

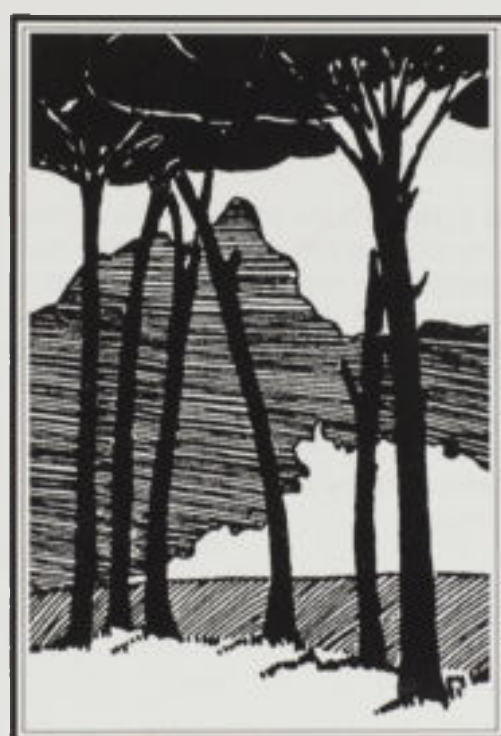
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THE
HERSCHELIAN
2000



THE HERSCHELIAN 2000



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Windows

The new stained glass windows were presented to the school by Mrs Pamela Duff, Mr Peter Morelli and the 1999, 2000 and 2001 matriculants.

Flix-Lun O'Meara is the artist who was commissioned to design the windows and we are grateful for her inspiration and careful thought which makes the windows so relevant to Herschel. Peter Stoklas, the stained glass artist who executed the design, has done a truly wonderful job.

Flowers

The flowers on the cover are the four flowers used at Herschel to name the individual classes. Disa, Erica, Ilex and Protea.

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OLD HERSCHELIAN NEWS





Jenny Thompson
1949 - 2000

*"To us fair friend, you can never be old
For as you were when first your eye we eyed
Such seems your beauty still."*

Sonnet 104
William Shakespeare

IN MEMORIAM

A TRIBUTE TO JENNY THOMPSON DIED 18 APRIL 2000

Just as Jenny Thompson was an indelible part of the lives of Leigh, Simon, Matthew and all her family and friends, so too has this been true of her influence on our lives at Herschel.

Still young and loved as she was, so she will remain in our memories, enshrined in a unique way. The fullness of the good she brought to our school and all whose lives she touched so delicately and yet so definitively will remain with us.

John Wesley wrote:

*"Do all the good you can
By all the means you can
In all the ways you can
At all the times you can
In all the places you can
At all the times you can
To all the people you can
As long as ever you can."*

Jenny followed this dictum unconsciously, yet wholeheartedly, throughout her years at Herschel. She delighted in individuality and invited loyalty and dedication being herself steadfast and courageous; she was unflinching if the cause was in the best interests of her staff or girls.

The school was always quietly busy and how she loved her staff and revelled in their accomplishments! They, in turn, loved and respected her. There was total reciprocity in this regard since she considered herself privileged to be at the helm of such a fine team.

Jenny was a meticulous planner. She created the best of climates for teaching and learning and attracted the best of educators in whom she took great pride and whom she inspired to higher things. There was always the personal note or the word of encouragement or commendation.

Jenny was indeed a living example of the most excellent of women, described in the Bible, in Proverbs Chapter 31 - a woman whose worth was "far above jewels...".

*"Strength and dignity are her clothing,
And she smiles at the future.
She opens her mouth in wisdom,
And the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.
She looks well to the ways of her household (school),
And does not eat the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and bless her..."*

Her friends and colleagues too have benefited from the manner in which she looked to her 'household'. We all admired her calm strength, her dignity, grace and elegant poise. She opted for the taciturn, quiet approach but nevertheless confronted problems squarely.

We have learnt from her wisdom and been humbled by her kindness and unfailing concern for others. She seasoned our lives and without her light we less benefit, yet conscious of how blessed we were to have known her at the school, even for so brief a time.

Throughout the school, the girls loved and honoured her. They will not forget her. In the years to come they will bless her for that quality she added to their lives, their aspirations and their sense of self worth. Her wise counsel and firm guidance were carefully considered in the light of their particular talents, needs and circumstances.

The girls matriculating this year were the Grade Sevens - Jenny's 'reception' year at Herschel. They felt her influence and carried it with them proudly into Senior School. She was with them at the Plains Dance, three days before she died, and watched in quiet nostalgia, to see her cygnets now transformed into swans.

She was always receptive to and excited by innovation, but wisely contemplated the way forward first. Once decided on a course of action, she was resolute and always saw ideas through to completion. She could smile at the future because she was a visionary who lived and built in the present. We shared a vision for the school; we had such high hopes and always regarded Herschel as one organism: a haven of quality learning and growth from Reception Class to Grade Twelve.

Jenny was immovable in pursuit of her goals and her dream for a new Junior Preparatory School had already come to fruition. This was a source of immense satisfaction and quiet pride consolidated by the way in which these new facilities had already enhanced learning. And there was so much more in her planning.

She appreciated beauty in many forms and loved her tapestry, took great pride in the Preparatory School gardens and the School Chapel. Her happiness was accumulative: from the many small everyday joys, rather than from big happy events.

Such is her legacy that we cannot fail her; we must perpetuate all that Jenny strove to achieve. She must be our inspiration and guide in the times ahead.

We shall miss you Jenny!

Ad Dei Gloriam
Delivered by Mrs D van Zyl

STAFF

HEADMISTRESS

Mrs AD van Zyl, BSc(UCT), BSc Hons(UP), Grad Cl (London)

DEPUTY HEADMISTRESS

Mrs I P MacIntyre, BSc, UED(Natal) (until September)

SENIOR TEACHER

Mrs KG Adley, BSc, HDE(UCT)

CHAPLAIN

The Revd J Tyers, NTD(Barkly House), D of T

SENIOR SCHOOL

Mrs ML Barlow, BMus(Educ), HDE(UCT)

Mrs DM Daws, BA(Hons), HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs DE Beames, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mrs A Dodonstein, BA(Stell), FHM(UCT), (Hons)(UNISA)

Mrs H Bertha, Dip(Hons PhysEd)(Bulawayo)

Miss LM Burns, BA, HDE(UCT)

Mr SD Chapman, BMus(Natal), HDE(UCT)

Mrs F Cochrane, HDE(Wits)

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Mrs R Hugo, MA(Stell), HDE(UNISA), BEd(Natal)

Mrs D Jason, BA(Rhodes), HDE(UCT)

Miss C Jordaan, BSc, HDE(Stell) (from September)

Mrs J Londe, NTD Commerce

Mrs S Macfarlane, BA(Hons)(Univ of Melb)

Mrs S McPatrie, BSc, HDE(UCT)

Mrs M. Patrick, BSc(Hons)(UCT), HDE(UNISA)

Mrs A-M Rabbitts, BSc, HOD(Stell), MEd(Boston) (until March)

Mrs S Ryan, BA, BEd (Rhodes), BSL(SchUo)(UNISA)

Mrs K Sapsford, BA, JED(Rhodes)

Miss S Scarola, BSc(Natal)(Hons)(UCT), HDE(Natal)

Mr AP Scott, BA(Stell), DipLit (Cambridge), HDE(UNISA)

Mrs R Scott, BA(Stell), HDE(UCT)

Mrs Z Scals, BA(Stell)

Mrs H Stamford, BA, HOD(Stell)

Mrs T Steyn, BA, HDE(Rhodes)

Mrs I Swanepoel, BA, HDE(Stell)

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

Mrs M van Schaikwyk, BSc, HDE(UCT)

Mrs MC Venter, BA, HOD(Bom)

Miss NI Walgemoed, BA(FA)(UNISA), HDE(Rhodes)

Mr D Wood, BA, BEd(UCT)

Mr JC Wrensch, BMus(UCT)

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Mrs D Donaldson, BSc, HDE(Rhodes)

Miss D Fitch, BCom(Hons)(Pret), HED(JCH)

Mrs A Flegg, MA(Stell), MA(UCT), HDE(UCT), TransDip(UNISA)

Mrs K Gohard, BSc, HDE(Pret)

Mrs G Gull, BScSo, BSc, HDE(UCT)



Mrs van Zyl flanked by Kallhonne Carkeek (left), 2001 Headgirl and Susannah Packer, 2000 Headgirl

Mrs B Poulter, BSc(Hons), HDE(UCT)

Mr P Reedt, BCom(Law)(PLforCHE), BProc(UP),

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Mrs C Dehlan, BSc(Wits), Laboratory Technician

Mr Z Fataar, MCP, CNA, Computer Technician

Mrs P Garlick, Headmistress's Personal Assistant

Mrs L Grabler, BA(Natal), Liaison Officer

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Mr S Pawinski, Cafeteria Manager

Mrs J Pollock, Reception/Secretary

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Chairman: Mr D Leon Davis

Reverend Canon G Counsel

Mrs A Goleing

Mr R Haw

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Counsellor Laba

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Mr J Milar

Mr R Peters

Mrs I Huid

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Professor A Watson



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- Front Row:** Mrs F. Botha, Mr J. Wrensch, Mrs E. Hugo, Mrs M. Patrick, Mrs D. Beames, Mrs L. Adley (Acting Deputy Headmistress), Mrs D. van Zyl (Headmistress), Miss D. Bawa (Acting Senior Teacher), Revd J. Tyers (Chaplain), Mr D. Wood, Mrs L. Churchill, Mr A. Scott, Mr S. Chapman.



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- Front Row:** Miss T. Smith, Mrs J. Pollock, Mrs P. Gorrack, Mrs D. van Zyl, Mr M. Connolly, Mrs M. A. Poojhumus, Mrs C. Dohlen.



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 Front Row: Mrs I. Davids, Miss C. Mangena, Miss C. Mathews, Miss S. Wildskul, Miss A. Wildskul
 Absent: Mrs E. Korries, Mrs V. Woodward, Miss A. Schuurmans, Miss S. Ndaliso, Miss H. Phillips, Mrs P. Petersen



SERVICE STAFF MEN

Back Row: Mr H. Cengani, Mr L. Nondula, Mr M. Caswell, Mr P. Kwezi, Mr R. Matwane, Mr G. Meyer, Mr A. Boko
 Front Row: Mr D. Mole, Mr L. Cengani, Mr L. Matwane, Mr E. Nickloes (Assistant Estate Manager), Mr B. Maki,
 Mr W. Matwane, Mr M. Mesilang
 Absent: Mr S. Pawinski (Estate Manager)

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF COUNCIL

The Headmistress and all members of staff have had a stressful year compounded by the untimely death of Mrs Jenny Thompson and the departure to Gauteng of Mrs Lesley MacIntyre. The educational scene is far more turbulent than might appear on the surface and it is to the great credit of all at Herschel that the school has maintained its steady course. I am confident that it is on its way to another outstanding set of matriculation results.

Council has been devoting considerable time to strategic planning and re-defining its own role so as to ensure that Herschel is well prepared to meet the challenges presented by changes in the curriculum and competition from new independent schools.

Council is aiming at greater involvement from the parent body both in respect of the responsibilities of governance and in promoting single sex education in

general and Herschel in particular. Our conviction that Herschel offers the finest education available and one which can stand comparison with even the best in the United Kingdom is underpinned in the proven superior performance of single sex girls schools in that country.

We reject any suggestion that Herschel girls are educated in an ivory tower - they and the school are as much part of the outside world as any co-educational school and the products are competent, well adjusted, self confident and open minded young women who can hold their own in and so a credit to any community.

Council has already planned parents of the first class towards its goal of direct representation and hopes to be able to progress this to a successful conclusion shortly. At the same time we are structuring a strong and positive marketing strategy, led by the

Headmistress, in which the entire Herschel community - parents staff Old Herschellians and Council - will be able to play a significant part in the sustained achievement of our Mission Statement, namely -

"Herschel Girls School is an independent Anglican School for girls from Nursery to Grade 12 which welcomes pupils from diverse cultural backgrounds. Herschel provides excellence in education through enlightened and innovative teaching. It instils confidence and independence in its pupils and equips them to enter the wider community with the ability to think, listen, care and achieve."

It is a privilege to thank all concerned on behalf of Council for their support and the many examples of dedication and enthusiasm, which characterise the ethos of Herschel.

Mr D Loch Davis
Chairman



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Back Row: Mr R. Peters, Mr H. Hendry, Prof. A. Watson, Mr R. Haw, Mrs A. Woolley, Mr M. Connolly, Mrs L. Reid, Mr R. Vernon

Front Row: Counsellor Loo, Mr J. Millar, Mrs A.D. van Zyl, Mr D. Loch Davis, Mrs I. MacIntyre, Revd G. Counsell, Mrs A. Golding

Absent: Mrs B. Sellar, Mr S. Maseko

SPEECH DAY: 10 OCTOBER 2000

Extracts from the Headmistress's Speech

We are privileged to welcome you, Ms Zile, as our Guest Speaker today. We welcome Mr Desmond Loch Davis, Chairman of Council, and Mrs Loch Davis; council members and their spouses; Mrs Pamela Duff, whose continued pride in and concern for the school are appreciated, and Dr Duff; Mrs Corinne Symons and Mrs Pru Crawley, representing the Old Herschelians' Association; Mr Snyders and Mr Louw, our representatives from the WCED; Mrs Woolley, acting Headmistress of the Preparatory School and Mr Woolley; Mr Michael King, acting Principal of Diocesan College; Heads of schools who have come during a very demanding time of their school term; Mr Leigh Thompson; our past Head Girls, Louise Schönborn (1999), Kirsten Locke (1998) and Margie Gio (Deputy Head Girl 1999); parents, friends, colleagues and girls.

It is appropriate that someone of Ms Zile's fearlessness and determination to implement change is our Guest Speaker. Her awareness of the critical strategic importance of education and why this is such a strong political issue is characteristic of the way she operates as MEC for Education in the Western Cape. She has always emphasised that what counts in the global economy are the skills of the labour force. This is in line with our emphasis on preparing our students with the skills they will need when they enter the world of work after school. It is not surprising that she is referred to as Godzilla.

This has been a tumultuous and difficult year. The death of Mrs Jonny Thompson, the Head of the Preparatory School, was devastating. Mr Leigh Thompson is an honoured guest today; this is a poignant moment as we are mindful of all Mrs Thompson meant to us at Herschel. We miss her dearly yet her memory continues to inspire us; her example of wise decision-making and kindness seems to pervade all our interactions, particularly in the recently completed Pro-Preparatory project.

Mrs Annette Woolley has done an admirable job over a testing and tragic period as the acting Head of the Preparatory School. She has led the school with humour and compassion through a difficult time. I value her personal courage and support.

Mrs Lesley MacIntyre, who served the school with distinction for seven years, left Herschel last term and has taken up a position at St Sithian's College. Her husband had been promoted and relocated to Johannesburg. We wish them happiness in their new situation. As we look forward to 2001, I welcome most warmly the Deputy Headmistress Designate, Mrs Lindy Clarke, who will assume the position officially in January 2001. Mrs Irene Adcock will act in this position for the term and I appreciate her willingness to help the school.

I have greatly appreciated the support and guidance of the Chairman of Council, Mr Loch Davis, and the councilors. Escalating change, many demands and the necessity for prompt action have accentuated the invaluable nature of this partnership between the Council and the school.

I am indebted to the entire staff, academic, administrative and service, who devote so much to the school in so many ways. I applaud the commitment of the teaching staff to the Six-Schools' Trial Examination and the Enrichment Programme which they have enhanced with their originality and innovation, qualities that are key factors in the learning situation. Their aptitude for and commitment to dealing with new challenges in the unpredictable and rapidly moving educational environment have soared, without their efforts we could not achieve what we do at Herschel. It is exciting and necessary that they have adopted new responsibilities and shaped them with ingenuity and skill. A debt of gratitude is also owed to my Personal Assistant for all she does with such competence.



Mrs van Zyl

The Prefect body has served the school consistently and devotedly under the caring leadership of Susannah Hacker. She and the Deputy Head Girl, Hoviyeh Afman-Houmes, have proved an impressive duo and their finely-tuned initiative has been apparent as well as their concern for the school. We acknowledge proudly all that the Grade Twelves have accomplished throughout their careers at Herschel.

We say goodbye to four teachers at the end of this year and wish them well in all that lies before them. Miss Burns, who is herself an Old Herschelian, is to enter the world of business. Mrs McPetric leaves us to join the staff of Diocesan College. Miss Jordaan has substituted most proficiently for Mrs Combrink who has been on maternity leave and returns next year. Mr Roodt has taken the Accounting classes for the past four months.

You have been informed of the highlights of the year from the newsletters and *Observer*. I must, however, comment on the 1999 matric results. There were eighty-six candidates, with a 100% pass rate and a 98,8% matriculation exemption. 33% of our girls obtained A aggregates. We are pleased that Herschel remains one of the top schools in South Africa.

Some parents have been interested in the recent letter from the Chairman regarding the merits of single sex schooling and in particular girls only schooling which were recently highlighted in the *London Times* newspaper of 2 September 2000. What is significant is that the published results showed that single-sex schools dominated the GCSE league tables by taking all but one of the top

forty positions. Girls-only schools achieved the top five places and nine out of the top ten. This issue could be debated here, in our country, in an appropriate forum, but the overseas results suggest that independent, girls-only schooling should make an impressive showing here as well.

How is Herschel adapting to the changing environment in which we increasingly have to operate? We are facing increasing competition from the growth of the private school sector. Independent education is growing in leaps and bounds with competing schools marketing aggressively what they purport to offer. This is particularly apparent in the Western Cape. At the current growth rate of independent schools the sector will soon school more than five percent of the pupils nationally, at which point it is recognised as a significant private school sector.

The days are fast disappearing when schools like Herschel can be sure of over-subscribed application lists. The reality is that we will have to learn to compete in an increasingly tough market.

- We will need to continue to market ourselves effectively; our web site is operational and we can be visited at www.herschel.wcape.school.za.
- We will have to improve even further the service that we offer.
- We will have to improve communication with our "clients" and be increasingly responsive to their needs. For this reason, we are making our School Council more representative and are encouraging the continuing positioning of demixtral institutions within the school. Our recently established school Forum is one such example.
- We must continue to excel in the quality of our teaching. Increasingly we need to look at qualitative and quantitative evidence of the strengths and weaknesses of our schools. Quality assurance of the school is soon to become the norm. Rigorous self-assessment is necessary and the results must be justified by data. It is for this reason that we have implemented regular performance management assessments for all our staff, including me.
- Our Mission statement is our reason for being. We must continue to set

- the pace academically, culturally and in sport. We must continue to turn out confident, capable young women as a leading school in South Africa.
- We must continue to embrace the new South Africa. We must become even more involved in reaching out to less advantaged South Africans and in training our girls to give back to our community something of the immense advantages that they enjoy. We need more girls at our schools from all the communities and races in our wonderfully diverse society. We need to transform - but without sacrificing our constitutional right to educate our children in the cultural milieu of their own and their parents' choice.
- We also need to adapt to the new educational environment in South Africa. By next year it is anticipated that there will be ten new pieces of legislation that will affect our schools. They will centre mainly on evaluation of the whole school and the accreditation of providers.

We at Herschel welcome these challenges! We believe that we are well positioned to continue to provide excellent and relevant education in our rapidly changing environment. So far, I have concentrated on change. There are, however, some things that are constant from one generation to the next: these I believe are our core values. They provide us with solid ground above the flood of change. They give us a firm foundation in the midst of the madstrom. For this reason, I am convinced that one of our central goals at Herschel should be to continue to propagate these values and cultivate and nurture them in our girls:

- Honesty**
- Loyalty**
- Compassion**
- Generosity**
- Faith**
- Diligence**
- Courage**
- Justice**

No matter how much our world may change, these values will endure and will continue to provide us with the basis for all our relationships; the source of all our personal meaning; and the motivation for our public purpose. In our ephemeral world the things that last will be great values and great ideas. Twenty-four centuries ago the Athenian leader, Pericles said, "Make up your minds about this: your happiness depends on your being free and your freedom depends on your being courageous."

In the past fifteen years people throughout the world, including our own people in South Africa, have repeatedly demonstrated the truth of Pericles' statement - most recently in Yugoslavia. The massive marble columns of the Parthenon and the glorious buildings of the Acropolis have crumbled into ruins; but Pericles' words remain as clear and true and fresh today as they were four centuries before the birth of Christ. Almost a century before him another Greek, Heraclitus, said "Nothing endures but change."

The truth of that observation continues to dominate the rapidly changing world in which we live. It is there for all to see and will continue to influence all our lives. We, at Herschel, are committed towards, and competent with regard to, preparing our girls for our rapidly changing world - assured that one of the best ways of doing so will be to arm them with timeless values and to imbue them with great and eternal ideas.

New prefects being announced



GUEST SPEAKER

It is a great thing to have a speech day during the morning. You would not find me saying that in many schools. In fact, I would possibly be chiding them for missing yet more school time because one of the biggest problems in our system is the fact that some children get fewer than thirty days' teaching and learning a year. It is my top priority to prevent them wasting more teaching and learning time and to win back time for them. I plan to spend more of my own time doing that than anything else in the year ahead.

Losing time is not the problem in this school. The opposite may well be true. You may well be suffering from overload. So in your case, I am delighted that you are having this meeting during the school morning because it means that everyone can be here. Unlike most evening events, it is not confined to a small group of prizewinners. I must confess to having mixed feelings about conventional prize-givings. On the one hand, it is true that life is full of competition and of people who "win" and others who do not and as they so often say, young people might as well get used to this at school.

On the other hand, I believe there is a great risk of putting people into boxes far too early, of creating a context that gives young people with great potential a negative self image, which could later even become a self fulfilling prophecy. The truth is that it is very difficult to judge, during your school years, who is going to make a success of life and who is not, whatever we may mean by success (and I will return to that theme later). The unpredictability of the factors that can be measured at school, that lead individuals to success and personal fulfillment — is now the subject of serious study, especially by some universities in the United States. In that driven country they are obviously keen to understand the factors that make people what they would call "winners" (mainly in the conventional, material sense). So maybe we will have greater clarity on this in years to come when the research produces some results. But being a

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protect at school, or being attractive to the opposite sex as a teenager, I can assure you, are unlikely to be identified as key variables. Many of us know this much from our own personal experience, anecdotal evidence, and from the research that has already been done.

And so today I am not going to specifically direct my words to those of you who have a strong self image and feel that you are already on the road to success, by all conventional yardsticks. You have enough all manner every day. I want to speak specifically to those of you who are experiencing what I did between the ages of fifteen and twenty five: that is those of you who feel vulnerable, insecure, unsure of who you are or what you are or what you are going to, and very unhappy with your emerging self image, that person you think is you.

(For those who think this is a bit of a grim topic for a speech day, just think of it as the spinach you have to endure before you get to the pudding.) But, frankly, looking back I could have done with fewer motivational jolly-hockey sticks speeches when I was young and instead heard someone saying it was OK to be feeling the way I was and that it would not be a permanent state — although I certainly would not have believed them.

Looking back, I know that so far, my teenage years were the low ebb of my life, and my forties the highest tide so far — I can't wait to turn fifty in a few months. Early childhood was not bad either because as young children, we all believe we can conquer the universe and that we will grow up to be beautiful, star in movies or even be a model, which for a young girl growing up in the 1950s and 1960s (and I suspect still today) seemed the peak of all achievement.

During our adolescent years, between the fantasies of early childhood and the reality of adulthood, we have to learn to distinguish between those dreams that will not come true (as the Kangaroo said in that Olympic Games advertisement) and those dreams that we can achieve if we put enough effort into it. This is a very difficult passage. We all know of the great prayer asking for courage to change the things we can, the ability to accept the things we cannot, and above all the wisdom to know the difference.

Coming to terms with ourselves, our strengths and our weaknesses, our light and our shades, is the biggest challenge of adolescence. It is made more difficult by the widespread belief (that is especially prevalent among those of us from privileged backgrounds) that life owes us happiness and that the purpose of our lives is to pursue and attain

happiness. And some young women may still be labouring under the notion that somewhere out there, is a man waiting to enter the stage of your life, on cue, to ensure that you live happily ever after.

If we start from this premise, when things go wrong in life, as they inevitably do, we cannot believe it is happening to us, and we ask: 'Why me Lord?' to which the only answer is: why not? Life's great irony is this: that once we stop actively pursuing this mythical state called happiness, we have a far greater chance of achieving it, although it may turn out to be different from what we expected. John Lennon's memorable saying: Life is what happens to you while you are busy making other plans.

One of the great books that I think everyone should read at some point in life — many of you probably have already, is *The Road Less Travelled* by Scott Peck. I certainly wish I had at a much younger age because it would have saved me from the faulty belief that life was about pursuing a 'feel-good' type of happiness.

It starts with one of the great introductions. Life is difficult. This is a great truth, one of the greatest truths. It is a great truth because once we truly see this truth, we transcend it. Once we truly know that life is difficult — once we truly understand and accept it — then life is no longer difficult, because once it is accepted, the fact that life is difficult no longer matters.

In my current job I turn to that sentence a lot, and I find its truth grows for me. But whatever we do, Peck's words remain true — Life is a series of problems. This may be grim news indeed to those of you who think you just have to pass matric to get all your problems behind you, but you will see that life is an endless process of problem solving — as Alexander Pope said, 'Hills on hills arise'.

Yet it is in this whole process of meeting and solving problems that life has its meaning. Problems are the cutting edge that distinguishes between success and failure. (Therein lies the answer to the research into what distinguishes people who do something with their lives and those who do not. Successful people



Sarah Twycross receiving the Erasmus Community Service Trophy

have a distinguishing feature — they are all good problem solvers). Problems call forth our courage and our wisdom; indeed, they create our courage and our wisdom. It is for this reason that wise people learn not to dread but actually to welcome problems and to welcome the pain of problems.

And those of us who, at a young age, learn to face the pain of problems, actually start with a tremendous advantage over others who brooze through their adolescent years, with everything falling into their laps. It may be hard to believe that now, but it is true.

Now that is enough philosophising about problems for one speech day. So let me get back to the question of success. Contrary to what you may expect, success does not require being good at everything or popular with everyone. Successful people are actually quite relaxed about the fact that many things are beyond them and that some people do not particularly like them at all. They accept themselves and others.

And above all, they do not let others define for them the meaning of success. In this context, then, the last word should go to the great American philosopher and poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote precisely on this subject:

Jessica Britt presenting Ms Zille with a bouquet of flowers



Success
To laugh often and much
To win respect of intelligent people
and the attention of children
To earn the approval of honest critics
And to endure the betrayal of false friends
To appreciate beauty
To find the best in others
To leave the world a bit better
Whether by a healthy child, a garden
patch or a redeemed social condition
To know even one life has breathed
easier because you have lived
This is to have succeeded.

HEADGIRL'S FAREWELL

Good morning staff, guests, parents and girls.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things.

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings."

This comment sums up how I am feeling right now. I could talk of many things. So much can be said at a time like this, but I am going to stay with *Alice in Wonderland*. Most of you may remember how Alice chased after the white rabbit and fell down the dark rabbit hole. At the bottom she was unhurt but she had no idea how to get up again and she wept and wept. There were big doors in front of her and no keys to open them but eventually she found one which sadly would not fit until she discovered a door which would not fit her! However there was also magic liquid to drink and with its aid and her tears she was able to go through the door to wonderland.

Fortunately for Herschel girls, we do not need magical powers, or fix many tears, to open the door, because through our marvellous education at this school we are given the key we need. This key is a large key with many, many grooves, each of which is chiselled out by the amazing experiences we have here, the people we meet, the laughter we share and the fun we have.

This key is slowly created during each day that we spend at school. Each time we get involved in a new activity, or try something which we have never done before, or are faced with the challenges which we must deal with, new grooves are formed and our key becomes more detailed and intricate.

The people who surround us have the most influence on the shape of it. Their support and encouragement and enthusiasm are all things which shape the end product. And the people who do this the most for us here at Herschel are our teachers. Each one of them willingly gives up time and energy to help us achieve our full potential, to give advice or just lend a hand. Every one of you

girls here today will have your own memories of support given and special moments with particular teachers who have helped you the most.

I have come into contact with a great number of the staff during my time at Herschel. Each one of them has added to my education and I want to say to all of you from the bottom of my heart - thank you! During this year I have also come to realise how much the administration staff do for us, and so to Mrs Garlick and Mrs Pollock particularly, many thanks. You kept me in the right place at the right time and you never hesitated to assist in any way.

While I owe a debt of gratitude to every member of staff, I do want to make particular mention of two teachers without whom I could not have managed through this past year. And so, to Mr Scott, I want to say a huge "thank you". You have made time for me despite your own hectic schedule and the personal challenges you have had this year. You have always gone out of your way to give me advice and encouragement, which gave me the confidence I needed. Then to Mr Wood - your wisdom still astounds me and you have definitely been my sanity this year. You managed to put everything into perspective for me and I always left your office with a smile on my face.

Now on to the matrices. We have had plenty of experiences this year. The matrix dance will definitely be a night remembered by all of us forever with the stunning décor and the wonderful time which we had together as a group. But we have also had tough times and just as Alice met the mock turtle in her adventure, so we met the mock exams. And it was certainly a shock to the system to have to sit down and write those! But, even though it has been quite a challenging time work wise, we are a year that takes fun seriously, and we have had plenty of laughs. The science class will always remember Mr Gibbon lighting the Bunsen burner on a freezing cold winter morning to keep us warm! What caring! And Mr Scott de-



*Susannah Hacker and
Haviyeh Afran-Hulmes,
Headgirl and Deputy Headgirl 2000*

clanning W.A.R. at the Orange river will always be recalled with delight - although I am not sure if he would say the same having had forty girls attack him all at once! Even Jeannie, Mrs van Zyl's new puppy dog will be remembered for visiting us one morning on the stage during assembly and leaving us a little memento of her visit. And who will ever forget the astounding sight of our pool having mysteriously changed colour over night. And what a colour it was!

At this point I want to say that the very best thing about Herschel is all of you girls. You are energetic, full of fun, enthusiastic, stimulating, talented and generally just super people. My first experience of the enthusiasm of Herschel girls came in Standard Six as it was called then, when we had to make a movie for History. I found myself in a group of girls most of whom I did not know at all, as I had not been a Herschel Preppie, and we set about making our movie on Julius Caesar. Well, today I wish there was a copy of us making the movie. We were so serious and dedicated and enthusiastic and I wonder what the visitors at Kirstenbosch thought as we traipsed about in our shoots and spouted forth to each other quite unselfconsciously. And of course the final scene was dramatically filmed amongst the pillars of Rhodes Memorial with stupefied tourists gawking at these ancient Romans. It was a *l* such FUN!

Here I want to take the opportunity to thank the entire class of matrices - your support and encouragement has kept me going. The memories which I have of all of you will stay with me forever and it has truly been an honour to be your headgirl this year.

To the prefects - what a bunch you have been. As a team we were great and I cherished your individualism and ideas!

And finally, to Havi - my star! Without you, I could not have done anything. Your smile and kind words got me through each day. Your calm rational approach was greatly appreciated and I think you deserve a medal for how much you did for me. I learnt on you for so much and you stood up in the pressure. I could not have had a better deputy.

For the matrix the moulding process is now almost complete. In only a few weeks time it will be our turn to go down the rabbit hole and see what is in store for us - what doors we will be faced with. Herschel has given each of us a key - a key that has been moulded through our shared experiences, the superb education that is available to those who take advantage of what is offered, and the wonderful relationships which develop.

Thank you Mrs van Zyl and staff, thank you mums and dads, and thank you, girls, most of all, for making this school that special place it is.

My personal key to entering this school was given to me by two very important people, my two special parents. Not only did they give me the gift of an education at this school, but you offered me an amazing amount of support too, particularly over this past year. Dad you took on the near impossible task of keeping me smiling this year, and you succeeded. And Mum, your continuous advice and help with everything has been amazing. No amount of thanks will ever do justice to the amount you both have done for me. And without the key of this education I could not take hold of the next one that awaits me.

As I finish, I leave you with a thought expressed in the sixteen hundreds by Lord Halifax who said, "Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught."

Susannah Hacker



PREFECTS

Back Row: J. Stubbs, K. van Wyk, B. Cochrane, L. Elliot, S. Twycross, M. da Camara, N. du Preez, Z. Dlodla
Front Row: L. Luscombe, M. Burnett, S. Hacker (Head of), Mrs D. van Zyl, H. Afran-Holmes (Deputy Headgir), Mrs L. MacIntyre, I. Kohn



FORUM

Back Row: J. Cruse, S. Twycross, C. Buchanan, B. Cochrane, A. Brown, H. Afran-Holmes, L. Elliot, P. van Ryneveld, K. Chambers, S. Hacker, L. Kohn, M. Burnett, M. da Camara, K. McCoy
Third Row: V. Maku, A. Saltar, T. Ranger, T. Vasiljevic, T. Mulder, V. Romburgh, G. Salmon, M. Harnes, P. Brailhwaile, L. Woolley
Second Row: S. Dlovo, A. Jacobs, Z. Dlodla, C. Middelmann, M. Lloyd-Roberts, S. Keevy, N. Day, N. du Preez, C. Egerton-Hobbins, L. Luscombe, N. Tsemach, N. Khamisa
Front Row: P. Rainier, M. van Heerden, S. Stubbs, Mrs D. van Zyl (Headmistress), K. van Wyk (Head of Forum), Mrs L. MacIntyre (Deputy Headmistress), N. Febu, N. Koen, F. Raja

NATHALIE DU PREEZ'S ADDRESS

Good morning Mrs van Zyl, honoured guests, members of council, staff, parents and fellow pupils. In the words of the school song: "Everyone's a spark and in the night, together we make a light, a fire burning bright". This year Herschelians have continued to shine in all their pursuits. Whether in the sporting, cultural or academic fields, Herschel has been there and the results are staggering.

The millennium was kick-started with another superb production. *The Show of 2000* (formerly known as *Cabaret*) wowed audiences with its cast of one hundred and twenty and left the sounds of *Baby one More Time* and *I Will Survive* ringing in their ears. Full credit must go to our talented and dedicated director, Mrs Tessa Steyn, musical director, Mr Simon Chapman, and choreographer, Miss Didi Moses.

More recently, it's dramatic energy was re-born in the annual Interhouse Play festival. Full compliments must go to the Grade Elevens who managed to put on entertaining and professional performances. Congratulations to the winning cast, Robt. Lauren Woolley and Yvette Pelser jointly won the best actress awards for their eye-catching performances. The impromptu matric concert was a spontaneous and joyous celebration of the many and varied talents of our matric girls: from Scottish dancing to gymnastics we set a standard for our successors to follow.

The night of the final matric drama practicals was another memorable event. After months of slaving to rehearsal schedules we could breathe a sigh of relief, knowing that all our hard work had paid off and that our climactic moment on the Herschel stage had turned us into the ultimate Hollywood stars. Our grateful thanks goes to Mrs Steyn and Mr Committie for making us realise how dramatic we really can be (and not only on stage I might add)! But creativity at Herschel is not only limited to the theatre. The art studio shines, just as brightly and under Miss Nina Welgemoed's excellent guidance two Picassos have emerged. Congratulations

are due to Miss Welgemoed for never ceasing to add colour to our corridors as they are filled with masterpieces from the girls. This year we are also very proud of the introduction of a new matric subject: Ceramics. Over the last week, the Mary Jagger Hall has borne witness to the many hours of matric creativity in both Art and Ceramics. Not only are our corridors filled with colour, they are also ringing with the sound of music, thanks to our maestro and Director of Music, Mr Simon Chapman. Throughout the year, girls have given breathtaking performances at a steady state, as well as entered into various music exams.

Our choir has continually lived up to the fine standard of music at Herschel, resulting in adjudications such as "glorious transparency of harmony" and achieving a diploma at the Cape Town Eisteddfod. The chorale must particularly be praised for their fine performances as they too achieved a diploma at the Cape Town, Kaapse Afrikaanse and Western Cape Eisteddfod. This talented group of girls is enough to leave you, and I quote from an adjudicator, "musically inspired". Full compliments must be extended to our conductor, Ms Barlow and accompanist, Mr Gouws for all the energy they put into ensuring that we always come out on top.

Our school orchestra, under Mr Chapman and Mrs Aziz has also continued to delight us with their pieces. Amy Hudson and Candice Erasmus are among the talented musicians on my list. They were chosen as members of the National Youth Orchestra, Amy as First violin and Candice as Second.

It is also extremely exciting to see the advancement of a new innovation at Herschel, the steel band. From a few 'coble bashes', we are now privileged to give to the sounds of many modern songs and will even be able to hear them after the Prize-Giving ceremony today.

And then there is Zoë Beyers. Need I say any more...? Zoë recently won the prestigious UNISA Premier Strings Competition, winning three prizes (re-



Nathalie du Preez

cital, concerto and overall). She was competing against students doing M.Mus. degrees, many ten years older than her. She has also been the Dux of Herschel for the past five years (at the end of last term she achieved 100.3%). I quote from a recent article on Zoë in the Cape Argus: "Words like 'gifted' and 'genius' come to mind".

Zoë was one of the many budding musicians, artists and actors who performed at our very own Interhouse Eisteddfod. The day proved to be entertaining with award winning performances by all. After weeks of intense practice the prefects were touched to be chosen to perform at the prize winners concert! Full credit must go to Mrs Grobler for once again so diligently making sure that everything ran smoothly. Following this was the annual Interhouse singing competition. Congratulations to our house captains who were able to get the unmusical to sing, the mice to roar and the unenthusiastic keen to perform. *It's Raining Men*, *Oklahoma* and *I Just Can't Wait to be King* will always be remembered, but it was the wild animals from Mairman who proved to have the loudest roar, taking home the coveted cup. Thus, culture at Herschel is definitely not over-looked by Herschelians who are always searching for things to get involved in. But then, neither is sport, as this year Herschel has, yet again, produced its fair share of Marion Joneses.

We say a sincere thank you to Mrs Helen Botha who each week compiles the timetable for the many league matches. Our waterpolo girls have continued to bring honour to their teams, such as at the Waller Cup. This event, held at SACS, attracted a crowd of Herschel



CABARET!

supporters, who cheered with admiration as our muscular first team dive bombed into the pool to take on the all-time enemy: Westerland. They fought to the bitter end and, although they did not win this time, left their rivals stunned by the Herschel team's fitness and determination.

As a result of our thirst for competition and rare fare for fitness and skill, fourteen Hockey teams and twelve tennis teams were entered into the league. We have also brought back some enormous trophies, this year winning eight Inter-schools competitions, including Hockey, squash, tennis and cross country.

Our first team hockey side remained almost unbeaten and would have won the league, if not for their defeat against Stellenberg in the playoffs. They must however be complimented for their headbanging aggressive fighting abilities and unexpected goal scoring, as this was enough to attract a stand full of Herschel supporters at the play-offs (or was it the attendance cards?). Congratulations are due to the first squad's spinners coach, Miss Cowie.

Herschel has definitely excelled in the sports field, producing forty Western Province and four South African repre-

sentatives. One of our Springboks includes Michaela Prestedge (in Grade Nine) who last term competed in the South African Figure Skating Competition in Pretoria. There she achieved the highest honour of being rated number one in South Africa for Primary Ladies. Well done Michaela! You now have the awesome title of National Champion.

And then there is our sportswoman of the year, Caryn Stanley, Flickie or Pekkier (as known to some) is our waterpolo star and this year was chosen to represent South Africa in the U19A team.

The sports dinner, held in September, was a celebration of our sporting talent, as well as a reflection on another successful sporting year. Another highlight was witnessing the guest speaker, Dr Schomer, achieve the impossible: getting Mrs van Zyl to kneel on the floor, in front of a hall full of gasping girls. But, I am pleased to say that Herschel girls do not only excel on stage and on the sports field but also have a strong social conscience. They are always willing to give something back in appreciation of the many privileges that we enjoy. In the words of Carole: "To give pleasure to a single heart by a single act is better than a thousand heads bow-

ing in prayer." Outreach this year, under Mrs van Staden, has grown from strength to strength, with pupils from less privileged backgrounds snaring in our computer, drama and home economics facilities. Interact, under Mrs de Villiers, has also continued to bring a smile to many faces, by helping those less fortunate than ourselves. Herschel can feel proud of its girls for the many other community services that they perform throughout the year. We are also privileged to have our very own Care Bears, in the form of Fieyd Tyers and Mr Wood, who assist in our emotional and spiritual well being.

This year we have also excelled academically. For the very first time in its thirteen-year history, a girls' team won the MINTEK Science Competition as the Herschel team, including Zoë Boyers and Georgina Simpson, beat the Rondebosch boys in the finals. Herschel seems to have its fair share of scientists as in the UCT Science Expo. Herschel won five bronze medals and one gold medal. The gold medal winners, Ashleigh Kohn and Michaela Prestedge, brought honour to our school by a snowing gold at the Finals in Pretoria during the September holidays. Thus, at the dawn of the twenty-first century, I believe that Herschel is producing girls who are well equipped to face all the challenges of life. We know that this is an education of a life-time. We are humbled by the knowledge that many children have not had the opportunities that we have had.

Some years ago, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, the father (or rather the Godfather) of our rainbow nation, delivered a message at our Founder's Day service. Addressing the girls, he told us that we have infinite potential, an unlimited worth, that we should not accept the boundaries that may be built all around us, the obstacles that are placed in our way by society or circumstances, that we must test the limits. As a matric, looking back on my school career at Herschel, I would like to thank our teachers, our parents and our fellow pupils for giving each one of us the opportunity to realise our potential, the tools to remove the obstacles, and the skills to go beyond the limits. We, the matrics, and indeed all those to come, will cherish these gifts and carry them with us as we go out to face the challenges of the real world.

RESULTS

CAPE SENIOR CERTIFICATE RESULTS - 1999

The results shown here are those received by Hersche from the Western Cape Education Department, including remarks where these have been received and are correct at the date of printing. Subject Distinctions are indicated in parentheses.

