarians: Alex, Tasneem, Carrie, Abby, Kirsten, Philippa, Katherine, Nixie, Abi and Lesedi. Your enthusiasm and your dedication have been much appreciated.

This enthusiasm culminated in a wonderful celebration when all the past and present role players were treated to a salmon and champagne luncheon.

Good luck to you all in 1999!

Catherine Day - Grade 12

TUCKSHOP

Business continues to boom in the Tuckshop, thanks largely to the efforts of the Grade 13 Business Economics girls, who have continued to work loyally and enthusiastically.

A big thank you to Thyra and the administrative staff for their help, guidance and patience, as well as to the mums who have dealt with the administration of the orders on a termly basis.

The pre-order scheme has continued to be popular - with four items per day now being offered. Because of demand, whole wheat rolls with salad fillings have been supplied by hard-working mums, while the ever-popular bagels and salads were provided by the entrepreneurial efforts of Andrea, whose efforts and sheer dedication to her task have been an inspiration.

The money earned by the girls for their daily efforts has again helped to swell the funds for the Matric Dance, as well as a large donation to DARG and a community project sponsored by the Tatler.

Congratulations to Andrea and Destiny on a leadership job well done and good luck to the committee taking over.

Mrs J. Lones



MEDIA CENTRE

Back Row: A. Loebenberg, N. Pasham, K. Grubler, K. van Ryneveld, C. van der Hoven, R. Farrell, L. Siswana
2nd Row: N. Abrahams, M. Stryman, K. Arkinson, Z. Dhalla, M. Wallbrugh, M. Johnson
Front Row: T. Ismail, Mrs N. Gerhardt, S-J. Morley, Mr J. Wrensch, C. Day, Mrs S. Ryan, A. Durrant



TUCKSHOP COMMITTEE

Back Row: C. Dalsen, N. Arnacki, N. Vasiljevic, C. Moore, J. Eccles, H. Terpend, K. Smidgrass, M. Wellens, J. Jacobs
 3rd Row: E. McAdam, S. Tuft, K. Thompson, J. Harris, P. Angelucci, C. Abbott, J. Moudie, C. Boyes
 2nd Row: P. Gogela, A. Logan, M. Walbrugh, C. Sylvester, L. Fernandes, L. Spence, Z. Nowicki, M. Soyman, K. Sonntag
 Front Row: L. Lawson, Mrs J. Jones, A. Thomas, D. Gagliardi, Miss T. Smith, K. May

GRADE NINE CAMP

On Tuesday, 1 September, the Grade 9s departed en masse for Mizpah camp-site, just over Sir Lowry's Pass. They were involved in a number of activities, including a visit to the power station, painting mugs, attempting the challenging rope course, cooking 'perjickos' and a visit to the Two-a-Day apple plant in Chabouw, which was kindly organised by Mr Charles Simpson, a Herschel parent.

After seeing in the birthdays of Mr Wensch and Natasha van Zyl, the weary but happy group arrived back at school on the Friday to enjoy a well-earned weekend.

MIZPAH CAMP

"Awake, wake up, Tess. Time for the run -
 Let's try and beat the rising sun!"
 As I got up, still tired from last night,
 I couldn't believe the magnificent sight.
 The mist of dawn, still fresh and new
 And the small delicate droplets of the fine dew
 Shining in the sunlight, so divine,
 All I need now is a glass of red wine.
 Something that could come close to Cape Town's greenery,
 Is Mizpah camp and its wonderful scenery
 As we emerged from Mizpah camp,



Mrs. Burnett attempting the dreaded obstacle course

And our T-shirts became somewhat damp,
 The mist was lifted by the morning sun,
 We knew that the day had now finally begun.

Tessa Radie - Grade 9

MIZPAH

Mizpah, Mizpah, ahh, what a lot of fun,
Eating and hiking and burning in the sun.

Playing duster hockey in the big hall,
Everyone enjoyed it and had a ball.

On Thursday night a lot of bonding went on,
Then by three in the morning everybody was gone.

Friday morning and ready to go home,
So I guess I should conclude this poem.

Vanessa Scott - Grade 9

MIST

The breath of morning
Covers the mountains like a blanket
constantly moving, changing in mystical patterns.

The emerging mountains, drinking in
The shadow of nightfall
As it passes over,
Leave one stunned at the
Inspiring beauty, breathless.

But soon it will be gone
Showing no sign of its existence
Leaving the mountains
To the scorching sun.

Jane Miller - Grade 9

GRADE TEN BIOLOGY CAMP

What a memory! Bonding with nature for three days,
running up and down amazingly huge sand-dunes, getting
to know your biology peers better, lying under the stars,
shielding yourself from bats, cooking yourself gourmet



Grade 11s on Camp at Mizpah

food with Ms Searola and consequently eating too much,
playing and observing the starfish and anemones in the rock
pools! That is what you can expect from a biology camp
with Mrs MacIntyre, Mrs van der Merwe, Ms Searola and
Lucy! In Hermanus, we visited the perlmoen hatchery,
before going to Potberg, with its beautiful thatch-roofed
conference centre, kitchen and sleeping area up in the loft.
A night-hike, wonderful food, delving into treasure-chested
rock pools, rolling down sand-dunes, snorkelling and swim-
ming, hiking to the cave through the fynbos are memories
we'll never forget! A great thanks to the Biology staff for
giving us all a really wonderful weekend at De Hoop.



Mrs Rabbitts, chef extraordinaire, with her
helpers on the Grade 11 Camp.

ORANGE RIVER

As I think back to any one unfortunate soul perched on the
side of one of the rafts, relying on the surface area of their
toes alone to prevent them from being shoved into the river
by a perilously nearby guide, nostalgic emotions are stirred
up. Fearful ones too, but predominantly nostalgic ones. Of
course the ending to that scenario was inevitable to any
Grade Eleven who was part of our escapade down the
Orange River. If Andrew (Keller, that is) wanted you in the
water, you were pretty much in the water.

We had no problems distinguishing between our guides -
Bill was the one with an endless collection of neither-sub-
tle-nor-charming wisecracks; Andrew was the one with hair
twice the size of his head (which was worn in a new style
every day too) and Ross was easily identifiable by that
haberdashery waistcoat of his which we all so loved. First
impressions, though, will probably not be as tenderly re-
membered by some as the first we ever saw of Bill was a
silhouette swearing at us in the dark.

We arrived behind schedule (way behind schedule) in the
middle of the night on the 27th of March, at what seemed
to be a jungle-themed base camp. Our lateness was partly
to do with the Richter-scale-sized hailstorm that we experi-
enced in Springbok, and partly to do with the fact that
Namibian border authorities were convinced that Kristin
was an illegal immigrant whom we had been hiding in our
trailer. They eventually let her through, and we settled



The Matric Dinner hosted by Mrs van Zyl

down to our first gourmet meal, home-cooked by our multi-talented guides (Bill claims to be a trained chef), after various treks across a main-main-gully to unload the minibuses.

Some of us were both energetic and brave enough to stay up bonding with the guides next to the fire, while others were both tired and sensible enough to go to sleep and leave personality discoveries to when the sun was up. Not that sleep came all that easily after we had thrillingly spotted a few scorpions wandering around - *nobody's* sleeping bag was rolled out until absolutely necessary.

We took pride the next day in taking the longest time ever to set off from base camp - we held Gravity's all-time record. Note that this was after we had to inflate all of the rafts (big rafts) with a handpump. Oh, yes, we had fun.

Bill then gave us a wonderfully inspiring talk, in which he basically told us that if we did not manage to avoid the strainers in the river, we would collide with submerged trees, get our rafts sucked under, get ourselves sucked under (life-jacket or no life-jacket), and more or less die. We set off with confidence.

Our first stop was to do some mini-knocking off two large, steep rocks sitting arbitrarily in the middle of the river. This was not only fun, but, since the river was really high and strong, it was also more of a test to see whose guide could paddle back and forth against the current the most times to collect his crew.

After getting stuck in a few whirlpools and stopping off for one rather smelly mud-bight, we found Camp Number One. This marked the birth of our highly competent baseball and touch teams, and the first time that most of us had ever seen Mrs Ryan - *Camel Woman of the Wild*. There are a few other things that you just cannot be told about, as you have to experience them, such as Mr Scott's Luigi joke,

the Train Game, and the ever-legendary Frog Song (almost any Grade Eleven will be able to sing it for you off by heart).

That night as one of us lay, undisturbed on the frigate, someone heard a worrying noise. The frigate is a large eight-man raft which Mr Scott claimed for his own bed every night - if you wanted to share it, you had to book your place nights in advance, and pump it up for its master's comfort on your allocated night (it had a very convenient puncture). The noise that was heard was more interesting than that though - it sounded like someone screaming for help in the distance, claiming that they were drowning and bleeding. We were terrified, and ran straight to the guides, who all laughed at our feeble attempt at fooling them.

When everyone finally got quiet enough to hear our evidence, stories started on how they were probably illegal immigrants, getting us to go and haul them on to their desired side of the border, and that, if they were bleeding, it was most likely that they had been shot by a policeman



Creativity at work on the Grade 11 Camp in Mirzajah

while attempting to cross the river. Andrew went to see what was happening, and it turned out to be something about two farm labourers deciding to take a large tyre tubing, in the absolute pitch black darkness.

Night two was not as peaceful as the first, for though we saw the distant clouds, black and threatening, and heard the rolls of thunder, ominous and warning, we were by then women of nature, children of the swamp - we were optimists, and Mother Nature, even if only out of pure loyalty to her sex, would not let it rain on our camp.

Oh, how we were defied. At fifteen minutes past three the following morning, thirty-five girls awoke to desert rain daring to soak their sleeping bags. Chaos was not even given a chance to reign though, before our trustworthy guides persuaded us that the storm would pass over in a minute or two, and that we could all just go back to sleep - optimism can be taken too far. It was only a few minutes before the guides were madly scrambling in the dark for canopy poles. A few unlucky people spent the night with one or all body parts exposed to the downpour, while everybody else fought for either silence or songs; crankiness ruled supreme.

Day three saw the dawning of many a valter's fear for Siamhok, that particular stretch of the river's most legendary and often exaggerated rapid. Strainers were aplenty, whirlpools were abundant, and rocks were everywhere. We did survive though, even after going down a few rapids backwards, and at the end of it all there was a large, smelly, celebration mud-fight.

There are too many things that go into five days on a river to share in an essay, like the nicknames that caught on, the awards that were presented on the final night and the jokes that were told.

Emma Berisford became "Bucket" (think about it...), Georgie was "Pinkie", Sam was "Stubby" and Mr Scott was "Ra Ra" or just "Dad" - he even had a song personalised for him. Louisa asked how many people could fit into a two-man raft and when we were all home and safe, and Mr Scott asked us if we thought we had lost any of our belongings at the camp. Alison complained that she'd left her tan behind.

It was a holiday we will hold onto for a long time, for the fun, the memories and the developed passion for Oumakus, and our teachers' vastly altered behaviour will always be a reliable source if we ever need to blackmail them!

Lauren Morley - Grade 11



Historical Society Grade 12s Victorian Tea Party

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

As part of the Grade 11 film study of David Lean's *A Passage to India*, the English Department organised a marvellously evocative Indian evening. Mrs Pilay, Mrs Crutchley and their helpers produced a superbly flavoursome meal, Parvita danced elegantly, Komal and Neha told us a little about growing up in India, Ms Bawa discussed the mysticism of the East and the sari clad Grade 11s and staff had a wonderful time absorbing this exotic culture in the colourfully decorated jasmintcented hall.



Grade 11s at the Indian Evening

CREATIVE WORK

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

As the sun sets over the Western horizon, the world holds its breath watching the golden orb sink into oblivion, because with the stillness of twilight comes the inaudible voice of the music of the night. This music is not "The Music of the Night" written by Andrew Lloyd Webber, that has been performed in countless theatres all over the world, but is rather the music of nature that is played every night with few listeners to appreciate its virtue. This is the true Music of the Night.

As children, we were often scared of night-time and the incomprehensible darkness it brought with it. Was it the monster hiding under our bed that only attacked at night? Was it the werewolf that sat outside our window through the long hours before dawn? Or was it just the peace and stillness of night that was so foreign in our lives?

As one grows older, that which was once a feared enemy, slowly becomes accepted, until it may even become a friend. Such is the case with the night, because the ominous, silent melodies of before have become light-hearted and even harmonious tunes that ring in our ears.

To the teenager, the night brings with it an air of excitement and anticipation. The comforting darkness embraces the young people and hides what should be hidden from others, while, to others, it soothes or comforts a broken heart. The coolness of night heals what the harshness of daylight would only worsen. The Music of the Night becomes a soothing melody or a tragic love song, while for the rest it is the beat of 'Techno-Music' intensifying the excitement of being young and alive.

Nevertheless, this is not the real 'Music of the Night', because we, as rushed city dwellers who live our lives on the run, force the days to go on for as long as possible with brightly coloured neon lights taking over from the sun after dusk. We scurry around all day, work long into the night, sleep for as short a time as is humanly possible and then begin the cycle all over again. So, seldom do we get to stop and listen to The Music of the Night and hear what it has to teach us. In order to hear this music, one must escape from the bustle of city life and turn to nature where the peace of night fills one's entire being.

The best concert of the Music of the Night that I have ever witnessed was on a summer's night in the Mountains of Vogelgat, just outside Hermannus. The air was crisp and the stars shone down like hundreds of tiny pin-pricks in black canvas overhead. Each star was a world and universe of its own that watches us from above. Far below I could see the lights of the sea-side village and the cars moving about frantically - each little person on his own private mission. Here I was, totally detached from life as I know it, yet for me I had never really lived until this time.

The silver slice of the new moon smiled down on me like the Cheshire Cat and every tiny creature could be heard in the stillness. The quietness was breathtaking, yet the night's Music could not have been louder. I sat in awe of the peace and tranquillity surrounding me and felt overcome by the majesty of Mother Nature. Was it excitement and anticipation of a new day that was being felt? Or was it just a sigh of relief at the end of the day?

Timid animals that cower in the harshness of day revealed themselves and, in the distance, I saw a bushblack ewe bring its young lamb to the edge of a stream for a drink of water, as she kept a watchful eye and twitching ears open in case a sudden get-away had to be made. However, it was not only the animals that emerged with this blanket of night over us, for, within me, I could feel emotions that had long been suppressed coming forth and I knew that this symphony of silent night Music would change my life forever.

That night on the mountain, I learnt a great deal for, as humans, we take so much for granted and do not appreciate the simpler things in life like the opening of a flower, dew drops on grass and the Music of the Night. We spend our lives doing things we are brainwashed into thinking are important, yet never stop to think about what is really important. Nature has so much to teach us, yet we are too stubborn to listen to its wise words.

Everyone needs to escape once in a while, away from the hustle and bustle of our lives and into the night. So, when next you do, close your eyes and listen to what The Music of the Night is singing softly into your ear.

Mary Haw - Grade 12



MUMMY'S LITTLE FOUR-EYES

After my birth my mother held me in her exhausted arms and marvelled at her perfect creation.

"Ten fingers, ten toes," she laughed.

The birth mark on my right temple would go away in time, they told her confidently. No baby is perfect. She did not think to wonder if her baby could see out of both eyes.

My troubles began the day I was born, but the problem was only diagnosed ten months later, shortly after I had taken my first steps. It was a squint, a very bad one. Almost comical, in fact, as the left eye seemingly had a mind of its own, persistently facing inwards, while its counterpart on the right darted about with all the keenness of a curious child.

Dr Black, in Kent, England, was my first optometrist, and one of my earliest childhood memories is of a chart in a mirror across the room. Big letters becoming smaller, and out of focus. Having to identify the letters was fun - I was a great enthusiast, having the stimulus of being given a jellybaby for every correctly named row. Until my right eye was covered; then I was given a jellybaby for trying.

The first operation was to be "no problem". Very routine - done on British children every day and almost always successful. Not in my case. My "bad squint" graduated to a "problematic squint", as the eye happily returned itself to its comfortable position (just left of the bridge of my nose) shortly after surgery.

"Better luck next time," they said.

On arrival in Cape Town at the age of three, it was goodbye to Dr Black and hello to Dr Grieves, the optometrist and surgeon with the best reputation in the country. I became his prime example of a "lazy eye" and he called me "princess" and gave me "sweeties" and took me to conferences.

I was given glasses. Thick ones with cherries engraved in the corners next to the lenses. My mother laughed and called me "Four-eyes".

After the second surgery, the patching began. The "princess" had to spend three hours of every day with her good eye hidden behind a sticky, uncomfortable patch.

"Oh, she looks so cute," visitors and book club members would coo patronisingly, but I hated it. The huge World became a hazy blur of nothingness - people were vague shapes in the distance, and there was no point in even trying to colour within the lines in the "Rainbow Bright" colouring books that were given to me.

To add to the discomfort, my father soon adopted the habit of calling me "One-eyed Jack", provoking many temper tantrums.

My third experience in surgery was the first that I can remember. The nasty nurse would not let me wear my own pyjamas and I had to spend the night in a hard cot, with bars all around me, making escape impossible. They sent my vigilant parents away and fed me unidentifiable food. The experience was an unforgettable one for a precocious five year-old, and I awoke three days later, groggy from the anaesthetic, unimpressed with Cape Town's medical services and still unable to control the movement of my lazy eye.

Dr Grieves was amazed and visits to his Wynberg rooms became more frequent. By the age of eight, I was beginning to feel like a phenomenon, but it didn't matter, because I loved sitting in the ornate high-backed chair, and Dr Grieves always piled three burgundy-coloured cushions on top of one another, so that his "princess" could see herself in the mirror. The lazy eye now faced outwards.

Not being able to see out of one eye will always be a way of life for me. Children adjust to the things they know, and being mummy's little four eyes and daddy's one-eyed Jack is something that will never change for me. I would not want it to.

Vanity required a fourth operation and, after hard work, I can now control my eye, even if I cannot see through it. Ball skills have never been a part of my vocabulary, and the fact that I cannot hit a tennis ball is one to which I have long since resigned myself. No baby is perfect.

The chart at Dr Grieves's room begins with an H. The same as my mother's name. Oh - the birthmark on my right temple is still there.

These are the facts that constitute my existence. These are the things I know.

Catherine Bothwell - Grade 12

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

You've never noticed it, have you? The music that comes from the soul, from the heart, from deep down inside you, a tune that echoes from every sinew that strains in your body? No, you wouldn't have. The music is too soft, too subtle, and has been drowned by the piercing, drilling sound of ambition; drowned by your drive, and smothered by your intense will to succeed. Pity.

Yes, it is a pity, for I can see it in your eyes. I can see the confusion and puzzlement that plagues you every time I laugh, every time I cry. You've never really felt it, I know. You've never felt that steady rhythm of life, the swell of the soul, or the music of the night. You've never had it envelop you with that familiar sense of satisfaction, a feeling that embraces you and wraps around you, leaving you contented and safe. The splendour and sheer exhilaration of life is something that is totally inconceivable and foreign to you. You have never let down your defences enough to feel the cool breeze of the night whisk away your pain and your sorrow. You should, you know, just once in a while, let

your fingers float in a pond, let your feet walk barefoot in the grass, and let your soul be eased by the music that plays at night.

I urge you to try it once. Try lifting your face to the wind, and try experiencing that rush that pulsates through your veins, reaching every nerve, and heightening each sensation to its pinnacle. If you are silent for a while, if you leave behind the stresses and strains of your work, your life, you will come to feel what I feel. In my world I am aware of the music of my heart and my soul, and somewhere along my life, I found the time to listen to the music of the night. As the sky darkens, so I have learnt to abandon my thoughts from the demanding routines of life, and let my fantasies unwind. By grasping them and holding on to those precious moments of sheer delight and contentment, I have become saturated with a joy for life. I can feel it everywhere, and the music of my soul stirs deep inside me, sharpening my senses, and exploring my imagination.

This all sounds strange to you, I know, and it has probably sent your mind reeling, but that is my point, you see; let go of your mind. Clear your thoughts and just be. Be yourself. Be quiet. Be calm, and you will feel it. Softly at first, but I promise you it is there, you just can't hear it now. Oh, if only you knew, if only someone had warned you against losing yourself, whilst trying to build yourself. You see, that ambition that has rooted itself in your very being has slowly eroded away the sheer joy of life you should be experiencing. That will to win of yours has eaten away at the child inside, and has left in its place an unfeeling, vacuous space that has forgotten how to laugh, and how to live. Think carefully now, do you remember the last time that you were just happy to live and were content with life? That feeling should be with you all the time, it should be in the essence of your soul.

You had it, once, before you grew up. Before degrees and doctorates, deadlines and board meetings crept into your life. The music flowed through your soul and your life, and mixed beautifully, leaving you balanced, leaving you happy. You can get it back, you know. You can return to that saturated state of happiness where everything is calm and good. You can do it, and as you start to hear it, faintly, grasp it, and treasure it. Slowly it will unfurl within you, as you listen, in awe, to the music of the night.

Tiffany Rademeyer - Grade 12

WELCOME TO AFRICA!

"Welcome to Africa," said our tour guide, grinning from ear to ear and displaying an almost toothless mouth. He was standing at the entrance to one of the most famous game reserves in South Africa, the Kruger National Park.

I am from England and I arrived in South Africa a few weeks ago. I had wanted to escape the hustle and bustle of England and go somewhere where I could relax. When I arrived in Johannesburg, I was shocked to find South Africa as busy and noisy as my home. This is what I need, I thought, as I



Lauren Kohn - Grade 10

stood looking at the endless expanse of grassland broken only by a few thorn trees. I breathed in deeply. The air is clean and crisp. We are just about to set out on a night drive.

While it is still light, our driver, Sainji, takes us to a water-hole, where he assures us that we will see animals. We sit patiently for about ten minutes and suddenly there is a rustle in the bush near us and out comes a herd of impala. They are beautiful creatures with silky brown coats and intelligent eyes. They wander gracefully towards the water-hole to drink, always alert for danger. I clutch my chest to try and stop my heart beating. It sounds so loud to me that I am sure the buck can hear it and I don't want to frighten them away. Suddenly they scatter in all directions as a group of laughing hyenas descend towards the water for a drink.

Our tour guide decides that this is the right spot for us to have a drink and watch the sun go down. I decide to stay in the Landcruiser, as I am not quite comfortable with the surroundings. The radio crackles and Sainji tells us all to climb back in. Another Landcruiser has contacted us to tell us they have just seen a lion attack a wildebeest. I sit, my thoughts in a turmoil. What will I see? More importantly, can my stomach handle it? We arrive within seconds. The wildebeest is still alive, but the lion has locked its jaws around its prey's throat. I am stunned. I finally realise what people mean when they talk about the harshness and brutality of nature. Here this poor animal is screaming and fighting for its life and it takes everything I have to prevent myself from getting involved. I could have sworn that for one second the lion looked directly at me and his yellow eyes sent a shiver down my spine.

Fifteen minutes later, the wildebeest finally died. I can't even begin to imagine the pain it suffered, but nothing is

wasted. The next day we drove back to the site of the kill and all that was left were the vultures dancing around and picking the bones.

Three days later I returned to England and I know that the memories of that holiday will remain with me forever. I will always remember that savage, yet incredibly beautiful, land where I could really appreciate and learn from nature.

Tarryn Golding - Grade 11



Left: Tarryn Golding - Grade 11
Right: Destiny Gagliano - Grade 12



THE AFRICAN NIGHT

Not a moment is silent in the African night. Every second there is noise, movement. The flash of a tail followed by a rustle in the leaves, objects of every shape and size in the sky, whirring, buzzing, humming. The African sky is black, but all around everything is bathed in a silver light from the Mercury puddle that is the moon. Pin-pricks of silver dot the sky, like glitter scattered on black paper, giving the sky a beauty that is only its own. The stark trees are sharp silhouettes against the sky, black against black, yet visible all the same. There is not a breath of wind. From a distance all seems still. But move in closer, and closer still, and you will find what it is that makes the noises of the official night, making it unique and spectacular.

Under a rock a gecko peeks out, his large round eyes scanning for danger. He scuttles out into the grass and disappears, camouflaged perfectly in the green-brown stalks. He is gone, or so it seems. You hear a croak and there he is again, up the wall and onto the ceiling of the covered verandah. There he sits in the corner, bathed by light from the lamp below. He is joined by more. They scuttle

around, croaking sporadically, content because they are safe from the dangers lurking in the grass of the African night.

The earth is cracked and dry from weeks without rain. Out of a crack a beetle crawls. Shiny brown with tinges of metallic red on his wings, he looks almost beautiful bathed in the light of the moon. Out of his tiny body a clicking sound comes, that soars into the sky, but is lost amongst the rest of the night noises. He spreads his glinting wings and launches into the air and whirrs past your ear, the noise so loud it is startling. As your eyes follow the beetle, you notice the sky is filled with tiny creatures, of all sizes, shapes and colours. Many more beetles just like the other one fly blindly around. They are clumsy and sluggish in the air, often flying into trees and walls, hitting with a fat thud and falling to the ground, only to launch into flight again.

These beetles fly towards the light too, scurrying on the floor of your verandah in masses, a mobile of shiny brown. By mistake you walk over one. Awful as it may seem, it makes the most delightful crunching sound, but much as you may like it, you know next time you will be more careful where you step.

The night seems heavy, like a weight that presses down on you. It is still humid and stuffy, but as the night wears on, it cools, and a slight breeze starts to blow that is greatly welcomed. The geckos are still on the ceiling, immobile and happy. Just below, a new visitor has arrived, the moth. He flies in from the night sky, drawn to the light as if by some invisible force. The moths that are still outside are clear against the night sky, their silver gray wings move quickly and become a whizzing blur. They too fly blindly about, colliding with all objects in their path, until they reach the light where they settle. It is strange. Why are these creatures drawn to the light? Does it mean safety, warmth? You have always wondered. Personally you would rather be outside, close to nature and the beauty of Africa. The light is harsh and the verandah boring. Out in the night nothing is still or at rest. A million creatures are going about their lives before you. The night is their stage and they are the performers. You only have to look and listen. All their noises, the clicking, whirring, buzzing, whirring, all converge into a symphony of sound, that surrounds you and wars into the inky sky.

You could sit all night and be entertained, but then you feel something settle on your skin. Glancing down, you see a mosquito happily eating you. You brush it away and realize they are everywhere. So tiny they are barely noticeable, but look closely and you will see them, hovering in the air, most of them fat and sluggish after feeding on their unfortunate victim. You pick one out and clap your hands over it, squashing it flat. The pleasure derived from this silly activity is strangely substantial. But, unfortunately, they get the better of you and you decide to go inside to avoid being bitten.

But, still long after you have gone to sleep, the African night continues. An owl flies across the sky. Crossing the moon, he becomes a silhouette, but then flies on, and the beauty

of that image is lost. A picture taken does no justice to the African night. This night is not only an image, but a unique sound, and a unique world. The world of insects and animals, where no human is really part of it. He is only an observer, a guest, invited to view and capture in his mind forever the sights and sounds of Africa at night.

Fiona Mackay - Grade 9

TIMES ARE CHANGING!

Times are continually changing and with times changing come changing fashion demands, jobs and lifestyles in general. It would, then, seem logical that the South African educational system should continually be undergoing changes.

Alas, this is not the case. The politicians in charge deem that the system worked fifty years ago and, therefore, it should have no problem serving one now. They do not realise that the foundations that they built the system on (uniforms, prefects, mandatory physical education and irrelevant subject choices, to name a few) are totally unfounded in a more modern society. It is time for the educational system to undergo a drastic change so that it is able to prepare us for the world.

First, uniforms should be outlawed. These polyester constrictions suffocate one's individuality. One cannot possibly be expected to be original and to be able to express oneself while clothed in the same garb as the general population of the school. Not only does it stifle one's creative expression, but it is also quite uncomfortable. It is, in fact, torture to wear, with continually choking collars and itchy stockings. Its outdated design makes even the simplest movement painful. A stifled sense of creativity and extreme discomfort will not help to prepare one for adult life in today's society.

The whole prefect system is another wrinkle that needs to be smoothed out. Not only does it cause one who is not a prefect to feel inferior, but it offers privileges to those who are. Prefects are given an elevated status in most schools. This is unfair because one is always told, by headmistresses and teachers alike, that everyone is equal. Also, often it is those who are most popular, not those who are the most qualified, who are elected for these positions. In general, the prefect system causes much discontent and confusion and serves no purpose in preparing one for the change from teenager to adult. The concept of mandatory physical education is another *démodé* concept and needs immediate abolition. For those pupils who are sporty, fit and have good ball skills, this concept is heaven, but let us take a look at the average student. The average student may enjoy cycling or roller-skating; sports that are not offered at school. The average student lacks exceptional skill in the area of sport and, therefore, these physical educational lessons are often the cause of extreme embarrassment. The average student cannot always catch a ball, or hit a ball, or run around for as long as a sporty student can. This makes

the average student feel inferior and "inferiority breeds contempt". This is not a very good, or enjoyable, way of preparing one for the future.

Another out-of-date concept that requires an extensive face-lift is that of the subjects offered at school. It is true that they offer one the chance to learn great knowledge, but that knowledge does not always help one to be prepared for life after school. How will Charles's Gas Law help one to live a moral and fulfilling life? Will knowing about the human digestive system really help one to be ambitious? If one learns all of one's circle geometry, will one be a better person and be able to communicate with others? No! One should be taught useful skills like communication, improving one's self-esteem, and learning to understand one another, instead of calculus. If these concepts could be brought into the current curriculum of most subjects, or separate classes offered to help one improve these essential life skills, then the educational system would indeed be preparing its students for their post-school years.

From the points offered above, one can see that the current educational system is the cause of many problems after school. Currently, when one graduates from school, one is thrown off a skyscraper and expected to land on two feet. One does not expect what one is faced with after school, because one is not taught how to react in such a situation. One does not know how to deal with the change from a school environment to the 'real world'. It is the South African educational system's responsibility to prepare us for 'life', and it is currently failing with an F-symbol.

Nadia Donnelly - Grade 12

WE ARE EACH OUR OWN DEVIL AND WE MAKE THIS WORLD OUR HELL

We are each our own devil, filled from top to toe with cruelty, dooming the world with each newborn baby and turning this world into our hell.

How many of us have witnessed a mother entering a shopping mall and carefully instructing her little child to scream until the rooftop would lift, upon her refusal to buy the child a sweet? It would greatly surprise me if anyone had been a witness to such an incident, because, in fact, we all know that children need no training in acting contrary to their parents' wishes. This proves my point that all humans are sinful from their birth and that their sinful, devilish natures stay with them until death.

From a very early stage of our lives, we all have a will to disobey. We are very seldom encouraged by others to think foul thoughts, to utter hurtful words or to perform dishonest actions. No, in fact, we are often discouraged from pursuing these things, and yet they sneak their way into our lives. The devil, or Satan, as we know him, created a job for himself which consists of tempting others to do evil, making the evil look attractive and mocking all that is good.

Can we not see ourselves fulfilling such roles as these? We think of tempting others as well as of tempting ourselves. Do we not tempt others to feelings of jealousy when we boast of our new vehicle to them? Do we not tempt ourselves when we pick up a pornographic magazine, watch a filthy television programme or sit down to gossip about others? Do we not see girls making the evil look attractive, when they go out on a date wearing the minimum amount of clothing and thus promoting sex out of its intended context? And do we not mock the virtuous things when we laugh at those who are still virgins? Yes, we are all guilty of these things and many more, for by no means should evil doings only be defined as something as extreme as murder. And in confessing our guilt in these things, we confess that we have each become our own devil.

That our world has become "hell" is difficult for anyone to deny. Unless you intend to fool yourself, you will soon realise that the earth is no longer the Garden of Eden which it was originally intended to be, but that it is now riddled with evil. The destruction of our natural environment, warfare, poverty, increasing crime rates and overcrowded spaces all bear witness to this fact.

Whatever your beliefs are, somehow the earth must have come into being. According to the Christian point of view, the world was created by God, and He made it "good" as we read in the book of Genesis. However, if the world is bad at present, then someone or something must have brought about this change. Once again, Christians believe that Adam and Eve introduced sin into the world, there in the Garden of Eden. Assuming this as truth, it means that human beings have introduced every single one of the bad things in the world, reinforcing my point that every human being acts as his own devil. Therefore, it is not strange that humans, having evil natures and performing evil deeds, should have turned the world into an evil place - so evil that one can compare it to hell.

Many people today refuse to accept the fact that they are sinful and of devilish nature. They choose to blame their unjustified actions upon society. However, they serve only to illustrate further my point, because if we perform sinful deeds as a result of the society in which we have been raised, then that means that society must be evil. However, if we say that our society is devilish, then we cannot come to any other conclusion than that we are the devils of our society.

It is time for the human race to face the fact that no exterior forces are needed to promote evil in the world. We are the devils and evil springs from our very own nature, and, as a result of our sinful natures, we have transformed our world into our hell.

Mariko Botha - Grade 12

LIVING IN A WORLD OF MASKS

We go through life each day accepting our surroundings for what they are, but are they really what they appear to be? Do those around us really mean what they say and do?

To me this world is a confusing place. Every day I love it for all the beautiful things it brings and creates, that are real and solid and here. I love the sunrises from behind the magnificent mountains of the Cape, which have a different magical quality every morning. I love all the different trees with their different characters and personalities that are created by the shapes their branches, leaves and varied coloured tones make. But most of all, I love the clouds that are constantly changing their soft, friendly yet majestic shapes. These parts of nature are exactly what they appear to be and have no hidden agendas or insincerity about them.

However, when I turn to those I am surrounded by each day, I do not see unmistakable sincerity and truth. In fact, very little is ever what it appears to be.

On most days I go about everything without questioning those around me, but occasionally I find myself stopping to open my eyes and wonder how much I really know about those I am surrounded by. It is during these moments that I feel completely and utterly alone and I wonder if the complimentary comments I might have heard that day were really meant. I wonder if the smile I received from a certain "friend" was real, or if she just saw it as the appropriate thing to do while being watched by other friends. After all, she would not want to ruin her reputation as the caring, bubbly, warm one of the crowd. In fact, I can often feel that she does not really mean it, especially when she forces on a stiff smile when we have opposite opinions about something.

Why are people always so afraid to offend, that they would rather be false and dishonest? Can they not see that having one's own opinion is not a bad thing, but a right that everyone has? If everyone understood this, maybe one could express one's true feelings without the fear of offending someone.

I often feel so irritated and angry when listening to a conversation with little truth and sincerity in it and curse society and its expectations for stifling people's honesty. Following a fashion trend is just one example. Another way society can actually stifle one's opinion is through the media by practically brain-washing hundreds of thousands of people into believing that certain pathetic, totally unintelligent programmes and movies are witty and extraordinary in every way. To me, classic examples of these are "The Simpsons" and "Jurassic Park". It worries me that people are so captivated by such mindless nonsense and I feel very alone when sitting among people so impressed by these things. It often makes me wonder if I have no sense of humour or if I am simply surrounded by idiots.

It scares me when I find myself following the crowd too and not saying what I truly mean, hiding my true self behind a mask. I often think that when I go into a new place I will get away from all this falseness, but I suppose it is found everywhere.

I hope that one day people will love and respect themselves enough to show the world who they really are and what

they truly believe, and will actually recognise those who are wearing masks.

But who knows? Maybe until the age of enlightenment can be reached through truth and reality, the mask is what is needed to keep this world as peaceful and without hate and conflict as is possible.

Mnandi Ridley - Grade 12



Nawaal Hendricks - Grade 12

Winning Painting (senior section) of the Fairheads Trust Art Competition 1998

VANISHING AFRICA

The Man in the broad brimmed hat lay still in the grass; a leathery man, sun-dried like the desiccated bush around him. He was as much part of the bush as he was not, with his camera and binoculars and note book, in a region where paper was as unknown as the colour green. And, most noticeable of all, the man was white under his tan, white in a region where the sky alone offered any contrast to the shades of brown. He lay like an extension of a rock, still and silent, watching.

As he lay, the dry grasses bent slightly under a free wind, free of pollution, free of the chains of skyscrapers in city streets. Indeed, this wind had never seen a city before, though the man. But it soon would, reflected his mind. Chilled by this idea, the man stared at the grass; drinking it up with his eyes, forming a memory. The wind died down, vanished.

There was a slight movement in the sparse shade of a tree which slouched nearby. A barely discernible flicker of white and black identified itself cautiously as a zebra. The man sensed another presence. He turned his head, saw nothing and looked back, only to see shadows under the tree. It was then that he noticed the hunter standing like a black king on a chessboard square of pale grass. The hunter's arm ended in a strange sharp point: no, it was the spear he held like an extension of his own body. He was poised, with stealthy, feline grace, but not to kill. He had seen the man in the long grass.

Their eyes met for one brief second, and in that second the man saw all of Africa in the hunter's black gaze. Wild, brave, wise, but more than anything, free. And at that moment, the camera felt like a lead weight hanging from his neck and his binoculars were useless, for they could never pierce the distance with as much intensity as those eyes which contained a free spirit, an uncontaminated soul. Then the hunter turned and soundlessly stalked away, a brown bull hounding limply on his back, leaving the man to his contemplation of the zebra. But when the man turned to look, it, too, had vanished.

Zoë Beyers - Grade 10

AFRICAN NIGHT

A toktokkie pebble scuttles over my foot and the scintillating embers in the stone braai are making a warm glow, barely piercing the cloak of darkness around us. The bush is asleep, so we think, but I often catch a glimpse of a pair of luminous eyes peeping out from behind a camel-thorn bush. The hush is waking up.

I get up and leave the comfort of the camp-fire. My feet make a crunching noise as I walk over the thirsty grass and dried branches. A mongoose sprints across my path, but it does not make me jump. The night creatures are no match for the city taxis that come out from nowhere, come to a grinding halt, hoping you'll get on.