DISTINCTION MATRICULATION

Boyes, Caroline (Bus Ec, Art)
 Brodley, Alison (Eng, His, Drama)
 Collocott, Sarah-Lane (Math SG, Bio, Bus Ec)
 Orr, Marguerite (Eng, Art, Math, Sci, Bio, Drama)
 Goding, Taryn (Afr, Sci, Bio, Art)
 Hartmann, Alisa-Zee (Afr, Sci, Bio, Art)
 Jonsson, Monique (Afr, Xho)
 Kison, Amber (Eng, Afr, Math, Sci, Xho, Art)
 Lawson, Leanne (Math, Bio)
 Lewis, Joanna (Math, Fre, Ger, His)
 Louw, Julia, Smuts (Eng, Afr, Bio, Art)
 Louw, Sarah (Bio, Gen, Art)
 May, Kelly (Eng, Bio, Bus Ec)
 Middelman, Laura (Bio, Geo)
 Miller, Jessica (Eng, Math, Sci, Mus)
 Moore, Catherine (Eng, Math)
 Morey, Lauren (Eng, Afr, Math, Xho, Drama)
 P. Jay, Parusha (Eng, Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Xho)
 Patzer, Patricia (Eng, Afr, Bio, Art)
 Robertson, Caroline (Eng, Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Fre, His)
 Sahar, Shania (Eng, Afr, Bio, Xho, Drama)
 Schönborn, Louise (Eng, Afr, Math, Sci, Bio, Fre)
 Brook, Aaliya (Afr, Bio)
 Sonntag, Kim (Eng, Afr, Bio, Bus Ec)
 Tolt, Sarah (His)
 van Hynsbeck, Kirsten (Eng, Afr, Math, Sci, Xho, His)
 Wink, Sarah (Afr, Math SG, Bio, Xho, Home Ec)

MATRICULATION BAND 2

Abbot, Chloë (Bus Ec)
 Adams, Morgan (Math SG)
 Anderson, Vicki (Art)
 Angeroux, Patricia
 Basson, Erica (His)
 Berrangé, Michèle
 Brown, Cara
 Bruze, Catherine (Gen)
 Durr, Alexia
 Burger, Mico (Art)
 Burton, Anna (Art)
 Carter, Philippa
 Dooey, Kathryn (Drama)
 Eccles, Jade (Art)
 Gherd, Sarah (Mus)
 Gogola, Portia (Afr, Xho)
 Gordon, Dianne
 Haigh, Jenna
 Harris, Jessica (Drama)
 Harvey, Rebecca
 Huchon-Contreau, Dorothée (Fre)
 Johnson, Caroline
 Lee-Pan, Sharon (Eng, Afr)
 Lohr, Nylaway
 Loebenberg, Abby (Afr, Math SG, Fre)
 Logan, Aileen (Math SG)
 Lunc, Claire

MATRICULATION BAND 2 CONTINUED

Milar, Frances (Art)
 Milne, Samantha
 Mondie, Juliette (Afr, Math SG)
 Neilson, Sarah-Lee (Eng, Bio)
 Nowicki, Zofia (Eng)
 Reader, Georgina (Math SG)
 Rutherford, Kim
 Ryan, Kato
 Smith-Chandler, Mikaela (Eng)
 Stegemann, Kato (Eng, Drama)
 Swimmer, Carla
 Sylvester, Caroline (Math SG)
 Terpeno, Hayo (His)
 van Heerden, Leigh (Eng, Afr)
 van Zyl, Laura (Afr)
 Weixsaumer, Kirstin (Art)
 Wellens, Michelle (Afr)
 Wilson, Sally (Math SG)

MATRICULATION BAND 3

Abraham, Nadine (Afr)
 Urmston, Emma
 De son, Chantal
 Fernandes, Louise Claire
 Forbes, Jane
 Jacobs, Johanna
 McAdam, Emma
 Smolgrass, Kirsten
 Snyman, Mare
 Thompson, Kate
 Walbough, Monique

MATRICULATION BAND 4

Arnold, Nicole



PRIZE LIST - 2000

CLASS PRIZES

GRADE 8

1. Nastassja Koen
2. Nicolle Gedye
3. Melissa Noidl

GRADE 10

1. Alison Bateman
2. Anna Haw
3. Emma Dodd

GRADE 9

1. Angela Jacobs
2. Amy Jansen
3. Joanna Cruse

GRADE 11

1. Melissa Loudon
2. Jennifer Mar
3. Fiona Mackay

CERTIFICATES FOR CONSISTENT EFFORT

GRADE 8

Jessica Brill
Jessica Collins
Georgina Cumming
Caroline Ndibaga
Sarah Grdwood
Katie Gull
Tasneem Hamoka
Bridget Hill
Nicola Hill
Karen Meyer
Nkwe Musewe
Phila Nkuzo
Ariana Omar
Brunwyn Reed
Emma Sieber
Natalie Tebb
Anouk Upshon
Micara van Heerden
Sumathi-Lane Woods

GRADE 9

Emma Corder
Kayeigh David
Natasha Doe
Shelley Harato
Taryn Herbert
Rizqah Johaar
Taryn Noidl
Talia Panning
Michelle Prestedge
Farah Hadd
Tadinka Vasjevic
Karyogh Wolcott
Sarah Whitehead
Kyla Rai Wolmarans

GRADE 10

Roxanne de Silva
Joanne Haw
Nicole Hopkins
Beth Hulsdon
Lisa Irmill
Alice-Azama Jarvis
Sarah Kaevy
Hayley King
Nina Kohler

GRADE 10 (continued)

Victoria Madden
Clare McMullen
Carlin Middelmann
Jennifer Pullman
Kirsty Rose
Dana Rogers
Maja Sroek
Stacey van der Aardweg
Melayar van der Westhuizen
Mary Walker
Meghan Wulver
Kim Whitaker
Gail Womersley
Vanessa Wood

GRADE 11

Kate-Lyn Bonelle
Phillipou Gailiwale
Katherine Carls
Zeanne Durney
Jessa Laid
Kim Ellis
Louise Jenner-Clark
Lana Johnson
Philippe Rainor
Louise Hantzenheimer

GRADE 12

Hosiyeh Ahran-Hornes
Jane Bailey
Brieger Cochrane
Madalena da Camara
Leigh Duffett
Nathalie du Preez
Kathryn du Toit
Lauren Elliot
Guia Givannini
Cailey Gordon
Kathryn Grobler
Jacqueline Grouws
Lauren Kohn
Louise Milne
Caryn Stanley
Georgina Thomas
Sarah Twycross
Karen van Wyk

*The newly-elected Headgirl and Deputy Headgirl
with the Headmistress*



The Staff at ease in academic dress

SUB A TO MATRIC PRESENTATION PENS

Belqueas Banteker
Kim Dollumy
Olivia Christen
Ilham Crombie
Madalena da Camara
Nathalie du Preez
Lauren Elliot
Rutyn Ferguson
Cailey Gordon
Jacqueline Grouws
Candace Kotz
Olivia Little
Katherine Mann
Sophie Poland
Caryn Stanley
Alexandra Trogovoy Jones

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

English (The Lady Woolley Prize)
 French
 Biology
 Physical Science
 Mathematics (The Liz Gubbins Prize)
 Geography
 Afrikaans 1st Language
 Afrikaans 2nd Language
 Xhosa
 History
 Art
 Art - Practical
 Home Economics
 Music
 Speech and Drama
 Business Economics
 German
 Latin

Zoe Beyers
 Lauren Kohn
 Michelle Aspinall
 Sarah Twyrosse
 Caryn Buchanan
 Pauline Forrester
 Jacqueline Grouwstra
 Zoë Beyers
 Kathryn du Toit
 Kathryn du Toit
 Nathalie du Preez
 Lauren Kohn
 Michaela Dumort
 Philippa O'Donoghue
 Zoë Beyers
 Lauren Kohn
 Kathryn du Toit
 Bonita de Silva
 Zoe Beyers

Herschel Honour Awards

Prize for Good Sportsmanship
 Theresa Brogman Trophy
 for Sportswoman of the Year
 The Hannath Trophy for the most
 outstanding sporting achievement
 of the year
 The Kirsten Luck Fellowship Award
 The Gegg Award for outstanding
 academic and sporting achievement
 by a girl in any grade
 Mrs Stockwell's Prize for
 All-round Participation and Achievement
 The Schönborn Trophy for exceptional
 achievement in any sphere of school life
 The Pamela Duff Award for
 an engaging mind
 Proxima Accessit
 Dux of the School
 The Headmistress's Prize
 for Service to the School
 The Headmistress's Prize
 for Participative Leadership
 Sandra Wingfield Fellowship Prize
 The Ole Herschel Award
 for Service, Loyalty and Leadership

Mikuela Burnett
 Sibulele Dlova
 Zukiswa Dlodla
 Lauren Elliot
 Leshane Luscombe
 Alexandra Tranguve Jones
 Sarah Stubbs

Caryn Stanley

Michaela Prestedge
 Sarah Wesson

Anna Haw

Nathalie du Preez

Zoë Beyers

Zoë Beyers
 Pauline Forrester
 Zoë Beyers

Susannah Hacker

Tracyah Annan-Holmes
 Emiyen Annan-Holmes

Susannah Hacker

SPECIAL AWARDS AND MAJOR PRIZES

The Herschel Middle School Scholarship
 Ferella Douglas Scholarship
 Music - Middle School
 Manique Zurich Trophy for Music
 Art - Middle School
 Lapping Seiers Trophy for Ceramics
 Archimedes Prize
 Boarding House Staff Fellowship Award
 German Consulate Prizes
 Grade 8
 Grade 10
 Grade 11
 Grade 12

Nastassja Kohn
 Jessa Eade
 Jill van Aswegen
 Jill van Aswegen
 Kim Whitaker
 Georgina Thomas
 Anna Haw
 Leontine De Sutter

Zoë McClarty
 Kim Whitaker
 Tamryn Combrink
 Alison Gibbons

Kathryn du Toit
 Zoë Beyers
 Kathryn Grobler
 Claire Richmond-Simmons

Kathryn du Toit
 Lauren Kohn
 Kathryn Grobler

Lauren Kohn
 Sonnie Poland
 Mansa Opey
 Caryn Buchanan
 Nadine Hornach
 Nancy Graham

Bridget Cochrane

Nathalie du Preez
 Caryn Buchanan
 Bridget Cochrane
 Sarah Twyrosse
 Megan Steen

Miss Molloy's Prize for Neatness
 and Accuracy in Mathematics
 Ethel Hill Cup for Spoken English
 The Friis Trophy for Public Speaking
 Sonja Beck Essay Prize

Abe Bailey Prize for Bilingualism
 awarded to second language pupils

Mrs McCormick's Prize for Spoken French
 Jennifer Sale Drama Trophy for
 Outstanding Performance
 Mary Muller Picture of the Year
 Stobie Musicianship Prize
 Choral Prize

Dr Schönbauer Prize for interest in
 the Natural Sciences
 Janet Steyn Prize for
 Interest in the Humanities
 Zonta Prize for Science Achievement
 Miss Goldard's Prize for Courtesy
 Erasmus Community Service Trophy
 The Claremont Rotary Club Prize

SPORTS AWARDS

Jill Phillips Trophy for the most
 improved Squash player

The most promising Hockey player
 Justine Peters Trophy for dedication
 to Netball

The most improved Netball player
 Balance Trophy for the girl who has
 contributed most to Tennis at Herschel

and shown good sportsmanship
 Lawrence Trophy for the most
 improved Waterpolo player

Watts Trophy for the most
 dedicated Waterpolo player

Morelli Trophy for the girl who has made
 the biggest contribution to Waterpolo

The Myrick Sinky Trophy for the most
 improved Volleyball player

Scott Cross Country Floating Trophy
 for physical endurance and excellence
 Nicola Vernon Trophy for team
 contribution and good sportsmanship

in Basketball
 Sportsmanship Award

Udyman Trophy
 to the sportsgirl of the year

Hannath Trophy
 for the most outstanding achievement
 in that year

Bronwyn Duffell
 Deborah McDonald
 Tiffany Vos

Sibulele Dlova
 Alica Brown

Kathryn du Toit

Susannah Hacker

Haleen Soeters

Caryn Stanley

Tasneem Hamekar

Anna Haw

Nicola Vernon
 Sarah Stubbs

Caryn Stanley

Michaela Prestedge

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
I. Woods	Flute	Merit (1)
T. Vasiljev	Flute	Pass (3)
K. Lamond	Piano	Pass (3)
P. Braithwaite	Flute	Pass (1)
I. Snee	Flute	Pass (3)
LA de Villiers	Piano	Pass (3)
S. Rainier	Piano	Pass (4)
N. Koen	Piano	Distinction (5)
K. Deering	Piano	Merit (5)
K. Deering	Trumpet	Merit (5)
K. Miller	Flute	Merit (5)
S. Kirkland	Piano	Distinction (6)
J. van Aswegen	Violin	Distinction (6)
K. Ellis	Piano	Merit (7)
L. Gelderbloem	Piano	Pass (7)
J. van Aswegen	Violin	Pass (7)
P. Rainier	Piano	Pass (7)
C. Erasmus	Piano	Pass (7)
T. Eadie	Piano	Distinction (8)
C. Buchanan	Cello	Merit (8)
J. Kirkby	Violin	Merit (8)
M. Aspinall	Piano	Merit (8)
S. Kirkland	Theory	Pass (5)
J. van Aswegen	Theory	Merit (5)

UNISA RESULTS

Name	Instrument	Result (Grade)
Q. Gqobo	Violin	Merit (4)
J. van Aswegen	Piano	Distinction (6)
R. de Silva	Violin	Merit (7)
Q. Gqobo	Theory	Merit (3)

AFRIKAANS EISTEDDFOD PRIZE WINNERS

Philippa Rainier (2)
Jane Miller (2)
Philippa Braithwaite
Tessa Snee (2)
Roxanne de Silva (2)
Bianca-Marie Mueller-Sortega
Kristina Miller (2)
Nastassja Koen (2)
Lorissa Houwer
J. van Aswegen (2)
Kim Ellis
Linna Nshinga
Herschel Chorus (Silver Medal)

CAPE TOWN EISTEDDFOD PRIZE WINNERS

Name	Result
Tessa Snee	Two Merits
Nastassja Koen	Merit
Roxanne de Silva	Merit
Joanne Kirkby	Merit
Kim Ellis	Honours
Amy Hudson	Honours
Philippa Rainier	Honours
Kristina Miller	Three Honours
Memo Pabo	Two Honours
Madelena da Camara	Two Honours
Joanne Kirkby	Honours
Herschel Orchestra	Honours
Ariella Cara	Honours
Nastassja Koen	Honours
Kathryn Deering	Two Honours
Caryn Buchanan	Honours
Tessa Eadie	Honours
J. van Aswegen	Honours
Jane Miller	Honours
Deborah McDonald	Honours
Feur van Marck	Honours
J. van Aswegen	Five Gold Diplomas
Linna Nshinga	Gold Diploma
Kim Ellis	Gold Diploma
Lorissa Houwer	Gold Diploma
Amy Hudson	Two Gold Diplomas
Michelle Aspinall	Gold Diploma
Candice Erasmus	Three Gold Diplomas
Herschel Chorus	Gold Diploma
Herschel Chorus	Gold Diploma
Roxanne de Silva	Gold Diploma
Joanne Kirkby	Two Gold Diplomas
Tessa Eadie	Five Gold Diplomas
Nastassja Koen	Gold Diploma
Ariella Cara	Five Gold Diplomas
Kate Pettit Trophy for Piano Concerto 18 years and under	Caryn Buchanan
Phyllis Bruce Cup for String Concerto	Candice Erasmus
Lily Savitz Cup for most promising entrant 15 years and over in Strings section	Candice Erasmus
C. Foster Cup for best Ladies Chorus	Herschel Chorus
Fourth place in Piano Section 10 years and over	Tessa Eadie



ADIEU

MRS LESLEY MACINTYRE

Mrs MacIntyre has loved Herschel and we in turn have admired, respected, loved and trusted her. She became Deputy Headmistress in January 1995, but came to know the school a term before that, when substituting for one of the Biology teachers. Over the last six years, Herschel girls have had a unique and natural source of inspiration in Mrs MacIntyre as she not only continued to teach Biology with love and passion but was Subject Co-ordinator of both the Science and Biology Departments.

Mrs MacIntyre has a thirst for knowledge which permeated everything she said or did and, as a result, she was the enthusiastic brainchild behind many of the educational innovations at Herschel. She kept abreast of educational changes by constantly reading relevant material and attending conferences around the whole OBE debate. She pioneered, together with Mrs Ryan, the librarian, the successful Enrichment Programme.

Her enthusiasm for staff development resulted in her work-shopping and sharing her ideas about innovations in the curriculum such as "How to teach through Socratic Questioning" and "How to introduce critical thinking into the syllabus".

Her attention to detail, her principled firmness and her uncompromisingly ethical stance on issues, coupled with her calm reasonableness and discretion when anyone was in need or distress, are as legendary as her compassion, patience, charm and dignity. We shall miss her nurturing presence, her warmth, wisdom, grace and engaging humour, but we know that although she leaves us with reluctance, there are other calls on her person and many challenges ahead.

The following extract which encapsulates what she meant to Herschel was read at her farewell assembly. *"To laugh often and much; to win the support of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty and find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better; this is to have succeeded."* (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Mrs MacIntyre, you have succeeded because you leave Herschel "a bit better".

Mrs MacIntyre will be joining her husband who was transferred to Johannesburg some time ago and will be taking up a post as Head of the Biology Department at St Sithan's. We wish her happiness and fulfilment as we say "good bye" in its original unabbreviated form, which is, "God be with you!"

Miss D. Bawa and Mrs M. Stephens



Mrs MacIntyre and colleagues



Mrs MacIntyre and girls



Mrs MacIntyre and the Headmistress

MRS ANNE-MARIE RABBITTS

Anno-Mario Rabbitts started at Herschel in 1996. She added an interesting dimension to the Mathematics Department, having previously taught in both America and Japan! She was held in very high esteem by both her colleagues and her pupils and her love for her subject came across clearly in her lessons.

The very close bonds she formed are evident in this tribute by a Matino pupil:

"All the Matrics were devastated (as I am sure were all her other pupils) when Mrs Rabbitts told us that she would be leaving. Many of us had been in Mrs Rabbitts's Mathematics class for four or five years and could not believe that we would have to do without her for the last two terms of our schooling."

Throughout our years with her, she always presented her subject with so much passion, energy and enthusiasm that it was impossible for any of her pupils not to enjoy Mathematics. She also had the most incredible sense of humour, which meant we managed to laugh our way through many taxing problems. She also started a Mathletics Club to train girls for Olympiads or just for general enrichment, and she introduced Additional Mathematics as a subject for the first time at Herschel.

More than anything, she was a very special, caring person. She was always smiling and always positive. She was a dynamic, inspiring teacher and over the years she became a special friend to all her Matriculants.

Anne-Marie, her husband, Martin, and their youngest daughter, Beverley, have relocated to Singapore. As their eldest daughter, Jennifer, is still studying medicine at Stellenbosch University, they will continue to be regular visitors to Cape Town and we look forward to seeing them from time to time.

Beverley is doing extremely well in her new school and Anne-Marie is enjoying being a mother and a housewife!

Mrs R. Jason



ADIEU

MRS SUSAN McPERRIE

It is with regret that we say farewell to Mrs Susan McPerrie as she and her three sons move to Rishops. She has taught Mathematics at Herschel intermittently since 1988, when she was one of only two teachers in the department.

She has been an enthusiastic, innovative educator who has been the driving force behind using computers as an aid to Mathematics teaching. Her interest in all aspects of the subject has meant continuous professional growth for herself and enrichment for her pupils.

Susan has been a loyal member of the Herschel family and has loved teaching and being involved in the Christian Union. We wish her and her family well as she embarks on a new phase of her career.

Mrs I. Adley

MISS LUCY BURNS

Miss Lucy Burns leaves Herschel after three years. She was appointed as Head of the Geography Department which she has enriched with her own very considerable organisational flair and teaching ability.

A talented sportswoman in her own right, she was also an inspiring and enthusiastic squash coach for Herschel girls.

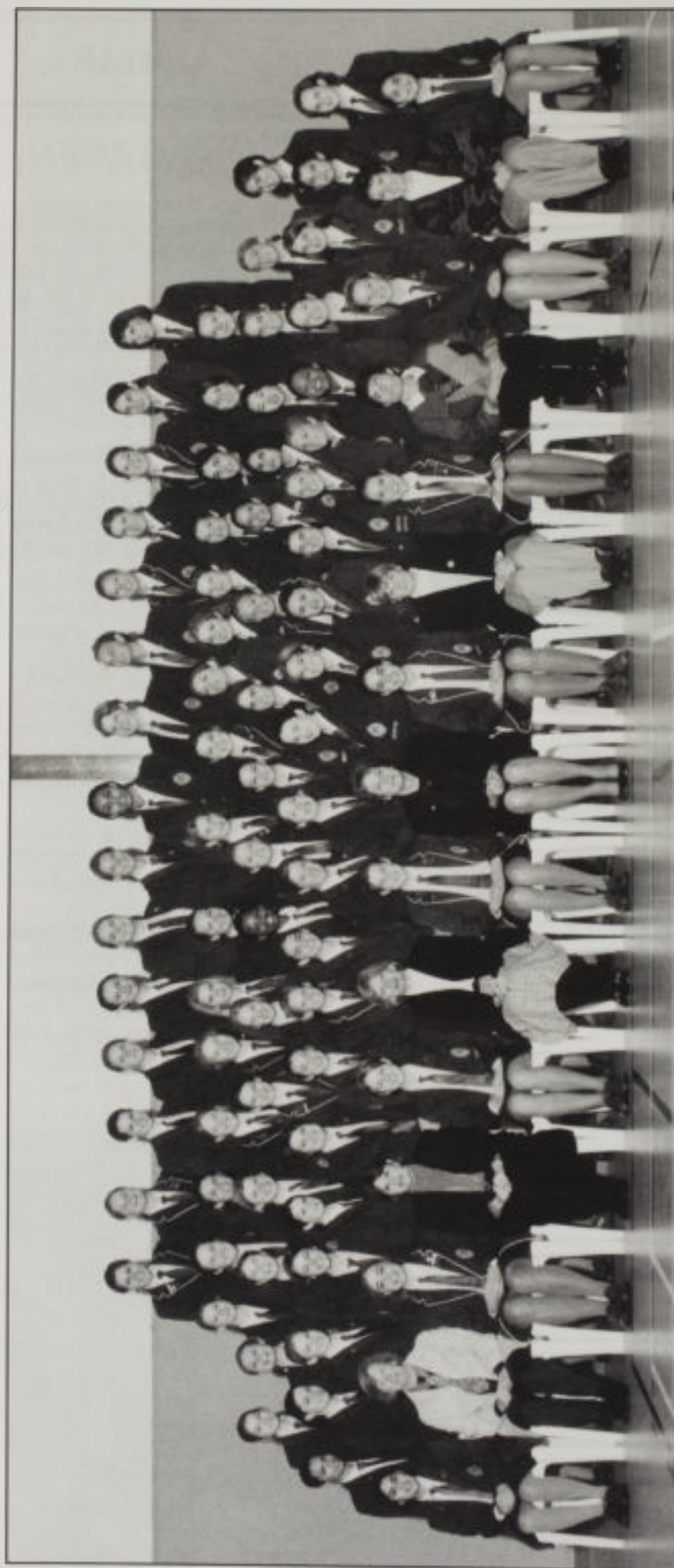
Miss Burns was herself educated at Herschel. She has served as Treasurer for the Old Herschelians and is a Committee Member of the Old Herschelians Association.

She will be embarking on a new career in the pharmaceutical industry and we wish her much success in her new life. We will miss you, Lucy.

Mrs D. Beames



MATRICULANTS



MATRICULATION CLASS 2000

Back Row:

J. Buile, C. Stanley, C. Little, K. Rusch, H. Boamish, G. Giovannini, M. Matthews, R-L. Coorss, C. Kietz, G. Simpson, N. Vermy, K. Bellamy, S. Iwycross, J. Grouwstra, A. Battle

Fourth Row:

A. Gibbers, Z. Beyers, K. Blackwell, B. Cochrane, A. Somitslov, S. Ball, L. Botha, C. Howard, K. Grobler, C. Durr, M. Copley, R. Ferguson, K. van Wyk, M. da Camara, N. van der Lith, N. Salmon

Third Row:

C. Gordon, S. Stubbs, L. Milne, K-A. Henzer, P. Forrester, K. Round, S. Dlova, M. Horeymen, N. Tsemach, A. Pattison, L. Luscombe, B. de Silva, N. Khamissa, D. Torq, P. O'Donoghue, K. Mann, E. Kho

Second Row:

O. Christian, C. Davison, P. Beviss-Challinor, S. Wessman, L. Kidd, C. Egerton-Hobbs, N. Henkel, K. du Toit, C. Buchanan, J. Winfield, N. Fasham, S-L. Paul, S-J. Witter, G. Thomas, N. du Preez, L. Dufet, S. Sani, Z. Dladla, M. Steen, N. Graham, T. Gibson, A. Trengrove Jones

Front Row:

B. Banderker, Mrs J. Loxes, M. Aspinall, Mrs R. Hugo, M. Burnett, Mrs L. MacIntyre, S. Hacker, Mrs A.D. van Zyl, F. Afrant-Holmes,

Mrs K. van der Merwe, I. Kohn, Miss S. Scardla, L. Elliot, Miss M. Barlow, I. Cronbie

Absent:

S. Poland

VALEDICTORY

The Herschel Valedictory Service for 2003 was held on Wednesday, 12 October, following a Eucharist and Matric breakfast. The following address was made to the Matriculants at the Valedictory Service by Mrs Daphne Reames, Head of Grade 12.

THE THREE WISHES

Once upon a time there was a lovely princess who lived in a beautiful white castle surrounded by blue mountains and fine trees.

But the time had come for her to go on a journey. For years she had wanted to be a soldier and now she was, and the journey she was destined to take had begun.

As she walked on at last beneath the tallest of the trees she learnt from the whispering leaves that she could take with her three wishes. But they would not be her own. They would be the wishes of the place she was to leave and all she had to do to make them come true was to believe. And the first wish was that she would know happiness.

How happy are you right now ...?

R.L. Stevenson once said: "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world."

Perhaps you think you'll be happy when

Know that happiness is not a possession to be prized but a quality of thought and state of mind. We can only realise happiness by making it a personal priority in our lives.

It was Aristotle who taught us that the lives which men and women of common sense consider to be good lives all contain one common characteristic: happiness. And similarly, the lives which ordinary people regard as being bad



Matriculants in "combat dress" on their last day of school.

Lives, all have in common the characteristic of being unhappy.

Therefore, in answer to the question: "What is a good life?" Aristotle would have answered: "A life of happiness".

Exactly what does the word happiness mean?

Happiness is an activity. We tend to think that happiness is something we arrive at. A certain fixed goal which awaits us if we behave in certain ways. Happiness is not a goal. It is a way of doing things, for instance refusing to be defeated by certain circumstances. It is a habit that can be learnt. Know that its magic seeds are planted deep within you.

And the second wish was that she would lead a life of harmony, balance and simplicity. Harmony is the concordance we feel when the melody of life is in tune. We can all learn to handle the notes but it is the pauses between the notes. That is where the secret lies.

Learn to balance demands with pleasure, solitude with friendship and work with play. In every area of life, the key is balance. Our lives can be filled away

by lack of focus on what is truly important unless we simplify. It was Einstein who told us: "Out of clutter, find simplicity". Simplify, simplify, simplify.

And the third wish was that she would always have a dream. Cast yourself as the leading lady of your own life. Whom do you admire? Undoubtedly you will become what you envisage. Think of your dream as your personal treasure. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also". Matthew 6 - 21.

Bloom where you are planted. The people who succeed in this world are the people who go out and look for the circumstances they want - and if they cannot find them, they make them.

Today, tell yourself that you can do anything you want to do because you can. But nothing will be handed to you. You have to deserve what you achieve.

And so I leave you, with the words of Eleanor Roosevelt. "The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

Godspeed.

CLASS OF 2000

SUB A TO MATRIC

Back Row: M. da Camara, J. Grouwstra,
C. Lille, I. Elliot, C. Klotz,
K. Bellamy, C. Stanley,
R. Forgusson
Front Row: A. Trengove Jones,
B. Banderker, C. Gordon,
N. du Preez, K. Mann,
I. Crombie, O. Christian
Absent: S. Polana



Matric Dinner

The girls with Mrs van Zyl at her annual informal dinner.



The Matrics in a relaxed mood under the Ilex tree.



MATRIC DANCE 2000



Lights, Camera, Action!

The cameras are rolling, flashes darting everywhere, craving pictures like rabid paparazzi as the gorgeous celebrities glide up the red carpet. The champagne fountain glistens under white light, and the growing murmur of voices creates an atmosphere of intense excitement as the celebrities enter the hall.

Jaws drop as many enter the hall, and even the men are speechless as they gaze (wishfully) into the eyes of Marilyn Monroe. The couples take their seats at their Hollywood-style tables, still looking at the view of the Hollywood-films Fred Astaire and Charlie Chaplin. As the night progresses, speeches are made and the first dances begin... and the food is served!

The night draws to a close as the pudding bowls are cleared away and the last photos are taken. The expressions on the girls' faces indicate a night that has been heartily enjoyed and sadness to be leaving so soon, but a night that will definitely be remembered as one of the best! The theme has been achieved through the decorations but the atmosphere has been achieved by the Matrics only: they have made their night a success in the way that they always make everything a success: with zeal!



The Matric Dance 2000, set to the theme of 'Hollywood through the Century', was held on April 14 this year. This theme allowed every dress to be suited to the occasion and each girl looked perfect. There was a true sense of individualism in what each girl wore, as the dresses ranged from vivacious ball gown style to traditional African style and everything in between 'those'!

As well as the Grade E evening role, a team of mothers worked long hours decorating the hall and preparing the food courses. A great deal of thanks and appreciation must go to them as they really added the 'Hollywood sparkle' to the evening... even the pudding resembled Hollywood! The biggest thanks, however, must go to Meyrou Stanford who co-ordinated - as she always does so well - the preparations and all the proceedings during the actual night.

Elizabeth Howard
Grade 11



FOUNDER'S DAY



When I got to school on Herschel's 78th birthday, the staff were in an extremely pleasant mood. In this case the pleasantness was not because it was Friday. We had our Friday morning assembly, in which we were told, not for the first time, about Herschel's history and traditions. To the girls' disappointment, the usual first three lessons had to be attended. We were all pleased when the bell went for break, as it was quite a hot day, and the much-awaited doughnuts were handed out to each girl. What followed was a long and hot walk to St Saviour's church.

When we arrived at the church, we were all surprised to see the large crowd of old Herscheliens who had come from far and wide to share the service with us. Each girl was handed a pamphlet, which had on it the proceedings of the service. These were very useful, not as service guides, but as fans! As I sat down all I could hear was the sound of flapping pages and I could see white pamphlets being flapped back and forth in front of the red, hot faces. The service was a hot, but enjoyable one!

The tradition of Founder's Day at Herschel is that the Grade Eights stay behind at the church and the rest of the girls form a human tunnel back at

the school. When the Grade Eights arrived back at school, they were not too pleased to see what was awaiting them. They very noisily made their way through the tunnel and were extremely grateful to come out at the other side! The whole school then stood around the famous grass circle and sang the school song while linking arms.

Taryn Pereira
Grade 9

I was deeply moved during the church celebration and not only because the choir sang like little angels but because the whole atmosphere was so solemn that I had to stop singing to swallow all those emotion-laden tears.

I felt for the first time since joining Herschel that my love of teaching makes me part of a big family where tradition is synonymous with warmth, care and joy. Since I left France this has always been the source of my homesickness: tradition.

Tradition has always been in many ways a celebration of remembering and its memories give you such a hold in life that when you grow old they are the moments that you will not forget and the ones that you will cherish.

Susy Macfarlane
French Teacher



HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
HERSCHEL!

Some comments on the day:

What a wonderful sense of occasion!

I enjoyed every minute of the day.

What impressed me was a sense of belonging to a family.

What can I do to contribute to the rich culture and ethos of this great establishment?

The holiest day in the year!

Herscheliens, past and present, experienced a happy and enjoyable day.

The teachers were in a more relaxed and happy mood.

A highlight was receiving the doughnuts!

The service at St Saviour's was a beautiful one.

Singing the school song around the grass circle was as special as always.

CHAPEL NEWS

*The new stained glass windows were blessed by
the Right Reverend Christopher Gregorowski on 7 November 2000.*



The highlight of 2000, as far as the Chapel is concerned, must surely be the completion of the stained glass windows behind the altar. These were at the drawing board stage this time last year and it has been exciting to watch them evolving through the different stages until they were finally installed in August this year.

Ella-Lou O'Meara is the artist whom the Matriculants of 1999 commissioned to design the windows and we are grateful for her inspiration and careful thought which makes the windows so relevant to Herschel. Peter Stoklas, the stained glass artist who executed the design, has done a truly wonderful job. We are thankful that he found time to complete this project before returning to his home and, Czechoslovakia, at the end of 2000 after living in South Africa for well over twenty years.

At the time of writing it is planned that the stained glass windows will be

blessed at a service of Evensong on 7 November by our Bishop. The Right Reverend Christopher Gregorowski, and it is hoped that both artists will be able to attend, as well as the Revd Padny Allen, the previous Herschel chaplain who is planning to be in Cape Town on holiday from Scotland at that time.

Our grateful thanks go to Mrs Pamela Duff and Mr Peter Morrell for their donations to the Stained Glass Window Fund some years ago and to the Matriculants of 1999, 2000 and 2001 who have enabled us to proceed with the project. I would like to record my personal thanks to Mrs van Zyl for allowing us to go ahead with the project even when it was not quite fully subscribed.

The twelve windows show a number of different perspectives of Herschel and of spiritual life - the outside view of the two bay windows in the Chapel with the school motto 'Ad Dei Gloriam' and 'Inxosi mayibangwe' emblazoned across them; symbols of knowledge and learning, both past and present; the vision of paradise 'when the lion will lie down with the lamb'; the Olympic flame representing sport in the school; the Herschel Lex tree with the heavenly chorus of angels standing in the branches - a wonderful collage of imagery to lead one into praise and adoration.

The installation of the stained glass windows marks the completion of all the major projects which were planned when the 'Old Library' was converted into the Chapel. It is appropriate at this time to thank all those who have worked hard and given generously in order that we might enjoy praying and worshipping in so beautiful a place. Our particular and heartfelt gratitude goes to Countess Lubia who has so lovingly and enthusiastically inspired and overseen the entire transformation. You have indeed worked 'Ad Dei Gloriam'. Thank you!

Certainly a first for Herschel was the confirmed tour with Bishops to the

Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, which only takes place every ten years and draws pilgrims from all over the world. Eight Grade Ten girls and a similar number of Bishops boys made up the touring group. The Passion Play lasted a day and was an unforgettable experience. Included in the tour were visits to Istanbul and various archaeological sites in Turkey including Paphos, Troy and Didyma, Venice, Florence, Assisi and Rome. A great time was had by all and many happy memories were made. The Chantlains from both schools - a husband and wife team - led the tour.

This year twenty-two girls and five Bishops boys were confirmed in the Herschel Chapel on 6 August by our Regional Bishop, The Right Revd Christopher Gregorowski. The Bishops boys joined us as they would have missed the Bishops' Confirmation Service due to being away on the Exchange Programme. We just fitted into the Chapel and even though it was a tight fit everyone was pleased to be able to have it in the school Chapel. It was a pleasure to work with the confirmation candidates and to explore our faith together. Special thanks go to Miss Wendy Boy from the Preparatory School who faithfully assists with the preparation of the girls for Confirmation.

Thanks go to Caroline Davison who headed the Chapel Forum this year and also to Nancy Graham who has led Christian Union/GAP with great inspiration and care for the past two years. Bonita de Silva has faithfully done the duties of Sacristan this year and thank her for her cheerful and willing service in the Chapel.

Following our visit to Sochumolela Pre-School in Khayelitsha during last year's Enrichment Programme, the girls responded enthusiastically and raised enough money to purchase two hundred sturdy little plastic chairs for the enlarged Pre-School in the new church building at St Michael and All Angels Anglican Church. It was wonderful to be able to provide this Pre-School with something which they had listed in their 'Wish List'.

CHAPEL

Herschel has enjoyed a long and happy association with St Saviour's Church who so graciously welcome us when we use the church for school services. I am privileged to form part of the clergy team for Sunday services in the parish and find that many parishioners pray for Herschel and show a keen interest in the school.

Particular thanks go to the Ven. Garth Counsel, Archdeacon of Rondebosch and Rector of St Saviour's Church, as well as being a member of the Herschel School Council, for all his care and assistance. It is much appreciated. Special thanks are also due for allowing us to hold the funeral service of our much loved Preparatory School Head, Mrs Jenny Thompson, in St Saviour's Church in April. As we reach the end of another year, let us give thanks to God for all his blessings to us in this year, and let us offer ourselves to him to fulfil his purposes in each of our lives in the year ahead. May God bless you all richly.

The Revd J Tyers
Chaplain

CHRISTIAN UNION

This past year in GAP (God's Awesome Plan) we started with committee members joining about one hundred and forty people from all over the peninsula for a camp at Rocklands near Simonstown. Besides all the fun and games, we attended workshops to equip us for the task ahead.

It was a very difficult, time-consuming task. We held a Grade Eight evening at the beginning of the year and enjoyed a banana-split evening, which involved us eating out of a gutter on our hands and knees. A jolly sculpturing competition was next on the list and an Inter-Christian Union competition was held at Rondebosch Boys' High School.

We have continued to interact with the Bishops Christian Union and have been kept informed about religious matters through Unilever School's meetings organised by Scripture Union. We have



The Herschel Team on their way to the Oberammergau Passion Play



The delivery of the chairs to Siphumefela Pre-School in Harare, KwaZulu-Natal

also started a Christian CD library from which we hope to raise money for charity.

GAP has also been very involved in school praise services and we have had many inspiring speakers at our weekly meetings. The highlight of the year has been the camp at Rocklands, which was held at the end of the second term.

together with the confirmation candidates. We had a really good time and got to know many other people.

This past year has definitely been about making friends among the grades and enjoying the common bond we have.

AID DEI GLORIAM.
Nancy Graham

BOARDING HOUSE

Mealtimes are important times as girls and house staff interact: the breakfast meal is usually the more subdued meal of the day – many of the boarders are definitely not morning people! By supper time, however, the buzz is tangible as we all catch up on the day's news and share anecdotes. Supper is preceded by a non-negotiable ritual: at 5.55 pm the Chairperson of Soapstuds Anonymous collects the television key and the followers of the Boarding House's favourite "soap" gather to share in the 'Days of our Lives'.

Academically, this has been a busy and pressurised year, and the girls have worked consistently to maintain the excellent standards which they achieved at the end of last year. Mid-year results and reports were generally very pleasing and the Boarders can be proud of the work ethic which they continue to cultivate.

At the start of the third term, the girls returned to find that some of the existing boarding facilities had been revamped, with new cupboards at the top of the stairs. Mrs Crutchley has various plans in place to upgrade some of the amenities used by the girls; these plans (which include a new sick-bay) will be effected over the next year.

The Boarding House is also very grateful to the mums who keep us supplied with beautiful flowers: a special thank you goes to Mrs Hickey, who always brings wonderful home grown roses from Zama at the start of every term.

The good news, of which parents were notified in a letter from the Chairman of the School Council on 25 August 2000, is that a facility for 24 boarders (22 weekly, 2 hotel) "is to be continued indefinitely ...". There was a real air of celebration in the House on receipt of this wonderful and exciting news. The Boarders would like to thank Mr Loch Davis, Mrs van Zyl and members of the School Council for this decision, which has breathed new energy and optimism into our lives.

BOARDING HOUSE 2000

Back Row: M. Lloyd Roberts, J. Hickey, E. De Sutter, C. Corder, Y. Polser, S. Keovy, V. Scott, L. Ntshinga, S-J. Witter
 Second Row: T. Pereira, A. Pattison, S. van Niekerk, K. Rucher, C. Durr, A. Battle, M. Honeyman, N. Aspinall, I. Johnson
 Front Row: L. Luscombe, G. Simpson, Mrs J. Normanton (Matron), Mrs L. Crutchley (Lady Warden), S. Twycross, M. Aspinall (Head of Boarding)

We began the year with 18 weekly boarders, happily installed in the cosy premises and feeling much more settled than they had been over the past two years while cots and sitting rooms were being demolished and converted (with the accompanying noise and dust) into general school facilities. Boarders have benefited from these alterations in that they now have easily accessible music practice rooms (sometimes also utilised as venues for quiet study), and the new Project Room means that there is somewhere to complete homework assignments when the Resource Centre is otherwise occupied. The promise of computers in the Project Room is a tantalising prospect as Information Technology becomes increasingly prominent in everyone's lives.

Mrs Normanton had a bad fall at the end of 1999, and was confined to bed for a number of months. The boarders co-operated magnificently while she was unable to move up and down her stairs with everyone doing their duties and pulling together admirably to help Mrs Crutchley with the daily routine.

Fortunately the year started quietly, giv-

ing Mrs Normanton time to recover before things began to hot up in the House. In the first term, most days were a blur of activity, with Cabaret and Fashion Show rehearsals, as well as Grade Tens attending their weekly Ballroom Dancing lessons with young gentlemen from the surrounding schools.

Early morning swims and Waterpolo practices were part of the norm, and it was pleasing to see many of the boarders involved in healthy outdoor activities. Visits to the gym have remained a priority for many throughout the year, and some of the girls are also running to keep fit. Mrs Crutchley has managed to maintain her running programme this year, but has yet to find a boarder to run with her!

The Boarding House has a happy, sometimes rather zany spirit and there is much laughter and spirit here: the Grade Elevens phone Radio 5 FM one afternoon and wake a napping Sonja van Niekerk with a concoction which has been put together with the help of DJs on the radio. Sonja's reaction went out live on radio!

BOARDING HOUSE

The Boarding House continues to be a busy and vibrant place where girls are encouraged to care for each other and their environment in a responsible and considerate manner. The running of the house cannot be taken for granted and in this regard, there are a number of special people who need a particular vote of thanks.

The Matriculants of 2000 have brought their unique brand of seniority to the house, enthusiastically led by Michelle Aspinall, Leshana Luscombe and Sarah Twycross. They have achieved a high standard academically, and have participated in a wide range of school activities. We wish them well for the future.

The needs of Herschel's hungry boarders are more than adequately met by Mrs Rothquer, Miss Smith and the kitchen staff. With cheerful smiles, these ladies provide delicious teas and meals, and always ensure those important little extras, which help the Boarders to 'feel at home'. They are thanked for the many ways in which they contribute to the happiness of the Boarding House.

Mrs Sweetness Mfazwe and Mrs Sylvia Magounya are two special ladies: they attend to the domestic needs of the house in meticulous and diligent fashion, and we all appreciate the spirit in which they approach their tasks. Mrs Fahima Davids continues to care for our laundry needs on a daily basis.

Mrs Jill Normanton wears many hats at Herschel ... on a Thursday afternoon, she can be found manning the school's switchboard; in between looking after any member of the Herschel family who is not feeling well.

Occasionally, she also dons her chauffeur's cap, to take girls to the doctor, to extra lessons, to Home Affairs, to Hartleyvale and other sunny destinations. Her biggest hat, worn with real aplomb, is as Matron of the Boarding House: she cares for each member of



MATRICULANT BOARDERS 2000

Back Row:
Front Row:

A. Pattison, A. Battle, C. Durr, S. Wither, M. Honeyman, L. Luscombe, G. Simpson, Mrs J. Normanton (Matron), Mrs L. Crutchley (Lady Warden), S. Twycross, M. Aspinall (Head of Boarding)

the house supportively and sincerely, and without her, many things which are taken for granted simply would not happen. Her unfailing loyalty, to the Boarding House and to Herschel, is exemplary and for all these things she is thanked.

Mrs Lesley MacIntyre has been an honorary boarder over her five years at Herschel and we have especially valued her listening ear, her support and her advice. We have enjoyed sharing our breakfast times with her and are going to miss her enormously.

This report would not be complete without thanking our Headmistress, Mrs van Zyl, for all that she has done for the Boarding House over the year. Her interest and enthusiasm have been of great encouragement and deeply appreciated.

Finally, to Mr Crutchley, I owe a personal debt of gratitude, for all his love, support and practical help.

Mrs L. Crutchley
Lady Warden

Supper time



Study time



Zoë Beyers - Perfect Pitch

As a musician, Zoë Beyers knows all about scales, but she also knows and is experiencing what it is like to have reached the top of a scale of achievement that most people can only dream about wistfully.

In her final year at school, despite the academic pressures, Zoë, who is immensely self-disciplined and determined, has once again astonished and thrilled Herschel by winning the prestigious Unisa Strings Competition. Zoë played a Sibelius Concerto, accompanied by Alex Gabriel and an orchestra. She won the Concerto prize, the Recital prize and the overall prize, competing against students reading for their Masters degree in Music, some of whom were ten years older than she is. This entitles her to automatic entrance to the International Competition in two years' time.

Zoë deserves the highest praise and congratulations. She is, of course, no stranger to those because for the past five years she has been the school Dux: has come third in the national English Olympiad, and was a member of the school's science team which won a place in the national finals of the Mntech Quiz. Zoë will undoubtedly reap many more successes and accolades, both before this year is over and in those ahead of her, and in so doing, she will bring reflected honour to Herschel. The pride in her that is felt here is more than recognition of her giftedness: it is an acknowledgement that Zoë has put her heart and soul into all that she does and despite her achievements is still a modest and caring person.

The Observer

ACHIEVERS

'WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY'

She used to make a story of it -
the telling took her, drew her back on ebbing tides of
memory,
her head tilted back in a worshipful way
although her youth was a graven symbol
of error, carved in her grey crumpled mind -
telling me of her mistake:
of the result:
I was seventeen - she said -
and in time I saw my billowsweet ideals reflected.
I used to sit at my midnight window
and send messages to him with the stop-start traffic lights
that separated us -
little messages a thought or a heart beat long
through the humming night of electric wires -
our taut love in small moments
remembered, and sent on the
rippling purple air.
He chose to forget, and it became a mistake
she said - and I was left with the consequence
crouched defensively, innocently,
in the sheltering cage of my fragile ribs
which strained to contain
raw edges of emotion.
I was so beautiful in my love
and then so suddenly, so ugly in my error.
I learned the meaning of burden - she said
and that human kindness has stark, sterile boundaries.
I learned to be bitter in my struggle of pain
and never to forgive myself, ever,
because that would mean defeat.
And all the while the remembered
planes and shadows of his changing expressions
gave my hatred a face
and a reason.
The story, I know - I, her child:
this woman cursed me with every unborn heart-beat
and with every word shot at me
telling me with bullets of repetition:
I am the result
of a mistake - I haste to bitter fruit.
She stooped; but I is
my back that is bent
with the burden of her folly.

The above poem was an entry in the English Olympiad Competition where Zoë came eighth out of a total of over four thousand entries.

Zoë crowned her career by being awarded the Dux scholar of the year at Speech Day and was also awarded the Schönborn Trophy for Outstanding Achievement

Zoë is planning to study at the Royal College of Music, London, next year.

ACHIEVERS



FIGURE SKATING



'AVOS' TURN GOLD



QUIZ TEAM



SPORTSWOMEN OF THE YEAR

L to R: S. Stubbs, Mrs H. Botha, C. Stanley, Dr Helgo Schomer, M. Prestedge

MICHAELA PRESTEDGE

Inspired by new music and ideas for new programmes, Michaela set her goals and dreamed her dreams for the new millennium. The opening competition of her season was the Quirinusspokal Competition in Neuss, Germany. It was an honour to skate under the South African flag and the support and friendliness of the other competitors eased her path into international competition. She was placed sixth out of fourteen skaters in her section which included juniors from the German national squad. At the end of the competition, at the invitation of the German coach, she travelled to Bergisch Gladbach for training with a group of girls from the German squad. With their common technical goals, language wasn't a problem.

During the South African season, she skated in the Primary Ladies Section and competed and was placed in two inter-provincial competitions and won the Junior Blace Championship and the Western Province Championship. The highlight of this year was winning the Primary Ladies section of the South African National Championship in Pretoria during August. This year has been the highlight of Michaela's skating career so far and the achievement of some of her goals and dreams.

The Observer

EXPO 2000

With more than fifty investigative projects on display, the Mary Jagger Hall was the scene of great activity and excitement when the prizewinners of the Grade Nine EXPO exhibition were announced on Open Day.

Ashloign Kohn and Michaela Prestedge ran away with the honours with 'The Big Avo Secret'. They designed a simple mechanism to compare the ripeness of avocado pears and used it to find the best method of ripening them. Runners-up were investigations related to the effects of music on plants, by Daniella Louwser, and to aspects of memory, by Amy Jansen and Shelley Hanslo.

Fifteen projects moved on to the Regional EXPO 2000 at UCT in mid-August and proved their worth by winning five bronze medals and a gold medal. Once again pride of place went to 'The Big Avo Secret', and we were very pleased when Ashleigh and Michaela were invited to participate in the 'Expo for Young Scientists' National Finals in Pretoria towards the end of September, where they were awarded a Gold Medal.

Mr D. Gibbon

HERSCHEL GIRLS PIP THE BOYS

History was made in the MINQUIZ competition at the Cape Technikon when Herschel snatched first place from Rondebosch after a "ding-dong" battle in the English section of the regional finals. The Herschel team of Zoë Beyers, Nathalie du Preez and Georgina Simson was very excited by its success as this was the first time that a girls' team has grabbed the honours in the thirteen year history of the event. The competition, sponsored by Mintek, the mineral and metallurgical technology specialists, has as its aim the promotion of interest and careers in science, engineering and technology.

Rondebosch and Jan Van Rensburg were the respective winners in the African Languages and Afrikaans sections of the competition. A representative of Mintek presented the prizes at each school. The Herschel prize of R1 000 will go towards the purchase of a new pH meter for use in the Science laboratories.

Each winning team then nominated one member to represent the Western Cape in the National Minquiz finals held in Randburg in March. Zoë Beyers represented Herschel in this provincial team.

Mr D. Gibbon

ACHIEVERS

THE GLOBAL YOUNG LEADERS CONFERENCE

THE LEADERS OF TOMORROW PREPARING FOR THE GLOBAL CHALLENGES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF TOMORROW

Leadership in the future will require a greater understanding of global issues than ever before and demands knowledgeable, involved citizens.

The Global Young Leaders conference is an intensive and stimulating leadership programme that is aimed at creating awareness among the future's leaders, of the issues that the international community is facing today.

Three hundred and fifty students from fifty countries around the world took part in the twelve day conference in Washington D.C. and New York City - cities known for their powerful influences on politics, finance, culture and diplomacy. In Washington D.C., we visited many museums, memorials, as well as State Buildings, where we were spoken to by leaders in fields ranging from the environment to finance.

In New York City our activities were based mainly at the United Nations buildings where we were addressed by

United Nations representatives of the various organisations of the United Nations who gave us their position on issues such as Overpopulation, Human Rights, AIDS, Health and Peacekeeping. In New York City we also visited places such as the World Trade Centre, the New York Stock Exchange, the Museum of Modern Art, Time Square and China Town.

To help us understand the concepts and issues we encountered during the conference we took part in several simulations and role plays that exposed us to the decision-making processes used by today's world leaders. Each person assumed the role of the diplomat who represented a country and was placed in a group with twenty colleagues who also represented that country. I represented India and I learnt about India's National Interests and the situation of the country today.

We debated with other countries the various issues facing the global

community; issues such as terrorism, international drug trafficking, intellectual property rights and chemical and biological warfare. The culmination of these debates was a global summit, in which we practised our leadership skills of coalition building, persuading, networking and debating. The final result was the presentation of resolutions and plans of action on these issues. This summit took place in a conference room at the United Nations. I thoroughly enjoyed this enlightening experience and I learnt so much about issues about which I was previously uninformed. It has created in me a greater awareness of and interest in the many problems facing the world today. The conference was also a wonderful cultural experience where I was able to meet many diverse and interesting people and learn about their countries and their cultures.

Fiona Mackay
Grade 11

HERSCHEL SCHOLARSHIP/ BURSARY WINNERS

Our warmest congratulations to the following winners of Herschel Scholarships/Bursaries for 2001.

Academic Scholarships

Lucy Arnot (Herschel Preparatory),
Marlise de Villiers (Mickfield),
Jocelyn Hoi (Herschel Preparatory),
Jade Mispion (Wynberg Girls' Junior),
Kirsten Sloth-Neilsen (Oakhurst)

Music Scholarship

Sarisha Govender (Mokklotje)

Music Award

Beverly Lombard (Rosebank Junior)

Brendalyn Tyers Stempel Old

Herschelian Bursary

Baileo Lomburg (Grove Primary)

Brendalyn Tyers Stempel All Round Bursary

Zizi Gantscho

(Rustenburg Girls' Junior)

HERSCHEL SCHOLARSHIP/BURSARY WINNERS

Back Row: Marlise de Villiers, Sarisha Govender, Baileo Lomburg
Second Row: Zizi Gantscho, Jade Mispion
Front Row: Beverly Lombard, Jocelyn Hoi, Lucy Arnot





WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

- Back Row:** J. Glass (Hockey), T. Vos (Hockey), M. Waller (Hockey), J. Hendrikse (Squash/Hockey),
C. Hugo-Hamman (Swimming), S. Borrisford (Waterpolo), L. Thomas (Hockey),
D. McDonald (Squash), J. Pickup (Hockey), T. Mulder (Hockey)
- Third Row:** V. Gul (Hockey), B. Duffell (Squash), J. Watkins (Squash), L. Coates (Swimming),
S. Louw (Hiding), L. Jesselaar (Squash), M. Prosdge (Ice Skating), K. Bonellie (Hockey),
J. Law (Hockey)
- Second Row:** D. Gqoba (Karate), M. van Heerden (Squash), L. Fowler (Squash), N. Silberbauer (Sailing),
M. Ross (Hockey), J. Collins (Tennis), A. Haw (Cross Country)
- Front Row:** L. Elliot (Waterpolo), G. Simpson (Waterpolo), L. Vilne (Squash), C. Stanley (Waterpolo),
N. Vernon (Basketball), K. Mann (Gymnastics), L. Lucaszkie (Hockey)
- Absent:** D. Tong (Basketball), A. Jacobs (Ice Skating)

HERSCHEL EISTEDDFOD

Zoë Beyers (left) won the Bruce Riley Award for best all round performance in the Herschel Eisteddfod while Morimian was the overall winning house with Samantha See (right) accepting the Louis Karol Trophy.



GRADE 8 ORIENTATION

Tuesday, 18 January 2000 was Orientation Day for the Herschel Grade Eights of 2000. The nerves were tangible as the girls gathered under the Ilex Tree to meet their Matric Mentors and experience some of the house spirit engendered by the House Captains of Jagger, Merriman and Rolt.

In the Theatre, Mrs van Zyl further extended their welcome and spoke about the special school that Herschel is. She was assisted in this regard by other members of staff with whom the new Grade Eights would specifically interact, as well as the Headgirl and the Deputy Headgirl.

Following the talks, parents and new pupils were given the opportunity to meet Grade Tutors and have a conducted tour of the school. This tour is always rather daunting, in view of real worries about getting lost... or going to the wrong lesson.