I stop and lean against a rotting Baobab tree. The strangest thoughts run through my mind. Thoughts about school-work, my pets at home, even movies I might be missing on T.V.! It's amazing, when you're in the city, the hubbub and speed take you over, and you long to get away from it all. But when you're here, surrounded by all this natural beauty, you can't help wondering what you're missing. I feel guilty for wondering.

I look to the heavens, the stars paint a picture and fill the sky with wise and heroic mythological and folk-tale characters. The tree I lean on, in its silence has a thousand tales to tell. But no-one asks, so the stories she has seen will remain a secret.

A light breeze dances in the grass, like a soft melody, and the grass follows the rhythm. Looking at the stars, as if

someone has pierced the black sheet and the sun's light shines through, I feel I could be anywhere.

A feeling of pure elation and content fills me and I think I might just burst into song, or do something irresponsible. The ideas send shivers down my spine. No money worries or family disputes can reach me here. I have an aura of wisdom about me, and I begin to think about the destruction of rain forests, the ozone layer and pollution. These things make me both angry and sad. But tonight I feel as if we can overcome them. I feel we are bigger than all that.

I always think of such strange things when I am out on my own in a beautiful place; I become very philosophical. An owl hoots, and I'm sure I see a pair of kiwi-trait eyes, a bat perhaps.

We hunt the animals of the bush, give them reason to fear, but at night, here, where no night drives take place, the animals go about their business as they did even a hundred years ago.

As I look out on the silhouette of crossing hills and plains, I feel a strange 'sick' feeling inside, when I realise that I won't ever share a moment like this again with the African night and its "people".

A racking laugh slices my thoughts with no sympathy or remorse. It is not a hyena or strange bird, but the silents in our camp, who have had too much to drink and ruin the tranquil atmosphere of this African Night.

Tamsin Ranger Grade 9

THESE THINGS HAPPEN

(The following poem was written by Julia Smuts-Louw, Grade 11, and published by Zwela Books in "1, the Living Arrow", an anthology of young South African writing.)

Mrs Khumalo?
Mrs George Khumalo?
Could we step inside?
We are sorry to have to inform you
(no thank you)
that regrettably we must tell you
(grouit better sit down, Mrs Khumalo)
We are sorry to have to inform you
that regrettably we must tell you
that it is our unpleasant duty
to report the news
that your husband
was shot dead
twice, in the head
on the corner of Park and Jameson
at 8 o'clock this morning.
Nobody's fault, Mrs Khumalo
(especially not ours)
You will forgive us if we leave now
duty calls
You will forgive us if we leave now

(before your numbness
splinters into realisation -
how awkward that would be)
You will forgive us
if we leave
(feet shuffling
heads bowed and wagging
eyes full of
guilt? grief
compassion? relief)
Our condolences, Mrs Khumalo.
These things happen
(just not to us.)

Julia Smuts-Louw - Grade 11

COMPOSED UNDER GRANDFATHER'S SNOOKERTABLE

A warm orange glow dances eerie shadows on the moss-like carpet on which the snookertable is standing. The big vase-like, sturdy wooden legs surround and guard me from sounds coming from the living room, or approaching footsteps.

I am alone in this room, alone under the table, alone downstairs. My grandfather's snookertable hangs over me like a threatening cloud. I feel intimidated and small, but it is a strangely pleasant feeling, because here I can be whom-ever I want to be. I can tell the darkened corners about my perfect life and dazzle them with my knowledge. I can also remain silent. The table understands and it is also silent. It does not reveal the secrets of the past that has surrounded it.

I can be the mysterious girl under the table, plotting a psychopathic revenge on her arch-enemy. I can press flowers, paint or plait my hair.

As long as my grandfather is alive, the snookertable will be here. It will be placed here, in the middle of the room, serene and content, unchanging, maybe gathering a few dust particles now and then and not moving. In about ten years' time, I will return and sit underneath this monster again and I will have altered dramatically...

But while I am lying here, selfishly worrying about my identity and what I want, people are starving, freezing, and bleeding. This moment of compassion and empathy won't last forever, I realise, because in a few minutes I'll go and eat and climb into bed and dream sweet dreams.

Allisa-Zee Hartmann - Grade 11

THE CHRISTMAS CARD

Carrie sorted through the pile of mail as she wandered from the post box up the driveway towards the house. The sun was just setting and the sky was a glorious mixture of pink, rose, lilac, purple and many other colours, yet unnamed by man. Her breath drifted out around her head like a halo



Above: Lisa Womersley - Grade 12 (Mary Muller
Picture of the Year)
Below: Andrea Thomas - Grade 12



Above: Mnandi Ridley - Grade 12
Below: Mnandi Ridley - Grade 12





Top: Lauren Hemmes - Grade 12

Bottom: Lauren Kohn - Grade 10



Top: Tarryn Gibson - Grade 10

Bottom: Lauren Elliot - Grade 10



Dominique Hazell - Grade 12 - Dyptych

and she knew by the crispness in the air that there was snow on the way. That would be jelly. Then she and Sally-Anne could go sledding on Barry's Hill.

As she reached the front porch her eye was caught by a pale pink envelope addressed to her in spidery gold handwriting. A smile crept up the corners of her rosebud mouth. Aunt Stella: only she sent letters like this.

Aunt Stella was Carrie's favourite aunt, not that she didn't love her others, she just loved Stella...well...let's just say she was Stella. This petite mildly eccentric lady was Carrie's father's older sister and seemed to Carrie to be a link with the past. She always had her hair pinned up in exactly the right way, her dresses (gowns they might be called) were always of a pastel colour.

As Carrie entered the snug, modern kitchen of her family's farm house, she pictured Stella sitting at her old-fashioned writing desk in Carrie's favourite dress, (the blue one with the white bodice and the darker blue trimmings) meticulously writing out her name and address.

Smiling at the thought, she sat down at the oak kitchen table and opened the envelope. Out of the envelope slipped a card with a picture of the stable with baby Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the donkey and the rest of the animals usually depicted by artists in this scene.

As she gazed at the card, a shape in the bottom left hand corner of the card caught her eye. A cat! Now there was something you never heard of in the Christmas Story.

"I wonder if there could have been a cat?" mused Carrie out loud. She leaned on her elbows, pondering the possibilities.

Curled in the ox's stall, the cat thought back on its day, sitting on a low wall watching the people stream into Bethlehem. His master's inn was full: that had meant more people at supper and more scraps for him. He was content with his full stomach, but his senses told him not to sleep yet, as something special was going to happen tonight.

Suddenly he pricked up his ears. Footsteps? He lifted his head as a light approached the door of the stable. His master, with a man and a woman; what were they doing here? By the look of things it wasn't just going to be the usual tenants in the stable that night. They had guests!

Carrie smiled as she thought this. It sounded so ridiculous, but so possible.

As the cries of Mary's birth-pains died away and were replaced by the baby's gurgles, the cat crept closer to see. The woman wrapped the baby in clothes and placed him in the manger. He did not seem frightened by the soft lowing of the oxen in the barn; in fact, the sound seemed to delight him.

The cat felt that this baby was special and moved closer till he sat bolt upright on a bale of hay at the head of the manger. The woman smiled and leaned out to stroke him.

Again Carrie smiled. She knew cats and for how long they could sit. She could imagine the cat sitting there

throughout the evening, through all the visits of all the different people who came to see Jesus on that special night.

The cat woke in the early hours of the morning. Something was upsetting the baby. The cat leant over to take a look. Some of the swaddling clothes had fallen off the baby. He was cold!

The cat, knowing how cold humans found the night air, jumped into the manger and curled up next to the baby. The baby let out a coo, then cuddled up to the cat and both of them fell asleep.

Candice Etzine - Grade 9

A FOOL SITS HERE

A mother's love one won't forsake
But mine from me cruel Death did take
or so I thought, quite some year back
when aged wisdom I did lack.

But had I looked with open eyes
And been just that little more wise
I would have seen that what seemed no more
Was there, much stronger than before.

It was then I thought that no-one cared,
That I, alone, was very scared.
Now I know it seemed that way because
Everyone else was scarier than I was.

I did not know which way to turn -
Back then I still had much to learn -
It seemed that there was no-one, yet,
To fill the space that Death had left.

But now I see, and I'm aware
That space was never even there.
There was nothing that I had to find -
The Illusion was only in my mind.

There were people all around that would
Give me love whenever they could.
If only I could have known and seen
How much happier my life could have been.

As time went by and I grew older
My world seemed to grow much colder
Every day I tried to be
Someone else - Anyone but me.

I was turning away from pain
And I knew even then it wouldn't last.
I knew my friends all truly cared
But I was still so very scared.

I turned away from needed support
I turned away their love, and fought -
Until the day I realised I was wrong -
And looked for love; but it was gone.

I thought I'd turned everyone away,
I thought I'd never hear anyone say
The words I'd been needing to hear
I thought everyone was gone - when they were really very near.

I felt alone, when all along
The love and friendship was going strong,
Just waiting, waiting for the day
When I'd chase old fears away.

Now I no longer try to be
Anyone else - I'm not afraid to be me.
I know the friendships I have are rare
And I know my friends will always be there.

I know I looked with closed eyes,
I know I wasn't very wise,
I thought I'd lost those things most dear
And so you see, A Fool Sits Here.

Megan Lloyd-Roberts - Grade 8



Left: Sarah Louw - Grade 11



Right: Patricia Pletzer - Grade 11

I AM A CLOUD...

Fresh and new, I drift my way across the huge sky. I have no obligations and only freedom. The blue horizon knows no ends and I never have to worry about what tomorrow may bring. Fluffy wisps fly past me and get left behind, lost to the immense blue ocean of sky.

A playful breeze picks me up and throws me about, rustling the leaves of the trees below us. It gathers strength and begins to whistle shrilly through gaps and cracks of rocks.

Away I go to meet the horizon. Others follow willingly and silently behind. As they catch up, I slide over a mountain peak with the wind which helps me. I soon am dissolved by a white, silky mass. Together we are formidable and powerful. We are able to destroy and help, cause misery and joy. Mystery and foreboding hangs around us.

The rushing wind suddenly changes direction, suffocating us as we are pushed against the side of a high mountain. Anger at the wind boils inside of us as we let out our fury on the cowering world below. The glare of lightning illuminates the sky and the fiery, rumbling rumbles of thunder make hearts stand still. Our energy disappears as our water droplets let go of us and plummet to earth. Slowly but surely, we admit defeat. Our vigour is gone and companions are lost, so we catch a draught and wash peacefully through the bright sky.

Alison Bateman - Grade 8

I MOST ADMIRE...

Of all the geniuses who have earned their paragraphs in the textbooks of the tortured pupils who have to study them, not one of them has the admiration I have for the man who invented the soap opera.

Now here is a deserved Nobel Prize winner, a person who employed the sheer brilliance of a genius when he realised that the man on the street, bored with life's dull realities, is in a pathetic need of some form of escapism – and voila! The soapy was born; thus enabling every bored housewife, every pre-pubescent teeny-bopper with romantic notions of their first kiss, every retired pensioner, with a life about as exciting as the fluid with which they clean their false teeth, to flit into a perfectly produced plastic paradise.

What better remedy for a troubled viewer than to wash away dirty reality with a soap that leaves one with a sad sense of contentment that at least one is safe in the knowledge that your mother is your mother, and not actually your grandmother who is pregnant with your son's child and is possessed by the devil. Or that one does not have to deal with the fact that the husband you believed died in a car-crash is not only alive, but having an affair with your best friend! How blissful to be totally absorbed in the scandalous lives of characters who, usefully enough, are all named after some sort of geographical feature (Brooke, Ridge, Cliff spring to mind), and not get involved at all.

For a suspended amount of time we can float above our earthly troubles into a heavenly world of gods and goddesses, whom we revere for their luminous skin and sculpted forms. "Forget your boring lives!" the Soap Opera croons. "Lose yourself in this seductively clichéd world of romance, passion, tension and revenge!"

A world devoid of such mundane trivialities as dislodging matted hair from the shower drain, or cleaning navel lint. And have you ever once witnessed a bold, beautiful charac-

ter answer nature's call? How utterly tedious. Their attentions are focused on much more profound and meaningful things, which only happen in the days of these characters' lives. (I have yet to meet a person who has, while suffering from amnesia, been captured by an Arabian Prince and taken to some Middle-Eastern palace, where she is to be waited on like a queen by a multitude of willing servants.)

"Nonsense!" you scream disbelievingly. "How ridiculously sentimental and soppy." Yet just one episode is potent enough for a life-long obsession. Not only is the soap opera a blissful means of escapism, but it adds new dimensions to otherwise gossip-free conversations, creates a sanctuary into which one can slip to forget impending bankruptcy and the like, and reduces hard-boiled career women into salivating zombies between those golden happy hours of four and six.

Of course, it would be a heinous sin to admit one's addiction, but secretly I salute the soap opera's inventor for allowing the woman in me to take a daily journey into a dream-world wherein one can sob tragically without the fear of a mascara streaked face!

Shahra Sattar - Grade 11

I AM

I am all I see
The slide in a park
Rain pouring down a window,
I am all I hear
An ambulance's wail
The bark of a wandering dog.

I am all I feel
Frozen on a winter morning
Happy that Saturday's arrived.
I am all I taste
The sherbet in a sacker
A juicy hunger.

I am all I remember
Chasing a cat around a table with string
"Chicken and chips and a pink milkshake please".
I am all I've been taught
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H ...
Don't leave wet towels on the floor.

I am all I think
problems
wishes
goals.

I am like the gas in a can of Coke
But one day someone will open it and I'll be at last revealed
to the world.
I am the next generation.

Helen Andrews - Grade 8

WHEN I AM TWENTY-ONE

When I am twenty-one,
I will not look back.
I will have crossed the ocean
of my life-long map.

I will walk with a determined step,
Win, lose, triumph or fail.
Leave my foot-prints in the sand
I will have walked the trail.

No, I can't wait to be twenty-one
to own my own car,
To hold my life in my hands,
but the journey's long and far.

So, I'll wait for a while
I like the way things have been.
I'll learn to be young first -
I'm happy being fourteen.

Olivia Rumble - Grade 9

TWELVE YEARS OF SCHOOL

Twelve years of my life have been allocated to an education, the toddler for my future. The time is almost here to cancel the patterns and limits of this indoctrination and to apply my learnings outside the classroom. It is only now that I begin to sense the encroaching post-matric limbo I am destined to encounter.

I had not anticipated this antagonistic attitude to extra-curricular existence. After years spent in reviling and detesting all vulnerable aspects of the school system, in this case, including all teachers, excessive or pointless (often both) workload, annoying pupils (anyone achieving excellence in one or more areas - being pretty was a dubious offence) and any attempt to repress me or make me conform, I am about to be exiled, released, vindicated. I anticipated euphoric sentiments regarding this expurgation, free at last, to live a rock-star's life of unimaginable excess and unsupervised, wanton behaviour.

Reality struck hard. 'The suburban purgatory in which, as a graduate of an all-girls' private school, I am to be sentenced, is one of direct undesirability. 'Tertiary education or menial labour constitute my fate if I am to evolve as a self-sufficient woman. Further education, having been approved by the parental figures - and providers, seems to be the more probable option.

So (almost) voluntarily, I admit myself to several more years spent institutionalised, immersed in academics, perhaps an escape from the hard reality of a life unprotected, uncensored and unguided, out of school, or maybe some yawning chasm in the education I have received begs a deeper study outside the confines of Herschel Senior School. I concede the former is more likely.

A life-time's schedule is to be discarded. I have spent years devising this schedule - only to be notified that Life After Matric would not, as I had hoped, be composed of week-long festivities and waking up two days later to cold pizza and an afternoon appointment at the shopping centre in search of a new piercing, but instead of hard work, life insurance and the Home Affairs office.

There will be no detentions, mark-readings or admonishings for incorrect hair accessories, but we forget this leaves us with a mammoth responsibility. No bells, we must learn to tell the time without delay! No monitoring or incessant nagging to complete our work in time, we have to push ourselves! No-one cares any more how the deadline is met, as long as it is, and we alone are responsible for ourselves.

So, it is with fearful tread that I approach these years to come. I welcome the good times, but concede to accepting the bad, as long as they do not dominate my future. Embracing my fortune of another four or five years of study is the next step, but this will not, I feel, be a likely proposition until I have completed my matric and enjoyed a long and delirious holiday!

Lucy Stehlik - Grade 12

THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

A POLITICALLY CORRECT FAIRY-TALE

I'm sure many of you have read this story before and you probably criticised a few of the details in the story. Like why, for instance, was the prince so lonely? There are plenty of single young men and women out there who are quite content with their marital status and, although they may be alone, they are by no means lonely. Why did it have to be a princess that he was to marry? There have been a few cases when women without any royal status have married into a royal family and made a much better princess than some spoilt little royally-born brat would have done. Take Princess Diana, for example. She was not royal and yet she couldn't have made a better princess. And so, I have decided to write a new, modern, improved, South African version of "The Princess and the Pea."

Once upon a time (about the end of the 21st century) there was a prince. Not a handsome prince, just an ordinary, regular young man, who was quite pleasant and reserved. He was content and had many associates who would often come around on Sundays to enjoy the leisurely occupation of watching the rugby or of playing a round of golf on the palace's own golf course. The prince chose not to complicate his life with getting married. This displeased the queen no end. She would constantly pressure him to settle down and marry a nice girl. But he was not interested. "I am waiting for the right girl at the right time," he would say.

"And from the right family background," she would hint. The prince would not reply, but just roll his eyes and sigh and return to finish his eighteenth hole.



Nicola Salmon - Grade 10

One day the family had just said goodbye to Nelson and Graca, who had joined them for a braai and a round of golf on the palace green, when the intercom buzzer rang. It was a woman, selling beauty products. The prince opened the door to a young woman 'of colour'. She was not unpleasant to look at and had a temperament that many considered to be more pleasant than most. She was verically challenged and was of lighter than average weight for her height. "Hello, my name is Cecilia and I'm an Avon lady," she sang cheerfully. "I have a wide range of beauty treatments that are natural, organic and most certainly not tested on animals." The prince, being a man of the nineties, did not consider buying moisturisers and facial masks a problem and, because he was in touch with his feminine side, he had no trouble using them. After Cecilia had left, the doorbell rang yet again. It was Cecilia, whose car had stalled and, being a bit economically disadvantaged, she did not own a cellular telephone and could not phone a tow truck. The two of them sat down and had some Granola Bars and rooibos tea. They discussed the economic issues of affirmative action and employment equality in the Southern African work place. So deeply were they involved in this fascinating conversation that they totally forgot about the time and the mechanically challenged vehicle. It was after eleven o'clock and, therefore, too late to deny a tow truck operator his constitutional right to sleep. This being the case, she was invited to retire to the alternative bedroom. The prince explained the situation to the queen, who took her some dinner to her room. The royal family did not have any servants, as they did not consider it morally correct to enslave a member of another race to work for

their selfish needs. After Cecilia had eaten her chicken and peas, she helped the queen to place a mattress and bedding on the bed, but they did not notice a rather small green pea under the mattress.

In the morning, Cecilia commented on some rather unusual orthopaedic problems. The prince, being very self-critical by nature, took full responsibility for her injury and, to make amends, he offered to enter into a lifelong contract of marriage. Cecilia, who preferred being an independent woman of the nineties, refused his proposal and so the prince generously sent her home with a sealy-posturepedic bed.

Alice Thompson - Grade 8

"NOTHING IS POLITICALLY RIGHT WHICH IS MORALLY WRONG"

In the ever-changing, ever-progressing world of today, societies and the individuals making up societies are faced with a vast number of choices, many of which involve morals and politics. This leads to a dilemma. Since the educated individual does not only consider the effects that his choice will have on himself, but also the effects that it will have on the society of which he is part, he now faces the seemingly impossible task of deciding whether, if a choice is politically correct but morally incorrect, it should be made. The answer is, quite simply, no.

Morals are a set of self-made personal laws which govern an individual's actions. They are formed by one's personality and perception of the world. As we live, we gradually build up in our minds a picture of what we perceive to be the correct way of living and acting. Our morals form a kind of code to which we feel we must adhere, as moral values are very closely related to one's conscience. Morals are essentially what keep societies from the primitive state of lawlessness and savagery. Thus, in those societies where chaos and violence are rife, one can say that there are no morals. Morals are, therefore, of vital importance to a society's functioning and well-being. Moral values are more or less common in a society; the individuals in the society will tend to share similar outlooks on life and the correct way to live it, having had similar backgrounds. If the society lacks morals, it lacks a conscience, and will, therefore, no longer function successfully as a unit.

Although society functions as a whole, it is made up of many parts. The actions of each of these parts affect the well-being of the society. Our morals influence the way in which we act. That people uphold their moral values is vital to their well-being. If one makes a decision which is morally wrong, it affects one's actions negatively. This, in turn, has negative repercussions which spread throughout the society like a contagious disease. A decision which is morally incorrect is, therefore, a dangerous one with regard to the functioning of society. Because morals lie at the core of

our beings and are essential to our humanity, and because individuals make up society and are therefore each of vital importance, one can say that morals are the most important means of keeping society stable.

Political decisions affect society because they often cause change and unhappiness. Political decisions are supposed to be made to improve the functioning of societies, but are more often made for selfish reasons. The decision-makers often act without regard for morals, which result in morally incorrect decisions. If a decision is politically correct, it should have positive results for society. However, if that same decision is morally incorrect, it is *fundamentally* wrong and should not be permitted. Because morals hold society together, they should not be abused. Politics is not necessary for society to function. It is instead something introduced by the vanity and power-lust of mankind. In any case, a politically correct decision that is morally incorrect cannot be entirely right or good for society, because morals, or a lack thereof, lie at the centre of every decision.

However, one might argue that a politically correct choice made for the good of society is quite acceptable, even though it might be morally incorrect. This might be superficially beneficial, which, at least for a short time, is quite acceptable. After all, societies of today are corrupt and decaying, like the Roman Empire in its dying years. The disease of immorality has already spread throughout the world, so why should we bother to preserve the last remnants of civilized society? It seems unimportant to most people, so why should our lives be centred on upholding what we feel to be right?

Once again the answer is simple. The only way in which we can preserve our humanity and our civilization is by living by our morals and acting according to what we feel to be *morally* right. Political decisions are right only when they are morally correct, too. It is vital for the preservation of our societies that they remain driven by morals. They will fall apart if morals are forgotten, and people will no longer have a conscience, which is the essence of humanity. And once the essence of our humanity is forgotten, what is politically right or wrong will be of no relevance.

Zoë Beyers - Grade 10

WHAT I SEE WHEN I LOOK AT MY GRANDPARENTS' HANDS

My grandparents are very old and their hands reflect their age. Both their hands have lots of wrinkles on them and brown patches which my Gran calls *xifin* flowers, because they appear when you are old, before you die. The backs of Old Dad's hands are also hairy.

Gran says you can see how hard a person has worked during their lifetime by their hands; if his or her hands are smooth and white, she has not done much manual work; if she has scars and wrinkles on her hands, she has done a lot of work.

If this is true, both Gran and Old Dad have worked very hard.

Old Dad has built a boat, maybe two, and gone sailing with Gran all over the Caribbean and South America. He is a land surveyor and has surveyed and founded a township, Portebello, and this definitely took a toll on his hands. Old Dad has done some very crazy things, like driving up a 45° hill in a Landrover. He does not do much now, but still plays tennis and prunes his trees with very strong hands.

Gran has also worked hard. She was a teacher, but stopped to raise children. Gran and Old Dad have raised five children, four of them boys! I can imagine Gran dressing my father and my uncles, but then her hands must have been a lot smoother than they are now. Gran is also very artistic. Her hands are nimble when she paints. I think that they probably got some scars from dipping barrels in hot wax. Gran has written a book about her and Old Dad's life for the family. I am sure her hands must have been very tired after that, as she does not have a computer on which to type. Gran's hands have become so numb to pain that she can take chips out of boiling oil with her bare hands!

I have very fond memories of visits with Gran and Old Dad. They always woke up early, which pleased us children, because at half past six in the morning we could creep through to their room for tea and rusks. My brother and I would climb into their bed and Old Dad would pass us tea and his home-made rusks with his hands, which by that stage were mostly blue, black and grey with a few patches of flesh-coloured skin. Gran would tell us stories of Dad and his brothers when they were boys and Old Dad, after singing the Robin Hood song with his hands conducting us, would tell us wonderful stories about Sherwood Forest and Nottingham. Invariably during this time, someone would spill their tea over the bed and we would all have to get up.

Gran and I used to make little gardens with flowers and cacti which, amazingly, did not prick her fingers as they did mine. We also used to have tea parties in the caravan or under the tall pine tree in the corner of the garden. We would sit on cushions and offer each other water from a plastic teapot.

I think of all these things when I look at my grandparents' hands. Their hands are, in all my memories of them, doing something. Gran and Old Dad are very practical people. My hands may be smooth and white now, but I would be proud to have hands like Gran's when I am seventy.

Jenny Miller - Grade 9



Georgina Simpson - Grade 10

EDUCATION IN SOUTH AFRICA?

Education has been described as one's "key to the future" and one's "ticket to life". Words that we have all heard literally hundreds of times, yet how true they are. Without education, how can one hope to survive in a modern world, ruled by money and computers?

Indeed, "the South African educational system needs a drastic and fundamental overhaul... it has failed in its basic and essential responsibility of preparing us for change". In order to see where education in South Africa needs to be overhauled and wherein lies its responsibility, it is necessary to look at the past, the present and the future.

In the past, South African education was noted for its excellence. It turned out the type of students that would make headmasters blush with pride. Prefects, fags, exams and beatings were all part of the experience. "The goal was "to make a man of you, my boy". Undeniably, it worked and South Africa's economy boomed.

However, behind this seemingly flawless system, lay another reality: a world where guns and violence ruled the streets and the minds of students trying so hard to study by candlelight, with few books and little aid. This was a world where there were no beaming headmasters.

Why such a bleak world only a few hundred kilometres from endless opportunities? Because, these students didn't fit into the "ideal" plan, these students were black!

Few questioned the education system. Was it really preparing the youth to become the country's future? Was it really teaching the youth of then to meet the demands of tomorrow?

Now, in the present, a few of these questions are being answered. Is education teaching subjects of "stifling irrelevance to the demands of modern life"? In the past, the answer to this question would have been no. Education catered for an "old fashioned" world. People were taught what the world required them to know.

However, this system has become obsolete. Just as the world has moved on, so too does education need to change with "the times". Now, more than ever before, facts are not so important. Instead, it is how one can use them, how one can communicate on a world-wide communication network.

It is not, as many care to believe, a question of "uniforms" and "prefects". These are simply a part of an entire system. Instead, we need to focus on how knowledge is important to students and how they can use it.

Secondly, we can question education in our "Rainbow Nation." Yes, this education system has been "drastic", in its changes, but has it been "fundamental".

Many changes have occurred over the last few years. But instead of improving the quality of education for all, the



Lisa Womersley - Grade 12

government has managed to destroy white education by re-deploying teachers, while, in the townships, student still study with few textbooks and few teachers.

Perhaps it is a case of trying to change a deeply imbedded system too quickly!

As we enter the new millennium, it is clear that, whatever the political situation is and whatever the social situation in our country, the "South African educational system needs a drastic and fundamental overhaul", to prepare the youth of today for an uncertain, but exciting, future and for a tomorrow where their education will once again be their "ticket to life".

Catherine Day - Grade 12

A BOOK THAT MADE ME THINK

The bitter wind whistles through the bare trees, scattering the last ash that covers the scorched earth like a shroud. This earth cannot remember what it last saw the sun; the foliage that once covered its surface is no more than a fleeting thought in its deep, eternal memory.

This is the world of a nuclear winter, a cold death inflicted by man on a planet to which he has already caused so much pain. His death, along with the planet, is sadly ironic: he detonated the first bomb to protect his country. Now both he and his country are gone, and there is no one to prove that either ever existed.

Two years ago I read a book which changed my outlook on life. I had read about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but I had never really thought about the human aspect of nuclear weapons. *On the Beach* by Nevil Shute looks at the end of the world from the point of view of a group of Australians living their last days after a nuclear war. With a deadly tide of radiation sweeping steadily south, they have less than a month to live. They each deal with their imminent deaths in different ways: some becoming fiercely religious, others taking suicidal risks, and others becoming icily calm. Human life becomes valueless, yet murder is pointless; people will be dead in a month.



Ashleigh Gordon - Grade 12

I read this book continuously for two days, and lived the last days of humanity with the characters. Nuclear war filled my dreams, and for the first time I was aware of how insignificant I was, and how easily everything I knew and believed in could be destroyed. On the whim of a single madman, all of humanity could be destroyed by a nuclear weapon; one mistake at a nuclear energy plant could be fatal to millions of people. I wondered how I would react to the world dying around me, and realised how worthless I really am.

Recently, Saddam Hussein of Iraq narrowly avoided a war with the United States in which nuclear weapons and chemical weapons would have been used, as both countries are rumoured to have large weapons caches. A war like this would be devastating to civilians, not only in the countries involved, but possibly world-wide, should a nuclear winter occur. It is estimated that a major nuclear war could kill five hundred million people world-wide, but a nuclear winter could cause four billion people to die slowly and painfully from starvation and disease.

"It is not the end of the world." This clichéd phrase is comforting because the end of the world is a much greater disaster than any of our petty troubles. The idea scares us, so we block it out of our minds. *On the Beach* forces us to contemplate the end of the world, and shows us how close we are to letting it happen. We view ourselves as controllers of the world, but if we destroy ourselves, it will live on without us as is seen in this quotation: "It is not the end of the world at all. It is only the end of us. I dare say it will get on all right without us." Neville Shute, *On the Beach*.

Melissa Loudon - Grade 9

THE AFRICAN NIGHT

To write of the African night, I must start with the African night sky. The real African night sky, not the one that hangs above the large, choked cities, but the one that envelopes the skies of the true Africa - the dark Africa - is one of incomprehension.

The night sky is a cloth of royal blues, mysterious blacks, harsh navies and delicate baby blues that soothe the land while it sleeps. It is as if some one has taken all the shadows of Africa and all the colours of the sea and tried to blend them together in one vast cauldron. In many cases, the colours do not mix and they are left as they are found.

Where the cloth of sky has torn or ripped, the pure, silver light of heaven shines through - the passage-way of angels. Could that be why stars blink? Is it because the angels that momentarily pass through them block the light?

The moon comes in so many shapes and shades it is impossible to describe them all. The colour of the moon always suits my mood though. There is the vibrant, hot, copper Harvest Moon and the dull, white-silver faced moon that looks down upon the earth like a large silver coin, that has some tarnished areas that shadow its brilliantly smooth surface.

The African land at night is filled with the sound of life - and the colour of death. Things unknown rustle in the bush and then fall silent. So silent that you wonder if it was just in your imagination. You feel watched by a thousand eyes, which of course you are, but the feeling is only unsettling at first.

If you happen upon one of Africa's beautiful rivers or lakes you would think it some huge, silver, glistening beast that moves silently through the night - only to vanish by day.

Nowadays, one very seldom happens upon the true African night. The nights are becoming more stern, if that is possible. The stars are blocked out by smog and light pollution. The moon goes unnoticed and, therefore, the silver beast it shines upon does too. Now, in most of Africa, the night is filled with the sound of death - and the colour of death.

Pia Mochener - Grade 9

LISTEN TO MOTHER!

The queue stretched along the pavement, but I joined it in spite of my mother's warnings ...

"Owen, Owen! Come back here! It's not what you think it is!" I heard my mother's call, but I paid no attention. After all, who is she to tell me what to do? I'm quite capable of making my own decisions. I am no longer a child, I shall be fourteen in a month!

I pushed on through the crowd and as I did, the mass closed in behind me, preventing my mother from following me. Just as well, I could use a break from her nagging. Honestly! Telling me what to do all the time, and constantly demanding to know where I am every minute of the day! Is that any way to treat a man?

The crowd pushed in on me as the thronging mass made its way to wherever it was they wished to go. How I longed for such freedom! To do as I wished and go where I pleased

I finally reached the long line that I was headed for and glanced around for my mother. She was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps the crowd had carried her away or she was finally beginning to loosen the apron strings. Someone brushed against me and brought me out of my reverie. Best to stay alert and keep my wits about me if I was to survive in a man's world.

I surveyed my surroundings. The festivals our little town held every year fascinated me as all the colours, smells and people were intoxicating. Amazing, although I had never been allowed to go anywhere without holding some adult's hand. Of course, that was before, when I was just a child! Understandable. But now I was a man. I should be given my freedom. Poor old mother. I suppose it does become harder to let go of one's loved ones in one's old age.

I turned to look at the woman in front of me. People-watching builds character! Study one's fellow human beings and learn from their mistakes. (Some old general said that.) I soon lost interest. After all, what could I learn from a woman and her child? The boy couldn't be over eleven. Just a boy!

The queue moved forward as a family moved on, tired of waiting. No doubt the children grew restless. Maturity! That's what today's youth lacks. I tried to get a glimpse of where the line I was standing in was headed to, but the crowd was too thick. Wherever I was headed was obviously a popular spot.



Jade Eccles - Grade 11

I thought of my mother. I hoped she hadn't become lost. She has no sense of direction after all. Yes, they say that's the first thing to go. After the virility of youth comes the decrepitude of old age. Perhaps that's why she was so dependent on me.

The queue moved forward as a rather large group had left. They looked excited. My anticipation increased. I hoped it was an exciting show about adventure. Something my old mom wouldn't approve of. Or maybe it contained exotic trinkets from the Far East. My feet twitched.

Suddenly the woman and child in front were gone and I was at the front. I lifted my head slowly, savouring the moment.

"What'll it be, guv?" asked a rather greasy-looking man in an apron. I realised that I was standing at a food stall, with nondescript greasy plates of gruel stacked everywhere.

The crowd pressed in hungrily, the cook drummed his fingers impatiently . . .

"Mother!" I cried.

Alicia Price - Grade 9

I AM

I am all I see
The sun rising over the ocean,
A murdered family's picture on the news.

I am all I hear,
The gurgle of the fountain outside,
The chirp of a white eye in the tree.

I am all I feel,
The smoothness of a piano key,
Jagged edges of a mussel on the rocks.

I am all I taste,
Sizzling sherbet on my tongue,
A juicy strawberry.

I am all I remember,
Holidays, lying on the beach,
Screaming at my mother, "It's all your fault."

I am all I have been taught,
Drugs are addictive,
Nostradamus predicted the future.

I am all I think,
That actress doesn't suit her part,
What do I have to offer the world?

I am like an unopened flower,
But one day I will bloom into someone special,
I am the dew-covered rose bringing beauty to a garden.

Stacey van den Aardweg - Grade 8

I AM

I am all I see.

Violinists playing in the orchestra.

The waves crashing at sea.

I am all I hear.

The traffic in the street,

dogs barking at night.

I am all I feel.

A furry brown coat,

soft luxurious silk on my skin.

I am all I taste.

Cold sweet ice-creams

and cheesy creamy pastas.

I am all I remember.

Being lost in between the supermarket shelves

and how to ride a bicycle.

I am all I've been taught.

'Drugs are no good'

and my ABCs.

I am all I think.

Not to forget to clean my room

and study for a test.

I am a seed embryo

absorbing water all the time.

But one day I will stand as tall as a tree.

Because

I am the child of the next generation.

Roxanne de Silva - Grade 8

SLEEPLESS ...

It's the night before the most important day of my life, and where am I? I, of course, am lying restlessly atop crumpled pillows, twisted sheets and scratchy blankets. Of course! Where else would I be? Certainly not in the Land of Nod, certainly not drifting peacefully off to sleep whilst my mind is filled only with thoughts of fluffy white clouds and huge emerald-green lawns. At least, that's what my "yoga in practice" tape soothingly assured me I would, as I lay stiffly on my bed, trying hopelessly to imagine my thoughts and worries floating away from me like gray balloons. Mine seem to have popped and floated straight back into my head.

Sleepless nights seem to me to follow a definite pattern. Once you have come to terms with being awake and alert, you may then begin trying to rectify the situation. What have you already done to try and ensure sleep? Hot, milky bed-time drinks, warm baths, soothing music, rose oil splashed liberally on your pillow. You toy briefly with the idea of utilising a device that served you well throughout your formative years. Telly - Quack. After banishing that rather silly thought from your head with a blush of embar-

assment, you may begin to feel a touch annoyed, not yet at the stage where every small noise irks you to the point of bashing your head against the wall, but certainly you're on your way.

At this point, you may decide that you are hungry. You are, of course, grossly mistaken. The act of getting out of bed and denuring the kitchen does nothing for your state of wakefulness, and the guilt you feel at wolfishly ingesting that nasty dark orange chocolate in the fridge will keep you awake longer still.

By now you are feeling rather distressed. Anger begins to take hold of you, the brunt of which is borne by your already misshapen pillow. You moan loudly to yourself as your brothers' contented snores taunt your ears. You accidentally-on-purpose send your alarm clock crashing to the floor. You listen desperately for signs of life from behind the door of your parents' room. Your mother coughs, your father sighs softly, your blood boils. Tears of self-pity and frustration squeeze out of your eyes and glide down your cheeks. You hate your bed, you hate your cat for being able to sleep so contentedly in the face of your misery. She lets out a yelp of surprise as you kick her to the floor. You watch in abject annoyance as she repositions herself at the foot of your bed and falls effortlessly asleep. An air of despondency settles over you, as you toes and turn, mutter and mumble.