Wednesday, 19 January the first day of the new school year, was a busy day of activity, with more talks, lots of information, further exploration of the school grounds and opportunities to make new friends. Some girls appeared at ease, while others were feeling overwhelmed and most were exhausted, especially at being told that they had three minutes to get from one class to another!

An important part of this year's Orientation Programme was the Integrated Studies Programme, it took place over two days, Thursday 20 January and Friday 21 January, and the theme was 'My contribution to a caring community'. The aim of the programme was to encourage the Grade Eights to see their senior school education as an holistic, outcomes based process, rather than as unrelated subject blocks.



A lecture by Mrs Crutchley



Group work is fun



With mentor and mom



Group work is serious

Girls were divided into two groups and each group completed activities at Kirstenbosch Gardens and in the Newlands Forest. The groupings also gave them a chance to meet more new faces and establish some new friendships. The weather co-operated magnificently, and much of interest was seen and learnt.

In the second week of the term the Grade Eights met their teachers, albeit briefly, practised running from one end of the school to another, and began to master the skill of carrying bookbags over a variety of distances, at pace.

The period of Orientation ended with the annual Grade Eight Camp held at the Mizpan Environmental Education and Conference Centre, approximately 75 kilometres from Cape Town, in the area of the Kogelberg Dam. The girls were accompanied by their Grade Tutors, Mrs Crutchley, Miss Burns, Mrs Combrink and Mrs Macfarlane.

While on camp, the girls worked in groups, wrote in their diaries, engaged in physical exercise and helped with the preparation of meals. There was plenty of time for creative thinking, meditation and reading, as well as a chance to interact with Mrs van Zyl on a more informal basis. Activities organised and run by the prefects were a highlight of the camp and the exercise, designed by Mr Wood, our Guidance Counsellor, was definitely food for thought.

At the end of the two-week process there were 91 tired, but happy Grade Eights, who were anticipating the rest of the year with enthusiasm and commitment.

Mrs L. Crutchley
Head of Grade Eight

GRADE 8 ENRICHMENT

VANISHING SPECIES, CULTURES, PLANTS AND RESOURCES

The ninety-one Grade Eighters were in for quite a busy ride when they all arrived for the first day of the Enrichment Programme on Saturday, 26 August. With the guidance of two journalists, they worked to a hair-raising deadline in order to complete a prototype newspaper. On the Monday they listened to speeches in the theatre and experienced 'drumming' in the Preparatory School hall.

They left for Betty's Bay and Kleinmond the next day. At the Harold Porter Botanical Garden they sketched, identified aliens and indigenous plants, walked to the water's edge and listened to a lady who is passionate about fynbos and plants in general. However, it was the little black and white shapes at Danger Point who made them 'ooh' and 'aah'. In their tracksuits, the girls looked just as neat as the penguins. Many photographs later one couldn't help wondering who was looking at whom, as the penguins were just as inquisitive as the girls.

That evening the girls worked on various worksheets, played Volleyball and ran around the OSV camp site in Betty's Bay. The next day they visited a penguin hatchery as well as the honey foundation and in the afternoon two gentlemen from Sea Watch entertained them with stories about poachers and our ever-decreasing sea life. The girls asked insightful questions and impressed the presenters.

Getting the girls up on Thursday was no problem as they were going to go to Ratanga Junction. This 'Bariana Project' had been planned well ahead of time in top secret so the excitement was tangible as we drove through pouring rain to get to the wildest place in Africa on time.

Shakobile Jones mesmerised them with his clove, birds and snakes but one of our girls astounded him in turn. Pia Viglietti was unperturbed when he asked her to hold a very large loguan. Other

girls were also willing participants in his show and they eventually had to leave to go back to school. They also listened to a very knowledgeable archivist, Dr Dan Sleight, who incidentally told them that the well-known southeaster was in actual fact a southwester which had been incorrectly named since Jan van Rieboeck's time at the Cape!



In search of penguins



Where's Peter?



Discovering fynbos



Looking for disas

On a very cold Monday they were ferried to a very muddy Kenilworth Race Course in order to examine the vanishing fynbos. After that the girls had to put together the content for the Summit for Tuesday night as well as plan their Powerpoint presentations and write articles for their environmental newspapers.

The Grade Eighters impressed all and sundry by being able to talk on their feet when the older girls quizzed them on issues they had raised. The resolution they have made is that they will start a fynbos garden and look after it for the duration of their stay at Herschel. Visiting Kleinplasp in Worcester gave the girls a glimpse of many of the customs which have vanished forever. Again the girls were complimented profusely; the lady at Kleinplasp said that she thought they were the most delightful, intelligent girls she had ever seen.

The last, very exciting outing was a double feature at the Imax

Mrs R. Hugo
Grade 8 Co-ordinator

GRADE 8 COMMENTS

This year's Enrichment Programme has really made me aware of the many issues facing our society.

Nicole Gedye

I will never think of the environment as something that does not concern me ever again. This Enrichment Programme was like a splash of cold water on my face and it made me wake up and take note of my surroundings.

Anousa Hassim

The Enrichment Programme brought home to me the horrors we are letting loose on our environment.

Julia Garlick

Instead of everyone telling us about how we are harming the world, we actually went out and saw it for ourselves.

Crystal Espin

For me, it was an eye opener, because I always used to see myself as quite an environmental type, whereas now I see myself as more of a 'bad guy' in a world polluted with waste.

Ashleigh Tyrrell

GRADE 9 ENRICHMENT

*Sandiso, Julie and Alexis proudly
displaying their poster*

Our aim for this Enrichment Programme with the Grade Nines was to enlighten the girls regarding the need to REDUCE, RE-USE and RECYCLE as a way of life.

As caretakers of tomorrow's world, we felt that the Grade Nines needed to be sensitised about managing our planet's waste in a responsible manner.

We initiated the programme four weeks before the actual two weeks of enrichment by encouraging the girls to begin recycling at home. This involved the sorting of all household waste, measuring, recording and recycling.

The first week was hectic - filled with both independent study groups whose aim was to investigate the recycling of different materials, namely: water, air, glass, metal, compost, plastic and paper, and creative sessions during which the girls made objects from waste materials.

Several guest speakers were invited to speak to the girls, including scientists, a Government Minister and medical and academic experts.

The second week allowed time for group research and also included outings related to the topic. Each group presented a five minute talk, poster, poem and/or song about its specific material using both overhead and Powerpoint presentations to deliver its message. Their keen and active participation at the summit also reflected their sound understanding of those aspects.

Mrs F. Cochrane
Grade 9 Coordinator

**REDUCE
RE-USE
RECYCLE!**



*Learning how to create beauty with
recycled material*



*Astier, the chicken-maker, sharing his
skill with the Grade 9 girls*



GRADE 9 COMMENTS

The visit to the landfill removed us from our comfort zones and woke us up to the hard reality of our surroundings.

Holon Raine

My action of throwing away soft drink cans, plastic packets and paper into ONE bin has definitely been changed and my whole perspective on recycling has been 'enlightened'.

Korrie Lee Perrins

I have finally realised how much 'pain' we are causing the world and these two weeks have really made me want to make a difference.

Shayle Yerman

Visiting the landfill and seeing the amount of waste produced by Capetonians, has changed my outlook on the importance of recycling completely and made me aware of the fact that my attitude and that of my family has to change and that we need to take recycling seriously.

Farah Raja

The trip to the rubbish dump and the talks given to us by the speakers, woke me up to the fact that I had never started recycling soon!

Emma Muttat

I think the pupils will never be the same again.

Chloë Miller

I learned that we, as humans, are in much greater danger than I thought.

Melissa Norton

On Wednesday 20 August we experienced a life-time event. 'The Chicken Man' came to visit us at Herschel and taught us how to make plastic chickens.

Amy Slingsby

The opening day was amazing, starting with two speeches, but the best was the 'drum thudding'.

Tadinka Vasiljevic

GRADE 10 ENRICHMENT

The thesis behind the Grade Ten Enrichment is that so far we have failed to be good caretakers of the environment because we see it with the mind and not the heart. We look as our creed this quotation from Saint Exupery's *The Little Prince*:

"It's simple: one can only see well with the heart. The essential things in life are invisible to the eyes."

We visited the Kogelberg Biosphere, Baskroop, a fynbos reserve in Scarborough, two schools and the Anglican Church in Khayelitsha, the Coastal Park (Janitill) at Muzenberg, Hondebosch Common and Kirstenbosch, amongst other activities.

With a lot of sensory stimulation, quiet reflection in wilderness areas and talks by environmentalists passionate about their lives and work, we hope to effect a change of heart towards caretaking which will result in action.

Mr S. Chapman

Grade 10 Co-ordinator



Ma'ayan van der Westhuizen and groundsman, Mr Langford Gengani, with children at the Sophomalela Pre-School in Khayelitsha



Hondebosch Common



Mr Gibbon and some Grade 10s on a fynbos reserve at Redhill, Scarborough

GRADE 10 COMMENTS

It was nice being old enough to be trusted to be responsible when given a relative amount of freedom, instead of having to be watched over and given work to occupy ourselves.

Gail Womersley

Enrichment showed us that there are bigger problems than upcoming tests or not making a sport's team. It showed us how insignificant some of our daily 'stresses' are.

Lyndal Tull

I felt a flood of guilt. Here was this small girl, who had relatively little, yet she was so happy, and it made me realise how much I should appreciate what I have in life. (Khayelitsha visit)

Mary Waller

I have never before been a lover of fynbos and have never found it very appealing to look at, but now I realise the true beauty of it.

Victoria Bomburgh

From all the speeches focusing on environmental issues, I realised that, although we are all fairly intelligent, we lack the ability to discipline ourselves and we do not seem to realise the harm we are causing our planet, earth. Going to such a poverty-stricken area as Khayelitsha, made me realise that we go to a place like this with so much - so many privileges - yet I realised how much more love, warmth and compassion they have to give.

Klaudia Wolkebaumer

For me, the highlight was undoubtedly the outing to Khayelitsha. It pushed me beyond my comfort zones, and that is where I really started to see with my heart as well as my eyes ... We did not spend our days doing worksheet after worksheet, but tried to explore our topic of observing with our hearts as well as our eyes, by getting involved.

Though we were able to learn from each experience, it was up to us to take it to heart and act on it in our lives ... I also believe that Enrichment has brought the Grade Tens closer together. The less structured days enabled us to interact with girls and teachers with whom we do not normally have contact.

Philippa van Ryneveld

GRADE 11 ENRICHMENT

The Enrichment Programme is aimed at encouraging our girls to be creative, independent and critical thinkers.

Thus the Grade Elevens were asked to write a 2000 word research essay on challenging topics like: 'The Threat of Barbarism'; 'The Cost of the Penguin Rescue - is it justified?'; 'Do adverts maintain and reinforce social evils and injustices?'; 'Technology - vision of Heaven or Hell?'; 'Scientists tinker with Genes' and 'The Role of Childhood in the formation of the Adult'.

In addition, a group, accompanied by Miss Scarola, went on the Umfolozi Trail. This has had a profound effect on the girls. The rest attended a Covey Course where they were introduced to the *Seven Habits of Highly Effective Teens*. An inspiring talk by Dr Ian Wood on his climbing experiences in the Himalayas followed by the girls' own heroic climb of Table Mountain, where they painted four sagings, were also highlights of the programme.

The three-day Placement Programme was the culmination of the Enrichment.



Sketch of Umfolozi by Olivia Rumble

fortnight for this group and will have provided them with the opportunity to make some important decisions for the future.

Mrs A. Golding

Grade 11 Co-ordinator

UMFOLOZI WILDERNESS LEADERSHIP TRAIL

On 24 to 30 August, Tessa Easio, Fiona Mackay, Roxanne Martin, Joanna Ryan, Olivia Rumble, Romy Vietri and I set out to do the Umfolozi Wilderness Trail. We were accompanied by Miss Scarola.

This turned out to be the most amazing experience of my life and I long to go back. We all really enjoyed it and it was a life-changing experience for all of us. Tessa even decided that the Umfolozi is where she would like to have her honeymoon.

We hope that this opportunity will be offered to the Grade Elevens of next year. Thanks to everyone who made this possible.

Sonia van Niekirk

Grade 11



Grade 11 learners on their way to becoming 'highly effective learners' on the Covey course



The Umfolozi girls



OUTREACH

Outreach activities at school are divided among the Senior, Preparatory and Pre-Preparatory School. Teachers from both schools and girls assist with various twinning programmes and training and fundraising projects.

SKILLS TRAINING

We are still offering weekly Computer, Catering and Drama lessons for senior pupils from Thandokhulu, Fezeka and Langa High Schools. Computer lessons are planned and presented by two Preparatory School teachers, ably assisted by a number of girls. Computer lessons are also attended by members of the service staff and their children.

Catering lessons for 12 pupils from Thandokhulu High School have managed to turn even the male participants into expert cooks!

Drama lessons have proved to be very valuable for improving English communication and debating skills and have also touched on some of the English networks. A new group was recruited for the fourth term, since the matriculants had left.

On 6 October, certificates were presented to approximately 50 learners who had completed their respective courses.

WORKSHOPS

Matric subject revision workshops for Mathematics, Science and Biology have proved very popular and a large number of pupils from Thandokhulu have attended. Herschel Matriculants and their teachers gave up a number of Friday afternoons to assist their less-privileged peers.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

The annual Outreach camp was again held at Wortelgat, near Stanford. Fifteen girls from Langa, Fezeka and Thandokhulu High Schools and seven Herschel girls, accompanied by three staff members, spent a weekend in May, canoeing, team-building and hiking in the Walker Bay Nature Reserve.

On 16 September Outreach teamed up with the Wilderness Leadership



OUTREACH COMMITTEE

Back Row: P. O'Donoghue, L. Johnson

Front Row: S. Dlova, Mrs M. van Staden, S. Twycross (Hear)

School's Table Mountain Project and hiked on the mountain. Thirty participants in the skills programme were invited and ten of our girls.

TWINNING PROGRAMMES

Teachers at the Preparatory School regularly meet with their counterparts at Rosmead Central Primary to discuss issues of mutual interest. They also supply the school with resource material, surplus books and furniture. Teachers from Rosmead are regularly invited to workshops at Herschel.

The Grade Sevens generously contributed towards sponsoring an Expressive Arts workshop for 60 pupils in April. The whole school collected coupons from Simba chips' packets, which were passed on to Rosmead. These vouchers were sent in to the Sunday Times and entitled them to donations of books to help build up a library at the school.

At Westlake Day Care Centre in Tokai, refurbishment has been completed and there are indications that the centre may now be registered. This could mean that some financial aid from the government may be forthcoming. The children visit

the Pre-Preparatory School at least once a term and one of their (untrained) staff members has spent two weeks at the Pre-Preparatory, observing lessons. The knowledge she acquired there has been put into practice at the centre.

TREE PLANTING

Trees, donated by the Department of Forestry, were planted at Westlake Day Care Centre and Rosmead Central Primary School, as part of National Arbor Week activities. A special plaque was ordered for Rosmead, indicating that the Olive tree (Tree of the Year 2000) had been presented by Herschel Preparatory School.

FRIENDS' DAY CARE

Both schools took part in the Spare Change Campaign, a fundraising project for Friends' Day Care, which looks after disabled children.

CULTURE DAY

This event was hosted at Herschel and featured traditional dancing, music, poetry, cultural talks and exhibitions by the girls who went on the Exchange Programme. The performance by the *Three Tenors* from Fezeka High School in Guguletu was a highlight!

ENTREPRENEURIAL COURSE

An eleven-week entrepreneurial course was attended by 44 Grade 11 learners, 27 of them from disadvantaged schools. 14 Herschel girls and 3 Bishops boys participated. The course fees of the disadvantaged learners were jointly sponsored by Herschel and Bishops. This outreach experience was made possible through generous donations from parents and the Luck Shoo girls. A big thank you to all.

During this course, participants formed companies and manufactured and marketed their products. Rumour has it that some of them made quite good profits! It is hoped that this worthwhile programme can be repeated in 2001.

SOPHUMELELA PRE-SCHOOL, AND ISIPHIWO PRIMARY SCHOOL, KHAYELITSHA

During the Enrichment Programme of 1999 and 2000, the Grade Tens of each respective year visited the above two schools as part of the programme. There has been on-going contact with both schools and this year Reverend Tyers initiated a project to provide two hundred sturdy plastic chairs for Sophumelela Pre-School. The girls responded enthusiastically and handed over the chairs in September just in time for the classrooms in the new church building. It was so good to have the superb choir from Isiphiwo Primary School to sing for our girls during *Talktime* one Thursday afternoon in September.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

Approximately three thousand four hundred puddings were made during the September holidays. As in previous years, the mixing took place in the Preparatory School Hall and young people from across the Peninsula came to help. Herschel Outreach and Interact provided volunteers to weigh, mix, pour, fill bowls and clean.

Profits from sales of the children's Christmas puddings are divided amongst the participating children's charities, of which our Outreach Programme is one. Earlier this year we received a cheque for R15 000 being our share of the profits. This money is used to fund various Outreach projects. This would never have been possible



Drama workshop



Traditional dancing

without the support of the girls who sold puddings and, of course, the parents who bought them!

During the past year, a number of staff members and girls have contributed to the Outreach Programme in one way or another. Some of them have spent at least one afternoon a week on these activities. They are a small group of really special people, who care deeply about their fellow human beings. Everyone of these outreachers has

gained from their involvement in the Programme – be it through friendships formed or insights gained.

Although it is impossible to name everyone in a report such as this, I would like to thank the committee – Sarah, Siya, Pippa and Ilana – for their unfailing loyalty and service to Outreach. We are looking forward to expanding our membership in 2001.

Mrs M. van Staden
Outreach Co-ordinator

MUSIC

"If music be the food of love, play on ..."
Shakespeare, *W. Twelfth Night*

As in recent years, this has been a performance-orientated year with some outstanding events.

A large proportion of the school participates in the Cabaret to enjoy the singing, instruments and dancing. For the music department, a lot of hard and, at times, tiring practising of singers and instrumentalists produces entertainment which touches all our hearts. Thanks must go to the music teachers and instrumentalists who provide the backing for the singers and dancers.

The Windband and Orchestra have had some highlights this year with an Honours in the Cape Town Eisteddfod,

a very enjoyable instrumental concert in the third term and their performances at Speech Day and the Fireworks. Their third term concert highlighted Caryn Buchanan and Zoë Beyers in two very advanced performances. We are sad to lose a lovely group of matriculants who have given so much to the orchestras over the last five years.

The Choir and Chorale provide continuous service and pleasure to and for the school in the form of Eisteddfodau, Concerts and Chapel music. There is a special place in heaven for musicians and especially for church musicians who practise behind doors and then provide the emotional

focus for our souls in services.

It is probably not appreciated that we regularly hear (in innocuous events like assemblies) outstanding performances from even our Grade Eight musicians that equal and better performances at university level. From our music leaders in matric: Caryn Buchanan, Michelle Aspinali, Zoë Beyers, Kahéa Rusch and Nadine Tsemach right down to our beginners and their teachers, thank you for the Eisteddfodau, external examinations and performances which excite and intrigue us.

Mr S. Chapman
Director of Music



CHOIR

Back Row:	J. Miller, B.M. Mueller-Bollega, T. Ranger, V. Bothwell, D. McDonald, A. Kohn, K. Ellis, K. Miller, S-J. Paul, J. Cruise, J. van Aswegen, M. Lloyd-Roberts, I. Day, A. Hudson, K-L. Pennis
Third Row:	L. Ntshinga, M. Walwyn, D. van der Hoven, A. Mullord, C. McGrath, T. Earle, A. Brown, C. Hugo-Hamman, P. van Ryneveld, C. Kritz, K. Rusch, P. Iverson, M. Waller, S. van den Aardweg, R. Bonnell, A. Inglis, C. Pickard
Second Row:	Mr J-W. Gouws, V. Gull, L. Ismail, R. Dodd, B. Housden, K. Round, J. Kirkoy, C. Erasmus, B. de Silva, C. Davidson, A. Jacobs, A. Bateman, J. Hickey, M. Honeyman, S. Wesson, N. Aspinali, K. Mann, S. Strachan, K. Gull, E. Dodd, Miss M. Barkay
Front Row:	L. Goldsbloem, A. Ismail, Z. McClarty, S. Rannier, P. Rannier, A. Haas, A. Trengove Jones, N. Graham, N. du Preez, Z. Beyers, G. Giovannini, L. Kohn, N. Fasham, S-J. Witter, N. Tsemach (leader), L. Macready, H. de Silva, O. Molelsane, O. Gqobo, J. Bntt, T. Boyd
Absent:	T. de Nobrega, V. Madden, T. Planting

MUSIC

CHOIR AND CHORALE

It has been a very busy and successful year for both the Herschel Choir and the Herschel Chorale. They have sung in school functions and Festeddfodau and have also been invited to sing at weddings and public concerts. The Choir took part in the Cape Town Eisteddfod in June and won a Diploma with the songs *Somewhere* from *West Side Story* and *Big Spender* from *Sweet Charity*, a golden oldie that everybody seemed to enjoy. The Chorale was also awarded a Diploma in the Ladies' Section.

This year has been an eventful one for the Chorale. It started in February with many requests for them to sing at weddings. At the end of the first term, the Chamber Choir was invited to sing at a choral evening at Rustenburg Junior School with a few local choirs and Durban Girls' College Choir. In the second term, the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Town asked the Chorale to enrich one of their morning services with sacred songs from their repertoire to an event which was much enjoyed by all. They also sang in a College Evensong at Bishops. The Western Cape Eisteddfod, a newly established Eisteddfod, which only accepts participants who have been awarded Diplomas in previous Eisteddfodau, ended the term off on a good note. A Diploma was attained, although Bergvlei Singers took the cup.

In the third term the Chorale fell proud to be invited to sing again at the Royal Schools of Church Music's annual concert in the Bishops' Chapel with choirs of much acclaim. This performance was one of the Chorale's best.

Congratulations to the people involved in both the Choir and the Chorale for such a demanding but fulfilling year! I would like to thank Miss Barlow for all her hard work and perseverance in making both the singing groups achieve one success after another, improving every time. Thank you to Mr Coles as well for his unending dedication as the accompanist of the Choir and Chorale.

Nadine Tsemach
Leader



CHORALE

Back Row: Miss M. Barlow, K. Ellis, M. Lloyd-Roberts, A. Inglis, D. McDonald, P. van Ryneveld, M. Waller, L. Ntshinga, A. Hudson, J. Miller, Mr J.W. Coles
Front Row: C. Erasmus, T. Boyd, Q. Gqobo, A. Trengove Jones, N. Graham, Z. Beyers, C. Davidson, N. Tsemach (Leader), P. Rainier, A. Haw, L. Gelderblom, L. Day



ORCHESTRA AND WINDBAND

Back Row: F. Bain, V. Bothwell, D. McDonald, C. Foden, M. van der Westhuizen, S. Whitehead, T. Cadogan, J. van Aswegen, K. Miller
Third Row: F. van Maarswijk, J. de Villiers, P. Rainier, H. de Silva, I. Ismail, J. Miller, K. Rose, C. Erasmus, J. Kirkby, A. Haw, A. Carr, A. Hudson, J. Perin
Second Row: Mr S. Chapman, L. Gelderblom, K. Deering, Q. Gqobo, A. Ismail, Mrs J. Arzul
Front Row: A. Trengove Jones, S. Wesson, N. du Preez, M. da Camara, C. Buchanan, K. Mann, N. Fasham, S. Twycross, S-L. Paul, N. Tsemach
Absent: J. Brill

INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY

IT REPORT

This year has been a busy and productive year in the Information Technology Department. The computer room and other computer facilities around the school are being utilised more frequently by teachers who integrate the technology into their lessons. The nature of technology-based lessons has varied from being instructional, in the form of prepared Powerpoint presentations, to internet-based research lessons, to utilising subject-specific software applications, and a mixture of all three of these approaches. The girls are using the software available on the network most effectively for presentations required for project and class work.

As a result of the increasing use of technology, we have had an increasing demand for general technical support. We were, therefore, able to procure the services of a full-time technician to serve both campuses. We are very pleased to have been able to employ Mr Fataar, who has brought many new skills to the Information Technology Department. Part of Mr Fataar's portfolio is to look after the approximately one hundred and eighty computers around the campuses, which are in almost permanent use by administrators, teachers and pupils.

The Herschel Intranet for both the Preparatory and Senior Schools has been launched and is being updated and refined. Staff from both campuses attended in-house web design courses which have provided them with the necessary skills to enable them to publish their material on our Intranet. The purpose of the Intranet is to provide on-line resources for our pupils across the entire curriculum, along with access to recent news. In addition, the long-awaited Herschel Web Site has also recently been launched. A link has been provided to allow the school to update the site with the more dynamic information. A group of girls has been appointed to a web site team and have been given various portfolios to cover newsworthy items. Parents and old girls



RESOURCE CENTRE

Back Row:

L. Day, D. McDonald, M. Louder, P. van Ryneveld, J. de Boyer, E. Howard, C. Cox

Second Row:

T. Noff, H. Hill, A. Jansen, S. Hamekar, A. Haw, R. de Silva

Front Row:

Q. Gqobo, Mrs N. Gerhardt, B. de Silva, N. Fasham, I. Jenner-Clarke, Mrs S. Ryan, T. Boyd

are encouraged to use this to keep up-to-date with events at Herschel.

As well as continually adding to our computer resources at the schools, we have purchased twenty laptops, which have been allocated to certain departments within the school. In addition, a few have been incorporated into a laptop pool for general use by both staff and pupils. This arrangement has proved to be extremely successful.

This year, for the first time, twelve Grace Elovon Herschel girls, together with eleven Bishops' boys, have entered for the International Computer Driver's License certificate. This consists of seven modules covering basic computer technology and application software. Classes have been held together, with staff from Herschel and Bishops running both the training and examination sessions. By the end of the third term, pupils had completed the first six modules successfully. It is hoped that the online course will be completed by the end of the year. This year has also seen the introduction of an e-mail service to parents, whereby notices and newsletters have been e-mailed to those parents with e-mail addresses.

Mr J. Wensch
Mrs N. Gerhardt

LIBRARY

The importance of the library does not diminish with the exponential growth of the information which can be picked up from the World Wide Web. We have a mutual support system with the IT Department and together our resources provide adequate information for all research conducted in the school. The print world is still proving to be important in a knowledge society.

The housekeeping in the library keeps us busy all year. We are very fortunate to have Library Helpers amongst the pupils to assist, as well as a dedicated group of Library Mums. We would like to thank the following girls who have worked all year and spend allocated break times and afternoons performing their duties:

Nicole Fasham, Philippa van Ryneveld, Jennifer de Beyer, Gqamba Gqobo, Tegan Boyd, Amy Jansen, Taryn Noff, Louise Day and Louise Jenner-Clarke.

The mums, who are very talented in all library maintenance tasks are:

Suzanne Mulford, Ruth Weldon, Gail Rainor, Jenny Grobbelaar, Christine Jenner Clarke, Angela Carline and Jane Whitley.

Mrs S. Ryan
Mrs C. Martin

EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

NORFOLK ACADEMY, VIRGINIA, USA

My time spent in Virginia, at Norfolk Academy, sparks wonderful memories of new friends, 'family' and numerous unforgettable experiences. The people I met and the places I visited will remain engrained in my memory for years to come. My welcoming, friendly peers at the school made my two and a half months spent there unforgettable.

Susannah and her family, who became my family, treated me like their second daughter and really made my stay as comfortable as possible. There are, of course, those days when all you want to do is get on the next plane home but they are far outnumbered by the days when you start dreading your looming departure date.

Norfolk Academy is a co-educational private school with about the same number of pupils as Herschel. Everyone there could not stop asking questions about our elephant taxis and monkeys in the classrooms. I also had to speak in cliche languages for everyone who wanted to know what real Africans sounded like. My days were spent attending diverse classes such as Art History, Mathematics (where even the calculator was extremely foreign), US History and Chemistry with a real 'Mad Scientist'. Afternoons were spent cheering on the boys' soccer team and later with the university volleyball team trying to master the technique of actually hitting the ball over the net.

I was very fortunate to visit the quaint little town of Colonial Williamsburg where everything is as it was in the beginning and I also spent five days in the incredibly fast-paced world of New York. This provided a stark contrast to the relaxed, country atmosphere of Virginia Beach. I also visited Washington D.C. which completely stole my heart.

The most important thing that I learnt from the exchange was how to be independent in a foreign country where

all you have to rely on are your friends. My exchange was definitely the highlight of my year and I know that I grew immensely as a person while in the USA.

Itana Johnson

Grade 11

NORFOLK ACADEMY, VIRGINIA, USA

When I received 'the envelope' informing me that I was to be an exchange student at Norfolk Academy in Virginia, USA, I faced the challenge with mixed emotions. However, after spending three months in a country that seemed to become more foreign every month that passed, and looking back on my experiences there that now seem like dreams, I realise that the months I spent in America were the most enriching and enlightening months of my life.

Living in a first-world country, and going to a private co-educational, typically American school was an opportunity that allowed me to draw many parallels to my life at home, and the life I was able to live on exchange, that would have been otherwise impossible for me ever to comprehend.

Norfolk Academy, 'Home of the Bulldogs' was a school that made rowdy lunch rooms, football stars and cheerleaders a reality. Children from the age of a teen drive to school and school uniform means no jeans or midriff for girls and a tie and collared shirts for boys. Classroom debates and strong

opinions were always encouraged and pledging your allegiance to the United States of America was a routine three times a week.

I experienced 'homecoming', where past students are invited to come and join in the festivities where the season's biggest and most important football match is played. Halloween was also an experience that involved days of preparations and a night of the McCoy 'trick or treating', and then of course, a traditional turkey and cranberry sauce on Thanksgiving. I spent two weekends in Washington and visited Colonial Williamsburg, North Carolina, Atlanta and New York. Travelling was endorsed by the school and Norfolk Academy's Headmaster was a man who had a special love for Cape Town and botanics, after visiting South Africa a few years ago.

My time in America allowed me to see how many positive and beautiful aspects our country is blessed with, as well as how many challenges we have and goals for which we should aim. It taught me that having faith in oneself and taking part in as much as one can with an enthusiastic approach will ensure that you gain the most from the experiences you are given. It proved to me that time does fly when you are having fun and that a few tears at an airport will come in handy when one is faced with overweight luggage.

Zeanne Duminy

Grade 11



MOWBRAY COLLEGE, MELTON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

My three month exchange was spent at Mowbray College, a co-educational school, situated in the suburb of Melton, Melbourne, Australia.

The school was very different to Hersche and took some time to adjust to. The buildings were multi-coloured, of mixed modern architecture and could certainly not be called traditional or boring! Having boys in every class, in every hallway and every which-way you turned, was definitely different. The teachers were helpful and welcoming. The boys were friendly from the start, but the girls took a while to warm to us and accept that we were not a threat.

The subject choice was diverse and the standards varied, with Mathematics behind us and Science ahead. My choices, Science, Physical Education, English, Ceramics and Home Economics, conjure up many happy memories, one of which was of my Ceramics teacher dancing around the class with music blaring in the background. Another was Chloë, Dinky (the two South African girls at the school with me) and I trying our best to make something that resembled jam!

Australia is a big country and three months is actually quite short, so I was unable to see and do as much as I would have liked. I did have the wonderful opportunity to travel to the Gold Coast with my 'sister', Brigitte, for ten days. I visited Brisbane and Surfers' Paradise - where the beaches and people were beautiful. Not only did I brave the 'Tower of Terror' at Dreamworld, but I also fulfilled one of my childhood dreams: to swim with the dolphins at Seaworld. Chloë and I also visited Auckland, New Zealand. I loved the independence and the freedom that came with Australia and the wonderful feeling of safety when jumping on to a train to explore the city.

My first reaction to the announcement that I had been chosen to go on exchange was excitement, disbelief and joy and then a little anxiety crept in! What would happen if I did not get on with my exchange student or host family? Fortunately, Sarah and I immediately became friends and

became closer over the next six months. My host family was wonderful, treating me as one of them, leaving little time for homesickness.

My three months in Australia helped me grow as a person. I was forced to take my life into my own hands and make each day what I wanted it to be. After the first few days of apprehension and nerves, I realised that having to make new friends and cope with the responsibility, was in fact, not that scary, but a challenge and lots of fun!

Kate Chambers

Grade 12



MOWBRAY COLLEGE, MELTON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

*One day, last year, I boarded a plane
On the anxiety, the luggage, I felt insane.
Seventeen hours in a very small space.
Nine hours time difference... confusion
This was the case.
Meeting my hosts, learning their names,
Driving to my place of humble abode
Consisting of a few houses, a petrol pump
And one gravel road*

I attended Mowbray College, a co-educational facility, in Melton, which is forty-five minutes outside of Melbourne, Australia. Attendance at school is compulsory, a uniform which resembles Westerford's is worn, the pupils and staff

are accommodating and the architecture is strange.

Mowbray places a great emphasis on creativity and equality between the students and the staff. There are very few high-profile student roles other than Headboy and Headgirl. The lessons are very relaxed, which has something to do with the raucous boys in the back row.

Friends were easy to make, but it was only in the second week that I realised that all my new 'mates' were of the opposite sex. The boys, on the whole, were friendlier than the girls.

Being a sports' fanatic, I was in awe of the huge grounds and I leapt at the opportunity to participate in the school soccer team and was pleasantly surprised to discover that the emphasis is on the team. There are no glory players; a goal is considered a team effort.

Kangaroos and sheep roamed down the road where I originally stayed. My later home was in a more metropolitan suburb with a family of black belt specialists. I took on the challenge of learning a martial art which has taught me more than I could ever imagine. The privilege of viewing the Victorian coast on the back of a Harley Davidson with my host father and watching the Australian sun rise on several occasions are two things that have made me appreciate nature that much more. The city of Melbourne is beautiful, with the lack of poverty astounding.

Being hosted by a family of six was a highlight of my trip. I learnt to share a bedroom, laugh at the Aussie arrogance about cricket and successfully organise my life to coincide with everyone else's.

*Exchange is an experience that I can
never forget.
Before I'd thought that my path in life was set.
Now that I'm back I can see
that things do change
People do not always mean what they say
Which is fine, not strange
And of one thing I can be sure
Should opportunity knock, I'll open the door*

Chloë Foden

Grade 11

EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR, INDIA

India is a land of vast culture, religions and languages. It is a land of intriguing people, places and beliefs, a land of poverty and pollution and yet with a glorious quality of life. It is a land of endless opportunities where one may experience different ways of life and discover the deep spirituality of so many others. It is the land I called home for three months.

I attended the Lawrence School, Sanawar, in the beautiful scenic foothills of the Himalayan Mountains. This co-educational ex-military school was nothing at all like Herschel. Having to march in lines, sing hymns in Hindi, endlessly run away from wild monkeys and keep our distance from the boys, were not things that I was used to.

After the first few weeks of culture shocks, tears and wishing for plane tickets home, I settled in and began to experience the many amazing treasures of India, staying in Ashrams, villages and homes. I toured from Calcutta to Delhi to Manali, seeing and experiencing many feasts, religious rituals and temples. The beauty of the Taj Mahal and Lotus Temple left me speechless and in absolute awe. The spiritual experiences, from swimming in the Holy Ganges River to standing next to the graves of Mother Theresa and Gandhi, enriched both my mind and soul. The hospitality and love that the people showed all the time made living in such a different world so much easier.

The memories of this great land, of learning Hindi, riding camels, eating curry, wearing saris, 'sying' from chillies, learning Indian dancing and of making lifelong friendships, will always be close to my heart. It was the most amazing three months of my life and I will never forget it.

Angela Rawson

Grade 11



LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR, INDIA

India, it is often said, is not a country but a continent. From north to south and east to west, the people are different, the languages are different, the customs are different, and the country is different. After hosting Jojo during the third term of last year, and teaching her as much as I could about our country, it was my turn to venture back with her to India, for one of the most amazing experiences of my life.

The Lawrence School, Sanawar, founded in 1847 is a co-educational, residential school, six thousand feet in the Himalayas. Arriving at Sanawar during their Founder's Celebrations was the perfect introduction to the school that I was going to be at for the next three months.

The school grounds were enchanting, with miles of rambling hills for as far as the eye could see. The Indian people are generally extremely hospitable and both the girls and the boys were friendly.

The system of education is different to Herschel and focuses mainly on the arts. I did Art, Sculpture, English and Dance during which Angela and I learnt many classical and folk dances, which we have since performed for Herschel.

I was fortunate enough to travel during my stay. Our first trip to Haridwar, the point where the Holy Ganges emerges from the Himalayas, was one of the

most extraordinary I had. We bathed in the river and words cannot describe this unforgettable ritual.

Our next trip was to Manal, in the north. We spent a weekend surrounded by snow-capped mountains and on one day even braved the chilly winds and ventured further up to play in the snow, making snow-angels.

The friendships we made are priceless. After many speeches and tears, Jojo and I left school early to take a trip to Rajasthan before my coming home. Jojo, her family and I first travelled to Rajasthan's vibrant capital Jaipur, also known as the 'pink city'. Here I met and had tea with the son of the last Maharaja (king) who still resides in the City Palace with his family.

Our next stop was to Jodhpur, on the edge of the Thar Desert. This city, also known as the 'blue city', is the closest major city to the border with Pakistan. Jodhpur has a large defence contingency and therefore when I ducked for cover, hearing booming jet fighter planes, it was simply the air force undergoing its training routine.

India taught me that nothing is ever quite the way you expect it to be. There was constant stimulation in this land of "contrasting flavours and colours jumbled together to make a tantalising blend".

Katherine Carkeek

Grade 11



WEST BUCKLAND, NORTH DEVON, UNITED KINGDOM

On Friday 24 September 1999, I left Cape Town and flew fifty thousand kilometres to England, to stay with people I had never met, for three months. Of course this only occurred to me while the plane was actually in the air and I thought that making a Boeing 747 turn around during a commercial flight might not be the best idea I had ever had. Joanne Kirkby and I spent an hilarious twelve hours on the plane. We ate plane food, watched movies and talked the whole way.

I attended West Buckland School in North Devon. It is situated along one of the world's most beautiful coastlines. North Devon is extremely rural and all around us were rolling hills with sheep - 'very English'. There are also two moors surrounding it - Dartmoor and Exmoor. This countryside's legendary beauty has served as the setting for *Tarka the Otter* and *Lorna Doone*. I lived with a family called the Barbaris in a tiny village called Ashford. It has a few one way streets and I does not even have a shop! The nearest town is Barnstaple, a delightful old town which won the *Europe in Bloom* competition at the time I was there.

The school itself is next to what the locals call the town of West Buckland. The school is on top of a hill, and the result of this is that winds blow from all directions. West Buckland is certified as the coldest place on the planet. It is

co-educational and goes from Pre-Preparatory right up to Matric.

While I was there I was in the Lower Sixth - the equivalent of Standard Nine. In the Lower and Upper Sixth both the boys and girls are required to wear suits. However, make-up, jewellery and even smoking (for Sixth Formers) is allowed at the school. In my opinion this leniency results in a higher level of maturity as few to none abuse their privileges. The school is quite small and intimate. It has roughly five hundred pupils, and only about one hundred people are in the Sixth Form as most leave to go to colleges after their GCSEs (end of Standard Eight exams).

Because it is so small, imagine my surprise at everybody knowing my name when I arrived! I had the warmest welcome imaginable from them. Everyone went out of their way to show me around, to talk to me about South Africa and generally just make me feel at home. There are about fifteen prefects in the Upper Sixth, but the attitude to prefects is very relaxed.

I chose three A-levels: English, Philosophy and Communication Studies. There is a variety of subjects from which to choose, ranging from Psychology to Physical Education to Chemistry. Although West Buckland is a fairly small school, it offers quite a wide variety of sport including netball, hockey, rugby, soccer, snooker, squash and basketball. It has some impressive facilities, including a sports centre, an

indoor pool, a shooting range, netball courts and acres of fields - all overlooking beautiful country scenery.

During my stay I was lucky enough to travel to Cork and Kilarney in Ireland, Cornwall, the Lake District, Cardiff in Wales (for the World Cup Rugby between South Africa and New Zealand), York, Durham, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester and London, among others. My host family took me on an extensive tour and my dad flew over to watch the rugby and to see me in between matches if the rugby schedule allowed! Kenrick Brown, the Bishops' exchange student and I, went up to London for a week and stayed there with a family.

Exchange has definitely been one of the highlights of my school career. I loved having the opportunity to travel to beautiful and interesting countries and to be able to form lasting friendships. I also gained more confidence in three months than anyone can imagine. While the Exchange experience can be lonely at times and difficult, I was lucky enough to have a wonderful host family in a beautiful country. I will always look back on my time in England with great memories of a fun time. Exchange provides girls with such a rare opportunity for growth and maturity and I am very grateful that Herschel provided me with this chance - I know that I was and am very lucky.

Lauren Raubenheimer
Grade 11



EXCHANGE PROGRAMME



MARU-A-PULA

A LITTLE SCHOOL IN THE BUNDU

There was no grass and it did not matter. There was not always hot water and I did not care. Our school phone never worked and I survived. But the people... they were absolutely fantastic! So I loved it.

I went to a co-educational senior school in Gaborone, the capital of Botswana, called Maru-A-Pula, locally referred to as MAP. The uniform, like the attitude of most staff members and all the students, was relaxed. One could wear any white shirt or even T-shirt with a collar and black pants or shorts. There was, however, a dress and also a skirt which the girls had an option of wearing, and unlike our Herschel girls, refused to wear them as they are too revealing (i.e. the boys could actually see their legs) so they stubbornly bore the heat instead.

The teaching methods are very similar to ours at Herschel, with a very high standard. I found myself almost spending more time working there than I did here ... well almost! They had no prefects or headgirl but did have a head of each of the three Houses. The people were very friendly and that made it easy for me to adapt to the school.

Ama Tawiah, my exchange student, and her mother, took me up to the Chobe Game Reserve and the Victoria Falls

One can get away with not ever going to Gaborone, but to miss out on the game reserves, Victoria Falls and all their beauty would be a sin.

MAP with all its 'funk' is quite a sporty school with similar sports to what we have, except for hockey. I participated in the athletics' programme.

When I arrived in Gaborone, there appeared to be very little activity, but their uncomplicated lifestyle taught me all about simplicity and about spirituality.

Julia Thomas

Grade 11

BENENDEN

I went to a typical English girls' boarding school in the middle of the country. It was in the village of Benenden (the village was probably named after the school, because the school is much bigger than the village). The biggest town is Tunbridge Wells, about a forty-five minute drive away.

The atmosphere of the school was very similar to Herschel, with the same kind of disciplinary measures and friendly atmosphere. It was therefore easy to fit in quickly. The uniform consisted of a kilt, dark stockings, navy jumper and long-sleeve white shirt.

Because the grounds of the school are so expansive and everything is spread out, another essential item is a bicycle, which I managed to obtain when one was confiscated from another girl.

Academically, Herschel is definitely not behind in anything. The method of teaching Science was different to here, because one has to write up an experiment. Everything else was quite similar.

The friendships I made there will definitely be life-long ones. Two of my very close friends have already managed to come and visit me. I have kept in contact with the rest via e-mail.

I do a lot of travelling and I believe that that is one of the advantages of going to England. I stayed in London, with a friend from Benenden for about five days; I visited Caroline Soeters in Holland for eight days; I stayed in Wales with family friends, as well as Guildford, Warwick, Chichester, Winchester and I did a lot of sight seeing while I was in all those places. I was also invited to go to Switzerland with another friend from Benenden and stayed there for about five days.

One has to make the most of every opportunity while on exchange and one does have to remember that people are not going to come to you, you have to make the effort and go to them.

I am so experienced independence and have a taste of what it will be like once I have finished school. It was an amazing experience never to be forgotten and easily to be repeated!

Joanne Kirkby

Grade 11





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ORANGE RIVER TRIP

GROUP 1

The day finally arrived on which the Grade Elevens were going to 'rough and tough' it on the Orange River. This year Mr Scott bravely decided to take two groups of girls down the river.

Being part of the first group, I knew that this was a camp that most of us had looked forward to since our Grade Eight year... this was the mother of all camps at Herschel.

After a school day that seemed to be never-ending, we headed for the two school buses and the Stubbs' faithful combi (with a r-conditioning). Armed with our passports, a steady supply of 'pad-kos' and enough tapes to take Mr Scott down memory lane for the entire journey, we were ready for our long road ahead.

After eleven hours of travelling, our arrival at base camp was a relief. Girls slowly started to unpack and roll out their roll-mats for the night ahead. We were treated to a delicious South African boerewors roll and salad supper, after which we began to discover the other side of Mrs Sapseid, the huge number of spiders, one or two scorpions and, of course, the spectacular array of shooting stars that the Orange River had to offer.

The next morning we set off bright and early, accompanied by Gravity Tours' guides, Bill, Ross and Bronwyn. We knew we were in good hands. The river was full and flowing and fortunately we were faced with a few headwinds. Of course the heat of the Orange River sun also promised a good tan!

After a long day of rowing it was a *ways* a relief to arrive at a camp site. This was the signal to unpack, fold thumbs that your 'few clothes' were not soaked, and 'book' the more comfortable option of sleeping on the back of one of the few rafts. It was at these camps that the toilet seat was declared man's greatest invention.

Not only were we faced with a fair amount of rowing, a fair number of rapids, and the true meaning of 'letting your natural oils take over', but also with one or two 'light to survive' mid-nights, endless jokes, surprise swims, songs that guaranteed to 'let the Orange run', divine cuisine, blisters and an endless competition between Mr Scott's A team and the Red Bills.

Our luxury liner bus trip back home proved that Springbok does have cell-phone reception and medical care and that the front of a bus is a *ways* hotter than the back. A bus full of Herschel girls is never quiet. Mrs Sapseid took this a little further and the eleven hours home gave us ample chance to sum up our amazing trip.

Thank you Mr Scott for organising a camp that will be very hard to be out-rowed, and thank you too to Mrs Sapseid for accompanying us on such a memorable trip.

Zeanne Duminy
Grade 11

GROUP 2

Early on 28 March, Mrs Hyan and twenty-nine wildly excited, although half-asleep girls, piled onto the bus in great spirits for the five day Orange River adventure. We were to meet Mr Scott (Scotty, Leader of the A team), who had already completed the trip with the other group, on the evening of our arrival. I do not think either teacher had any idea of what they were letting themselves in for, especially Mr Scott, who throughout the trip, had certain girls trying in vain, to get him into the water!

After a long hot bus trip filled with many stops, both to refuel the bus and our hungry selves, as well as waiting for a forgotten passport to be delivered, we met the other thirty girls, Mr Scott and Mrs Sapseid at the Gravity Tours' base camp. The latter were unrecognisable, in spite of using 30+ sunscreen. The rest of us had a lot of catching up to do, and of course by the end we had all

mastered the art of sun-tanning under the hot Namibian sun.

The girls seemed exhausted although they still shared their enthusiasm, informing us of their experiences, some frightening (such as staying well away from the 'rooboks') but all entertaining.

We set out on Day One with our four guides, Bill, Ross, Bronwyn and Patrick, with the braver girls, in the two man crocks and others in the larger rafts. We were all as courageous as we could be, despite having heard about the dangers of the wilderness environment. We listened to Billy Bob about the basics and things we should watch out for, such as the 'dreaded strainers', which we were assured, if fallen into, would swallow us and never spit us out. Life jacket or no life jacket. We were also shown the art of paddling.

We shared many unforgettable times on the river, laughing, or not, at Mr Scott's jokes and the skur Bill, including the supposedly famous and long awaited 'Chinese Bells' joke. Jumping off fearsome rocks, the revitalising and soothing mud baths/soaks, Mrs Ryan discovering her vocal talent singing *No satisfaction* and *Ooh Ah Orangatang Orangatang* as well as the touch rugby games where Mr Scott's enthusiasm matched that of a five year old boy, were all highly memorable. Fortunately the river was unusually high, so not too much paddling was done.

All in all we had a great experience, sleeping under the star-washed sky, making many a wish, and on arriving back at base camp, ah, except for the 'princess Cam' were sad to have to put down our paddles. Most, however, looked forward to a bug free environment where our newly acquired tans could be displayed.

Mr Scott and Mrs Hyan, thank you very much for everything both on and off the river. It was a trip we will never forget.
Katherine Carkeek
Grade 11

VIVE LA FRANCE

FRENCH TOUR 2000

On 25 June, thirteen French pupils from Grades Ten to Twelve, set off with Mrs Joyce Hoyle (the mother of former French teacher at Herschel, Mrs Pathé Villiers) on a quest to speak French. After a frustrating journey of thirty-five hours (due to delayed flights - thank you, KLM!), we finally arrived in Angers, France. It was nearly midnight and we were exhausted and nervous about meeting our French families.