As a last desperate attempt to fall asleep (well, apart from knocking yourself out with a large blunt object), you snap on the light, climb back into bed and reach above your head for a book, Chapter Eight: 'Crispin was not the only one filled with a sense of foreboding on the road to Mook-othwe...' Your eyelids droop, the black ink swims before your eyes, your thoughts collide and join, your body is finally still. Just before that glorious long-awaited sleep sets in, you glance at your clock, lying upside down, sad and dejected in the corner of your room. It's 2:30 a.m.

Kirsty Moss - Grade 12

THE PERSON I MOST ADMIRE

Dear Mr Reeve

I am writing this letter to you to thank you and to commend you! I admire you for who you are and what you have done to help other people with similar injuries. Although physically you cannot move, you are still moving!

You have shown the world that no matter what terrible things happen in life, one does not have to crawl into a cocoon and hide from the outside world. One can turn into a beautiful butterfly and spread hope and strength to other people in need. You have shown people that life goes on and that just because there is something wrong with you, it should not stop you from reaching your dreams.

Mr Reeve, you have reminded me, as well as many other people, that life is too short to sit around and feel sorry for

yourself. We should cherish every day like gold. You are an excellent example of a person who has risen above his disabilities and touched the stars! You have touched the hearts of people around the world with your warmth, kindness and strength to want to succeed. I thank you, for you have shown me that I can do anything in life if I really want to!

If I were in your position, I cannot begin to imagine what I would do. Not being able to move, not being able to do sport and having to rely on somebody else to do everything for you, I would scream! My heart goes out to you in admiration.

Before your accident, you played the part of a handicapped person. Ironically you were riding and fell off your horse becoming handicapped like that character. I also find it ironic that you acted as Superman, and now you are a super man! It is remarkable and admirable that you are able to act in and direct your own movies. It must be exhausting and very frustrating!

You must love your family so much! They have stood by you and given you all the support you needed. When you were in hospital and people wanted to switch the machines off, your wife and children would not let them, for they loved you so much and must have known that you would want to keep on living. You must be so happy that they saved your life!

You have helped yourself and, in doing so, have helped others. By raising public awareness about spinal cord injuries you have raised money for research. Hopefully this will lead to dramatic discoveries that will improve the quality of life for you and others like you. This takes dedication and enthusiasm which you have been able to give generously.

You are an incredible and courageous man and I am honoured to write to you. You are a role model and an example to us all. You are truly a super man!

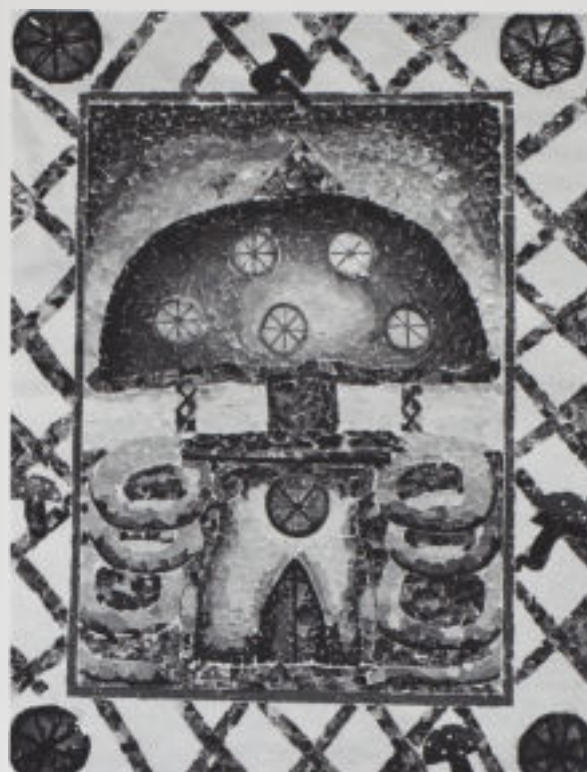
Yours sincerely

Chloë Hugo-Hamman - Grade 9

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

My pounding heart beats a perfect asymptote to your slow, warm, breathing rhythm on my cheek. The barrier between you and me dissolves as my body relaxes against moist skin. The aroma of your cologne hypnotises me into total peace.

No words are spoken. No sound is heard except the distant hum of the old brass band on the dance floor. The music was the catalyst to transport us to the time in space where we are now. The world continues to function around us, waiters stand to attention at the tables, other couples trip over each other and bump into our harmony, but they cannot disturb it. It is as if the rest of the dance floor is only



Kim Bellamy - Grade 10

being projected on screens around us. You and I are all that is real. The rest of the world is an illusion.

The dim lighting gives your skin a luminescent lustre. Your eyes sparkle with the reflected candle light. Your lips are so soft as they are turned gently upwards at the corners. Your intense stare fills me in on a thousand tales and transports me within the core of you. The look, complemented by the gentle firmness of your hand across the arch of my back, pulls me into a vortex. The vortex that is at the core of you. I know, at that instant, what I have wanted to ask for too long. I am loved, I am accepted and all this for the simple reason that I am me.

You blink violently, jarring me out of your warm, protected universe. I shiver from the sudden cold. You adjust your arms and I am brought back into the memory of that moment. The memory of feeling complete love and empathy. This feeling swells inside my solar plexus and rolls in a bubble up into my throat. I swallow in an effort to keep this bubble from escaping. Inevitably, its will to escape and interfere the world is too strong and it jiggles out of my mouth in a smile.

My smile, my acknowledgement frightens your fragile security and I feel your grip loosen. I watch your eyes and you know you are safe. I long for you to know how I feel about you. I envy your courage. I want to introduce you to Me, but I am afraid of losing your adoration. My universe is content dancing here, now in your arms. Is it just the Music of the Night that is fuelling this revolution in our collective being? When the music stops, will our surreal magic end too and fade away as a musical note does?

Inevitably the music does end. We are hurried and tossed by people moving to their tables. We stand still, frozen, as

it, by standing completely still, time and circumstances will do the same. I feel dizzy as I realise the impossibility of that wish. I feel myself slipping, falling and suddenly your arms are not around me. I am not aware of your presence any more. It is as if the sea mist has lifted.

You take my hand and pull me from my abyss back into your universe. Your cheeks are glowing and you say: "Come, let us eat."

Joni Watson - Grade 12

A POLITICALLY-CORRECT FAIRYTALE

LIMBLOCK AND THE THREE MAMMALS (OF THE LEAN SPECIES)

Once upon a time, no, that's not correct. A short time ago there lived a family of mammals, members of the lean species. This family had three members: Mother, a hard-working corporate lawyer; Father, a dedicated house-husband and Baby, an intelligent lad who never cried. They all lived happily on the eighth floor of an apartment building in a cozy condominium.

One morning the mammal family (of the lean species) were eating a slimmer's choice breakfast that Mother and Father had equally prepared.

"I am finding this form of nutrition inedible, as it is too warm," stated Baby. "Oh dear!" cried Father. "I knew it should have been baked at 180°C!"

"In conclusion," deduced Mother, "I'll put forward the motion that we go to the gym and do a power work out. Breakfast will be ready when we've finished."

With this they took the elevator to the tenth floor and began their work-out.

Now, this politically correct family had an interesting neighbour. Limplock's fancied herself as a feminist. She did nothing to her hair and cared not for designer clothes or make-up, as these were ploys to attract the opposite sex. There was a problem, because as a feminist, she vowed to spend no time in the kitchen and so her culinary skills were atagone. When she smelled the mammal family's breakfast, she knew what she had to do.

Using her "Girl Power Lock Picker", she broke into her neighbours' condominium. She proceeded to guzzle down each plate of food (being a feminist she didn't have to worry about her weight). Looking around the room, she realised these items could only be the work of a domesticated housewife. At the thought, she began systematically tearing each room apart.

After each room was destroyed, Limplock felt such satisfaction that she went for a nap on the floor (who needs a bed!).

When the mamma's arrived back from their refreshing work-out, they got a terrible shock.

"My beautiful house!" cried Father.

"Don't worry," murmured Mother, "we'll catch the #1@* and sue, sue, sue!"

As Father stepped into his bedroom, he wept. His once neatly-folded dress clothes littered the floor. Mother became determined to avenge her husband's loss.

"Excuse me," Baby said, "but there is a foreign life-form on the rug."

"KILL it!" screamed Mother.

"No," whispered Father, "maybe it comes in peace."

Limplock awoke suddenly and (because three people with abnormal hair growth were staring at her) pulled out an assortment of mace cans and hand-guns. Father shrieked and grabbed his panic button.

Within moments the SWAT team arrived and carted Limplock away. In the court case, Mother prosecuted Limplock (Mother's talents were endless) and got her sent to a "clean and well cared for" facility up north.

Baby went to Holland and is now a Nobel Prize-winning scientist. Father redecorated the house with Martha Stewart's help. Mother retired rich and Limplock spent ten years learning make-up application as a punishment.

You see, it all ends politically ever after.

Claire Crush - Grade 9

AN OPINION

We live in an imperfect world. And, by all standards, no palliative has been found to slow its rapid, crumbling descent into chaos. What are we leaving in our wake? A diseased skeleton of mass destruction raised to cult status by those fascinated by the murky, gruesome underbelly of our society.

Children watch, open-mouthed, as a frightened, confused young man suddenly explodes into a blood-spattering mess of brain and skull. Granted "it is only television", but could this child aspire to the nonchalant hickering of two slick gunmen, guns in their hands, blaming anyone but themselves for the "click, BANG!"?

All over the world, televisions catapult us into worlds of fantasy: action-packed, violent and in-your-face. But what happens when those lacking in experience view the line between fantasy and reality as blurred, or even nonexistent? Children are, by far, the most susceptible. In the never-ending quest for adulthood, they emulate the nuances, gestures, speech patterns and actions of their heroes. More often



Alexandra Durrant - Grade 12

than not, these heroes embody the epitome of "good" for them - an awe-inspiring trait for the young.

Take, for example, the case of the two child cousins in Jonestown, Arkansas, who slaughtered six helpless classmates and wounded several others in a successful attempt at revenge. Experts believe that it was the influence of a gun-worshipping America, the involvement in a satanic cult and an inability to distinguish that fine line between appearance and reality, that affected their actions the most.

Unfortunately, this was not an isolated incident. In the preceding five months, five such cases of massacres by children had occurred. In each case, the perpetrators had felt hard-done-by and desired cold blooded, ruthless revenge.

In our own land, children barely out of diapers, are continually rejected by the society that spawned them. It is a familiar sight to see people winding up their windows at intersections, ignoring the plaintive, dirt-smudged faces of homeless children. They drive away quickly, as they are fully aware of the potential danger that lurks behind those pleading eyes.

For all the frightening behaviour of these children bred of the perverting influences of their environment, I cannot help but wonder at the hypocrisy of our society.

We are bombarded with messages of, "Our Children are our Future", but to whom are these slogans referring specifically? Could "Our Children" be those snout-nosed heggars creeping around the alleys of Town? Could "Our Children" be tender, eleven-year-old mass-murderers? Or are "Our Children" from upright, respectable, God-fearing homes, destined for a house, a white picket fence and 1.2 children?

At the moment of birth, everyone is equally vulnerable, equally naked and equally helpless. The opening scenes of our lives are virtually identical. It is the experiences and influences that follow, that shape us. In a world where idealism and hope are fast giving way to cynicism and destruction, I find it hard to keep hold of those clichéd ideas of "democracy" and "freedom for all". If truth is an infringement of the rights of the people, the wary, seldom-travelled road of freedom is rapidly fading from sight. If the Children are our Future, they have to be shown a future worth saving.

Lisa Womersley - Grade 12

HOW THE FIRST TEARS WERE CRIED AND THE FIRST DANCE WAS DANCED

This story takes place on one of the great plains of Africa, the Serengeti. It stretches from the main village to a very remote part of the plain, a part that becomes a jungle, and is known as the Injawutu Jungle to those who live near it. Through this jungle runs a snaky, sparkling, silver, meandering river - the Bambawena River. This river was the life source of all who lived in the Jungle. Until one important day, that was to change all things.

In the main village on the west side of the river, amongst many other people, there lived a young girl named Barwa, and her wise great-grandmother, who was known as the Wise One, as wisdom comes with age. Barwa was a very special girl, some even said she had been blessed by the Wise One, as one day she crossed the Bambawena River. That was unthinkable, as all who had tried to do this had perished, leaving their bodies in a watery grave. Barwa must have done it when she was about four. She simply stepped over a log and went to the other side. And it was there, on the eastern side of the Bambawena, that she made her best friend, Sugar.

Sugar was, in fact, a lying possum, or Sugar Baby, and no one knows how such a creature found its way to Africa. But, nonetheless, Barwa found a clay ball of sparkly silver, picked it up and brought it to the main village with her. Since that day, the two have been inseparable.

Life was good in the main village, until one day a terrible drought came to the Serengeti. Well, the men and warriors thought it was passing, but, in reality, it had come to stay. The Bambawena dried to a trickle, and all the crops were dead. It then became a necessity to cross the river and move into the Jungle.

The Wise One did not like this idea, for she said that something horrible would happen to a young member of their tribe. This news disturbed everyone, but nothing could be done to prevent it, so they began to move.

With all their belongings strapped to their backs, the people of the main village stepped over the dwindling trickle that was the Bambawena River.

When they arrived, they were pleased to see a clump of trees that was still flourishing. They walked towards it and as they neared it, they saw that amongst the flourishing greenery lay a jackal. He lay lying sleepily with his head resting on his front paws, as if there wasn't a worry in the world. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and he stared at them with his intent yellow eyes. He cocked his head so that he was glaring exactly at Banwa, who was holding Sugar very tightly, very tightly indeed.

"Good Day, my friend," said Umchawasi, the tribe leader. "Are you the chief of this land, where the trees grow in abundance?"

The jackal seemed to think for a while, and then he said, "Indeed I am. And who might you be, and why, pray tell, have you and your people come to enter my dominion?"

"We have come for food and water. On our side of the river, there is none. My people and I are close to starving. Please, help us, my friend," begged Umchawasi earnestly.

The jackal seemed to be staring at Sugar all this while. Sugar squirmed and Banwa held her closer.

"Why, yes, my friend. You shall find refuge in this wondrous green canopy of mine. Rest your tired and weary bodies. Tonight you shall eat the fruit of the tree that you are standing under, and you shall drink water from the hole by my tail. But tomorrow, you shall start work for me. You shall have to wait on me in return for food and water," said he, looking very sly.

"Oh, thank you, kind friend. You shall be blessed by the spirits. We shall be eternally grateful. If I may ask of you one more favour, kind friend?"

"But of course," said the jackal.

"Where are we to sleep tonight?" asked the chief.

"The children and women shall sleep here with me, but you and your men, who surely have no fear of the cold, shall sleep outside. Now, I am tired. Goodnight."

And so that was that. The men went off silently to camp outside.

Banwa was glad she was with the Wise One. She did not trust the jackal. She said goodnight to Sugar and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When she awoke, Sugar was gone. She was just able to make out footprints going into the Bamhawena. She was devastated, but there was no way to express her sadness. You see, tears had not been invented yet. Banwa went to see the jackal, and he told her to drink water from his water hole. She drank. And drank. And drank. She drank and drank until the water came out of her eyes! After a while, she began to feel better, but she found she could not stop crying! She went to see the Wise One, who gave her some magic herbs.

As punishment for the jackal (who had eaten poor Sugar), Wise One banished him to an enclosure of hot coals. He had to jump around so that his feet were not scorched to oblivion.

Thus, the first tears were cried and the first dance was danced.

Megan Lloyd-Roberts - Grade 8

WELCOME TO AFRICA

Africa smells green. It arouses your senses and perks up your mind. There is something about Africa that cannot and will not be ignored. It is something wild and barbaric, primitive and naive, and, yet, strangely sophisticated and elegant. Africa is a lion.

After returning from my exchange programme just recently, the thirst for my home continent is still fresh on my taste buds. I used to walk around here, in Cape Town, probably the most beautiful city that I have ever visited or seen, in a fog of unappreciation. I was completely and utterly oblivious of the powerful, magnetic splendour of Cape Town itself – a morsel of the full continent. There was so much focus on the bad obstacles, like corrupt government officials and underfed masses, that I ignored the things that deserve an endless stream of praises. For me Cape Town, and Africa as a whole, was an underdeveloped, slacking, lazy continent overwhelmed by noise, chaos and hyperactive, disrespectful individuals. Strangely, it was only when I moved away for a couple of months that I really jolted awake and opened my eyes.

For most people, Africa is a wild animal. It is something which is nice to serenely observe from a distance and to gawk at it, prod it and over-analyse it, but never go close to it without tranquillizers. The image of Africa is fierce. Pupils at Norfolk Academy, one of the top ten schools in America, would question me about lifestyles back "in the deep, dark jungles of Africa". Was I sold at the age of ten? Do I go to school? Are there shopping centres? Are your tribes strict? That's what it said on CNN, after all! The basic naivete and lack of knowledge both anger and sadden me. Africa is so misunderstood.

I do think, however, that it is the only place in the world that is still pure and unspoilt. Africa's sheer innocence and quiet existence is astounding. It is an undiscovered mass, bursting at the seams with potential. It is the only place that I can imagine that is so heavenly and vast. Africa brims with rainforests, overflows with mountain ranges and stretches from deserts to rivers to giant, threatening cities. It has the potential to soar. In its own time. Time does not apply when it comes to Africa. Africa cannot be pushed, but slowly hatches and, for the time being, happily nestles away in its simple, mostly undisturbed form.

After my exchange and my travels all around Northern America, I found that new technology and multitudes of

highly advanced equipment can only amaze me up to a point. After a while it becomes depressingly uneventful. One machine becomes the other and the earlier fascination is processed into a block of basic boredom in a world where there is constant competition and never-ending excitement. I am glad that I live in Africa. The lifestyle and outlook here are so balanced. Within two hours one can move from the hectic havoc of the city into the quiet, serene outdoors, unspoilt and untouched. Africa offers these choices as well as a chance to expand the cities, the countries, the continent and oneself.

Welcome to Africa! Step carefully into the beautiful, bewildering and boundless unknown. There are so many options and possibilities. Be warned: Africa is addictive. I would not live anywhere else in the world. Africa is a lion. Open up your senses and taste the hopeful future, feel the warmth, smell the freshness, absorb the splendour with your eyes and hear my continent roar.

Margie Gie - Grade 11

DESCRIPTION

She sits slumped on the grey plastic chair, head lolled to one side, the shiny wetness of saliva collecting at the corner of her cracked, colourless lips. The oppressive atmosphere is laden with a cocktail of disinfectant and medication and the silence is suffocating.

She awakens suddenly, lifting lids revealing dilated black pupils in watery, weary eyes. Immediately her left arm begins to jig and jive, driven by some unseen force, dancing to its own melody. Her other hand joins it to take my own in her welcoming grasp. It is a strong grasp for such lean and shrunken hands. Hands that once were capable, active dependable are now blotched with brown blemishes, pumpy with blue-grey veins, bent, protruding bones all covered by translucent, crêpe skin. I hold on to them, reading their stories - two world wars, touching and treating horrendous injuries. Nurturing hands that raised my tum. Scarred, sun damaged, outdoor hands. Strong hands that gardened, farmed and created.

I let them go and she places them once more in her lap. Their days of hard work are over now.

Her face is creased like a crumpled paper packet. Her skin is not quite fastened to the bone and hangs loosely, in clumps, around her once defined jaw.

Her eyes are a faded blue and always have a far off, wistful look glowing within the depths of them. She smiles and her face crinkles up, her distant look fading instantly. Her sunken eyes glitter merrily as if re-enacting a comedy in her mind.

Her hooked nose is like that of Julius Caesar, a Roman nose. Her hair is like white candyfloss, like wispy clouds suspended at great heights, soft and disappearing.

Her clothes are always the same. Maroon trousers and a home knit jersey that, if she had her own way, would never be removed. Her trusty handbag is an old suede relic, looking as if someone has breathed foul-smelling air all over it. It is filthy, extremely fragile and delicate and is falling to pieces. It is a source of both security and comfort to her and never leaves her side.

Her personality radiates intense warmth, loving care and, once upon a time, tremendous energy. She could be an angel, for I have never known her to utter one harsh, angry or unkind word to or about anyone. She is unique. She is like a living saint, serene, gracious and at peace.

She is my granny.

Kate Johnson - Grade 8



Alexandra Durrant - Grade 12

COMMUNITY SERVICE

In Grade 10, pupils embark on a Community Service Project done under the auspices of the English Department. The following are entries taken from the journals kept by these three pupils.

Nazareth House (AIDS babies) - Day Four

Dear Diary

Today I went to Nazareth House with Sarah-Jane. It is Aisleigh's birthday so she could not come. I bought biscuits to give to the children, but I had to get permission to give them to them. The nurse said that I could only give them one each. When I walked through the gate I had to hide them under my jersey so they could not see them before I had received permission to give the biscuits. The

children all noticed that my stomach was abnormally big and they all wanted to know what was under my jersey. I told them that I had eaten a lot of food today, but they did not believe me. I had to quickly run inside to get permission to give the biscuits to them before they ripped my jersey off me!

They loved the biscuits and it was left up to me to explain why I could not give them more (the staff are quite strict).

It was a beautiful day today so we played outside in the garden which resembles a small playground. It was very hard dealing with so many children, because they all want your attention and it is impossible to pay every child attention when they demand it (I guess I am learning something about parenting!).

Novallan's ear was bleeding today. This scared me, but the nurses did not seem too concerned, so I just had to be very careful. I spent most of my time there today with him and Ntombi. Ntombi seemed a bit depressed today and she was feeling sick, so she just wanted to sit and talk and I had to tell her stories. Ntombi wanted me to sit with her on the jungle-gym, but Novallan wanted me to push him on the swing. I told him that we were not going to the swings and that I would push him on one later, so he walked off looking at me the whole time. He then sat down next to the swings and looked at me with a very sad look on his face. I went over to get him and he lay down on the ground and would not look at me, so I started tickling him and then he was happy again and came and played on the jungle gym with us. He would not get off the jungle-gym after that. He then started crying every time I put him down, so I had to carry him everywhere - exhausting.

My heart really goes out to Ntombi. She is five and has the maturity level of at least an eight-year old. She is not the oldest, but she is treated like she is, because all of the children who are older than she have major mental problems. She was in a very naughty mood when I arrived. She kept hitting me with sticks, until I told her that if she did it again I was not going to play with her. She told me that she did not want to play with me and then walked off. A few minutes later she came back, said that she was "good now". She then got really quiet and said that she felt sick. (The children are often sick - running high temperatures. Some have the typical AIDS sores on their bodies and faces.) I sat with her on the jungle-gym and when Novallan went to bath, I pushed her on the swing and she fell asleep. I wish there was something that I could do for her, because she has so much potential, but she will never get to use it. She seems to be very intelligent and I think that she knows that there is something very wrong with all of them, whereas the others do not really seem to know. I did my best to give her a lot of love today. I promised to bring her a present next week for her birthday (it is her birthday on the 14th of September).

I felt terrible leaving today. Novallan had been sitting on my lap and when the time came to leave I put him on the chair and hugged him and Ntombi good-bye and then said

goodbye to the rest of the children. When I got to the door I turned around to wave good-bye and Novallan was watching me with such a sad look on his face that it just broke my heart. It looked like he was saying, "How can you leave me?" I felt like I was shaking him.

I cannot wait until the next time I see them. I was really tired today and I found it hard to enjoy myself, but I have been around the children.

Love, Sarah

Sarah Leigh Paul - Grade 10

The Haven Night Shelter - Day One

I must admit I was a little nervous and a little excited as my mom drove us to the Haven Night Shelter; nervous because I was not sure what to expect. Actually I was expecting a big, dingy hall full to overflowing of hungry "bergies" and excited because I was finally, after about three weeks of phoning different, unhelpful organisations, getting to do my service. It had been arranged that I would help serve supper from 18.00 until 19.00 Mondays to Thursdays until my service was finished. Sarah Twycross and Leshane were coming too, although they were not sure if they wanted to do this for the whole ten hours, but I was grateful for their company.

When we arrived at the Haven Night Shelter (behind Pick 'n Pay, Fir Street, Claremont) we rang the doorbell next to the big gates. Nobody answered, and we waited and kept ringing until we decided to phone on my mom's cellular phone to ask them to let us in! We felt very embarrassed using the cellular phone in such a poor area of Claremont. Finally we were greeted by a very friendly Mrs Elizabeth Cloete. We said goodbye to my mom and followed Mrs Cloete through the big gates and into the neat, clean cottage. Inside there were two men, one smoking, sitting watching *Days of Our Lives* on a 31cm colour television. This room which we had entered is the dining room, and it is about the same size as an average classroom. We stood and watched the last five minutes of *Days of Our Lives* with the men and Mrs Cloete, and then Mrs Cloete showed us around. There are five bunk beds (ten beds) in the women's dormitory, with a clean bathroom-on-suite. Mrs Cloete told us a bit about the shelter, and that it costs R3 per night to stay at the shelter. We then set to work.

Our first task was to pour orange juice into 30 cups. It was choice grade juice donated by Pick 'n Pay one day after its sell-by date. By this stage, the people were starting to come in. They all seemed surprised to see us, but were friendly towards us, and one man greeted us with, "Hallo. Whasities!" While everyone came in, we spoke to some of the street people (or should I say, shelter people). Randy, a short, skinny, bulbily man, and Tony sang songs enthusiastically for us. They wanted to talk to us, asking us lots of questions like what we study, and what we want to be when we are older. They all had lots of advice to give us.



Top: Sarah Louw - Grade 11
Bottom: Amber Kisch - Grade 11

Top: Ashleigh Gordon - Grade 12
Bottom: Chantel Nelson - Grade 11



Top: Anna Burton - Grade 11 Bottom: Carla Sweetmer - Grade 11



Top: Caroline Hayes - Grade 11 Bottom: Julia Simola-Louw - Grade 11



Doe said grace and then we served supper. It was rice with a tasty-looking stew with meat on the bones and baked beans in gravy. All the men wanted bones, and we had to dig deep in the big pot to find enough! After supper we cleared up and then they sang some more for us. We met 'Elvie' who loves singing, and he sang for us. Most of the people there have teeth missing and we got told that we all have beautiful teeth! Sarah even got told that she should study medicine because of the way her nose looks!

After all the singing and chatting one came and said to me, "You see, everyone calls us hoboes and bergies, but we do have talents!" I had to agree. I left feeling amazed at these people's spirit.

Michelle Aspinall - Grade 10

Convalescent Hospital - Day Two

Well, I am exhausted after spending four hours with the older children and having my hair nearly pulled out, children climbing on my back, my fingers being twisted, hearing screams, cries and also many laughs, but despite all of this, I enjoyed myself and I can say that this day was one of the best days of my life.

Bridget and I arrived at Sarah Fox at 39.00, all bleary-eyed and ready to get back into bed. However, we were greeted by Mrs Puma and introduced again to the older children. We were immediately awoken due to children hanging onto our necks, legs and arms and screaming. Immediately they all saw my watch and surrounded me with gleaming eyes and wanted to hear it "beep"! Luckily, Bridget did not have a watch, so she just laughed at me dealing with all these children whilst sitting comfortably in a chair and relaxing. However, the next minute they were "ambushing" her and trying to get her hair-band, which they got, but soon returned it after Bridget and I scolded them in English, Afrikaans and Xhosa, so that they all understood.

After the first ten minutes we were both in pain and ready to go home. It got a bit intimidating having these young ones shouting at us very aggressively in Xhosa and Afrikaans and demanding to see my watch and Bridget's hair-band, as well as wanting us to give them money... but little did we know that it was going to be a great day.

At about 10:00 the children went to the nursery (which is full of toys and played there until lunch. However, Bridget and I stayed in the ward and made beds and cleaned up and also prepared many "burn" patients for the doctor. As I mentioned yesterday, burns are very common during the winter months and about seventy percent of this ward consists of burn cases. Fortunately, for Bridget and me (but very unfortunately according to the children) the doctor came on Tuesdays, so Bridget and I had to unbandage many of them. The screams and cries that I heard when I took off many of the dressings just made my heart sink. It was a real learning experience and we were horrified at what we

saw and could not even imagine the excruciating pain that these children went through.

We spoke to Mrs Puma and she told us that many of the burns are due to boiling water. There are many causes and she mentioned a few to us. One of the most common causes is that babies knock over a pot of boiling water and this results in their being severely burned. Another common cause is that mothers often put hot water in the bath before cold water. The child then climbs into the bath while the mother is unaware and this also has disastrous results. Also, the spilling of boiling tea, coffee and even porridge can cause bad burns. However, I did speak to one little boy who told me that paraffin had fallen onto his legs and he caught alight from the thigh down.

Many of the burned children that Bridget and I saw were burned on their faces and many also had burns on their legs. When I see this sort of thing, I am really so thankful that there are places like Sarah Fox where these children can go and recover and get sufficient treatment so that their paths to recovery are smooth.

After we had seen all the patients with the doctor, it was already lunch time, so we gathered all the children together. They said their prayers and many of them gobbled up all of their food. It was very nice to see how the older ones helped to feed the younger ones and also comforted them when they cried. One boy, who had arthritis and moved about in a wheel chair, constantly gave Bridget and me problems. He would grab onto us, pinch, punch and hit us, pull our hair and shout at us in Afrikaans. It got a bit annoying after a while, so Bridget and I just started scolding him and telling him to behave or else there was going to be trouble. Luckily, he listened BUT only for about ten minutes - then we were back to where we started...

After lunch I thought it would be a good time to bring out my camera, because I thought they would be tired and that I would get some nice pictures, but I was wrong. I quietly took out my camera and took a few pictures of Sunset, a little boy I was very fond of. However, as soon as all the children saw the flash from the camera, screams and shrills of excitement surrounded us, and I was immediately attacked and asked by some of the children to take individual photos. Luckily, after much persuasion we agreed to have group photos.

Then I walked my mom - I could not believe that we had been there for four hours already. They were all fascinated to see who my mom was and I introduced them to her. I really enjoyed my day with the older children, and as much as I enjoyed being with the babies yesterday, I felt I was being much more of a help in this ward and was making more of a difference, because I was speaking to them and playing many games with them, as well as comforting them when they were in pain. Already these little beings have crept into my heart and I know it is going to be hard to leave tomorrow as I have realised that I will not see many of them ever again.

Jane Buley - Grade 10

AFRIKAANS

BY DIE WATERVAL

Waar is jy? Hoe kan ons so van mekaar vergeet? Nie dat ek al ooit van jou vergeet het nie, maar nou, omdat ek na al die jare hier by die plek sit, kom al ons herinneringe terug na my toe. Die herinneringe van gelag, gejuil, gepraat, geargumenteerderij, gespeel. Ons het ure en ure met mekaar deurgebring. Ek wonder of jy ooit oor my wonder. Dit is nou tien jaar dat ons mekaar laas gesien het.

Dit is ons plek, hierdie. Die groot, groen veld is die plek waarheen ons eers met ons gesinne gekom het en toe later toe ons ouer was, het ons alleen gekom. Toe ons klein was, het ons hier gehardloop en gespeel en na die groot waterval gekyk. Ons het ook baie tyd deurgebring op die rotse waarop ek nou sit, en van kleinsaf, het ons swaai gehad om oor te praai. Toe ons ouer was, het ons alleen hierheen gekom om die prag van die waterval te geniet en om al ons probleme en vrengdes te deel. Jy was my beste vriendin.

Wat het daardie dag gebeur toe ons na Kaapstad toe vertrek het? Jy het gesê jy gaan na my toe kom om tot siens te sê, maar jy het nie gekom nie. Ek moes gaan, nadat ek vir jou gewag het en toe ons in Kaapstad was, het ek jou so baie keer gebel en geskryf, maar ek kon nooit kontak met jou of jou gesin maak nie.

En nou, kom ek weer na tien jaar hierheen. Waar is jy, my beste vriendin, waar is jy?

Cassy Moore - Grade 11

DIE KUIERGAS

Ek sal hom nooit vergeet nie. Hy het aanspraak gemaak daarop dat hy my oorlede ma se beminde broer uit Amerika is. Ongelukkig het my niksvermoedende pa hom vertrou en hom in ons huis verwelkom om 'n paar weke by ons te bly - dit was 'n groot fout!

'n Vreemde soort mens was hy met sy baadjie en hofflike maniere; ek sal sy voorkoms altyd onthou. 'n Regte ou man was hy; kort, vet en altyd met 'n pyp in die hand. 'n Oulike soort mens het almal aan die begin gedink - anders, maar innemend. Min het ons geweet dat hierdie kuiergas nie my ma se broer uit Amerika was nie!

Hy het baie min gepraat, maar sy teenwoordigheid was vir my 'n plesier, daarvan het ek seker gemaak omdat ek geglo het dat my ma gelukkig sou gewees het as ek haar broer ontmoet het. Volgens hom was Kaapstad amper soos die hemel met die warm somerakalm. Snags het hy buite op 'n watermatras in the swembad geslaap.

Vir my was dit snaaks dat hy nooit na die toeriste-plekke, soos byvoorbeeld, die Waterfront wou gaan nie. Hy het net op 'n vreemde manier aanhoudend in die huis en tuin

gehoer. Ek het teleurgesteld beseef dat hy so 'n vervelige mens was, maar ek het dit onderdruk omdat ek so graag van my oorlede ma se enigste broer wou hou.

Op een Dinsdagnag het almal vroeg gaan slaap. Ek het gou aan die slaap geraak en ontrent vyftien later het 'n vreemde geluid my laat wakker word. Ek het stadig uit die bed geklim en die lig aangeskakel en toe het ek die grootste skok van my lewe gekry. My hele kamer was leeg! My televisie, al my boeke, die klere in die kaste, alles, was weg! Ek het groot geskrik en by die kamerdeur uitgehardloop. Toe het ek gesien dat iemand die lig in die slaapkamer aangekakel het, en het baie bang gevoel. Ek het rondgekyk en gesien dat al ons besittings in groot hoase gepak is. Toe het ek voetstappe gehoor en hy het na my gekom. Hy het sy pers baadjie gedra en sy oë was yskoud. Onmiddellik het ek geweet dat hierdie man nie my oorlede ma se broer is nie. Hy was 'n dief en seker ook 'n moordenaar of iets. Met daardie vreeslike gedagte het ek begin skree. Hy het my met 'n graaf geslaan en dit het my laat neerval. Die geraas het my pa laat wakker word. Toe my pa uit die bed gespring het, was die man met die pers baadjie weg met my pa se geldsak. Kort daarna was ek in die hospitaal en ons het die vreemde "oom" nog nooit weer gesien nie.

Nooit sal ons weer 'n vreemdeling vertrou nie. Dit laat my siek voel as ek daaraan dink dat ek dae lank in dieselfde huis as 'n misdadiger gewoon het!

Sarah Wink - Grade 11

BURE

Dit is nie moontlik om sonder hulle te woon (behalwe as jy 'n miljoenêr op 'n private Griekse-eiland is) en, in die werklikheid, kan hulle jou stukkie wêreld opwindend maak. Bure is deel van die lewe, en my bure verskil soveel in voorkoms en karaktereenskappe, dat ek veel ek moet hulle beskryf.

Giselle Chippendal het witte blonde hare, en haar liefdeslewe is net so wild. Ons kan weet watter een van haar kêrels hy haar kom kuier net deur mooi te luister. Die brom van 'n motorfiets beteken dat Spike buite is, en, as Mark by haar kom kuier, hoef jy nie tyn te luister nie, hulle raak dikwels, en jy kan daarvan hoor sonder om naby te wees!

Die Zaderca familie is baie ordentlik en kom van Duitsland af. Die twee Zaderca dogters is al twee mooi. Sondae kan die engel-geluide van viool en klavier gehoor word. Ek dink soms dat my ouers 'n bietjie jaloes op die Zaderca-ouers moet wees!

Die Springhorpes ken ek nie, maar die seuntjie van hulle heilende het my ernstig lief. Elke dag klop hy saggies aan my kamerdeur, en gee vir my geskenke; gevange paddas in konfynt-blikke, blomme gestreel van "die Madam" se tuin en interessante toevoegings wat ek saam met hom in die tuin probeer eet. Saans, as dit tyd vir hom is om te vertrek, vra

hy my ernstig om met hom te trou, en in die boomhuisie saam met hom te woon. Ek glimlag net.

Griekseilande met geen hiersoort bure-verhoudings nie? Ek dink nie so nie!

Lucy Stehlik - Grade 12



Lauren Elliot - Grade 10

DIE UURGLAS LOOP LEEG

Gisteraand, toe my broer vir die honderdste keer hierdie week om my ore neul om 'n speletjie saam met hom te speel, beskou ek dat as my ouer-susterlike plig en geïnteresseerdom toe. Hy het Krabbel met groot opgewondenheid tevoorskyn gebring, haastig die reëls aan my verduidelik en voor ek my kon kry, het hy my beveel om 'n woord te hou met die snaakse blokkies in my hand, sodra hy die uurglas sou omdraai.

Sewentien jaar gelede het God besluit om die uurglas van my lewe om te draai toe my ma, met sweet op haar voorkop, my in die lewe gebring het. Korreltjies en korreltjies sand, maande en maande, jare en jare van my lewe het stadig maar seker deur die dun nek van die uurglas begin glip.

Toe praat my broer skielik met my en vir 'n oomblik het ek teruggekeer na die werklikheid. Hy wou weet of ek verstaan het hoe om die speletjie te speel. Hy het my vinnig herinner dat ek nie kon bekostig om lank te dink nie, maar dat ek 'n woord moes hou voordat my kans verby was. Een kwart van die uurglas het al reeds deurgeloop, (ek sou net hier byvoeg: as dit God se wil is)

Ben vierde van my lewe het alreeds verkoop en ek is nog maar 'n dom speler. Daar is nog talle reëls en kantsies in die speletjie van die lewe wat ek nog glad nie bemeester het nie. Ek is hard besig om my woord te vorm. Dalk het ek nou al die eerste en die tweede letters van my woord, maar eie het geen hennu wat die hele woord gaan wees want die uurglas leeggeloop het nie.

My broer het onnodig hard aangekondig dat die uurglas leeggeloop het en dat my beurt verby was. Ek het gekriek toe ek besef dat ek nog nie 'n woord gebou het nie, maar toe weer gem ontspan toe ek ont hou dat ek later nog 'n beurt

sou kry om 'n woord te bou en dat die uurglas weer vir my omgedraai sou word.

Die uurglas van my lewe word egter net een maal omgedraai en ek sal net een enkele kans kry om my 'woord' te bou. Hoe stadig dit ook al mag wees, die uurglas loop leeg en wanneer die laaste korreltjie sand deurgelip het, sal my kans verby wees. Ek wonder watter woord ek dan sou gebou het.

Marika Botha - Grade 12

MY OUPA SE SPEELDING MAAR MY PA SE DROOM

Op my pa se agtiende verjaarsdag het my oupa vir hom sy ou groen Volksie gegee. Die deure van hierdie motor het altyd afgeval en die swart en wit vloere het gate gehad. Die dak het nie bestaan nie, en wanneer dit geroeën het, moes my pa en sy vriende saamtrek gebruik om nie drupnat te word nie.

Die hullebakke van my pa se skool het nie van my pa en sy vriende gehou nie, want hulle het altyd al die mooi meisies gekry. Hierdie boelies, met die hernaam 'Die Vermaane', het elke dag na skool my pa en sy vriende probeer vang om hulle te slaan, maar my pa-hulle was te vinnig vir 'Die Vermaane', en hulle het ook my oupa se groen Volksie, wat hulle Alfie genoem het, gehad.

Op 'n Vrydagmiddag toe my pa-hulle uitgegaan het om pizza te kry, het hulle 'n swart motor agter hulle gesien. Dit was definitief 'Die Vermaane', want die motor het baie vol gelyk. My pa het Alfie in suistand gebring en het uitgeklim. Die swart motor het ook gestop en die vier van 'Die Vermaane' het uitgeklim. Die twee het gepraat en het toe 'n besluit gekom. Die beslissing was dat hulle 'n wedren sou hê na die ou atletiekstadion, en as my pa-hulle wen, sou 'Die Vermaane' hulle met rus laat. Almal het ingestem en die wedren het begin. Alfie was nie baie vinnig nie, maar my pa het van 'n kortpad na die stadion geroep.

My pa het vyf minute voor 'Die Vermaane' die wedren voltooi, en toe 'Die Vermaane' arriveer, was hulle boos en wou my pa slaan. My pa het die bier herinner aan hulle vrees en dus kon hy niks doen nie, want 'n ooreenkoms is 'n ooreenkoms. Hierdie ou groen Volksie het my pa en sy vriende se lewens gered.

Parusha Pillay - Grade 11

'n UUR, NOG NET ENE

Die pad val lye vir lye onder my moeilike voete. Ek hardloop met die wind. Die koel naglug is snaaks genoeg verfrissend. 'n Uur, nog net een, voor alles weer begin.

Die straaligte flits verby my was die vos verby 'n Karolossie. Ek moet daar uitkom voor my tyd verby is, miskien kan ek met my lewe voortgaan. Ek moet net daar,

waar nêl daer is, uitkom. Die vorige twintig keer het ek elke keer dieselfde gedoen, op dieselfde manier. Ek moet die patroon verander, dis hoe ek nou hardloop. Weg van die ams en die donker in. Ek draai met 'n verlate agterstraat af. Die bordjie sê dat dit Verdrietstraat is. Verdriet, hoe ironies. Hierdie nag gaan aanhou en aanhou, tot ek dit beëindig. Uitasm, nou ek op hardloop. Ek kyk op. Die winkel is nog oop. Ek dink dat 'n winkel wat twintig oor twee nog oop is, die plek moet wees. 'Blue Forest Grove'. Snaakse naam vir 'n goederewinkel. Ek loop binne. Die ligte is skerp in my oë. Ek loop na die toonbank en ek probeer asemteek. Water, kan ek asseklief 'n bottel water kry? Die man agter die toonbank kyk na my rooi gesig. "Seker, ja, dit sal R5,93 wees". Snaakse prys, dink ek en die man agter die toonbank sê: "Snaakse nag".

Ek het my hoeglam geskrik. Hy kyk na my en sê: "Jou tyd is om".

Die bekende sirkel, die bekende boom. Nee! Nee! Nie weer nie. Ek begin hardloop, maar nou weet ek waarheen ek gaan. Verdriet Straat, 'Blue Forest Grove', die man. Hy het die antwoord, hy gaan hierdie nag vir my beëindig. Ek hardloop verby 'n ou vriend. Die hartlose se familiêre gesig lees weer 12.30.

Ek kom by die grootpad uit. Ek waai vir 'n taxi. Ek klim in en sê haastig vir die bestuurder, "Verdrietstraat, nou". Hy sê toe vir my: "I told your horses".

Hy stop by die nou, donker, smal straatjie. Ek betaal hom die R20,50 wat ek hom geskuld het en hy ry weg. Ek moet die man agter die toonbank vra om my te sê hoe ek met my lewe kan aangaan, ek wil aangaan. Ek loop binne, die ligte weer skerp in my oë. Ek sien die toonbank en die hartlose, kenner. Die man verskyn uit die skadu's en hy sê vir my dat ek nou beter doen. Wat moet ek doen? Wat het ek verkeerd gedoen? "Jy het jouself nooit genoeg tyd gegee nie. Nie vir jou nie, nie vir hulle nie. Leer tyd goed gebruik tyd goed". Sy taal was sleg en ek het nie heeltemal verstaan nie. Water, kan ek asseklief 'n bottel water kry? Hy gee vir my die water en ek begin dit drink. Die koel water val in my keel af en my klere verdwyn. Ek verstaan nie. "Jy sal nou jou tyd moet gebruik, gebruik tyd goed en jy sal 'n woord".

Die klein mannetjie neem my hande en skielik word dit warm en ek begin verstaan. Dankie. Baie dankie. Kan ek hier sit en wag, tot die tyd verby is? Ek moet weer begin om alles reg te maak. Ek sit in die hoekie, op 'n rietbankie. Ek draai die prop van die waterbottel af en begin weer drink.

2.20. Die tyd gaan nou stadig verby. Ek staan op en sit die leë bottel neer op die toonbank en die man verskyn weer uit die skadu's van die muur. "Reg, kry jy dit nou, nou gaan jy huis toe" Halfsliep.

Ek is weer eens op die bekende sirkel, die bekende boom. Ja! Ja! Ja!

Marie Snyman - Grade 11

DIE VOËLTJIE IN DIE STEENEIKEBOOM

My naam is Tessa die voël. Ek woon in die Steeneikeboom by Hoërskool Herschel. My nes is hoog in die takke tussen die groen blare. Daar is 'n klein gaatjie in die blare, net groot genoeg vir een ogie om deur te loer. Elke pouse kan ek die meisies van die skool sien. Sommige meisies sit onder die Eikeboom op die grasperk en ander speel op die gras voor die boom.

Vandag kan ek hulle hoor praat oor die dag en oor hoe lekker die musiekklas was. Ek kan die meisies sien. Hulle eet hul ingepakte kos. Twee meisies is besig om hul sluitkaste reg te pak, en sowat tien ander meisies is by die snoepwinkel. Ek kan hulle hoor lag, giggel, skree en raas. Daar lui die skoolklok, en almal hardloop na hul sluitkaste om hul skoolsakke te gaan haal en na die volgende klas te neem. Pouse is verby en dit is weer stil.

Roxanne de Silva - Grade 8

ALLES OOR MYSELF

My naam is Natalie Reed en ek is op die tiende Januarie negentien vyf en tagtig gebore. Ek het rooibruin hare, bruin oë, spore op my neus en 'n kuiltjie op my regterwang.

Laat ek eers met my goeie karaktereienskappe begin. Ek is 'n bietjie van 'n grappas en geniet dit terdeë om grappe of snaakse stories vir my familie of vriende te vertel wat hulle laat skater van die lag. Ek hou daarvan om behulpsaam te wees en gaan altyd uit my pad om my ma te help. Ek is hofflik en respekteer ander mense en probeer om ten alle tye vriendelik te wees teenoor my klasmaats. Nee, ek het geen vlerke of ligarans nie. Intendeel, elke nou en dan as ek naby genoeg in die kringel kyk, is ek amper seker dat ek horings sien!

Per slot van rekening, is ek 'n tiener. 'n Tiener wie se hormone heeltemal deurmekaar is en nie weet watter kant toe na. Een oomblik is ek in 'n goeie lui en die volgende oomblik is ek sommer vir die hele wêreld vies! Ek wens iemand kon dit aan my verduidelik! Natuurlik help dit gerums dat ek boonop ook 'n rooikop is nie. Ai tog, my arme ma en pa! Hulle hare het oornag grys geword en hul senuwees is heeltemal klam!

Daar is 'n paar dinge wat my vreeslik baie plesier verskaf, naamlik: om soveel kosbare tyd as moontlik saam met my familie te spandeer. Elke keer as ons iets saam doen, soos ysskaas, volprent toe toe gaan, uiters of 'n speletjie speel soos byvoorbeeld Krabbel, Risk, Pictionary ens., geniet ons dit terdeë! Net die gesels en gelag is vir my soos 'n tonikum en maak my sommer weer lus vir die lewe. Ek is ook mal oor rommels en sjokolade, alhoewel dit nie help met die vetrolletjies nie! Strelende musiek soos die van Celine Dion, is definitief my gunsteling.

Om mee af te sluit, is daar net 'n paar dinge wat my omkrap soos mense wat baklei of argumenteer. Dit maak my vreeslik hartseer. Elke nou en dan word ek ook 'n bietjie benoud omdat omtrent al my vriendinne kêrels het en ek nie. Dan onthou ek wat my ma vir my op vorige geleenthede gese het, naamlik dat daar nog baie tyd daarvoor is en dat ek eers op my skoolwerk moet konsentreer en die beste moet maak van my jeug. "Vroeg ryp beteken maar altyd vroeg voor".

Natalie Rood - Grade 8

'n SPOOKSTORIE

Ek het laat een aand in April op die pad tussen Uniondale en Willowmore gery. Ek het iemand langs die pad gesien doringoni. Ek het nie gewoonlik mense op nie, maar daar was donker en weerlig en dit was koud en wonderig. Ek het langs haar gestop en gevra waarheen sy wou gaan. Sy wou Kaapstad toe gaan. Gelukkig was ek op pad daarheen, dus het ek gesê dat sy mag inklim. Sy het agter gesit.

Daar was 'n doodse stilte gedurende die reis, daar was net die sagte geluid van die reëntruppels op die voorruit. Skielik het iets die stilte verbroek die radio het aangegaan. Dit was sensuergend omdat ek nie die radio aangeskakel het nie! Toe het my venster oopgegaan sonder dat ek daaraan getaak het - ek was doodbang!

Ek het omgedraai en het amper vir my vel gesprong... ek kon regdeur die vrou sien en sy het my ylikke, koue oë na my gestaar. Toe het sy skielik verdwyn. Ek was verdwaas en het met wawyd oë Kaapstad toe bestuur.

Kathryn du Toit - Grade 10

'n SPOOKSTORIE

Die aand was dit baie donker en die mis was dik. Ek onthou dat ek baie bang was omdat ek net 'n paar meter voor my kon sien, dus het ek baie stadig gery. Skielik val die ligte van my motor op 'n vrou wat langs die pad staan en duimgooi. Sy het 'n swart hoes gedra en haar lang swart hare het oor haar skouers en voor haar gesig geval; daarom kon ek nie haar gesig sien nie. Ek het egter niks daarvan gedink nie en 'n lang haar stilgestaan.

Sy het stadig na die voordeur van die motor gestap, en die deur oopgemaak. Ek onthou die gekraak van die gruis onder haar voete. Sy het die deur ongemaklik en ek het begin ry. Haar diep asemhaling het my ongemaklik laat voel en ek moes iets sê. Ek het haar gevra waarheen sy gaan en tot het ek haar gesig vir die eerste keer gesien. Dit was nie 'n gesig nie! Ek bedroel, die vel was daar, maar sonder oë oë, mond of neus! Skielik het sy verdwyn, maar op haar stiplek, lê 'n swart roos wat aan haar rok vasgespeel was...

Susannah Haack - Grade 10

MATRIKTANZ

Ein Matrik Tanz ist ein Tanz den man nie vergessen sollte, ein Tanz nur für dich, ein Tanz mit den Freundinnen, ein Tanz wo man nur glücklich sein darf.

Der Herschel Matrik Tanz fand am Freitag, den siebzehnten April in der Mary Jagger Hall statt. Natürlich fängt die Planung für so einen Tanz schon Monate vorher an. Und die Planung der Kleider? Das ist eine unendliche Geschichte. Die Farbe, das Material, der Stil, die Länge und natürlich dann die Haare, die Schminke und auch die Nägel. Wenn dann endlich die grosse Nacht kommt, ist man so nervös, man vergisst zu atmen.

Bei der "Before-Party", wird fotografiert, gegessen, getrunken und geredet. Jedes Mädchen beguckt das Kleid der anderen und Komplimente fliegen von Mund zu Mund. Nachdem es noch mehr fotografiert wird, ist es endlich Zeit zum Tanz zu gehen. Wenn man es geschafft hat, der Schulleiterin und ihrem Mann zu grüssen, kann man erleichtert den Abend gemessen. Wie immer gibt es ein Thema, und jeder bewundert die transformierte Halle!

Den ganzen Abend wird mit Essen, Tanzen, Quatschen und Lachen verbracht. Alles geht so schnell, dass es sich so vornehm, als ob alles in einer Stunde vorbei wäre. Vielleicht ist es, weil man in diesen vier Stunden einfach alle Sorgen in der Welt vergisst, und eine Nacht, besonders für dich, erlebt.

Mrandi Ridley - Grade 12

MÜLL IN HAMBURG

Die Hamburger Leute, jung und alt, sind sehr religiös mit Müll. In dem Haus einer typischen deutschen Familie, z.B., gibt es zwei Mülltonnen: eine in dem man die Papiersachen wegwürft und die andere für Plastiksachen. Batterien darf man nicht in Mülltonne werfen. Sie werden in speziellen Tonnen gestellt, denn sie können sehr gefährlich für die Umwelt sein. Bei uns auf der Schule hatten wir am Eingang eine Tonne dafür.

Überall gibt es in Hamburg Mülltonnen für die verschiedenen Stoffe. Es gab eine Tonne für Papiersachen, eine andere für Plastiksachen und etwa vier verschiedene Tonnen für die verschiedenen Farben von Glas (schwarz, weiss, braun, grün u.s.w.). Bei den Geschäften wo man Saft kauft, wurde ein Korb gegeben wenn man die Flaschen zurückliefert.

Um das Verwenden von Plastikkräten zu verhindern, hatten alle Fiskuszentren Wagen in denen man die verkauften Sachen einsteckt. Tüten wurden nicht ausgegeben und falls man eine die für DM 2.00 kaufte. Als man heim ging mit dem Auto, musste man die Einkaufs ins Auto stecken,



Kim Bellamy - Grade 10

entweder in Kisten, die man kaufen konnte, oder einfach so ohne Kiste ins Auto rein tun.

Weil es so viele Transportmittel in Hamburg gibt, benutzen manche Deutsche das Auto nicht und so verhinerte sie die Luft mit giftigen Stoffen zu verschmutzen. Man kann überall wo man hingeht, mit nur wenigem Geld auf einem Zug oder Bus gehen, denn es kostet viel weniger als Benzin. Es gibt auch viele Bürgersteige worauf man mit dem Fahrrad fahren kann. Man kann die Fahrräder auch auf dem Zug nehmen.

Wie man nun sehen kann, sind die Hamburger sehr besorgt über die Umweltverschmutzung. Wenn nur Südafrika so besorgt wäre!

Jacqueline Gibbens - Grade 12

EIN MOMENT, BITTE!

Jeden Tag stehe ich vor meinem Spiegel
und ich frage:
Was, wer würde ich eines Tages sein?
Ich hatte nur, wie alle, ich hoffe...
Aber niemand kann mir sagen
Niemand will mir sagen...

Die Zukunft ist unsicher - eine schwarze Leere
weit ausgestreckt vor mir.
Alle wollen wissen
Viele schwärzen und prophezeien
Aber nur Gott kann wirklich sagen
Nur Gott will wirklich sagen.

Wir müssen nur warten, wünschen und träumen
Jede Stunde ist so wichtig
Wir haben nur ein Chance
Zeit ist immer eifersüchtig
So, mein Freund, lach', lieb' und tanz'!

Alicia-Zee Hartmann - Grade 11

UKULOBA

Ngomhla wamashumi amabini kuDisemba kunyaka ophelileyo, utatomkhulu wathi siza kuya kuLoba.

Utatomkhulu wathuma uLuvuyo nam wathi masiye emayeni amakhulu siyokufumana amanyiki abomvu.

Sithe sisahamba sineta ukuba umzala wam omncinci uyasilandela. Utatomkhulu wathi singahamba naye kodwa wasiyala. Wathi ze singade uBusi.

Kuthe xa sibhatha amanyiki abomvu sava esona sibi isikhalo sabaleka sayo apho isikhalo besivela khona. Kwathi kanti uBusi uwe phakathi kwamatye amakhulu. Umzimba wakhe wayejikekile kwaye wayengaphentuli nebhala lalijika lisiya libablowu.

Kwakhawuleziwa kwabizwa iparamedics. Iparamedics zamkhupha ngoyameko uBusi, baphinda bamphelulisa. Bamhatha namso esibhedlele. Utatomkhulu zange atherhe nathi. Wayevutha ngomlando kuba esingamgadanga uBusi.

UBusi wahlala imini enye esibhedlele, oonesi bafumanisa ukuba akukho nto yenzakaleyo kuBusi. Kodwa nina micinga ukuba ingqondo yakhe yashukuma kancinci.

Utatomkhulu wasixolela kodwa ngoxa akasithembi mahantwana abancinci.

Lesedi Siswana - Grade 11

UKWELUKA

Ixesha lino likakile
Ixesha lelabo
Baza kuba ngamadoda.

Baza kunyuka le ntaba
njengobawo phambi kwaho
endleleni eya ebudodeni.

Baza kunyuka le ntaba, bengamakhwenkwe
Baza kuyehla bengamadoda
Beleqwa ngamakhwenkwe.

Bayaya ebudodeni
Baza kukoluka.

Lesedi Siswana and Abo Gugushe - Grade 11

SPORT

HOCKEY

Congratulations to all the sixteen teams entered in the league this season. The results were outstanding, with many teams almost unbeaten.

The U/14s have made a fantastic start to an extremely exciting future. Many girls represented Western Province this year and with their winning of Inter-schools, one is inspired to watch these many promising young players.

The U/16s dominated their section of the League - well done to Mervin Stanford and her unbeatable C team. We are again proud of the U/16A's victory at Inter-schools - as well as their successful tour to Johannesburg during the September holidays.

A remarkable season was had by all the U/19 teams. Miss Scarola led her two teams to great heights and has maintained a superb standard of hockey.

The first and second teams were lucky enough to play two touring sides from England: Bristol Grammar and

Woldingham High. Both teams were treated to traditional South African beerworts and our local talent.

Eight First Team players represented numerous Western Province teams. Tammy Lindsay, our untouchable goalie, must be congratulated on being selected for an U/19 South African squad. Callie Ambler Smith, Laura Middelmann and Jeannie Bomford were also chosen for a South African development squad. Our youngest-ever first team player, Julia Thomas, from Grade 9, has shown tremendous skill in the "engine room" of the team.

Inter-schools went extremely well, with Herschel placed second. (We must remember our victory over Wynberg on Astro-turf.)

A hockey lunch held at school concluded an exhilarating hockey season. This was a fantastic time for all hockey players to mingle. Thank you to Mrs Kershaw for an "Awesome" occasion and for dedicated coaching and endorsing support.

Jeannie Bomford (Captain) - Grade 12



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row:	K. Stegeman, M. Berrangé, L. Middelmann, T. Rademeyer, N. Vernon, S. Berrisford, J. Eccles, L. Brain, C. Stanley
3rd Row:	S. Hall, J. Bomford, E. Berrisford, H. Wilson, K. Chambers, J. Gibbons, J. Hendrickse, J. Thomas, M. Bridgman, T. van der Linde
2nd Row:	P. Slingsby, T. Lindsay, P. Braithwaite, D. Gordon, S. Lee-Pan, D. McDonald, J. Stubbs, M. Waller, L. Lusscombe, K. Bonellie
Front Row:	T. Farrell, L. Milne, M. Aubin, G. Simpson, K. Mann, V. Madlen, J. Haw



1ST HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: C. Cookson, K. Taylor, L. Miedelmann, M. Berrangé, N. Vasiljevic, J. Thomas, L. Luscombe

Front Row: L. Brain, J. Bornford (c), Mrs M. Kershaw, T. Lindsay, H. Wilson

UNDER 16A HOCKEY TOUR

On Wednesday the 23 September all seventeen of us arrived at the airport at 6:45 a.m. in great excitement for the five days which lay ahead. Looking very smart in our team T-shirts, we boarded the plane, and arrived in Johannesburg about two and a half hours later. Our first match was that same afternoon, so after lunch we started preparing for our

game against St Andrews. In about thirty degree heat, we took to the field, coping very well with the strange climate and coming off the field with a 3 to 0 victory, which was a great way to start off the tour.

Feeling confident, we went home to our hosts that night. At first, I think everyone was a bit apprehensive, not really knowing what to expect, but all the hosts were absolutely super - making us feel right at home from the minute we met them.

The next day's being a public holiday meant that we did not have any matches, so instead Mrs Botha and Mr Scott had arranged for us to spend a day at Gold Reef City. We spent the day trying all the rides, from the less scary bumper cars right through to the riveting roller-coaster! After a leisurely lunch and a last ride or two, we headed home, a bit sun-burned and very relaxed after a fun-filled day.

Friday brought with it the second of our matches, this time against St Mary's, who we were told, were going to be our toughest match. And they were! After the first half the score was still level at 0 to 0, and our strikers were very frustrated at not having scored, especially since we had the ball for most of the time. We went back on in the second half battling with the midday sun and excruciating heat, but still determined to do our best. Unfortunately, midway through that half, St Mary's broke through a very unsuspecting Herschel team, and they managed to score the only goal, winning the match 1 to 0.



UNDER 16A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. Ryan, B. van Schuij, J. Stubbs, C. Faden, H. Soeters, K. Bonellie

Front Row: L. Milne, A. Battle, L. Cronkhie (c), Mrs. H. Botha, L. Elliot, S. Stubbs, P. Slingsby

Saturday was our big day, with two matches only, one hour apart. Again the sun was beating down and even though our first match against Brescia House was early, it was still boiling. But everybody played well and we managed a good win of 3 to 0, which gave us the confidence which we needed for our last match against St Stithians.

The match was hard, and it was very close. After the first half, we were still all, and very hot and tired. But everyone persevered, and with a brilliant goal from Philippa, we managed to win the game! So with our hockey completed, it was time to leave, and we said our good byes on Sunday and headed for the train station.

We boarded the train and squashed all our bags into our little compartments which slept six. No-one was looking forward to the next twenty-six hours, as we expected to be cramped and become extremely bored. But to our surprise, this trip was one of the highlights of the tour. We played games, chatted, ate and were generally entertained by Mr Scott and his stories, or by Mrs Botha's little boys, who made up the 16th and 17th members of our party. Eventually we pulled into Cape Town station at 2.30 p.m. on Monday the 28th September, tired, yet on a complete 'high' after an amazing six days away.

Our tour to Johannesburg was a great success, not only from a hockey point of view, but also from an organisational point of view. For this we must thank both Mr Scott and Mrs Botha for the many hours which they spent making it all possible. They willingly gave up part of their hard-earned holiday to take us to Johannesburg and we really appreciate it, and hope that they enjoyed it too.

Susannah Hacker - Grade 10

UNDER 16A HOCKEY TOUR TO WELLINGTON

We arrived at Huguenote High School on Wednesday 1 April. We were greeted by some Huguenote girls and each received a packet containing an Easter egg, a T-shirt, a programme and a pad of note-paper. After supper we went to the opening of the course. We then had a run-through of all the rules and they were explained in great detail. Informal team photographs were taken after that. We were then shown a hockey video, followed by two more videos.

We were woken early on Thursday morning to the sound of a loud school bell at 5.30 a.m. After breakfast, we had a practice session. There were six different stations at which we each spent seventeen minutes.

We had lunch and thereafter travelled to Stellenbosch to play hockey matches on the astro turf. That evening, after supper, we wrote a National Umpires Examination. There was a prize for the person who obtained the highest mark and that person was Chloe Foden. After the examination, we spent the rest of the night playing Cherokee in the school hall.



Under 16A Hockey Team in Wellington

On Friday we were awoken early once again and had skills training at the different stations. We ate lunch and then travelled to Stellenbosch to play more matches. That evening we had a formal dinner in the school hall. Each team had to prepare a song or play an instrument of some sort and perform on stage between each course. Unfortunately, we came nowhere. Then each member of our Herschel team was awarded a *Pieterade* water-bottle for the team who displayed the best stick-work, teamwork and ball-control in the course. The thirteen most promising players of the course were announced. Included in the team were four Herschel girls: Eilann Crombie, Chloe Foden, Philippa Slingsby and Helen Souters.

Saturday morning commenced with the continuation of matches, on grass, not astro-turf. The outcome of the nine matches in which Herschel played during the course was: 7 won and 2 drawn, and we did not concede a goal against us throughout the course!

It was a fantastic experience and many thanks to Mrs Kershaw for giving up her holiday to take us to Wellington.

Caryn Stanley - Grade 10

INDOOR HOCKEY

Since its start in 1995, Indoor Hockey has grown into one of Herschel's most popular and thriving sports.

This year the number of teams in the league increased from 6 to 12, ensuring that our three coaches, Mrs Kershaw, Mr Scott and Mrs Bonellus, were far from idle!

The First Team ended sixth in the first league and the second team a creditable ninth out of twelve in the same league. The rest of the teams all did very well.

The First Team had quite a disruptive season this year with our goalie, Tammy Lindsay, breaking her collarbone at the



FIRST TEAM INDOOR HOCKEY

Back Row: B. Bandurker, C. Cookson, J. Hendrikse, M. Berrangé, N. Vasiljevic, L. Fernandes
Front Row: C. Ambler-Smith, L. Brain (c), Mrs M. Kershaw, H. Wilson, J. Bomford

beginning of the first term. We were fortunate enough, however, to have Jayne Hendrikse (Grade 8) and Biquees Bandurker (Grade 10) as our 'fill-in' goalies for the term.

Interschools was held on Friday the 13th in our Sports Centre. Our team gave it their best shot (literally!), but only managed to make fifth place.

A big thank you to Mrs Kershaw for being the ever enthusiastic and inexhaustible coach that she is and also to Mr Scott for his support throughout the season.

Lucia Brain - Grade 12

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS TENNIS FESTIVAL

The 1st Herschel Seven went to the annual Independent Schools Tennis Festival in February 1998. This prestigious tournament was held at Epworth School, Pietermaritzburg. Herschel has won it twice before, been runners-up twice and were therefore looking for another victory. Our main rivals were DSG from Grahamstown whom we had beaten once and lost to once. The team:

1. Jacky Gibbens (c) - Western Province U/18
2. Laura Miedelmann - undefeated in this tournament
3. Saitron Ullal - Western Province U/15
4. Michelle Berrangé - top volleyer, and a greatly improved player since last year

5. Caroline Sylvester - a very strong and steady player who is a great asset to the team

6. Kathryn du Toit - a newcomer to the team with a bright future in tennis

7. Candice Cookson - her game has gone from strength to strength

Coach Mr A Scott - a crucial member of the team who had a permanent supply of energy pills that kept this mighty bunch going during the intense heat and tough hours of tennis.

The team left midday Thursday, 19 February. In the sweltering heat, we packed up our bus and off we went. We met up with our old friends, the Western Province Prep U/13 cricket team, exchanged hellos on who was going to bring home the biggest trophy and then we all waved goodbye to Cape Town. As soon as we were settled on the plane we began the "20 questions" of Mr Scott's life, even squeezing the "first kiss" story out of him, which caused much laughter.

Pietermaritzburg was very hot and humid and, as soon as we arrived at Epworth School, we headed for the swimming pool. Epworth was very hospitable, offering us juice and biscuits on our arrival. After our swim we had a quick practice on the courts to finish off the fine tuning. We were now fully prepared for a weekend of tennis!

Our first opponents were Epworth. We had drastically underestimated them! Having easily beaten them in the past years, their newcomers proved to be potential obstacles for our experienced team. After two rounds of nail-biting

singles it was three all. The match would be decided by the remaining three doubles matches. Jacky and Laura kept their heads and topped their opponents in a very close three setter. The pressure was now on. Fortunately both our other couples were in top form and took their matches in straight sets to defeat Epworth 6 to 3.

After the lunch break Herschel was to play St Mary's. They were no contest for Herschel's super seven and we beat them 8 to 1. That evening we explored the small town of Pietermaritzburg and eagerly rested our legs while enjoying the popular "Full Monty" on the big screen.

On Saturday Herschel was scheduled to play Kingwood. They had provided good competition last year, but also, alas, Herschel were out to prove themselves yet again! We overwhelmed the Kingwood girls (who had taken a liking to our coach) with a 7 to 2 victory.

At the end of the round robin we were at the top of our pool which meant we would play against the winners of the other pool. Our opponents were to be DSG! We had lost to them in the finals last year, but beaten them in 1996 and were therefore ready for anything and quite intent on winning back our rather oversized trophy. That evening we had lots of fun and games in the pool, as the temperature was climbing every day. Epworth hosted a delicious braai which gave us time to meet and chat with the girls in the other teams. After the braai the entire tournament migrated to the nearby Ten Pin Bowling Alley. Jacky showed us how it was done - claiming the bowling title with a score of 129! After this we were privileged to experience an awesome exhibition of lightning and thunder. White light flashed through the sky for the next few hours.



TOURING TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: M. Berrangé, J. Gibbens (c),
L. Middelmann, Mr A. Scott
Front Row: S. Hall, C. Sylvester, C. Cookson,
K. du Toit



FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: S. Hall, L. Middelmann, M. Berrangé
Front Row: C. Sylvester, J. Gibbens (c), K. du Toit

Sunday morning was "Judgement Day!" We were all very nervous. High temperatures had been predicted, so we took advantage of the cool morning and were out on the courts at 7:00 a.m. for a warm up. Mr Scott forced ample quantities of energy pills down our throats so we would be able to sustain the next few crucial hours.

Jacky, Laura and Saffron were first on. Saffron, who had not quite found her rhythm, put up a good fight against a very tough opponent. Laura played an excellent game, yet nearly lost her head in the second set when she was 5 to 2 up and therefore won the set only 7-5. Nevertheless, after regaining her confidence, she thundered through the second set at 6 to 1. One all!

Jacky was putting up a gruesome battle. She and her opponent, both excellent athletes, played a game of stamina and endurance. Jacky rose to the occasion to take a 3 set victory. Unfortunately, even with her excellent volleying skills, Michelle could not overcome her opponent. It was time for our secret weapon to take the court. Kathryn du Toit took the world by storm and beat her opponent very convincingly, which put Herschel in a 3 to 2 lead. But DSG were not there for a reason: to beat us! They equalised in the sixth singles match. The day would be decided once again by the three outstanding doubles matches. Herschel cushioned their opponents in every sphere, taking all three matches and winning the tournament 6 to 3.

We arrived home victorious with smiles and great memories and carried our heads high, as well as the trophy. We could not have done it without the support of one another and Mr Scott. Well done and thank you to everyone for an outstanding tennis season.

Laura Middelmann - Grade 11



INTER-SCHOOLS SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: B. Duffet, M. Matthews, P. Slingsby
 Front Row: D. Gordon (c), Mr A. Scott, L. Milne (D. McDonald - absent)

SQUASH

Once again, with the support of our coach, Mr Scott, and the enthusiasm of all the players, the Herschel squash teams had a great 1998 season. A number of our players were selected as Western Province representatives:

U/14 - Jayne Hendrikse

U/16 - Michelle Matthews, Philippa Slingsby, Louise Milne, Jessica Stulhs and Debbie McDonald

U/19 - Dianne Gordon

Unfortunately, Bronwyn Duffett, who would certainly have been selected, was away at the time of the tournament. All these girls took part in the Inter provincial tournament during the June/July holidays in which the U/16B team (Debbie, Jessica and Philippa) came fifth and the U/19A team (Dianne) was awarded the gold medal as overall S.A. winners. Dianne also won the gold medal in the individual B section. Congratulations to everyone involved.

The Second and Third Teams both did exceptionally well, winning their respective leagues. Half-way through the season, the first team was promoted to the boys' league and came second to Wynberg Girls' first team in the final knockout competition. However, we had a very successful end to the season by winning the Inter-schools tournament for the second year in succession (in spite of a few injuries).

Our thanks to the parents for their support every week and to Mr Scott for all the time he puts into our coaching, for his enthusiasm and for his endless patience - the source of which is yet to be discovered! Well done to all the players and our goal is to bring the Inter-schools cup back to Herschel again next year. Let's make it a hat-trick!

Dianne Gordon (Captain) - Grade 11

SWIMMING

The swimming season was highly successful this year. We had a lot of enthusiastic swimmers at practices. Our Thursday galas continued, where we achieved some excellent results, usually coming second or third to Rustenburg and Wynberg, both of which provided tough competition.

At the Inter-schools event the support from almost the entire school helped us to get through the freezing cold evening and achieve a well-deserved third, behind Wynberg and Rustenburg. Well done to Caryn Stanley who swam the dreaded event - the four by fifty metre medley - and did extremely well.

I think the most fun during the season was had at the Inter-house Gala, where the swimmers were able to compete against one another as well as those who would have preferred just to cheer. Rolt came out tops, winning the overall event, as well as the age group trophies.

The most exciting event of the Inter-house Gala was the inter-grade relay, in which the Matrics managed to break our Grade 11 record. Well done!

Congratulations also go to Lindsay Grant, Caryn Stanley, Georgina Simpson and Vanessa Wood who excelled throughout the whole season.

I would like to thank Mrs Bertha for all the time and effort which she puts into the sport. Her encouragement throughout the season has been incredible and Jeannie Bonford and I have enjoyed working with her and leading a highly spirited and successful team.

Helen Wilson - Grade 12



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: C. Howard, S. Low, C. Stanley, S. Berrisford, G. Simpson, K. Chambers, T. Rademeyer, C. Hugo-Flamman, M. Bridgman
 2nd Row: M. Heeger, A. Larsen, V. Scott, T. McGregor, K-L. Bouclie, T. Parrell
 Front Row: S. Strabbs, L. Grant, H. Wilson (c), Mrs H. Botha, J. Bomford, M. Aubin, K. Atkinson

DIVING

Although diving is not offered as a sport at Herschel, we managed to put together a team for the Inter-schools event. Fleur van Maudijk came second in the Under Fourteen section. Megan Walwyn also dived in the Under Fourteen section. Heleen Susters won the Under Sixteen section, with Lauren Urquhart coming second. In the open section Helen Wilson came first. With these excellent results we managed to win the overall trophy.

Helen Wilson - Grade 12

WATERPOLO

What a brilliant season it has been! We had a total of six teams playing league, as well as our enthusiastic Grade 9s joining us halfway through the season. All these teams have achieved excellent results, due to skilled coaching and the fun and the spirit shared by everyone. Even at our early morning sessions there was something about which to laugh.

As for the First Team, we definitely can be proud of ourselves. From our Grade 8 days, when not touching the

bottom of the pool for an entire chukka was tough going, and the shock at hearing that we could throw with only one hand, we have developed into a closely knit team to become - we still think - the best school waterpolo side in the Western Province. We achieved excellent results against Springfield, Wynberg, Pinelands, Rhenian and Fish Hoek. Our results against our 'good old friends', Westerford, were superb in that we managed to stop their on-going record of wins. We won the league, surviving extremely tense and tough games against them. At Waller Cup, in a very close final against Westerford, we went down 8-9. The support from our girls was incredible - even the referees said it was a most tense, exciting and well supported match - on a par with internationals.

The Second, Third, Fourth and Under Fifteen Teams maintained a high standard of waterpolo the entire season with only a few matches being lost. Special congratulations must go to the U/15A Team who won the Morrell Cup, beating Westerford in a closely contested final. Keep it up, guys, the Waller Cup needs a new home!

There were also plenty of personal achievements for our players. Megan Aubin, Michelle Brulman and I were selected for the Western Province Schools A Side which won the Inter-provincial championships. Also competing in the Western Province B Side were Lucia Braun, Caryn

Stanley, Jade Eccles, Tiffany Rademeyer and Michelle Berrangé, as well as Georgina Simpson, Kate Chambers, Lauren Elliot and Sarah Berrisford in the Western Province U/15 Side. At this tournament Megan Aubin and I were chosen for the South African Schools' team.

Megan and I were also selected for the Western Province Ladies B Side which competed at the national Aquatic Championships in Durban, where I was chosen for the South African U/20 Side.