As it turned out, we had nothing to be nervous about. Most of us had lovely families and the people of Angers (referred to as 'Angévaus') were friendly and patient with us and our limited French. Angers is a beautiful town in the Loire Valley. We had French classes at a small language school most mornings, and in the afternoons we visited some of the exquisite châteaux in the vicinity, three wine estates where we tasted specialty wines of this region, the Cointreau factory (the only place in the world where Cointreau is made) and the famous Mûrie Saint Michel. We also went to an amazing show called the Puy de Fou which told the story of the history of the region including spectacular fireworks and water displays.

Angers itself is steeped in history and culture and we managed to appreciate many of the beautiful old buildings such as the cathedral and the opera house in between our hectic shopping schedules. We were lucky enough to be there during the enormous 'braderies' (sales) that sweep across France this time every year and, of course, it was good practice for our French to ask the sales assistants for our size, the price etc. of the many clothes and pairs of shoes we all tried on. However, more important than the great shopping opportunities (believe it or not) were great eating opportunities. Not a day went by without a 'crêpe au chocolat' (pancakes with chocolate spread), a delicious French style ice-cream or to-die-for satsumae! (Due to these two great opportunities we found that, on returning, we were all a little overweight in more ways than one.) We spent the two weekends with our



la musique

families which was wonderful (yet challenging) for our French and it also meant we got a true feel for French culture, especially when France won the Soccer European Cup and everyone went mad.

To end off our trip we took a bus to Paris (via the famous Chartres Cathedral and Versailles) where we stayed for three days, sightseeing, shopping and enjoying the Bastille Day celebrations.

Michelle Aspinall

Grade 12

FRENCH EVENING

The Mary Jagger Hall was transformed into a 'bistro' with tricolours, ribbons, blue tablecloths and red roses for the Soirée Française: a first for Herschel and a resounding success. Some two hundred guests were treated to a truly French evening in which each French pupil participated. In addition to the gastronomic delights, the entertainment was enormous fun and the girls' level of French greatly impressed our French-speaking guests.

French songs, poems and short plays were performed. Piemot d'ballot for us, we learnt about French history, and the evening ended with a demonstration by a 'French chef' - a Matric pupil - with sad allusions to the fate of the innocent garden snail. Exhausting, exhilarating. The French evening definitely calls for an encore next year.

The Observer



la bonne cuisine



les beaux arts

ROLT

HOUSE REPORTS



If ever the word 'OOMFA' existed, well then that was what Rolt has had. Tons and tons of 'OOMFA'. Not merely vibe, or spirit or enthusiasm, but 'OOMFA', such as the kind of electrifying energy that is released from a shooting star. Although, perhaps that is not a very applicable simile, I mean shooting stars are seen every day by every possible kind of person, and Rolt's performance over the past year certainly has not been your everyday kind of performance.

I remember when I was a little girl, pigtailed and innocent, waiting in anticipation under the shadows of my parents and the darkness of the sky, for the 'Hello-and-Goodbye-whiz' of Halley's Comet. The comet did make its 'Hello-and-Goodbye' greeting, only I never got to share in it. My parents talked of the fantastical sight for days and I could have kicked myself for having missed it.

Rolt, you have been the electrifying Halley's Comet that I missed all those years back. Your performance over the past year has shown the kind of 'OOMFA' that one really does manage to experience only once every seventy years or so. Thank you so much Rolt, for a once-in-a-lifetime experience with a one-in-a-million kind of house. You are all winners, through and through.

The 'big bang' began in the Summer of '99, with Rolt winning Sports Day. I must just add that watching girls such as Kater-Lyn Bonellie and Louise Milne (among others) in action, really gave meaning to the word 'SPRINT'. Rolt continued to sprint its way through the year, grabbing the titles for the Gala and Interhouse day, as well as winning the Efficiency Shield at the end of the second term.

The House Drama at the beginning of this year was a huge success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A big thank you must go to June Stanley, for allowing us to transform her back garden into a yellow paradise where girls in yellow T-shirts could run wild, literally.

Thereafter, Rolt ran all the way to stardom, on the night of Interhouse singing. Rolties, you were unbeatable and I will bet that after our rendition of *It's raining men*, even the stars in the sky were jiving!

Thank you all so much for your boundless enthusiasm, passionate commitment and never-say-die attitude. I cannot tell you all enough how proud I have been to be your House Captain over the past year. Someone once explained the difference between heroes and legends to me: they are both exceptional people, only heroes die and legends live on forever. Rolties, you are all little legends and the experiences that I have shared with you, all will live on in my heart forever.

So, farewell and all the best for next year. I shall miss you all very much.

Lauren Kohn

House Captain

*... that special unity
that binds us all together*



HOUSE REPORTS

Amongst other things, Jagger is blessed with a group of girls who will do anything to do their house proud. They fight to the end and never once do their enthusiasm and spirit levels waver.

We started off the year with the Annual Interhouse Sports Day where we looked very slick in our new green headbands. Although they did not really help us to put points on the scoreboard, they definitely helped us to increase the spirit. Our next big event was the Interhouse Swimming Gala. We put up a fight but experienced defeat in an event that is not our strongest. Once again the enthusiasm of the girls was most overwhelming and they proved that no task is impossible - even the Individual Medley (thanks Julia Thomas).

At the House Braai the spirit was high, the food was yummy and there was much fun. In fact we had so much fun that we decided not to raid Moniman who were in the next street. Butrey Spears had better watch out as we have some great impersonators amongst the juniors in our house.

At the Summer Sports' Day we 'strutted our stuff' on the squash, tennis and basketball courts and displayed great talent during the indoor and waterpolo matches. We were so good that we even managed to win the indoor hockey and squash.

At the end of a long second term the Jagger girls managed to scrape up all the enthusiasm they had left in themselves for the House Singing and Eisteddfod. And believe me, they still had a lot of that 'go-get 'em' attitude. We did go and get them and even though we were not awarded the cup, I still think that we were winners. On the night of the singing there was not a single thing that the girls could have done to make me feel more proud of Jagger. Our rendition of *Oklahoma!* was superb.

All in all, Jagger (in my eyes) has been the best house. I have thoroughly enjoyed being House Captain and will miss all my Jagger fans. Keep the spunk and individuality that you possess. Good Luck for next year and remember my saying:

'Go all out, or don't go out at all'.

Mikaela Burnett

House Captain

... together we make a light
a fire burning bright ...

JAGGER





This year has seen several changes in the house system, the first being that the lockers are now grouped according to houses. Our lockers are the most out of the way, so the Merriman girls have been the fittest and the skinniest this year.

Perhaps this is the reason we were a little lacking in energy when it came to sports' events this year. Rolf managed to beat us in both the fun sports' day at the end of 1998 and the swimming gala, although we were a close second (and our cheering was great).

As the year progressed, however, we proved that we had bigger fish to fry and we won, not only the Inter-house Singing which is probably the most competitive Inter-house event in the year, but we also won the entire Fisteddfod!

This year the EAO introduced the first Inter-house recycling competition, and we proved that we have enough energy to care about our environment by winning that, and Megan Lloyd-Roberts (our Chubby Bunny Champion) won the Inter-house Chubby Bunny competition for Merriman too.

This year the house trials were a great success. The Matrics had to 'welcome' both the Grade Eights and the Grade Nines with shaving cream and custard as the Grade Nines had not been 'welcomed' last year. Our house spirit

Merriman has definitely been a well-rounded house this year, excelling in many areas, and not being too hot in others (such as the general knowledge, or lack thereof).

Our house has met this year's changes and challenges with a phenomenal house spirit and loads of enthusiasm, and in short, it has been a fun, successful year for everyone. We wish our house as much luck and fun next year.

Michelle Aspinall
Samantha See
House Captains

*... we are taught
to be there for our friends ...*





EARTH ACTION CLUB COMMITTEE

Back Row: Z. Durniny, A. Haw, K. Chambers

Front Row: L. Botha, Miss S. Scarola, L. Elliot (Head)

This year has been extremely busy and successful for the Earth Action Club. We have been involved in activities ranging from combined Preparatory/Senior Clean Ups to Alien Hacking.

One of our main objectives this year was to create a greater awareness of the importance of recycling. The Inter-house Recycling Drive was a success and we donated the recycling matter to OASIS (a home for mentally handicapped people). Our other mission was to encourage respect, appreciation and enjoyment of the magnificent beauty which surrounds us. We, therefore, looked to the mountains and watched some breathtaking sunsets on top of Signal Hill.

A highlight of the year was indisputably the Cedarberg camp where a group of nineteen girls collected seeds of the endangered Cedar tree. We went with the Cedarberg Interest Group. The weather was stunning, the food was delicious (thanks to Miss Scarola) and the company and scenery were unforgettable.

The EAC responded to two devastating actualities this year: the fires and the oil spill. There was a combined B-shops/Herschel talk held at Herschel on how one can prevent these fires. We will soon be adopting a plot on Vlakerberg where we will be responsible for helping to restore the indigenous vegetation.



Mr Wrensch and Grade 11s planting trees on Table Mountain during the Enrichment Programme

EARTH ACTION CLUB

*... these will be friends forever.
forever ...*



*Cleaning Peter the Penguin
and all his friends*

The tragic oil spill touched many concerned citizens including the Herschel community. About forty girls went and assisted SANCCOB with the cleaning of penguins on two occasions.

This year has been 'jam-packed'. I have enjoyed leading this club and could not have done anything without my dedicated committee members. I am confident that the committee of 2000/2001 will raise the EAC to even greater heights. Keep up with the good work, and my parting advice is, RECYCLE.

Lauren Elliot
EAC Chairperson





FASHION FUSION



GRADE TEN DANCE

14 APRIL 2000

"I felt like royalty as my partner and I processed down the red carpet leading to the marquee."



Learning how to dance

For one anonymous Grade Ten and, I am certain, the rest of the Grade, this was the spectacular beginning to a magical evening. Passing under elegant ivy archways (fairy lights sparkling), each couple paraded along a red carpet lined with exotic garden torches. The shining, white marquee awaited them, complete with stylish bar tables and stools and a unique checked dance floor.

Scattered throughout the garden, the torches and tables presented the perfect venue for both the resting of tired feet and for socialising. A magnificent array of food, kindly provided for the dance by willing parents, was eagerly devoured.

Thank you to Mr Scott and the vigilant fathers who monitored the smooth running of the dance as we all enjoyed a most splendid evening. To both the parents' and girls' committees, we extend our appreciation and gratitude, as without them such true elegance could not have been realised.

Stacey van den Aardweg

Alison Bateman

Grade 10



Ballroom dancing lessons

GRADE 11 FASHION FUSION

The clapping, the screaming, the thumping music, the chaos and the pumping adrenaline would have been a confusing cocktail to anyone who had not been backstage on the nights of 17 and 18 February 2000 - the Grade Eleven *Fashion Fusion*. The entire standard was involved to create a catwalk extravaganza like none other seen before, with beautiful clothes from well known Devonish Square boutiques.

The stage was decorated in black, red and white, with the art department's own special flair and life size artworks giving the audience a taste of what was to come. Our competent technical team provided technologically advanced music with the aid of a clap, and lighting, which was adjusted to complement (with a dimmer switch) the ravishing models strutting their stuff on a specially constructed ramp.

The idea of the fashion show was to showcase the multitude of talents exhibited by the Grade Eleven group, such as supple dancers (creatively choreographed by themselves), melodious singers and musicians, and of course the models. Styles ranged from sporty (with rollerbladers and volleyball players) to sophisticated elegance, providing something for everyone. The use of male models contributed to the aim, which was to appeal to everyone.

The art girls adapted their talents to live entertainment, designing wearable artworks in the form of crosses made from recycled materials. These eye-catching outfits were held together by fate and sticky tape! Another innovation

was the involvement of several brave staff members and their children. Our own James Bond and his harem of stunning 'Bond girls' stalked across the stage, and were rewarded with wild applause.

The show was enjoyed by all and for this we thank Mrs Combrink, the mastermind and energy behind the whole show. Thank you, too, to Mr Hanger, the compere, and the group of mothers who organised clothes and makeup backstage.

Leontine De Sutter

Melissa Loudon

Olivia Rumble

Grade 11

BALLROOM DANCING

Ballroom Dancing was enjoyed by all this year. We had the pleasure of learning dances such as the waltz, the rumba, the jive and rock and roll variations partnered by roughly twenty Bishop's Matriculants. Although the girls usually ended up leading (due to the lack of skills from the boys side), there was a very relaxed atmosphere. We had a chance to socialise and make new friends. Thank you very much to Mr and Mrs Court who taught us and to Mrs Jason who organises this opportunity, which we recommend to the Grade Ten's of 2001.

Sarah Kevvy

Victoria Gull

Grade 10

INTERACT

"Man, you have been created in the image of a God who is love, with hands to give, a heart to love and two arms long enough to embrace each other"

The 1999/2000 Interact body started the year in a joint project with Outreach. We joined together in painting a mural with an Underwater theme at Sisters Incorporated a home for abused mothers and abandoned children. The day in the sun produced a beautiful painting for all to enjoy.

With Christmas just around the corner, Interactors spent their September holidays elbow deep in Christmas Pudding mixture. The Christmas Pudding mix is an annual project with Outreach. Interactors also helped in the selling of the puddings later on in the year. The girls also helped in creating a Christmas hamper for Rotary.

Interact ended off 1999 with the Christmas party. The party was a huge success with thirty children from Heatherdale pairing up with Interactors for a Christmas decorating workshop and a day filled with games. The children's excitement mounted when Father Christmas arrived with a bag full of presents. Presents were handed out and they all ripped the wrapping paper off their presents and then spent the rest of the day playing with them.

Our first project this year was a joint project with the Rondebosch Boys' High School Interact Club. After many meetings, the Vaalme's Dance was organised, which served as a fundraiser for the Interact Camp. The two committees spent the day decorating the hall with hearts and angels. The dance proved a great success with Interact raising about R5000.

The highlight of the year was most definitely the camp at Happy Haven, Glencairn. On 3 March we set off with forty children from Heatherdale and Marsh Memorial Homes, the Rondebosch boys and a trailer full of food.



INTERACT COMMITTEE

Back Row: C. Foden, J. Thomas, M. Harries, M. da Camara
Front Row: S. Stubbs, M. Steer (Head), Mrs S. de Villiers, B. Cochrane, Z. Durdla

On camp we swam, played games and visited the beach and 'scratch patch'. We also had a 'disco' and 'fashion show'. Interactors and children returned home after an exhausting, but unforgettable three days.

After the camp the Rondebosch boys invited us to join Gateway. It is a project where, every Tuesday, Interactors play stimulating games with mentally disabled adults.

We again teamed up with the Rondebosch boys at the Argus Cycle Tour, an event that we participate in each year. Interactors met at 05:00 in town and spent the day marshalling and helping riders into their gates.

We have also participated in the selling of Red Nose Day items and we raised R1200 for Child Welfare. We helped to man the Two Oceans Marathon and Big Walk watering stations. We baked biscuits for the Community Chest Carnival and sold hot chocolate in aid of cancer, making R427.

Street collecting this year was organised by Melissa Harries and Interactors gave up many Saturday mornings and raised funds for places

such as Sarah Fox, St Lukes, the S.P.C.A., Lifeline, the Friends of the Children's Hospital and many more.

We have held cake sales this year to raise funds for leprosy and cancer. We also held a coin laying for the S.A. Blind Workers' Association.

Interact has held a successful clothing drive for St Luke's Hospice with the school bringing enough clothes to fill up the St Luke's combi.

The Interact Club was approached by Mowbray Maternity Hospital to paint a room that was going to be used as a family room for consulting patients. Matriculant Interactors gave us some Friday afternoons to paint murals of elephants, mice, mushrooms and 'flowers around the room'. The paintings were outstanding and many of the passing doctors wanted to know if we were professional painters. Some of us were even lucky enough to view the wards and feed the newly born babies.

A new project is the Sandwich project. Every second Tuesday, under the organisation of Madalena da Camara, Interactors get together and make sandwiches that are taken to



Clothing Drive for St Luke's Hospice



Teddy Bear Patrol, ready for action!



Interacters with children from the Idorosi Memorial Homes



Interact President, Megan Steen, holding a newborn

Khayelitsha and distributed to disadvantaged school children. Our sincere thanks must go to the da Camara family who kindly donate the loaves of bread.

Interact has a new T-shirt this year. The committee thought up the slogan and design, using a design drawn by Bridget Cochran, Julia Thomas and Chloë Eoden successfully organised the T-shirt, which displays cartoon Interactors and our slogan 'Sharing is Caring'.

The Fun Frenzy Olympics was organised by the Rotary Club with Herschel, Bishops, Sans Souci and Cedar House Interact clubs. It was previously called the Odd Ball Olympics, but after many meetings the Olympics was transformed. There were four teams, each having ten Interactors and ten disadvantaged children who had been invited by the respective Interact club. Children won trophies and many other presents. The day was a wonderful success and was enjoyed by everyone who participated.

Interact has recently held a blanket collection for the Haven Night Shelter. The response has been overwhelming. The committee dropped off the blankets

and everyone was really thankful.

Thanks to the kind donation of a hand-painted blanket from Mervin Hugo, Interact was able to hold a raffle raising R4500, which is going towards buying shoes for the Shelter and baby food for Little Angels.

We held a teddy-bear collection for the 5Fm Teddy Bear Patrol. The teddybears are given to children who are victims of crime and I know that this project has warmed many hearts.

We will soon paint a mural on the Campground subway with the Bishops Interact Club.

The Interact club has had an extremely successful and enjoyable year. None of this would have been possible without the guidance and support of Mervin de Villiers and the hard work from the outgoing committee. The outgoing committee would like to wish the new committee the best of luck for the future.

Megan Steen
President

DEBATING

This is what we believe ...

"Good day Headmistress, teachers, parents and fellow students. As head of the Debating Club, I would like, in debate form, to look back on the debating season of 2000. What will differ from normal debates though, is the lack of tenacious counter-arguments, that characterised the debates of both the Senior and Junior Debating Teams this year.

It was this tenacity, the commitment of all involved and a real passion for debating that led the Herschel Teams to a few victories and many 'best speaker' awards. Although neither team made it through to the quarter-finals, each member of each team acquitted herself well and did Herschel proud.

The competition, in the form of Inter-school debates, is efficiently organised by the Rotary Club of Signal Hill. This year Herschel debated against Spine Road, Fairmont, DF Malan and St Cyprian's. Receiving the topics for debates was always interesting, and the topics proved quite challenging. The Seniors: Kathryn Grobler, Nathalie du Preez and Ilan Lauren Kohn and Karen van Wyk, who alternated, received topics like, 'The end of the Civil War has made the world more stable'; 'Extremism is necessary for progress' and 'Pluralistic societies should strive to build a common culture.'

The Junior Team comprising Stacey van der Aardweg, Julia Thorpe, Gail Womersley and Kate Johnson, had to debate issues such as 'Society of today is too permissive'; 'A house husband is an acceptable occupation in today's society' and 'Sport has suffered through commercialism.' Unfortunately for the Junior Team, the last mentioned topic was set for a debate a few weeks after Hansie's secrets were uncovered:

I will always remember those Monday night debates: whether we were receiving tips from the Junior Team on the critique of certain adjudicators, or

enjoying cake after debates or driving out in the school bus driven by Mr Wensch to Mitchell's Plain to debate; the Herschel spirit was alive and it always seemed as though both teams thoroughly enjoyed themselves, despite the shakes and the nerves that marked the beginning of all the evenings. "Courage is not the absence of fear, but the conquest of it" and I believe that each debator conquered her fears by standing up in front of opponents, adjudicators, audiences and delivering the best debates possible.

To Mrs Golding, for all your invaluable assistance and endless inspiration, thank you! We could not have done it without you. And to my fellow debaters: you were all stars that shone brightly, throughout the year, never failing to give of your best and to debate for Herschel, as though your life depended on it. Thank you."

Kathryn Grobler

Grade 12



SENIOR AND JUNIOR DEBATING TEAMS

Back Row: G. van den Aardweg, N. du Preez, L. Kohn
 Front Row: G. Womersley, Mrs A. Golding, K. Grobler (Head)
 Absent: J. Thorpe, K. Johnson, K. van Wyk



HISTORY SOCIETY

The History Society took over the reigns from the matriculants of 1999 in the Fourth Term of 1999. Nicola van der Lith was elected as the new Head of the society, Bonita de Silva as Deputy Head and Naseema Khamissa as Academic Advisor.

The first meeting was the delicious Crumpling Ruins event. All students taking History from Grade Ten were required to participate. They were asked to bake and design a cake that depicted an historical event or figure. There were lovely designs that transformed the Atrium into a colourful and historical showcase. The prize for the best cake went to Leonie Kidd and Pippa O'Donoghue (Grade Eleven).

The first meeting of the year was highly successful, once again involving food! The girls were asked to choose a country from which they would have to prepare indigenous food. The event was called The History Banquet, and was as exclusive as the name sounds! There was food from India, to food from Victorian England. The winners were as follows:

First Prize	India
Second Prize	China
Third Prize	Mexico

This meeting left the forthcoming events of the year with a lot to live up to!

Our next event was called, The Flowers of History and Literature. It was held in the Mary Jagger Hall, and was a beautiful event. Alice-Azania Jarvis with

her *Secret Garden* won this event.

Following these exciting events, we had a quiz for the Matriculants, known as The Specialist. This was won by Bonita de Silva and Naseema Khamissa. After this we had a parachute debate for the Grade Elevens, and then finally charades for the whole society.

This has been an exceptionally eventful year and has set a very high precedent for the years to follow.

Nicola van der Lith
Grade 12

THE HISTORY AND ART OUTING

On 18 February, the Grade Eleven Art and History girls went to Stellenbosch. It was an enjoyable and interesting day, where much was learnt.

Four houses, which spanned a period of one hundred and fifty years, were studied. This involved analysing the differences in architecture, facilities and ways of life.

Everyone found the outing worthwhile. The stunning buildings and exquisite gardens inspired the art girls to draw beautiful drawings and the history girls to learn all the fascinating details. Despite the heat everyone still worked hard. The day was a huge success and it could not have been so, without the enthusiasm of Mrs Beames and Miss Wolgemoed.

Tamryn Combrink
Grade 11

HISTORY AND ART

ART CLUB

The Art Club has brought together different Grades through a common interest in Art as a practical subject. The club is open to all pupils especially those who are unable to take Art as a subject and to the junior standards who only participate in art classes for a short period of time during the year. Senior art pupils are encouraged to join in order to build up work for their portfolios.

Various techniques and mediums such as pencil, wax, pastel and charcoal have been explored in the study of still-life painting and organic material.

A course was given in portraiture where the members learnt various steps on how to achieve the correct facial proportions and features. This proved to be a valuable session for the senior members and for those who found difficulty in doing portraits. The club has also contributed to local exhibits and competitions such as the One City Festival T-Shirt design.

I have seen great talent emerging from all members and I hope that this will continue to flourish and that girls will enjoy taking part in the artistic activities offered at Herschel.

Georgina Simpson
Art Club Leader



Grade 12 and 11 Art and History girls visiting Stellenbosch and surrounds



HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMMITTEE

Back Row: J. Kirkby, N. Govender, N. Khamissa
Front Row: B. de Silva, Mrs L. Galanakis, N. van der Lijf



ART CLUB COMMITTEE

Back Row: M. Burnett, L. Kidd
Front Row: G. Simpson (head), Miss N. Wegmoed, L. Kohn

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE CLUB



GREAT MINDS IN ACTION

J. Cruse, Z. Beyers, M. Aspinall,
N. Graham

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE CLUB

The General Knowledge Club has had very enthusiastic members this year who have entered all the competitions offered, probably as a result of our inspiring teacher-in-charge, Mervou Hugo, who has a fascination with what is going on in the world.

Thirty girls entered the Sanlam General Knowledge World Olympiad and were interested to learn about Canada's first currency and other information, which would usually be considered arbitrary.

Our knowledge of current affairs was challenged in an Inter-Schools Current Affairs competition held at Groote Schuur where our team, Nancy Graham, Zoë Beyers, Michelle Aspinall and Joanna Cruse, came thirteenth out of thirty schools.

The focus of this club has been current affairs, rather than general knowledge, and although most members have not found themselves participating in every quiz, most have learnt many current and historical facts that can enrich their lives.

Nancy Graham

Grade 12



PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB COMMITTEE

Back Row: C. Howard, J. Grouwstra
Front Row: S. Wesson (Head), Miss N. Welgenoord, S. Bal

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

As the committee of the photography club, our aim at the beginning of the year was to inspire the members to experiment with techniques and, above all, expand their knowledge.

With this in mind we arranged our first outing to Groenmarkt Square. We arrived in the morning and split into groups. Armed with our cameras and a roll of film, we set out. We met each other again at lunch time and discussed what we had done. It was so interesting to hear the different methods and approaches. Afterwards, we continued taking photographs. We left in the afternoon, tired but satisfied.

Later on in the week, we had a meeting to discuss our photographs. They had been very successful. Our next project was a pizza evening at which we ordered pizza and braved the formidable dark room. The girls brought negatives, which they developed themselves into black and white prints. We had a wonderful time and the prints were very impressive.

I hope that over the past year the girls have enjoyed themselves as much as I have. I wish the next leapor and committee much success and I hope that the girls' passion for this hobby will continue to grow.

Sarah Wesson

Grade 12

CABARET

An evening of supper-theatre was held in the Hersche' Atrium from '4 to '7 March.

This year the circle was the central symbol of the show. With the connotations of love, eternity and wholeness, the overall visual effect was enhanced by the pupils' artwork, hula-hoops, circles of night lights and a three-metre circular screen.

With a dynamic cast of one hundred and twenty singers, dancers and musicians (from the Senior and Preparatory schools) under the direction of Tessa Steyn and Simon Chapman, this show offered a range of music from Pachelbel's *Canon* to Britney Spear's *One More Time*.

Mrs T. Steyn
Cabaret Director



Lauren Steyn (above) and Cathon Middelmann (right) in action during the cabaret



TUCKSHOP

THE TUCKSHOP

The year started with Miss Thyra Smith taking over the tuckshop from Mrs Lones. Mrs Lones, our Business Economics teacher, has for the last six years inspired and motivated her pupils to run the tuckshop in a business related way. Miss Smith is now the head of the tuckshop and is doing a superb job co-ordinating the Grade Eleven Business Economics girls who work in the tuckshop.

The stock in the tuckshop has grown as a result of the requests by the girls. It now sells tea, coffee and hot chocolate, a variety of chocolate bars, chips, sweets, milkshakes, desserts and much more.

Pupils may pre-order hot and cold lunches such as soup and rolls, hot dogs, pies, salads, muffins and samosas. The girls, during the r breaks, collect these lunches from the tuckshop.

The girls in the school have always been devoted supporters of the tuckshop, which makes our job a very pleasant one. The girls are not paid to work in the tuckshop. However, they donate the profit, which they would have been paid, to a charity organisation of their choice.

Good luck to the heads of the tuckshop of 2001.

Cailey Gordon
Belquees Banderker
Grade 12

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

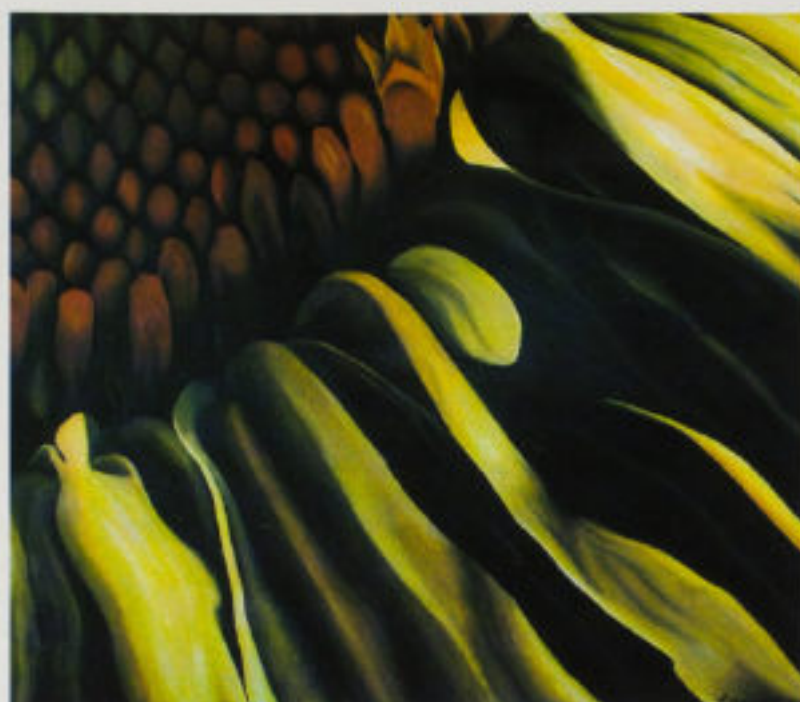


TUCKSHOP

Back Row:	H. Salo, A. Bider, J. Wolfe, I. van der Horst, C. Fouché, D. McDonald, K. Ellis
Second Row:	B. Lubelwana, J. Grobbelaar, L. Jenner-Clarke, B. Duffell, S. Hamerker
Front Row:	A. Taiep, Miss K. Abrahams, B. Banderker (Head), C. Gordon (Head), Miss T. Smith, H. Hill
Absent:	M. le Roux



Bronlyn Duffell providing a valuable service to her fellow pupils



Top Left: Klaudia Woixebanner
Grade 10
Bottom Left: Lauren Kohn
Grade 12

Top Right: Lauren Fillot
Grade 12
Bottom Right: Kim Whitaker
Grade 10

CREATIVE WRITING

THE DREAM

Walking down the corridor at school
 I walk into a wall
 Or so it seems.
 I look up, and through the blindness I see
 Two blue pools.
 I focus.
 I see that the wall is
 Him.
 The blue pools are his eyes, looking down at me
 Concerned.
 He is looking me, steadying me.
 He is saying something to me; I can't hear it.
 There is a ringing in my ears.
 He leans down tipping my chin; he closes his eyes
 and kisses me.
 I pinch myself in my bliss,
 just to see if it's a dream.
 It is!
 I wake up, looking straight into the eyes
 of my furious science teacher.

Linda Nishings

Grade 10

PORTRAIT OF AN ABANDONED CHILD

He stops
 Waits - then walks on as if what He saw He did not.
 It's too late. His eyes have seen me and He knows it.
 Indeed! He is aware of it
 He turns around as if someone has shouted out His name.
 It is my voice that calls Him
 Yet He looks away into the crowd -
 Then
 Our eyes meet and I call Him to me.
 Though uncomfortable He comes closer
 And then
 He stops
 He looks at me,
 He sees me,
 He sees
 Silence drifts between us
 And then as if what was - never was
 He turns around
 And walks away.

Joanna Hickey

Grade 10

UNFULFILLED EXPECTATION

Precious pebble plunges deep
 between thick pools of hope's enigma.
 Pure pleasure tainted
 by purple patterns
 Of violet-tinged secrets.
 It will wither up quietly
 amongst the petals of
 fallen flowers,
 whispering streams of reason
 through hives of honeyed expectation...
 But the window of winter awaits,
 wet lakes hang low
 and the apple stars
 string webs of barren sentiment
 among the waves
 of forgotten macadamia trees.

Emma Dodd

Grade 10

DEATH

crushing, cold
 still, calm, unmoving
 endless void of space
 peace

Mary-Kate Versveld

Grade 9



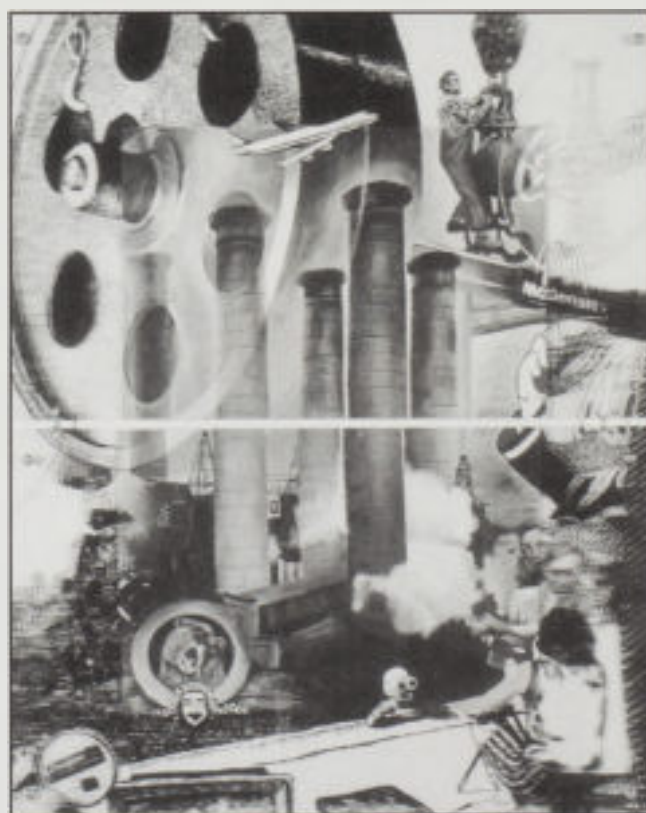
Lauren Kahn
 Grade 12

THE HUNT

Limbs agilely glance from beneath the
Prowling, stalking beast
Pungent scents slyly reek from its putrid breath,
Quietly slithering between the smooth ivory points
And plants, wary from experience,
Bow their fragile faces
Awestruck in respect
And fear
Dappling rays pour from the canopied foliage
Cleansing the dank jungle that is its home
And glittering fantastically
Over the smooth gradient of its back,
Its lustrous belt ripples, burnished and sleek
Slipping silently through the humid air
Harmoniously proportioned to perfection,
A symbol of captivating strength.
The shadowy curves upon its muscular belly
Whine and tremble,
Ever moving and changing position
As the creature strides on.
Its pillowed paws rhythmically beating
On the damp mossy earth
Ebony rimmed eyes blaze copper,
Flickering to spy its ill-fated prey,
Narrowing to scrutinize the dark undergrowth
And, suddenly, the black hollows dilate.
Glazed still,
Muscles ripple in anticipation.
A painted paw rises
Alloof and expectant . . .
Waiting.
A piercing sound
Slashes through the sweltering heat,
Slicing the dense air.
The metal point thuds deeply into the creature's side
Penetrating and excruciating
Crazed roars diminished into fearful,
Pleading gasps
And rotting vegetation collapses
As it lumbers awkwardly,
Seeking refuge,
A sanctuary never to be found
Eventually it ceases and slumps heavily,
To the ground.
The crimson liquid mercilessly spreads,
Creeping further and further away
From the limp body
And, with a final convuls on,
It lies,
Lifeless
Where once sheer power pulsed
Through every taut muscle and sinew,
A mere stiffening corpse remains
And as the flies settle,
To feed on the congealing blood,
The animal's dignity is entirely destroyed
And man's garish weapons
Reign Supreme
Kate Johnson
Grade 10

THE DREAM

As I sit and write this poem,
In my small protected cove,
I dream of nations far and wide,
Smothering themselves in pride.
The money, the fame,
All the trade which came.
But my heart is still waiting,
While the nations are debating
What about the homeless people?
They are still frail and feeble.
We forget just how privileged we are,
With all these gifts from afar.
We can read and write
Are sheltered day and night.
My dream goes on to war and salvation
Which ends in our own nation.
The difference between black and white
Deciding which way is right.
Why are we always choosing?
We mostly end up losing
My dream ends in peace,
I have left my body to freeze.
I awake to find my home
My small protected cove.
Mandy Heeger
Grade 10



Mikaela Burrell
Grade 12



Top: Emma Whitehead
Grade 10
Right: Kim Whitaker
Grade 10
Bottom: Klara cis Weixelsamer
Grade 10



Right: Marine Hazel
Grade 10
Bottom: Julia Thorpe
Grade 10



Top: Lynna Luft
Grade 10
Left: Tanya de Nobrega
Grade 10

HOW THE HYENA GOT HIS LAUGH

One day, long before man was on this earth, Guapi, the giraffe, was walking contentedly through the thorn trees. The sky was a brilliant blue, the grass stood tall and thick, and the birds sang proudly in the trees. Then, suddenly... WILAM! Guapi fell flat on his face, into some very recent rhino droppings, situated conveniently where Guapi had tripped. As Guapi staggered to his feet, he heard an unmistakable tell-tale chuckle from the bushes nearby.

"FISI!" yelled Guapi. "I'll get you back for that, you incorrigible hyena!"

"Oh no you won't!" Fisi chuckled as he leapt out from behind the bush, and scampered away.

"We really have to do something about this," muttered Guapi. "I know, I will call a council of the animals."

"Yes, Fisi does seem to be causing rather a problem," said Mjuko, the lion king. "I mean, he has been bothering the birds, teasing the tortoises, harassing the hippos and spying on the snakes. Something has to be done! Njovu, go and fetch Fisi. I will sort him out!"

When Fisi arrived, the king proceeded to tell him off and warned him never to play pranks again.

"All right, all right," said Fisi. "I will never play tricks on anyone again."

The King let him go with a sigh. "I hope he keeps his promise," he said.

A few weeks later, Fisi had been very good, but he was itching to play another prank.

"I am sure Mjuko will not mind if I play just one more prank," he told himself.

"In fact, I could play it on him, and then he would not be as cross, as if I had played it on another creature."

So, the next day, Fisi set off with a piece of meat stuffed with a bad tasting plant for the king.

"Here you are, sire," said Fisi. "I brought you some meat."

"Why thank you, Fisi. How kind of you to bring me this," said the poor unsuspecting king, thinking how nice it was that Fisi had turned over a new leaf.

"My pleasure," said Fisi, and scuttled behind a nearby bush to watch.

The king hungrily took a huge bite, chewed a bit, looked surprised and then spat it out with an angry roar.

"FISI!" he growled. "Come out from your hiding place at once."

Fisi crept out with his tail between his legs, still chuckling, because he couldn't help it.

"Now I have done it," he thought, "even though it was very funny."

"Fisi!" said the King, "I warned you about these pranks and you didn't listen. You will be punished for your stupidity. You will not be able to talk to the other animals anymore; you will only be able to laugh. Whenever you try to speak, you will only laugh, reminding you of your foolish pranks."



Frances Gainsborough
Grace 11

To this day, Fisi slinks around, has no friends, and steals from the other animals. And if you listen carefully, you will hear him chuckle. A mean laugh will fill the air, disgracing him forever.

Kate McMullen

Grace 8

WHY HYENA LAUGHS

Back in the Kingdom of Animals, where the sun rises each morning to banish the dark shadows of night, and where no man had ever laid foot, every animal lived in harmony. All the animals loved each other, and every morning at the rising of the sun, they would go down to the water hole to bid each other a very good morning. All, that is, besides Hyena. He would sit on his rock by the pool, preening his beautiful coat of golden fur, and bragging to all who would listen.

"Look at my coat!" he would say to Zebra, who happened to be passing by. "It is pure, golden and shiny, not striped and dull like yours."

No one liked Hyena's bragging, and they especially disliked his practical jokes. Tortoise would be on his way to the watering hole, when, all of a sudden, hyena would jump out of nowhere shouting "Bxu!". Tortoise would get such a fright, that he would topple over backwards. Then he would struggle all day to get back the right way round, until a passing animal would help him. All the while hyena would be watching from his rock by the pool, laughing at the predicament Tortoise was in.

On another occasion, Hyena had put honey in the trunk of a baobab tree. He sneaked quietly away, and went to his rock by the pool to watch.

Soon Antelope arrived, strutting tall and proud. He was on his way to the watering hole when he spotted the sun glint off something shiny in the trunk of the baobab tree. Curious as to what it was, he went to look. Imagine his surprise to find it was pure, sweet honey! Not having hands like Baboon, he stuck his head in the hole to get a lick...oh no! He was stuck! His horns had dug deep into the trunk and his head was too large to get out of the tiny hole. Screaming for help, all he could hear was distant laughter, Hyena's distant laughter.

Eventually, Monkey noticed what had happened, and he scampered away to tell the King of Beasts, mighty Lion. Lion roared and gathered up a few of the stronger animals to help pull Antelope out of the tree. When they had finally succeeded, mighty Lion, King of Beasts called a secret meeting at the water hole. All the animals attended, and when, finally, poor old Tortoise arrived, Lion called for attention.

"Animals of the Kingdom!" he roared, "Listen to what I have to say. We have had enough of Hyena's pranks and laughter!"

"Yes!" came the resounding cry from all animals, great and small.

"We have had enough of his boasting and bragging!" roared Lion, louder this time.

"Yes!" came the ear-shattering cry from the animals.

"And it is time we do something about it. This practical joke of his with Antelope was the last straw. I am sure each one of you has your own story of humiliation, and it is time we put a stop to our suffering. Who has any ideas as to what we can do?"

"Excuse me," cried Monkey, "but I think we should hang him by the tail from the tallest tree in the forest. That is what he did to me!"

"No. He will not learn from that," screeched Owl. "He would just make his pranks more painful when he got down. I say we lock him up in the cave with the tokoloshe for a while. That will show him!"

Ones of "Yes!" could be heard all over the Kingdom, but a tiny little voice said "No!". Lion, looking round, saw little Mouse shaking his little fist.

"What say you, little Mouse?" he asked, holding little Mouse on his giant paw.

"I say he needs to be caught out in his own game. We should play a prank on him, and see how he likes it!"

"Tell us how, little Mouse, tell us how," roared Lion, and little Mouse told all of his Grand Plan.

The next day, the Kingdom was filled with suspense as to what was to come. Finally, after what seemed like ages Lion gave the signal, and Giraffe came striding past Hyena's stone, and Hyena started bragging about his coat.

"Come tell me more of your coat, Hyena. Come here, I am very interested," said Giraffe, and beckoned for Hyena to join him.

Startled by this sudden show of interest, Hyena jumped off his rock by the pool to tell Giraffe of his magnificent coat. Monkey crept up from the reeds, his hands full of mud from the pool. He found Hyena's rock, and splattered mud all over it. Seeing Hyena return, he crept back into the reeds to watch. Just as Hyena sat back down on his beloved rock, they heard a great wail. The mud had ruined his great coat! From all over, animals crept out of their hiding places to watch and laugh at how Hyena was wailing in agony. They pointed and laughed to their hearts' content, until Lion strode forward.

"I hope you have learnt your lesson, Hyena," roared Lion. "It does not feel good to be a victim of a prank, and it certainly does not feel good to be laughed at."

Hyena looked around, and saw all his friends laughing at him. And they should be! He had been a horrible friend, and they had paid him back justly. Seeing the humour in the way he had acted and the way he was acting now, Hyena started to giggle. Soon, the giggle turned into a laugh, and the laugh grew louder and louder. To this day you can still hear Hyena laughing at how mean he had been, back in the Kingdom of Animals, where the sun rises each morning to banish the dark shadows of night, and where no man has ever laid foot, and every animal lives in harmony.

Melissa Nofdt

Grade 8



Top Left:

Andrea Larson
Grade 11

Top Right:

Chloe Hugo-Hamman
Grade 11

Bottom:

Olivia Kumble
Grade 11



THE MOST UNUSUAL TRAVELLING COMPANION

I visited my grandmother every year and each visit turned out to be a disaster. She lived on a smelly little farm, riddled with bleating sheep and scrawny looking cattle which grunted and mooed continuously, ensuring the unfortunate listener deafening days and sleepless nights. Even the journey to the farm was a nightmare. I had to travel by train, which meant being cooped up for two hours in a squashy compartment among smokers and unwashed bodies.

I stood at the train station with my luggage, patiently awaiting the dreaded two hour trip. The train was already twenty minutes late and I was sweltering in the heat. My legs ached and my head hurt too. Just as I was about to sit down, I heard a distant humming. This humming turned into a purr, then into a low growl, and finally into a deafening roar. My beastly chariot had arrived. The train pulled up with a shuddering screech. I gathered my bags together and then clambered aboard quickly, to find a comfortable, empty compartment before anyone else did. I marched to the end of the train and peered into the last 'room'. Empty. I sighed and hoisted my bags onto the shelf above my head. I then seated myself next to the window and gazed dreamily outside.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I jumped. Spinning around, I found a young looking Rastafarian smiling at me, his pearly white teeth glinting in the light. "Sorry I scared you, mon. Can I sit here?" Reluctantly I agreed. He placed his lathered backpack on the seat opposite me and then sat down next to it. He then opened it and pulled out

a long fluffy object. I could not help staring as it miraculously began to grow legs and a head rose up from under its body. The creature then proceeded to climb up onto the man's shoulder. I just sat there in amazement. "This is a Sibenian lemur," said the Rastafarian, obviously observing my curiosity. "And this," he said, digging around in his bag, "is a Geometric tortoise." In his palm nestled a tiny tortoise with a glistening shell. It looked like a tiny kaleidoscope on legs. "It's beautiful," I said "It seems so exotic!"

He smiled at me again. "Let me tell you about a really exotic animal," he said. "It is



Olivia Rumble
Grade 11

called the Gihleri Phoenix."

And so, as the long train ride began, I listened closely as he launched into a detailed story of a miraculous bird that he had found on a mountain in the Himalayas. The bird supposedly had magical powers and when it died it would set itself alight and a new bird would rise from the ashes. Its feathers were supposed to be made of gold and would bring people good luck. It was a ridiculous story, but nevertheless a very gripping one. When he was finished with his story, I just laughed in disbelief.

Just then, the train lurched and

came to a grinding halt causing the contents of his bag to spill out onto the floor. The Rastafarian swung his head around, his beaded hair swishing past his eyes. "This is my stop, mon," he said, peering at the signboard outside the window. He then crouched down on all fours and scooped up his belongings and shoved them back into his bag. "Well, I guess I will be going now. See you soon, mon!" He winked and before I could say goodbye he had disappeared.

"What a very strange character," I thought to myself as I glanced around the compartment. Just then, something shiny caught my eye. I crouched down to find out what it was. I stretched out my arm and picked up the object. It was cool, soft and rather heavy for its size. Reseating myself, I uncoupled my hand to reveal a long, thin, golden feather with a little piece of paper wrapped around it. I unrolled the yellowed paper with shaking hands and read the sprawling writing which said, "So... you do not believe me then, mon?"

Ariella Calra
Grade 8

THE PICTURE

A picture paints one thousand words,
And plays with many minds.
It's calm and rash and all at once
But to your mind it brings,
A sense of great imagination,
And one thousand different thoughts.
A fiery surge of raging passion,
And emotions of all sorts.
This picture paints my dearest friend,
And all these things applied
She put me first in every way,
And she helped me when I cried.
But most of all she accepted me,
For the person I became.
Although that picture faded now
I miss her all the same.

Megan Walwyn

Grade 10



Sonja van Niekerc
Grade 11

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

As I reach for the conventional light blue toothbrush, I happen to glance up at the mirror and find myself staring at a very familiar face - mine. It stares back at me, challenging me to express some form of emotion. I surrender a smile, much to its delight. It is almost as though it is a completely separate individual or entity, yet this is my face, and I know it well.

I grin and look at the scar on the right hand side of my forehead, which has been with me since I was four years old. It all happened when my mother took me to a carnival shop in Port Elizabeth, and in the queue was a hand rail. I had never been one to turn down a challenge, and therefore decided that it would be a perfect opportunity for me to attempt a double somersault. The result was inevitable. I fell face-first onto the hard cement paving and had to have twelve stitches.

As I travel down my face I come to my eyebrows, or what's left of them. Many people ask me why it is that they are so red, presumably expecting some macabre story involving me as a manic-depressant eyebrow plucker. The real reason is much less thrilling: they were simply inherited. I have learned that no matter how hard one tries you can never truly alter your predetermined genes.

However, having said that, I look at my 'surgically altered' ears. My ears stuck out a lot and I thus went, reluctantly, into surgery, and had them 'pinned back'. I had to wear a head bandage for a month afterwards. It was not an ideal circumstance for an adventurous little pre-schooler who hated being cooped up inside, and who, incidentally, was prone to stubborn and determined temper tantrums when teased. I smile with embarrassment and wonder at the memory.

I then glance at my freckles, with whom I have a love-hate relationship. I have never truly determined whether or not their company is welcome. They fade in and out during the changing seasons, and were thus from an early age my 'magic freckles'. Whether I like them or not, they are there and are a part of me.

I bring my hand up towards the mirror, towards the image of my face, and reach over to touch the reflected cheeks. The coldness of the mirror surprises me as I was not expecting this callous response, and it brings me back to the harshness of reality. This image had become so vibrant and life-like that I had half expected it to respond. This I attribute to the early hour of the morning and realise that though the mirror is a reflection of my physical self, it can never reflect who I really am. With that thought, I rinse out my mouth, and leave the bathroom ready to face a new day.