All the achievements are due to long hours (and early hours) in the pool and to our dedicated coaches, especially Theresa Bridgman, a talented waterpolo player herself. She has given us new ideas and aspects of the game. Thanks also to Ms Scarola, a new-comer to the sport; she produced excellent results from her teams, and to Linzi Pickup who coached the promising youngsters. The encouragement and support of Mrs Botha is most appreciated and special mention must be made of Mrs van Zyl who has been behind us all the way and whose support has encouraged many.

The Matrics wish you the best of luck for the future. Just make sure you have fun and remember to give us a call when you need the support.

Helen Wilson - Grade 12

1ST TEAM WATERPOLO

Waterpolo at Herschel has gone from strength to strength this season, and has become the school's most popular summer sport, with six teams entered in the league.

This incredible enthusiasm, however, seemed to run low every Tuesday and Thursday, when, from 6:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m., the First Team have their early morning training sessions! Despite the initial complaints, a lot of gruelling fitness work was accomplished, and this, together with an

afternoon of "Ball Skills" practice, prepared the team for a successful, unbeaten season.

With results such as 11-0 against Springfield, and 9-1 against Wynberg, we knew we'd hit a winning streak, but the real test would be our match against our all-time arch-rivals - Westerford. After weeks of training and days of "psyching-up", the big match finally arrived, and our girls thrashed the opposition with an impressive 7-3 score! This then increased the pressure to win the Walter Cup, the trophy held by Westerford for the past ten years. Yet again our team pulled through, beating Fairbairn 7-0 in the semi-finals and Westerford 13-11 in the finals.

Not only did we achieve in the schools' league, but many of our players received provincial recognition, with Caryn Stanley, Lucia Brain, Michelle Bridgman, Tiffany Rademeyer, Michelle Berrangé and Jade Eccles being selected to represent Western Province, and Megan Aubin and Helen Wilson being selected to represent South Africa. Congratulations, girls, you've made us proud!

These great results could not have been achieved without the help and sheer determination of our coach, Theresa Bridgman, who made us the team we are today. Thanks must also go to all the girls who supported our games: it was appreciated.

It was a pleasure and an honour to play for Herschel and Good Luck to next year's team; remember one hundred percent, ALWAYS!

Tiffany Rademeyer (Captain) - Grade 12



Mrs Wilson presenting Lindsay Grant with her trophy at the Inter-house Swimming Gala



UNDER 16A NETBALL

Back Row:	K. Mavi, J. Thomas, N. Vernon, Y. Peiser, T. van der Horst
Front Row:	S. Berrisford, S. Dlova (c), H. Afuzu-Holmes



1ST NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: P. Carter, K. Weixelbaum, P. Fietzer, Z. Bludla
Front Row: L. Middelmann, M. Aubin (c), Mrs R. Schmidt, C. Thomas, M. Bernagè

NETBALL

Netball has gone from strength to strength this season due to the dedication, hard work and inspirational coaching of Mrs Riley and Mrs Schmidt. The team spirit has been electric and has contributed to the success of all the teams entered in the league.

The U/14 and U/16 teams exceeded all expectations beating both Westerford and Rustenburg, two of the ten teams in our league and, furthermore, their triumphs culminated in the U/16's winning the Inter-schools competition at Rustenburg.

The U/19 Inter-schools had a surprisingly successful season. The team rose to the occasion at Inter-schools and made it a double victory, bringing the trophy to Herschel for the first time since the competition began.

All netball teams have had an excellent season impressing the school, their coaches and themselves. Well done and good luck for next year.

Clare Thomas - Grade 12

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country season started with much enthusiasm and keen support from twenty-five girls.

The inter-schools cross-country was hosted by Herschel, on Friday 11 September, with Herschel, Wynberg, Springfield,

Sans Souci, Groen Hope and St. Cyprian's participating. The route took the runners around the Herschel grounds and through Anderne Gardens. The U/14 and U/15 age groups ran 3 kilometres and the U/16, U/17 and U/19 age groups ran 4 kilometres. The Herschel teams performed far beyond expectations, thanks to Mrs Scott's training programmes and useful advice. Herschel won all the senior age groups and the overall trophy. The individual results are as follows:

U/14	1st	Anna Haw
	2nd	Tammy Farrell
	3rd	Lindsey Grant
	4th	Marina Pape
	5th	Maja Stork
U/15	2nd	Nicola Henkel
	3rd	Andrea Larsen
	5th	Mandy Heeger
	7th	Kathryn du Toit
	9th	Chloé Hugo-Lamman
U/16	2nd	Rosy Martin
	5th	Caryn Stanley
	7th	Leshae Luscombe
	10th	Kerry Heeger
	11th	Oliver Little
U/17	3rd	Sally Wilson
	6th	Caroline Sylvester
	10th	Leigh van Heerden
	11th	Carla Swannier
	20th	Johanna Jacobs

U/19	2nd	Jacqui Gibbens
	3rd	Jeannie Boniford
	6th	Sarah Louw
	7th	Kristin Weixelbaumer
	8th	Catalina Clarkson

A big thank-you must go to Mrs Sixti for all her support and commitment throughout the season.

Nicola Henkel - Grade 9

HORSE RIDING

On Saturday 12 September 1998, the 1998 Interschools Cross-Country and Show-jumping was held in Hunt Bay at the Riding Centre. This event was very kindly sponsored by The Two Oceans Aquarium.

In total, ten schools took part and there were about 78 horses altogether. Herschel entered three teams. One from the Preparatory School and two from the Senior School, each team consisting of four horses. The teams were as follows:

Preparatory School team:

Claire Roselincs on Japonica Trogg
Sarah Louw on Zohan
Amy Slingsby on Titania
Sarah Desmarais on Golden Furl

Herschel "A" team:

Leanne Lawson on Charger
Harriet Beamish on Sherikaan
Lara Béchét on Theodore
Kate Lyn Bonelli on Jamaican Doll

Herschel "B" team:

Kate Stegeman on Lake Courage
Erica Basson on Calapace
Lara Béchét on Perimants Pride
Lyndall Tutt on Hercules

In the Children's Section in which the Preparatory School team rode, Claire Roselincs came first in the individual section on her pony, Japonica Trogg, and the team came third overall in the team event and second in the "best turned out" class.

In the Junior section, in which both the Senior teams competed, Erica Basson won the individual event on Calapace, Leanne Lawson came second on Charger and Kate Stegeman came sixth on Lake Courage. In the team event, Herschel "A" team came third overall.

The day was a great success and I would definitely say that Herschel had the most spirit. We had banners, flags and wore the Herschel "uniform" for all the events. The girls looked neat, their horses and tack were immaculate and the enthusiasm and friendliness displayed by all the girls throughout the nine hour event (8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.) made the day a great success.

Kate Stegeman - Grade 11

FEDERATION EQUESTRIAN INTERNATIONAL

On 15 and 16 August 1998 I visited Johannesburg to compete in the South African qualifier of the Federation Equestrian International Children's Show-jumping Competition. There were 42 riders in all, representing Gauteng, Western Province, Eastern Cape and Natal. It consisted of five jumping rounds, two on Saturday and three on Sunday. I entered this competition with the intention of gaining experience from it and so I was more surprised than I was when, after three clear rounds and one refusal (which gave me three penalty points), I found that I had won the competition. In January 1999, I will be competing in the finals in Japan.

Phillippa Braithwaite - Grade 9



Phillippa Braithwaite receiving her award

HIGHLAND DANCING

Scotland here we come! Since I started Highland Dancing at the age of five my wish has been to be able to compete in Scotland and it finally came true. During the July holidays, I and five other dancers from my Highland Dancing Studio, the Alexander School of Dance, competed in five Highland Games in different parts of Scotland, the largest one being in Stirling.

It was daunting as we stood waiting our turn to dance and saw the stiff competition ahead of us. We were competing against Champion dancers, one of them being third in the world! In Scotland there are competitions weekly and the dancing is very competitive and of an incredibly high standard. The games were festive, with much activity happening all around one, such as tossing the caber, tug o' war, cycling, running and a fair. We returned home full of newfound enthusiasm. It was an unforgettable experience.

Highland Dancing goes back into the mists of antiquity, when dances in Scotland, even before the days of the bagpipes, were performed to the music of the harp. Until 1900, only boys entered for Highland Dancing competitions, but now the girls outnumber the boys by roughly a hundred to one.

Formal instruction in Highland Dancing begins at an early age for its value as a superior form of physical exercise, to promote personal grace and precise muscle control, to develop a sense of rhythm and co-ordination between body and mind, and to offer for their enjoyment a disciplined and moral dance form.

Highland Dancing is performed all over the world. It has enabled young people in many different countries to enjoy the colourful heritage of Scotland, secure in the knowledge that they were using the same steps and techniques as the dancers 'Back Home' in Scotland.

The advantages gained have become more obvious as communications and modern methods of travel have allowed dancers to fly regularly to and from between provinces, states and countries, taking part in demonstrations and competitions. No longer is it possible to label a competitor as Australian, South African, Canadian or American because of the steps used or differences in technical approach.

Nicole Fasham - Grade 10



UNDER 19 VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: S. Gillbert, N. Donnelly, S. Sartar, L. Siswana, A. Loebenberg
 Front Row: E. Tuomi (c), L. Womersley, Dr M. Siroky, M. McDonald, D. Gordon

SPORTS DINNER

The Herschel Sports Dinner has become a special event on the school's calendar over the last few years. It allows for the achievements of the girls in all sports to be acknowledged as well as giving many of us the opportunity to take a look in to 'out of school sports', such as sailing and rock climbing, that girls are involved in. It is always a festive occasion and this year was no exception.

Accompanying a delicious three-course meal was the prize-giving ceremony. Special mention should be made of Helen Wilson who, amongst other awards, won the trophy for the best sporting achievement for the year, and Jeannie Bornford, who received the trophy for Sportsmanship on and off the field. It was clear from the number of provincial and national representatives Herschel has produced that the school's sport is going from strength to strength and that we are becoming a tough opponent for the likes of Rustenburg, Wynberg and Westerford.

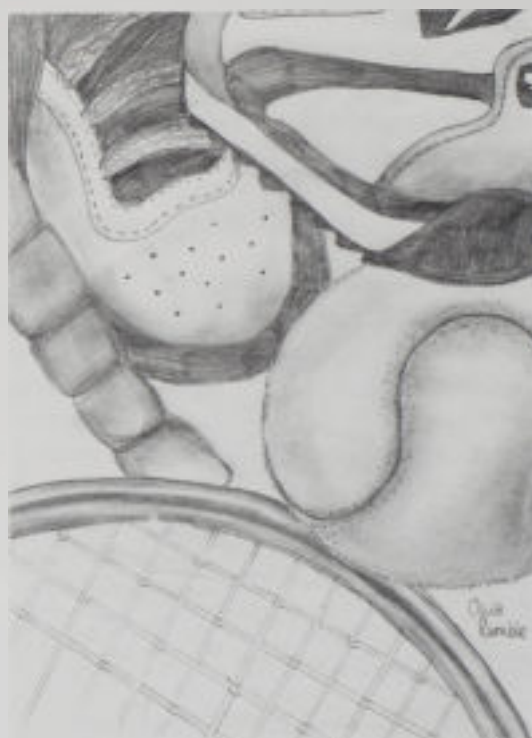
Horse-riding has always been a love of many Herschel girls and it was fitting that Genevieve Michel, the first female jockey in South Africa, was the guest speaker. The determination and courage of Miss Michel is to be admired. She joined the training academy at the age of fourteen and successfully graduated after tough and testing years in an all-male institution. She now holds over 70 wins and the degree of her success became more evident to us as she gave us a tiny glimpse into the harsh, competitive world she had to break barriers to get into.

The singing of the school song ended the evening and emphasised what a significant role sport and team spirit play

in the life of our school. It was not only achievements being acknowledged, but also the support and enthusiasm amongst team members, which have helped push Herschel to these heights.

A big thank-you must go to all who contributed to the dinner, but a special one goes to Mrs Ker-law, who was the chief organiser behind the fantastic evening - I know that many look forward to next year's Sports Dinner.

Emma Murray - Grade 12



Jeannie Bornford (winner of the Sportsmanship trophy), Mrs van Zyl, Guest Speaker, Miss Genevieve Michel and Helen Wilson (winner of the Best Sporting Achievement of the Year)

STAFF NEWS

THE REVEREND PADDY ALLEN

In 1888, the magazine *Punch* published a famous cartoon called "Dropping the Pilot", which shows Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany parting company with Bismarck, who had been Chancellor for many years. A pilot is a "steers-man in difficult waters, any guide" and I feel as though we are dropping our pilot with the departure next month of Paddy Allen. Paddy has been at Herschel since 1986 and we are going to miss her more than most of us will ever know. Her quiet wisdom, deep perception and integrity and her intelligent assessment of situations have many times provided common-sense solutions to problems which have puzzled us. Her creativity is famous in the school - it was her ideas and her enthusiasm which got us all involved in the Mediaeval Pageant and the Elizabethan Day, the Outreach Programme, and many other events, which we grunted about at first, but ended with thoroughly enjoying them.

Paddy has proved over and over again, that difficulties cannot stand in her way. I shall never forget how she obtained a first class Honours degree in English, while coping with death and illness and accidents within her closest family, and carrying out the considerable demands of her teaching career. Her latest achievement is to come first - with unprecedentedly high marks - in her Theology examinations. She will be flying up to Pretoria soon to collect her prize.

Paddy's life has never followed conventional paths. From her early childhood in Zimbabwe to her present role as priest, she has been unusual. She describes herself as African in her senses and European, specifically Celtic, in her culture. It has been a dynamic mixture. We can only hope that Paddy will one day find time to write her memoirs



they will make vivid reading. In a recent interview, she described how her precocious intelligence convinced some of her early classmates that she had supernatural powers, so she sold them locks of her hair at examination time! She was also "defrocked" as a prefect at her convent school after she painted a red bikini on the school's mermaid statue ... and this was only the start of her career! I regret that we do not have the space to describe more of her adventures.

We wish Paddy and Bruce much joy in their new lives on the Scottish coast, near the castle of Black Agnes. It is an appropriate place for this English teacher/priest with her love of ballads to begin the next phase of her eventful life. Go well, Paddy!

ANN NEL

Mrs Ann Nel has taught Physical Science at Herschel for almost three years. She is a dedicated and highly competent teacher with a flair for organisation. Now, however, with a new baby expected in December, and her husband, Raymond, about to complete his degree in Oncology, she is looking forward to staying at home for a while, with Katie, her daughter, and her new baby. She will be missed by both pupils and staff.



SUSAN GOUGH

Over the past six and three-quarter years, Herschel has been extremely privileged to have known, and benefited from, the selfless dedication and loyal service of Susan Gough. Sue came to Herschel from Rhodes University and immediately slotted into both the Music and Mathematics Departments.

It was soon evident that she had an astounding capacity for work, both during and after school. Perhaps what was most

admirable was the quality of her work, both during and after school. What was most admirable was the quality of her commitment as she shared her talents and her quiet efficiency with staff and pupils alike.

There were many days when the little yellow Golf sat waiting, while its owner gave tirelessly of herself, to her individual pupils, to the choir and chorale, to school productions, to the annual Cabaret ... and so the list continues. All this was done in a real spirit of giving and caring, which left her colleagues in awe.

Sue led by example, winning the respect of all those with whom she came into contact, and she will be greatly missed. We thank her for being a wonderful colleague, teacher and friend and wish her years of blessing and fulfilment as she proceeds with the next chapter in her event-filled life. God bless you, Sue.

OBITUARY - MR WILLIAM MARSHALL-SMITH

Herschel was fortunate, indeed, to have had the services of a man such as Bill Marshall-Smith for twenty-five years. He joined our Council in 1973 and became its Chairman from 1981 to 1987.

Throughout his life, he remained a dear and loyal friend of the school, and, in recognition of this, he was made Life Member of the Herschel Association, the first and only time anyone has received this mark of esteem. After a short illness, Bill Marshall-Smith died peacefully on 6 August, aged 85. He will be sorely missed at school functions and we extend our deep sympathy to his family, especially to his wife, Marion.



BOSBERAAD - HOUW HOEK INN

The Houw Hoek Inn conjures up images of restful, romantic weekend getaways – or it did, until it was descended upon by the Herschel Hurricane(s), the executive staff of both the Senior and Preparatory Schools. The bosberaad started promptly at three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Mrs van Zyl, the Headmistress, set the tone with her opening address. We were then inspired by Margie van Rensburg who, in her soft-spoken way, led us through Stephen Covey's **Seven Habits of Highly Effective People**. She helped us move from using reactive language such as, "There's nothing I can do," to being more proactive by saying, "Let's look at our alternatives." We forgot the "If only" phrase and acquired "I will" as our motto.

Mrs van Rensburg touched our hearts with the beautiful mermaid story. It was particularly apt for our profession, as we always need to remember that, although we have Giants, Dragons and Wizards in each class, there is also a shy little mermaid needing our love and attention.

The evening ended with a most enjoyable and lively meal in the dining room.

Saturday morning dawned crisp and clear and after a hearty breakfast, Jenny Thompson spoke about closer High School and Preparatory School liaison. Lesley MacLartyre led a problem-identifying workshop where solutions were found for various challenges which face teachers at Herschel.

Shealagh Ryan, Jocelyn Wrensch and Nicki Gerhardt tested our "I will" motto with the challenge which Information Technology holds for all of us. After lunch we headed home, TIRED, but INSPIRED!

GRADE 12D



GRADE 12D

Back Row: R. Farrell, N. Donnelly, T. de Villiers, A. Durrant, L. Brain, C. Day, A. Ford, P. Bromfield, K. Bruce
2nd Row: C. Bothwell, C. Ambler Smith, M. Bridgman, K. Atkinson, D. Gagliano, J. Bomford, C. Elliot
Front Row: C. Cooke, C. Cookson, Mrs D. Beames, H. Dutton, Mrs M. Barlow, M. Botha, M. Aubin
Absent: F. Beaumont, H. Christie, A. French

SELECTED MATRIC COMMENTS

BEST MOMENTS

Matric Dance, French Tour, wonderful friends, English classes under Brad's watchful eye! *Catherine Day*

Matric Dance and final matric day! *Michelle Bridgman*

Many things come to mind, but what made my time at Herschel memorable were my friends - *Robynn Farrell*
Climbing Lion's Head with Miss Scandola and the FAC! - *Marika Botha*

The small demonstrations of kindness which I have experienced at Herschel! *Cathy Bothwell*

Drama, *Dracula* Spectacle and guitar lessons with Caroline Blundell - *Gereldine Elliot*

WORST MOMENTS

When I was made to swim in my underwear at Prep School after leaving my costume at home - *Robynn Farrell*

The day two of my friends were expelled in Standard 7, and when I took off my blouse in Eucharist and got into big trouble with Mrs Duff - *Kate Atkinson*

I was very lovely in my first week at Herschel and it was difficult to meet people! *Candice Cookson*

Getting hauled into Mrs Duff's office and being told that just because I have short hair, doesn't mean that I am a super model - *Nadia Donnelly*

FUTURE PLANS

I might become a political analyst and run around the dusty areas of the known world watching it all happen... or join the illustrious Department of Defence or National Intelligence Agency and become the most feared person you know - *Fleur Reynolds*

Going on the Bergellia Tour and staying with my brother in London for four months while working - *Robynn Farrell*
I am still undecided, but I might study Theology at George Whitefield College - *Marika Botha*

Study Journalism or Law at Stellenbosch - *Cathy Bothwell*

Study Business Science or Physiotherapy - *Candice Cookson*

Study Actuarial Science at Stellenbosch - *Nadia Donnelly*

Travel for a year and then study Drama at UCT - *Gereldine Elliot*

Study Business at Stellenbosch - *Michelle Bridgman*

Study Business Science at UCT - *Catherine Day*

GRADE 12E



GRADE 12E

Back Row:	M. Haw, J. Gibbens, M. McDonald, L. Hemmes, A. Kondylis, J. Kerr, N. Hemmes, C. Cloyne
2nd Row:	L. Lomborg, N. Hendricks, A. Gordon, O. Mitchell, C. McClarty, D. Hazell, T. Ismail, K. Moss, M. Hendricks, H. Mitchell
Front Row:	S-J. Morley, E. Murray, Mrs R. Cameron, F. Koep, Miss N. Welgemoed, L. Kieck, T. Lindsay
Absent:	A. Lahia

SELECTED MATRIC COMMENTS

BEST MOMENTS

I enjoyed the 75th Celebrations and the practices for the aerial photograph - *Claire McClarty*

The final day of matric - *Antonia Lubia*

Standard 8 Dance - *Heleen Mitchell*

Standard 9 Dance - *Louise Lomborg*

Every day at Herschel will be a day to remember, but my time on exchange was particularly memorable - *Mary Hare*

The whole matric year, the Standard 9 Orange River Trip, the Standard 7 Camp and the last two weeks of Matric - *Ashleigh Gordon*

WORST MOMENTS

Not receiving a rose on Valentine's Day in Standard 8 - *Mary Hare*

The first day of Standard 6, when I arrived late for assembly and dropped my lunch and tripped over it in front of the whole school - *Heleen Mitchell*

Monday mornings, double Science and double Maths, the Gumbo Dance at the Eisteddfod in Standard 6 and arriving at my English Exam late, as well as swimming lessons in Physical Education - *Ashleigh Gordon*

Waterpolo practices in sub-zero temperatures at 6:00 a.m. - *Louise Lomborg*

Standard 6, because everything was new and I missed my friends from my previous school - *Claire McClarty*

FUTURE PLANS

Going to study Drama and Cinema in the USA for a year, and then return to SA to study in the Science field - *Mary Hare*

Business degree at UCT or Stellenbosch - *Claire McClarty*

A Levels in England - *Antonia Lubia*

I will take a gap year, concentrating on Dressage and then go overseas for a while and find a beautiful Italian in Tuscany - *Alexis Kondylis*

I will take a gap year and then study towards a career in advertising - *Ashleigh Gordon*

Study Medicine at UCT, becoming either a plastic surgeon or a medical engineer - *Heleen Mitchell*

Study Commerce at Stellenbosch - *Louise Lomborg*

GRADE 12P



GRADE 12P

Back Row:	A. Wood, C. Prew, K. Twycross, L. Womersley, C. Thomas, T. Rademeyer, F. Thoni, G. van der Hoven, H. Wilson
2nd Row:	M. Wengel, C. Peter, B. Spence, M. Kidney, A. Steynor, L. Stehlik, K. Sheperdson
Front Row:	A. Thomas, M. Wynne, B. Silberbauer, Mrs K. Hugo, T. Welsch, K. Taylor, J. Watson
Absent:	S. Palframan

SELECTED MATRIC COMMENTS

BEST MOMENTS

Performing *Always* by Ben Jovi for the Elsteddied - *Clare Thomas*
 The whole matric year was wonderful - *Andrea Thomas*
 Pre-Prep "Dress-Up Day" was quite amusing - *Lauren Hemmes*
 Biology lessons with Mrs Sauriol's shenanigans, the "free's" in the common room with tea and cookies - *Tiffany Rademeyer*
 While rehearsing for an Afrikaans play in Standard 8, a friend knocked a bottle of Vodka after mistaking it for water - *Erin Thoni*

WORST MOMENTS

As a new girl, the first term of Standard 8 was daunting - *Andrea Thomas*
 Any Maths test or exam - *Anna Steynor*
 Early-morning waterpolo practices, but breakfast made up for it - *Michaela Wynne*
 Monday, Day 1, Week A1 - *Lauren Hemmes*

FUTURE PLANS

Study Drama or Journalism at Rhodes - *Clare Thomas*
 Study jewellery design and manufacture at Cape Technicon - *Andrea Thomas*
 Study Environmental Science at UCT - *Anna Steynor*
 Social Science at Rhodes or Stellenbosch - *Michaela Wynne*
 BA in International Studies at Stellenbosch - *Lauren Hemmes*
 Travel around Europe and then study in the USA in August, make a million, climb Mount Everest, swim the English Channel, date a movie star, and be an outstanding success - *Tiffany Rademeyer*
 Study for A Levels - *Lise Womersley*
 Study for a BSc at UCT (more evil Mathematics and Physical Science) - *Erin Thoni*
 Take a year off to study at a language school in Italy or France, scuba dive and perhaps do some camp counselling in the USA before returning to Durban to study Homeopathy - *Joni Watson*
 Work as a camp-counsellor at a summer camp in the USA and visit exchange friends before studying at Stellenbosch - *Sarah-Jane Morley*
 Study Commerce at Stellenbosch - *Katharine Twycross*



Top: Grade 8 Cross Curricular Adorne Gardens Project Middle: Confirmation Camp Bottom: Outreach



PREPARATORY SCHOOL





Above: Sabrina Chisin - Nursery Class



Above: Imogen Arton - Grade 4

Below: Ashleigh Cummins - Grade 2



STAFF

HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs J Thompson, PTID(CTTC)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs A L Woolley, NTSD, LTCL, Dip.SpEd, BEd(UCT)

SENIOR TEACHER - SENIOR PHASE

Mrs M Cowling, TC(Hartford)

SENIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M Bonellie, NTSD(Pmb)

Miss W L Bay, HDE(CTTC)

Miss K Blankson, HDE(CTTC)

Mrs A Champion, HPTC(Academic)(ETC)

Miss L Cowie, HDE(Phys Ed)(Edgewood),
Dip. Ed Management(RAU)

Mrs P Hannekom, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs J Henderson, BPrimEd(UCT)

Mrs C Hirshon, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs R L Joyce, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs I Knoetze, BA, HDE(Stell)

Mrs B Lawrence, HDE(CTTC)

Mrs J Longworth, Dip.JunPrimEd(CTTC),
Dip.SpEd(Remedial)(UCT)

Miss P Mallon, HDE(CTTC)

Mrs L Pullen, TTHD(JCE)

Mrs R Rosenbaum, NATD4 in Art

Mrs R Scott, BA(PhysEd)(Stell), HDE(UCT)

Mrs M Soole, BSc(UCT), Flons(Wits)

Mrs A Tysen, NTID(Natal), LRSM(Piano)

Miss J Ward, BMus(Piano), LRSM(Clarinet), HDE(UCT)

HEAD OF JUNIOR PREPARATORY

Mrs M Butler, PTC(CTTC), DE(Natal)

JUNIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs H J Bailey, HDE(Parr)

Mrs N Bowley, HDE(CTTC)

Mrs D Cowley, HDE(Acc,PTID)(Jun)

Miss M S Gibbings, NTSD, HDE(Pmb),
MA(South Carolina)

Mrs A Macé, TTD(JunPrim)(JCE)

HEAD OF PRE-PREPARATORY

Mrs C Summer, NTID(Pre-Prim)(Barkly House)

PRE-PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs C Blencowe, HDE(Pre-Prim)(Barkly House)

Mrs G van der Vyver, HDE(Pre-Prim)(Barkly House)

Mrs M Kamalie, PTP(Pre-School), Level III(ELRC)

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mrs S Boser, Assistant

Mr E Nickloes, Assistant Estate Manager

Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory School Secretary

Mrs M Sleight, Assistant Preparatory School Secretary



STAFF

- Back Row: Miss P. Mallon, Mrs I. Knoetze, Mrs R. Scott, Mrs M. Soole, Miss J. Ward, Mrs N. Bowley,
Mrs J. Longworth, Miss W. Bay, Mrs J. Henderson, Mrs M. Bonellie, Mrs C. Blencowe, Miss L. Cowie
- 2nd Row: Mrs S. Boser, Mrs C. Hirshon, Mrs A. Macé, Mrs M. Nixon, Mrs J. Gildeschildt, Mrs B. Lawrence,
Mrs L. Pullen, Mrs A. Tysen, Miss K. Blankson, Mrs M. Kamalie, Mrs J. Tyers, Mrs J. Davidson,
Mrs A. Champion
- Front Row: Mrs P. Hannekom, Mrs D. Cowley, Mrs H. Bailey, Mrs C. Summer, Mrs A. Woolley, Mrs J. Thompson,
Mrs M. Butler, Mrs M. Cowling, Mrs N. Farrester, Miss S. Gibbings, Mrs G. van der Vyver
- Front Seated: Mr P. Tyson

PREPARATORY REPORT MRS JENNY THOMPSON

It is often said that once a milestone has been reached, the years go by very quickly! Herschel is now 75 years old and it seems as if the 75th birthday bunting and balloons have barely been put away.

Our 1998 educational programme has been stimulating and exciting. We have refined and adapted the much maligned Outcomes Based Education programmes to suit our specific needs. Our teachers have researched this system extensively and have attended workshops and lectures on the subject. They have exciting ideas which have been incorporated into the Grade 1 programme now in place.

We are fortunate at Herschel in that we are able to selectively implement new trends and ideas after proper research and evaluation. Outcomes Based Education results to date have been pleasing and we intend to introduce the system to Grade 2 in 1999.

An important staff appointment in 1998 was that of Mrs Woolley as Senior Teacher. We have enjoyed working together and I am sure that Mrs Woolley will make a valuable contribution to our work at Herschel. Our new members of staff for 1998, Mrs Longworth, Mrs Cowley, Miss Mallon and Mrs Champion, have quickly settled in and they have strengthened the teaching team while warmly accepting their new responsibilities.

Our new Design and Technology Centre opened this year. This was an exciting event for staff and girls as it is a new development in education. The centre is very capably run by Mrs Hirschon who has taken a keen interest in acquiring the skills needed to teach in this new field. Our centre is well equipped with many interesting machines and tools.

The girls really enjoy the hour and-a-half spent weekly in the centre. Here they ponder over problems set for them. They have arrived at many interesting solutions by constructing and then assessing their work, both individually and in groups. The girls have acquired many skills from this challenging and interesting activity.

Information Technology has not been overlooked during 1998. Our recently upgraded installation is functioning well and we are very aware of the pivotal role which computer literacy plays in modern society. Our approach is to accept that computing skills are needed for any career which our girls might follow.

We were delighted this year when twelve of our Grade 7 pupils were invited to sit the Senior School Scholarship Examination. Mary-Kate Versveld achieved the best results, together with Alice Brown from Micklefield. We are very proud of Mary-Kate!

In a more social academic spirit our General Knowledge Team is to be congratulated on reaching the final round of the General Knowledge Quiz. In an impressive display, our



team finished within the top ten teams out of 60 entrants in the second round. The final round will be held in October and everyone is working hard to achieve a good result.

Our Entrepreneurial Programme continues to be popular. As part of our programme the Grades 4 to 6 held a "Market Day". Again the girls had to make their own merchandise, advertise their wares, set up their stalls and sell their goods. Profit or loss positions were analysed with interest.

Entrepreneurial skills is a new and exciting subject introduced into the Pre-Prep Department this year.

As an introduction, the children were exposed to a variety of professions and occupations available as careers. Parents were invited to talk about their professions, work routines and skills. To reinforce the entrepreneurial theme the children were taken to "Kiddies Campus" to role play various work situations.

The culmination of the project was to involve the pupils in a "Market Day". The day was the responsibility of the children, while guidance was given by teachers and parents. They were required to plan, cost and produce an item for sale. The full marketing process was then enacted. The girls had a wonderful morning choosing and buying various items and learned a great deal about the value of money, budgeting and making choices.

The profits from "Market Day" were donated to the Outreach Programme and used for purchasing Christmas gifts for the John Pama Christmas party. The balance of the money was spent on items for the imaginary play area.

A key aim of education at Herschel is to create awareness of the disadvantaged in our community. Our school is involved in continuous and wide ranging fund raising and

support efforts. Toys, blankets, clothing and books have been collected for those in need.

Our programme of awareness is not limited to human needs. The environment and the plight of the world's animals are other issues which are integrated into our teaching and enrichment effort.

Our Grade 7s raise money through the weekly sale of ice-creams. This project is run by the girls along business lines. Profits go towards our on going support of John Pama School in Nyanga.

This year money has been donated to John Pama for their tour to Natal; Nazareth House, who care for HIV/AIDS babies; and to SANCCOB and PUPT, an organisation which provides veterinary services to disadvantaged communities. An afternoon of netball was organised with John Pama School and the Pre-Preps invited pupils from the school to a Christmas Party.

The Student Council and Grade 7s entertained children from Glendale School to an afternoon of games and activities. Girls who attend the clubs on Tuesday afternoons invited senior citizens to tea and arranged a concert for them. These activities are but a small part of the valuable work being done on the humanitarian front at the Prep.

An exciting development and a direct result of our strategic planning initiative of 1997 has been the commencement of our building project this year. The first phase covers the rebuilding of the Grade 1 and 2 block. Early next year the present Grade 2 classrooms will have two floors and the Grade 3 classrooms will be upstairs. The ground floor will house the day boarding, art and remedial departments, as well as a staffroom and an office. We are looking forward to moving into our new building which, we hope, will lead to a more efficient use of available space.

The secretarial office will move to the present Grade 7a classroom and further changes will result in the Grade 7s moving to one of the vacated Grade 3 rooms.

The Class Reps have worked hard at fund-raising for our school, providing the parents and pupils with a great deal of fun and entertainment in the process. A most successful event was the presentation, capably organised, of Mike McCullagh's popular show "60 Something". A capacity crowd filled our hall and had a wonderful time.

The problems surrounding the social behaviour of our girls out of school continues to be of great concern to parents and to the school. Our Grade 6 parents organised meetings at Herschel to discuss the issue. The intention is to provide a support system for parents and girls and to have a united front to deal with problems when they arise.

Our girls have achieved on the sports fields during 1998 and a number of our pupils have represented Western Province at hockey, squash, cross-country, gymnastics and sailing.

Nicky Silberbauer is a member of the Western Province Team for squash and she represented South Africa at the European Sailing Regatta in Croatia. Jade Watkins and Cassie Weir were selected for the Western Province Squash Team. Sarah Golding was selected to represent Western Province in swimming and cross-country. Caoife D'Arcy represented Western Province in swimming, as did Katherine Pickard for climbing and Elizabeth Reid for gymnastics. Lisa Chates, Tiffany Vos, Vicky Sherwell, Jacqui Pickup and Tadinke Vasiljevic all played for the Under 13 Bwantswana Hockey Team.

The Preparatory School is moving towards the new millennium with clearly defined goals. Our campus has been vastly improved, with a new swimming pool, new multi-purpose hall and now a new junior primary building being added to our facilities. Activities such as Design and Technology and pottery instruction are now also based on our property.

Our teaching staff has been strengthened providing, we believe, a first class learning and educational experience for pupils. Let us join hands and face the future confidently.

JAGGER

Jagger had a very good start to the year by coming second at the Inter-house Gala. We were a little disappointed in coming third at the Inter-house Hockey. We came second in the Inter-house Netball and were very proud to have won the Spirit Cup. Well done to all the girls who cooperated so well and worked hard for their House. Thank you very much to Mrs Cawling for all her dedication to Jagger. We are really looking forward to the Inter-house Sports Day and hope to end the year proud of our House.

Eunice Komem and Sarah Louw - Grade 7

MERRIMAN

The atmosphere was exhilarating at the swimming gala once the girls had started to sing. We were really proud of the girls for doing their best. A special thanks to Vicky Sherwell who kept us singing and helped us win the Inter-house Swimming Spirit Cup. The Inter-house Fideckford was great fun and I was pleased to see so many girls involved and supporting each other.

The Inter-house Hockey and Netball was enjoyed by all and well done to the Under 13s who beat Rolt and Jagger at both the netball and hockey. Well done to Tiffany Vos and Vicky Sherwell for being chosen to play for the Western Province Hockey Team. At the end of the second term Merriman won the Houselist Cup which was a great way to end the term. Thank you for making my final year at Prep School a special one and keep up the good work.

Sarah Whitehead - Grade 7

ROLT

Rolt has done exceedingly well this year and has made an impact in all fields: first place in the Inter-house swimming, hockey, netball and tennis.

First seems to be where Rolt has found itself most often this year with a fine display at the gala - just winning by a few points. I would like to thank all the girls who so willingly offered (or who were so gracious when forced) to help with the making of shakers or the writing of the songs and to applaud Rolt girls who were not sporty, but made up for it with their incredible lung power on the supporters' stand. That was when Rolt's true house spirit shone through.

We wish the best of luck to next year's captains and all the girls who support Rolt. Good luck for next year and keep up the good spirit.

Tatinka Vasiljevic and Lexi Bechet - Grade 7

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is a wonderful way to involve the whole school in decision making.

Our school is constantly improving and the Student Council has helped to improve the school environment by selling hot drinks during the week. The girls have been allowed to wear takkies and civvies after paying a fee towards a charity.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: A. Bechet (vc Rolt), S. Louw (vc Jagger)
Front Row: S. Whitehead (vc Merriman), N. Desai (vc Merriman), Mrs J. Thompson, T. Vasiljevic (vc Rolt), E. Komeni (vc Jagger)

As a school, we are aware that we are very privileged and that there are many people who are not as lucky as we are. Collections of books were made for township schools to try to expand their libraries.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row: S. Desmarais, A. Bechet, J. Cruse, K. Pickaril, K. Welkom, K. Davel, C. Roustred, T. Beirens, L. MacNeill
Front Row: M-K. Versveld, Mrs A. Woolley, T. Biesman Simons, Mrs J. Thompson, S. Whitehead, Mrs L. Pollen, H. Raine

Grade 7 Student Council members were taken on a leadership camp to Greyton. It was a most interesting experience.

More recently, a group of mentally handicapped children visited Herschel for an afternoon of fun and games. This was a wonderful afternoon, and was enjoyed by all.

All the participating girls would like to thank Mrs Woolley, Mrs Pullen and Mrs Thompson for this opportunity.

Joanna Crowe - Grade 7

MUSIC

One hundred and fifty girls at present learn the piano, violin, recorder, clarinet, flute and the guitar.