Gail Womersley
Grade 10

GREAT MUSIC, GREAT PERFORMER

It was late afternoon, and the world was tired. She could see it in the slouching drabness of the London buildings, in the heavy leaden clouds that filtered metallic light onto the city, into her window. The walls of the small room sagged in on her, exhaling the stale smell of old cigarette smoke. The naked bulb hanging from the ceiling had been broken for months she realised, but no-one seemed to mind that it was too dim in the room to read music. The high corners of the room were shadowy with damp, and paint flaked like dandruff off the walls. She sat on the stool and opened the lid of the battered grand piano. With an ac glint of laughter she saw that it was a Steinway, with four strings broken and ivory coming off the keys. She began to play.

The audience sat, she found. Into the hapt silence fell the soft notes of a piano, so achingly lovely that each separate heart was pierced and healed again in a pittersweet moment of pure bliss. The notes lingered a little while, died, and were replaced by others, footing, leaving only a memory. It was as if she created emotions out of thin air, and somehow spread them to the people sitting in the hall. A note dropped into the pool of air, and ripples of feeling traveled outwards from the point of their making. She was lost in the Rhapsody, distanced from the earth for five precious minutes of her own form of perfection, a paradise of sound. And as she played, her deepest thoughts and integral feelings caught hold of the notes, and her own layers of resistance ceased to exist. Her heart was bare for all to see, and in the silence before and after every note was the promise of another, more beautiful one, to be treasured by ear and heart and mind forever.

She stopped playing. Although her eyes had been closed, the twilight was visible beyond her eyelids. Instinctively she knew that it was seven o'clock, that she had missed supper, and that she only had money enough for her train ticket home. She got up stiffly and swung her music bag over her shoulder. The door closed loudly behind her, and the echoes followed her down the dingy corridor. Posters of long-ago concerts flapped listlessly in the wake of her passing. In the entrance hall of the college, she glanced momentarily at the posters advertising concerts given by the successful ones: the shining talents, the 'naturals', the prodigies. A look of pain and bitter disillusionment flickered in her eyes, and gave way to the tired, disheartened expression they usually wore. At the door, she paused a moment to search her bag for cigarettes. She found a bent one, straightened it and shouldered the door aside. Standing on the top step she lit the cigarette and inhaled deeply. The chilly wind caught the smoke as she blew it out; it was the ghost of a dream dissolving in the bitter air.

Zoë Beyers

Grade 12

THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS A CHILD NEEDS - ROOTS AND WINGS!

Roots are there to stabilize people and to help them start off their lives. If you think about plants, they could not survive without their roots. But in a way they are bound to the ground by them, lacking freedom. For five or more years of a child's life, parents help them to grow. They water them with kindness and feed them with knowledge. As a result of their parents' and friends' love, for these years, a chance of roots is growing, unseen. The first set of roots stabilizes the child.

Some parents may feed or water these roots too little. If this happens the child has little nourishment and can become, as a plant, weaker and wither away. Growth is stunted and therefore there is not enough nourishment for the invisible beginnings of the wings.

Sometimes roots can even be watered too much. They start to get entangled. This is the point at which life can become confusing and a little unsteady. It is time for the plant or child to grow up, to 'get off the ground'. This is where the wings come in. As Dr. Seuss says in one of his books, "Wings, wings, wings! They are wonderful 'flying things'!" But he also tells us that wings can come in a different shapes and sizes, since everyone is different. Often when you think of wings, you usually think of birds and butterflies, 'flying in the sky, free!' In people's lives their wings are also about freedom. Wings symbolize independence and a CHOICE! Parents have to let their children grow their wings without clipping them like a parrot, so that they cannot fly. They have to let their 'little babies' grow up!

When I turned thirteen, my mom gave me a chance to grow my wings. I went through a very hard period in my life, trying to become independent. My school marks dropped and I lost contact with friends. I started to believe that I had made the wrong decisions or perhaps I was going about it in the wrong way. Perhaps independence was not about being alone.

I still persisted in trying to find my wings. Slowly my marks improved and I made some really good friends. I was growing 'my wings'! But, do not think they just cooped out and I flew away! I worked on my knowledge, honesty, sincerity, kindness and even my personality.

My parents' faith in me helped me learn how to fly. Now, as I stand here with wings outstretched and my feet only just on the ground, I say to you: PARENTS GIVE THEIR CHILDREN ROOTS, BUT ONLY WE CAN MAKE OUR WINGS GROW!

Jennifer Steyn

Grade 9



Erinna Dodd
Grade 10

The Roman in me sees the bone structure of each sentence, peeling back layers of metaphor and imagery until the true meaning of each individual word becomes transparent. Each phrase is breathtakingly beautiful in its clarity. Superfluous words fall away as in Latin; every word carries weight and value. The subtle, compelling rhythm of Vergil echoes in my mind. Something in me responds to the sound of the half-familiar words, like the memory of music heard before birth. In my mind I pronounce the dead words as though I am the Roman of my long-distant past, and bring them to life in my imagination. But always, I speak with somebody else's voice, using somebody else's words.

My French blood delights in smooth, lyrical elisions and delicate nuance. The mysterious, underlying current of music in language tantalises me. I love the way words feel as they form in my mouth, the way they sound when I give them voice. Their refinement entrances me, and I fall, happily bewitched, under the subtle spell of words I do not even understand. In contrast, the German in me sees both the razor-sharp crispness and the soft sentiment of language. It is German, the language of the greatest composers, whom I worship, which reminds me of the reverence of words, of stately cadences containing deep, powerful meanings and deep, sincere truths. But they are not my own meanings and not my own truths.

In the Dutch and Afrikaans corners of my mind lies the appreciation of humour, of the ironic twist of words and the sting of sarcasm or satire. I delight in wry, subdued wit and veiled mockery, pithy epigrams and wistful understatements. But not even in the language of my parents can I say what I mean, and mean what I say. Although I speak English, I feel as though everything I say has been said before by someone. The language that Shakespeare made to soar like a bird is heavy on my tongue, and my thoughts are hemmed in by hundreds of phrases that almost, but never quite, capture my true feelings. English is the language of my frustration. I cannot say that I communicate in English as I miscommunicate my thoughts and feelings in the beautiful words, stolen from so many other languages.

What, then, is left to me that enables me to say what I really mean? What can I do when the languages in me have no way of reaching others? They say a picture is worth a thousand words, but I say that a note of music is worth a million pictures. Into a single, small note I can pour all my emotions, and all my frustrated attempts at expressing the truth in words are forgotten. Music is the universal language, the creation of pure emotion from thin air and, like air, it is essential for living. For how, in any other way, can a human reach the heart of another in a way that is never misinterpreted, never hurtful, always truthful? Music is the language of my thoughts, my imagination, my soul, my heart; the only true language in me.

Zoë Beyers
Grade 12

Somewhere inside me, buried deep in the bottom-most layer of my composite memory, lie the languages of which I am made: the languages of my ancestors. Their memories form my own personal *déjà vu*, when I suddenly, inexplicably, understand a word or a phrase in a language which I cannot speak; it is their gift from the past. Perhaps this is the reason for my love of languages, my passion for the sound of words, the music of a voice when someone speaks. I am steeped in expressions: why, then, can I never express myself in words?

THE LANGUAGES WITHIN ME



Andrea Larsen
Grade 11

LOVE.EXE

She should have realised; she knew in retrospect long before she did. His complete absorption as he watched her stumble through her presentation, his grey eyes fixed on hers, had neither concealed his attraction to her, nor attempted to, and she smiled now at her naivety. She remembered the presentation clearly, and his comment to her afterwards. Her topic had been 'fuzzy logic', and he had said how typical of a woman her choice was.

She had replied, shyly at first, that though it may have been a typical woman's choice for her it was unusual even uncharacteristic. His confidence in reading her character without knowing her both amused and irritated her, as did his implication that she was typically feminine. In her remote home town, her isolated work and her dedication bemused and repelled most potential suitors, and her uneasiness with men made her defiant of her femininity. She had always distrusted romance, preferring to think of life as something over which she had ultimate conscious control, like the programmes that were her passion.

He, too, was unmoved by romance, and his method of seduction was characteristically direct, though circumstances made it awkward. The college, though usually liberal, had strict rules about relationships between lecturers and students. As a result, she was oblivious of his charms, and his attraction to her, until the moment when, leaving the classroom late one evening, she glanced up to see him waiting for her in the doorway.

Two weeks later, on a train bound out of the city towards her home, she reflected on what had passed between them. She was elated, stunned by the immersivity of the experience. Her memories already hazy with the gold dust of nostalgia. She shivered at the recollection yet she was wary, recognising the truth in his admission that commitment required sacrifices neither of them were prepared to make. She instructed her emotions accordingly, yet she could not help feeling some connexion, not emotional, but above the purely physical, enhanced their compatibility.

He, too, was involved with computers, working as a researcher when he was not lecturing. His field was Evolutionary Computations, a sophisticated form of artificial intelligence that was responsible for the origin of the machines-ruling-the-world genre of Science Fiction novels. He was four years her senior and an academic of world renown, successful, capable and controlled in his work and his social interactions. The change he underwent when they were together was, therefore, unexpected though not inexplicable.

Alone, their kisses were stolen, urgently physical, never awkward or sugary with romance, but bittersweet and thrillingly edgy. Around other people, they could discuss subjects of mutual intellectual interest with flawless consideration and attention to protocol, and she emerged outwardly intact, though inwardly screaming.

All the same, she hoarded those memories and they blossomed in her mind, impregnating everything with their heady scent. They corresponded via e-mail, exchanging little more, at first, than pleasant trivialities and details of their work. She read his messages eagerly, and was encouraged enough to attempt her own evolutionary family of programmes, which played noughts-and-crosses against each other. Her attachment to them was touching, and she indulged her feminine side by allowing herself to think of them as her children by him. With characteristic irony, their design was such that the stronger ones, or 'winners', regularly killed off the weaker 'losers' in the interest of progress.

Time tamed her memories, and her imagination polished them with a kaleidoscopic sheen of fantasy. Her mental picture of him mutated subtly, and their communication changed its tune. It became gradually more emotional, even devoted, caution and correctness slipping away, and she began to fancy herself in love. He, too, seemed to sense it, and she felt as if the more his character unfolded, in her mind and in his letters, the more they dove-tailed.

She remembered one letter a week before her return to college, where they had discussed their first meeting. She had asked what had first attracted him to her, and he had selected her dark hair, steeped in a stream of sunlight as the first, unforgettable moment. Now she remembered that the classroom had been a basement, lit only by harsh fluorescents, but wondered that the image seemed so familiar to her.

She soared, high on a cocktail of intense emotion, the heady drug of first love, immortal. The day the letter arrived, she was packing to return to college, apprehension and emotion balanced on the edge of a knife. It was printed on cheap blue paper, with a return address and she tore it open carelessly.

His neighbour, who wished to retain his anonymity, was writing to inform her of his death. Suicide. Three months ago. There was a floppy disk in the envelope, and she slipped it into the drive with a sense of predestination. It contained only one file, one of his evolutionary programmes. It was called Love.Exe.

Melissa Loudon

Grade 11

THE SKY

The sky has always fascinated me. It still does. When I was little someone told me that the sky was blue because it reflected the sea. Someone else told me that the sea was blue because it reflected the sky.

Last holiday my family and I went to Namibia. For a few days we stayed in an old house on the fringe of the Namib Desert. Here, the sky was so spectacular that I have decided to dedicate this piece solely to it.

In the young hours of the morning a grey mist settles in, enveloping the house in a vast, white blanket. Gradually the sun begins to creep higher in the sky, breaking the grey monotony and adding a touch of cool silver to the earth. In the short space of a few minutes the earth is transformed.

As the morning wears on, the glistening dew evaporates and the earth is no longer basked in a silver light, but in a warm golden one. The ground begins to heat up and lying on it, I feel a soft tingling sensation spreading up my fingers, up my arms and filling my body with a lazy contentment. The grey sky of the early morning appears to have left and the sky is dominated by a vivid turquoise, and punctuated with fluffy white clouds.

The sun continues on its journey, following the arch of the sky until it is shining down from the apex of the sky. It is exactly twelve o'clock midday. The turquoise has now changed to a deep blue and there is not a cloud to be seen, giving the sky a desert-like appearance. The full heat of the day beats down, scorching hard ground and withering the plants.

In the late afternoon the air is hot and close, and grey storm clouds gather. In a flash of lightning the earth is transformed yet again - this time to a blur of colour and rain. I look up and see the sun is still shining down, despite the sudden desert storm.

The storm lasts only ten minutes and soon a calm falls over the land once again. The only reminder of the storm is a faded rainbow against the dusty blue sky.

Dusk is falling and the sky now consists of three strips of colour which gently fade into each other: a dark royal blue, a dark turquoise and an eerie, bright green. Three lonely stars sparkle in the sky and the old house looms up from the ground in silhouette. Soon a new sky is formed, which is almost unrecognisable as the sky of a few minutes ago. This one is a soft pink, blue and gold one, with a hint of violet on the horizon which steadily grows until the sky is a mixture of dark blue and purple.

Finally, the purple disappears and patches of blue velvety sky are visible through clusters of millions upon millions of tiny, twinkling, silver stars.

Alice-Azania Jarvis

Grade 10

CORRUPTION MUST GO

Corruption! It's everywhere. My world has been blanketed in a dark fog of wickedness. I can smell it. I can feel it. I can even taste it. It has not always been this way, of course. It started gradually at first, over a few months ago. But now it has reached its peak, I fear.

I first began to notice it in my Mother. Her eyes became all watery, yet her cheeks were always flushed and her skin glowing. I do not know why though, because she had become so lazy. There were no more walks in the park for me and certainly no running races or 'ring-a-rosie'. Instead she would sit all day with her feet up in the air. But what was most absurd was her stomach. It, it well, began to GROW! No really, scout's honour! And as it grew, so the corruption of our house began.

Soon Dad was hooked too. His greatest crime was the deliberate disappearance of my usual bedtime stories. Instead of wild dragons and princesses, there came these wildly illogical, ridiculous stories about some stupid bird (a stork I think) bringing me some silly present. Some present I got! Strange, forgotten relatives bringing great objects of different shapes and sizes in bright paper. But nothing for me, oh no, I was not important. Soon came the greatest immorality of all, the 'double-crossing of the cake'. My own Mother bought this enormous cake covered in pink and blue icing, only to be whisked away straight past me and into a room filled with my Mother's gushing friends. Of all the nerve!

And then came D-Day, 'the discrimination against me day', poor innocent me! I remember that cruel, heartless day very well. These 'great' parents of mine left me alone with Grandma and Grandpa, who had gone absolutely mad, running around phoning people, crying and laughing. But finally they came home, and all I got was a lousy pat on the head, while they ran upstairs and into the spare room. Obviously it was a symbol, a symbol that the end was near.

Then that night as I was lying innocently in my bed, I heard this noise. It was a loud howl coming from the newly pink-painted spare room. It was definitely their armies getting ready for me. But I knew better, I plotted my counter attack!

When the noise died down, I crept out of my room and into the 'pink forbidden den'. And there it was, in a bundle of new blankets. I held my breath and peered down at the unknown ... and it looked straight back at me! It gurgled and held out its tiny hand.

I thought to myself that this corruption could stay as long as it wanted.

Frances Gair

Grade 11

It was the big night. It was do or die. If I won, it meant a scholarship to Interlochen in America, but if I did not, it meant I was yet another musician who had tried hard but failed miserably. The concert-hall was full of other critical musicians, friends of mine and of course my loyal family. There was a feeling of happiness and excitement in the air, but inside I was a bunch of trembling nerves.

There had been a count-down to this very important competition. I had marked off the months, weeks and days on my Strauss calendar in my bedroom. Now the performance was only seconds away. I stood backstage, all dressed up in my old matric dance dress with gloves to keep my fingers warm. I hate to admit it, but at this stage, winning was all that mattered. All the endless days and nights of practising religiously would prove to be utterly pointless, unless I came first and won the bursary.

I walked onto the daunting stage and took a bow. In the corner of my eyes I could see all my competitors in the wings, waiting for me to make a mistake. It is a sad reality, but I think all performers wait for their peers to make a mistake, however small it may be. It makes you feel more confident that you will not be the only one. Ironically, half the time you make a mistake, only your teacher and you know about it.

The piece that I was to perform was Elgar's famous *Cello Concerto in E minor*. I vividly remember sitting down on my raised, black, padded seat with my cello, and even though there were 1500 members of the audience, all dressed up to hear me, it was irrelevant. I had my 'cello, my bow from Austria and the music. That was all that I needed to transfer myself to another level of existence.

I was in control of everyone. As I lifted my bow to play the dramatic and powerful opening chords, there was absolute silence in the audience. There was only a wonderful sound of the orchestra and my beloved cello singing sweetly. During the twenty-one minute performance, I was not really conscious. The notes were so programmed into my fingers and bow arm that they just flowed freely. The music just seemed to pour from my soul and mingle in the stunning harmonies.

This was wonderful for the first 900 or so bars. I did not know then, I am still not sure why, but at the 1000th bar I just lost control. My spike, which I had just earlier sharpened to make perfectly sure that it would not slip, slipped about an inch forward causing the next eight bars to be a semi-tone flat, as my left hand was trying to play and hold the cello up simultaneously.

Fortunately, I had a couple of beats' rest while the orchestra showed their talents and I was able to recover and come in correctly for my next entry. This little incident unsettled me and as a result, my fingers started doing natural vibrato as they were shaking uncontrollably!

I continued playing, as I was always told by an old music teacher that the art of performing is in the ability to recover and carry on playing, regardless of what may happen.

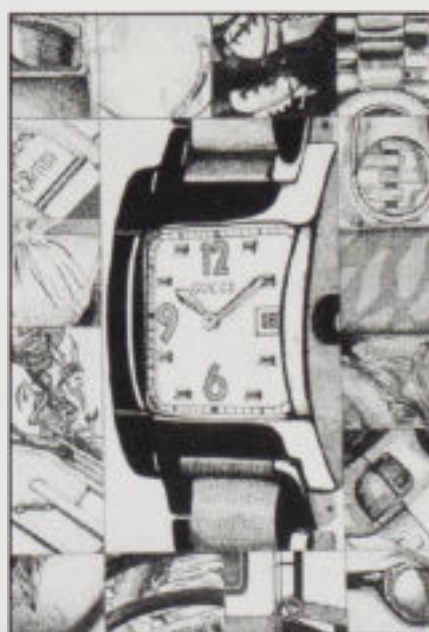
Everything was once again on track, that is, until the 2000th bar. Here, I lost consciousness. Apparently, according to my teacher, I did not stop playing, but I still remember coming out of complete darkness and not knowing whether I was playing or not. I carried on playing, because what else can one do when one is the centre of attention on stage? In the back of my mind, I thought that I had somehow been cursed. That a feeling that at every 1000 bars something dreadful would happen, something that I had no control over, whatsoever.

The next 1000 mark loomed near and I was nervous to think about what might happen next. Funnily, the opposite happened to what I had expected, and at bar 3000 something strange yet fantastic happened. I finally understood what music was all about. I had always believed that it was only worth studying music and making it your life if you won all the competitions and everyone knew who you were. That may be the pleasant part of music, but I had a revelation and realised that music should rather be about oneself. All music should reflect something of the musician and more importantly come from the heart and soul. It is all very well being technically brilliant, but anyone can do that with enough practice. The key about real music is emotion and passion.

I did not win the competition in the end. Some extremely talented young clarinettist won it. But I felt that I had won in my own heart. So what if I did not get a scholarship to Interlochen. That does not make me a bad musician. At least now I know something that Interlochen may not have been able to teach me. I learnt what music is all about.

Caryn Buchanan
Grade 12

Lauren Urquhart
Grade 11



GUIDE FOR TODAY'S TEENAGERS: HOW TO SURVIVE ONE'S PARENTS

These erratic creatures, also known as parents, should be approached with extreme caution, as they are either Highly Flammable (usually mothers) or Armed and Dangerous (usually fathers). Here follow five simple survival rules.

Rule One

Never intentionally 'light a match' or 'push a button'; that is, never ask a question or favour at the 'wrong time', such as "Umm, I need some money for tonight", just as your parents are reviewing the demands of the Receiver of Revenue, as this is likely to be met with sparks: "Do you KNOW how much I have just spent on you this month!" by a frazzled mother, or small omissions of ammunition: "Are you OUT OF YOUR MIND!" by a bullet-eyed father.

Rule Two

It must be noted, however, that there are some questions or apologies for which there will never be a 'right time' to mention. These types of demands or statements are known as 'Instant Armed Response Alarms' or 'Highly Explosive Bombs' and should be avoided where possible, or, where inevitable, supported by many, MANY reasons.

The first type is the apology, as mumbled to a father, for example: "Dad, I am REALLY sorry but I, um, kind of, well, took the car out last night and umm, accidentally, umm, you know, crashed it." This is like pressing what you think is a tiny button on the switchboard of your father's defence system, but in fact this little button is linked to a number of GIGANTIC buttons, such as: 'LENDING OF MOVING VEHICLES TO IRRRESPONSIBLE TEENAGERS.' The result is the 'letting off' of a deathly silent alarm, followed by a deafening siren that could leave your ears and your bank balance ringing for weeks, months or even years afterwards.

The second type is the question as posed to a mother, for example: "Can I spend the night at my new boyfriend's house tonight?" This is like lighting what you are sure is just a minute bomb, when in fact it is all that is needed to blow up and/or set fire to an entire country. Like fire igniting a trail of paraffin or the growing 'mushroom' effect of an atom bomb, this question gathers more and more small issues as it goes along, such as: "Who is this new boyfriend anyway? Why does my child want to go to this person's house? Where will she sleep? Will she sleep?" (you get the idea!). At this point you will suddenly be enveloped by a blaze or nuclear explosion that will probably leave you in a very bad state.

When having said or asked these out of what you feel is necessity, brace yourself for the worst and find shelter behind the shield and hope that one day (soon) this phase of friction will pass and you will laugh about it with your parents. If possible, laugh to yourself at this time as well, but NEVER OUT LOUD. Or you could always imagine your parents naked, but that is likely to have a more devastating effect on you than what they actually have to say or yell.

Rule Three

Some jokes will never be amusing to your parents, such as "Dad, can I take your new BMW to town tonight?" or "Look Mom, I am pregnant." Bite your tongue and JUST KEEP THESE TO YOURSELF... even if you do think the expression on their faces will be enough to keep you laughing for a week.

Rule Four

Be patient with your parents. Remember that they are older than you and therefore wiser... or just more senile. They may ask you the same things more than once or give you unreasonable curfews or embarrass you or annoy you, but they are, after all, your parents and there is not much you can do about it... unless of course, you live in America, in which case you could sue them for everything they are worth.

Rule Five

"What goes around comes around." Do you think you would like to have a child like you?

Marisa Copley

Grade 12



Josian Heyerdahl
Grade 11

ESSAY ON RACIAL PREJUDICE

To understand the role that racial prejudice, and prejudice in general, plays in the novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*, one must first come to understand the meaning and comprehend the consequences of the word 'prejudice'. Prejudice is described as "a pre-conceived opinion" in the Oxford English Dictionary. This implies that one forms an opinion about another person or situation before familiarising oneself with the person concerned or the facts involved. In such an instance, one's mindset is either too stubborn to accept a change in opinion or one has one's own opinion too deeply imbedded that one cannot be swayed to accommodate or accept a reassessment of a person or a situation. Racial prejudice would therefore be a biased opinion based on skin colour other than morals, and other deciding factors. An excellent example depicting the issue of racial prejudice in *To Kill a Mockingbird* is the trial of Tom Robinson.

Tom Robinson was a black man accused of rape. He and his community felt he was being discriminated against by the town of Maycomb because he was black. This prejudice interfered with the proceedings of the case of rape against him. Blacks were generally and collectively believed by white people to be dishonest and unworthy and thus his testimony was not fully believed by the jury, which consisted exclusively of white people. The eventual outcome of the trial was a death penalty which could possibly have been commuted to a life sentence.

A second type of prejudice was levelled against Mr Ewell and his family, in particular his daughter Mayella. She was supposedly the 'victim' of a violent 'rape'. Even though the Ewells are described as a white family, they were categorised as undesirable and unearthy by the citizens of Maycomb. This opinion was based on the Ewells' standard of living, their living conditions and morals. They were the result of class prejudice. However, despite these facts, in terms of racial prejudice, as they were white, they were 'favoured'. Consequently, they won the trial against Tom Robinson and an innocent man was convicted. Thus, racial prejudice has dictated the justice of a trial and therefore played a major role in the novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

There are other examples of characteristics or elements of prejudice that are of equal relevance and importance, the most frequent of which is 'grouping'. The first example of this aspect is when Calpurnia, the black housekeeper, took Jem and Scout (the white children of her employer) to the church in her community (a black church). By doing this, a 'code' (something that bonds a group of people together) was broken. This is illustrated by the statement made by Lula, "I wants to know what you doing bringin' white children to a nigger church... they got their church and we got ours." Also, Calpurnia speaks in a different manner while amongst her own people - another characteristic of 'grouping'.

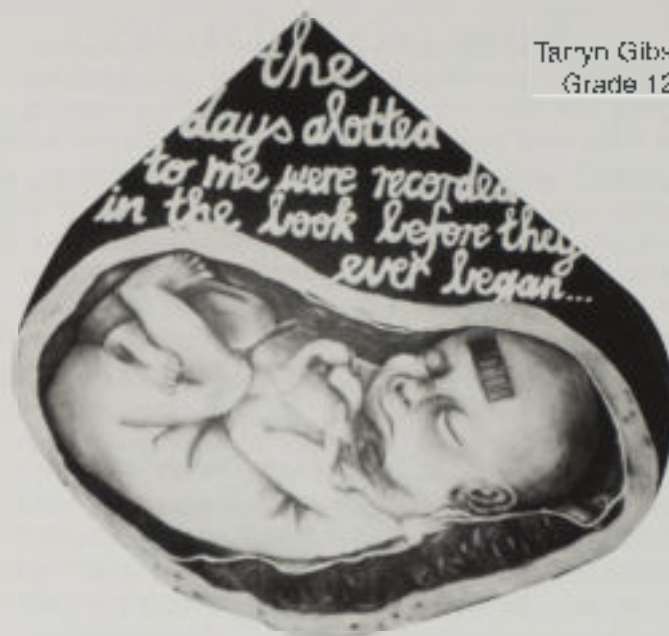
The second area in which racial prejudice is seen, is the use of a 'scapegoat'. This means people blame one another and make excuses for their behaviour in order to avoid the truth. This is noticeable in the conversation between the men in the bar at the courthouse at the end of the lunch break. They try to excuse the fact that Atticus is wisely defending a black person by saying the following, "... the court appointed him to defend that nigger..." and are therefore blaming the court instead of possibly believing that Atticus could ever have chosen to do this of his own free will.

The final contributing element that completes racial prejudice is fear. Fear makes us form groups, as a danger confronted by a group is more easily beaten. (Fear is a basic instinct and even animals form groups to attack or defend in fear). Aunt Alexandra and her family were afraid of being isolated as a result of Atticus' involvement in the trial of a 'nigger' and thus they said, "you nigger-lover... you mortify the rest of the family". A second example is when Mr Cunningham led a group with the intention of hearing in Tom Robinson. Fear comes from a lack of knowledge as if you do not know what you are up against, it is very difficult to relate to or defend yourself.

The essence of *To Kill a Mockingbird* is the interplay between different types of prejudices.

Michaela Prestedge

Grade 9



Taryn Gibson
Grade 12

LIFE-LONG MYOPIA

The sight of an optometrist's testing board is probably as scary for me as hearing Christmas Carols is for a fat turkey. It is a feeling of knowing I am dead before ever trying. Having been born chronically myopic, I know that I fail that test every time, and it is quite a touchy subject that brings all sorts of strange feelings of inadequacy to the surface. Most people take perfect vision for granted and so do not understand the trials and tribulations of my life-long burden.

I discovered that I was not like everybody else at the age of five. In pre-primary school we always used to play a game where you had to identify pictures on a flashcard that the teacher held up. The person who said it first got a point, but if you got it wrong, you were 'out' and had to sit on the 'naughty bench'. Being me (a rather loud individual), I always shouted my answer first, which, unfortunately, was always wrong, as I could not actually see the card. The result was that I spent the first six-months of pre-primary school sitting on the 'naughty bench' thinking I was naughty and stupid, until one day my saviour came in the form of a lady testing for remedial problems. When it was my turn to be tested for dyslexia, I could not actually see the writing on the board! Luckily she realised I had an eyesight problem and wrote a letter to my mother in which she strongly recommended that I get my eyes tested. Bingo! - A few weeks later I was sitting with the rest of the class (not on the 'naughty bench') with my very own pair of 'trendy' pink glasses!

Some years went by and I realised that I could see the snow on the Hottentots Holland mountains from our lounge window and trees really did have leaves from a distance. As my confidence grew, I hit the next

problem: my right eye was starting to go squint because of the great difference in strength between the left and right lenses in my glasses. My optometrist suggested that I try contact lenses. At the age of eight, this was the dawning of a whole new era for me, an era that has lasted nearly ten years. This was the era of eternal 'pflaffing' with contact lens solution, being late for lights out in my boarding house (due to contact lens complications), losing lenses in water/milk/matches and shoving lenses into tired eyes.

When I was fourteen, I got an eye infection in one eye and could not wear my contact lenses for six weeks. Being too vain to wear glasses, I spent the entire December holiday wearing only one contact lens, and was continually bounding up to the wrong people at parties. More recently, I was staying in Plettenberg Bay with a few friends, and one night we came home rather late. I was too tired to take out my contact lenses before going to bed. The next morning, having forgotten I had slept with my contact lenses in, I woke up being able to see perfectly. I thought I had been miraculously cured overnight!

Soon, I hope to be entering the next phase, which is the perfect-vision-thanks-to-laser-surgery phase. Finally my cupboards will be free of Bausch and Lomb contact lens products forever and I will never wave at the wrong person again! I will no longer fear my visits to the optometrist, and my vision will be perfect for ever and ever ... until I turn forty.

Michelle Aspinall
Grade 12

GREAT MUSIC, GREAT PERFORMER

The moment I had been waiting for my entire life had finally arrived. I was, at last, going to realise how all my hours of endless work and frustration which had all seemed so hopeless at the time, would make my moment of fame the finest anybody could ever have dreamed about.

I stood there, all alone in that grand dark room, where many of my kind had stood before me and also had to wait. It was silent, except for the slight muffle of voices which came from the other side of the red curtain which was protecting me from any light which was trying to enter. I was nervous and ready to run away, but I knew that it was my turn now and I could not turn back. The room smelt stale and I could just make out the outlines of the heroic painting on the far wall. I did not recognise the face in this fascinating portrait, but for some peculiar reason I was mesmerised by the bold features of this man. I was surprised to find myself staring vacantly at the canvas with my sole thought being that of my fidgeting hands. My trance was broken abruptly by the sudden movement of the curtain.

The gigantic face of crimson lifted slowly, deliberately exposing my nervous, but exquisitely pressed physique. I was startled, but now I realised that I had to be focused on what lay ahead. I had only once chance and I had to give it all my concentration as well as my entire soul. I tried to take my first step forward, but it was almost as if I were frozen in my position. I forced my limbs to move and focused on my destination. I glanced up for a moment and was overwhelmed by the number of faces that were staring at me with such anticipation. I paused for a second to take in my surroundings, but then moved swiftly to the chair that awaited me.

I sat down quickly and placed my hands purposefully on the keyboard, each finger to its designated role, and fixed my eyes on the gleaming wood which I now had absolute authority over. Now, an intense light was shining directly on me, almost forcing me to squint, but the audience was smudged and slackened. I imagined that they had vanished and I was all alone, playing only for myself, nobody else. I decided that now was the time to begin. My finger pressed the key into the frame producing the first note which shattered the silence into a million pieces.

Everything followed on like clockwork, every note in its own place, with its own unique sound which echoed around the room as if I were playing inside a cave. I did not feel as tense as before. I think this was because the audience was of no importance to me now, only the notes mattered. I strategically placed each frantically moving finger over the tiny space where it belonged. The sound was perfect. The black and white notes had slowly moulded into each other and were now one blurred carpet

with no end. I carried on playing, the music growing more and more intense, but still without fault. I closed my eyes to hear the sounds which I was orchestrating: they were effortless and beautiful. Each note linked to the next in perfect harmony.

Suddenly, a slip. I changed. An impurity punctured the inside of my ears. My lack of concentration had allowed this imperfection to ravage my flawless art. I was furious with myself. But, I still carried on playing, pretending I had not failed. Now, I started to sweat, just a little at first, but the heat seemed to be growing in intensity around my face and the sweat seemed to be pouring off. I could not wipe the warm drops off my face, so they were forced to splash onto the keys in front of me, which were already wet from the friction of my fingers against the old ivory. So much time seemed to have passed, but I knew that my time on the stage had been brief.

As my performance was almost at its end, my extreme concentration had now turned into a mild enjoyment. My fingers were allowed to take a slight break before the last surge of energy was needed for the finale. I stretched out this time of rest for as long as possible to relieve my weary hands, but then I reached the concluding paragraph of my performance. My speed increased and I used every last inch of my concentration to try and make the last few moments of my appearance outstanding and unforgettable. A series of cadences prepared the audience for the completion of my piece. The final cadenza ended my show and the last note rang out not letting a single ear escape its elegance. All was now silent, for what seemed an age. All I could hear now was the sound of panting and the ringing in my ears from the sudden silence.

The silence was broken by a single clap, which was followed by the sound of a million crackers being set off all at once. I stood up, looked at the audience, who looked like a large galaxy of souls, and slowly, bent forward to take my bow. The audience rose in front of me, still clapping, and stood watching me with awe. I was bewildered. I looked around me and saw that the grand piano, which a few seconds ago was my only concern, was only a minute silhouette in the centre of a tremendously vast stage. It was a humbling sight. I took another bow, and then slowly turned and once again faced the large red curtain which still dominated the back of the theatre. I walked swiftly towards it and slipped quietly away behind its large concealing hands to be forgotten forever by all who had seen me in my brief moment of personal stardom. But being forgotten did not worry me as I knew in my mind that I had played great music and I knew then that I was a great performer.

Kim Ellis

Grade 11

WINNER

I stood there, my heart was beating like a trampoline and my hairs were standing on end. I was cold and my stomach felt like it wanted to do a somersault. There was pushing and shoving. I could feel other people's cool, rough skin pressing against mine, making me feel uncomfortable. Certain aromas from different bodies drifted to my nose. This was the start of the cross country.

Then the voice bellowed, "Everybody ready, take your marks ... Bang!" As the gun went off, my heart skipped a beat and my legs started moving me forward. People were rushing ahead of me, pushing, swinging their arms and sprinting towards the hill. I could not get left behind. I forced myself to keep up, but I knew we still had another four kilometres ahead of us.

I approached the hill, already feeling tired from the quick start. People had arrived at the hill before me, and the pace was slowing down. My muscles gripped my legs forcing them up the hill. I started swinging my arms more violently, up and down, up and down. I could feel the sweat dripping down my nose and nesting just above my mouth, stopped by the few hairs on my lip. My legs started to ache and I had only just begun.

The crest eventually came. I had made it to the top of the hill. My breathing was heavy and I could hear people panting behind me. The front runners were starting to slow down and I was narrowing the gap.

Through the sand we went. My legs were feeling like lead as I plunged through the mole hills. All the time I was saying to myself, "I must keep going, just keep pushing on."

Runners started lagging, the pace got slower, but I tried with every fibre in my body to keep my constant pace. A warm breeze brushed past me causing strands of hair to stick to my face, glued by my salty sweat. I slowly started passing people, one by one, step by step.

Ahead of me I saw the marker, one more kilometre to go. One more kilometre of pain, one more kilometre to show what I was worth. I pushed my legs over harder. My muscles felt as if they were eating my legs. They burned with every step I took. Sweat dripped from my forehead to the ground. My nose dripped mucus into my mouth, but I did not care. I had only one more kilometre to go. Suddenly, as I turned the corner a blurred picture of red tape and finishing tables came into sight. I was almost there and I was almost first, but there was someone in front of me. I closed my eyes, thought of the flow of energy and moved my legs. They went faster and faster, burning up every last ounce of energy. I could hear my short, hard breaths. My lungs ached.

But it happened, the final test. The girl in front of me could not keep going. My pace was too fast. Meters before the finish line, my long strides flew past her shuffling foot. I had done it. I had won the race. My legs felt like jelly and my lungs felt closed, but I had won the race. It may have meant nothing to everybody else, but it meant everything to me. For the first time, I was a cross-country winner.

Anna Haw
Grade 10



Sarah Kirkland
Grade 10

MY SAFARI

Ahem, ladies and gentlemen! Settle down please! I would like to begin ... Thank you. Tonight will herald the start of a new era of botanical research. You, my most esteemed colleagues and your beautiful wives, will be privileged to witness the first presentation of my incredible discovery. Let me introduce myself. Sir Ronald Hedge is my name and I am originally from the small university town of Bath. I am honoured tonight to present to you a completely new plant species although as yet, I have only observed one type.

Before I begin, I would like to take the opportunity to welcome the Duke of Edinburgh and Count Mortimer Stanley-Rose (the Chairman of the Royal Botanical Society) as well as all the invited guests. I also appreciate the presence of my dear wife, Lady Rosemary Hedge.

Three years ago on the first of the fifth month, I left my beloved homeland, Britain, to travel to the 'Dark Continent' known as Africa. Following the death of twenty labourers from scurvy, as the leader of the expedition, I decided that in order to be left with a sufficient number of men to carry my equipment and the enamel bath through the jungle and to prevent myself catching the dreaded disease, we should travel to the Western Cape for fresh veggies and a decent bath. With the rainy weather and howling gale, one could almost have mistaken the Cape for Fing and.

When we were but half-an-hour from Cape Town, travelling down the central road and surrounded by a city of primitive swellings, I chanced to look out of my window. Lo and behold, there before my eyes was the most amazing tree a man's eyes had ever laid upon. Any uneducated man would have passed by without a glance but I am no ordinary man.

It appeared at my primary glance, a type of gum, a Blue Gum tree to be precise. They are not indigenous to Southern Africa though early Cape Settlers could be blamed for the presence of them. By this time, our entire train of motor vehicles, had been halted by me with a simple flick of my hand and my bloomometer, petalometer and the large scale model of the new 4581 Sprout Counter were set up and running, ready for my use.

As I said before, the tree had the distinct trunk and branch formation of a Blue Gum tree but much to my surprise, there was an assortment of straggly flowers which seemed to be dying a slow tedious death. They were dotted amongst the branches of the tree and were observed only in a certain shade of banana-yellow with slithers of black, blue striped with white and with symmetrical splodches of green. I had previously seen amazing varieties of *Amaryllis Belladonna* in the frightening Amazon Jungle and *Haemorrhilus Scinguinous* (snake lilies) in the Himalayas but never



Kirsten Beets
Grade 11

before had I seen flowers of this texture and hue.

I tentatively stretched out a rubber-gloved hand to feel a sample of a yellow-lined flower only to discover that it felt synthetic like a plastic. It was at this moment that I made the critical analysis of the Blue Gum tree: the tree was producing plastic flowers in the shape of common shopping bags. There was no other explanation for it.

Proof that this tree flowered often was widely seen as the plastic flowers were found ensnared by fences of barbed wire, thrown into muddy paths and clogging natural waterways around the Cape. The last aspect of the tree which I found was most fascinating, was that not one cubic centimetre of the Cape soil failed to be graced by the presence of a delicate bloom. In fact so ubiquitous are these extraordinary flowers that one grows weary at the sight of them though I felt it my duty to inform the world of this find. I hope you shall feel moved to visit me in the fairest Cape when I return to study the flowers. Funds to assist me to educate the South African citizens, who seem oblivious to this unique and interesting specimen commonly found in their country would be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

Alison Bateman
Grade 10

"IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK, WHAT WOULD THEY SAY?"

"If those walls could talk, what would they say?" A question I have heard asked by many humans when pondering certain things. I, however, have spoken to the walls on many occasions and must confess to not getting any stimulating conversation whatsoever out of them. They are delightfully amiable objects, yet they never seem to have much to speak about other than whose foundations are faulty, who has damp, or who has just had a new picture put in. If one is really looking for some juicy gossip, ask the beds. Or, if it is wisdom and advice you are after, ask me.

I am a chair. I am not grand, or covered in plushy velvet, nor am I very comfortable to sit in. I have learnt this from the complaints of many humans whose behinds have had to endure sitting on me for long periods of time. I sit in an old farmhouse. My fourth home so far, around an old, worn table who never says much because it is always sleeping. This table is even older than I am, and I am sure if it were to be engaged in conversation long enough, it would relate a wealth of information to one. But as I said before, it is always sleeping, so I am often resigned to enduring the hours of discomfort that I experience when being sat on, in silence. I am eighty years old and it is high time I were retired.

I should be sitting in a fancy antique store where I could be purchased by a wealthy family and taken to live in a grand house for the sole purpose of being marvelled at. 'What bliss never to be sat on again!' I would never have to tolerate the abuse of human feet, cats' claws or weighty visitors. Yes, a life of luxury does sound very tempting, and perhaps one day if I am lucky, I will live in such a place. However, this life would be my first choice. My dream is to return to my roots literally.

Seventy-five years ago I was living in a small forest in the north of England. Back in those days I was still a tree. True, I was not a particularly magnificent tree, but being a tree is better than being a chair even if one is a fifty centimetre sapling. I dream of returning to that leafy, cool environment where one is always in company, where there is a permanent symphony of bird song in the air, where flowers grow at one's feet in an abundance of colour and smell...OK, OK enough of the sickening descriptions of a fairy-tale enchanted forest. Life in a forest is not all carefree breezes and dainty birds' nests in one's branches. Surviving was a tough task.

We trees have to contend with many evils in forests. Take the weather for example. When one is a chair one exists in a comfortable, permanent room-temperature environment all year round. As a tree I had to deal with snow and frost-bitten branches, a lack of rain in summer and being drowned by water in spring. Then there were those pesky parasites that were always trying to eat me and live off my nutrients. They were the nuisance of my life and I could never get rid of them. As well as being eaten by parasites, I was gnawed by squirrels and woodpeckers, and dug at by various ground-dwelling animals in their search for food. As I said, surviving was tough, but it was certainly better than being cooped up in a stuffy boring room for years on end.

Luckily, I don't clearly remember that awful day when I was uprooted from my home and condemned to the life of furniture and functional accessories. One must surely block out such traumatising memories from the mind in order to continue life as a new object. Most other wooden objects I have met with don't remember their evolution from tree to

furniture. The ones I have seen who do possess such memories become gibbering wretches when the topic is mentioned. Hence my happiness at my oblivion during that period of my life.



Kaunia Weixelbaumer
Grade 10

Wouldn't it be wonderful if chairs could talk? If I could talk, I would not, of course, tell those ridiculous humans the answers to their problems and the gossip they wish to know without a price. True, bribery is not a particularly honourable trait to have, but in such circumstances I think it could be accepted. I would ask to be replaced in my forest in the north of England, amidst the green, leafy trees and towering trunks I might look out of place, a solitary chair among the trees, but I would be home, among friends and family, secure in the knowledge that I never have to be sat on again.

Fiona Mackay

Grade 11

AFRIKAANS

OOR VRIENDE

Die somergoud
Jy troos my as ek treurig voel,
Jy glimlag as jy rimpels sien.
Jy weet altyd wat ek bedoel,
En as ek kwaad word ... "tol tot tien!"
Jy's altyd by my as ek lag,
So baai lokker tye by mekaar.
En oor die foon praat ons so sag,
Ons huiswerk is nog ver van klaar!
Fensaamheid is winterkoud.
Ons vriendskap is die somergoud.

Nastassja Koen

Graad 8

DIE RIVIER

Die heidel, stil, glinstorende water
is so glad soos glas
klein soro tjies pla die perfekte vrede hier en daar
van geheime oorsprong onder die oppervlak.
Maar as die rivier buig en draai
word die water al sterker en sterker.
Dit storm oor die doodste rotses
soos witte perde oor heuwels.
Die oorsprong is nie meer 'n geheim nie
Hullo spring hoër en hoër met elke sprong
Hullo reis nou stroom op
en spoel met die vo hardonde water.
Die geweldige water vlieg oor snelstromende
soos 'n tuimeltrolle in 'n pretpark
Op en af, op en af
Jitoeindelik kom dit na die kalmte.
Alles is nou weer stil
net 'n hureltjie hier en daar:
Die gerustheid is prals -
die water is weer gelukkig.

Gillian Salmon

Graad 10

OOR VRIENDE

Lag saam, klop saam!
Sy is altyd geroed
om my hand vas te hou,
in die tye wanneer ek huil
of as ek beere van die lag.
Soos 'n ouer suster
luister sy na my probleme.
Soos 'n jonger meisie,
gee sy met die waarheid.
Ons worstel saam deur moeilike tye
na nie lig aan die einde van die tunnel.
Verander die prontjie van misnoedigheid
en ontseltonis
na een van sonskyn en vriendskaplikheid.
Ons het baie in gemeen,
byvoorbeeld ons sin vir humor:
dis die dinge wat saak maak
Dinge wat ons nie in gemeen het nie
maak ons vriendskap interessant!
Ons is nie bang vir die toekoms nie,
ons het geloop uit die verlede.
Ons aanvaar ons onvolmaaktheid.
Ons lag saam as ons kan.
Dit kos niks om 'n glimlag te deel nie.

Taryn Möller

Graad 8



Claire Enslin

Graad 11

DIE VERKEERDE TELEFOONOPROEP

Dis 'n Woensdagnamiddag. Die man sit beweging oos in sy sitkamer. Hy is die vorige dag afgedank. Sy besigheid het bankrot gespeel en nou het hy nie werk nie. Toe hy dit vir sy vrou vertel het, het die tranes oor haar wange begin loop. "Hy wou sy vinde dinge nou swaar want hulle sukkel om kop bo water te hou."

Die telefoon lui. Die man skrik en kyk verbaas in die rigting van die foon aan die ander kant van die sitkamer. Hy staan op, gaap, rek, vee sy hande teen mekaar en 'noup stadig na die telefoon. Hy antwoord soos altyd: "Hallo, kan ek u help?"

Daar is stilte aan die ander kant.

"Hallo, hallo, is enigiemand daar? Hallo?" sê hy geïrriteerd.

'n Panickerige stem antwoord: "Ja, dit is Madame Bovary. Ons sit hier tussen twee vure. Ons weet nie wat om te doen nie. Ons sal dit nie maak nie!" Die persoon hou op met praat en sit die telefoon neer.

Die man kyk na sy foon. As hy reg gekom het, was die 'n roep van hulp! Dit het geklink asof die persoon miskien in 'n vuur was, maar hy weet van geen Madame Bovary nie. Of wag! Hy en sy vrou het 'n paar weke gelede by 'n Franse restaurant geëet en as hy nog onthou was die naam van die restaurant Madame Bovary. Maar hse het nullo sy nommer gevind?

Nou is daar nie tyd vir sit en dink nie, sê hy vir homself. Nou moet ek iets doen ... vinnig!

Hy kyk na sy horlosie. Dis amper halfvyf. As hy vinnig ry, kan hy binne tien minute wees. Miskien sal hy belyds wees om iemand te red. Hy hardloop na sy motor en ry vinnig in die rigting van die restaurant. Hy dink hy onthou dat die agtordoor van die kombuis in 'n klein systraatjie aan die regterkant van Malenstraat is. As daar 'n vuur is, dink hy, het dit seker in die kombuis begin. Hy swaai links en ry vinnig mot die straat. Hy ry deur 'n rooi verkeerslig. Iemand toet vir hom, maar hy ignoreer dit.

Miskien, dink hy vir homself, miskien sal hulle vir my 'n groot seoring gee. Dan hoef ek nie eers vir ander werk te soek nie. Hy kyk na sy horlosie. Sewe minute is verby. Hy swaai links in Malenstraat. Gelukkig is die spieëlverkeer nog nie op die strate nie. Nog twee strate, dan kom hy by die klein systraatjie en swaai regs. Aan die linkerkant van die straat is die agtorkante van huise en woonstelle en op die regterkant agtorkante van winkels en restaurante. Waar is die deur van die kombuis? Hy wonder terwyl hy bestuur.

Maar hy hoef nie eers te soek nie want toe hy met die pad afry sien hy wolke rook wat by een van die deure uitstroom.

Dis seker d'ê oon! Hy skakel sy motor af en klim vinnig uit. Hy soek naestig na 'n tuinslang en vind een aan die ander kant van die straat. Hy koppe dit en hardloop

dapper na die deur. Hy bars in en gooi alles om hom nat. Hy weet nie oors wat hy natjare nie want daar is soveel rook.