Girls entered the Cape Town and Afrikaans Lisededéods in piano and recorder. We were delighted with Beth Buchanan, who obtained a Diploma. The following girls received Honours: Laura Dyer, Danielle See, Catherine Sandell, Nabeeha Mohamed, Zoë McClarty, Ashleigh Tyrrell and Judy Rauch.

Three girls entered the Royal Schools of Music Examination and thirty-one for the Trinity College Examination. Ten girls were entered for the UNISA violin exam. These were held late in the year and we are still waiting to receive these results.

Workshops have been held regularly and we had a lunch-hour concert in the third term for the examination candidates. These were most successful.

A big event for Herschel has been the Charity Concert at the Baxter Theatre to raise money for the Children's Trauma Unit at the Tygerberg Hospital. The drum majorettes, choir, dancers, roller bladers and poets were involved and there was a wonderful opportunity for the girls of Herschel to help raise money for this great cause.

The music staff have made an amazing contribution to music at Herschel this year. Their efforts have been greatly appreciated by everyone. We are very thankful for the opportunities we have to learn and enjoy music.

Congratulations go to the following girls who obtained distinctions in the Royal Schools of Music Examination: Beth Buchanan (Grade I Piano), Danielle See (Grade II Piano) and Tatlička Vasiljevic (Grade I Flute).

Katherine Pickard - Grade 7

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, or perhaps more appropriately, the "Instrumental Group", is mostly a small, but dedicated group of young musicians who meet once a week for a short half hour practice.

The core group this year has consisted of saxophone and treble reeds, two flutes and a clarinet. Katherine Pickard, our talented flautist, was chosen to be the leader of the orchestra.

In Term 1 and Term 4, the group takes on the function of accompanying the singing for two significant school events: Easter and the Christmas Carol Service. Often the size of



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: C. Sandell, K. Gull, S. Greenwood, Z. McClarty, K. McMulken, Miss J. Ward (teacher)
Front Row: K. Pickard (leader), S. Whitehead, T. Vasiljevic

the group more than doubles in Term 4 as enthusiasm for being actively involved in the Carol Service is great.

During terms two and three the group works specifically on instrumental arrangements. This year various arrangements were learned and some later performed including: "Hornpipe" from *Rudigore*, "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines", "William Tell", "The Entertainer" and "The Muppet Show Theme".

Miss J. Ward

EISTEDDFOD

The 1998 Eisteddfod was a great success and the Inter-house Cup was won by Reil. The dancing section was very popular, especially with the Grade 7s, and a trip was presented to Jacqui Pickup and Ashleigh Kohn by a group of 1997 Grade 7 dancers for the Best Choreography. Thanks to all the judges for giving up their time to come and judge us, and to the parents for supporting their children. Well done to all the girls for preparing such excellent work.

Tamsyn Woods, Lee-Ann Dell, Sarah Whitehead and
Shelley Houlston - Grade 7

AFRICAN MUSIC

African music has been very inspirational this year. Our teacher, Henry Jeane, has worked hard to teach us many different pieces. We have learned a wide variety of music, from lullabies to "In the Jungle". "The Click Song" is definitely our all time favourite. We have also learned

amadinda, marimba and pan-pipes pieces, songs and more gum boot dancing!

It is exciting to know about the beautiful and interesting music of the African people of our country. African Music - an enjoyable past-time!

Nabilah Coovadia and Tanya Möller - Grade 6

CHOIR

This has been an interesting year for the choir and we particularly enjoyed singing in the Mary Jagger Hall with the Senior School Choirs and with special guest, mezzo-soprano, Ms J. Young, who is a student opera singer.

The Senior and Junior Choirs thoroughly enjoyed singing at the Easter Service.

We were invited to sing in the third term at the Baxter Concert Hall by Mr Alfred Hinkel, who choreographed the show with Mrs Merrington and Mrs Tyson, Head of the Music Department at Herschel Prep. This show was to raise money for the Tygerberg Children's Hospital Trauma Unit. We are most grateful for the opportunity to raise funds for underprivileged children.

A big thank you to Ms Ward who always accompanies the choirs. A special thanks to Mrs Tyson, who makes choir practice enjoyable for everyone.

We enjoyed being choir leaders in 1998 and hope we set a good example for next year.

Ashleigh Kohn and Jessica Schipper - Grade 7



AFRICAN MUSIC

V. Tickers, F. Bennett, T. Möller, N. Coovadia, M. Counsell, Mr H. Jeane (teacher), H. Möller



JUNIOR CHOIR

Back Row:	S. Brown, K. Mallett, T. Behrens, J. Thorne, F. Mallett, G. Train, C. Morris, K. McLennan
3rd Row:	S. Shanfield, J. Woker, K. Baile, D. Waring, P. Almon, C. Weaver, M. de Noriega, S. Gauding, L. Mitchell
2nd Row:	A. Bourne, L. du Preez, K. Moore, J. Hui, A. Robins, C. Louw, A. Pita, E. Haupt, G. Barclay
Front Row:	K. Mossep, T. Vasdjovic, K. Desmarais, S. McKay, Mrs A. Tyson, A. Kohn, K. McClarty, C. D'Arcy, C. Sandell



SENIOR CHOIR

Back Row:	K. Schmitgen, M-K. Veesteld, S. Whitehead, T. Woods, T. Vasdjovic, K. Pickard, V. Hutton, C. de Noriega
3rd Row:	J. Lobei, D. Geraschmidt, D. See, J. Arrighi, M. McKay, J. Stuy, A. Han, E. Siebert, A. Tyrrell, J. Duff, J. Fowler, L. Macrae, Z. McClarty
2nd Row:	L. Dyer, K. McMullen, K. McKay, C. Ferguson, L. Béchert, S. Athan-Holmes, J. Pickup, K. Lamond, T. Harriker, P. Iverson, T. Day, K. Weldon, V. Sherwell, J. Liddell, S. Girdwood, K. Gull
Front Row:	K. Meyer, J. Kennedy, C. Roto-Luana, C. Merrington, H. Raine, Mrs A. Tyson, A. Kohn, D. McLaughlin, C. Bonstead, K. Davey, C. Steward



LIBRARY MONITORS

Back Row: S. Whitehead, S. Hodges, Mrs L. Pullen, N. Desai, M-K. Versfeld
Front Row: J. Cruise, H. Raive, S. Desmarais

LIBRARY NEWS

1998 has been a very successful year for the Library Monitors. With the new computer system, checking books in and out has been a lot easier. The Library has expanded its resources with new CD's for the CD room and many new videos. The monitors have been taught by Mrs Pullen to operate the computer and to help the girls to locate certain books. All in all, being a Library Monitor has been a great experience and learning opportunity for all involved.

Mary-Kate Versfeld - Grade 7

COMPUTERS

Computers are being continuously integrated into the Prep School curriculum. From the beginning of the year every classroom has had a computer with CD Rom. The library now has 5 computers and is linked to the Internet, as is the computer room. The use of the Internet for research purposes has increased dramatically.

From the beginning of this year Library Studies and Computer Lessons for the Grade 6s have been integrated in Media Studies. This has proved to be very successful as it

gives the pupils access to all the research materials at the same time (books, CD Rom and the Internet). This approach will be used in other classes from next year.

All the school reports were written on computer for the first time this year. The added benefit of this is that all the teachers are now at a higher level of computer literacy.

The acquisition of the scanner has added a new dimension to projects and lesson preparation. It also provides exciting possibilities for presenting lessons on the computer using presentation packages, for example, Powerpoint and Web pages.

Mrs M. Soole



At work on Market Day Projects

DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY

The bright and sunny new Technology Centre at Herschel Prep has been a hive of activity since the first day of the 1998 school year. The pupils spend 1½ hours a week in the centre, developing skills, through the technological process, in electronics, mechanisms, structures, textiles and food technology.

Kezia McKay, Jaisie Liddell, Debbie Goldschmidt, Camilla Stewart and Chloe Merrington (Grade 6 pupils) are seen working out the intricacies of series and parallel circuits.

Mrs C. Hirshon



SCRIPTURE UNION

A Watermelon Wallow was the perfect start to S.U. 1998. During the term we found out more about being friends of God, and friends to others. The Secret Friend week was lots of fun.

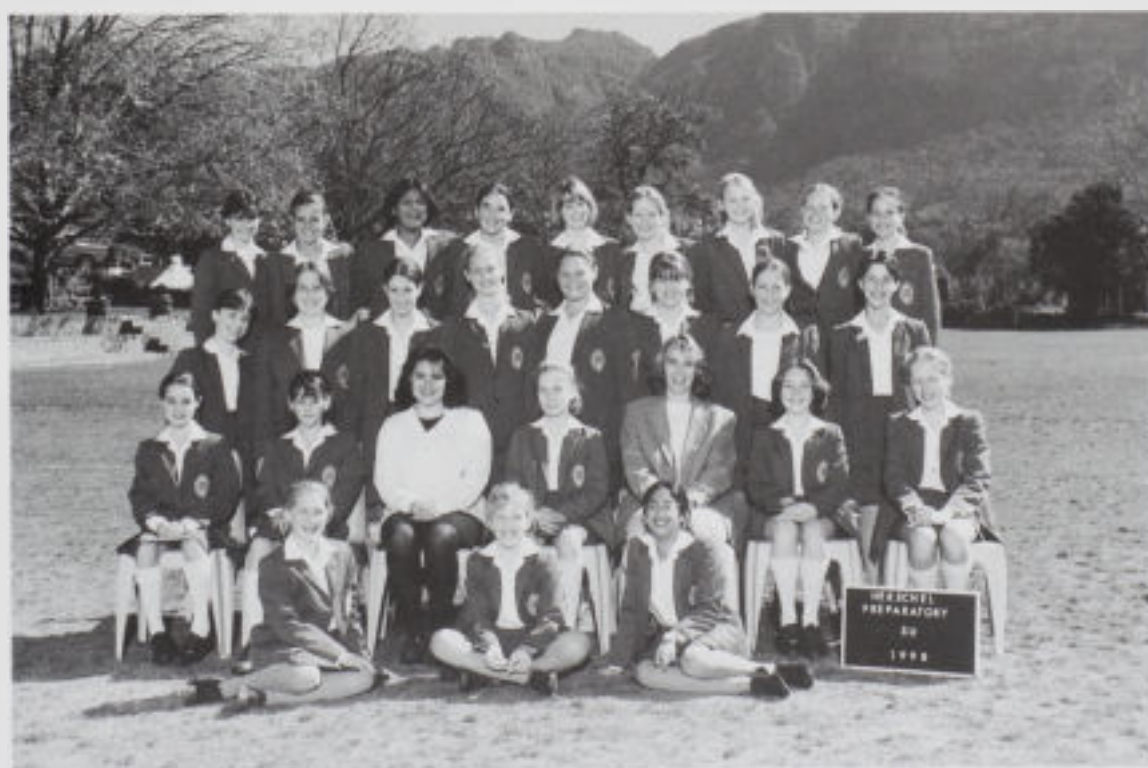
This was followed by a term of looking at how God speaks to us, and how we should speak to others. This culminated in a special S.U. Assembly, where we sang Amy Grant's song, "Thy Word", based on the S.U. International Bible verse: "Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path," (Psalm 119:105). We ended this term with yummy, gooey pancakes, which we made in groups.

The theme for our third term was, Walk the Talk. We focused on how the Holy Spirit can help us to live the Christian life. We had great fun making and eating a fruit salad made of 9 fruits, each representing a Fruit of the Spirit (Galatians 5:22-23).

We now look forward to our Action Palaver at the end of the term, where we hope to have S.U. groups from other schools coming to join us for an afternoon of fun and games.

Next term is our Great Escape S.U. Camp with Oakhurst, Runderosch and Claremont Primary at Camp Faraway. This promises to be the real highlight of the year!

Miss W. Boy



SCRIPTURE UNION

Back Row:	M. McKay, K. Gull, S. Bruce, J. Barclay, K. McMullen, C. Merrington, C. Boustreck, C. Stewart, J. Leibel
3rd Row:	A. Tyrrell, R. Honeysett, N. Lee, K. Larnaud, C. de Nobrega, V. Rana, K. McKay, J. Liddell
2nd Row:	L. Macrae, D. Goldschmidt, Miss P. Mallen, T. Möller, Miss W. Boy, J. Arrighi, P. Iverson
Front Row:	K. Meyer, Z. McClary, N. Chovadia



Scripture Union "Watermelon Wallow"

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The General Knowledge Team has consisted of a small, but extremely committed, group of Grade 7 pupils. We have met every Monday after school to study questions and answers in the numerous categories set for the Inter Schools' Competition.

As each of the first two rounds approached, we met on a daily basis, armed with lists of questions from our families,

magazines, newspapers and old quizzes. This year, for the first time, we were required to study the daily newspapers for a specific week before the first round. Despite stiff opposition from approximately sixty schools, Herschel has once again been placed among the top ten schools and we are now hard at work preparing for the finals which take place in October.

All members of the team are to be congratulated on the high standard of their general knowledge, as well as the happy spirit with which they have approached this important aspect of education.

Mrs A. Champion

GRADE 7 OUTREACH PROGRAMME

This year the Grade 7 Outreach Programme has been most successful. Our fundraising events have been: ice-cream sales, a cake sale and the Easter Raffle. A cheque was presented to John Pama to assist them with their tour to Natal.

We have also made donations to PUPT, SANCCOLB and Nazareth House and collected books for disadvantaged schools. We had a Winter Warmer Week when we asked girls to bring jerseys and blankets which we donated to Red Cross. We are glad that we were able to help so many people.

Tessa Biesman-Simons - Grade 7



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Back Row: S. Houlston, N. Desai, J. Watkins
 Front Row: J. Crouse, T. Biesman-Simons, Mrs A. Champion, S. Whitehead, J. Uquhart
 Absent: C. Weir



ECO KIDS

Back Row: D. Hampshire, F. Mallett, T. Behrens, T. Thorne, L. de Preez, K. Mallett, S. Bennett.
 2nd Row: C. van As, S. Dall
 Front Row: K. Bernick, J. Lin, L. Mitchell, Mrs L. Pullen, N. Read, A. Pira, K. McLeod, M. Counsell, N. Kisch, N. Mohamed

ECO KIDS

The Eco Kids have worked hard this year. From can recycling to Marine Day activities. All the Eco Kids are enthusiastic Grade 5s.

The main project that we have worked on is the can recycling. We have raised money from this but we did not do all the work! It was made possible by all the school pupils who very generously brought cans. During Marine Week we will be

having a Marine Fun Day and a play about oil spills. We would like to say a big thank you to Mrs Pullen and Miss Ward for giving up their breaks to support this club.

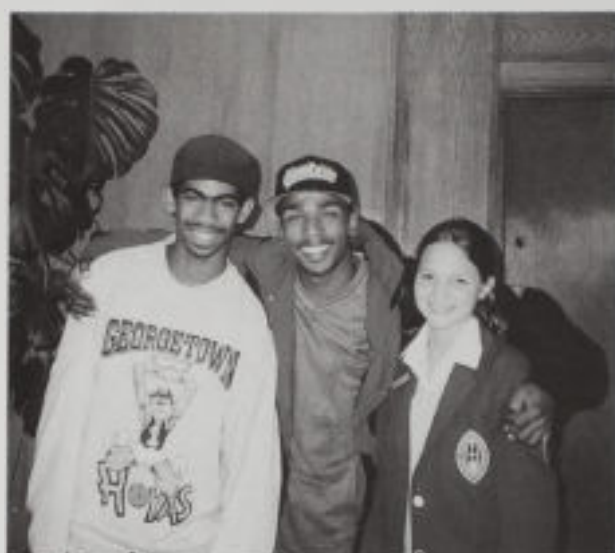
Lindi Mitchell Grade 5



Above: Planting the Tree of the Year - White Pear
 Right: Remembering Arbor Week - 1-7 September



HERITAGE DAY EVENTS



IN THE NEWS AND ON THE AIRWAVES

Wesley, Gershwin and Kayleigh Davel in the C-Flat Radio Studio after the Heritage Day Concert interview.



Above: Our dancers who participated in the Heritage Day Variety Show, "Kids for Kids", held at the Baxter Theatre.

Below: The Poster for the Heritage Day Variety Show.



DRUMMIES

The Herschel Drummies are a squad of thirty-three girls. The main leader is Jacqui Pickup and the sub leaders are Sarah Whitehead, Tamsyn Wilson, Jessica Schipper, Tadiasha Vasiljevic, Eunice Komani and Ashleigh Kohn.

Delicia Merrington has been coaching us for two years and we have thoroughly enjoyed working with her.

Our first performance was at Western Province Prep's Fun Day, where we had a special entertainer, Justin Stewart, as Michael Jackson. Everyone performed very well.

On 3 September we had a cake sale to raise money for new drummie boots. We performed at the Baxter Theatre on 24 September to raise funds for the Tygerberg Children's Trauma Unit. We were all very excited, worked extremely hard and the show was most successful.

We would like to thank Mrs Joyce for making all the costumes. A special thank you to Mrs Tyson, who made the squad what it is today and for supporting and encouraging us all the way.

Jacqui Pickup and Sarah Whitehead - Grade 7

BINGO EVENING

On 14 August 1998, the Grade 1s, 2s and 3s met in the New Hall for a fun-filled Bingo Evening. (The Pre-Frups had their own pollifications in their department.)

The girls were deposited in the capable hands of the teachers at 6.00 p.m. and the parents went off to the Small Hall for their own entertainment.

Mrs Chloë Huxter's organisation was excellent. All the cards were ready and the children were rearing to go! Mrs Mareé, on top form, called the numbers and the pupils willed themselves to win and to be lucky enough to yell "BINGO!"

Great frivolity ensued and many laughs later, the evening ended at approximately 8.00 p.m. A marvellous evening was had by all.

Mrs L.L. Bailey

Above: Grade 1s, 2s and 3s enjoying the Bingo Evening.

Below: The Drummies taking part in the Heritage Day Variety Concert at the Baxter Theatre.





CREATIVE WORK

CHARACTER SKETCH: ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Anne Shirley was very talkative and excitable. She was confident and outgoing and sometimes narrow-minded. These aspects of Anne could have been attention-seeking, since Anne was an orphan and was missing a stable family background and parents to love and care for her.

Anne did not ponder on what had happened to her in the past. She always tried to make the best of all situations that faced her.

Being an orphan, Anne often dreamt about her parents and the circumstances that she was placed in. She had a very active imagination and usually drifted off into an imaginary world when given the chance. Apart from her flaws, Anne was careful and loving and had much love and affection to give.

Joanna Cruise - Grade 7

FORMS OF YELLOW

Yellow is a sunflower
Gently swaying in a slightly hot tinged breeze.
Yellow is laughter,
It is children who are smiling.

It is the north-westerly wind,
Warm yet aggressive.
Deep yellow is destructive,
Like a crackling fire devouring the grasslands.

Yellow is the scorching sun
Which beats down on the earth,
Creating summer.
Yellow gives life.

Pale yellow is the moon,
Glowing as a firefly would,
Lighting the shadowy depths of a forest.

It is the stars too,
Shimmering, sparkling,
Like glitter,
In a charcoal sky.

Bright yellow is tropical.
It is the ripe pineapple and banana,
Soon, ready to fall,
From its stem.

Golden yellow is wealth,
Clusters of pure gold and pale diamonds,
Hidden and compressed,
Beneath the unexplored sails of the unknown.

But in the yellow is happiness - an everlasting smile.
The sound of humming bees.
The smell of blooming blossoms.
It is goodness - everything around me.
Happiness is yellow
It will always be.

Jonas Paxton - Grade 7

THE OLD HOUSE

I know of a house that is one kind of house by day and a totally different house by night.

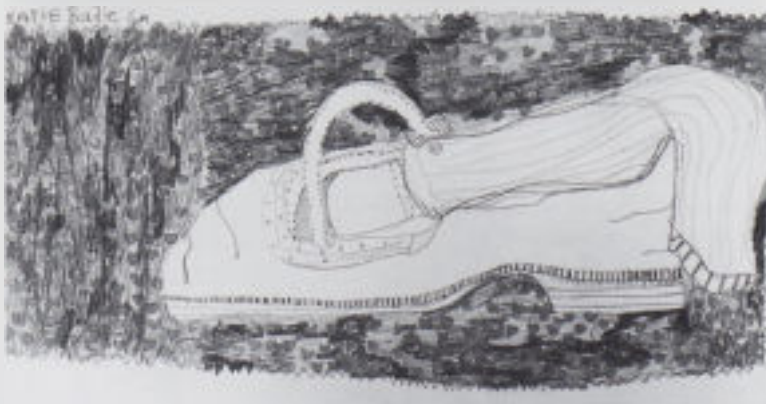
It is an old deserted house in the neighbourhood. By day it is a traditional country house with the blue shutters and yellow walls. Although the paint is chipping and peeling away, it doesn't make the house look shabby; it gives the house almost a mysterious effect. It makes you wonder what is under the old paint.

By night it is a strange, supernatural house. Mysterious shadows are cast everywhere you look. The house itself casts a creepy shadow. There have been many stories about the house. Some say it is haunted by evil spirits and others say it is home to the Queen of Fairies and her kingdom.

Somebody said he had heard ghostly shrieks and wails coming from the house. When he went to find out what was going on, he saw an unfamiliar figure calling to him. Somebody else said she heard beautiful music drifting toward her from the house. She thought this was strange because the house was deserted. When she arrived, she noticed tiny shadows cast against the wall. She said a strange but glowing feeling came over her. She thought she saw the Queen of Fairies having a royal ball with her subjects.

People thought she was mad, because fairies don't exist, do they? Only I will know the real stories as I lie silently at night, my shutters creaking in the wind.

Helen Raine - Grade 7



Katie Bailie - Grade 4



Imogen Arton - Grade 4

ROBBEN ISLAND

On a recent trip to Robben Island, I stepped off the boat and I saw the prison. It was a dull, grey, big building. As I walked in, I saw the prison cells. They looked very cold. I was shocked that people could bury people in the sand and urinate in people's mouths and not feel bad.

I was even more shocked when I heard that a cave at the Limestone Quarry was a toilet and a schoolroom. They were not supposed to learn how to read. So they used to write things in the sand and when one of the guards came, they used to rub it out. The limestone is so bright you can't look at it for more than a few seconds.

Nelson Mandela had to have an operation on his eyes, because of working in the Limestone Quarry. We were told this on the bus ride. We were told lots of interesting things on the bus and we stopped at the only school on Robben Island. It had only a few children. I really enjoyed the bus ride.

Shelley Houlston - Grade 7

A FISHY TAIL

Sally, Mr James Haddock is an eel. He thinks he has pulled a mussel. Mr Hake, the Chief Surgeon said, "You have had your chips", so he went to the General Hospital in Fish Hook. After examining him, Mr Hake said to Mr Haddock, "You have a brain tuna." When he was back in the ward he felt like a wrinkle. Sister Mackerel brought his bed pan and said, "Please fill it".

Next morning, the nurse came in wearing a plaaid cap. She was a sweet sole, but a bit of a tartare with her staff. "I have got good news, Mr Haddock. Your brain tuna turns out to be a real herring. So you have not had your chips. If you would grab a bite to eat, you can return home to your place before lunch!" As he left, Mr Haddock said, "Oh, God, I will be glad to get out of here!"

Joanna Grace - Grade 7

SHELLS

Many shells were around in the Prehistoric Times before dinosaurs.

In the olden days, people carved snakes' heads on shell fossils and sold them.

The giant Clam's weight is as heavy as an elephant calf. Mussels stick on rocks with fine thread, which is as strong as steel, even a wave can't wash them off.

Cowrie shells are used to make jewellery, such as necklaces and bracelets.

Jessica, Selena, Kayleigh and Daniella - Grade 7

LENTE

Kyk, ky's
Dis die eerste September.
Die eerste dag,
Van die seisoen Lente.
Ruik die blomme,
Sien die blare,
Eet die appels,
Lekker en smaaklik.
Na die reën,
Kom die reënboog,
Na die suure,
Kom die kleure.
Lente, Lente.
Die reuk van blomme.
Lente, Lente.
Dis naby somer.

Jenny Steyn - Graad 7

SOMER

Ek is lief vir somer
Wanneer dit warm is.
Ek kan in die swembad swem
En in die see met vis.

Ek kan in die son lê
En ek kan braai wees.
"Jy moet sonroom aansit,"
sê my pa, en lies.

Die blomme is so pragtig
In die somer, ja.
Maar wanneer die winter aankom
Is al die blomme klaar.

Die son is helder in die somer -
Dit skyn goed en rixi,
Jy moet al die blomme pluk
Want hulle is baie mooi.

Kayleigh Davel - Graad 7

ROBBENEILAND
WE SERVE
WITH PRIDE
ONS DIEN MET TROTS







Above: Lauren Powrie - Reception Class



Above: Claudia Golding - Grade 6



Below: Mischa de Nohrega - Grade 4



Below: Tiffany Harries - Grade 7



SEISOENE

Lente is die reuk van blomme,
kinders wat speel, maar geen strome.

Lente is seisoensveranderinge,
'n mooi sonsopkoms, maar geen wit dinge.

Somer is 'n pienk ael,
warm dae, maar geen hael.

Somer is sjokolade roomys,
'n helder reënhoog, maar geen grys.

Herfs is bruin ekkorinkies,
die reuk van pampoen, maar geen knopies.

Herfs is windrigings,
rees bare, maar geen liggewende dinge.

Winter is sneemanneretjies,
'n koue wind, maar geen klimmetjies.

Winter is die laaste seisoen,
maar nou is dit Lente, 'n ander begin"

Sarah Desmarais - Graad 7

LENTE

Dis is die begin van Lente en die kleure van die reënhoog is
baie mooi om te sien. Die reuk van blomme, so soet, en die
reën, so sag op jou gesig.

Die gesing van die voels, so mooi om te hoor en die son voel
so warm op jou liggaam.

Op koel dae drink jy baie warm sjokolade, maar op 'n warm
dag gaan jy na die strand.

Kayleigh Welton - Graad 7

MY FIRST NIGHT ON THE ARK

On my first night I got my sleeping bag and slept on the
third deck. It wasn't so bad, but I woke up in the middle
of the night with a dog curled up in my sleeping bag. So I
decided to go and sleep in its dog basket.

I heard the rain pouring. It was quite nice. I didn't realise
there was a cat in the basket and before long I had scratches
all over me. I knew I couldn't get to sleep with the lions,
but they did look really cuddly.

I didn't want more scratches, so I decided I would go and
sleep with the dog in my sleeping bag. It was quite cuddly
and I fell asleep straight away, but the next morning I had
fleas all over me.

Lily Kuiper - Grade 3

MY FIRST NIGHT ON THE ARK

My first night on the ark I slept with the elephants. I had
a cold on the first night. I had to have some medicine and
it tasted horrible. The elephants were very noisy, but the
noises they made were fun. My favourite elephant was a
girl and her name was Lassie. In the morning, for breakfast
I had rice-crispies and apple-juice and for lunch I had egg. I
helped my Grandpa Noah with the animals. The elephant
was the noisiest. It rained very hard. I was very frightened.
The elephant splashed me with water and I was very wet.
The snake bit me and I screamed and Grandpa Noah put a
bandage on the bite. Next I went to the birds. They were
the best. I loved the birds and the ark landed.

Shameema Harnekar - Grade 3

A PENGUIN THANKS SANCCOB

Dear SANCCOB

Thank you for looking after me. Thank you for cleaning
the oil off me. And thank you for helping me and not
letting me die. I swam in the pool for the first time. I
loved it. I am sorry for biting and scratching you. I loved
the fish. I have babies now. Why did you send me out?
Your place is just like home. Thank you for the caves. I
laid three eggs while I was there and I'm sorry I crowded
for fish. Thank you for patching up my leg. It hurt. Thank
you so so much, Henry. I really loved that place. It was so
nice.

Love, Jangie

Jaimie Andrews - Grade 3



Grade 3s visit SANCCOB

MY BIG ADVENTURE

My name is Splash and I was formed in an enormous rain cloud. I opened one eye dreamily then jumped up in amazement. I saw thousands of other little droplets all standing around chatting. I got up and went over to a group of about five. They all introduced themselves and then looked at me. "I'm Splash," I said in a timid voice. Just then the cloud burst and we all fell down, streaming with joy, and not knowing what was going to happen to us.

After about a minute we all fell onto a hard tar road. A car came down the road at an incredible speed and I got splashed onto another car's bonnet, flew up the windscreen and got thrown about by the windscreen wipers and finally got beaten off into the gutter.

Down here it was a lot safer and there were many other droplets. We were moving and were just about to go through a tunnel. I closed my eyes as we went under.

When I opened them again we were in a ghastly place that stank, so that we had to block our noses. I suddenly thought that we must be in the sewerage works. As we were looking around in shock, we heard a noise like a waterfall. We all looked ahead and sure enough we saw the big wide ocean in front of us. It looked so exciting.

As I fell down, I shrieked with excitement. We all went floating down into the sea. After a few hours I got evaporated back into the sky by the sun and, when the next rain cloud formed, I opened one eye dreamily and jumped up in fright. I saw thousands of other little droplets standing



Lucy Arnold - Grade 5

there chatting, and guess who I saw a few steps away? My old friends! We started to chat, but just then the cloud burst and our adventure started all over again!

Alexandria Smuts - Grade 5

THE KING'S PAINTER

Far away from King Greybeard's kingdom, Greyland, the Wise Man was still searching for a painter. He had been away from his homeland for 28 days. The Wise Man had run out of food and was very weak, but he did not stop walking. Suddenly he spotted a little hut, on the other side of the river. He ran with all his strength across a wooden bridge. The Wise Man looked up to the sun, forgetting he was in another land: he was blinded. Trying to find the hut, he crawled on the soft green grass and spread his hands out to feel around.

The Wise Man felt colder and stretched his hands out, to feel if anything was surrounding. The Wise Man felt two long legs and feet, then someone picked him up into a warm house.

A man said to the Wise Man, "What are you doing here, are you lost?" but the Wise Man did not answer; instead he fell fast asleep. The next morning the Wise Man woke up in front of a warm fire. He kept his eyes closed, since he knew he was blinded. He heard someone walking in and said, "Who is that?" A low voice replied, "I am Picasso, I found you last night near my doorstep. Why don't you open your eyes?" The Wise Man answered, "Yesterday when you found me, I was blinded from the sun; I come from a kingdom with no colour, just grey, and my king sent me to find a painter." Picasso said, "I am a painter, I love to paint and I have always wanted to paint anything." The Wise Man was shocked and did not say anything for a while. The Wise Man said, "Please, please, come with me at once and paint Greyland." Of course, Picasso said yes.

It was a long journey, but at last they reached Greyland. The king was overjoyed and sent Picasso to work straight away. Picasso mixed all kinds of different colours. He made each tree a special colour, each flower a strange shade and each person was filled with love. Picasso did not rest any time of the day, except when he had a sweet glass of lemonade. After years of painting, Picasso was finished. All he had to do was paint the blue sky and a few clouds. In two more days, Picasso had finished the whole kingdom.

King Greybeard said to Picasso, "Thank you so much for painting my kingdom. How can I repay you." Picasso replied, "You do not have to repay me, but I have to tell you this. You have not ruled your kingdom with happiness. My colours will fade away if you continue ruling your kingdom sadly, but, if you rule your kingdom happily, my colours will not fade away." So the king got his wish and Picasso is now a famous painter.

Nabecha Mohamed - Grade 5

A CHICK'S DIARY

Intro: The hen and cock mate. They build a suitable nest. Then the hen becomes broody and soon lays her eggs.

Day 1: My tiny body is inside this huge egg, but in three weeks' time I will be too big for it.

Day 7: My heart has formed and is bigger. It is beating rapidly. I am growing. I wonder if my brothers and sisters are as big as me yet?

Day 14: I will soon be out, just one more week to go. My beak is starting to take place. Whoa! How could I always get rolled over?

Day 16: When I get hungry (which is quite often), I eat the yolk around me, but soon I will be able to walk on two feet and peck for food.

Day 19: I'm cramped and in an awkward position. This egg is so small and it used to be so big.

Day 21: I'm ready to get out. I'll use my egg tooth. Peck, peck, I'm free at last! Wow, this place is big!

I'm out and ready to learn new things every day. My mom is so nice. She is teaching me how to peck for food. My brothers and sisters and I follow her around like dogs.

Francesca Bennett - Grade 5

THE SHED

Down at the very bottom of our garden, hiding behind a couple of tall fruit trees, is the shed. A small, brown, wooden building, forgotten over the years, our shed is ransackable, dusty and full of junk, which is only wanted for sentimental value. Our shed is like an attic on the ground. Exploring it is one of my favourite pastimes on rainy days. Although the roof leaks, there are cracks in the floorboards and there are many cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, the shed is exciting and, perhaps, dangerously mysterious for the one with a bit more imagination.

When I was little, I used to pretend that the shed was a magical castle or a spooky cave. I used to store food under the floorboards, until my mother found out and threatened to ban my excursions to the shed for fear that the food would attract ants. As I get older, I expect that I will lose interest in the shed, but for now it is still my favourite place to sit in peace and enter my fantasy world.

Kate McMullen - Grade 5

GREEN

Green is the grass after the rain
Green are the apples hanging from the tree
Green is the colour of my team's home
Green is the colour of my teacher's shirt
Green is the colour of some girls' space cases
Green is the colour of the leaves in the summer

Emma Ankerman - Grade 4

MY THOUGHTS OF BETTY'S BAY

Peace at Palmiet.

The river ripples, soft and slow,
a hundred puzzle pieces gently flow.

Water reeds catching whispers of wind,
while birds float in the sky,
cheerful chirps are sent.

The trees by the river, bending low and wide,
catch their reflection as the river flows by.

The peeping rocks, grey and amber,
all is gentle, no trace of anger.

A relaxing landscape,
shade for the heat.

The rarest of treasures,
The peaceful Palmiet.

Taryn Möller - Grade 6



Kirstin van der Hoven - Grade 7

MY THOUGHTS OF BETTY'S BAY

From my vantage point on a rock, the glorious landscape stretches as far as the naked eye can see. The rippling waters of the Palmiet River wash gently against the rocks, as a breeze carries it on invisible wings.

In my mind's eye, I go over the events of the past days. Wednesday seems like a lifetime away, and Cape Town is another universe, a place I hardly know.

The chirping of the birds interrupts my train of thought. Distracted, I look up from my brooding and gaze once more around.

I remember swimming in this very river only a couple of days ago. Underneath the dark surface lie many rocks and

"black holes." These dark, freezing areas remind me of the chilly Bass Lake.

This, in turn, reminds me of the beaches we visited. Rockpools lie undisturbed, a haven for urchins, anemones, periwinkles and whelks. The occasional octopus swims in to join them.

Far and away, or so it seems, is the waterfall where we reached the climax of our hike. The fresh mountain water churns over the rocks in a mad rush to reach the river.

Nearby, someone asks for a rubber. Once again I look up and glance at my wrist-watch. The whistle should have blown one minute ago. With a sigh only the rocks and river can hear, I decide to finish off with my final thoughts.

Camp was definitely a worthwhile experience. It is impossible to put into words all that I think about it, but, all in all, I'd love to spend a much longer time here. The whistle blows, five minutes late and it's time to go.

Kiera Healy - Grade 6

HOW THE GIRAFFE GOT ITS LONG NECK

Deep in the African jungle, where all the families of animals lived, there was a family of giraffes. The problem with this family of giraffes was that Mr and Mrs Giraffe had a son called Gerry, Jr. which is short for Giraffe Junior. His problem was that he always boasted, and the next morning he did his normal routine. He went to his friend Harry Hippo, and said, "Aren't my spots glamorous? They go so well with my eyes." Harry was used to this and also sick of hearing it. He wanted so badly to walk away and that's exactly what he did. "That's strange. Harry usually sits here and listens," Gerry decided to go and visit his other friend, Edmund Elephant. When he got there, he was just about to open his mouth and boast, when he found that Edmund was walking away. "Why is everybody walking away from me today?" Gerry said to himself, "I know, I'll go and ask the Wise Old Owl. Maybe he'll have some advice for me." So he raced up to the Wise Old Owl's tree, where Gerry found the owl sitting.

"Mr Owl," said Gerry, "I have a problem."

"Fire away," said the owl.

"This morning I was talking to Harry Hippo, and, as I was talking to him, he got up and left. Then I went to talk to Edmund Elephant, and, before I could finish my words, he was walking away. They usually sit and listen."

"I know. Beauty is for others to admire," said the Wise Old Owl. "One day you will learn your lesson," he said with a little grin. "That doesn't make any sense. That owl knows nothing," Gerry thought to himself. So Gerry went home and had a good night's rest. The next morning, he woke up with a big yawn, and set out to find his friend, Harry

Hippo. When Gerry found Harry drinking out of the river, he said, "Don't my long fluttery eyelashes attract attention to my face?" While Gerry was waiting for a compliment, Harry looked up and shrieked, "Your neck, your neck! It's growing!" "Growing, pooh!" said Gerry. He looked down and, by golly, his neck was growing. He marched off, not very happy, because of what had happened. So he decided to go and visit Edmund. When he found Edmund, he obviously boasted, and said, "Don't my long slim legs look athletic and elegant?" Edmund, who was hardly listening, looked up in surprise, and gave a great holler of, "Your neck is growing, your neck is growing!" Edmund's voice sounded fainter and fainter to Gerry. Gerry needed some questions answered. So he walked up to the Wise Old Owl's tree, where he found the Wise Old Owl sitting peacefully. "Mr Owl, I went to visit Harry Hippo today and, as I was talking to him, my neck started to get longer. Soon after I went to go and visit Edmund and, as I was talking, my neck got even longer."