Stadig begin die rook opkruip. Die man kyk rond. Daar is 'n glimlag op sy gesig ... maar net 'n oomblik, want toe hy omswaai, sien hy die woedende gesig van die restaurant se hoofkok. Hy sien ook die blinkende slagtersmes in die kok se hand.

"Wat doen jy? Jou onnosse domkop! Hoekom het jy al es natgespuit?" skreeu die kok. "Weet jy wat jy gedoen het? Jy het my spesialiteit vernietig! Dit het amper die hele dag geval om dit te maak en toe storm jy hier in met daai tuinslang van jou. Kyk net hierdie enorme gemors!" Die kok se gesig lyk rooi en kwaad en sy stem klink soos 'n donderdonner.

"Doo, ok wou..." Maar die man het nie eers tyd om sy sin te voltooi nie want skielik is die reusagtige kok agter hom aan met die blinkende mes. Die man laat die lopende tuinslang op die kombuisvloer val en hardloop na sy motor. Hy klim gou daarin. Sy sleutels is nog daar, gelukkig!

Weg van die reusagtige kok sit hy sy motor aan en begin wegjaag.

Toe hy in die straat kom, ry hy stadig met die pad af. Die hele pad huis toe het die vrae in sy kop rondgeswem. Hy het nie werklik verstaan wat gebour het nie. Toe dit gebeur het was hy bang maar nou, as hy terugkyk, vind hy dit 'n bietjie snaaks. In elk geval, sy vrou sal dit seker snaaks vind. Miskien kan sy 'n artikel daaroor vir haar tydskrif skryf. Sy kan dit 'Die verkeerde telefoonoproep' noem ... of so iets. Hy lag sagges en begin die hele ding in sy kop beplan.

Hy stop buite sy huis en gaan binne. Dis stil maar hy weet sy vrou is huis toe want die rook van haar sigarette kom uit die sitkamer. Daar moet iets verkeerd wees, sy rook nie as sy kwaad is.

"Waar was jy?" sê sy vrou. "Toe jy vroeër hier was, het onig iemand gebel? Miskien 'n Madame Bovary?"

"'n Madame Bovary ... ja, daar het een gebel," sê die man stadig. "Hoekom?"

"Ek het 'n belangrike afspraak met haar gehad vir halfvyf en nou is dit halfses. Ek moet presies weet wat sy vir jou gesê het."

"Wel," sê die man. "Sy het iets van 'tussen twee vure' gesê. Sy het ook gesê dat hulle dit nie sal kan maak nie."

"Nou wat oeleken dit?" vra die vrou geïrriteerd.

"Seker nie wat ek godink het nie," sê die man met 'n glimlag op sy gesig.

Ma'ayan van der Westhuizen
Graad 10

Wenner van die Aanmoedigingsprys van die Bloemfonteinse Skrywersgilde.

'N VAKANSIE IN MAURITIUS

Ek het 'n baie gemaklike vlug gehad. Ek het om sewe uur wakker geword, net belyds om te sien hoe die son opkorn. Die wolgies het soos wit sprikasem gelyk en toe het hulle pienk geword. Dit was asemrowend.

Toe ons een uur later in Mauritius neergeval, het, het ek baie opgewonde geraak. Die strande was net soos hulle op poskaartjies lyk: spierwit sand, palmboome en moenie die helder, potblou seewater vergeet nie!

Omdat dit bu te-seisoen was, was die vakansieoord dolleeg, behalwe vir die ander tinaiste. Ons het ook gaan aan die slaap geraak met die sagte fluistering van die branders. Ons het alles gedoen wat 'n mens gewoonlik op hierdie soort eiland doen: ons het visgevang, geskudaduik, oringcorand en nog vele meer. Dit was soos 'n paradys en ek het amper gewens dat ek nooit weer huis toe moet te gaan nie!

Al het ek nie die skaamheidskompensie gewen nie, het ek my vakansie terdeë geniet! Ek bevoel so 'n vakansie vir almal aan!

Emma Dodd
Graad 10

DIE GRAAD EEF KAMP

Woensdag het ek op die graad elf kamp gegaan. Dit was baie opwindend. Die weer het stormagtig gelyk, maar die energieke graad elf's het opgewonde vir die kamp by Rocklens gevoel. Almal het die skilderagtige busrit geniet en was jretig om te gaan kamp. Die kamsterrein was aan die bergkant van Simonstad. Die uitsig oor Vaalbeaai was asemrowend. Die kamperiewe was heelstok as. Daar was 'n groot rugbyveld, 'n koue swembad en twee wipmato. Die hute was baie ruksiem en gemaklik.

Die kampprogram was propvol met baie verskillende soorte aktiwiteite soos praatjies, sprekers en sport. Daar was amper geen tyd om te slaap nie! Ons eerste sprekerster, Mervou Keys, het oordwulms gepraat en toe haar lewe aangerak en verander is omdat sy dwelms misbruik het. Almal was geskok oor haar lewensverhaal, maar het tog baie daaruit geleer. Die Suid-Afrikaanse vorkoorspolisie het ook 'n groot indruk op almal gemaak. Hulle het oor drank en bestuur gepraat en het baie raad aan ons verskel.

Die la ryke vergaderings en praatjies oor volgende jaar is deur a ma geniet. Die re e graad voel entusiasties vir 2001. Die kos was smaaklik en ons het te veel koekies en lekkergoed verslind!

Ontspanning was heel my gunstelingtyd van die dag. Ons het op die strand rugby gespeel en dit was 'n wonderlike ervaring. Ek het met mense kommunikeer met wie ek nie gewoonlik kontak het nie. So het ek nuwe vriendinne gemaak en ook interessante dinge oor my boesemvriende leer ken. Dit was die opwindendste en mees unieke kamp wat ek al ooit bygewoon het!

Roxanne Martin
Graad 11

'N VAKANSIE IN MAURITIUS

Wel, ek is hier in Mauritius en ek kan dit nie glo nie! Dit is die pragtysle goue strande, die spierwit sand is sag onue; jou voete en die potblou see is baie verfrissend op 'n warm sonnige dag. Hier is ook groot hoë palmboome waaronder 'n mens kan sit en skemerkelkies drink.

As jy loks voel, kan jy agter 'n snelboot waterski of 'n die helder blou water snorkel. Indien jy wel gaan snorkel, kan jy die uitstokende koraalrii sien sowel as al die kleurvolle visse. Gister het ek uit gadoon, dit was 'n regte avontuur en ek het dit terdeë geniet.

Saans is dit heerlik om op die strand te sit en na die sonsondergang te kyk terwyl jy na die rustige geraas van die golwe luister - dis net soos 'n droom. Ek het ook gaan branders'antry en sandkastele op die sand gaan bou - ek het soos 'n jong kind gevoel, dit was 'n regte belewenis!

Sarah Kirkland
Graad 10



Kim du Preez
Grade 10

DEUTSCH

MEIN HUND

Mein Hund heißt Pippa und sie frisst Hundefutter.
Das Hundefutter heißt Science Diet.
Pippa liebt mich und ich liebe Pippa.

Zoë McClarty

Grade 8

DER ERSTE FRÜHLINGSTAG...

Am Freitag, den 1. September, war der erste
Frühlingstag. Die Klasse 11 ist den Tafelberg
hochgestiegen. Wir sind von Kirstenbosch aus
gewandert.

Es war ein schöner Tag, aber er war ein bisschen
kalt. Während wir hochstiegen, konnten wir für
einige Zeit nicht den Berg sehen, weil es Nebel gab.

Wir haben Essen auf der Spitze von dem Berg
gegessen. Alle haben viel Essen und Trinken
mitgebracht. Es war sehr windig und kalt auf der
Spitze. Wir konnten das Panorama von der ganzen
Stadt sehen. Es war sehr schön. Wir haben vier
Bäume an der Spitze gepflanzt.

Wir haben schöne Wasserfälle gesehen und haben
Wasser aus Bächen getrunken, weil wir sehr durstig
waren.

Es war ein steiler Abstieg mit ein paar glitschigen
Felsen. Alle waren sehr erschöpft und fanden es
schwer. Es war anstrengend, aber es war schön.
Ich habe es sehr genossen. Es war toll und hat
Spaß gemacht.

Tamryn Combrink

Grade 11

WUNDERBARE WELT

Eifrige Eichhörnchen entdecken Eichen
und spielen schnell im schönen Sommerwald.

Blätter segeln in den Bach,

Sie werden rot und gold im herrlichen Herbst.

Das Wasser friert ein und die Tiere

fallen alle in wunderbaren Winterschlaf im weißen Winter.

Kleine Knospen brechen behutsam auf, der Wald zwischort von Vögeln.

Eine neue Welt wird entdeckt im fröhlichen Frühling.

Kim Whitaker

Grade 10

BEREICHERUNGSPROGRAMM

Vom 28. August bis zum 8. September haben wir ein Bereicherungsprogramm anstatt normaler Schule gehabt. Das Bereicherungsprogramm war sehr hilfreich, und ich habe viel davon gelernt. Meine besten Tage waren, als wir nach Khayelitsha und zu den Müllhalden gefahren sind.

Ich bin jetzt viel umweltbewusster und ich möchte etwas für die Umwelt tun. Meine Familie fängt schon an, ihren Müll zu sortieren, anstatt alles zusammen wegzuerwerfen. Ich habe bei den Müllhalden gesehen, wie tausende Kilos von Müll nur in der Boden getan wurden.

In Khayelitsha sind wir zu einer Kirche gefahren, wo manche Bewohner von Khayelitsha ihre Waren verkaufen. Ich habe eine rote Freundschaftskette gekauft, für meine Freundin Alice. Ich habe auch ein Armband für meine Schwester gekauft.

Danach sind wir zu einer Schule und einem Kindergarten gegangen, um die Schüler und Schülerinnen von Khayelitsha zu treffen. Das war sehr fremd, aber wir haben alle gelernt unsere Schule, unsere Häuser und Kleider zu schätzen, weil wir gesehen haben, wie wenig diese Menschen haben.

Wir sind auch noch nach Redhill, Koogelberg, Rondebosch Common und zum IMAX gefahren. Das Bereicherungsprogramm war ein ganz tolles Erlebnis, und es hat mir sehr gefallen.

Natasha van Zyl

Grade 11



Kim Whitaker
Grade 10

FRÜHLING

Regenbogen.
Luft duftet süß und frisch.
Tau liegt auf dem Gras.
Blumen bedecken die Erde so dicht, dass der Boden eine bunte Decke ist.
Bienen summen.
Libellen surren.
Vögel singen Lieder.
Dicke Knospen und neue Triebe überall.
Glockenblumen läuten den Frühling ein.
Die Frühlingsfeier hat begonnen.

Yvette Pelser

Grade 11

SCHULLEBEN

jemand geht zur Schule
jemand lernt
jemand macht Pause
niemand macht etwas anderes.
ich gehe zur Schule
ich lerne
ich mache Pause
niemand macht etwas anderes

Philippa van Ryneveld

Grade 10

PARIS

Paris est la capitale de la France et c'est la plus grande ville en France. Elle a une population de dix millions de gens. Paris est située dans la région du nord.

Elle est divisée en deux par la Seine. La Seine est une rivière qui traverse Paris. La rivière a deux îles: l'île de la Cité et la plus petite île Saint Louis.

Le climat:

Le climat de Paris est tempéré et ça c'est très important pour la vie de la ville. C'est ce climat qui permet beaucoup d'autres choses qui sont aimées pendant toute l'année comme le Quartier Latin.

Les jardins et les parcs:

Il y a aussi beaucoup de jardins et parcs très importants à Paris. Par exemple, Le Jardin du Luxembourg et Le Parc Monceau. Les deux ont été créés pour les familles royales. Le Jardin Botanique, Les Tuileries et Le Champ de Mars sont plus jolis, mais ils sont aussi plus officiels et autres.

Les Monuments:

Mais, plus important, Paris est célèbre pour ses monuments. Il y a beaucoup de monuments à Paris, mais je vais vous parler de trois.

La Cathédrale Notre Dame:

Elle a été commencée à être construite en 1163 et elle a été finie en 1250. C'est la plus grande cathédrale du monde. A Notre Dame on peut trouver "La Fénêtre Rose" qui est un vitrail très célèbre.

Le Louvre:

C'est un musée d'art qui est situé dans un palais. Jusqu'en 1682 tous les rois habitaient dans ce palais. C'est le plus grand palais du monde. En 1793 Le Louvre a été ouvert au public. Les artistes comme Leonardo da Vinci ont leurs peintures dans Le Louvre.

La Tour Eiffel:

La Tour Eiffel a été construite par l'ingénieur civil, Alexandre Gustav Eiffel. Elle a été construite en 1889 pour la fête du monde à Paris. Elle fait 300m de haut.

Il y a trois étages dans la Tour Eiffel. Sur le premier étage, il y a un restaurant. Près du sommet il y a une station de temps et une station de communication. Il y a aussi un bon nombre de chambres qui ont été utilisées par Gustav Eiffel.

Jacqueline Grouwstra

Grade 12

FRANÇAISE

MES VACANCES

Je suis allée en France avec le tour français pendant mes vacances. Nous sommes restées à Angers pendant deux semaines et d'abord nous avons visité beaucoup d'endroits splendides, comme les châteaux et le musée de Cochin mais il y avait un endroit qui était le plus beau pour moi, c'était le Mont-Saint-Michel.

Le Mont-Saint-Michel est une abbaye très connue et elle est située sur un îlot qui a une circonférence de près d'un kilomètre. L'îlot se trouve dans la région de Normandie.

L'Abbaye a été bâtie en 708 parce que Saint-Aubert a vu l'archange Saint-Michel sur l'îlot et il a pensé que c'était un endroit sacré. L'abbaye était utilisée comme un grand centre de pèlerinage.

Au quatorzième siècle, la France était en guerre avec l'Angleterre, c'était la guerre de Cent ans. Il était nécessaire de protéger le Mont-Saint-Michel des militaires Anglais qui ont essayé de conquérir l'Abbaye pendant trente ans.

Au dix-huitième siècle, le Mont-Saint-Michel a été transformé en prison par la Révolution française mais en 1874 l'Abbaye a été donnée aux services des Monuments Historiques et a été ouverte au public.

Maintenant l'Abbaye est très populaire pour les touristes qui peuvent la visiter et qui peuvent aussi visiter la petite ville médiévale qui l'entoure. Il y a beaucoup de magasins dans cette petite ville et il y a aussi un restaurant qui est très connu pour ses omelettes.

Le Mont-Saint-Michel a des exemples d'architecture romains et gothique qui sont très intéressants à voir. Aujourd'hui il y a une communauté monastique qui habite dans l'Abbaye.

Nous sommes aussi allées à Paris pour quatre jours pour visiter les musées, les Champs-Élysées et les magasins (très importants). J'ai passé un bon temps en France.

Candice Cox

Grade 11



Top Right: Kim Bellamy
Grade 12
Bottom Right: Lauren Elliot
Grade 12



Top Left: Mary Muller Picture of the Year
Marisa Cooley
Grade 12
Bottom Left: Mikaela Burnett
Grade 12



SPORT HOCKEY TENNIS NETBALL SWIMMING SQUASH

FRIENDSHIP CHALLENGE COMPETITION SKILL SPORTSMANSHIP CAMPAIGN



FRIENDSHIP CHALLENGE COMPETITION SKILL SPORTSMANSHIP CAMPAIGN

SPORT HOCKEY TENNIS NETBALL SWIMMING SQUASH

BOE PRIVATE BANK/HERSCHEL GOLF DAY



*Mr A. Scott, Miss J. Bennett, Mr B. Béchet and Mrs D. van Zyl
at the Golf Day Prize Giving*

Once again we were blessed with fantastic weather during our annual Golf Day at Royal Cape Golf Club. The club was its usual hospitable self and the condition of the course was particularly impressive.

We decided to continue with a shotgun start because of its success last year, and once again we were not disappointed as almost everybody attended the prize-giving.

We had some special guests this year and they included Mr Mark Hanley who represented B shops, Dr John Duff, husband of our former headmistress and Mr Rolf van der Linder, who was one of the initiators of this most successful day. It was a pleasure having them and we hope that they will return again next year.

By all accounts everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and although there were some tales of woeful golf, there were those who set the course alight and none more so than Dr Gordon Bonellie and Mr Trevor Aspeling who took away the winners' prize. Congratulations too, to Tori Korkman for achieving a hole in one on the fourth.

The prizes were phenomenal this year and because of the generosity of many parents we were able to present prizes to forty-two of the sixty-two boys. We

are most grateful to you all. Your efforts went a long way to making this one of the most successful BOE Private Bank/Herschel golf days.

We raised more money than last year due to the many sponsorships and to the generous contribution of BOE Private Bank. Mr Brian Béchet and his team have supported us for the past six years and we are again indebted to them for all their assistance on the day.

Although this is a fundraising event, it is always so special to be able to forge new friendships and make new acquaintances with the parent body and we look forward to their continued involvement next year.

This event always requires much organisation and hard work. Thank you to our very special committee members who worked tirelessly and attended many meetings to help co-ordinate and to ensure the smooth running of this event. To Di Duffett, Jackie Henderson, Janet McCleary and Annelise Waller, your contribution cannot be over-emphasised.

The funds generated from the past two golf days will go towards the refurbishment of the Mary Jagger Hall, an exciting prospect. We look forward to seeing you all again next year.

Mr A. Scott

SPORTS' DINNER

15 SEPTEMBER

Team spirit prevailed even in the preparation for the annual Sports' Dinner when the various team captains organised their troops into decorating their individual team tables. The hall looked festive and sporty.

The guest speaker, Dr Helga Schomer, inspired all with an animated and sensible message about the importance of playing for the love of the game, instead of merely for the sake of winning.

Many trophies were awarded and among them, Sarah Sluims won the Prize for Good Sportsmanship; Caryn Stanley won the Theresa Bridgman Trophy for Sporswoman of the Year, and Michaela Prestedge won the Hannah Trophy for the most outstanding sporting achievement of the year.

The Observer

HORSE RIDING

We have had another very successful year. Herschel entered two teams in the Inter-school two-phase eventing which was held in Hout Bay at the beginning of the year. We also had one individual rider in this event. One of the teams was placed second. We also participated in the Inter schools' showjumping in October.

We have also had many individual triumphs. Ashleigh Scott was invited to compete in the WAS Supreme Equestrian Championships and was placed sixth in this prestigious event. Sarah Louw was selected to ride for Western Province at the annual Children's Championships earlier this year.

Out of the arena, we have done a lot of fund-raising and subsequently have bought eight stunning uniforms in the school's colours for use at Inter schools' events.

Michelle Matthews
Grade 12

Right: Danielle See
Grade 8
Bottom: Emma Kate Finkelstein
Grade 9



Top: Jenna Paxton
Grade 9
Left: Ashleigh Kohn
Grade 9

ARGUS TOUR

Think *The Argus* ... think 109 kms. Now imagine grease-covered legs, aching muscles, numb behinds, bursting bladders and skin clogged with sweat, dirt and doomed bugs. And those awful tans: shorts tan, shirt tan, watch tan, glove tan, helmet strap tan and wrist tan. Sitting at Groen Point with dead legs and an Energade-covered mouth, one wonders ... why?

Personally, I'd not do it for the first place prize money. I simply enjoy the feeling of accomplishment and being able to say I rode 109 kms. (And so did 54 000 other people). You cannot help smiling as you whiz past cheering spectators and cruise gracefully down Du Kaapse Weg knowing that the worst HAS to be over after that 7 km climb!

The 'detour' this year was indisputedly more gruelling than last year, but that did not detract from the overall spirit and enthusiasm which prevailed from start to finish. I'm sure those who were there this year will be back to ride next year. I certainly will be!

Elizabeth Howard
Grade 11

VOLLEYBALL

Herschell's Volleyball teams pride themselves on dedication and determination.

Our Volleyball family consists of our coach, Mervin, our first team and our U16 team. Together we have conquered all the obstacles in our paths - the Spring Cup of 1999, Inter-schools Volleyball and our league matches of the first term. 'Team effort' is our motto. When one misses, the other retrieves. From comical 'digs' to 'dives' to pile-ups, we always give of our best.

Our U19 team has gone from strength to strength. With our new specialised positions we have the professionalism and capability to do all we dream of doing.

So, as you lunge into next year, put on your knee-pads, pull up your sleeves and get ready to become a part of our Volleyball family.

Thank you and good luck.

Allison Gibbens

Captain



FIRST TEAM VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: C. Durr, M. Copley, Y. Polzer, K. Reets, L. Ursprung, V. Bothwell
Front Row: A. Tallop, A. Satter, A. Gibbens (Captain), L. Goolie, C. Buchanan
Absent: I. Steyn

BASKETBALL

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: L. Luscombe, G. Thomas, J. Rogerson, S. Berrisford, C. Foden, P. Forrester
 Front Row: A. Gibbons, S. Dlova, Mrs R. Riley, N. Vernon (Captain), D. Tong
 Absent: J. Winfield, C. Little



The 1999/2000 season was certainly a great one! We had one team entered in each of the U19, U16 and U16B leagues. Our first game was against our rivals, Westerford, and we were hopeful to show them exactly what they were up against. By the end of the first half we were leading 24-12, but they managed to come back during the final half and draw 32-32.

Fairport was an easier match, as the 1st team won 61-2 and the U16s won 50-4. Our U16B team proved to be the stronger team winning 36-4 against Muselela. The 1st team managed to beat a strong Camps Bay side by three baskets. In our league matches against Pinelands, the U16B did well to win 16-12, but the 1st team lost 30-46, having to play against two Western Province U19 players.

Danielle Tong and Nicola Vernon were chosen for the U19 Western Province USSASA team. We played in the tournament held in Port Elizabeth during the December holidays, and were positioned fourth out of ten teams from various provinces.

In the first term of 2000, we came up against Camps Bay again. Unfortunately, Zukiswa Mludla and Danielle Tong could not play and Camps Bay just managed to beat us by two baskets, 32-28. The U-16 team did well though, to win 27-6. The 1st team was unable to play a league match against Westerford in the first term, so we had to settle for a friendly match, which we lost 26-50. A highlight of the match was when Leshane Luscombe scored a basket for the Westerford team - they loved her! The 1st team's last match was against Slensoorg where we won 54-22. The U16B team won 32-6 against Windsor.

It has been a wonderful season and a pleasure playing in the 1st team with such wonderful team mates. I wish you all luck in the future and hope to see you all in the WNBA one day!

Nicola Vernon

Captain



U16A BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: G. Cartwright, K. du Preez, E. Howard, I. Scott
 Front Row: A. Haw, K. Ellis, Mrs R. Riley, J. Grobbelaar, R. de Silva

HOCKEY

FIELD HOCKEY

Herschel has done exceptionally well in hockey this year. Despite many teams playing in a league above their own, the teams have still managed to win the majority of the games. Special mention must go to the Western Province representatives who did very well in their respective tournaments:

U18A L. Luscombe

U16A K. Bonellie, J. Thomas, M. Waller

U16B J. Glass, T. Madden, J. Pickup

U18C V. Gull, J. Haw, J. Hendrikse

U14A T. Vos

U14B J. Collins, T. Mulder, M. Ross

Herschel has four U14 teams, four U16 teams and six U18 teams. There has been good team spirit and participation all round and the girls must be commended for their enthusiasm in the often ingloriously early Saturday games.

The U14A team, coached by Mr Scott, had a great season to remain unbeaten in the league matches. They also managed to win the trophy for the WPSGU Inter-schools' Tournament.

The U16A team is destined for a very promising future. Under the coaching of Mrs Botha, this team, like the U14s, remained unbeaten and were also the champions of the Inter-schools' Tournament held at Western Province Impala Club. Congratulations must go to the U18C team who were also unbeaten this whole season.

The first team came out in full force after starting the season on a very good note at the Matos Hockey Camp in Stellenbosch. With their new coach, Miss Cowie, they were pleased to come second in the tournament out of about twenty-six other schools from around South Africa. This team has had a great season, winning all the league games except when narrowly losing 2-1 to Stellenberg in the finals. Thanks to an efficient attacking line and solid defence line, the team managed to score twenty seven goals and only allowed four against them. The year was topped off by also winning the Inter-schools' Tournament.



FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

Back Row: K. Bonellie, I. Duffett, L. Elliot, C. Foon, J. Thomas, J. Stubbs, P. Slingaby

Front Row: N. Henkel, L. Luscombe (Captain), Miss J. Cowie, S. Stubbs, I. Milne

In Front: J. Ryan



U16A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. Pickup, C. Pickup, J. Hendrikse, A. Ackermann, J. Glass, A. M. da Camara

Front Row: T. Farrell, J. Haw (Captain), Mrs M. Botha, M. Waller, V. Gull

Absent: V. Madden

Here, the team spirit and determination were obviously apparent and congratulations must go to this team and Miss Cowie.

Thank you Miss Cowie, you have taught us more than just hockey.

Loshane Luscombe
Captain

HOCKEY

INDOOR HOCKEY

The 2000 season has been most successful as we are in the fortunate position of having great depth at Herschel. While Herschel is able to field eight teams in the three leagues, the majority of other schools are only able to field two or three sides. Subsequently, we entered two teams in the First League, two teams in the Second League and four teams in the Third League.

The first squad performed incredibly well and managed to achieve second and third position out of a total of fourteen teams. The second squad went one step further and achieved first and second in their league, and a major accomplishment was the winning of the 3rd league by our fifth team over Huslerberg's second team.

Our first team also excelled at the Interschools' Tournament where we were narrowly beaten into second place. There were many outstanding players this year who performed exceptionally well in all the leagues. Instead of naming them, I would like to thank all our indoor hockey players for a most enjoyable and excellent season.

To conclude, I would like to thank our indoor hockey captain, Leslene Luscombe, for her enthusiasm and commitment to Herschel hockey and I am also most grateful to my assistant coach, Mrs Bonellie, whose expertise and knowledge of the game proved invaluable throughout the season.

Mr A. Scott
Coach



FIRST INTER-SCHOOLS' INDOOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. Stubbs, J. Ryan, H. Scooters, A. Inglis, P. Slingsby, N. Henkel, K. Bonellie
Front Row: I. Milne, Mr A. Scott, I. Luscombe (Captain), Mrs M. Bonellie, J. Thomas



U14A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: S. Afian-Holmes, N. Watson, N. Day, I. Major, S. Clarke, T. Tosselaar, J. Collins
Front Row: M. van Hoerden, D. See (Captain), Mr A. Scott, T. Vos, M. Ross



Fun and games!

WATERPOLO

This year waterpolo has continued to reach tremendous heights with all teams achieving success. Team spirit, enthusiasm from both coaches and players, and a definite sense of working together were evident in all six teams.

The first team dominated most of their games, winning all except against Westerford. We managed to win most of these with ease, except against Wynberg who gave us a good 'wake up call' in the very first game of the season. We did, however, manage to beat them 4-3. The Inter-house waterpolo went very well. Rob managed to win both the Junior and the Senior sections.

The Under 14s, under the coaching of Lindsay Pickup, managed to do very well in the annual Morrell Cup, by coming third. This year the competition was held at Herschel and we were very proud of all the girls who played, especially the Grade Fights.

Once again, the highlight of our season was the Walter Cup held at SAOS. Our first team quite easily made it to the finals by beating Wynberg in the semi-finals. We hoped that this would be the year when we would finally beat Westerford and make history for our school, but we have left that for next year's team. Unfortunately, in the finals, we narrowly lost to Westerford 4-5 in extra time. Everybody gave their all, but we could just not do it.

At a provincial level Sarah Berrisford and I played for the Western Province U19A waterpolo team, with Georgia Simpson, Lauren Elliot and Jessica Stubbs playing in the U19B team. We travelled to Pietermaritzburg in the December holidays and had very successful tours.

I would like to thank Theresa Braggman for the extra time and effort which she spent in coaching us. Thanks also go to Lindsay Pickup, Janet Goosen and Mrs Rotha for all they have done for waterpolo this season.

Caryn Stanley
Captain

FIRST WATERPOLO TEAM

Back Row: S. Berrisford, C. Stanley (Captain), C. Hugo-Hamman
Front Row: Miss T. Braggman, L. Elliot, J. Stubbs, G. Simpson, J. Glass
H. Snyders, S. Hacker, K. Chambers, J. Durrant



INTER-SCHOOLS' CROSS-COUNTRY SQUAD

Back Row: N. Hill, R. Marlin, K. Borellio, P. Iverson, I. Farrell, A. Larsen
Second Row: B. Hill, S. Girdwood, J. van Aswegen, M. Shook, M. Ross
Front Row: A. Haw, C. Stewart, N. Henkel (Captain), Mrs R. Scott, A. Bateman, K. Gul, J. Collins
Absent: J. Haw, L. Elliot, H. Alnan-Holmes, C. Stanley, S. Stubbs

CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country team has had another successful season.

Herschel entered a team consisting of Nicola Henkel, Roxy Martin, Anna Haw and Alison Baleman, in two of the main Cape relay races. The Bl/Kim Cape Relay Challenge started at the Hout Bay Yacht Club and ended at the Waterfront. This is a different kind of relay race as teams of runners race against yachts. The Herschel Relay Team won the trophy for being the first ladies' team to cross the finishing line.

The second race that the team competed in was the Pine ands Relay Race. Each runner ran six kilometres through the streets of Pine ands. The team was the first girls' school to cross the finishing line. The team completed the twenty-four kilometre course in a time of 1:45:00, breaking the record that had been set by Herschel in 1999.

There were many girls who competed in the schools' league races every Wednesday afternoon. A special mention must go to Anna Haw who won every U16 league race in which she ran. She is also part of the Western Province Cross Country Team.

The last race of the season was Inter-schools, which was hosted by Rustenburg. Congratulations to Katelyn Bonellie who won the U16 section, Nicola Henkel who won the U17 section and Roxy Martin who won the U19 section. Herschel won the Inter-schools trophy for a third year running.

Herschel is very fortunate to have such a talented group of runners and such an enthusiastic coach in Mrs Scott. Good luck for next season.

Nicola Henkel

Captain



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: N. Watson, L. de Villiers, C. de Nobrega, C. Howard, C. Hugo-Hamman, J. Glass, V. Scott, A. Larsen
Front Row: L. Coates, K. Bonellie, C. Stanley (Captain), Mrs H. Rotha, G. Simpson, C. Hugo-Hamman, L. Grant
Absent: N. Day, C. McMulen, M. van Hoerden

SWIMMING

The 1999/2000 swimming season has been an excellent one, particularly for the faithful team swimmers who trained right through the season whether for waterpolo, fitness, enjoyment or for the actual swimming team.

We started the season off slowly, only swimming in three Thursday galas in the fourth term, but we did prove to be very strong competition for our rivals, Wynberg. In the first term we swam in many Thursday galas as well as two evening galas at Newlands Swimming Pool.

The Thursday galas were once again successful for Herschel and the two evening galas at Newlands were great fun. The first one was early in the term and co-educational so we had no trouble getting good support. Herschel was placed second out of six teams, being beaten narrowly by Wynberg Girls' High School.

The second evening gala was the Girls Inter-schools' Gala. This gala did not prove to be very successful for our swimmers. Many were either sick or

injured, but we did our best right up until the end. We were placed fourth with Wynberg winning the event.

The best Inter-house event, the swimming gala, was exciting with everyone keen to swim; the spirits were high and the weather was excellent. The final race, the inter-grade relay, was the highlight. The Grade E evens just managed to win the event, but the staff team stole the show. Rolt dominated the gala right from the beginning to win overall, with Merriman second and Jagger third. Very special thanks go to all who made this wonderful Inter-house event possible.

We congratulate two of our swimmers, Clemens Hugo Hamman and Lisa Coates, who were selected for Western Province.

As coach, Mrs Rotha's dedication, support and encouragement throughout the year were wonderful and I thank her very much. To all the swimmers, I wish you the best of luck for next season.

Caryn Stanley

Captain

TENNIS

The 1999/2000 Tennis season was a very successful one! The first highlight was the annual Independent Schools' Tennis Festival. The first seven players: Kathryn du Toit, Nicola Henke, Jessica Collins, Sarah Stubbs, Victoria Gull, Allison Gibbons and Cathrin Middelman were accompanied by Mr Scott to Roodepan High School in Johannesburg.

Unfortunately our number two player, Safron Hall, was unable to join us due to injury, but we were fortunate to have the talent of an up-and coming young Grade Eight, Jessica Collins, who, along with Victoria Gull, proved to be our stars, not losing a single match. It must also be mentioned that Nicola Henke lost only one match throughout the entire season.

Not only did everyone play very well on the court, but the support from the sidelines was also amazing.

We returned with wonderful team spirit and a drive to win Inter-schools. What would we have done without our team motivator, Nicola Henke? "I said we'd win last year and we did, so we are going to win this year, guys!" The four team, as well as Mary Waller and reserve, Jill van Aswegen, did win by 17 sets!

We are very proud of our enormous shield but what really topped the season off was that our Grade Eight's, Bianca-Marie Mueller-Bottoga, Katie Gull, Natasha Watson, Sydney Clarke, Taryn Mulder, Tamyra Joseph, Ariella Cairn and Natalie Tebb, won their 'Inter-schools' tournament very convincingly. Herschel really proved to be the best this year.

Thank you very much to all the players for their enthusiasm; to Mrs Botha for all her time and organisation and to Lisa for the enthusiastic coaching, the care and the inspiration she has given us all.

Kathryn du Toit
Captain



FIRST INTER-SCHOOLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: V. Gull, A. Gibbons, Mrs L. van der Heever, M. Waller, C. Middelman
Front Row: J. Collins, S. Stubbs, K. du Toit (Captain), N. Henke



GRADE 8 INTER-SCHOOLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: T. Mulder, N. Watson, Mrs L. van der Heever, T. Joseph
Front Row: K. Kirkland, K. Gull, S. Clarke
Absent: B-M. Mueller-Bottoga, A. Cairn

NETBALL

Netball has flourished and reached unexpected heights this year. The dedication and enthusiasm of the players show promise for this sport.

Our U14s have improved immensely under the coaching of Mas de Bruijn and Mrs Swanepoel. The A team came second in their league and at Inter-schools, they were unfortunately beaten into second place by Wynberg by one goal (6-7). The U16A team, coached by Mrs Schmidt and captained by Lindsay Grant, showed great depth of talent through the season. They won the league and brought the Inter-schools' trophy home.

The first team consisted of a squad of versatile players who worked together like a perfectly oiled machine. Mrs Riley, our inspirational coach, has supported and encouraged us throughout the season and it was her confidence in us, that created our positive attitude. Taryn van der Horst, Yvette Pelsor and Angela Rawson shot some incredible goals at crucial moments. Bronlynn Duffel must be acknowledged for her overwhelming energy. Our solid defences Zakiswa Dladla, Hoviyoh Afran-Holmes, Sarah Berrisford and Nicola Vernon made brilliant interceptions. We scored more than two hundred goals and fewer than sixty were scored against us.

We came third in the league and at Inter-schools we were narrowly beaten by St Cyprian's by one goal (7-8) and drew with Wynberg in a nail-biting match. This meant that we came second overall. We also beat West Buckland (a touring school from England) which was a great achievement.

My most sincere gratitude must be conveyed to my vice-captain, Hoviyoh. She has been incredibly supportive and inspirational. I would also like to thank our most loyal supporters.

Lastly, to all the netball girls: I am proud of each and every one of you for your commitment to netball this season.

Sibulele Dlova
Captain



FIRST TEAM NETBALL

Back Row: Z. Dladla, T. van der Horst, S. Berrisford, N. Vernon, Y. Pelsor, A. Rawson, B. Duffel
Front Row: S. Dlova (Captain), Mrs R. Riley, H. Afran-Holmes



U16A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: A. Inglis, A. Brown, Y. Wood, J. Pickup
Front Row: L. Grant (Captain), Mrs R. Schmidt, C. Hugo-Hamman
Absent: K. Weixellbaum

Netball 2000



SQUASH

Our three squash teams have had another excellent season with our first and second teams both winning the first half of the season in their respective leagues. It was, therefore, decided that we would form two teams of equal strength in the first league.

The third team played with strength and determination and also won their league, resulting in a promotion to a higher league during the second half of the season.

A number of our players were selected to represent Western Province this year:

- U14 Janine Fowler,
Micaële van Heerden
- U16 Tamaryn Tesselar,
Jade Watkins, Jayne Hendrikse
- U19 Louise Milne, Bronwyn Dilletti,
Doborah McDonald

Our season ended off on a high note as Herschel won the 'Inter-schools' Squash Tournament for the fourth consecutive year.

Many thanks must be given to all our parents for their continued support throughout the season. Most of all our thanks go to Mr Scott for his dedicated coaching and for making squash one of Herschel's happiest and most successful sports.

Louise Milne
Captain

FIRST TEAM SQUASH

- Back Row:
D. McDonald, T. Tesselar
- Front Row:
L. Milne (Captain),
Mr A. Scott, B. Duifell



U14A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: K. Rich, N. Day, K. Lamond, S. Afran-Holmes
Front Row: N. Watson (Captain), Miss H. de Bruijn, T. Vos
Absent: C. de Nobrega





Top Left: Taryn Möller
Grade 8
Bottom Left: Sydne Clarke
Grade 8

FACES

Top Right: Valerie Mack
Grade 8
Bottom Right: Karen Meyer
Grade 8



HERSCHEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL

FUN	SPORT	FUN	PLAYS	FUN	LEARNING	FUN	CARPING	FUN	LAUGHING	FUN
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

PREPARATORY STAFF

ACTING HEAD OF PREPARATORY

Mrs A Woolley, NTSD, LTCL, D, pSpEd, BEd(UCT)

SENIOR TEACHER - SENIOR PHASE

Mrs M Cowling, TC(Herford) U.K.

SENIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs M Bonelie, NTSD(Prim)

Miss WL Boy, HDE(GRTC)

Mrs A Champion, HPTC(ACADEMIC)(GTC)

Miss L Cowie, HDE(Phys Ed)(ECE), DipEdManagement(RAU)

Mrs P Hanekom, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs C Hirshon, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs R Joyce, HPTD(UCT)

Mrs J Krietz, BA, HDE(Stoll)

Mrs BM Lawrence, HDE(Grady Heinelt)

Mrs J Longworth, DipJunPrimEd(C1+C), DipSpEd(Remedial)(UCT)

Miss P Maion, HDE(CTCF)

Mrs L Pullen, TTIID(JCE)

Mrs DM Raine, PTD(UCT)

Mrs R Scott, BA(PhysEd)(Stoll)

Mrs Z Slaus BAFineArtsEd(Stoll)

Mrs M Soule BSc(UCT), Hons(Wits)

Mrs A Tyson, NTD(Natal), LRSM(Piano)

Miss J Ward BMus(Piano), LRSM(Claret), HDE(UCT)

HEAD OF JUNIOR PREPARATORY

Mrs M Butler, PTC(CTTC), DE(Natal)

JUNIOR PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs HJ Bailey, HDE(Paarl)

Mrs D Cowley, HDE(Art)PTD:1 Jun

Mrs JH Ndlovu, DE(UPE), DipSpEd(Remedial)(UNISA)

Miss S Gibbings, NTSD, HDE(Prim), MA(South Carolina)

Mrs A Mace, TTD(LenPrim)(JCE)

HEAD OF PRE-PREPARATORY

Mrs C Sumner, HDE(PrePrim)(Barkly House)

PRE-PREPARATORY STAFF

Mrs C Blencowe, HDE(Pre-Prim)(Barkly House),

D pSpEd(Remedial)(UNISA)

Mrs G van der Vyver, HDE(Pre-Prim)(Barkly House)

D pSpEd(Remedial)(UNISA)

Mrs N Martin

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Mrs S Boss, Assistant

Mrs J Goldschmidt, Media Studies Assistant

Mr E Nickloes, Assistant Estate Manager

Mrs M Nixon, Preparatory School Secretary

Mrs M Singh, Receptionist/Telephoneist



"Herschel"
Featuring Emma Bousie
photographed by
Karl Bousie
Grade 12

Grade 4's thoughts about Jenny and about Jenny's Garden....

Sarah Gordon remembers Jenny for her happiness and bright clothes.

Jessica Foster says that she thinks of pansies, love and happiness.

Natalie Woker says that she misses her very much and that she often thinks about her lovely red hair.

Charlucce Chapuis thinks of heaven when she thinks of Mrs Thompson

Kimberley I wish you could come and see your garden, it is so so so beautiful!



Grade 7's thoughts....

Mrs Thompson was like a flower all

with kindness and love. **Loren and**

Mrs Thompson was like an evergreen

beautiful inside and out all year round

Mrs Thompson was always there with

Always smiling **Fran.**

Mrs Thompson was a wonderful school by all. **Lindi Brownell**

Grade 5's reflect as a class.....

Mrs Thompson was always punctual that's why we have a sundial in her memory

She would have loved the garden. We could rely on her and know that she would always listen. She loved Herschel and the garden is very special, the memorial service was perfect and what a beautiful day, especially for her!

When we sit on the bench it feels as if she is next to us. It is a safe place to talk to someone. The gold on the dial reminds us of her fairy shoes.

Dear Jo
reminds me
with my
Golfie kit
Condie



Jenny's Garden

Grade 2's see Jenny's Garden as....

Exquisite - Caitlin Wale

Magical - Tammy de Klerk

It reminds us of her. - Lilian Bolus

You feel as though you are sitting there with her. - Savannah Sm



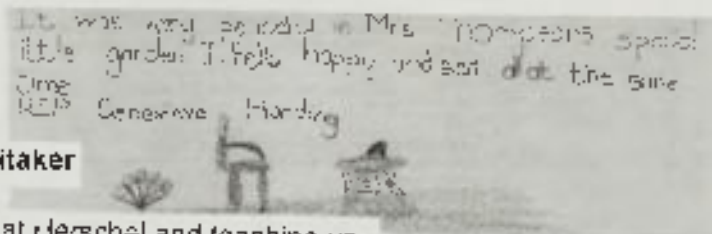


Grade 3's

Danielle Hau says that when she looks at the sundial it reminds her of when Mrs Thompson came to the classroom to give a lesson and the pupils would have to draw pictures for her.
 Zoe McLaughlin says that she is happy to know that Mrs Thompson can look down from heaven and see this beautiful sundial.
 Aliyah Gauri says that Mrs Thompson is very lucky to be in heaven, but she wishes she was here with us.
 Zara Robertson says that everyone loved Mrs Thompson and now she has died but the sundial stands in her place.
 Amy Patterson thinks that Jenny's garden is so pretty and peaceful to look at.
 Sam Fish feels that if Mrs Thompson was here she would love to sit in that part of the garden.

Grade 8's girls feel

She was always kind and sharing,
 there is no use comparing.
 She was always very special to me
 and she will always be. **Thea Whitaker**



Always blossoming

Tessa

en tree,

and **Fiona**

When you needed her.

But she is greatly missed

I never thought of her not being at Herschel and teaching us.
 She is the only headmistress I can remember
 and she was a great part of my life. **Carl Weaver**

My Thompson the sundial
 is of when I came to you
 work and I got a
 and you were so kind to me
 Newman



Jenny's Garden

The sundial makes me sad but the flowers make me glad.
 She was the principal but now not any more.
 And all I feel like doing now is knocking on her door.
 I sure do like the trees and hoes
 and the flowers give me the powers
 to make her be next to me.
 but all I see is a bee.
 But the greenery gives a great scenery.
 I really wish she was here.
 because she's not I cry a tear.
 Catherine Alder Gr3



In this garden, calm, serene
 A fragrance, a memory of what has been
 Wife, mother, teacher in careful blend
 Honoured colleague, beloved friend

Annette Champion





PREPARATORY SCHOOL STAFF

- Back Row: Mrs M. Soole, Miss W. Boy, Mrs P. Halford, Mrs H. Bailey, Mrs D. Downey, Mrs R. Joyce, Mrs N. Martin
 Third Row: Mrs A. Champion, Mrs J. Goldschmidt, Mrs M. Bonellie, Mrs B. Lawrence, Mr L. Pullen, Mrs R. Scott, Miss B. de Villiers, Mrs J. Kootze
 Second Row: Mrs S. Boesr, Miss P. Malon, Mrs A. Macé, Miss J. Ward, Mrs J. Longworth, Miss S. Gibbings, Mrs P. Hanekom, Mrs G. van der Vyver, Mrs D. Haine
 Front Row: Mrs C. Hirschorn, Mrs A. Tyson, Mrs G. Summer, Mrs M. Cowling, Mrs A. Woolley, Mrs M. Butler, Mrs M. Nixon, Mrs M. Sleight, Miss L. Cowie



Dr Beverley Brommert, seen here in the library with one of her pupils, Reference Online, gives private tuition to girls who need or want to study French while at Herschel Preparatory. Lessons are specially designed to suit the pupils' individual requirements and ability.

OUR SPECIALIST TEACHERS HAVE MUCH TO OFFER



Mrs Sheila Schuurmans is seen here with Grace Flanders, one of the girls she teaches privately. Mrs Schuurmans teaches English to foreign students. She runs an individual academic support and remedial programme and helps girls with basic Afrikaans.

FROM THE DESK OF THE ACTING HEAD

The new millennium was heralded in with much fanfare and we all approached 2000 with great enthusiasm for the new challenges which lay ahead of us. The first term is always a time of great excitement as the girls settle into their classes and get to know a new class teacher.

Sadly, the death of Jenny Thompson on 18 April left us all reeling as we tried to cope with our grief and the aftermath of her death. I think she would have been proud of the way in which we have coped. Valuable life lessons have been learnt by all of us - the intransigence of life, the finality of death and the strength, which we can gain from the love and support which we have for each other.

We still miss her terribly, but felt a great sense of peace at the unveiling of the sundial created by the parents in her memory on 15 September 2000. Jenny's Garden is already a special place for staff and girls and the Garden Committee make sure that it always looks pretty, just as she would have liked it.

The Grade Sevens faced Outcomes Based Education with some puzzlement. However, they found that Outcomes Based Education was the next step following the transition which has been completed many years before, from traditional 'chalk and talk' and strict subject division, to an integrated, skills-based approach to education.

Minister Asmal's announcement regarding changes to Outcomes Based Education was welcomed by teachers. We remain committed to the principles of Outcomes Based Education, but welcome any adjustments to policy which will make the implementation more streamlined.

The planning of our integrated programme from Nursery, through the Foundation Phase up to Grade One is always approached with great enthusiasm by the Preparatory School staff. We all work towards the common goal of providing excellent, holistic education

for the girls at the Preparatory School to equip them to cope with the challenges of maintaining a healthy, balanced lifestyle.

My term as Acting Head of the Preparatory School has been an immensely challenging, yet fulfilling time. I would like to express my thanks for the support and patience of Mrs van Zyl, especially in the initial period after the death of Jenny Thompson, when she was also having to deal with her own grief.

With the change in my teaching portfolio, I have been able to spend more time with all the girls in the School. This has been a great source of joy and has enabled me to reach out to individual girls in a meaningful way.



The debt of gratitude I owe to all the staff at the Preparatory School can never be repaid. They have given me all the support, encouragement and love that any one could ever need, thus enabling me to carry out my duties to the best of my ability.

May I take this opportunity of wishing parents, staff and girls alike a well-deserved holiday and a blessed Christmas.

Mrs A. Woolley
Acting Head of Preparatory

CONFLICT RESOLUTION



A WORKSHOP FOR THE PARENTS

As part of our peace education programme at Herschel Preparatory, the "conflict resolution teaching team" offered a workshop to the Grade 4 parents earlier this year. Much was shared and it was suggested that we hold more workshops of this nature.

Mrs L. Pullen



This is fun!

Dancers in full swing.

Choir in song.

Open Day
at the Preparatory

Being close!

Old Herschelians return.

Reception Class gets the beat.

Mums get involved

We are impressed!



STUDENT COUNCIL

PEER MEDIATORS

- Back Row: L. Mitchell, L. Arnold, N. Kisch, K. McLeod, R. Hurst, L. du Preez
 Second Row: J. Hui, N. Hardcastle, T. Behrens, I. Thorne, K. Mallett, N. Mohamed
 Front Row: Miss S. Gibbings, F. Mallett, Mrs C. Summer, K. McGregor, Miss L. Cowie, F. Bennett, Mrs I. Pullen



At the beginning of the year the Grade Sevens were asked to state in writing if they wanted to be a Student Council member. There was an encouraging response from the girls.

They were then asked to present their speeches to the rest of the Grade 7s, stating why they would be suitable members on the Student Council. The girls voted for the best, most capable candidates and seventeen girls qualified. Mrs Woolley and Mrs Pullen are the staff representatives on the Student Council.

The Student Council's aim is to help with the Outreach Programme and to continue to keep in contact with our 'Twinning school' by sharing and caring.