Laura Berkel - Grade 4

"Your neck got longer because you boasted, and now that you are so tall, nobody can hear you except the birds and the bees." And all Gerry's children forever and ever onwards had long necks.

Natalie Lobel - Grade 5

BROTHERS

He jumps up and down
And acts like a clown.
I try to make him stop.
He just says, 'It isn't fair'
And starts to pull my hair,
He bangs his spoon against the wall
I start to call and call.
Mum and Dad rush in -
I ask them to throw him in the bin.
They say that's not how to treat a child
I say he's not a child, he's wild -
a wild animal, lock him in the zoo.
Get chains, get reins,
Tie his feet together and let him feel the pains!

Phoebe McLaughlin - Grade 6



Casey Louw - Grade 4

IT'S NOT FAIR!

It's not fair that teachers can wear anything
And we have to wear our dress,

It's not fair that teachers know everything
And we just have to guess!

It's not fair that some people are popular
And others sit alone.

It's not fair that I am short
And my other friends have grown!

Katie Gull - Grade 6

MY CLASSROOM

I'm a classroom big and square -
To find a boy here, is very, very rare.
I've got lots of posters on my wall -
The ceiling is wide and rather tall.
The children sit in their desks all day,
And sometimes they go out to play.
In this classroom, big and white,
Sit lots of girls who often fight.

Danielle Watling - Grade 4

THE NEW SCHOOL.

I walked into the classroom,
looking kind of sad.
I'd left my friends behind,
that didn't make me glad.

Everyone was friendly,
that would not change my mind.
I thought this school was horrid,
but it was all my mom could find.

One afternoon at lunch,
Jennifer gave me a sweet.
I really like her, she's my friend now,
I think she's really neat.

I know that I was silly.
I can't help feeling ashamed.
But, after all, it was a new school,
so I can't really be blamed.

Karen Meyer - Grade 6

DANNY, THE WATER DROPLET

My name is Danny. I'm a droplet of water. I live in a fish tank. My friends are Silky and Sunny. They are fish.

It all started on a Sunday. 'The fishes' mistress, Victoria, picked the tank up and took us outside, for no reason at all. She put us on a table in the sun. It was a lovely day, so I just relaxed. Then, magically I started rising. It was so remarkable. I felt exhilarated. I was rising up towards a big fluffy thing. All around me were droplets just like me, except some were old and some were young.

We all went straight into this big, soft, fluffy thing. It was really weird. I started making friends with some other droplets. They were called Splashy, Droppy and Drip. We stayed in this big fluffy thing (which was actually a cloud) for ages.

Then one day I heard a big, rumbling sound somewhere. Suddenly, all my friends and I started falling. It was a horrible feeling! My stomach turned upside down. I closed my eyes and waited for this fatal moment to end. It ended after a while. I felt myself fall into water and go down, down, deep, deep down. I had landed in an ... OCEAN! I felt so small in such a huge place. But my friends were there.

So that's what happened. Unfortunately, I never saw my friends, Silky and Sunny, again.

Kate Mallett - Grade 5

I WONDER

I wonder if teachers
would have smelly socks.
Or I wonder if they'd
ever get chicken pox.

I wonder if teachers
Have ever got a fright.
It must have been silly
And was such a sight!

I wonder if teachers
Would ever have enough
Of little boys and little girls,
Who always play with stuff.

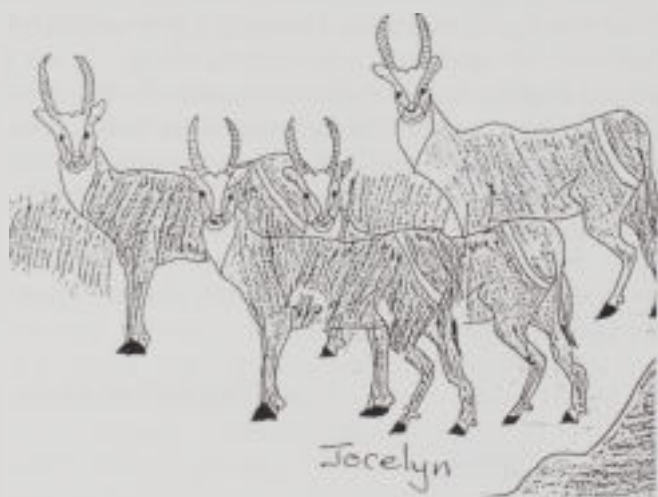
I wonder if teachers
Would ever come and play
with us on the playground
At the end of the day!?!

Tasmin Mulder - Grade 6

THE WATER BUCK'S BOTTOM

This is a story about how the Water Buck got a white bottom. Once, a long time ago, the Water Buck was one of the most admired animals in all of Africa. That is, until it got that funny white ring on its bottom. This story takes place in a Zulu village, deep in Africa, where the weather is quite warm.

One hot summer's day, Water Buck walked through the hush and grass. He was exploring new parts of the veld that he'd never been to before. He saw some smoke, quite a long way away, and was curious. He walked and walked and walked, until he came to a broad river. The Water Buck swam across the river and got out. He looked all around him and what he saw was a big clearing filled with thatched huts. People were walking in and out of them. One thing caught his eye; it was a man and he was dipping a brush into a can and then wiping it on his hut. The Water Buck thought it was very odd because, when the paint brush touched the hut wall, it turned the wall WHITE! The Water Buck walked away feeling very perplexed. He decided to go back to the village late at night, when everybody would be asleep. He wanted very much to see the funny tin of white stuff.



Jocelyn Hui - Grade 5

When he was very sure that everyone was asleep, he quietly crept back to the village. He looked left and right; then he walked right. Very soon the hut came into view. He saw the tin and walked over to it. Before he got to the tin, he tripped over a mixing bowl and made it topple over. It fell to the ground with a CRASH! It was so loud that the Water Buck didn't notice that the tin of paint was behind him. Feeling shocked, the Water Buck sat down unexpectedly into the big tin of paint!

He got up and quickly went away. He ran until he came to the big broad river. He jumped in and quickly swam to the other side. He stayed in the river for five days to try and get the paint off, but it just would not come off!

To this day the Water Buck has a broad white ring on its bottom.

Jocelyn Hui - Grade 5

A VISIT FROM THE 'OWL LADY'

Today the Owl Lady came to visit. She came from Tullagh. We all asked her questions. She told us that the owls can catch a mouse without looking. They hear with their ears and then catch it. Then she got the Spotted Eagle Owl and said that we must look at its head and claws. Then she told us that the owls' enemy is the eagle. The ears of an owl are a small hole - one's more down and one's more up. Then she got out a Barn Owl. It had only one wing. The Spotted Eagle Owl had bigger eyes than the Barn Owl. There are a hundred and thirty-eight owl species in the world.

Paige Richards - Grade 3

A VISIT FROM THE 'OWL LADY'

When our class went to the hall after break, the Owl Lady was there. She had two boxes. In the boxes there were two owls. One was a Barn Owl and one was a Spotted Eagle Owl. The Owl Lady's name was Mrs Kemp. She said that, if you put down some poison for rats and mice, be careful, because the owls come and catch the rats and, if they get the rats, the owls die. She lives in Tullagh. The owl can turn his head right around. His eyes are big, big, big. The owls both had one wing. When she opened the cage she said, be quiet, because you can hear a noise when they come out. They had sharp, sharp claws so that they can catch rats and birds. The eagle is like the owl.

Sarah Ellis-Brown - Grade 3

A STRANGE-LOOKING WOMAN

One day, I was walking down a narrow path in the woods by myself. I was thinking about what had just happened, when suddenly, out of nowhere, a strange-looking woman carrying a sack on her shoulder started walking towards me.

I went up to her, "Would you like me to carry that sack for you?" I asked. "No, thank you," she answered. Just then, I heard a faint noise, it sounded a bit like crying. "What's that noise?" I asked her. "Probably just the wind, Rachel!" she said. "Oh," I said. Hey, wait a minute. How did she know my name? I turned around. "How do you know my name?" I asked. "Let's go to my house and I will explain everything," she replied. So we walked. And we walked. And we walked. At last we came to a little ramshackle cottage. "It isn't much," said the old lady. We went inside.

We talked until late at night. "Oh, no!" I groaned. "I must run off home now." "Oh, no," she replied. "It is far too late. You must stay the night here." So she showed me around. We then came to the children's room. She said that I must stay in that room. So I made myself comfortable. I tried to sleep, but I couldn't. I tossed and turned. Then at last I decided to see what the old lady was doing.

I went downstairs. Suddenly I heard the faint crying. Then I heard the old woman chant, "Nam Yo Ho Rengae Kyo."

I peered inside. But when I looked inside, my blood ran cold. Inside, the old woman was taking little babies out of the sack and chopping off their heads. I couldn't stand it any longer. I screamed. She looked up. "Oh, Rachel. You know my dark secret now. There is no escape." I looked at her. I looked at the window. And then I took a jump. I jumped out of the window and ran all the way home. "Hello, Sweetheart, you're just in time for tea," said my mother.

Only I, Rachel McLean, know the dark secret of the old woman. And that will be kept a secret forever.

Thea Whitaker - Grade 4



Daniella Lombser - Grade 7

RED

When I think of red, I think of
flashing lights,
Fat red books and of pretty
Birds, tulips and cherries red,
Of fresh apples and
classroom floors and my red bike
and of pretty autumn leaves!

Genevieve Tassin - Grade 4

BLUE

Blue is the sky, like a HUGE blanket that protects the world.
Blue is my helmet and my bike.
Blue is a gross bubble gum milkshake.
Blue is a pansy with purple in the centre.

Blue is a space-case.
Blue is my blazer,
Blue is my favourite colour!
Blue is a wonderful colour!

Carin Weaver - Grade 4

YELLOW

A little canary singing so sweetly.
The beautiful yellow wings of a butterfly.
The twinkling stars in the sky at night.
A lovely yellow daisy to snuggle up in.
The fluffy warm mane of a lion.
A long field filled with yellow buttercups
The warm sun that gives you a tan.
A jersey to put on when it's cold.

Casey Louw - Grade 4

WHITE

Snow, as it falls gently and softly onto the leaves.
A dove that flies in air and lands on the soft snow.
A polar bear that dives deep down in the Alaskan waters.
I watch the builders paint my walls white.
A white rose standing so sweetly in the sun.
White soft and creamy milk, as I watch my cat lap it up.
The clouds so soft and big in the sky.

Remy Kloos - Grade 4

MY LUNCHBOX

If you open my door there are lots of things to munch.
They are just so tasty to have for lunch.
I am white and blue and a little bit rough.
I am not like a cuddly teddy bear and stuff.

I can be big or small -
Or even quite tall.
Inside me there is a waffle.
Maybe perhaps a chocolate truffle.
A sandwich with cheese and ham
Or sometimes even a piece of lamb.

Casey Louw - Grade 4

MY LUNCHBOX

I lie inside a little locker,
Which is small and square and very bare.
When the clock says 10.15 a bell will go and so will I
I've grabbed and know I must do my thing.
A girl will come and take me out
and open me up with a very loud shout.

Sarah Golding - Grade 4

SCHOOL

Sometimes I like school,
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes I go to school,
Sometimes I WON'T!

Sometimes school's happy,
Sometimes school's sad.
Sometimes school's boring,
Sometimes school's RALD!

I think school's lovely,
I think school's great.
But sometimes during school
I just need a break.

Thea Whitaker - Grade 4



Tamsin Greig - Grade 3

THE HOSPITAL

A million, billion miles from home,
Waiting in the reception (for what?).
Doctors hustling around wearing white coats -
Why is it so quiet? There's not a sound
Then they came...
They took me to a bed.
Hey, it's not bed-time, it's only 6.30 -
What is that long silver thing?
Hey, I'm back in the reception.
Dad, why did we go to the hospital?
What flavour? What?
I said what flavour oh... chocolate -
One chocolate and one strawberry
Dad, why are we having ice-cream?
You had your tonsils out!

Tesley Ann Seiderer - Grade 4

MY DESK

I sit in the room waiting at night.
In the morning when school begins
the mess inside me is not a good sight.
If you're not the girl who makes the

mess, you must know her name.
When the children go outside to play,
In the classroom I have to stay.
When they need to get a book, under
my lid they have to look.
At reading time they must sit like
mice and some knit.
Whenever my owner lifts my lid, her space
case comes crashing down with a plop.

Tiffanie Bryant - Grade 4

DRIBBLE'S DIARY

2.00 a.m. Ouuughh, am I squashed! Yal I've got to get out.
It feels like I've been in here for yunks. Maybe if I swing
my head back, I'll make a crack. Swoosh! Keshing! Crack!
Yehash, I made a small crack!

2.10 a.m. Okay, I feel strong again. One, two, three,
swoosh! Keshing! Crack! Ow! Einal! What's that
bright light? Oh, I made a hole. I'm so tired!

2.20 a.m. I'm back! Swoooooosh! Keshing! Crack! Wow,
I can just about squeeze out, but I'm too tired.

2.40 a.m. Okay, I'm going to squeeze out. Here I go! I'm
out. I'm going to sleep a bit now.

3.00 a.m. I am so soft and fluffy. Who is that? Oh, it's
mom! Aaaaaghh! A cat! Mommy, help me, I cheeped.
The cat had gleaming, green eyes and razor sharp teeth. I
ran under mom. She fluffed up and ran at the cat. He ran
away quickly! Then I slept. In the morning I had worms.
I decided I liked being a chick.

Fiona Mallett - Grade 5

THE DOVE THAT BOASTED

In the deepest part of Africa, where every animal knew all
the other animals, there lived a pure white dove with the
most beautifully straight tail feathers. They were sleek and
smooth and they were never, ever scruffy.

She thought she was the most beautiful creature in all the
world. So she boasted to all the other animals and birds.
Anyway they despised it. She would say, "Look how
beautiful I am. I'm pure white and my tail feathers are so
beautifully straight!" She would say this to every animal
she came across, every minute of the day.

The animals grew tired of Dove's boasting, especially Chee-
tah. He thought HE was the most beautiful creature in all
the world and could not bear Dove's boasting. He never
said that he thought himself the most beautiful. Oh, no, he
was a lot wiser than that!

Dove boasted and boasted and boasted, until the animals
and birds just could not stand it any longer! So while Dove
had her beauty rest in the afternoon, all the animals and

birds got together to think up a plan to stop Dove's boasting. They thought and thought and thought and suddenly Rhino came up with an idea. "Let's put mud all over Dove tonight when she is sleeping and then she won't be pure white any more." All the animals and birds agreed on the plan and Hippo volunteered to do it.

So that night, Hippo crept silently to Dove's nest, which was, strangely enough, on the ground. He poured the mud all over Dove, so you could not even see a speck of white. Dove was a very deep sleeper.

The next morning when Dove woke up early, she was horrified to find that she was covered in mud. She quickly flew down to the river to wash it off and was very relieved to find that the mud came off quite easily. She prepared herself for her normal day of boasting.

All the animals were very surprised to see Dove her pure white self. They decided to have another meeting that afternoon, when Dove was having her beauty rest.

So that afternoon all the animals got together and thought and thought and thought and suddenly Baboon came up with an idea. "Let's glue Dove's tail feathers up, so they will not be so beautifully straight any more," Baboon said. All the animals agreed and this time Cheetah volunteered to do it.

So that night Cheetah crept silently to Dove's nest and glued Dove's tail feathers up with SUPER super glue.

The next morning, when Dove woke up early, as she always did, she was horrified to find that her beautifully straight tail feathers were no longer straight! Dove pushed and pushed, but could not get them down. She went down to the river to try and wash the glue off, but that did not work either. She tried everything, but still could not get them down. Dove burst into tears.

Sally, Dove went to see all the other animals and birds. They told her that they had stuck her tail feathers up to teach her a lesson for her boasting. From that day onwards, Dove never boasted again.

She is now called the Fan-Tailed Dove.

Lucy Arnot - Grade 5

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Lighthouses are very, very useful in lots of things, especially in ships. They tell them if they are on rocks or near rocks. Each lighthouse has a different flash.

The Kommetjie lighthouse has four flashes every thirty seconds. We went to the Kommetjie lighthouse on Friday. It was nice. It has a hundred and thirty-three stairs. You call stairs in lighthouses spiral staircases. The lighthouse-keeper's name was Peter. The lens was huge. It looked nice. The flashes used to not be automatic, but now they

are. Lighthouses are on islands, in the sea and on rocks or even on land. In the Kommetjie lighthouse it has five floors. I think lighthouses are very good. The Kommetjie lighthouse is the highest lighthouse in the Cape. It was a little bit scary going up.

Nicki Flanagan - Grade 3



Sarah Dixon - Grade 3

BOULDERS - SIMONSTOWN

We went on an outing -
It was a lot of fun.
We saw many penguins,
They look funny when they run.
We saw a penguin in a nest -
It had a big white egg.
And then we saw a penguin with a broken leg.
We went along the pathway -
There were some alien trees -
They're taking over the forest, so
We bowed down on our knees.
We went to the rock pools,
We found some interesting things.
We walked in the water
And wished we had some wings.

Grade 3 class effort

CHOICES by Grade 3

Would you rather...

- ...find a lion in your cupboard or an elephant? (Lauren Wiemar)
- ...hear a wing from a bird or a song from the piano? (Nick Austin)
- ...smell perfume or the scent of a rose? (Alison Bolton)
- ...lose your ring toe or your baby toe? (Famsin Greig)
- ...eat a snail or a crunchy cricket? (Lisa Berkel)
- ...watch a dolphin show or a cow being milked? (Alexandra Jordan)

...hear the river rushing by or birds singing? (Caroline Smith)
 ...go to your friend's house or the Waterfront? (Martine du Preez)
 ...drive a Ferrari or a limousine? (Liamlyn Shaw)
 ...eat broccoli or spinach? (Michelle van Ryneveld)
 ...hear the noise of traffic or nails? (Jiesl Potgieter)
 ...eat slugs or frogs? (Hailey Molter)
 ...have a TV or a computer? (Lauren van der Lith)
 ... go to Never-Never Land or Jimmy's jungle? (Sarah Armstrong)
 ... have oil or glue in your hair? (Sarah Corder)
 ... be chased by a buffalo or a bull? (Vesna Vasiljevic)
 ...be bitten by a spider or a snake? (Taryn Morris)
 ...go to the aquarium or Kirstenbosch? (Sarah Chippendale)
 ...hear gurgling noises or the sound of a drill? (Asaleigh Waterson)
 ...be chased by an anaconda or a crocodile? (Ashleigh Heeger)
 ...ride in Noah's Ark or be in David's army? (Shema Campbell)
 ...hear the sound of a swan's wings beating through the air
 or a new-born baby crying? (Sarah Dixon)
 ...listen to music or to me? (Philippa Spira)

HEAVEN

"Where am I going? Where?" I said. I looked down at my hands, my old wrinkly hands. All of a sudden, my hands became beautiful, soft hands. I turned into a ten-year-old girl. My ragged old dress became a beautiful gold and white dress. A flower was magically put into my hair. My long brown hair blew into my face as I started flying faster and faster up into the air.

I looked down and saw the city of New York where I once lived. I saw something really bright. I heard singing, beautiful singing. There were angels. They were wearing big lacy white dresses with gold threads around their waists. They sang songs that sounded like welcoming songs. I saw a man and people around him. I was in Heaven and it was God and Jesus.

Sarah Corder - Grade 3

CAN YOU GUESS WHO IT IS?

The person I am thinking of was at home, sick, but she is now back at school. She has long strawberry hair and greeny-blue eyes. She loves animals and she loves me. She lives in Claremont and I like her very much.

She comes to my house to sleep over sometimes and I have been to her house to sleep over, too. She likes school very much. She is eight years old and her birthday is nine days after mine.

She is my bud.

Alexandra Jordan - Grade 3

DAY DREAMS

Miss Boy thinks I'm listening, but I'm....
 Being a total genius,
 Having everyone wait on me,
 Making friends with the Spice Girls,
 Reading in bed all day long,
 Being able to fly,
 Skipping school and
 Stopping all crime.

Miss Boy thinks I'm working, but, no, I'm...
 Visiting the moon,
 Floating on a magic cloud,
 Watching T.V.,
 Going to Churchhaven,
 Making peace on earth,
 Having the world made of chocolate
 And swimming in the pool.

Alexandra Meyer - Grade 4

DAY DREAMS

Miss Boy thinks I'm reading,
 But I'm actually day-dreaming that I'm...
 Going on a magical ride on a pony,
 Or going to the great Willy Wonker's factory,
 Or maybe I could be swimming with the dolphins,
 Or maybe even riding on a killer whale,
 Or flying through the clouds,
 Or meeting the Spice Girls in London,
 Or I could be sun-tanning on a tropical island,
 Or maybe even going through a magic cupboard and visiting Narnia,
 Or going to Sweetland,
 Maybe I could fly with Peter Pan,
 Or I'm an astronaut landing on the sun!
 Or I could be just day-dreaming.

Sarah Merry - Grade 4



Angry Cat - Simone Michealis - Grade 2



Top: Sarah Golding - Grade 4

Bottom: Gabi Barclay - Grade 4



Top: Ashleigh Kolm - Grade 7

Bottom: Lexi B  chet - Grade 7





GRADE 5 CAMP TO CALEDON



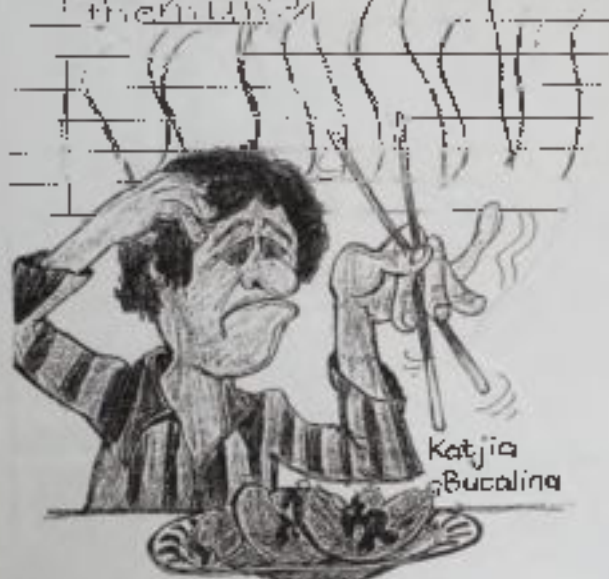


GRADE 4'S



CHOPSTICK CONNECTIONS!

1. Take two small chopsticks and put them in your pocket.
2. And use your finger and thumb to stuff the chopsticks in the ears of your friends. Then chew them up!



Write a set of instructions for how to eat spaghetti with a pair of chopsticks

Puppy: are glad when they are in

Under the sun they play at dawn

Puppies need sleep while others play

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

Puppies are quiet when they sleep

My Dream Travel Machine
 My dream travel machine is a big flying car that has wheels and is a boat. It has an pool and a trampoline and a tennis court and a bar a pet shop and a and 5 bank cards 10 bubble bath and 20 small beds and a jacuzzi with hot water room. It has 800 slots in the back like a house inside it has a kitchen like Mr. Wanker's much bigger. It has dolphins that you can swim with and it has a 8 internal S.V's and 5 or 4 big rooms. It has a shower. You get in your machine and figures that is how the machine works and it is a little machine and it is a pink.

Colin McCreagh

My Dream Travel Machine
 My dream travel machine is a flying boat. It has a swimming pool in the side and it has a jump room with a jacuzzi. It has a trampoline and the biggest tennis court. We have 3520 beds in it and every room has a jacuzzi in every room and every room has its own bath room, bath, shower with the biggest factory in the world with room service and we give you as well it has 2000 servants. It has the biggest car in the country, break fast in bed with bacon and egg toast. Free salad, mixed fruit, tea and coffee. It has 100 restaurants and wonderful games.

Kim Fawcett

I am special because

I am special because

My Mum was sick when

she had me. I have long eyelashes

Meggie Paul

About My Friends

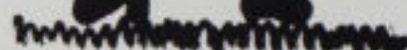
Things I like

1. They be kind to friend
2. They are funny.
3. They can be sweet.
4. They let friends use they things.
5. I like people who don't fight.



Things I don't like

1. I don't like people who be bossy.
2. They are very cheeky.
3. I don't like people who are horrible.
4. I don't like people brattish.
5. I don't like people who don't share.



22 June



Fiona This is wonderful

How pretty is your Mum?

As pretty as a golden star

How sweet are you?

As sweet as a baby

How soft is your skin?

As soft as a baby's bottom

How good are you?

As good as an angel

How funny is you?

As funny as a monkey

How great are you?

As cute as a baby monkey

How hungry are you?

As hungry as an elephant

Fiona McLean

Grade 2



It's nice lying in a heap

It's nice lying in a heap

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

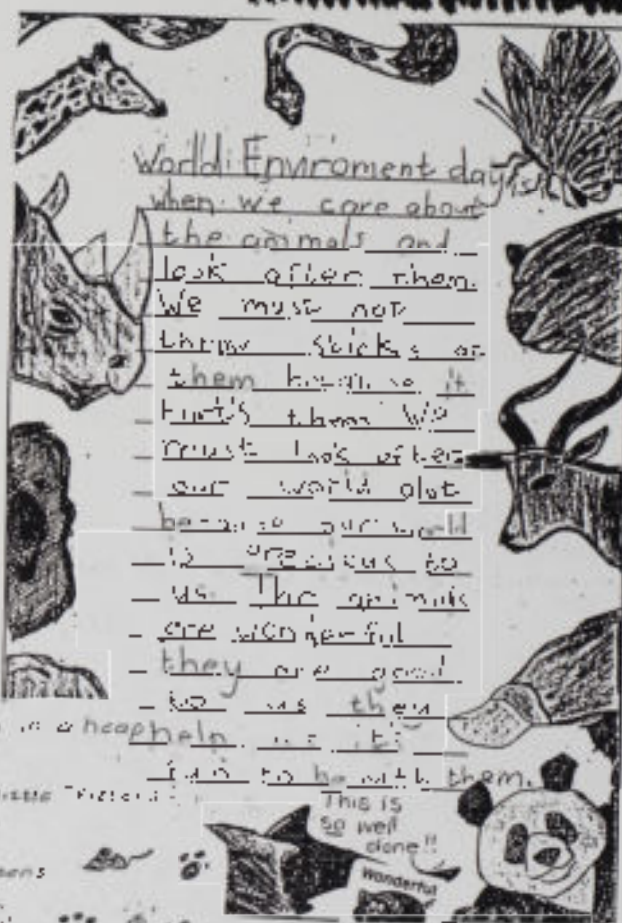
Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens

Two friendly kittens



World Environment day

When we care about

the animals and

look after them.

We must not

throw sticks or

them down so it

hurts them. We

must look after

our world alot

because our world

is precious to

us. The animals

are wonderful

they are good

to us they

help us to

live to be with them.

This is so well done!!

Wonderful

Januschka Rohrer

09 SEP 1985

Lara

Why I Like Grade I Evans

I like grade I because Mrs Bailey is very fun and funny! And I love her theme. It is England Scotland Ireland and Wales!

But I like Love Mrs Bailey much better.

and Mrs Bailey is my best teacher, and she calls me Dimploden because I have dimples and she is much thinner!

oh thanks!

Mrs Bailey



Chloe W. 11

my news

21 SEP 1985

on Friday I went to the fairnight it was wonderful there was drummers from hursnel there have been pressing for a very long time there was a fak mico! Javen every one had a foto graf every one thort it was cool all the big girls were kissing I thort it was sik.

on my



If I were the Queen of South Africa

I would live on my farm



Robyn Powrie

Sarah Gordon 31 JUL 1988

If I were the Queen of South Africa.....

I would make MRS PAULY President and I would be Queen. I would give Mrs Bailey a Supa + chocolate police. I would make shere board from Zoo! 



Natalia Zimmerman

Theres Nobody quite like me because.....

My mom and My dad Love me because I am the only girl and my dad Love me because I go out fishing with him

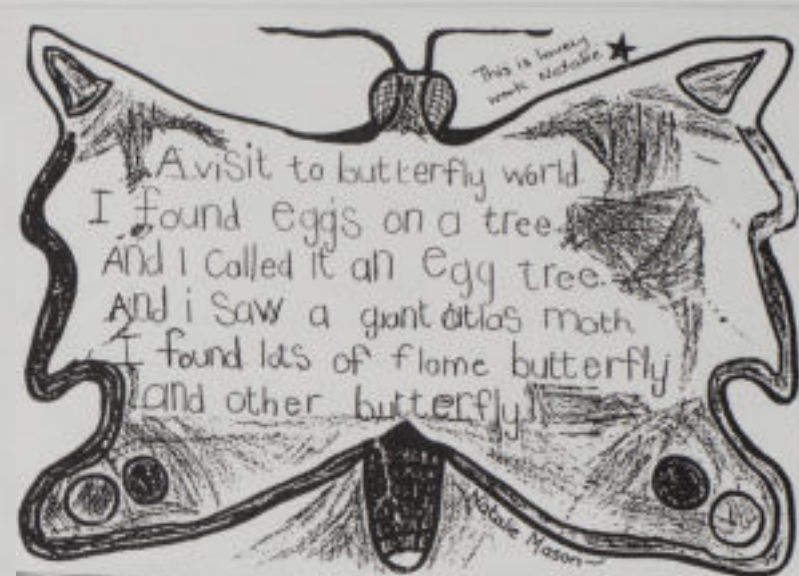
I'm sure he does!



I am a caterpillar
 I live on leaves and wait
 and I am odd colored
 - am not polka-dot
 and I like eating fruit



- Samantha Fish -



- Natalie Mason -

on Friday day
 the trees of
 the year are
 the white pear
 the baby red bluish
 we planted the trees
 on Friday we
 watched in amazement
 trees are special
 because they give us
 oxygen and
 fruit



- Amy Paterson -

I am a great dog
 I like to go outside
 I like to run around
 sticky paw the white
 jump over the wall and
 I love love love to climb
 trees



- Lesley Manning -



- Leila Bruce -



- Antonia Cranje -

My frog story Amy VidHouten

One day I saw two frogs mixing
in a pond, and they made some
eggs and there was a toad on the
other side of the pond. And the
toad had already been mated
and the toad had six eggs that
she made. And one day the late
toads hatched and they turned into
tadpoles and one egg didn't hatch
and that egg went to the
frogs. And when the frogs hatched
and the toad hatched too, and
the tadpoles grew up to be
frog. And they loved the toad.



My frog story By Sarah Lambrides

On a lily pad there
was a frog and he
didn't have a sticky
tongue and another
frog came and said
what's a matter
he said I don't have a sticky



Caterina
Aldera



Emma
Round

My frog story

by Emma Round

one day I went
to the pond and
I caught tadpoles
and I saw frogs
and I saw the frog
laying eggs.

My frog story by Jessie Sandell

A frog was sitting
on a lily pad his
nelt was far away
a bird was was flying
by he saw the frog he flew
down and down until
suddenly the bird fell into
the water and he swallowed
the frog.



My frog story by Annika Srouwer

When I was at home
I saw a little frog
I named him Flubber
then I went to the
movies then I went
to a farm then I
saw a toad and the
frog he had 10 the
bullrushes.



The drone bees

The honey bee.

Can only eat honey and there is only one queen bee. they feed her royal jelly and the worker bees collect the pollen and the nurse bees take care of

there is only one queen bee. all the bees are all social insects. all the workers are all girls except the drone bees. The queen bee is the only bee that lays eggs.

the Baby Bees.

The worker bees live

for six weeks.

- Sarah Coppin -

- Sarah Coppin -

- Alexandra Merry -



Plant a tree for life.



Lala Quail

our outing

Butterfly World

on Thursday we went to Butterfly World we saw lots of beautiful Butterflies. and we saw a video about insects. All the butterflies were flying around in the garden. We saw lots of orange Butterflies and we had our lunch by a big tree sleeping inside a tree.

by Chloe Jackson

Butterfly World

Our outing to Butterfly World was a bus and at butterfly World I saw a long caterpillar on the ground. The garden was beautiful. The butterfly has enemies are frogs praying mantis spider. I saw some yellow crickets. The fish were very much. I enjoyed this outing very much.

- Leigh De Beys



- Tanya Hodgson -

- Grade One -

Letters To God

Dear God

I like you because you make the sun shine. Love Kassandra

Thank you for making Earth. Love Keeley

We pray to you to say thank you for our food. Love Lauren

Thank you for making my family. Love Sarah-Page

God please look after my aunt in heaven. Love Eliza

God keep my cat up in heaven safe. Love Caitlin

Thank you for bringing the lovely colours to the world. Love Adrienne

Why do you live in heaven God? Love Nicola Gubb

I like you because you make me so happy. Love Nina

Thank you for making my hamster. He is cute. Love Hannah

Please look after my dogs in heaven. Love Sarah

Thank you for the rain. Love Claudia

Thank you for all the lovely teachers at Herschel. Love Heather

I love you because you made me. Love Chelsea

Thank you for our dogs. Love Minda

Thank you for making a nice mommy and daddy to look after me. Love Carly

Thank you God for making the beautiful woman in the world. You made them so pretty and beautiful. Love Ulrika

Reception year Ladybirds

Thank you for giving the earth flowers. Love Nicola Suttle

Thank you for killing the dinosaurs. Every single one. Love Sydney

Thank you for looking after me and my family. Love Kathryn



Letters to God
Dear God



Please help people love one another the way you love us. Love Alex



Thank you for all the animals I can play with. My cat and dog died. Please let them have friends in heaven. My rabbit is at the vet, please make it better. Love Emily

Please help me listen. Love Ariadne

Thank you for the lovely birds. Help me to listen to my mommy and when my daddy tells me to tidy up, let me not run up to my room and eat sweets instead. Love Dominique



Thank you for making the animals. I love them very much. Love Frances

Thank you God for my family. Help my sister be kind to me. Love Olivia

Thank you for my brother, he is so kind, he gets sweeties from parties and puts them in his drawer and gives me one everyday. Love Tammy

Please protect everybody especially my mom and dad, my sister and my brother. Love Alina



Help children be kind to one another. It makes me sad when they are mean. Thank you God for all the lovely teachers. Love Fiona



Please look after all the animals in deep water. Keep it raining a little more so that we can help the plants. Look after us please. Love Sam

Thank you for all our friends and animals. My best animals in the whole wide world are rabbits and horses. Love Carla

Please don't let me cry when mommy leaves me at my new school. Love Erin

I love you very much. Thank you for the entire world. Love Derry Ann

Thank you for the creatures in the sea. Make all the animals tame so they won't kill people. Love Aimee



My kitten is very sick. He has a big sore and has to go to the vet. Please God use your power to heal my kitten. Thank you for my beautiful teacher. Love Amelia



Thank you for all the trees and beautiful flowers even if blind people cannot see it, they will be able to smell it. Love Louisa

Thank you for the birds that sing and the flowers that grow. Love Lee

Thank you for the kind people that help us. Help all the orphans. Love Ted-Ann

Thank you for the stars and the moon. Love Augusta

Reception year

Goldfish







we draw a lot
Genevieve

It's fun

I love Mrs Blencowe

we do artwork and
we play outside

Jennifer Alice

Chien

I like it when the birthday
parties happen. I like painting
and I like doing the dinosaurs



Chelsea

we get sweets
Sarah

there's so much children

we get hugs from
Mrs Blencowe, we get to
have a long lunch, we get
to do fun artwork

Georgia

Amelia

we have a party ring
Candice

Camille

I like Herschel because

Nursery Class

Busy Bees



I like the way
that we play

Sabrina



we do nice artwork
and we play outside

Kaya



I learn stuff

Reegan



we get sweeties

Uma



we do nice work

Kate



I like working
Sophia



it's fun and I like to
do work and I like to
do painting

Pippa



I like Mrs Blencowe

I like birthdays
Charlotte

Tavia



Candice always
plays with me

Maud





Grade 2



SPORT

BOE PRIVATE BANK / HERSCHEL GOLF DAY

For the first time both the Senior and the Preparatory schools jointly hosted the Herschel Golf Day at Devonvale Country Club and we enjoyed a record field of 120 players. Once again we were privileged enough to be sponsored by BOE Private Bank and we extend a huge debt of gratitude to Brian B  chet and BOE for their generous sponsorship. In appreciation of this we allowed BOE employees to walk off with both first and second prizes. We would also like to thank Cathy Bourie and Yumna Kimeran of BOE Marketing who assisted in the smooth running of the day's activities.

As per usual there was much activity for the younger children. In particular, the parents were happy that the jumping castle had been invented, so that they were able to refresh themselves after a long, hot day on the golf course (it was especially king for some of our 'international participants'). After refreshments parents and friends were able to sit down to a most tasty braai, which was prepared by Mrs Helen Botha and her crew, and rummuse about that superb putt and what could have been if only...

Of course this day would not have been possible without the contribution of both the golfers and the organising committee. Mr Rolf van der Linden, ably assisted by Mrs Annelise Waller, Mrs Janet McCarty, Mrs Brenda Smith and staff members, again excelled himself as chairman of the committee and we extend him our heart-felt thanks for his



incredible enthusiasm and dedication to a most enjoyable and successful day.

We would also like to thank all the other sponsors who kindly sponsored tees, greens and prizes. Without their generous support, this day would not have been possible and we look forward to their continued support next year. Happy golfing!

Mr A. Sixta and Mrs J. Henderson

Above: Our main sponsor, Mr Brian B  chet of BOE, hands over a R6,500 cheque to Mrs van Zyl.

Below: Children enjoying the BOE Golf Day.



With kind thanks to our main sponsor:

BOE PRIVATE BANK

TENNIS

Captain: Vicky Sherwell

Vice Captain: Jade Watkins

This year has been a great success and was enjoyed by all the tennis players. We had many team players and social players on the courts throughout the week. We entered five teams in the various leagues. This year the First Team comprised Jessica Collins, Katie Gull, Tasmin Mulder and Vicky Sherwell. They won four out of their five matches. Well done to Jessica and Katie for being selected for the U/12 Western Province Tennis Squad and to Jenna Woker, the U/10 Western Province Tennis Squad.