We have been involved in Takko Tax Day, World Book Day and Casual Day. The girls at Herschel Preparatory are always so generous and support the charities with such enthusiasm. PUPP Organisation received great support from the girls who managed to fill a number of tins with their donations.

We, as the Student Council of 2000, would like to thank the pupils and teachers at the Preparatory School for their wonderful support this year.

Sarah Dall

Natasha Hardcastle

Student Council Members

STUDENT COUNCIL

- Back Row: N. Hardcastle, F. Chippendale, J. Bidon, K. McLeod, A. Hui, L. du Preez
 Second Row: I. Kuper, L. Mitchell, S. Dall, L. Brownell, B. Silva, I-A Seiderer
 Front Row: S. Chippendale, T. Behrens, Mrs A. Woolley, F. Mallett, Mrs I. Pullen, I. Thorne, S. Sturless



OPEN DAY

Open Day on 5 May 2000 has been one of the highlights of the year. Encouraged by Mrs van Zyl, the decision was taken to open the entire school from Pre-Preparatory to Grade Twelve to parents and visitors.

Lessons were planned in such a way that parents were able to see a variety of activities from language lessons, Mathematics, Science, Media Studies, Design Technology, Music and Physical Education. The Preparatory School was open to everybody and parents and visitors were able to visit any classroom to see lessons in progress.

The day was enjoyed by everyone: staff, girls and visitors alike, and proved to be a worthwhile experience. The teachers and the girls were pleased to have their skills and lovely classrooms on show and many parents were amazed at how school had changed. Education has become far more interactive, learner-based and skills and outcomes driven. We received many compliments on Open Day about the wonderful lessons and classrooms and the courtesy of the girls. We look forward to repeating the exercise in 2001.

Mrs A. Woolley

Acting Head of Preparatory



Sarah Vieterfeld and Parys Richards on Card Day, selling their wares

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Last year we had sixty-two pupils who entered the Royal Schools, Trinity and JUNISA examinations. We were proud of all our girls and congratulate the twenty-one who obtained Distinctions. At the final assembly, the following pupils were awarded certificates for their musical excellence during the year: Catherine Kande I, Beth Buchanan, Alex Swanepoel and Ashleigh Williams.

This year sixty-three girls were involved in external examinations and we are delighted that such a large number have entered. We have one hundred and fifty girls in the department, playing a variety of instruments, including piano, violin, recorder, clarinet, flute, guitar and trumpet. All pupils have the opportunity to show off their talents at the workshops, which are held three times a year. We also have lunch hour concerts which give the examination pupils the opportunity to perform their pieces prior to the examinations.

At the beginning of the year, thirty-three girls were chosen from Grades 5, 6 and

7 to take part in the Senior School Cabaret. Mrs Tyson, assisted by Mrs Ali Greig, produced lively and colourful renderings of *Tomorrow* and *Puppet on a String*. Much fun was had by all!

The Herschel Eisteddfod, which is both worthwhile and enjoyable, is to be held in October and this gives all the girls from Grades 4 to 7 a chance to display their talents. There are three main categories (music, dance and drama) and the individual or group items in these categories have to be prepared by the girls themselves.

The choir, trained by Miss Barrow, sang at Mrs Thompson's Memorial Service and they are busy preparing for a concert with the Senior School in October. We look forward to hearing the girls sing in the Carol Service at the end of the year.

We have a dedicated music staff who once again must be thanked for their enthusiasm and commitment.

Mrs A. Tyson



Sarah Chikwendu as 'Just William' and Karanna Osterberg as 'Alice in Wonderland', celebrating Head a Lion Day

ART GALLERY

Bottom: Hubyn Thompson
Grade 7
Right: Fiona Mallett
Leon du Preez
Grade 7



Above: Jamie Bok
Grade 4
Right: Sarah Dal
Sian Bennett
Grade 7



ART GALLERY



Left: Liesl Potgieter
Grade 5



Above Left: Sarah Elis Brown
Grade 5



Above Right: Keryn Moore
Grade 6

Right: Hayley Miller
Grade 5



ORCHESTRA

The new millennium started busily as we prepared for Founder's Day. Practising *Nkosi Sikeleli* always seems to be a good start to the year! Easter was late this year and so we had plenty of time to prepare a number of traditional and modern hymns. Our service was transformed however, into the sad Memorial and Thanksgiving for the life of Mrs Thompson. Mrs Thompson always showed support and interest in the orchestra. We miss her.

Later in term two the orchestra prepared and performed two arrangements: *Greensleeves* and *Amazing Grace*.

During the third term we split into two ensemble groups, wind and strings. We hope to play more specialised music and to improve everybody's skills before forming the Christmas Orchestra for Term Four.

The orchestra this year has consisted of descant and treble recorders, clarinet and a large string group (under the tutelage of Mrs van der Merwe). We rehearse weekly before school - very early in the morning! We are thankful to all our young musicians for their enthusiastic commitment to the Orchestra.

Miss J. Ward

Mrs H. van der Merwe



ORCHESTRA

- Back Row: E. Chippendale, T. Vasiljevic, K. McClarty, K. Bucalina, B. Gage, S. Dixon, M. van Rynovels, C. Bell, C. Sandell
 Second Row: Miss J. Ward, I. Weimar, K. Thompson, V. Vasiljevic, K. Falconer, I. Evans, K. Pottit, G. Huxter, Mrs H. Hofmann
 Front Row: A. Smuts, S. Gordon, S. Waterfold, S. Michaelis, J. Box, G. Kevary, S. Chippendale, M. Prince, S. Dall

AFRICAN MUSIC

A small group of girls meet once a week during their Tuesday lunchtimes to learn African music. Henry Jeanne is their tutor and he has been working at Herschel since 1997. With much patience and good humour, he teaches these girls to play the amadinda, marimbas, drums and shakers. The girls usually get a chance to perform at Workshops and occasions such as Open Day. They are a happy, if loud, group!

Miss J. Ward



RECORDER ENSEMBLE

- Back Row: N. Mohamed, A. Smuts, C. Sandell, C. Bell, S. Gordon, Miss J. Ward
 Front Row: S. Michaelis, J. Box

RECORDER ENSEMBLE

At the end of last year a few of our experienced members moved on to senior school. We were, thus, joined this year by a number of young, new members.

We meet once a week during a lunch-break. The group mainly consists of descant recorder players. However, two of our more advanced pupils now play the tenor recorder (Catherine Sansell) and treble recorder (Nabeeha Mohamed). At the end of terms One and Two the group performed arrangements including: *Way Down South*, *Ode to Joy* and *Las Fieras Beguine*.

We hope to find more opportunities to perform before the year is over.

Miss J. Ward



The above girls obtained Diplomas in the Cape Town Eisteddfod this year.

Back Row:

C. Sansell (recorder) 2 Distinctions,
N. Mohamed (recorder)

Front Row:

A. Swanepoel (piano) 2 Distinctions,
A. Williams (piano),
B. Buchanan (piano)



SENIOR CHOIR

Back Row:

L. du Preez, K. Mallett, J. Biden, F. Mallott, F. Naser
T. Thorne, O. Hassan

Second Row:

R. Thompson, A. Pitt, L. Browne, A. Bourne, F. Kondylis,
D. Watling, J. Woker, K. McLeod

Front Row:

Miss M. Barlow, S. Shenfold, N. Mohamed, J. Houston,
K. Moore, C. Weaver, Miss B. de Villiers



JUNIOR CHOIR

Back Row:

Miss B. de Villiers, N. Zimmerman, L. Grobelaar, K. Wicht,
K. Ducalina, K. Sodikwa, B. Gage, K. Falconer, F. McLean,
S. Stevens, Miss M. Barlow

Second Row:

C. Dube, T. Fitting, J. Foster, B. Buchanan, Z. Komon,
A. Commins, G. Fluxler, N. Woker, J. Bok

Front Row:

S. Michalos, J. Weimar, A. Coutras, N. Newman, A. Swanepoel,
A. Williams, K. Thompson, J. De son, C. Chapuis

MARKET DAY

Market Day was held on Friday 15 September. Much fun was had by all and it was a wonderful opportunity for the girls from Grades Four to Six to test their 'entrepreneurial' skills.

We had a visit from the Western Province Preparatory Grade Fours and some of the senior school girls which added to the festive feeling.

The girls worked hard and experienced the value of teamwork. Many of them were able to make a profit and for those who did not, it was a valuable learning curve.

Every year the quality of the goods improves and so we feel that by the time the girls reach Grade Seven they will have many valuable skills to take with them to the Senior School.

Mrs L. Pullen

Market Day Co-ordinator

COMPUTERS

The integration of computer technology into the everyday curriculum continues to expand at a rapid rate at the Preparatory school. The Preparatory Intranet was started at the beginning of 2000 and is used mainly as a teaching resource, but completed work is also exhibited on these web pages. It has proved to be an invaluable tool in assisting the pupils with their research on the Internet. The pupils will be encouraged to add their own material to these web pages and a team of pupils will be trained in web design so that they can update the Herschel Web Site. The teachers have been to 'in-house' training sessions on web page design which will facilitate their use of these new teaching methods.

During the July holidays the benches in the computer room were rearranged to accommodate a data projector which enables the computer image to be projected onto a large screen at the front of the class. This has made instructing the class more efficient.



Parents Lin Maytham and Glenda Muller at work on their large red earthenware garden pots

CERAMICS

Ceramics continues to be a very popular extra-mural activity both at the Preparatory School and at the Senior School. This year four Grade Twelve girls have undertaken Ceramics as a seventh subject for their Matriculation examinations. For this they have been required to present for examinations a body of work made during their Grade Eleven and Twelve years. During the course of this year two adult pottery courses were held, in the first and third terms, each lasting six weeks. Parents and teachers participated enthusiastically in both of these courses.

Mrs W. Coleman



Some of the Grade One and Two girls with the ceramic tree filled with birds, squirrels and other creatures that now stands in the quadrangle outside the Ceramics Studio. Both the tree and the creatures were made by the Grade One and Two potters.

Back Row: Tessa Kilner, Kelly Lyttle, Shannon Smuts, Lara Jacobs

Front Row: Toni du Plessis, Tavia V glietti, Michaela Davies, Christine Diesel

The number of laptop computers has increased to eight, which has proved to be invaluable to extending computer facilities in the classrooms. The Grade 7's now have four desktop computers in each classroom.

The computer literacy of all of our pupils is increasing at a phenomenal rate and they are constantly finding new ways of doing old things

Mrs M. Soolo



Techno-whizzkids at work

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

An enthusiastic group of twenty Grade Seven girls have met regularly at lunch breaks to improve their general knowledge and perhaps increase their chances of success one day in *Who wants to be a Millionaire!*

We have participated very successfully in the Inter-Schools' General Knowledge Quiz against approximately 115 schools and, to date, have won both our sections of the first two rounds. Last year Herschel were the runners-up by one point to SACS and we, therefore, hoped to improve on this performance to become the first winners of the new millennium!

In the final round held at Herschel, competition was fierce and the standard of questions higher than ever. Rondebosch Boys Preparatory were the winners and SACS the runners up. Although unplaced, the Herschel team performed commendably.

Mrs A. Champion



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Back Row: R. Hurst, R. Hobson, J. Fui, I. Mitchell, N. Mohamed
 Second Row: K. McGregor, V. Tilders, H. Stolema, F. Bennell, F. Neser, T. Denrens, L. du Preez
 Front Row: K. Berold, M. Spilsbury, P. Thompson, Mrs A. Champion, P. Kordylis, L. Arnet, J. Roen

FRIENDS FOREVER!



Sarah Dickson and Alexandria Couras, exhibit their cards on Card Day



LIBRARY MONITORS

Back Row: M. Counsell, L. Mitchell, C. Bell, S. Bennett
 Second Row: S. Dall, A. Hiji, N. Kisch, N. Hardcastle, A. Smuts
 Front Row: J. Bidon, R. Stolema, T. Rehrens, Mrs I. Pullen (Librarian), S. Sturlese, M. Spilsbury, R. Thompson

SCRIPTURE UNION

Scripture Union got off to a swimming start in January as we met for breakfast at the pool, and those who were brave enough had an early morning dip before school.

GRADES FOUR AND FIVE

During this year we have learned valuable lessons from well-known Bible characters, had team quizzes, 'baked at 'Gardens' which appear in the Bible and found out all about Nehemiah and the many challenges he faced while rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. We discovered that wise builders have a strong foundation and that Christians are strong when they HEAR and OBEY God's word. This series culminated in a rather sticky competition to see which team could build the best house out of biscuits and icing-sugar.

GRADES SIX AND SEVEN

This group, consisting mainly of Grade Sixes, also learnt Bible truths, through creative activities such as: learning

about the 'fruits of the Spirit' while making fruit salad, baking a 'Scripture Cake' by looking up verses in the Bible to find the ingredients, and taking a tour 'through' Jerusalem, once again using Bible verses to find specific places and stopping along the way to sample traditional food. The Millennium Mini-Olympic Games was also held and much fun and laughter was had by all.

We have had an overwhelming response to our annual joint camp with schools in our area, filling the allocated twenty-five places in two days with five girls on the waiting list. This camp is always the highlight of the Scripture Union calendar and we do not expect this year to be any exception.

Miss W. Boy

Mrs D. Ralhe

Miss P. Mallon

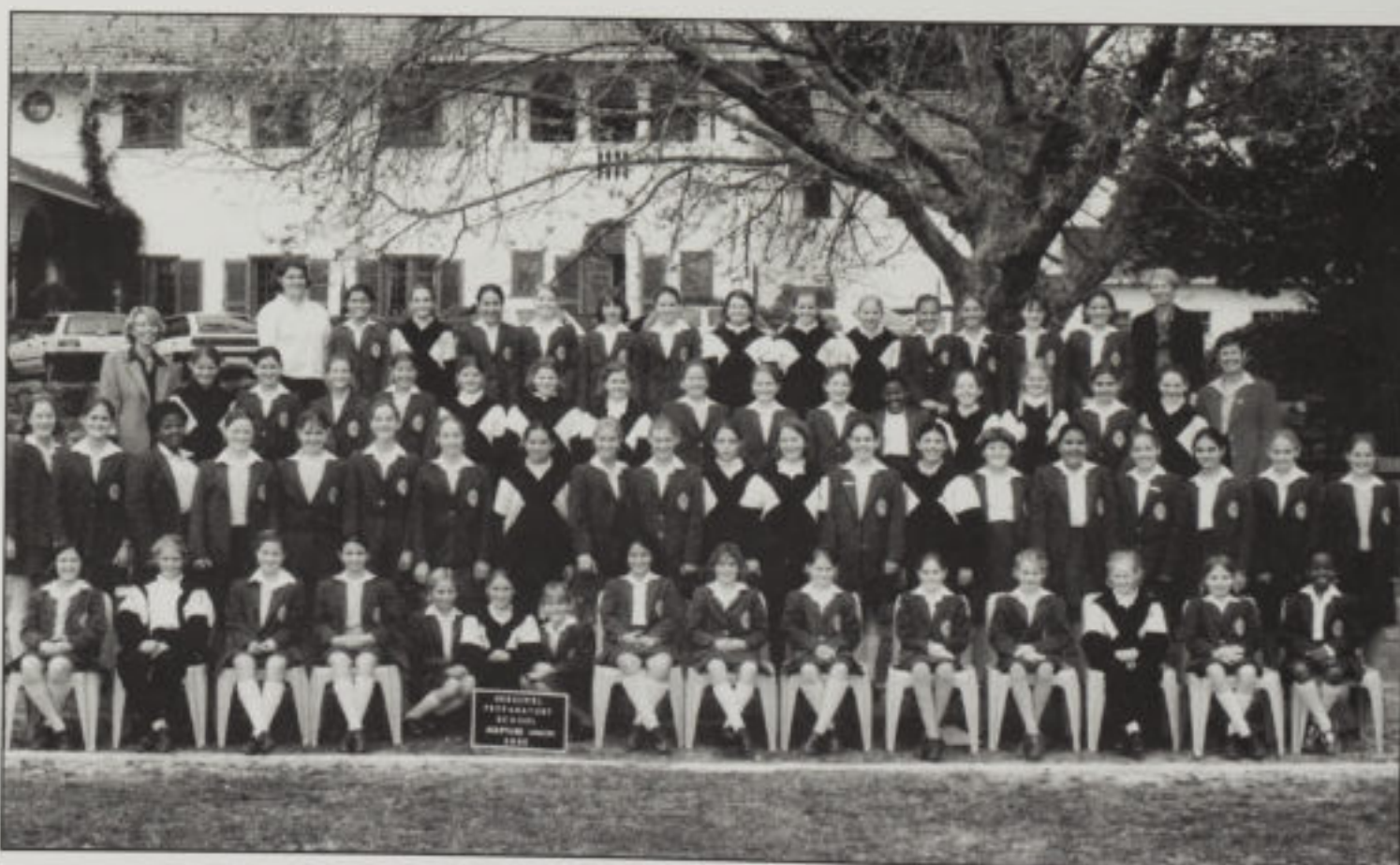
Mrs P. Hanekom

*Ad Dei Gloriam
Inkosi mayibongwe ...*



REACHING OUT

Emme Carey, Megan Counsell and Dominique Hampshire sort through some of the blankets and warm clothing collected by the Prosperity School. These were donated to the Salvation Army for distribution to the needy. Towels and nappies were taken to the Westlake Community Day Care Centre.



ECO-KIDS



CLEANING UP THE COMMON

The Eco-Kids participated in a clean up of the Rondebosch Common. Saturday afternoon came and at 3:00 p.m. several of the Eco-Kids (and a few parents) joined Miss Ward at the Common and we put on our gloves and raincoats and set off for the park.

Although it was cold and there was a hint of rain in the air, we enjoyed marching along, picking up litter and talking to each other about the environment and other things. We noticed that there was not a lot of rubbish on the wilder side of the Common and so at 3:30 p.m. we turned around and went closer to the road. Unfortunately, we found quite a lot of litter, but we were not discouraged and continued to pick up as much as we could find. There were some strange things lying around, including a coffee machine and a part of a car.

At the end of the hour we had filled our black bags and we headed home. Everyone enjoyed the clean-up and although there were only a few of us, we felt that we HAD made a difference. So do not say that I cannot make a difference, because you can. Get out there and help the environment!

Nina Kisch

Eco-Kids Leader



ECO KIDS

Back Row: L. Mitchel, Mrs. L. Pullen, Z. Kalligannis, K. Falconer, A. van den Houten, A. Doyle, S. Stevens, C. Clarke, B. Strydom, K. Bucalina, Miss J. Ward, N. Kisch
Front Row: J. Foster, S. Commins, C. Chapuis, Z. Komon, C. Sandell, A. Williams, N. Woker, G. Huxler, K. Thompson, K. Pettit
Seated: L. George, C. Aldera, T. Bailey

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY

The Eco-Kids helped to celebrate World Environment Day by participating in an Environment Assembly.

They invited the girls from the Senior School Environment Club to attend.

The Grade Twos sang a song about saving the environment and the Eco-Kids presented facts about man's influence on the environment and how we, at Herschel Preparatory, can make a difference.

Mrs. L. Pullen



Grade 4s with Mrs Pullen



Grade 3s



Grade 2s

GRADE THREE ART COLLAGE



Top Right: Zoé McLaughlin
Grade 3
Bottom Right: Claire Chapuis
Grade 3



Top Left: Natalie Mason
Grade 3
Bottom Left: Lesley Manning
Grade 3





Top Left:

Syone Brandon
Grade 1

Middle:

Sarah Allen
Grade 1

Bottom Left:

Hannah Nel
Grade 2



Top Right:

Frances Barker
Grade 2

Bottom Right:

Reegan Dos
Grade 1



HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT'S

MERRIMAN

Merriman has tried hard this year and we were rewarded with second place at the Inter-house Gala and we won the Spirit Cup. One of the most important things in any sport is to be good sportswomen and to have spirit and Merriman has these. Everyone wants to win, but we think spirit is just as important, so we wrote new songs and really dressed up. We could never have won the Spirit Cup without the help, effort and enthusiasm of all the Merriman girls. We hope that next year's captain and vice-captain have as much fun as we did. We would like to thank all the girls for their co-operation. We are looking forward to Sports' Day which will be held later this year.

Nina Kisch

Captain

Kim McGregor

Vice-Captain

JAGGER

The first exciting event of 2000 for Jagger was the Inter-house Gala. Having been beaten by Roll every year, we did not expect to win and so we aimed for the Spirit Cup. Little did we know that Merriman had 'Dynamite' up their sleeves. We spent many breaks marching the length of the hall practising our war-cries. Convinced that we were going to win the Spirit Cup, we were ready to take on Roll and Merriman. The day was lots of fun; we swam hard, but were beaten by the other Houses and came third. The day was enjoyed by all and we look forward to Sports' Day. Good luck to Jagger for 2001.

Lucy Arnot

Captain

Rosemary Hurst

Vice-Captain

ROLL

Roll has had another successful year, both on and off the sportsfields. Roll's performance on the sportsfield has been outstanding, winning the swimming, hockey and netball events. A big thank you to all the girls, both competitors and supporters for their wonderful team spirit.

Number one seems to be Roll's favourite position. We were awarded the House List Trophy during the First and Second terms and the House Points Cup during the first term.

We would like to thank the Grass Seven girls for contributing to the new House banner and waistcoats. Thank you also to Mrs Joyce and all the teachers who encouraged and supported Roll during the year. Best wishes to Roll for next year.

Francesca Bennett

Captain

Tessa Behrens

Vice-Captain

Mrs Mailest hands over the Inter house Cup to Roll House



Swimming girls at a Gala



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: N. Kisch (Merriman Captain), L. Arnot (Jagger Captain)

Front Row: T. Behrens (Roll Vice-Captain), K. McGregor (Merriman Vice-Captain), Mrs A. Woolley, F. Bennett (Roll Captain), R. Hurst (Jagger Vice-Captain)

WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES



WESTERN PROVINCE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: T. Hodgson (Gymnastics), L. Evans (Swimming), D. Paul (Swimming), J. Wokor (Tennis Squad),
S. Bennett (Squash), K. Fannon (Skating), Z. Kalligianis (Gymnastics)
Front Row: C. D'Arcy (Swimming), S. Golding (Swimming), C. van As (Squash), Miss L. Cowie, J. Joubert (Squash),
O. Hasson (Tennis Squad), S. Stubbs (Gymnastics)



Victors at inter-schoolist

HOCKEY

This year's hockey season was enjoyed by all. Each team made steady progress throughout the season thanks to our coaches Miss Cowie (U10), Michelle Haylett (U11), Mrs Prew (U12) and Dee Pridgeon (U13). Four of our players, Fiona Mallett, Kate Mallett, Lucy Arnesl and Cleo van As, were selected for the Wynberg Zonal trials. We are very proud of Lucy who was selected for the Wynberg Zonal Team.

For the first time ever, Herschel U13s hosted the Khyasa Primary School hockey team. We had lots of fun getting to know the other girls and playing against them in a triangular tournament. Both U13 teams took part in the Inter schools' Hockey Tournaments which were held at Springfield. In an exciting tournament of eight schools, our U12s came second and the U13s came fourth.

We are extremely grateful to all our coaches for the time and effort they have put into hockey this year. We wish all hockey teams good luck for next year.

Kate Mallett

Lindi Mitchell

Captains



U13A Team having a laugh!



U13A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: L. du Preez, N. Read, C. van As, L. Arnesl, J. Richter
Front Row: L. Mitchell, K. Mallett (Captain), Miss D. Pridgeon, F. Mallett, R. Slotema



U12A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: N. Mohamed, J. Collins, K. Moore, S. Golding, A. Bourne
Front Row: A. Polixak, J. Woker, Mrs R. Prew, C. Ranson, S. Shonfeld
Seated: C. Sandell

HOCKEY



U11A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: S. Corlier, N. Austin, K. McClarty, S. Dixon, L. Kuiper

Front Row: C. D'Arcy, N. Hariagar, Miss M. Haylett, M. van Rynveld, A. De ton



U10A HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: F. McLean, L. Grobbelaar, N. Zimmerman, L. van As, S. Stevens

Second Row: K. Pett, J. Dolsen, V. Johnson, Z. Komoni, V. Vasiljevic, G. Huxter

Front Row: A. Commins, K. Thomason, Miss L. Coore, N. Woker, J. Foster

NETBALL

This year's netball season has been most enjoyable and successful. With the help of our coaches, Mrs Bonelie, Miss Mallon, Jacky Martin and Vanessa Lingevel, we have all improved throughout the season. We played matches against many schools this season, all of which we enjoyed.

The Inter-schools Tournaments were held at Wynberg and Oakhurst. Our U10A and U11A teams played well and improved through the afternoon. Our U12A team played extremely well to come second in their tournament. Our U13A team did us proud by winning the U13 section convincingly. All the girls played well and had a good time.

Good luck to all of next year's teams.

Taryn Thorne

Megan Spilsbury

Captains



U13A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: R. Sloten'a, A. Pita, F. Mallett

Front Row: N. Road, T. Thorne (Captain), Miss J. Martin, M. Spilsbury, K. Mallett



*inter-house
netball matches*



U12A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: N. Albrecht, K. Moore, S. Shonfeld

Front Row: J. Collins, C. Robinson, Miss V. Lingevelat, J. Waker, A. Pollack

NETBALL



U11A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: S. Dixon, L. Potgieter, L. van der Lith, S. Fuchs, L. Kruper

Front Row: S. Waterfeld, N. Flanagan, Mrs M. Bonellie, M. van Pyneveld, C. D'Arcy



U10A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: V. Johnston, F. McLean, K. Falconer

Front Row: J. Bok, Z. Komeni, Miss P. Mairor, N. Woker, K. Socikwa

TENNIS

The year 2000 started off with a bang with Mrs Bonollo designing our chic millennium outfits. Sleeveless white shirts and neat navy blue 'skirts' kept us cool. We were definitely the best dressed team on the courts.

Not only did we look smart, but we also played well, winning the U12 and U13 sections of the Inter-schools' Tennis Tournament. Our A team loved the challenge of playing against the A teams of different boys' schools which was a great experience.

The year started with a Round Robin Tournament, which means a lot of hard work and giving up a Saturday. Practices were always fun and the matches could not have been better. Mrs Bonollo provided us with delicious juice and biscuits, which were thoroughly appreciated. Thank you, Mrs Bonollo, for making tennis so much fun. Many thanks to Miss Gibbings and Mrs Raine for their time and effort with our social tennis teams.

Good luck to next year's tennis girls. We will miss the warm friendly days of the preparatory school, but look forward to the hard, green courts of the senior school.

Lucy Arnot

Captain

Cleo van As

Vice-Captain

SQUASH

With the great support of our coach, Theresa Bridgman, Herschel had a very successful season, winning all but one of our matches.

Congratulations to Sian on being chosen for the Western Province Under 13A team and to Cleo and Julia for their selection in the Western Province B team.

There has been a greater keenness shown by new squash players during the third term, and I hope this enthusiasm continues to grow next season.

Our thanks go to Miss Boy for organising our matches and to the mums for their support every week. We have had fun this season while playing good squash. To the Captain and team for 2001, we wish you a very happy and successful season.

Cleo van As

Captain

Sian Bennett

Vice-Captain



TENNIS A TEAM

Back Row: S. Shonfeld, J. Woker, O. Ranson, J. Collins

Front Row: L. Arnot (Captain), Mrs M. Bonollo, C. van As



SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: N. Mohamod, J. Housdur, Miss W. Boy (Organiser),
C. van As (Captain)

Front Row: S. Bennett

CROSS COUNTRY

This year Herschel has dominated the weekly cross country races. In each age group at least two people came in the top five or ten, but none of this would have been possible if we had not had Mrs Scott, our cross country coach. Mrs Scott has been encouraging and enthusiastic throughout the season and has improved our running immensely.

Even though cross country is a lot of hard work and training, it has been a lot of fun as well. We have our cross country training on Mondays where we focus on fitness. We do circuits, out runs, push-ups, sit-ups and stairs and then we even do the hard part of cross country by doing relays and running games.

The Herschel Inter-schools' Running Team won this year's event with hard work, team spirit and a general feeling of wanting to win. As well as Mrs Scott, we have had lots of help from Carinne Gosling and Roxanne Martin. We really appreciated their help.

The Cross Country team of 2000 has done amazingly well this season, thanks to the runners, the coaches and the wonderful team spirit. We wish the team of 2001 the best of luck.

Fiona Mallett

Captain

Loren du Preez

Vice-Captain

Inter-schools' cross country game



SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Back Row:	A. Pila, S. Dall, I. Brownell, R. Thompson, M. Spillenburg, R. Fuchs, M. de Nobrega, A. Robins, J. Woker, P. dos Santos
Third Row:	R. Silva, N. Lobel, R. Hurst, L. Richards, O. Bassor, E. Neyer, T. Thorne, L. Arnot, P. Almon, K. McLeod, K. Betold
Second Row:	C. Faber, S. Bennett, L. Wirth, S. Golding, S. Shonke, T. Millard, K. Moore, N. Abrecht, J. Collins, A. Bourne, A. Pollock, A. Black
Front Row:	K. Mallett, T. Behrens, J. Housdon, L. du Preez, Mrs H. Scott, F. Mallett (Captain), D. Hampshire, R. Slotema, N. Road
Seated:	C. D'Arcy, K. Mossa, M. Biebuyck



JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Back Row:	J. Danson, A. Waterson, R. Carlem, M. van Ryneveld, S. Corder, D. Lombard, L. Ngcokola, B. Strydom, V. Vasiljevic, M-T. Walbol, K. Petit
Second Row:	N. Bell, A. Bolton, M. Jardiner, L. Kuiper, P. Richards, P. Spira, C. Macready, S. Fuchs, R. Lentini, K. Wichi, S. Waterfield, L. Mackenzie
Front Row:	N. Woker, D. Vioti, A. Commins, L. du Preez, Mrs R. Scott, F. Mallett (Captain), G. Hixter, D. Scott, K. Thompson
Seated:	S. Ellis-Brown, T. Burton-Moore, C. Collins

SWIMMING

So far the swimming season has been a great success. With the expert coaching of Miss Cowie and Gillian D'Arcy, we managed to come second during the Inter-schools Gala at Newlands.

We also did very well during our Friday afternoon weekly galas, although it did not all come easily. We had early morning training (in the freezing cold) and long strenuous afternoon sessions, but in the end it was worth it.

Congratulations to the following girls who were selected for Western Province swimming: Sarah Goding WPA, Danielle Hau WPB, Caoile D'Arcy and Laura Evans WPC.

The Inter-house swimming was a great success with Rolt coming first and Merriman winning the Spirit Cup. What is great about being in the swimming squad is that it is such a team-building sport and, if we want to do well, we all have to work as a team.

As Miss Cowie always says: "We are only as strong as our weakest link." Without Miss Cowie and the help of Gillian, this season would not have been such a success. Good luck to the swimmers for next year.

Fiona Mallett

Captain

Fabia Naser

Vice-Captain

GRADE 7 OUTREACH

The Grade 7 Outreach Programme continues to grow and develop. The aim is not simply to assist those in need, but also to inculcate social awareness in the girls while remaining sensitive to the dangers of patronising less fortunate members of our community.

The major fund-raiser is the annual Easter Fair held at the end of the first term. This year an amount of just over R13 000 was raised and we received a donation of R5 000 from South African Breweries, bringing the total to R18 000. The girls then suggested charities to



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row:	C. D'Arcy, K. Goddard, L. Evans, L. van As, D. Hau, S. Allocinian, N. Gurr, J. Doleen
Third Row:	J. Woker, D. Watling, K. Bailio, T. Thorne, C. Robinson, K. McGregor, K. McLeod, S. Kelly, R. Fuchs
Second Row:	T. Vaughan, D. Hau, A. Round, A. Bourne, T. Millard, K. Moore, S. Goding, K. McClary, S. Fuchs, F. McLearn
Front Row:	A. Dare, S. Fuchs, L. Sherknowis, F. Naser, Miss L. Cowie, F. Mallett (Captain), A. Cummins, J. Collins, C. Gubb
Seated:	S. Stubbs, N. Woker

GRADE 7

OUTREACH CONTINUED

which donations could be sent. The importance of including the aged, children, popular appeals, established welfare societies, various animal welfare societies and environmental organisations was borne in mind.

An Outreach Committee, elected at the beginning of the first and third terms, and assisted by the Grade Seven teachers, then made a final selection of the causes to be supported. To date R12 500 has been sent to thirteen charities and an urgent appeal for assistance to a small group of homeless children which was communicated to us directly, has been met.

As funds become available from our other source of revenue, the weekly sale of co-creams, so further donations are made. We expect to raise about R7 000 from this enterprise which is run exclusively by the girls. In due course we shall be assisting John Pama School to improve the floor of a container which is used as a library. We shall also coordinate the collection of 'Winter Warmers', consisting of blankets, jerseys and other warm clothing which is taken to the Red Cross Society for distribution. In addition, towels and nappies are collected for the Westlake Community Day Care Centre.

A selection of letters of thanks is displayed on the Outreach Board as well as the photographs which are frequently included to show who is benefiting from the money. We have also received invitations to visit some of these homes and feeding centres.

A new venture this year was a visit to Hel Pama where the girls performed short plays. On our next visit we plan to spend more time visiting the classes, particularly the handwork classes, and sharing break with them.

Mrs A. Champion

GRADE SEVEN ALPHA - MRS CHAMPION

Back Row: J. Hui, K. Berold, P. Kwidyha, A. Smuts, C. Bell
Third Row: K. Maltell, N. Road, N. Kisch, S. Sturlese, R. Hrisson, K. Haer
Second Row: L. Mitchell, E. Carey, N. Hardcastle, Mrs A. Champion, C. van As, A. Hirji, M. Counsell
Front Row: N. Mohamed, J. Housdon, F. Naser, J. Bider, K. McGregor, T. Thorne, K. Bok



GRADE SEVEN A - MRS HALFORD

Back Row: L. Brownell, S. Dall, M. Spilsbury, L. du Preez, R. Hurst
H. Fuchs, J. Richter, K. Lin, Y. Silva
Second Row: R. Thompson, A. Pila, K. McLeod, D. Hampshire, T. Behrens, L. Amot, N. Lobel, C. Vieri, S. Bennett
Front Row: C. Faber, P. Slotema, F. Rennell, Mrs A. Woolloy, Mrs P. Halford, F. Mallett, V. Tiders, F. Ions
Absent: J. Manim



Grade Seven 2000





GRADE 6 FIELD TRIP



BETTY'S BAY: FEB 2000



CAMP AT GEEBOK

Wednesday 2 February was no ordinary day for the Grade Sevens as we were leaving school for our camp at Geelbek Environmental Centre near Langebaan.

After the long drive to Geelbek, we arrived at the historic and picturesque campsite. Everyone grabbed their bags and ran to the bungalows before meeting our Nature Conservation guides, Kevin and Karen.

We then had to clamber back on the bus as we were now off to the sand dunes. The walk was hot and tiring, but everyone made it to the twenty thousand year old dunes. By the time we reached the fossil fields, everyone's shoes had more sand in them than the Sahara Desert! Later in the afternoon we went to the bird hides and salt marshes. Unfortunately, it was high tide so no birds were to be seen, but the afternoon was still enjoyed by all.

Once we got back to camp we had two hours of free time. We chatted, showered and listened to music until the whistle went for dinner. After a delicious dinner and dessert we washed our dishes in double quick time as we were going to make suncatchers for our Easter Fair. This was tricky in the beginning, but we soon got the hang of it, and were proud of our beautiful handiwork. The time flew by and before we knew it bedtime had arrived. My bungalow smelt of Tapac and mosquito repellent as we all know that girls can be bitten by things that go buzz in the night!

Early in the morning the teachers woke us up. I know for a fact that everyone just rolled over. After breakfast we were going to a rocky beach and then on to a sandy beach. Our teachers said that we must slap on suntan cream, but some of us ended up bright red. As we were driving to the rocky beach we saw various kinds of wildlife on the side of the road. Our assignment was to collect as many different and interesting things as we could from the rock pools, rocks and from the beach. We were also allowed to collect live creatures as long as we returned them to where they came from. Once we had had a fair amount of time to collect things, we regrouped and showed each other what we had found. There was an array of



A row of beauties!

interesting creatures from crabs, limpets, starfish, a shark's egg pouch to many others which we had seldom seen before.

At the sandy beach we had to monitor and pick up all the litter, as the Dolphin Action and Protection Group were keeping a close eye on that particular beach. After lunch a large group of us went for a wonderful swim at Kraalbaai. Those who stayed behind made more suncatchers.

After dinner that evening we lay on the lawn under the stars until it was time for the mystery entertainment, which turned out to be dancing lessons from the learners! What the teachers did not realise was that we had our own trick up our sleeves - they were going to receive a few dancing lessons from us! Once all the dancing lessons were over, it was time for bed.

The next morning we went canoeing on Langebaan Lagoon. There were not enough canoes so we had to wait our turn. While we waited, Hornet crab races were held amid much shouting and laughter. Back at camp, we had a quick bite to eat, loaded our bags onto the bus and before we knew it we were on our way back to school. Eventually the bus parked outside school and everyone jumped off, eager to see their families. We were glad to be home, but we all hope that Mrs Woolley, Mrs Champion and Mrs Tyson know how much their time and effort was appreciated. The Geelbek Camp was a happy and memorable start to our Grade Seven year.

Lindi Mitchell
Grade Seven



Cloud catchers



Mrs Woolley and Mrs Tyson dancing

SUNRISE

The sun rises over the mountain
 Taking the moon's seat in the sky
 Light streams through the curtains
 The birds chirp, "It's a new day!"
 I look outside; the sun is up
 Smiling down at the world below
 I see the squirrels scuttling along the fence
 The air is fresh, it's summertime.
 I hear the sound of running water
 Kettle's boiling, bread is toasting
 Mom is calling time for breakfast
 Dressed and ready for the day ahead.

Francesca Bennett

MORNING MUSIC

First I hear my neighbour's shrill voice,
 she is the out of tune violin of my morning.
 Then the low trombone,
 as my father yawns.
 The rinkle of triangles
 as my mother washes sleep from her face
 And now the boom of drums,
 as my brother plods down the stairs.
 Here and there the clashing of cymbals,
 as the dogs bark to be let in.
 All of these put together make my morning music.

Rosemary Hurst

I HAVE A DREAM

I have a dream, that one day there will be peace in South Africa and that all the blacks and whites will come together and be one country. I have a dream, that the teenagers in our society will stop taking drugs and that the people who pressurise them into taking drugs will be punished. I have a dream, that in the new South Africa there will be blacks and whites with higher diplomas and grades. I have a dream, that all the violence that we have encountered in South Africa will stop and that there will be more police to put people in jail. I have a dream, that there will be more schools for the people who are not as privileged as we are to be well educated and that there will be more schools with well-educated teachers. I have a dream, that my children, grandchildren and my grandchildren's children will have a peaceful life on this beautiful earth as God intended.

Rolien Slotema

I HAVE A DREAM

I have a dream for South Africa. I have a dream that people of all races, all religions and all languages will walk into the new millennium united. I have a dream that South Africa will be cured of its violence and racism.

I have a dream that the beautiful and hostile bush will be preserved for many generations to come. I have a dream that there will be no more poverty or suffering in the beautiful, tranquil country of South Africa.

Tessa Behrens

MY MORNING POEM

I wake to a call, "Krumme, nisi woo"
 It feels as though a freezing iceblock
 has bombed my bedroom.
 My sight is blurred - all around me is black.
 I am squashed in all my blankets
 Squiggling to get free.
 Awaiting me is a hot cup of Milo
 and my freezing body waking away
 from my clothes.
 I sleepwalk to the bathroom
 and all I feel are my fingers
 falling off.
 The water is running and
 Splash! I'm drowning
 my face.
 I hear my mother screaming
 "Time to go!"
 I pull on my clothes
 losing my balance and now
 I am wide awake.
 "School!" I stumble down the stairs,
 my legs are wobbling.
 I munch my toast half burnt, falling
 down to do my faces.
 My teeth are cone
 white and clean, sparkling
 in the sun.
 As I put myself into the car,
 my thoughts of the day
 just put me off!

Kim McGregor

A FRIENDSHIP

There I was, in the place of my dreams, Zanzibar, away from the noisy crowds and traffic, away from the stress and the deadlines. Instead, I was in a place where there were long white beaches with shallow aquamarine water lapping the shore; where tall coconut trees lined the beach, then stretched inland mixing with luscious mango and banana trees. I was staying in a thatched roof hut with no electricity.

The markets in the nearby village were magnificent; busy streets and alleys were crammed with traders trying to sell their spices, wooden boxes, old Zanzibar clocks and best of all, a variety of carved wooden figurines. One particular wooden statue caught my eye. He had such a serious face, but his eyes seemed to smile. I couldn't resist him and immediately bought him.

Every day I would lie on the beautiful beach, reading, writing or simply daydreaming. At night I lay on my four-poster bed surrounded by a mosquito net, writing poetry by candle light.

One day as I was listening to the lapping of the waves I noticed two little girls, aged about seven, walking towards each other. As they crossed paths they stopped and stared at each other. They were clearly from different countries. One girl was Chinese and the other African. They looked as if they wanted to say something to one another, but they spoke different languages.

I watched as these two met every day. Without saying a word they had the greatest of fun building sandcastles and wading in the water, having the time of their lives. Then it was time to say their "speechless" good-byes. The two of them sat on a rock and looked silently at each other. The African girl produced two gifts for her new friend: a shell and a porcupine quill. The African girl held the shell to her friend's ear and made her listen to the sound of the sea. She then placed the quill in her hand and said, "Good-bye" in her own language. The Chinese girl ran back to her hut and reappeared carrying two mismatched chopsticks. Still, without saying a word, she placed one in her friend's left hand and one in her right hand. She said in Chinese, "I will miss you." They looked into each other's eyes and said their farewells without saying a word. The African girl turned around slowly and walked back to her hut. The Chinese girl stayed sitting on the rock looking at her gifts.

I was amazed at how two different cultures were brought together and how two seven year olds communicated, although they didn't speak the same language. Later that evening as I lay in bed, I wrote a poem in the flickering candlelight about their friendship. Before I blew out the candle I looked at my wooden figurine on my bedside table. He was smiling at me!

Kate McLeod

MY GRAN

The things that she likes to see
Why there are as many as can be.
Butterflies and bees, wonders and things
Especially though when the sugarbird sings.
The things that she dreads
There are not as many.
Snakes and spiders
And that is plenty.
The things that she dislikes
I like any adult should,
Are rudeness and disloyalty
To show that she would.
The things that she likes to do
Are to sit in blossoming gardens
And watch grazing creatures
This is one of her many features.
The thing that she hopes for
Is a perfect way
To make things all back
Like they were in her day.

Lindi Brownell

MY GRANNY

My Granny's name is Adele
She likes to see churches with old fashioned bells.
She also likes gardens with lot of trees
Which attract beautiful birds and bees.
My Granny dreads seeing animals that are abused.
And I can tell you, she will not be amused.
She dreads poverty and crime,
And litter and all the dirty grime.
My Granny loves animals, horses, dogs and cats
She also loves her Zimbatwean mats.
She loves open spaces and her Swelidam farm
Not forgetting her great Cape Town palms.
My Granny dislikes people who are greedy
And hopes everyone will give to the needy.
She dislikes children who are rude
Especially when they waste their food.
My Granny hopes for a peaceful South Africa
Lots of happiness, trust and love.
She hopes for everyone to be friends
In the New Rainbow Nation.

Robyn Thompson

WHAT'S THAT?

The lights went out
Snug and warm in my bed
What's that! A spider? No.
Can't be. Can it?
It has nine legs not eight.
Must be my new hat stand.
What's that! What's that!
It can't be my new hat stand.
It has 9 short stubby legs
Or are they arms?
I'm not too sure.
What's that! What's that!
Something new? Yes, it is.
It has a big bloated stomach,
round and hairy
I can't see much in the dark.
What's that! What's that!
It lurks in the shadows
Waiting to pounce!
Like a lion in the tall grass waiting
to attack its prey.
What's that! What's that!
It has a big ugly head
with small beady eyes
It has small rounded ears
and long thin antenna.
I don't know why it's here
Or what it wants or what it's
doing in my room.
I'm not too sure and I don't want
to find out. Some things are better
left unexplored.

Emma Carey

Right: Tamsyn Miller
(Grade 6)

SHARKS

They prowl the sea in their aggressive manner
Waiting, watching, bloodthirsty killers
They slice through the water, streamlined
Tromper octopuses got intertwined
They reveal their power at their utmost speed
All you fish better take heed
Causing havoc in the water
Bones pile up from the slaughter
Razor sharp teeth and a pointed fin
A jagged tail that causes things to sin
They prowl the waters, kings of the deep
They live in your nightmares while you are fast asleep!

Kate Maheti

MONSTER

Is it Santa?
No it can't be,
Placing gifts beneath
The tree.
Is this monster a
friendly fellow
Who leaves his footprints
On my pillow?
When we're asleep
And the lights are low
He slips down the chimney
Out of the snow.
He's red and covered
In an orange glow
And his steps are heavy,
Careful and slow.
As I reach the living room
Door, I'm frightened by a
Grunt and a roar!
This is no Santa
Angel or reindeer
But a flat headed monster
That before my eyes should appear
He giggled and winked
And smiled at me,
Tossed me a present
And disappeared on the count of three.

Cleo van As

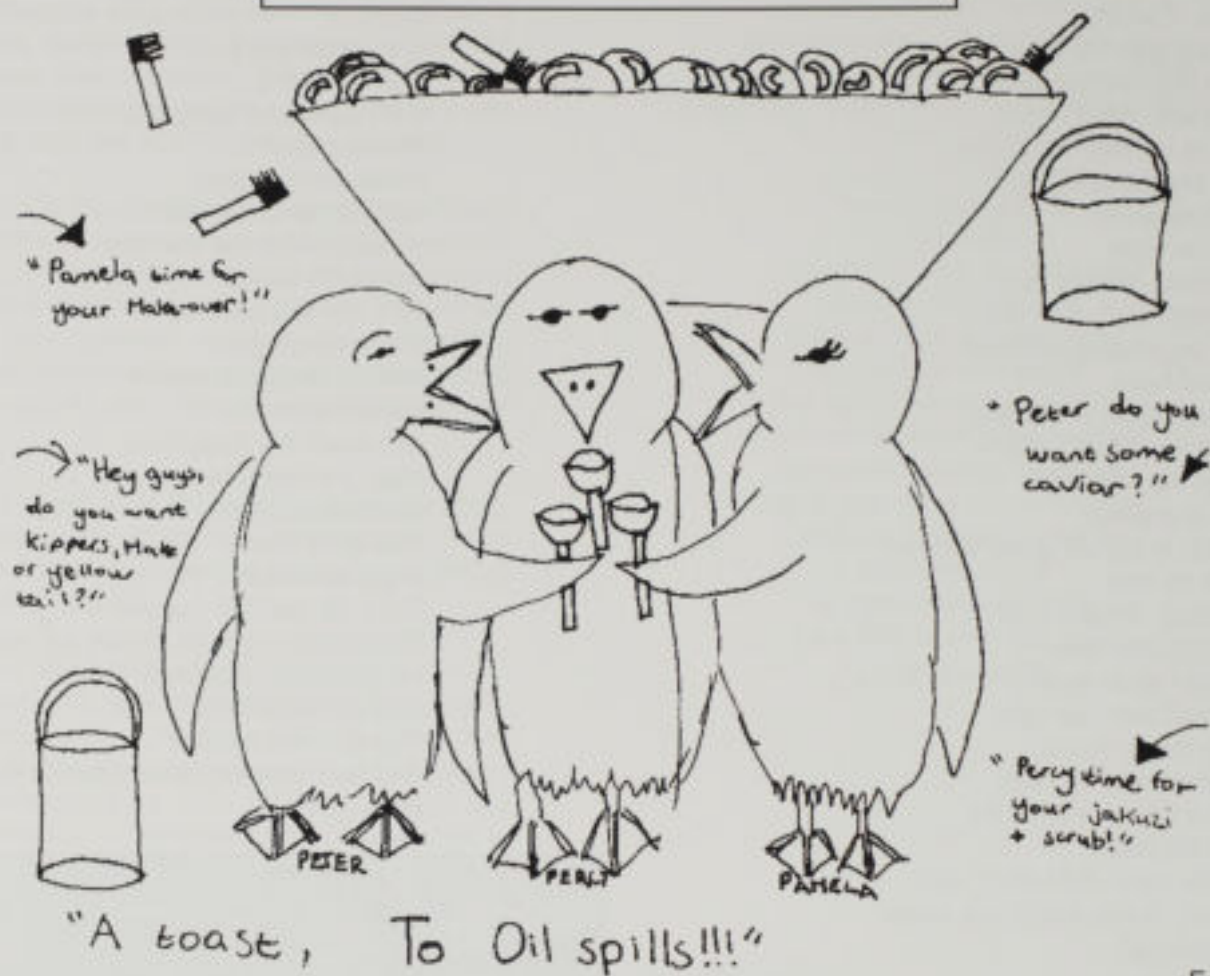


THE BAT

It dozes lazily as the hours of the day pass by,
as the last rays of sunlight descend over the horizon
The sky is consumed by darkness
the silver moon shimmering in the blackness.
The eyelids start to flicker, revealing the evil yellow eyes.
Its not voiced wings begin to twitch; they slowly begin to
spread; quickly it darts into the sky.
The bat searches for its prey, thirsty for thick, warm blood.
It spies its victim and silently swoops down,
the delicate, sharp fangs pierce the flesh of the prey.
Slowly, it begins to suck the victim's warm salty blood.

Romy Fuchs

GRADE SEVEN WORK



F. Mallet



Fabia Naser



Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000



Grade 4 2000



Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4 2000 Grade 4

THE GRASSHOPPER

Every day I go outside,
Just to see where the insects hide.
I look under plants, I look under trees.
There I find a grasshopper stretching its knees.
I look at him, he looks at me.
Suddenly he jumps to another tree.
Then I go inside to fetch a tin,
Something to put the grasshopper in.
When I got back the grasshopper's gone,
Now I've got to look for another one.
Then I see one in the grass,
Sitting next to a piece of glass.
I run up to the grasshopper but he jumps away.
Oh how I wish that the grasshopper had stayed.

Sarah Shonfeld

INSECTS

Some insects are tiny and some insects are big
Some insects lie in the sun and some of them dig
Some insects fly, some insects walk
But, I've never met an insect that can talk.
Silkworms make silk, bees make honey
Butterflies pollinate on days that are sunny
Dragonflies fly where water is near
Grasshoppers have legs that can hear.
Locusts destroy crops in a terrible way
While ladybirds eat aphids all of the day
Mosquitoes can bite, tosoo flies sting
And these can end up as a horrible thing

Alexandra Robins

THOUGHTS

The Beach
Climbing on rocks
exploring around
showing all our friends what we've found.
Touching and feeling
gazing and peering
watching the ocean life
moving and jeering.
Thinking about which rock pool
to draw
having so much fun
and swimming galore.
Hearing the wild seagulls call
I slip and jump about to fall.
I love the feel of the sun on my back
And the crisp, cool feeling of the water.

Megan Biebuyck

BUBBLES

Metallic, circular, always round,
Spiraling, shimmering without a sound.
Floating, gliding gently down,
Slowly vanishing as they reach the ground.

Lesley-Ann Seiderer

BUBBLES

Round and spherical
Filled with shiny transparent colours
They join together and soar through the air
Then fall to the ground and silently explode.

Jenna Woker

INSECTS

My insect is tiny and hard to see,
He flits around from tree to tree.
He's red and black,
With spots on his back
And is a friend to you and me.
Out there in the big wide world
There are many more insects to behold,
Some are good and some are bad,
But most of them are always sad.
Because of us they live in fear
When they see a human they think
"I better get out of here."
So because of us they have to hide
Instead of running free outside,
But sometimes we just have to kill
Even if it's against our will.
So remember,
Most insects have a purpose
And the one you're about to kill
Will probably not hurt us.

Sarah Golding

Leucht van der Lith



ANIMAL WELFARE

On 16 and 17 March the Grade Fives went on an outing to the Animal Welfare Society.

The day before the Grade Fives went, we had heard a few grizzly stories about what had happened to some of the animals there, so some of us really did not want to go.

As we got out of the cars, the air was filled with barks and cries. The A.W.S. has a big piece of land in Phillipi. In a big, square paddock, there were two gentle donkeys and a BIG, calm bull called 'Baby Bull', but he did not seem much like a baby!

Alicia and Mrs Fawcett were our guides. First we went into the cat cage where there were lots of cats: some fat, some small and some really scrappy looking. We held and lussed over them. I think we all liked the kittens best.

We then went to see the dogs. We saw a funny, jumpy Boxer who was hyperactive and made us laugh. The kennels were big cages in long rows on each side. There were all sorts of dogs there, but I fell in love with an adorable Fottweiler-cross-Labrador. I went inside her cage, and it was definitely 'puppy love'. She was bouncy, very thin and had been abused. I begged my mother to buy her, but she said that she would think about it.

After that we went to the hospital where there were dogs which had bad eyes or had been stabbed.

Some of us cried, but I just thought that if it wasn't for the Animal Welfare Society all these animals would be dead from cars and gushing wounds, so we need to say 'Thank You,' to Alicia and Mrs Fawcett for dedicating their lives to saving all those little animals' lives.

When we got back to school we used our thinking caps and suggested some ways of making money for the A.W.S. Mrs Thompson agreed to a cake sale, and we were all so excited!

The Saturday after our visit my Dad and I went to have a look at the dog I wanted, and in the end it was a 'Yes!'. Two weeks later we went to pick up our dog. We had paid £100 to have her spayed and to have a microchip planted into her shoulder, so that she would not get lost. I decided to call her 'Dionio', after the character in Judy Blume's book, as I thought that it matched her perfectly. We took her home and she now lives with us and has a happy kennel-mate, Brutus!

On 13 April we were ready for the cake sale. The classroom smelt like a sweet-shop and there was so much peace that I think we could have fed the whole world! We made an amazing R643.70 for the Animal Welfare Society. What would all those animals do without this society?

Sarah Corder

Grade One



Junior Prep pupils
In scenes from
The Enchanted Forest

EXTRACTS FROM A SLAVE'S DIARY

6 June 1660

My name is Shulpa. I come from a very large and very poor family. We have too many mouths to feed and there is hardly enough food for everyone to survive. I have to leave my family to try to make a better life for myself. I will find work and send money to them.

9 June 1660

I have been taken as a slave on a boat from a small port here in India. I was so scared, but I must be strong.

2 July 1660

We have been travelling for two weeks and the sea is very rough. I have to scrub the decks and it is hard work. We have stopped at a small island to get more food supplies, but we are watched very carefully. This island is very beautiful and I wish I could stay, because I have made friends with the cutest little monkey. He pulled my cap from my head and went to hide nearby so that I could chase him and then he gave me a bunch of bananas.

5 July 1660

We have now finally reached Cape Town. I was even more scared than before, but also excited for a new life. We were lined up on a table and put on auction to the highest bidder. I think I was sold to one of the best owners. She did not have an ugly or cruel face. I was taken to her home in a carriage, but I had to sit at the back.

6 July 1660

This lady lived in a large mansion. I was taken away by

one of her other slaves. This lady, whose name was Sannie, took me to a room that I had to share with four other girls. They seemed okay, but were very quiet and not friendly at all.

7 July 1660

My first day of work was tough. It was cold and I was not given any shoes to wear. I was given food, but not enough to take my hunger away. Sometimes when I was sick my owner would call in a doctor. I miss my family very, very much. I am longing to see them one day again, but I don't think that will ever happen. Sometimes Sannie would give me some leftovers.

14 July 1660

I have been working very hard and my heart is aching to go home. The money I saved is not enough to get me home yet. My owner, Lady Maria, is a kind and loving person. She is fond of me and I am fond of her, and I am now her personal slave. I do everything for her and she is very happy with me.

1 May 1661

I am very happy today. Lady Maria has decided to go on holiday to India and I am going with her to see to all her belongings. What a wonderful day.

10 May 1661

We are leaving for India. I can't wait to see my family again. Lady Maria has decided to leave me with them for my birthday!

Stamatia Lambridis

SOME EXCERPTS FROM THE RESEARCH DONE ON FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN

Helen Suzman has been awarded seven Honorary doctorates and has twice been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. Helen has earned an international reputation for her beliefs and courage. For a long time she was the only woman in Parliament and the only one who had the courage to fight against the National Party Government. She was one of the biggest opponents of 'Apartheid' and its injustices.

Shameema Hamekar

Alex Jordan

Nadine Gordimer, a famous writer, was born in 1923 into a Jewish family in a small town in the Northern Transvaal. She has received lots of literary awards, including the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1991. She began writing when she was only nine years old.

Sarah Waterfield

In 1938, Marjorie Courtenay Latimer, naturalist and curator of the East London Museum, helped to identify the remains of a Coelacanth, caught off the coast of East London. Up to that time the Coelacanth was believed to have been extinct for seventy million years. A Coelacanth, caught near the Comores Islands fourteen years later, was named Latimeria Chalumnae in her honour.

Sarah Chippendale

Penny Heyns, a well-known South African swimmer, won two gold medals in the 1986 Summer Olympic Games in the U.S.A. She has been a two-time Olympic champion and has

broken many records. The most interesting thing about her is that Miss Cowie used to teach her!

Stephanie Fuchs

Lilian Ngoyi, the first president of the African National Congress Women's League and second president of the Federation of South African Women, led the historic march on 9 August, 1956, in which more than twenty thousand women participated to protest against the pass laws for women. At the end of 1956 she was arrested and charged with high treason. She was confined to her home in Soweto.

Rebecca Lentini

MY ADVENTURE

My name is Peter the Penguin. I live on Robben Island and there is this horrible sticky black stuff that is affecting my friends and family. They have been taken away by a strange shaped thing that floats on the water.

I miss them terribly and I feel very lonely.

I have not been affected by the oil, but I still have to be careful.

Hold on! What are they going?

They are pulling me in one of those floating things. I feel really sleepy.

I am going to sleep.

Wow! I had a long sleep.

I hang on!

I am on land again! It looks strange.

I am really hungry. I need some fish. I am being set free in the water.

I'm going to swim back to my island.

Here I go! I have gone a long way and I have had narrow escapes from sharks and sea snakes. I am homesick but I have lots of other penguins with me.

I am tired, but I want to make it because I want to see my family again.

I'm home at last!

The black stuff has gone!

My nest is still here because it is quite high up.

Is that Mum? It is!

Look, there's my best friend, Simon!

They have all been cleaned!

Everything is the same again!

What a happy ending!

Shona Campbell

FEELINGS

When I am sad I feel
That no one loves me anymore

I go and cry and get violent:

I write notes to people

I go and get grumpy.

When I am happy

go and run around

I go to tell everybody

I scream and shout

This is lots of fun

When I am relaxed

I read my book

I play with the cat

I sit in the garden

I sleep in my bed.

When I am bored

I whistle at my gran

I play board games

I skip

I jump.

Phillipa Spira

CAMPOS ON BABIES

Babies are always wet

and sometimes sticky like goo.

When you smell something smelly,
you know it is a poo!

Babies suck their fingers

and babies suck their thumbs.

Babies have no tooth,

they only have pink gums!

Babies are always hungry

and want a snack to eat.

Babies are not strong.

so they definitely have to be weak.

Tammy Greig

THE BURIED TREASURE

There was once a group of terrible pirates. Cut-Throat Jack was the leader and his crew were Sly, with one eye, Sam, Tom, Bill, Porky and Sinky. They were off on a journey to Skull Island to dig up the buried treasure. They had found a map and were very excited. To get there, they would have to cross the very rough seas, so they all agreed to face the challenge. They hoisted the sails and were off.

"So far so good," said Sly gruffly.

As he said that, a huge wave started flooding the boat. They could not cope with it and the ship capsized. They all fell out of the ship and were taken by the current. They all thought that they were going to drown or be eaten by a shark, but how wrong they were.

When they awoke, they were lying on the shore of Skull Island. "How on earth did we all manage to get to the one place that we last expected," said Bill, choking because he had swallowed too much water. The same question was going through all of their brains. Suddenly the silence was broken by Cut-Throat Jack, shouting that he had found the cave. He called his crew to help him dig up the treasure.

They rushed to the cave, knocking each other over, and when they got there, they started digging. Suddenly they hit something hard.

"Hooray!" they shouted out with joy.

It echoed around the whole island. Suddenly the cave started crumbling. They hesitated and then ran, but they were too late. The rocks fell on top of them and all of them, except Sly, died. I do intend to tell the tale.

Nikki Sherman

Grade 4

The Dinosaur

One day I was walking down the road with my friend when we noticed something strange on the ground. It looked like a big footprint. It looked like it could belong to a giant or even a dinosaur. It was very scary. My friend and I felt very afraid. Even looking at it made us shiver. It also made us very curious. There were quite a few other footprints ahead and they were about a yard deep. I told my friend that we should follow them and she agreed.

The footprints led us to a rather large egg. It had yellow and black speckles. Suddenly, it started to crack and out hatched a baby dinosaur. What should we do? I asked my friend. The baby dinosaur was very cute. It was purple and green. We decided to take it to my house, but we would have to hide it from my mom. We gave almost everything in the house to him to keep him fed and he would only drink water from the bath. And one time he even fell into the toilet. We spent all of our pocket money on him and we kept him for two weeks.

Eventually, it was time to take him back to where we had found him. We let him run around to get used to the area. He was very sad and so were we. Then he left. As we were leaving we saw another egg. It looked just like the one before. Suddenly it started to crack and out popped a baby dinosaur. Oh, not I said not again.

by Zoe Kalligianis

Grade 4 story character

Natalie is pretty
And very kind
Tall and thin, she has a great mind.
A lovely mum and dad
Loves making ads
I love my sisters
Even when they have blisters

Natalie Waker

Pleasant and playful
Respectful and reliable
Imaginative and independent
Noisy and negative
Clever and cheerful
Excited and energetic

Meeka Prince

Trusting and trying
Helpful and hopeful
Organised and outgoing
Modest and mature
Pleasant and patient
Sensible and sweet
Obliging and obedient
Nymph and nice

Katherine Thompson

Jolly and jakey
Annoying and active
Reasonable and relaxed
Valiant and valuable
Intelligent and imaginative
Sensible and shy

Ross Jarvis

Joyful and jumpy
Responsible and reliable
Outstanding and outrageous
Happy and hilarious
Rich and reasonable
Encouraging and energetic
Relaxed and reserved

Januschka Hohrer

Mature and manageable
Caring and clever
Calm and confident
Loving and more loving
Understanding and unapproachable
Reasonable and responsible
Energetic and elastic

Aedra-Anne McGuire

Kind and a kid
Observant and organised
Mature and modest
Exciting and energetic
Nice and noisy
Intelligent and incredible

Zoe Kalligianis

A wonderful adventure

One day I was walking down the road with my friend when we noticed something on the ground. It looked like a huge footprint. We stopped and stared at the huge footprint. We could fit five hands into it.

The footprint lay in the mud where there was lots of brown grass around it, in the jungle. We talked about investigating where the footprint could have come from as we were on along the path to see if we could find it and luckily we saw something coming next to a tree. It was a huge, slimy, green monster. I had a long neck and was very chubby with four fat legs. We saw its sharp teeth while eating fruit off the trees. He turned around and looked at us with his big googly eyes. We got such a fright that we started running away from him. We were running so fast that we didn't see a log and we tripped over it and rolled into a huge hole that was very deep. We started shouting for help. It was getting late and growing darker very quickly when suddenly a big, green, slimy long neck looked down on us. We jumped back in fright. Two big googly eyes stared at us. We discovered our monster was a dinosaur.

He took his long neck and pushed the sand away and picked us up and brought us to the surface. He told us his name was Dumble and that he had been living in the jungle for ten years. He was very lovely because he was born without a tail and his friends always laughed at him. He gave us a ride back, which was lots of fun. We played a few games and sadly it was time for us to go home, so he showed us a path which we could follow. We waved a sad goodbye and walked away but we would always remember what fun we had in the jungle with Rumble the dinosaur.

by Aisling Connors

MY FIRST DAY IN GRADE ONE

On the first morning in Grade One I woke up very early and I was very excited to get into my new school uniform. After I was dressed and I had eaten my breakfast, either my Mum or my Dad took a photo of me in the garden with my nice new uniform. Then I brushed my teeth, jumped into the car with my Mum and my brother and went zooming off to school.

When I got into my new classroom, Mrs Butler greeted my Mum and I. I thought my teacher looked very nice and kind. Then I noticed that all the desks had labels which had girls' names on, so I dragged my Mum off to help me find mine. When I found mine there were two other girls sitting next to me and opposite me, and one of them, Georgie Kevany, I knew from Art. Then I said good bye to my Mummy and off she went.

When all the other girls had come, Mrs Butler told us to call her Mrs Butler and showed us where our lockers were. Each locker has a picture on it. Mine had a cheet on it. Later on Mrs Butler read us a nice short story and we got a work-sheet to colour in. Then suddenly a very loud bell rang and I thought, "Why do you need a bell when you are very happy colouring in a picture." Then Mrs Butler told us that the bell rang because it meant it was break. So we all went out to the play-ground. I did not have break with anyone because I did not know anyone. When I opened my lunch box I found a flower in it from Mum.

When another bell rang it was home time. I saw Mum outside and I ran to her and told her all about my first day at school.

Kate Bryant

MY DESK

I stand alone in the dark
Without a word without a lark.
When it's day the children come
With a spring in their steps and a little hum.
They cover my eyes with a book
So I cannot peep or take a look.
After break they open my mouth to take something out
And slam it shut which makes me want to shout!

Julia Henderson



top. Jocelyn Hui
Grace 7

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FIVE RAND COIN

Fiona had been in the piggy bank of Katherine Anderson for ages. Katherine was saving up for a new bike and bikes cost a lot of money and that is why Fiona had been in the piggy bank for so long. One day Katherine had enough money to buy a new bike so she went to the shop and paid Bobby the shop owner and went off with her new bike. Fiona was now with Bobby. She stayed with Bobby, when a few hours later the phone rang. It was Bobby's wife. She told Bobby to get some fresh milk because the cat had knocked over the milk jug and licked up all the milk. So Bobby went to the food market and bought some milk, which cost five rand. So he gave Fiona, the Five Rand Coin, to Fred, the food market owner. Now Fred needed a haircut. So he went to the barber where the hairdresser was Katherine's father. Fred said: "Please may I have a haircut?" "Of course you can," said Jack. "Come and sit in my chair," said Jack. Jack cut Fred's hair and Fred paid Jack some money. It was Katherine's pocket-money day so Jack gave her Fiona. Katherine put Fiona in her piggy bank once again. Now Katherine is saving up for a new television.

Jamie Bok



Right: Lisa Berkel
Grade 5

WHEN

When I was one
Life had just begun.
When I was two
I hadn't a clue.
When I was three
I had my first sip of tea
When I was four
I dreaded Mum's snore.
When I was five
Dad taught me to live.
When I was six
I held some cricks.
When I was seven
I thought, four years to eleven!
When I was eight
I was taught the date.

Amy Paterson

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO BIRDS

I said, "Look at my claws."
He said, "Look at my drawers."
I said, "Are you a crane?"
He said, "That is insane."
I said, "Where is your nest?"
He said, "In the west."
I said, "You're mad."
He said, "I'm glad."

Chloë Jackson

A PENGUIN STORY

I am Peter the penguin. I have been through a terrible experience. First it was fine with Mother, Baby, Sister and myself. But one morning when we woke up there was black stuff on the water. It was oil but we did not know that. But as soon as I dived in I felt a tiny bit funny. The feeling grew and grew until I was feeling bad, yes, quite bad. Then one day something worse happened. Sister was taken away with Mother by men! Now we know men as bad, cruel things. When we were still terribly scared I too was taken away by those horrible men! I never know what happened to Baby but I believe she was left to die. I was wrong, for I caught a glimpse of her in our prison. The prison was dreadful. Then soon another dreadful thing happened. I was taken to a tiny container with cold water in it. I was scrubbed for a reason I do not know, but worst of all, separated from a dear friend I had made in the prison. After I had been scrubbed I was back in my prison though I pecked and pecked. After a long while, my friend (who was back) and I were carried to a noisy thing. Then we set off to somewhere I never knew. I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up we were being unloaded. I sighed. "When will we get out of this mess? Never!" I thought of Mother, Sister and Baby. But soon I noticed the smell of fresh sea air and there lay the golden sand and the blue water. I ran and ran, then swam and swam. I was home at last, and there were Sister, Mother and Baby!

Antonia Cronjé

ANIMAL COLLECTIONS

A chatter of baboons - Lauren Basson
A squabble of squirrels - Annika Brouwer
A burrow of rabbits - Leila Bruce
A pattern of zebras - Sarah Coppin
A snap of crocodiles - Antonia Cronje
A funnel of anteaters - Leigh de Beyer
A prickly of porcupines - Alexandra Bayle
A load of yaks - Samantha Fish
A bundle of bears - Aliyah Gauri
A bounce of kangaroos - Lauren Gordon
A tangle of moose - Danielle Hau
A gallop of zebras - Tanya Hodgson
A splash of dolphins - Alexandra Jones
A hiss of snakes - Lesley Manning
A leap of tennards - Zoë McLaughlin
A scuffle of worms - Shama Patel
A slither of snakes - Amy Paterson
A ton of elephants - Raïssa Pathe
A scurm of worms - Sahra Robertson
A hump of camels - Emma Round
A jump of frogs - Jessica Sandell
A charge of rhinos - Ingrid Steyn
A hoof of giraffes - Shannon Stubbs
A wallow of hippos - Ashleigh Watermeyer

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO BIRDS

I said, "Coo coo."
He said, "What about you?"
I said, "Let's make a hole in the tree."
He said, "Yippy."
I said, "Let's catch some worms."
He said, "That squirm."
I said, "You look like a sparrow."
He said, "You live in a barrow."
I said, "You have a hill."
He said, "Why don't we go up the hill?"
I said, "Where is your beak?"
He said, "Don't give me cheek."
I said, "Let's swoop."
He said, "Through a loop."

Chantal Ebanks

RULES FOR NOAH'S ARK

Do not jump into the water or you might land on Mount Everest.
Attention birds: no droppings on other animals.
The elephants must splash everyone on hot days.
Penguins! Take turns in the freezer.
Do not brush anyone's hair with the hedgehogs.
Crocodiles, no biting of the animals or your teeth will fall out.
Do not use the kingfishers as darts.

HORSES

Highly intelligent horses are used for races.
Obstacles are usually made very difficult for horses.
Rosettes are ribbons given to winners.
Stallions and mares now and then need a bit of salt.
Every horse needs a loving owner.
Stables need to be mucked out every morning and made comfortable.

Zoë McLaughlin

A WHALE

I know a whale that has a large tail,
It uses its tail for a sail.
You might think they're lazy,
Maybe even crazy!
But the Right whale hardly
ever gets a leg up from its tail.
Spears give them fears
And that is not nice
So why don't you use a
harpoon to pop a balloon.

Catherine Aldera

BETTY THE BUDGIE

Betty is a beautiful, bright budgie and she is Sarah's.
Betty has a worm-like tongue and she sings beautifully.
She is about fifteen to sixteen centimetres long and three centimetres wide.
She is very active and fascinated by her mirror and bell.
She loves her cage and plays on the small swings.
She is a very happy budgie. I think she thinks we are huge giants.

Anna Brouwer

Grade 2.

I love Herschel because It is a caring school and a loving school to. We learn grace team work I love it. I have a lovely music teacher and we do lovely art every Friday.
Hannah Hall.



My favourite thing is The Pervern move because the move is good and the drawings are good.
Mikhaela Jovanovski.



My favourite food is Jasman rise because it is very very tasty and it smells delishis.
Aimee Morris.

Things I love are I love horses because they are soft.
Sarah-Jane Fearce.



I love Herschel because ther are lovely techs.
Eliza Spencer.

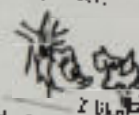
I love Herschel because I have a lovely teacher. Things I love are horse riding and my four dogs and my mum and dad.
Emma-Jane Trotter.



The things I love are My cats Why? Ther cuddly, cute and I love them. My dog Why? He pruteks me and I love him.
Frances Barker.



I love Herschel because Mrs. Bailey because we do fun things. I like them.
Dominique Scott.



My favourite food is because it is healthy and gives me energy.
Sarah Marsh.



I love Herschel because I love the tickle because the tickle us wan a n d the tickle. And a love miss brilly.
Catherine Andrews.



I love Herschel because Mrs Bailey is with me all the time. My friends are there when I cry.
Corin Gubb.



Things I love are My mom and dad because they love me and they care and cude's me. I love my dog because she watchs me at night.
Olivia Forlow.



Things I love are horses and my house. why because I live in my house and I like horses because horses are my favourit animal.
Shari Fuchs.



Things I love are Mrs Bailey because she is the kindest teacher I know. Mommy because I think she is the best person in the world! My dad because he is so fun and funny. Honey because she is so care and a lot of fun.
Nina Bickel.



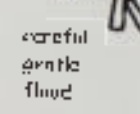
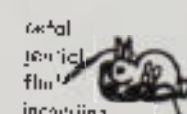
I love Herschel because The teachers love me and the thrams and I love my teacher. My favourite food is brinin because it is enspen and it is tueten.
Kelly Lynde.



My favourite food is because its tasty and it has lots of fillings on it.
Kathryn Rawson.



Ilove Herschel because I love the teachers and every them we do e them. I love myoyi because some are good some are bad some are happy and some are sad.
Anna Lee Sreek.



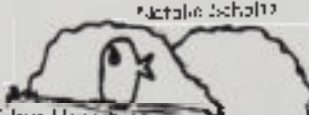
Things I love are dogs and hedgehogs because hedgehogs are spiky and dogs make nice nois wouf wouf.
Kassandra Klein.



My favourite food is chocolate because its got a lot of nise taste that's good.
Derry-Ann Thurling.



Things I love are I love my Hamster because she is cool and cudy. I love my mom and dad because they give me stuff.
Katalin Scholtz.



I love Herschel because The teachers love my work and after say that is very goon end then I am happy.
Tessa Kithen.



My favourite food is roast chicken because its crispye scine is dishes. I love rabbits because they are so smooth. I love Herschel because the teatrs are so caring and loving.
Kelsey Gibbs.

Grade 2



Grade 1 A-Our Stories

My holiday new

We went to the place where we at
shu cat from and we were for a while
and we saw 24 hippopotamus foot-print
we swim in the river and we camped
and saw lots of horses we had
to snow white and I loved it



Alice Shatto-Douglas

Today it was Penguin
day! We loved and help
the Penguins we brought
toothbrushes and towels and
gloves and biscuits they
need all these things to
clean the Penguins.



by Laura Chittenden



Mum you are the best
because you gave
birth to me and you
help me when I am
sick I love you
because you read to me
She gave me a wonderful
hug



Nutkin squirrel

Nutkin is a little squirrel
she plays in the tree until
it's time to get the nuts and
then go to sleep through 30
sleeping winter

No-Elle
Hendricks



On Monday I go
to school after I
and then I go
home and I draw
pictures at home.



by Genevieve
Harding

On Tuesdays I
have caving and
Modern dancing and
then I have a
break after my
break I have
tap dancing then
I go home.



My Dad

My dad is the best
because he hugs me and
he reads stories to me he
likes to play squash and
I like going on walks
with him my dad goes to
work to get money to get
big food and clothes
the way to wear our clothes
and for us to eat and
that he sometimes comes
to school. He likes to
play with me and the most
important thing

by Tessa Suttle



Which story do
you like?

Author: Martin...

Title: Little Frog and the

dog

Illustrator: Trevor D...

On Friday I
go to singing
at school and
after school
I go to gymnastics



by Chloe Glynn

On Saturday I
do not go to
school and at
my house it
is family day

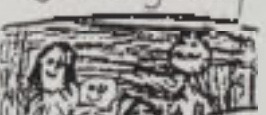


Illustration: Jennifer Armstrong

My Dad

My Dad is the best
he cares for me. My
dad spoils me and
he works for me so
we can have lots of things
and go on lots of holidays
His favourite sport is
golf. my dad loves me
and I love him. When he goes
on holiday he brings back
lots of presents. When he comes
home from work he lies down
on the couch and watches
television. after that he goes
to bed. He loves me very much
by Camille Blabber



Ashleigh Arton

My week-end 12.6.00
my dad tanover a chicken
the chicken was dead
we went to the people they
at it!



My week-end 29. 5.00
I went horse riding it was
am i loved it, but i had my
balance



Chelsea Thomson

Lost

Auntie Frog



Last seen:

on a leaf by the
pond at
Ardena
Description:
She had a hat, a
a little bit out of
a green frog,
with big bright
eyes

Big face, a lovely
Smiling face.

Ardena

Ardena

Ardena

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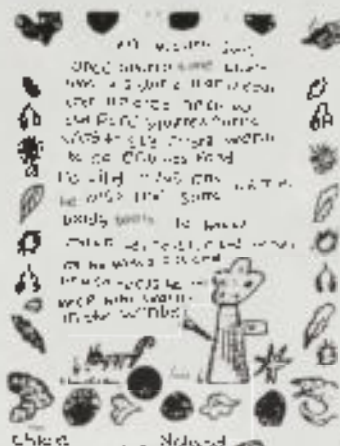
Ardena

Ardena

Ardena

Ardena

Christine Diesel



Grade One Alpha

Jack's story

Jack's mom said
we need money
to go and see
how Jack's story
he saw the
house was
very small
the house was
at the house



-Uma Patel-

My holiday
on Friday I went to
the Kruger national Park
and I saw a lion
and then I went
back to the camp

Kirsten Steenkamp



Sharon Bruns

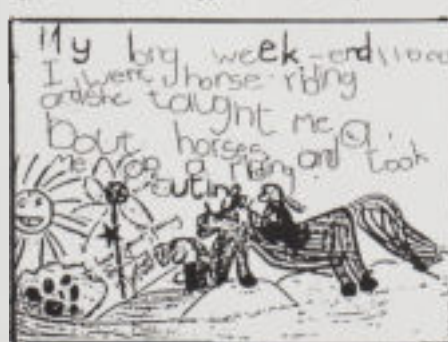


Auntie Frog

Penguin

We came in school
in black and white
and we brought
the oil tanker
it had a hole in it
and it leaked out
and it went on to
the penguins
and we gave them
aids and they saved
the penguins

-Lara Jacobs-



-Samantha Nicholas-



-Uma Patel-

My long week-end 17.6.00
my family came from London
Yesterday my dad came back
from Amsterdam and my dad
bought me a t-shirt and my sister
bought me some stickers and my dad
bought me a bag



-Helene Camitis-

Parents discussed their occupations with the Pre-Preps



GRADE R - GOLDFISH - 2000

WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP...



Veterinarian - I love animals.

Karen



Teacher - Teaching is fun because
you tell everybody what to do.



Alison
Physiotherapist - I love
working and messaging people.



Louise
Veterinarian - I like animals,
especially kittens and horses.



Vanika
Gardener - I love to plant things.



Tori
Horse-rider -
I love horses!



Georgina
Animal Conservationist -
I am interested in baby tigers.



Thandi
Artist - I love to draw and want to sell my paintings
- I will paint flowers, zebras and lions.



Bianca
Banker - I love writing letters.



Vanessa
Artist - I love
painting.



Emma
Veterinarian - I like to look
inside a cats body



Gabriella
Flower Arranger - I love flowers -
Lilies are my favourite.



Jaclyn
Artist - I love painting.



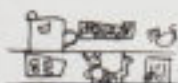
Olivia G
Waitress - I love meeting people
and want to work in Peddlars.



Thandile
Nurse - I can make
people better when they are sick.



Olivia B
Veterinarian -
I love animals.



Nicola
Toy Shop Owner - I can use my hands
to make toys for my shop.



Courtney
Veterinarian -
You make animals better.



Lucy
Doctor - I love "doctoring" people.



Tracy
Teacher - I like little girls and boys -
I like reading stories to my friends.



Samantha
Veterinarian - I enjoy looking at interesting creatures.

GRADE R - LADYBIRDS - 2000

WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP...



Nina

Toy shop owner - Phoebe and I will own it together.

Casey

Horse rider - I like riding horses.



Khayya

Teacher - I like teaching information to everyone.



Chloe

A hairdresser -
I like doing plaits and playing with hair



Catherine

Hairdresser - I like making fancy hairstyles.



Marguerite

Game ranger - I like looking after wild animals.

Singer - I love singing.



Robyn

A normal person - I like to care for people and I am special.

Meagan



Veterinarian - I like to play with daggies.

Demi



Hairdresser - I like playing with hair.



Anna

Dog breeder - I would like to be a dog.



Cassidy

A pet shop owner - I would have birds, rats, hamsters, dogs and fish.

Beauty stylist - I want to make girls beautiful.

Kerri



Natasha Mostert



Inogen

A shop keeper - I will sell sweets



Alex

Heath

A ballerina - I like dancing.

A nurse - I like helping people.

Kelsey



Fireman - I want to fight fires.

NURSERY CLASS - 2000

What I want to be when I grow up...





OLD HERSCHELIAN NEWS

ENGAGEMENTS

BOYES - LEWIS. Belinda Boyes to James Lewis.
 DU PREEZ - LOUW. Michelle du Preez to Jonathan Louw.
 HENDERSON - MAUNEL. Mary Henderson to Marc Maurel.
 MAISEL - DEARLOVE. Keelyn Maisel to Barnaby Dearlove.
 McKEAG - PREVOST. Jarmlyn McKeag to John Prevost.
 PYOTT - SEARSON. Lisa Pyott to Paul Searson.
 SEARSON - GRIFFITH. Lisa Searson to Simon Griffith.
 SPARKS - RUSSON. Claire Sparks to Charles Russon.
 TEDDER - MARITZ. Caroline Tedder to Marie Maritz.
 WYNN-EDWARDS - LUNDY. Emma Wynn-Edwards to Anton Lundy.

MARRIAGES

FRITH - MENIEHE. Fene Frith and Eric Meniehe, May 1999.
 GOLDING - McCULLOCH. Melissa Golding and Duncan McCulloch, January 2000.
 GWYNNE-EVANS - NEWELL. Philippa Gwynne-Evans and Craig Newell, January 2000.
 HENDRY - PRIOR. Mairi Hendry and Paul Prior, December 1999.
 KEMP - FOWKE. Sarah Kemp and Peter Fowke, April 1999.
 MALLEY - TRUE. Elisabeth Mallet and Steven True, January 1999.
 PECK - JOHNSTONE. Tania Peck and Geoff Johnstone, December 1999.
 PETERS - MACDONALD. Justine Peters and Robert Macdonald, September 2000.
 PETERS - THORNTON. Christie Peters and Bruce Thornton, April 2000.
 PORTER - DE HUTTON. Laura Porter and Adrian de Hutton, March 2000.
 RICKETTS - HECHTER. Sarah Ricketts and Corus Hechter, September 1999.
 STRACHAN - HETHERINGTON. Sally Strachan and Clayton Hetherington, November 1999.

BIRTHS

ARORA. To Mandy (Porter) and Andy, a son, 29 July 2000.
 BARLOW. To Katherine (McAdam) and Tom, a son, 18 April 2000.
 BENN. To Bridget (Chapman) and Mark, a daughter, Olivia Jeanne, 10 August 2000, in Geneva.
 BENNIE. To Jacqui (Steven) and James, a daughter, Juliette, 6 July 2000.
 BIFFERS. To Judy (Sedgwick) and Lance, a daughter, 27 June 2000.
 BYRNE. To Susan (Slanger) and Lew, a son, Hayden Patrick, brother for Katlin, 24 May 2000.
 CHAMBERLAIN. To Vivian (Vissor) and Arthur, a son, 19 July 2000, in London.
 CHAPLIN. To Marilyn (Knudson) and Derek, a daughter, Katharine Nicola, sister for Ross and Keith, 9 March 2000.
 DALY. To Samantha (Mackay-Davidson) and Sean, a daughter, Emma Anne, sister for Sarah, 19 February 2000.
 DAS. To Susan (Meyer) and Chris, a son, Jonathan, brother for James, 4 March 1999, in Canada.
 FARMER. To Ailsa (Leith) and Garrett, a daughter, Megan Annabelle, 1 June 2000.
 HALLES. To Joanna (Grose) and Stephen, a daughter, Isabelle Constantia, 14 August 2000, in London.
 HOSKING. To Jill (Broer) and Keith, a daughter, 2 August 2000.
 McLENNAN. To Fiona McLennan and Howard Pearce, a son, Angus, brother for Caitlin, 28 June 1999.
 MOIR. To Katherine (Diney) and Andrew, a son, Matthew, brother for Emily and Alexandra, 1 May 2000, in Nairobi.
 NEWTON. To Clair (Grootebois) and Tim, a daughter, Kate Alexa, 6 December 1999, in England.
 PAINE. To Sascha (Mayer) and Dom, a son, Jack, 17 July 2000.
 PANICCI. To Larissa (Peter) and Eugenio, a daughter, Monica Alessandra, 22 December 1999.
 PEARSE. To Leigh-Anne (Birn) and Chris, a son, James Wingate, 24 July 2000.
 PRICE. To Nici (Deal) and Greg, a son, James, brother for Andrew and Olivia, 21 February 2000.
 REVELLO. To Susan (Ingram) and Paul, a son, Thomas, 19 May 2000, in Boksburg.
 SACKS. To Nicola (Shub) and Gary, a daughter, sister for Jennifer, 30 May 2000.
 STEFANO. To Nika (Danford) and Chris, a daughter, Daniela Patricia, sister for Cayleigh, 11 January 2000.
 THOM. To Heather (Marx) and Quintus, a daughter, June 2000.
 THOMPSON. To Daidro (Terrell) and Ian, a daughter, 11 April 2000.
 THUSCOTT. To Tanja (Hornig) and Paul, a daughter, 9 December 1999.
 TRUSWELL. To Lindy (de Waal) and Stewart, a daughter, 6 March 2000.
 WOOD. To Sandie (Griff) and Clinton, a son, James, 31 October 1999.
 YOUNG. To Shelley (Durr) and Rupert, twins, Alexander Storm and Frances Petra, 30 January 2000, in London.



*Mrs Di Burns
 Secretary of the Old Herschelien Association*

DEATHS

GOLDMAN, Shirley (Majorberger, 1940) 11 May 1999.
 GRIFFITH, Mary Lisa (Hyde-Jones, 1951) 10 August 2000.
 JACKSON, Dorothy (Stall) 10 August 2000.
 LOW, Michele (Jacobsen, 1979) 10 August 2000.
 SPARKS, Rosemary (Staff) 14 January 2000.
 WADLOW, Eleanor (Vaughan-Jones, Head Girl 1928) 11 April 2000.
 WANLESS, Janet (Wray-Young, 1988) 10 June 2000.
 WATSON, Lynette (Sumner, 1953) 13 February 2000.
 WHARTON, Lady (Zik) Arbuthnot, 1952) 15 May 2000, in London.

OLD HERSCHELIAN COCKTAIL PARTY



Sharing memories in a moment of history: three Herschel heads, present and past are (from left) Miss Pamela Geldard, Mrs Diane van Zyl and Mrs Pamela Duff.



Mrs van Zyl and Miss Geldard with two Old Herschelians



*Mrs Diane van Zyl with some of the 1999 Metropolitans.
 From left: Louise Schönborn, Charlene Delson, Alison Bradley, Emma McAdam and Georgina Hooper*

1950 REUNION

Our 50th reunion took place from 17 to 19 February 2000. On a lovely summer's evening 'the girls' gathered at Herschel where they were welcomed by the Headmistress, Mrs D. van Zyl, and the PRO, Mrs Lindy Grobler. Out of a class of twenty-two there were fourteen of us, organised by June Norman (Marshall). After a glass of wine, we were divided into two groups and given an extensive tour of the school by two of the senior boarders. What changes have taken place, even in the last ten years. The facilities are magnificent, particularly (for a humanities student) the art and music blocks.

We then went to Kelvin Grove, where Jan Salmon (Dix-Hart) had organised a most delicious dinner in one of the private dining rooms. We enjoyed great reminiscences and camaraderie. We have not changed a bit!

The next morning we all met at St Saviour's for the Founder's Day service, which had good hymns and a most thoughtful address by the Bishop of Jaffre Bay. The singing by the Herschel Choir and Choralia was excellent. The recessional, Vidor's Cantata, was played magnificently by the organist. Then we went up to school for an informal (but seated) luncheon, which was so well conceived. Many other Old Herschelians were there and it was wonderful to see the people with whom one grew up.

The next day most of us met again at Margot Gawith's (Corder) House in Hermanus where we had a splendid lunch provided by Margot, June, Jane and Virginia. We also had six husbands join us! Jane and Jean produced photograph albums which had us giggling like the girls we had been.

Those who attended were:

Blanche Adams (Mills) who lives in Hout Bay and has a private floristry business.
Virginia Ash (Makin) who has moved from Johannesburg to Hermanus permanently.
Joan Dowling (Mollish) who lives in Wynberg.

Mary Coxon (Jones) from Port Elizabeth.
Margot Gawith (Corder) who lives in Bishopscourt and who is still painting and works in her spectacular garden.
Janet Frewin (King) who came from Australia for the reunion. Her sister, Val Taylor (King), joined us at Hermanus.

June Norman (Marshall) who did all the hard work organising the reunion. Without her it would not have happened. June divides her time between Zimbabwe, Simonstown and England to keep up with her family, her husband having retired from his ministerial posts in Zimbabwe.
Mary Reay (de Villiers) who lives in Konilwathi. Mary is organising the reunion for the Class of 1951.

Jane Salmon (Dix-Hart) lives in Cape Town and enjoys frequent visits to Hermanus and Aasfontein. She continues to do private librarian work.
Sara Stevenson (Huckey) and her husband have retired to St Francis Bay.

Jean Stoen (Pollard) came from England for the reunion. She lives in Kent.

Helen Sunde (Vincent) lives in Port Elizabeth and came with John and Mary Coxon (Jones) who live on the same street!

Anne Wille (Robertson) lives in Johannesburg where she lectures part time in Economics. She has recently adopted two girls who are at Craighall Primary School.

Jean Withers (Sprott) lives in Suffolk, England, and has a very talented artist daughter.

Those not able to attend included:

Shirley Bishop (Howe), Liz Piers (Webster) and Sue Farnor (Wilson). They got together in London for lunch to celebrate the 50th, and sent us a telegram.

Others not able to be present were:

Anne Hardwick (Stansbury) who has recently moved to Johannesburg from Natal and was very disappointed to miss the celebrations.
Jill Clough (Finch) who lives in Nottinghamshire, England.
Sally Bedford (Simson) who lives in Stellenbosch.
Barbara Gudgoun (Baker) who lives in Durban.
Serena Maskell. (Does anyone know

her address?)

Molly Spring (Bennett) who lives in Harare. She teaches at a Sixth Form College where she is Vice-Principal.
Denise Sacks (O'Connell) who lives in Johannesburg.

Once again, bravo to June Norman for all the time and trouble she took in organising this reunion. Thank you June and Dennis for all you do to keep the Herschel Class of 1950 in touch with the school and with one another.

Virginia Ash (Makin)

1960 REUNION

Following some months of detective work, all forms of communication and occasionally a little encouragement, the class of 1960 met on Friday 18 February 2000 for our 40th reunion.

About ten of us arrived to join in the Founder's Day service at St Saviour's, many seeing each other for the first time in forty years. You can imagine the level of whispered chatter in the church! The remainder of the group joined us at the luncheon for Old Herschelians in the school dining room after the service.

Our class has been a small one and we were delighted to have a turn-out of seventeen, 'girls' coming from as far afield as Canada, USA, London and from various parts of South Africa. We enjoyed a tour of the school after lunch and the two prefects who showed us around were extremely patient with the 'stop-start' effect as we reminisced our way around! We were all enormously impressed with the wonderful facilities offered by the school.

It was with some apprehension that we met for dinner at the Silwood Kitchen. Pre-dinner drinks were served under the oaks on a beautiful warm evening: a large board was adorned with old photographs and some members of the group came armed with albums. There was much hilarity and chatter, which continued throughout the evening. We enjoyed a wonderful dinner and good wines in the charming rindavel used for small groups. Messages were read from Bridget Brock (Lubbo) in Bahrain and Fiona Hedmond in Australia. We

had a minute's silence in memory of Maryanne Graaff, Jane Cameron-Taylor and Sally Stuttaford (Sparks).

Lynn Rowand (Parker) and her husband, Don, very kindly offered their home in Constantia as a venue for lunch on Sunday. Partners were included and eager guests started arriving before the appointed time ready to have a great time, which we promptly did! Don provided an excellent range of drinks and Silwood again did the catering, producing a superb meal. Once again more photographs were brought out, stories of past events abounded and plenty of catching up was done. With reluctance, guests finally waved good-bye at 3 o'clock.

The reunion created a wonderful opportunity for old friendships to be re-established and memories shared. We came away happy that we were able to share such a special occasion. Special thanks to Lesley Wares (Fisher) for her able back-up and support in helping to organise the reunion.

Those who attended were:

Di Matthews (Avery), Patricia Hill (Botna), Sally Baxler (Carter), Hilary Dempers (Cattell), Carol Simpson (Christie), Gill Lieberman (Cobley), Margie Thomson (Everett), Lesley Wares (Fisher), Louisa McDonald (Groenewald), Hilary Simpson (Hansen), Philippa Ward (Harvey), Lesley Bauer (Houbaj), Janeer Kipps (Keyser), Veronica Culey (Hommerts), Lynn Parker (Rowand), Biddy Buchanan-Ree (Taylor) and Jennifer Brimble (Wynne).

Jennifer Brimble (Wynne)

1975 REUNION

On the weekend of 18 February 2000 we had our twenty 25th reunion combined with the annual Founder's Day celebrations. The service at St Saviour's Church and the heavenly singing of the Herschel choir brought goose bumps and shivers despite the fact that it was so hot we were sticking to the pews. The matriculant students looked so young and I hate to admit that it is all relative; forty-two means we have been around more than twice as long as they have.

Lunch was in the Mary Jagger Hall where we used to have assembly (they now use the theatre). We were honoured, along with others, who were having their 50th reunion. Mrs van Zyl is such a different Headmistress from the lady we had in our day, down to earth and direct. There seems to be more contact with the girls and an easier manner.

The school tour showed how things had grown and changed, but the familiar bits helped to bring back deep, old memories. The library, where we wrote examinations, is now the chapel and the tiny chapel is the main common room. Some parts are unrecognisable with a theatre, indoor sports centre, music department, library and indeed a contra and talk of fibre optically connected classrooms.

Friday night at Nicky's house was beautifully organised by the most

gracious of hostesses who makes everything look so easy and relaxed. One does need to have such a beautiful view of the mountain especially for the visitors to Cape Town. I'm not sure how much mountain gazing there was fitted in between the non-stop talking. Twenty-four people in one dining room can make a lot of noise and they did. Taking the group photographs was a riot. Ricky had happy birthday sung at every opportunity and Margot tried to keep us all in order. Did we really use to listen? Even the people, who said they felt a little apprehensive about coming, agreed that it was a fun evening and a great success.

Suzette phoned for half an hour from Queensland, Australia, which was wonderful. That, together with e-mailed photographs meant she could be there electronically. Many others sent good wishes, e-mails and photographs.

Saturday was overcast and a welcome relief for the picnic lunch with children at Buitenvorwachting Wine Farm, in Constantia. Some husbands braved joining us, like Chris Newman, but then he was at our matric dance so I suppose he is an honorary member. It was interesting to see how the children of all ages mixed, talked and played, having never seen each other before. Shona's daughter is twenty and Judy's is four, so there was a big range. It was also special that Shona brought Shelly after checking for wheelchair access.

We want to meet again in the year that most of us turn fifty, so mark it in your diary - the year 2008 - thirty-three years. The formula of doing it on Founder's Day works well, but please let us have any other ideas.

Suzanne Allen



Mrs Lesley MacIntyre at the Old Herschelton cocktail party with former pupils

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Claire and Karen McClarty
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Napheka Mohamed
(for nine memorable years at Herschel)
Mr and Mrs P Ogdenowski
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Waller Family
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**WE ALSO ACKNOWLEDGE THE CONTRIBUTION OF
THE FOLLOWING**

Anonymous
Mr and Mrs Baitie
Carkeek Family
Mr and Mrs D Gribborden
Mr and Mrs D Dane
Robinson Family



THE SCHOOL SONG

1. We are assembled here in love,
we are united,
we care for one another.
The greatest lesson of all is the one
that teaches us to live together,
together.

Refrain Everyone's a spark and in the night
together we make a light
a fire burning bright.
Ad Dei gloriam
Inkosi mayibongwe,
to the glory of our God,
this is what we believe.

2. In times of trouble we support
our fellows we are taught
to be there for our friends.
And all around us, there will be
that special unity,
that binds us all together.
3. If we come back after many years
we will think fondly
of the things that we remember
and the friends that we made then,
these will be friends forever,
forever.



et. The greater
to live together
night together
Ad Dei gloriam
god, this is who
port out fellow
nds. And all
that binds us
night together
gloriam In