The Inter-house Tennis was played in great spirit and was closely contested by each house. Rolt managed just to beat Jagger, and Merriman finished third.

The PCSGU Inter-schools Tournament was held at Sunnyside School. Vicky Sherwell and Tasmin Mulder were Couple No. 1 in the U/13 age group with Danielle See and Jacqui Pickup as Couple No. 2. Vicky and Tasmin came third overall. Jessica Collins and Katie Gull were Couple No. 1 in the U/12 section with Jenna Woker and Juliette Collins as Couple No. 2. Well done to Katie and Jessica for winning their section and bringing the trophy home to Herschel.

We had a lot of fun during our coaching sessions, especially playing "Around the World" and "Champions".



UNDER 13A TENNIS

Back Row: T. Mulder, Mrs M. Bonellie (coach), K. Gull

Front Row: V. Sherwell (c)

Absent: J. Collins

A big thank you to Mrs Bonellie from all of us for her coaching and encouragement throughout the year. Thank you to all the parents who lifted us to the matches. Well done to all the tennis girls.

Vicky Sherwell and Jade Watkins - Grade 7



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: V. Sherwell (Hockey), L. Coates (Hockey), J. Pickup (Hockey), Mrs R. Scott (Cross-country), T. Vasiljevic (Hockey), J. Watkins (Squash), E. Reid (Gymnastics)

2nd Row: N. Silberbauer (S.A. Sailing and WP Squash), K. Pickard (Climbing), Mrs J. Thompson, T. Vos (Hockey), J. Paxton (Gauteng Gymnastics)

Front Row: S. Gelding (Swimming), C. D'Arcy (Swimming)



SWIMMING

- Back Row: A. Bouzou, S. Brown, K. McLeod, T. Thorne, P. Mallett, C. van As, J. Suter, S. Kelly, J. Waker, N. Austin.
 3rd Row: K. Moore, P. Naser, K. McMullen, C. Robinson, C. de Nijboga, K. Schmitgen, J. Liddle, L. Dyer, F. Bennett, S. Stonfeld.
 2nd Row: A. Pollock, S. Hodges, T. Kennedy, T. Vos (vc), Ms L. Cowie (coach), L. Coates (c), T. Harnes, T. Vasiljevic, S. Gelding.
 Front Row: C. D'Arcy, N. Waker, L. Evans, D. Han, K. McClarty, N. Flanagan, C. van As, K. Thompson, A. Connors.

SWIMMING

Swimming has been very well supported this year. We have had many enthusiastic girls taking part in training and in galas each week.

For preparation for the Inter schools gala we had early morning training. We would like to thank Mrs D'Arcy and Miss Cowie for coaching us. We were placed third behind Springfield and Wynberg.

Congratulations to Caoite D'Arcy and Sarah Golding, who made the Western Province swimming team, and Laura Dyer, who won every breast-stroke race in which she swam throughout the season.

One of the highlights of the season was the Inter-house gala. Rohan took the honours, with Jagger second and Meridian third.

A big thank you to Miss Cowie. She has inspired us, encouraged us and taught us that a good sportsman is always the winner in the end.

Lisa Coates and Tiffany Vos - Grade 7

Right: Megan Hutton - Grade 7



SQUASH

This year has been a great success and was enjoyed by all.

Nicky Silberbauer, Jade Watkins and Cassie Weir all made the U/13 Western Province USSASA team. The tournament was held in Gauteng during the July holidays.

The team this year was Nicky Silberbauer, Jade Watkins, Cassie Weir, Jenny Steyn, Jacqui Pickup and Danielle See. We won four and drew one out of eight matches. We won our first round and have now moved up one league.

In coaching lessons we have had a lot of juniors who hopefully will be good in the years to come. Thanks to Miss Boy who helped us at the matches and to Theresa who coached us throughout the season.

Nicky Silberbauer - Grade 7



SQUASH

Back Row: J. Watkins (vc), N. Silberbauer (c)
Front Row: D. See, Miss W. Boy (organiser), J. Pickup
Absent: J. Steyn, C. Weir

Herschel played in the Wynberg Zone against the following schools: Grove, Groote Schuur, Rustenburg, Greenfield, Oakhurst, Simon van der Stel, Springfield Convent, Mickelfield and Wynberg.

Herschel U/10A and U/11A teams finished 2nd in the league. The U/12A team was placed 5th in the league and the U/13A team won their league. Well done. They went on to play against the winners of the other zones and were victorious, thus winning the Southern Peninsula Shield.

The Inter house Netball matches were played in great spirit at the end of the Second Term. Roll were the winners, with Merriman coming second and Jagger third.

The highlight of the netball season is the PGSGU Inter-schools Tournament. This was held at Oakhurst Primary School. The U/12A team came second. This was a fantastic result. The U/12A team came third. This was also a well deserved ending to their season. The U/11A team and the U/13A team were both the winners of their age groups, bringing home the trophies. Well done, especially to the U/13s for the second trophy of the season.

Fun matches were organised for the Grade 1s against Wynberg and Oakhurst. A lot was learnt from the afternoon and a lot of fun was had.

To end the season we had a Moms/Daughters Afternoon of Netball. This was a great afternoon with some of the moms giving the Springboks a go for their positions!

NETBALL

Captain: Tadijka Vasiljevic
Vice Captain: Eunice Komeni

The netball season has been a great success. There have been so many keen players and they have gone from strength to strength. The season was enjoyed by everyone. The social netball has been very popular. Our thanks to Mrs Bowley for coaching the girls and to Mrs Richards and Mrs Wicht for helping her. Although a number of matches were postponed due to bad weather, our spirit was not broken at all.



UNDER 13A NETBALL

Back Row: J. Paxton, N. Desai, V. Sherwell
Front Row: T. Vos, E. Komeni (vc), Mrs M. Bonellie (coach), T. Vasiljevic (c), J. Pickup

Lastly, THANK YOU to Miss Blankson, Mrs Henderson, Miss Mallon and Mrs Boneilie for doing such a wonderful job of coaching. To the U/13s next year, play hard and to all the netball players, remember the one who wins is not

always the winner, but the one who shows true sportsmanship as well.

Tadinka Vasiljevic and Eunice Komeni - Grade 7

UNDER 12A NETBALL

Back Row: G. Cumming, C. de Nobrega,
S. Botha, T. Harneker,
M. van Heerden
Front Row: C. Rose-Innes, R. Honneysert,
Miss P. Mallon, T. Mulder (c),
J. Fowler



UNDER 11A NETBALL

Back Row: M. Ross, R. Sletema.
Mrs J. Henderson, M. Spelsbury
Front Row: V. Tilders, N. Read, K. Vallen, E. Mallett

UNDER 10A NETBALL

Back Row: E. Carey, Miss K. Blankson,
C. Robinson
Front Row: S. Shonfeldt, K. Mixere, J. Wosar,
N. Albrecht, A. Polluck



HOCKEY

This has been a most successful year of hockey. The U/13A team has done well throughout the season. Five of the girls were selected for the Southern Inter-zonal teams: Jacqui Pickup, Tiffany Vos, Vicky Sherwell, Lisa Coates and Tadinika Vasiljevic.

The U/13B team has also done very well. The U/10s, U/11s and U/12s have made good progress through the year. They have had an enjoyable year.

The hockey events this year have been the Inter-schools competition and the Inter-zonal Festival, where the A team came first in the girls' section. Four of our players won medals and certificates.

The Mother-Daughters afternoon went particularly well, with everyone having lots of fun. The Staff versus Grade 7

match, which was unfortunately rained out, will be played closer to the end of term.

The U/13A had an exciting end to their season by winning the Inter-schools Hockey Tournament. Well done to all the girls who contributed to this success.

I would like to thank Matthew for giving up his Tuesdays and Thursdays to help Miss Cowie with the coaching. We have all enjoyed having him with us.

We thank Miss Cowie for making our team what it is and for all the support and encouragement she has given us. We have loved having her as our coach.

I have enjoyed being the hockey captain this year and I hope I have set a good example for the new captain next year.

Jacqui Pickup - Grade 7

UNDER 13A HOCKEY

Back Row: C. Ferguson, V. Sherwell,
T. Woods, L. Coates,
N. Silberbauer, D. See
Front Row: T. Vasiljevic, T. Vos,
Ms L. Cowie (Coach), J. Pickup (c),
S. African Holmes



UNDER 12A HOCKEY

Back Row: K. Gull, P. McLaughlin, L. Dyer,
P. Iversen, M. Ross
Front Row: S. Girwood, T. Mulder,
Ms L. Cowie (Organiser),
J. Fowler, M. van Heerden
Absent: Mrs R. Prew (coach)



UNDER 11A HOCKEY

Back Row: L. Mitchell, D. Hampshire,
L. Arnot, L. de Preez.
Front Row: N. Read, C. van As,
Ms L. Cowie (Coach),
K. Mallett, P. Mallett

UNDER 12A HOCKEY

Back Row: T. Vasićević, C. Sandeli,
S. Brown, J. Suter, J. Woker,
C. Weaver
2nd Row: S. Golding, K. Moore, J. Richter,
K. Stewart, G. Train,
N. Allrecht, G. Barclay,
A. Bourne
Front Row: N. Mohammed, R. Thompson,
D. Walling, Mrs G. van der Vyver,
A. Pollock, A. Roberts,
S. Shumfeld
Seated: Y. Sahabedien



FIRST LEAGUE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

The first ever Cross-Country League Race was held at Herschel on Friday 21 August 1998, starting and finishing on the Herschel Preparatory School field. It was a combined event, hosted by Herschel and Western Province Preparatory School. The sun shone all week, only for the heavens to open on Thursday night and early Friday morning. Fortunately, by Friday afternoon we were experiencing perfect running weather: cool, cloudy with no breeze.

Athletes from all around the Peninsula arrived far and furiously from as far afield as Camps Bay, Llandudno and Fish Hook. There were plenty of parents who turned out to support their sons and/or daughters. A real advantage of cross country is the fact that many parents have both their sons and daughters competing in cross-country and, therefore, can support both children at the same event, at the same venue, on the same afternoon.

All-in-all the afternoon went very smoothly with the U/9 boys starting proceedings. They started at 15:15 with their 2km route. They were closely followed by the U/9 girls' race over the same distance. Their route took in a full lap

of the Herschel field before going into Ardenne Gardens, onto the Douglas Murray field, back through the Gardens and home again, finishing on the Herschel field.

The U/11 boys' race got under way fifteen minutes later, closely followed by the U/11 girls' race. Their route was 3km long. They ran a similar course, with an extension loop up Highwick Drive, back into Kenmar Crescent and onto the Douglas Murray field again to finish in the same manner as the earlier race.

The U/13 boys set off last, at 15:50, followed by the U/13 girls. They completed a 4km route which was the same route as for the U/9s, except that they had to repeat the entire course twice. We were slightly short of 600 finishers. However, this was an exceptional turnout and most probably the best attended league race of the 1998 season. Herschel had a record number of 50 girls participate; many of them were placed well in their races.

Tea was served to the parents; ice-creams, chips, chocolates and fruit juice were on sale for the runners and supporters. We have already been asked whether we would be prepared to host this event again next year, so we view this as an indication that our afternoon of racing was a great success.

Mrs R. Scott

INTER-SCHOOLS CROSS-COUNTRY

Herschel hosted the inaugural PGSGAU Inter-schools cross-country event on Friday, 11 September.

Five junior schools and seven senior schools participated. There were 10 races run, catering for all age-groups from under 9 to under 19.

The afternoon's proceedings started with the U/9 event over 2 km. This was won by Herschel's only Western Province cross-country runner, Sarah Golding. The team event in this section went to Springfield. The U/10s and U/11s also ran a distance of 2 km; Herschel's Sarah Shonfeld and Fiona Mallett won these two categories respectively. Herschel also won both team events in these age-groups.

The U/12 team section was won by Rustenburg and the U/13 section was, once again, won by Herschel. These two age-groups completed a 3 km course.

As Herschel won 3 of the 5 age-groups, we were also the winners of the overall trophy, which our captain, Shane Hodges, went up to collect.

The Senior school races followed. First off were the U/14s, also over the 3 km course. Herschel took the first 5 places in this section, with Anna Haw being the winner. The U/15s and U/16s also completed the 3 km course and Herschel won these two team events as well.

The last race was run over 4 km with both the U/17s and U/19s setting off together. Herschel once again won both these team events. The result for the senior school trophy was inevitable: Herschel won.

A fabulous prize-giving awaited all the runners. ADIDAS had donated prizes of T-shirts, socks and water bottles. The first 33 finishers in each of the ten age-groups received a prize, as well as the winning 3-member team from each age group.



It was a very successful afternoon with many of the runners determined to come back fitter and faster in 1999. Well done to all the Herschel girls who participated!

Mrs R. Scott

CROSS-COUNTRY

It has been wonderful to see so many girls take part in the cross-country this season, and I hope they will carry on next season.

All the girls have enjoyed running through the Ardenne Gardens and around the school grounds on Mondays. The races on Fridays have been held at a different venue each week. We are very proud of all the girls who were invited to take part in the Western Province trials. We are particularly proud of Sarah Golding who received her Western Province colours.

The highlight of the season was when Herschel, together with Western Province, hosted their first ever cross-country race at Herschel, which encouraged more girls to run at the Friday races. The tour to Villiersdorp was also extremely exciting for the girls who took part. The group of Herschel and Midsletfield girls and some Bishops' boys had a wonderful time running with underprivileged children. They went on a night walk and swim at the Overberg springs.

Thank you very much to Mrs Scott who has given up her time to coach us on Mondays and supported us at nearly every Friday race, even if it meant giving up her own races. Also thank you to all the mums and dads who gave up their time to help Mrs Scott on Mondays.

I think everyone has worked hard, had fun and done well this season.

Shane Hodges - Grade 7



SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

- Back Row: R. Fisher, D. Johnson, K. McMullen, E. Komeni, C. Bonstrea
 3rd Row: S. Louw, C. Steward, K. Gull, S. Christwood, K. Davel, C. McGinn, T. Kennerly, S. Desmarais, L.A. Macready
 2nd Row: J. Cruise, T. Biesman-Simons, K. Lammund, J. Paxton, T. Vasiljevic, J. Pickup, T. Vos, K. Pickard, A. Kahu, T. Harries
 Front Row: I. Charles, K. Weldon, K. van den Hoven, C. Ferguson, Mrs R. Scott, S. Hodges, H. Reine, V. Sherwell, J. Liddell



JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

- Back Row: B. Silva, C. Macready, S. Brown, L. du Preez, T. Power, N. Reed, R. Humm, K. McLeod, M. Spishure, C. Louw, A. Robins
 4th Row: D. Han, S. Shonfeld, P. Almon, D. Walling, N. Albrecht, A. Smith, C. Chennels, S. Dahl, S. Merry, K. Moore, C. Weaver, M. de Nobrega, S. Goldberg, L.A. Seideren
 3rd Row: C. Farber, S. McKay, A. Pollock, J. Woker, L. Arnot, N. Hardcastle, T. Thorne, F. Mallett, T. Bryant, N. Mallett, T. Belmans, D. Hampshire, C. Morris, L. Berkel
 2nd Row: L. Berkel, V. Johnson, M. van Ryneveld, S. Conner, A. Bourne, Mrs R. Scott, S. Hodges, S. Bennett, K. Desmarais, C. D'Arcy, N. Woker
 Front Row: L. McKenzie, S. Waterfield, N. Flanagan, L. Thysbaert, L. Kuiper, K. Mossop, T. Greig, S. Armstrong, R. Power, A. Cummins

GRADE 7 CLASSES



GRADE 7A - MRS WOOLLEY - CLASS OF 1998

Back Row: M. Combrink, C. McGee, A. Overmeyer, S. Houlston, A. Ferguson, C. Ferguson, K. van den Hoven, T. Kennedy, J. Steyn
 2nd Row: A. Kohn, N. Durr, K. Packard, T. Vasiljevic, T. Woods, S. Whitehead, T. Vos, J. Pickup, J. Watkins
 Front Row: 1. A. Dell, K. Davé, V. Sherwell, Mrs A. Woolley, J. Paxton, D. See, J. Urquhart



GRADE 7α - MRS CHAMPION - CLASS OF 1998

Back Row: A. Dooley, T. Day, S. Afrian-Hulmes, M. Jenkins, R.K. Finkelstein, E. Corder, R. Foster, A. Slingsby
 2nd Row: E. Kamen, N. Silberbauer, L. Coates, T. Harries, S. Hodges, M. Hutton, S. Louw, H. Raing, D. Loubeet
 Front Row: S. Deemarais, J. Cruse, M-K. Van der, Mrs A. Champion, K. Weldon, L. Búchet, T. Biesman-Simons

OLD HERSCHELIAN NEWS

OLD HERSCHELIAN ASSOCIATION

The committee has grown to include the energies of Susan (Shushi) Hugo-Hanuman, Barbara Vincent and Christie and Justine Peters, who have all contributed greatly to the enthusiasm and activities of the committee.

This year it was decided that the main fund-raising project for the Old Herschelians' Bursary Fund would be a performance of the very successful play, *Elephant Man*, on the 29 July at the Baxter Theatre.

Thanks to a wonderful effort by Shushi and her dedicated team, we had a very nearly capacity audience of past and present pupils and parents. The evening was a great financial success, a sum of R17 400 being raised for the Bursary Fund. This has been by far the most successful of all our fund-raising projects and we hope to have a similar function next year, and that you will support it again.

The next Old Herschelians function will be the Annual Luncheon held in the school dining room on the 18th November. Mrs van Zyl will give a résumé of the year's activities and an outline of plans for the future. There will be a delicious meal catered for by Julia Rothmann and her staff. We hope that this will be as well supported as last year's lunch.

We would like to remind anyone organising class reunions, Committee's goal of providing a partial bursary for the daughters of old Herschelians.

Prof Crawley

ENGAGEMENTS

DURR - DAVISON Alex Durr to James Davison
EBBS - WILSON Pamela Ebbs to Peter Wilson
GIBAUD - O'CONNOR Catherine Gibaud to Andrew O'Connor
KEMP - POWKE Sarah Kemp to Peter Powke
LOUW - BOTHA Leanne Louw to Ryan Botha
MORKEL - MULHOLLAND Louise Morkel to Byron Mulholland
STALLARD - RINGROSE Julia Stallard to Richard Ringrose
WEST - MACKAY Deborah West to Sean MacKay

MARRIAGES

BIRD - HANSTFORD Lynne Bird and David Hanstford, November 1997
BOARDMAN - HEINAMANN Sarah Boardman and Jonathan Heinsmann, March 1998
CAREY - DUPLOOY Andra Carey and Dirk du Plooy, February 1997
CHALLIS - NAGEL Lindsay Challis and Robert Nagel, December 1997
DICEY - NOAKES Lynette Dickey and Grant Noskes, February 1998
DISLER - BURGESS Eva Disler and Brendon Burgess, 1997
DU PREEZ - WILLIAMS Eugénie du Preez and Shazam Williams, February 1998
FIELD - FLORENCE Chris Field and Michael Florence, November 1997
GROVE - MEYER Candice Grove and Warren Meyer, November 1997
KOSTER - HUXTER Jenny Koster and Craig Huxter, February 1998



MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' LUNCH

Several Old Herschelians mothers joined their marie daughters for this annual occasion. Alexia and Mrs Kornylos, Mrs van Zyl, Mrs Silberbauer and Braunwyn, Mrs Brown and her niece, Mariella Wynne, Mrs Hellyard and Melissa Weigel.

MAHERBE - GIBB Margie Maherbe and Donald Gibb, February 1998

MARAIIS - MCLACHLAN Maryanne Marais and Grant McLachlan, October 1997

MILNE - TOMLINSON Fiona Milne and Mark Tomlinson, April 1998

RICKETTS - DOWNING Gemma Ricketts and Nicholas Downing, September 1997

TAYLOR - WALDRON Heather Taylor and Rob Waldron, May 1996

TRIPP - DEBENHAM Kathy Tripp and Robin Debenham, March 1998

WRAY-YOUNG - WANLESS Janet Wray-Young and Ross Wanless, February 1997

BIRTHS

ABRAHAM To Cathy (Searl) and Stephen, a son, 6 October 1997

ACKERMAN To Samantha (Drummond-Hay) and Jonathan, a son, Joshua Marcus, 5 August 1996

ALORA To Mandy (Porter) and Ajay, a son, 27 September 1997

BARLOW To Katherine (McAdam) and Tom, a daughter, 4 November 1997

BECKENSTRATER To Anthea (Ovenston), a son, Gordon, 17 September 1998

BENN To Bridget (Chapman) and Mark, a daughter, 30 December 1997, in Geneva

BLUMER To Ann (Meynell) and Ant, a daughter, Lara Janet, 10 October 1997, in Australia

BOSMAN To Sandy (Newton-Thompson) and Tony, a daughter, April 1997

BYRNE To Susan (Stamper) and Lew, a daughter, Kaitlin Claudia, 25 April 1998

COETZEE To Julie (Sturmack) and Peter, a son, 6 April 1998

DAVEY To Page (Littletord) and Neil, a son, James Conchman, 25 August 1998, in Boise, Idaho, USA

DESMARAIS To Priscilla (Hill) and Lucien, a daughter, Lesane Jenepher, 31 August 1998

ELYSEE To Amanda (de Villiers) and Michael, a son, 14 December 1997

FORSTER To Tonia Cara (van der Spuy) and Paul, a daughter, 30 November 1997, in Washington, DC

GOLDING To Tanya (Landless) and Andrew, a daughter, March 1998

HUMBOLDT To Wendy (Perold) and Frans, a son, 13 February 1998

HUMBY To Traci (Scott) and John, a daughter, Kate, sister to Samantha and Chloë, 17 January 1998, in Dubai

KERKMANN To Ruth (Butters) and Tony, a son, Douglas George, 24 January 1998

KRAMER To Kim (Donnelly) and Lars, a son, Dylan Michael John, 8 May 1998 in Hong Kong

LESLIE To Kathy (Dower) and Warrick, a daughter, Emma Katherine, 6 June, 1998

MEIHUIZEN To Caroline (Christie) and Robert, a son, 14 November 1997

NEL To Dianne (Flanagan) and Leon, a son, 24 June 1998

NEUMANN To Susan (Cowie) and Brian, a son, 18 January 1998

ORLIZ To Kerry (Hoffman) and Manfred, a daughter, Hannah Maria, 10 June 1998

ORPEN To Diane (Stringer) and Tim, a son, Matthew Timothy, 30 June 1998, in Newcastle

PANDIAN To Belinda (Morris) and Bruno, a son, Evan, 6 March 1998

RAVENSCHROFT To Helen (Dicey) and Billy, a son, Michael William, 15 April 1998

REKOD To Jenny (Gray) and Buddy, a daughter, December 1997

SACKS To Nicola (Stubb) and Gary, a daughter, 13 January 1998

SCHLEBUSCH To Kyra (Pratt) and Thomas, a son, Julien, 16 April 1998, in Johannesburg

TEKIRIAGLIOGLE To Alison (Hundleby) and Erkan, a daughter, Inez Rose, 18 July 1998, in Paris



OLD HERSCHELIAN MUMS' TEA

Pia Minchener (Johnson), Lindsay Middelmann (Linte), Dorrie Simpson (Fuller), Susan Hugo Hammar (Fuller),
Amanda Ackerman (Crunchley), Jennifer Wynne (Brumble)



Class of 1948

TIMSON To Catherine (Baker) and Clive, twin sons, Max and Sam, 28 July 1998, in Johannesburg

TUCKNESS To Jacqui (Dacey) and Chris, a daughter, Megan, sister for Caitlin and Jessica, 25 December 1997

WESTON To Linda (Merrington) and Neil, a daughter, 23 April 1998, in London

WILLIAMS To Linda (Bettison) and Lloyd, a son, Alexander John, 18 February 1998, in New Jersey, USA

DEATHS

BACHELA Neo (1986) October 1998

BURLONGE Peg (née Hill, 1940) 10 May 1998, in England

GODSON Bridget (1987) 4 March 1999, in London

MARR Jean (Staff) 20 January 1998

ROSS Helen (1964) 25 March 1998

STANFORD Gail (Pettigrew, 1974) August 1998

Nicola Clegg, Headgirl 1993, studying at the University of Houston circle in the USA, has been selected as the university's 1997-98 Leader of the Year. She has been given this tribute for maintaining the highest scholarship in the challenging field of chemistry and biochemistry; for her leadership in the student governance of the Honours Programme and for her representing the university in athletics, in Division 1 Swimming in a four-year career of intensive and sustained competition.

Megan Shaw, matriculant of 1993, graduated with a B.Sc (Microbiology and Biochemistry) in 1996 and graduated with a first class B.Sc in Medicine (Hons) in Medical Microbiology in 1997 from UCT. She has now taken up a scholarship awarded to her by the University of Glasgow. She is at the Graduate School of Biomedical and Life Sciences in the division of Virology where she is doing research into Hepatitis C, aiming for a Ph.D. in three years' time.

Alexandra Durr, matriculant of 1987, graduated with a B.Prin.Ed. (Stellenbosch). She has been teaching in

London since 1994 and has completed a diploma at Kensington College, Chelsea. She returns to South Africa in July to prepare for her wedding to James Davison.

CLASS OF 1958 REUNION

The "Roaring Forties" celebration was a moving feast that started in London on 6th June 1998 and finished 48 hours later in Worcestershire.

This remarkable Class is one of Herschel's vintage Matric years. A "Premier Grand Cru" in the history of the School and responsible for a lot of 'fun and games', including the eventual demise of the legendary Cagoule.

Scattered world-wide, the 1958 Matric Class had not held a Reunion before. Consequently, it was a thundering success when it did take place. An impressive number flew into London from South Africa and others from Portugal and the United States. Our total was eighteen and the number swelled on 7th June, when the second phenomenal party was held, this time with husbands and other guests.

The first celebration took place at the Royal Commonwealth Club a few yards from South Africa House. In a purposely chosen, sound-proofed room, bedecked with proteas, the 'girls' howled with delight. The stories were manifold and very funny.

In 1946 our Class began, the Herschel Kinderparten opened and we wore party dresses as there was no uniform. We were expertly taught, girls and boys together, by Miss 'Elyacinti' (Elizay Harsant) and then moved on to Miss Audrey Walden-Smith and Miss Helen Betina-Reid etcetera. Over the twelve years from 1946 to 1958 other 'girls' came and went from above, below and even sideways bringing our total to a grand forty-six. Nine remain unmarried, but thirty-two are, we know, still kicking high, which is an encouraging number.

Throughout our time at Herschel, our beautiful grounds were enhanced by graceful blue crane birds which are now a protected species. Thanks to the dedicated collaboration and expertise of HEZ MARR (Busby) this National bird of South Africa is being preserved. Our 1958 year includes other very skilled people. Careers cover the medical world, music, public relations, catering, psychiatry, the social services and anthropology, the diplomatic corps, farming, teaching, the media, the theatre, several talented artists and business-women.

The second reunion party was held in the elegant Queen Anne home of Sue Elliott and her husband, Ian, (son of the late Beatrice Elliott/McLachlan OBE). Cars arrived from far and wide to Wolverton Hall, Worcestershire. The Elliotts' warmth and kindness will never be forgotten nor will the buffet, exquisitely and professionally produced by Jose Finch (Luke), assisted by Val de Klerk (Oxberry), Caroline Simonds (Thewles) and others. An added bonus was the arrival of Lyn Holmes (MacLew), an Herscheliam, and her husband, Dudley, all the way from Stellenbosch and Gill Garlick (Dodington) with her husband, Des, from the Northern Transvaal!

As the conversation, wine and laughter flowed, a video camera was being expertly handled by Neil McCarthy (husband of Buzz Holmes) - a daunting task that he took in his stride. Many thanks, Neil, you have captured us all. This must be the first time a Bishops' boy has received an acknowledgement in the Herschel magazine! Follow-up parties are already being planned.

Thanks must go to all the 'girls' who helped, organised and came along to the reunion and who made it into such a terrific weekend. We hope that those who were not able to come will make it next time. It will be worth it. Out of the past, our formative years have been revived and we can now look forward, after forty years, to a more united future. Golden days past, present and still to come!

Those who joined in the hilarity were:

Val de Klerk (Oxberry), Sue Elliott (Elliott), Jose Finch (Luke), Gill Garlick (Dodington), Felicity Gill (Wheeler), Ann Gogh (Hichens), Judy Hanning (Gregg), Libby Hennessey (Fleming), Buzz Holmes (McCarthy), Sue Little (Lutas) Hez Marr (Busby), Iona Mathias (Devito), Kathy Norris (Siveter), Jacquié Regnier (Rambaut), Liz Roberts (Wheeler), Phoebe Scrivenor (Woollam), Caroline Simonds (Thewles), Nicky Sutton (de Malpas Pinley).

Those who were greatly missed, but sent greetings, were: Claire Atkinson, Marguerite Fischer, Murgie Godbold (de Roux), Liz Hund, Alison Kenney (Donaldson), Libby Lewis, Gail Lockwood (Simon), Andy MacGregor (Stratton), Sue Muller (Kurtel), Nicky Murray (Quinton), Anne Porter (Crawford), Hilary Ritch (Bean), Frances Small (Bertish), Felicity Waring (Jameson).

We would like to receive addresses for the following: Jeanette Francis, Malvena Galloway, Jacqueline Hammond,

Gaynor Hilsen, Carol Dean Hyde, Kathrine Nohle, Nanette Newman, Janet Pringle, Caroline Voss.

Please send any information to Diana Dacey (Burns), OHA Secretary.

Jacquié Regnier (Rambaut), Oxford, UK

* The RCS Club had its official opening by the Queen and HRH Prince Philip just before our reunion began.

CLASS OF 1978 REUNION

The class of 1978 held their 20th reunion over the weekend of the 15th - 16th May. Twenty-six girls met at 6 pm for drinks in Mrs van Zyl's office before being taken for a tour of the school by two prefects. It was the start of much reminiscing, irrepressible noise and shrieks of laughter. We were all most impressed with all the new buildings, new classrooms, indoor sports centre and the wonderful facilities, as so many of us had never been back to Herschel.

After the tour of the school, we went on to Sue Sherman's (Nanda) home for supper. Here we got down to some serious reminiscing and catching up and chatted into the early hours of the morning. It was great to see that none of us has really changed all that much.

We met again at the Gardener's Cottage for lunch on Saturday. The lunch was delicious and it was great to be taken down memory lane again. Sadly, it all ended when the management had to kick us out at 6 pm when they closed the restaurant. We all agreed that it was a great success and will meet again in five year's time to strengthen and renew old friendships.

News from the Class of 1978

Celeste Cornforth (Anderson) has three children, lives in Johannesburg and is a secretary for two advocates.

Vanessa Geldenhuys (Allen) practises as an attorney, has two children and her daughter is at Herschel.

Liz Meynell (Brink) is the mother of four boys and works part-time for her gynaecologist husband at Constantiaberg. Fiona Lawson (Potter) lives in Hermanus, has two girls and works with Yvonne Ward-Smith in the West African cloth and fabric trade.

Cathy Barker lives in Johannesburg and is expecting twins. Marilyn Knudsen (Chaplin) lives in Johannesburg, has two sons and has a high-powered career in marketing.

Jane Coombe has two girls and is the Director of Mathematics Education Project at UCT which involves the in-service development of teachers.

Tania Braun (Bownes) is the part-owner of an advertising agency, mother of two children and a part-time aromatherapist.

Brigid Duckitt (de Kock) works for her husband's accounting firm in Durbanville.

Pippa Torr (Richardson) is a pattern-maker and clothing designer and has one son.



Class of 1978

Nicki Dauncey (Gerhardt) has two sons and teaches Information Technology at Herschel.

Nancy Jackson (Uddl) has two children and sells property (developments).

Jacqui Cozzens (Knight) is a part-time computer programmer and the mother of two children.

Camilla Swell (Kuiper) has two sons and a daughter at Herschel and is a part time clinical research associate.

Kathy Ketelby has two children and lives in New South Wales, Australia. She works part-time for a firm of patent attorneys and is almost qualified as a patent attorney.

Ingeborg Møller (Engelbrecht) has two sons and helps in her husband's surgery.

Irene Modlin (Labuschagne) is a gemmologist and also does jewellery valuations.

Shelly Mills (Sundell) is the mother of two boys and helps in her husband's skylight business.

Gill Rauch (Mayer) is a music teacher at Bishops and has two daughters at Herschel.

Judy Neal has a high-powered job in a major international record company in the UK.

Andrea Olivier (Goldberg) is happy to be back after ten years of living in London. She has a small boy of one year.

Pippa Oliver divides her time between Durban and the States due to her husband's line of work. She has two young children.

Caron Park (Potonik) is a clinical psychologist and is studying for her Ph.D. in psychology.

Cathy Pickholtz (Green) is a doctor and is living in Australia.

Julie Allsop (Robinson) is a farmer's wife and the mother of two girls.

Nicky Schmidt (Hamp-Adams) is the marketing manager for a group of consulting actuaries.

Lizanne Scott (Schiller) is a dairy farmer on a kibbutz in Israel, and has a small baby.

Sue Sherman is the mother of a son and a daughter who is in Grade 3 at Herschel.

Diane Meintma (Shani) is a stylist and wardrobe mistress on TV commercials and has two girls.

Christwin Thompson is a medical technologist for Nestlé. Lorna Botma (Theodosiou) lives in East London and has three children.

Jacqui Dacey (Luckass) teaches swimming to toddlers and has three daughters.

Brigitte Taylor (Visser) has three children and lives at Cap d'Antibes in France.

Yvonne Ward-Smith lives in Johannesburg and trades in stylish West African cloth, jewellery and artifacts.

La Peters (Whitehead) farms at Charnel, runs a farm shop, museum and wine-tasting centre. She has two young children.

Siobhan Marmion (Esman) has four children and lives in Chile.

Liane van der Hoven is studying for her master's in cultural art, and is an artist.

Erica Carwith (van den Hevel) is an environmental consultant who works from home and has two small children.

Karen Gorder (Mandis) lives in Atlanta, Georgia, and has two children.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OPENS IN JEAN'S COLOURFUL LIFE

As the oldest surviving Herschelian, Jean St Leger Lawrence, was paid a visit by the present Headmistress, Mrs Diana van Zyl and Mrs Lindy Grobler, Public Relations Officer, at the launch of Mrs St Leger Lawrence's second book.

Geared and still possessed of the marvellous spirit of life as she nears her 90th year, Jean is an exemplary representative of a bygone era and of a time which she has beautifully captured in her memoirs, entitled *Hatching Ome*.

This is the second book of reminiscences by a woman of immense essence who has lived an enlightened and

privileged life as the wife of cabinet minister, Harry Lawrence, who served under two successive South African premiers (General Hertzog and General Smuts) in the 1930s and 1940s.

The mother of two sons for whom she has always held obvious affection, Mrs Lawrence's family tree reads very much like a who's who of the time in which she was born.

Daughter of Cape Town's Supreme Court Judge, Malcolm Searle, who was later appointed Judge President of the Cape Provincial Division and then knighted, Mrs Lawrence is also the grand-daughter of Frederick York St Leger, the co-founder and first editor of the *Cape Times*.

Still resident in Kenilworth in the stately apartment that she has called home for the past 30 years, Mrs Lawrence celebrated the launch of her new book in the past week with a gathering of about 40 of her closest friends and family members.

Down-playing her own input and instead complimenting her surviving son, Jeremy Lawrence, for printing her books, Mrs Lawrence displays yet another characteristic of years gone by in not allowing too much of a fuss to be made of her work.

The book, however, despite all modesty, is a delight to read and reveals the insights and highlights of a long and fascinating life - some incidents utterly hilarious and others touching - all of them evoking the reality of a history that has been rather dulled by text-book writers.

Here the humour behind the scenes puts back the heart of the era, and the seriousness of some situations are viewed in a new and very accessible way through Mrs Lawrence's easy-reading style.

"It was an interesting time to have lived, especially in the manner in which we did. Of my world travels the most outstanding recollection turns out to have nothing to do with politics or people, but rather my own experience of surfing in Honolulu where two Hawaiians, named Oa and Curly, showed me the ropes. I certainly have some wonderful memories, and this is what the books are all about."

Mrs Lawrence's first book, *Coming Home to Roost*, was well received and detailed her early life in the family home designed by Herbert Baker, "Highlands", in Wynberg.

Because she has survived many tragedies and losses within the family, Mrs Lawrence's strength of character and quick wit are more appreciated and a quiet lesson learnt is simply that the world goes on, and so must one, in the very best manner one can.

(Edited version of an article by Karen Kover, 'The Teller', Thursday 15 October 1998)

OBITUARY - MISS KITTY BLUETT

Miss Kathleen Margaret (Kitty) Bluett died on Saturday, 25th July, 1998, just three weeks after her eighty first birthday, bringing to a close a gentle life of service to others. Miss Bluett came to Herschel in October 1979 as Assistant House Matron in the Senior School, but soon found that she preferred the Preparatory School and became Warden of the Preparatory Hostel from 1980 to 1988, when she retired to start a home with her sister, Phyllis. She is remembered affectionately as a real lady, who never spoke ill of anyone and loved to reminisce about her time as a housemaid at Buckingham Palace. She was an enthusiastic walker and the boarders loved her dearly. Many of her girls stayed in touch with her right to the end of her life.



Jean St Leger Lawrence autographing her book for Mrs van Zyl

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